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THE SERMONS

Of Revs. 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. THIBD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

Etoura PAGE-A Familiar Lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER. Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

O'I cannot say that I had now much courage left—it had cozed out at every inger. I tried to light a lamp, but my hands trembled so that the match went out before it inflamed 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 full 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 high-way robber! I was glove and uppressed the with way 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 had for her, during teething."

The Doctor took a large easy chair, and made himself comfortable. I confess! was not quite at ease, for the

comortable. I comess 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 thoughte! Suddenly, as if in answer to them, he said—walrs. Gray, 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 mirray told the truth—widray

very correct one, if my mirror told the truth. 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,

"I have heard my friends say, Dr. Cameron, that, under God, I am indebted to you for life; but pray explain what 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 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 held the light for Mr. Gray till he should fasten the horse. I his face very plainly as he run the hulter through the ring-bolt in the stone post. It was pale, and his lips were compressed.—Fanew then that he had recognized by. Cameron, though I heard no words pass between them. He came into the house.

"Mr. 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 meet him as he came in; perhaps he would say nothing after a few moments of reflection. I had some crack-

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 foilies of fashionable life, and made home trikenes by rules and severe numbers and for the home irksome by rules and severe punishments for tri-fling offenses. My mother, thank heaven, died before her son's soul had become tarnished and corrupted by her son's soul had become tarnished and corrupted by Dr. Cameron again. If your child is sick, send for Dr. evil associations. She was a gentle lady, but lived in great awe of my father, who loved her. I verily believe.

With all 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 adtact the soul equally with a spoken falsehood," and I helieve add. vantage of the best schools in Scotland, and I believe stood high in my class, notwithstanding I was a wild, untameable youth, at the head of all the mischlef in

the school. I loved to be a leader, and it was this cursed ambition that ruined me. I was detected in a mischlevous 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 was too stern and proud to retruct, and I inherited too much of his nature 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 my hour learner and any leaver over a new and held my 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, the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to and the attachment of my followers, that bound me to it. Not one of them but would have given his life for "I have never encouraged her in this affair, Mr. Gray; nine. We were at last detected by government spies, and lost our vessel and a valuable cargo, but fortulately not a man but saved his life. After that, we lived a free life in the woods, and though I have little person, and a cultivated mind." lived a free life in the woods, and though I have little to say in excuse for my course, yet I believe I exercised

After a few years spent in this way, I was taken cap-tive myself. Love subdued what a father's authority and the laws of my country had falled 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, you met me. Your face turned so imploringly to me—its innocent. confiding expression, touched my heart. It made a new man of me. That was my last adventure on the highway. A hope seemed to spring into my heart, so sweet that I hardly dared encourage it—that perhaps after years of labor, and a determined effort to do right. I might regain those joys which had made life for a few years so sweet. Death had taken all that had made the world pleasant; but, perhaps, after a day of cloud and storm, the evening of life might have one parting hour of se-

enity and peace. 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 angel. I believe now in an overraining 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-day, for the first time, I feel that the love of one who is dear to you as well as myself, has made me able to call myself a man again. Yes, I am a husbahd once I have a talisman against evil, and life has now charms for me! I feel to night a new youth, and aspirations which I have long since thought could never be wakened again. Heaven helping me, I will prove my-self worthy of this blessing. Helen—"

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—
"Josus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He ate with publicans and sinners; his followers, more righteous than their master, refuse to life the fullen!"

I gave my hand at once, and the grasp was warmly

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 untried 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 toll you all."

"Helen will tell you all."

Dr. Cameron turned to leave. "One word more," add 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 conceal-ment, but Helen has a singular dread of her brother's displeasure; she feats his anger, and begs of you not to reveal our marriage til lwe are beyond his reach; the stage-coach leaves the village before daylight, and

will call here for here."

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 life's duties."

"Amen!" he replied, and went out. A carriage drew up at the door that instant, and I recognized my

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEATH OF BERTHA'S FATHER.

I held the light for Mr. Gray till he should fasten the

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. Gay!"

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!"

"A sketch of his own life." "What interest, pray, did he think you could have "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

"He is an odd, mysterious, sort of man; a wanderer, my authority to execute justice, if you will allow that earning a precarious living, in a small school. I pre-word to such a life—that is, what I called justice—we never robbed the poor, but often gave them what we never robbed the poor, but often gave them what we nothing to do with his calling here at this time of night, in my absence. He knew, of course, that Helen and guilty as I am, I believe my hands are free from the blood of my fellow men.

After the very sever the triple way I was token contained by this, unless you can give me a better reason then every sever adverged?

on 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, ir-

ritated even more than words. "Speak, Mrs. Gray-I command you !!" he said, in a

voice hoarse with anger.

'I have nothing more 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 shavel, 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

genet—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."

"No. no, for his own 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 reproaches 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

rash. But there was no one in the room, save I lay down and drew her to my side. The touch very rash. Lily. I la 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 it 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

mined 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 wished that I had done so.) but fear kept me silent, a fear lest Helen should suffer if I did so. But, to my surprise, Mr. Gray appeared to have forgotten the insurprise, 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 notatees. He of our parishioners, called with a load of potatoes. He came into the kitchen, and sat down by the stove to warm himself, and talk a little.

"Anybody sick in your neighborhood, Mrs. Gray?"

"No. I believe not, unless Mr. Green is down again with his rheumatism."

with his rheumatism."
"Wall, I haint heard of nobody; but ye see I came in any this morning, jest arter the turn of day, and I seed you a comin' 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.

tention.
Perhaps it were n't you, though," said the kindhearted farmer, with a dim'perception that he had said something disagreeable. 'but it was a little body, that tripped it off jest like ye.''

tripped it off jest like ye."

'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."

'Wall, there! if that aint the smartest baby in these

parts!" said the farmer, lightly 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 curied down lovingly upon his blue and white linsey-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 stern-ly, and I had reason to dread the farmer's departure. ly, 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

"A more suitable answer for Mr. Ellis, than for me. demand a definite reply."

Now there was something in Mr. Gray's manner at

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." tion.?!
"You have, certainly, sir; and you shall have one if

frank with her husband; she should have nothing to

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

It could hardly be supposed that the two or three lays 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 learn, 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.

far superior to the body of the sermon."

I thought no more of the incident at the time, only wondered that as we 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

"No, I should think not: the style of the extract is

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 moth er supposes that I am with you, but she will no doubt learn her mistake soon. The Doctor was so unfortu-nate as to forget a small frunk of valuable papers at the house of our friend. Will you take care of them

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."

The note to Mr. Gray was in his hands immediately. for I felt anxious that he should understand my night-walking, and I felt that it was better that he should know of Helen's marriage at once, before his mother

ame to us.
She came that day, full of apprehension and ill-will ngainst myself. She had supposed that Helen was with a friend, and had just learned her mistake. Deacon Abram also called on us in the evening, and my heart ached for the faithful, honest man, whose love, neart ached for the latitud, nones; man, whose love, like his creed, was plain, blunt, and divested of all romance. I told them of Dr. Cameron's call—of his friends in England, omitting only his former habits, and mode of life.

The Deacon looked no happier, but Mrs. Gray was

certainly in better spirits, and my husband was some-what mollified; though he could not forgive my not telling him at once the cause of the Doctor's call

had a right, what could I say? Surely, I had been be 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 cruamenting of the grounds anow. They were later than usual, instead of earlier, and I knew why it was so. Lilian'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 mistrust 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 Lilian 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.

of the rare flower.

I watched eagerly for the day of their arrival. Mr. Gomez and Lilian 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 Lilian. Then she had two little white teeth, a fact of which Lilian had been duly apprised; but then she had n't seen the precious pearls; more than this, she could stand alone—quite a feat for an eight months' baby. I dressed my net in her blue merrine, looning up 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 corals Lilian 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 there 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-sett, and the ruddy blaze, shedding its warmth and brightness on crimson curtains, and rich carpets, and laughing back, as the silver teaservice 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 got ready for travelers, and I sat down in one of the great easy chairs, with

and I sat down in one of the great easy chairs, with that feeling of pleasurable excitement which one al-ways has on such an occasion. With a mother's pride I thought 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,

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 n't much idea of language as yet.

They came at last—we were not disappointed—and I looked anxiously at Lilian, as she stood under the chandeller; 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 check, and her eyes sparkled; at least, 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 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. and I narray knew which was most musical, the clear, ringing laugh of Lilian, 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 Lilian. 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

"There, Mrs. Gray, I believe that is all the child needed—my child, I mean—to see her pet again. Indeed, it is a fine child, and I congratulate you with all such times that always roused my combativeness. "I my heart, on your success in rearing it thus far. It demand" grated harshly on my ear, and I did not reply as softly as I might.

"I 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 you may other at present." and I went to the door with dressed.

dressed.

'Do, pray, Mrs. Gray, let me have the baby. Lilian 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 n't know it, and she won't let anybody tell him. I'm gaing right to pursing her up, but conyou will be patient. At least have confidence in me, tell him. I 'm going right to nursing her up, but con that I have done nothing for which I deserve censure." sumption runs in the blood; her mother went that "Every wife deserves censure; that is not open and way, and when that 's the case, there ain't much help." "I thought, Mrs. Green, she looked well last eve-ning, so much better than I feared we should find her, that I came home thinking I had been unnecessarily

alarmed. It's always the way with that disease, Mrs. Gray Did you ever see a rainbow in the sky on a summer's morning? Well, if you have, you have observed it was followed by a storm: Now when I see those bright

was followed by a storm: Now when I see those bright cheeks and eyes, I think of the rainbow in the morning, and as the old proverb goes, I take warning."

I finished dressing Lily while Mrs. Green was talking, but did it mechanically, for my heart was heavy, with sad forebodings. I think I was not well. Lilian had said to me, the evening previous, "How thin and pale you look;" and I knew it too well. miyself. My labor in the kitchen and the care of my baby had overtasked my nerves. Since Helen's departure I hed looked forward to Lilian's return with fond anticipations. And now how could I see her fading before my eyes? My beautiful flower, stricken by an untimely frost! 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 sector. orings evil tunings to some. I thought of white uses, and prayed for his safety—for the dear ones in Virginia —Mary, sad, but resigned—of old Mammie, who bade me not look out when the rider on the pale horse went by; and then I said to myself. "Why look out now? Trust, and 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 "I asked, looking anxiously around. "She is said my father, "I have taken her under my baby?" 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 barder to think of

my father so suddenly changed from health and vigor, to the palor 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 divined at once, and I said—

"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 Mrs. Gray had her crops to attend to, and could not calm face, looking very penceful in the repass of death. stay with us, and we were, therefore, left to ourselves It was a sad household; but amid the mourners no one again. My life was lonely, but the Herberts were to seemed so heart-stricken and desolate as poor Joe. He

had remained all night by the coffin, and, until n. v 11 drew him away for awhile, and when I told him that for her sake he must ent 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 Lis 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 feebler, 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

It was near Sunday when the funeral took place, and

It was near Status, when the interactions place, and the first of the first of 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 presions treasures. I valued it for what it had once precious treasures, I valued it for what it had once sheltered. But there was one feeling which this death sheltered. But there was one recong makes the 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

father had passed the dark river—he would be waiting for me—I could go with less fear now.

On my return home, Lilian 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. Aunty 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 practice were so rigid. She wore the invariable tight sleeved, scant dress, the hair drawn plainly back—nothing to redeem here almost repulsive plainly back—nothing to redeem here almost repulsive appearance, save her extreme neatness. There seemed to be less freedom in conversation with Mr. Gray than to be less freedom in conversation with Mr. Gray than formerly; they seldom conversed even on religious subjects, but Auntie 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 n't 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 Auntie 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 eatonce more. Suddenly she broke out after some minutes stillness

"What in the world is the matter with your husband. "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 eigars. To my certain knowledge he's smoked three since breakfast! Its on my mind that I must take up the cross and deal faithfully with him on this matter. Tobacco is one of the deyll's baits to lure ministers to 'sin; but that was n't what I was going to talk about now—something or other disturbes his mind; have you had any had news?" None had been communicated to me, but my mind

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 COUSIN BENJA.

I was thinking one morning as I looked at the sky, 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 nigh; 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, which is Shone out from his face through his soft, golden hair, And a halo of light round his pathway was flung, Buch 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.

...

1. Oak

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: The water Then quietly rose like the floweret'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; 2 85 46 4 Where the gay, and the thoughtless, were painting their doom

By wasting their time in vain fashion's saloon: Then onward we passed, other scenes to behold-Through halls where the millionaires counted their gold; Though thousands by thousands lay by on the shelf. . . . But yet they tolled onward, still gleaning for solf.

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 mean offices for the sins that were never their own. He then spake to me thus: "Live, 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, I so quick had forgot; Then smilingly said, ere he floated above: "Thy mission on earth is a mission of love. Then list to the cry when thy brother shall call, Let thy mantle of love on the erring one fall. Beek 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 the 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 tremblingly clung. And the cohe it gives 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 courtesied 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, do n't he?" said Eliza. "What is it? I think it sounds like, 'Come, come; out to the woods, 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 loyed 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, I said, "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 east 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 locust that sheltered me, and the brook and the air? Oh, dear, dear! I wont try 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 posey, 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 bobo-links that chattered so in the Spring, and that she used to send out her sweet perfume for, 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

'Go along,' said the old woman, 'do n'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 wish, 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

'Dear mel' said another old woman, there is something left of beauty yet; let's go in to Nelghbor Krinkum's and help her. All the children are sick, and she's poorly and wants somebody to wash and clean for her. Como I'

.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

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

'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 daisles 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 teached 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." I said. "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 for 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 wild-wood plants had been set out, and carefully sheltered by whitewashed frames; that wild roses were climbing upon the corners; an ook 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 scats, 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

"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.

asked me why I could not be like God, who made the earth so lovely, that high estate." 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 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, stay some with us. When little Ada feels a little selfish, and wants (P. 143.) 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 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 some money to buy us some books, so-"

"Well, you needn't have told of it, till mother said she feared I vas 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 wont look pitty in my

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

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

"Now, if you are tross, you tant 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; of those little ones; they taught me more of Heaven than I had ever that they should receive any new truth which interferes with their known before, for I saw that happiness and beauty must be in the foregone conclusions." (P. 212.) 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 learning, but chiefly from the zeal with which they repressed the them, and so understood about Heaven? You must think, too, of popular liberties, and favored the royal prerogative." (P. 325.) 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 ultimate 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 infolding 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 hat 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 untrammeled intellect, and not to religious secfs, is the world indebted for whatever progress it has made; and only as we are set free from the dead past, ous 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 see 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 fogydom-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 ekepticism 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 rian 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 beggarly 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

At page ninety-six we are told that, "Of all the various ways in

"We all tended her, and loved her more and more," said the reverence for antiquity is repugnant to every maxim of reason. mother. "She had a love of everything beautiful, and when she It is this, again, which gave the theologiaus their idea of the primicould not go out she wanted beautiful things around her; so she tive virtue and simplicity of man, and of his subsequent fall from

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 flowers, and green moss, and every day we placed some pretty thing 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 but I can never be glad in Heaven, if you are not all of you in has a son whose faculties are remarkable, he brings him up to one of Heaven, too-so you must make everything as much like Heaven as the lay professions, where intellect, when accompanied by industry, you can.' Little Mary died, and we laid her body under the oak, is sure to be rewarded. If, however, the inferiority of the boy is back of the house; but we did not lose her. We think every day of obvious, a suitable remedy is at hand—he is made either a soldier or her Heaven, and try to make our house as beautiful, so that she can a clergyman—he is sent into the army, or hidden in the church !"

"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 beautiful by the love and brightness of happy, loving hearts. I sat a old superstitions. In our time such instances are not uncommon: long time thinking of it, and did not mind that supper was ready—it and we frequently meet with men whose crudition ministers to their was Johnny Cake and milk for all the children; but I had some warm ignorance, and who, the more they read, the less they know," &c.,

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 sym pathy with that conservative protection with which the old logics would shroud their heary errors. Grote has shown that the ascendheard you say, just as if you were talking to Mary—it was to have ing spirit of ancient Greece was democratic. With matchless cloquence 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 but never saw a rude manner, or heard an ill-natured word from one fathers; and, while they are in this state of mind, it is impossible

> Of the creation of Lords in the time of George III., our authorgives 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

> "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 lessoning their own contributions." (P.

> 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. 358.)

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 ne was far greater as a destroyer." (P. 421.)

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. "That spirit of doubt, which is the necessary precursor of all

.. Decartes cautions his readers against the common error of looking

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. 463.) Hence forever the enemies of reform and heresy, 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. 461.)

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 nedigrees, 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, transcendantly 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 suspicion upon any claims of spiritual realities. And when a Unital 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 18th chapter, he pays his compliments to that branch of old humanity, which even our nineteenth century clergy still persist in esponsing as the specially elected, holy people of God; and we are severely consured which the imagination has distorted truth, there is none that has if we refuse to wear the old clothes of an undeveloped people. worked so much harm as an exaggerated respect for past ages. This Happily the ancient vestments have been so much ventilated of late,

that they cannot much longer retain their odor of peculiar sanctity. In speaking of Bossuet, Mr. Buckle, says: "Because Bossuet had been taught that the Jows are the chosen people of God, he, under the title of Universal History, almost confines his attention to them, and treats this obstinate and ignorant race as if they formed the pivot upon which the affairs of the universe had been made to turn. His idea of an universal history excludes those nations who were first to reach civilization, and to some of whom the Hebrews owed the scanty knowledge which they subsequently acquired. He says little of the Persians, and less of the Egyptians; nor does he mention that far greater borne down by the load and penance of calamity t people between the Indus and the Ganges, whose Now there are different kinds of power in the universe, philosophy formed one of the elements of the school of but I do not know that there is any standard by which Philosophy formed one of the elements of the seriod of but the third that the is any standard by which all the seriod of power with another.

Alexandria, whose subtle speculations anticipated all the may fairly compare one kind of power with another. If so, I should say that probably there is no power so the efforts of European metaphysics, and whose sublime inquiries, conducted in their own exquisite langnage, date from a period when the Jews, stained with every variety of crime, were a plundering and vacahand tribe, wandering upon the face of the earth, raising their hand against every man, and every man raising his hand against them." (P. 571.)

We conclude; but enough has been given to show where Mr. Buckle will be found among the advancing hosts of the age. We most cordially recommend his and occan dash in vain; in the mountains that seem to work to Spiritualists, as affording the most brilliant bear the burden of the firmament, and that look so historical light that has ever appeared. Let them see patient with their scarred and majestic faces away up that it he found in their libraries, private and public toward heaven; in that strenuous inner force that that it be found in their libraries, private and public. that it be found in their libraries, private and public. It will make clean riddance of the rubbish which the old church and the old state have left accumulated on weakness and apathy, implies the most intense and their shelves. It is a consuming fire, and chief among many signs of the conflagration of the old world; and flanked by kindred flames, from all points burning, has so scorched Dr. Bellows, that he can no longer wait for the Orthodox trump of Gabriel, but blows a Indicrous Unitarian blast-a cross between a steamwhistle and a bullfrog—in hope to scare the simplotons to seek their refuge in the dark chaos of old night. C. B. P.

MY NAME.

"After you have taken your name among the Angels." BY PLORENCE PERCY.

In the land where I am going. When my earthly life is o'er, Where the tired hands cease from striving 'And the tired heart aches no more; a year y . In that land of light and beauty

Where no shadow ever came To o'ercloud the perfect glory-What shall be my angel name? When the spirits who await mo

Meet me at my entering in.

With what name of love and music Will their welcome words begin? Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains. Linked with thoughts of grief and shame; No, the name that mortals gave me, Will not be my angel name!

I have heard it all too often. Uttered by unloving lips; E'en they dure in sin and sorrow Dim it with their deep eclipse. I shall change it like a garment When I leave this mortal frame, And at life's immortal baptism Lahali have another name!

For the angels will not call me By the name I have on earth; - They will speak a holler language Where I have my holler birth, Sylfabled in heavenly music-Sweeter far than earth may claim-Very gentle, pure, and tender-Such shall be my angel name !

It has thrilled my spirit often, In the holiest of my dreams; But its beauty lingers with me Only like the merning beams; Weary of the jarring discord Which the lips of mortals frame. When shall I with joy and rapture Answer to my Angel Name?

Portland, Me.

done

ARTEMUS WARD'S COURTING EXPERIENCE .- 'T Was a carm still night in Joon, when all natur was husht, and nary Zeffer disturbed the serene silence. I set with the objek of mi hart's affeckshuns on the fence of her daddy's pastur. I had experiunced a hankerin arter her fer sum time, but darsunt proclame mi pashon. Well, we set that on the fence a swingin our feet 2 & frow, and blushing as red as the Baldingville skule house when it was fust painted, and looked very cimpul' I make no dowt. My left arm was okupide in the fence which is not spontaneous, but achieved, which is nevernore shaken, but confirmed; for its grows out of the recognition and experience of this fact, that life is but a discipline, and all hings are designed to train us to this very result of notions of life pressing upon him. But if he and tribulations of life pressing upon him. But if he proceeds, he gets to the high plane and stand of spirit-ual attainment, where we grasp all things with a comprehensive perception and a filial resignation, and entering the proceeds when it was fust painted and tribulations of life pressing upon him. But if he proceeds, he gets to the high plane and stand of spirit-ual attainment, where we grasp all things with a comprehensive perception and a filial resignation, and entering the proceeds and tribulations of life pressing upon him. But if he proceeds, he gets to the high plane and stand of spirit-ual attainment, where we grasp all things with a comprehensive perception and a filial resignation, and entering the proceeds and tribulations of life pressing upon him. But if he proceeds, he gets to the high plane and stand of spirit-ual attainment, where we grasp all things with a comprehensive perception and a filial resignation, and entering the proceeds and tribulations of life pressing upon him. balancing myself on the fence, while mi rite arm was woond affekshunitly round Suzanner's waste.

Sez I, "Suzanner, I thinks very much of yu." Bez she, "How u do run on."

Sez I, "I wish there was winders to my sole soze yu cood see sum of my feelings," and I side deeply. I pawsed here, but she made no reply to it. I con

tinured on in the follering strane:

Ah, cood yer kno the sleeplis nites I parse on yur account, how vittles has seast tu be attractive tu me, and how mi lims is shrunk up, you woodent dowt me not by no means. Gaze upon this wastin form and those sonken ize," I cride, jumping up. I shood have losophy of life. We presume that he can easily acqui-

"I won't listin to your noncents eny longer. Just hardest thing, to work out the grandest and most difficult as rite out what yu are drivin at. If you meen git cult achievement possible, when we exhort him to be tin hitched, Ime in."

and about an inch of shoestring in the stuffing of a chicken, and mildly complained about it. Yesterday in some form or another, tribulation has come upon us noon, in spooning out some sage pudding, he brought all, or will come upon us all. As sure as there are cypp a fine comb, with several wads of hair clinging to it,

Landlady-(recovering herself)-Mr. Crab. (indignantly.) you are always finding something in your victuals; and if it wasn't that I know you never comb your bair, I should unhesitatingly state that you put the fine comb in the pudding yourself. The fact is, (working herself up to the feminine point of wrath.) you bad better leave my boarding-house. You are altogaher too particular about your victuals !"

Crab left the next day, feeling himself an ill-used and much oppressed old bachelor.

THE Temperance Reform is an idea in whose consum-

Better one-idea, glorious to man and honoring to God, than a legion which never pulse beyond the line of pitiful selfishness. Better to rear one eagle to sweep the upper sky, than a thousand chickens to scratch the

A woman, destitute of morals, will be more attrocious in her vices than a man.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, Novombor 13th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT, BY DURY AND LORD.

TEXT .- "Patient in tribulation." - ROMANS XII, 12.

This is a very simple injunction; and yet to act upon it implies the entire faith of Christianity, and requires the religious philosophy of a lifetime. It is the easiest thing in the world, to stand apart and say to the suffer-er, "Be patient." But it is the hardest thing in the world to have that work wrought in ourselves. And what in If so, I should say that probably there is no power so great as the power of calin and intelligent endurance. It is the reservoir out of which the inost active and victorious forces spring. Through all nature, and through all humanity, the real sources of active power are a sort of patience and endurance. In looking through the material world for symbols of this kind of power, they appear in those forms which impress us most with a sense of permanence and grandeur. In those great masses of matter over which light and darkness, times and seasons shift and wander, leaving them ever the same; in the cilifs against which storm and ocean dash in vain; in the mountains that seem to vital power. Patience is anything but weakness, anything but apathy, anything but idleness. It is, I say, the most intense and vital power. And such must be the power in the spirit of that man who is patient in tribulation." My friends, it is the last great lesson of life; it is the

fruit of all its discipline; it ensues only from the harmonious control and working of all the elements of a man's nature. It is the best and the highest result he can attain here upon the earth. All his knowledge, at length terminating in mystery; all his effort, balked as length terminating in mystery; all his effort, balked as it is by imperfection; every revelation of providence on the whole demanding and trying his faith, is but an endorsement of the injunction—"Be patient." To despond, to despair, to give away to loose and reckless skepticism, is just the easiest, and, therefore, the least manly result of things. To bear with trust, to look calmly upward when trials and sorrows are beating hard upon us, to wait faithfully in the dark hour as one who still watches for the dawn in the morning to come out of the furnace of affliction refined and strong as tempered steel—this, this is the foundation of man's as tempered steel—this, this is the foundation of man's nobility, this is his immortal crown; for the brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried, and smelted, and polished, and glorified, through the furnace of tribulation. They that have washed their robes and made them white, have come up out of

great tribulation.

I have placed the development of the human soul—I mean its religious and moral development—in this or-der: First, there appears—in fact, there naturally ex-ists in man—a spontaneous faith, a faith in infinite goodness, righteousness and control. Say what we will, atheism is but a process—I had almost said, an ingenious process. It is not the normal state of the human mind. Absolute negation and unbelief in any moral control, in any divine rule of action or opinion, does not spring out of reason spontaneously of itself, but it is the elaborate result of reasoning. And, after all, we must look for the primal truths, the authentic elements of things, in that which is spontaneous and universal. I think I come very near a great funda-mental truth, when I find that which all men naturally mental truth, when I find that which all men naturally believe in, though they may believe in it under very gross and hideous forms. But when we get to the essence of that thing, we find a belief in a God, in a good God, in a wise God. The spontaneous belief of a child's soul, of an untutored soul—I see its still process in the development of the human spirit. And as it thus naturally, as it thus spontaneously appears, so it is easily maintained in the ordinary flow of events. You find people believe in the goodness of God, in the quiet current of their lives, having a sort of complacent faith and trust in it. But by-and-by this pleasant current of things is disturbed and darkened, and the second stage opens. In one way or another, to every soul that comes into the world, and acquires any experience of life, this second stage opens, a stage of doubt, of uncertainty, and of despair, when we begin to raise skeptical questions, and ask why this thing is, and why that thing is, and the whole of our nature is broken and chaotic. Then spring up irritation, doubt, and diverse are these experience or else a complete on selections on the second stage on else a complete on selection and darkers or at heat a superious contents. and chaotic. Then spring up irritation, doubt, and dismay, or at best a suspicious acquiescence, or else a flerce denial. And this is a state, into which, in one form or another. I repeat, almost every one passes, though he may not stay there a great while. It must be a marked stage, and I would like to know the man who has ever thought of life at all, who has ever struck apon any solid and real experience of life, who has not apply the state of the had a moment, or a period, in the cycle of his being, when he has been skeptical and doubtful; and the causes of that skepticism and doubt have been the trials ence of this fact, that life is but a discipline, and all things are designed to train us to this very result of patience, as the loftiest attitude and the most consummate acquirement of our being. It is the loftiest attitude of our being; it is the highest point to which we can reach, in regard to all the great evils of life and mysteries of the universe. To be patient, to acquire such a faith, such a trust, that while we cannot explain, we can at least be patient—this, I say, is the highest state of the human soul; and if a man is faithful to the dictates within him, to the course of Divine Providence in its dealings with him, he finally emerges out of that in its dealings with him, he finally emerges out of that

dark struggle into this higher spiritual state.

I repeat, then, that when we exhort any man to be these sonken ize." I cride, jumping up. I shood have continured sum time longer, probly, but unfortunitly I lost mi balunce & fell over intwo the pastur ker smash, taring my close and severely damaging myself generally. Suzanner sprung to mi assistance, and dragged me 4th in dubble quick time. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, sed:

I shood have lose ophy of life. We presume that he can easily acquisece in the common truths of Christianity; he admires each in the commo you, my friends, to day, the apostle's exhortation.
"Be patient in tribulation."

Too Particular.—Old Crab, who has existed at a boarding-house up-town, is always finding fault with his victuals. Last week he found a piece of a dish-rag and short on inch of cheerties of the crack o matter, I may ask, To whom, who has reached any experience in life, to whom is it not applicable?" For, up a fine comb, with several wads of hair clinging to it, to the intense astonishment of his fellow boarders, and the mortification of the lady.

"Well, I declare, Mrs. —," said Crab, in a deprecating tone, "it is entirely too bad. I don't really object to fine combs in their proper places; but I submit, Mrs. —, that there are other places more appropriate for fine combs, to say nothing of the hair, than in sago pudding."

Landlady—frecovering herself)—Mr. Crab, (indig-third the mortification of the place of some kind, tribulation of some kind, is a part of the plan of God in the ordering of our lives. It may not always be that tribulation; it may not always be that tribulation that nains us much; it may not always be always be dark tribulation; it may not always be that tribulation that pains us much; it may not always be that trial which we keenly feel. And, after all, we are to treat prosperity as a trial to us sometimes. And to a man of a sensitive nature, who recognizes the moral ends of life, who feels the duties and demands haid upon his own soul, that will be a painful trial, after all, because he will tremble and shudder at his responsibility all the more, as he sees that God is attacking, so to speak, the steadfastness of his soul. God is provso to speak, the steadfastness of his soul. God is proving his moral and spiritual loyalty by blessings and prosperity; and I might say, therefore, as any form of temptation and tribulation is intended to be trial, it will, after all, be something that we shall feel to be trial. There is no sham work in God's work. We are The Temperance Reform is an idea in whose consummation is centered the highest good of the race to-day and for ages to come. And yet there are hosts of minds which cannot comprehend it, and, with canting words, talk about one-idea men.

Better one-idea, glorious to man and honoring to that will almost pierce to the cutting asunder of the soul and body, to the separating of the joint and marrow. And so, I repeat, we can find no man, or class of men, who does not really feel the force and significance

of the apostle's words, "Be patient in tribulation." One man, perhaps, has been disappointed in his expectations; ever building something up, and ever being thwarted in attempting to reach his object, he needs to be patient. And, perhaps, the fundamental

difficulty in his case is this; he has not been patient 'into a man's soul, and disturbs and bulks and corrupts of the pursuit of his object; he has expected to him there. And then it is a terrible thing. But the reap the fruits of his pursuit too soon, to gather there man who truly looks upon the work of tribulation, may suits of his habors too quickly. Indeed, that is one great come to feel that whatever else it may assault, it does characteristic of our day and of our country; a general not assault him; that whatever else it may shake or impatience, a general desire to anticipate results at injure, it does not shake or injure him; it leaves him, if once. I think the marvelous development of material he is a true man, a good conscience and a right heart, agencies in our day; I think the powers by which we Calamity assails some fortees of your worldly trust trued over land, and see hy which we obtding used. suits of his abors too quickly. Indeed, that is one great come to feel that whatever else it may assault, it does characteristic of our day and of our country; a general impatience, a general desire to anticipate results at once. I think the marvelous development of material agencies in our day; I think the powers by which we arrived over land and sea, by which we abridge space and time, have generated in us a false conceit that the great laws of life itself have changed, that the great laws of life itself have changed, that the great processes of God themselves have altered in their methods. And because we have hurried ourselves over space, we think that we can hurry God's hand on in time; we think that everything must go rapidly, that we must have an instantaneous development of that when hope for and which we strive for. The young man expects to get an education in a few months, and to accomplish a fortune in a few years. And, I ropeat, we forget that God never alters his methods. We may hurry ourselves, but we cannot hurry him. After all, the grass takes just as long to grow, and the oak tree to develop, and the great processes of nature to unfold themselves. And we may be sure that just so much effort must go to just so the form and meaner policy; then it is a terrible thing when a man, after all that tribulation that fall upon him, for him. But when a man, after all that tribulation than the presult. The form the process of the form the process of the form t be sure that just so much effort must go to just so much result. The great laws of God must be obeyed, or the rewards which follow the obedience of those laws will not come. And it may be, therefore, that the man who has been balked in what he calls his reasonable expectations, after all has not cherished reasonable expectations. He has put forth efforts, but he has been impatient in it; he has expected the result too soon. And in his tribulation, surely he peeds the words of the apostle—"Be ye patient."

And another man has lost a fortune, or has been injured in fortune, and here tried in this work.

injured in fortune, and has been tried in this way. He has attempted just to reach such a sum, and has his hand upon it, and it has flown, as it were, from him—been translated away by some magio influence, he knows not what. Or he has gained it, and in the very hour of gaining it, it has crumbled beneath his feet, and he needs the exhortation of the apostle—Be patient." Or he walks in the dark shadow of a terrible bereavement; he has seen one after another that he loved stricken down; it seems as though God was dealing peculiarly with him; as though nothing of the general order of Providence had been imposed upor but he had been tried by a special enactment and requisition of God Almighty, and had been called to suffer. And he needs, with his bleeding, doubting, throbbing heart, these words of the apostle—"Be pa-tient in tribulation."

And now to each and to all of those, and to every

one to whom trials have not come, but to whom the one to whom trials have not come, but to whom they surely will come, the words of the text are applicable. And I urge them, in the first place, for this reason; because to be patient is a very difficult achievement, I say, be ye patient in tribulation, for patience is a very difficult achievement. It is hard to be patient, and, therefore, does it present itself as a worthy achievement to bear the stamp of divine discipline. For no other end might we conceive these trials to exist them to train us to retire the little process. If there is no other For no other end might we conceive these trials to exist, than to train us to patience. If there is no other good growing out of them, if we saw no final benefit ilowing out of any sorrow, if we saw no higher blessing coming out of any temporary loss, it would seem, when we consider what the result of patience is in the soul, that it would be worthy of God to send the trial to us for this end, if for nothing else, that we might learn to be patient, and because patience is a difficult thing to achieve. The things that are the most providential in this life are the difficult things; therein less the glory of man and the goodness of God. The child's lesson is good for nothing until he reaches the difficult the glory of man and the goodness of God. The child's lesson is good for nothing until he reaches the difficult in it, until he gets to that which begins to puzzle him, and, therefore, to excite his faculties; until he gets to that which thwarts him for the moment, but which, when he has mastered and conquered it, gives him strength to reach forward to something more, to something greater that is yet to be mastered. There is no good in the child's lesson, until he reaches that point. Education is not the giving of information, but the de-Education is not the giving of information, but the developing of power. All that the boygains in his education is worth comparatively nothing, in the mere way of the fact—the shell and husk of the fact; what he gets that is worth anything, is the power by which he masters that fact, and in mastering it he is canabled to reach another fact. But the moment he gets to a problem that calls for new forces, that wakens up higher newsons and decounts the back water of mantal town powers, and demands the back-water of mental force that has not before been called for that moment he reaches the best point in all his education—that of trial, of difficulty. Oh, artist I when for a moment your ideal of beauty seems unattainable, and you summon up in your soul fresh inspiration and new power, that is the great time for you. Oh, philosopher I when there seems to be an impenetrable vell before the truth which you cannot lift, and darkness and mystery seem to swallow it up, and you arouse yourself for a higher effort, and there awakens in your soul a higher and keener penetration than any which you before possessed, that is the time of your triumph. And so the glory of patience is that it is difficult. For, I repeat, the great things of life are the things we win with effort. And because it is so hard to bear, because it is so hard to trust, because it is so hard to endure, for

to bear, and those who are tried, and who feel the full But I say that skepticism is not a solution of force of human calamity, come the words of the apost problems at all; because in the workings of the force of human calamity, come the words of the apos-tle, "Be patient in tribulation." The temper and character of the human soul is brought out by patience as by nothing else. It is not in its easy action, it is not in its common achievement, it is not in its develnot in its common achievement, it is not in its development of power on a straight level, that you can tell what is the greatness of a man's soul. You might suppose that the human spirit is little more than the spirit of an animal, if you consider it in this light—that man's reason is only a higher blossoning of the instinct—that man's perceptions are not the result of a higher organization, when it all runs easily along in the straight great of achievement. But when you the straight groove of achievement. But when you see a man have the power to bear all calamitles that come upon him, and to stand up, and endure, and triumph, and say. "There is nothing which will break come upon him, and to stand up, and endure, and triumph, and say. "There is nothing which will break
me down; there is nothing which can shake my trust;
there is nothing that I will not overcome with this
unconquerable and triumphant soul of mine," you
feel that there is something in man greater than any
mere animal effort. Prometheus, in the old fable,
chained to the rock, with the vulture feeding upon his
vitals—there is something grand in that—there is a
proof of man's immortality that does not come from
the ordinary actions of life. Not in the achievement,
but in the endurance of the human soul, does it show but in the endurance of the human soul, does it show ts divine grandeur, and its alliance with the Infinite God. And, moreover, I say, here is the source of all active power, in the endurance that can bear all things—that can gather in its forces, and wait and stand calmly upon trust. I repeat, here is the spring of all active power. And, therefore, because the result is so hard in itself, because it is so great, if for nothing else, would I say, "Be patient in tribulation."

Again, I urge the exhortation of the text, because Again, I urge the exhoration of the text, because tribulation cannot essentially duringe you.—It cannot damage any other man essentially. Be patient, because there is nothing in tribulation that should cause you to yield and surrender up your real manhood, and the clements of power in your own soul. My friends, it is trouble, after all that makes a man feel his own presentity. When one thing ofter another is stripped. it is trouble, after all that makes a man red his own personality. When one thing after another is stripped away from you, that you depended upon—that you had gathered up your hopes in—that you had burjed your heart in—you find, after all, that these things are not yourself—that there is something within you that is not of time and sense, or any article of outward fortune. Then, I repeat, tribulation has a great and blessed efficiently making you feel your personality.

norune. Inen, I repeat, tribulation has a great and blessed efficacy in making you feel your personality. Tribulation will not hurt you, unless it does—what, alas! It too often does—unless it hardens you, and makes you sour, and narrow, and skeptical—unless, makes you sour, and narrow, and skeptical—unless, very often, tha because you have met with a certain amount of trouble, you begin to say, life is all trouble; and because darkness has fallen on your path, you say, all is dark; and because you may have been deceived, you say, all is doceifful; because the pursuit of a particular end may have proved fallacious, you say, all things are fallacious. When you fall into this sour, skeptical, doubther word that she too many enter into—then trib. Patience with the record that the second second

ing mood—that, alas, too many enter into—then trib-uiation has hurt you, and is to be lamented. It is said that sorrow has a purifying effect. Some times it has, but not always; it has sometimes a hardening effect. It is wonderful to look at the difference that affliction has on men. Some men are all softened

for him. But when a man, after all that tribulation can do, all the a-saults it can make upon him, all the demolition of human fabries it can achieve—when a man then says. "Right, after all, is right, and good is good; and it is better to serve God than to get the pay of the devil; it is better to do the true thing and be the true thing than to hear all the few targets." true thing, than to have all the fortune of this world?

—when a man can say this, what does tribulation do for him only to reveal the grandeur of his soul, and make him a better and a greater man? What does it do for him only to show him the distinction between his own personality, and the mere elements and vehicles of outward things? It leaves him immortal truth and immortal energies; it leaves him God to lean upon, let the tribulation be what it may. And, therefore, the patient in tribulation."

Or, you have lost fortune. But the loss of fortune, what is it to a true man? It is but the trumpet challenge to renewed exertion, not the thunder-stroke of destruction. He is not a true man who is broken down by the loss of worldly fortune; he is not a true man who says, "Everything is lost, the decks are swept clean, the masts are swept overboard, and I am a poor, miserable, foundering wreck, without a hope of life." No such thing: you are a man, have a man's of life." No such thing: you are a man, have a man's heart in you; God is over you, you have health and a soul, and the world is wide. Shame on you, if for any transient loss of fortune, any darkening change in your worldly condition, you give everything up. You may say, "I am an old man, I have almost reached the verge of the grave; this fortune which I have striven so hard to accumulate, I cannot accumulate again; the opportunity is gone by, my vigor is exhausted." Very well; then fall back upon this thought, that you will not want worldly tortune long, that you can bear and endure for the short time left all the scantiness that is upon you; that it is but a transient evil; that it is but a little step that you have to take, after all, and you will not need this worldy fortune, nor any of these worldly means. If your eyes are dim, if you heart is faint, think of that, and still "be patient in tribulation."

Or some dear object of your affection has been torn away from you. Still that ought not to kill you in your inmost being, and quench the great spiritual springs that really make the man of faith, and hope, and love. The one that is taken is not dead but sleeps. There is only a veil that has dropped between you two, through which you can have spiritual communion, by which you may be enabled but the more you two, through which you can have spiritual communion, by which you may be enabled but the more clearly to believe in the future world. For it is a great and blessed truth that only in the darkness do we see the brightest things of this universe; only when all worldly objects grow dim does the face of God appear to us; only when this transient state in which we stand becomes covered with clouds and shadows does the immortal realm become real to us. The passage of a friend into another state, makes that state a reality to us; the closing of our mortal eyes to the things of this life opens our spiritual eyes to see the faces of this life, opens our spiritual eyes to see the faces of those so beautiful to us yonder. And all that afflictions of the darkest kind ever can work to the true soul, is of the darkest kind ever can work to the true soul, is to awaken it up to spiritual things, to open the clear eye, to make the spiritual reality the more real. And so, I repeat, "be patient in tribulation," for if you rightly comprehend it, it does not hurt you; it only strikes that which is round about you, it only removes that which is outward, that which is physical, but it leaves you all the same, and, if rightly comprehended, you are a greater and a better man for your trial.

But again, I say, "be patient in tribulation," because that is the best that can be done. It is the best that can be done. It is the best that can be done in that set he whole of it. Now it may

that can be done; that is the whole of it. Now it may be that you have met with a great trial, with a great loss, with a great bereavement. Well, what then? You propose to murmur about it, to lament about it. The simple question is—what good will that do? You say, "My faith is all gone, I believe in nothing now; I did have faith once, I did have trust once; but I have no faith now." Why not? What is there in this trial that should make your faith so empty? What is there in this affliction that should cause you to give up everything? You can do no better than to be patient. After all, that is the noblest point you can reach. The objection that I have to all this skeptical feeling that grows out of great affliction is, that it does not help is so hard to trust, because it is so hard to endure, for that reason, if for no other, in the very discipline and glory of the thing as a spiritual result, would I say—"Be patient in tribulation."

Yo I say, perhaps, "Utter that word to those who have no trial; tell them to be patient." "Oh," says the troubled complainer, sometimes, "it is very easy for you to talk who do not feel the smart, and bear the trial! You say, be patient. Why not preach that to those who have no trials to bear?" No; they do not need the exbortation. But to those who have the trial to bear?" No; they do not need the exbortation. But to those who have the trial to bear, and those who are tried, and who feel the full.

But I say that skenticism is not a solution of these verse of God, in all his processes, I observe this thing, that that is of God which tends to movement, and life, and higher development; not that which tends to stagand nigher development; not that which tends to stag-nation. Skepticism, springing up under a great sor-row, darkening a man's soul in time of great trial, does lead to stagnation; it leads a man to say all is useless, there is nothing to believe in, nothing to trust in. Why, that is death; it is worse than death. The in. Why, that is death; it is worse than death. The faith that leads me to be patient at least, if I can do nothing else, that makes me say—wait a little while, all things are comings right—that is the grand secret. The silent stars, that stand sentinel at the gates of heaven, keep a glorious secret; the dark, still curtains of the gates of the gate. of the grave, that folds its heavy veil before me, hides a great secret. Those processes of mystery, that are st silent in human life and human affairs, are all full of great secret—'be patient, and wait." The faith that tells me to do this, is the faith of development, of movement, the faith that enables me to go on, to rise, to be something higher and do something better—it

does not leave me prostrate. And, therefore, supposing that there was no light of revelation, and that I stood before the facts and the afflictions of this world, alone, without any such light, I should say, take the faithful and trusting side, rather than the skeptical side, because the skeptical side in-clines to stagnation and death, while the other inclines to movement, and action, and development. Be patient, therefore, because it is the best thing you can do. And, sometimes, it is the grandest thing you can do, as I have already said. Talking is by no means the greatest thing to do in this world. When any great problem arises, to merely talk about it is to do very little. And yet that is the fashion of this time, to do a great deal in the way of talking. If any particular event astonishes the world, if any rousing occurrence takes place, it is sure to give rise to one dinner, ten speeches, and an oration. We talk it all to pieces, the press talk it to pieces, the platform and the pulpit talk it to pieces, and it is all torn into shreds in a little while, and the great moral consequences of the action are soon totally forgotten, or never understood and comprehended. It is better to do than to talk; and yet, sometimes, doing is not the thing. Men, sometimes, in their eagerness to act, act too far, act by wrong motives, and in their impatient fussiness over-look the processes of God, and the harmonious working of all things. It is a great thing, very often, to be patient-not to talk much about it, not to try to de much about it, but to wait and trust. And this is all,

much about it, but to wait and trust. And this is may very often, that we can do.

It is achievement, patience is, then. I repeat, it is not indolent acquiescence, it is not laziness. That man who lies down and goes to sleep, instead of doing his work, is not patient, or, if he has patience, it is of the wrong kind, and nobody else has any with him. God has not any, nor anybody else, with the lazy man. Patience with his faults? Patience with his sins? Patience with his faults? Patience with his sins?
Patience with that which he can overcome by his own exertions? Patience is not laziness. A man may be patient, and still keep working. A farmer is patient while he sows his seed and nourishes his crop, just as he is while he reaps it and gathers it in. He works in his patient spirit, looking for the divine processes; he that affliction has on men. Some men are all softened by it, as new soil is broken up by the plowshare, and mellowed and turned over for the reception of God's seed, and attracting the dew and sunshine of his grace. But others become all condensed and hardened by sorrow, gathered into themselves, made more rugged and rocky than ever. It is a dreadful thing, if the plowshare of sorrow does not strike upon the deep places of the human soul, and perfect it and make it something higher and better than it was before. I do not know of any agency in the providence of God that does not work for good upon the soul of him that properly receives it. But it is so, I repeat, that sometimes tribulation really upsets the man himself, really enters

great calamity, there is a point where grave, faithful men can do no more—where the citizen, and the philanthropist, and the patriot, must stand still and see God work—see the salvation of God. That is one of the words of Scripture—'Stand still and see the salvation of God.'' And there are times when evil becomes so colossal, so rampant, so heavy, that you can only say. ''Let us see God's working in this matter.''

And to be patient implies the having worked all we can, and then waiting upon God. And God is working continually. We speak of the works of God, as though we meant merely this finished material universe therewe meant merely this infished material universe there-by. But look you; he has been continually working even there. See how the carth in its convulsions is nothing but a rocking-cradle for the various stages of progress and development. And when each one has reached its full period of development, then the founda-tions of a new epoch are cradled upon them, they be-come the tomb-stones of the past, and new forms of life come forth. And so it is in spiritual and moral things: God is continually doing a work. And when things; God is continually doing a work. And when we have reached the extreme of our effort, have gone as far as we can, it is an indication that we are to stand

as far as we can, it is an indication that we are to stand still and see what God's working will be.

And in this patience, I repeat, there is the mightjest force and the mightiest power. Scopticism never did a great thing; unbelief never accomplished anything. But the patient men, who have waited upon God, have at the same time been the greatest workers for God and humanity. Then, again, I say, "Be patient in tribulation," because this involves our highest training, and our preparation for a better and a holler state. Be patient in tribulation, because thus are we the most truly educated for that which is to come. It is a great work with us, is tribulation. It is a mighty dealing of work with us, is tribulation. It is a great work with us, is tribulation. It is a mighty dealing of God with the spirit. But, after all, I know of no way in which he more effectually works to train us for a better life than he does in this. It is curious to see how all life than he does in this. It is curious to see how all nature itself is a vast symbolism; how every material fact contains sheathed within it a spiritual trath. There was great force, after all, and there is great force now, in Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences. And why I allude to that now is for this reason; you have this very word "tribulation," which itself is a beautiful spiritual application of a material fact. We have been told what the meaning of the word originally was. It was a roller, by means of which the anally was. It was a roller, by means of which the an-cient Roman threshed out his grain—separated the wheat from the chaff. By-and-by Christians of reflection and experience gave a spiritual meaning to the word, and began to see that God, as it were, by this roller, by this *tribulum*, this tribulation, threshes the wheat and separates it from the chaff; by this tribula-tion God proves a man, God tries a man, separates the tion God proves a man, God tries a man, separates the good from the bad, separates the saint from the professor, the honest man from the hypocrite, the sneak from the hero. Tribulation is that which proves a man. Prosperity may enable him to hide a great many things, unless it happens to be a very sudden prosperity, which will upset his balance. But trial, great trial, I repeat, shows what is in a man. And when this general threshing machine comes over us, it is the training and discipline of God which brings out what is truly and really noble in us. We ought to be thankful for tribulation, therefore. God may by other processes develop within us a higher life, by other means fit us for a better state. We may pray, as the old hymn does—

"if it be thy will, Give us clear sky, and reasons calm."

But when tribulation does come upon us, we ought But when tribulation does come upon us, we ought to be thankful, because in this way are we revealed; in this way, that which is noble, and spiritual, and essential in us, is brought out. Reputation is separated from mere character, and that which we really have in ourselves, is separated from that which we merely lean upon and are propped up by others. Tribulation is that which reveals man, is that which shows what is in a man. How much of your faith is your own faith, and how much of it is mere opinion? How much that you are is simply the reputation that the public give you are is simply the reputation that the public give you, and how much is your own character, standing there in grand, substantial facts, under the eye of God? Let us be thankful, I repeat, therefore, for tribulation, and "be patient in tribulation," because it brings out that which is bost in us, and trains us for that higher

that which is best in us, and trains us for that higher state which is to come.

You may think it a very strange thing that we should be called upon in this world to be patient at all; that there should be such sufferings, such calamities, that men should need such an exhortation as this; for they need it now just as much as they did in the apostle's time. They needed it then, no doubt, poor souls, fleeing with their lives in their hands. Men oppressed for conscience's sake, persecuted in the name of the Lord Christ Jesus, who had to leave fathers and mothers, houses and lands, needed the apostle's exhortation. houses and lands, needed the apostle's exhortation, And men need the exhortation in all times and all days. We all need it, because God has set us in a great plan of life, and because he means something better for us than these outward relations that we behold, than these visible things in which we are to act, and trust. He means to develop within us something that is no bler, something that is better, something that takes hold of spiritual and eternal things. Now the true logic of the matter runs in this way: either the world logic of the matter runs in this way: either the world is a great spiritual plan, or it is not. If it is not a spiritual plan, if there is not a process going on in joy and sorrow, in good and in evil, to lead to higher results, and to a future destiny for man, then I would say, Do not educate man at all; close up his higher powers as much as you can; educate him downward, if you educate him in any way; teach him to become merely a comfortable animal, and as quickly as possible to fall to a level with matter and nature round shout to fall to a level with matter and nature round about him. Why call out the intellect to gaze into mysteries that only haunt it forever, only excite it and never satisfy it? Why awake moral problems that never can be answered? Why create aspirations that mount vainly up? Why call upon man to look up to God, when there is no God? Why call upon man to strive for something higher and better, when there is nothing higher and better to the control of the co best feelings, and excite the holiest and most sacred emotions of the human heart, if this life is all a delusion and a dream? if that be so, let us educate man downward, close up his highest faculties, if life has no meaning in this direction.

But if, on the other hand, this is but a process, if there But if, on the other hand, this is but a process, it there are spiritual relations growing out of it, if life itself is but a mere plan of education, then indeed you see the part which patience has in causing us to endure, and to gather up the results of the trials that come to us in our own souls, with trust, looking forward serenely and triumphantly. This is the way that life works from the lower up to the ligher, and men gather up all the results of life at last into a spiritual compound; they gather up all the results of life into a patient faith, and a triumphant looking for something yet to

And I repeat, therefore, what I said in the commencement, that patience is the grandest product to which the human soul can attain. It is the highest product; it is the end of all our thinking; it is the end our prayers; the end of all we can do is to be pa-ent. Oh! poor, stricken, sick man, on the bed of pain and agony, be patient; there is a glorious disci-pline going on with you. Oh! poor, suffering soul, under the pressure of poverty, be patient; that is the vay that the saints have been trained. Oh! doubting, esponding humanity everywhere, be patient; for God highest gift to the human soul is patience. Thank God; or any body that works life up into grand results; for he artist who gives me a better ideal of beauty; forthe artist who gives me a better tuent of beauty; not the philanthropist who strives for humanity, and cheerfully hopes for a better time. But I tell you, the grandest ideal I see in this life, the noblest representation that I see, and the most beautiful, is the man, who, when all around him of worldly good has grown dim, when the curtain of mystery has fallen over the fitters will stonk saft were on the immutable rock. future, still stands, as it were, on the immutable rock of trust, looking screnely upward—"patient in tribulation."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Of this great philosopher, and architect of his own fortunes t has been truly and beautifully said by Prentice:-When from Heaven

The flat of the Delty went forth, Let Franklin be! then to our land there came Humanity, philosophy and light. He was Columbia's Socrates: from him The voice of wisdom and of truth divine In sweetest accents fell. No fortune smiled Propitious radiance on his humble birth; Alone unaided, through the storms of life He grasped the prize, and wreathed his brow with fame.

Let a man do his work; the fruit of it is the care of f another than he.

The poorest education that teaches self-control, is etter that the best that neglects it.

The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears. How few adopt the good rule of Bishop Beveridge, not to speak in dispraise of one who is absent, or in praise of one who is present.

Bunner of Night.

BATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

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· THE THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL. If ever a remarkably good thing has been said, done, or suggested, ten to one it has been so said, done, or suggested by a woman. She is always first in every happy work. We are told that a woman-Mrs. Sarah J. Hale-has been instrumental in securing so general an appointment of Thanksgiving Day, this year, by the Governors of the several States on the same day, the 24th. In fact, every State celebrates this honored festival, this year, on the same day; and it warms one's

heart to take so noble a fact into his consideration. Our noble old Festival, that takes its root in the re ligious sentiments of the valiant puritan fathers, though originally observed with a delight most dubiously tinged with asceticism, has in our day come to signify the finest sentiments, of love and affection only; that give dignity and beauty to human nature. It is a thoroughly ingrained institution, sprung out of our soil, and belongs to us and us alone. If, now, our population were to be told that no more Thanksgivings were to be appointed by the Governors of the different States, they would, we believe, rush on even to a revolution in order to secure the old observance from decay.

Ten thousand hearts, as the longed-for day draws near, are beating with high and joyous expectancy. If we have any single day in our national calender that may be called a Red Letter Day, this is the one. Our Fourth-of-Julys are days that we don't seem to know exactly how, as yet, to observe; the sentiment of half the people seems to be, that the gunpowder part of the festival has about blown itself out, while that of the other half still holds to the noise and confusion from the mere habit of the thing; and we expect to live to see the time when the great national holiday will be observed in a way not even contemplated by those whose patriotic labors made the day sacred. But our annual Thanksgiving festival has taken far deeper root. That silently appeals, with its grateful influences, to the real sentiments of every one's nature. The central idea in it is the domestic idea. Its very name excites new and still dearer pictures of home. All the associations that cluster around it are so sunnily strenked with tender and pleasant experiences, that they impart a new atmosphere to the very season in which this endeared festival occurs.

Many a country doorstep has this week felt the feet. only annually passed there, of children who had crossed the same years before in quest of fame and fortune. On Tuesday and Wednesday they flocked home; the children to look with eyes of delight all around the old homestead, as they come up before it, and the grandchildren overrunning with glee at the thought of a holiday and a feast with the old folks at home. How the rooms, long deserted comparatively, have awakened to the echoes of familiar voices again. The kitchen has been the theatre of the most exciting domestic events, especially in the eyes of the children. The poultry that has been put upon the spit or into the oven, cut into merciless giblets for pies, and crammed to bursting with high-se passes count or comprehension. And as for the ples that have been drawn out of their warm beds and set to shivering in the cold, in rows ever so many deep on the tables, there has been no end to them! The old country kitchens, low-studded yet of great capaciousness, are, the most of them, really grand affairs; and, to-day, we love the very thought of lounging about in one as well as any young boy that has this week gone off to spend Thanksgiving with his aunt and grand-

On the morning of the festival, all eyes are early open, where families have been united again. How can any one sleep after the day is ushered in, especially if he have come ten, fifty, one or three hundred miles to make the most of it. As for the children, they bundle out and begin drumming with their bare heels over the chamber floor, with the very first peep of day; and from the moment they are able to wag their tongues, they continue to be as wild as colts in a moss-and-rock pasture, till overfeeding precipitates the stupor in which so many of the little folks are led, or carried, off to bed. The breakfast forms a gay scene. In old-fashioned families-which are generally good-fashioned ones, too-they set on pie with the other fare in the morning, a practice peculiar to this day; and those over-greedy boys who insist on just tasting of a whole · quarter.' and manage to secure such a generous cut by dint of teasing their aunts, or grandmothers, live to regret their haste long before the coveted turkey, goose, and chicken pies are placed upon the table.

At breakfast, all the old scenes are revived, the conversation being taken up where it was left off around the hearth the evening before. Then follow plans, most solemnly discussed, about staying at home and going to "meeting;" when the female part of the company jabber on concerning the matter to their hearts' content, the other part silently acquiescing in such arrangements as they shall see fit to make. It is reviving to watch the play of faces at this morning meal; and still more so to listen to the fragments of talk that are brushed this way and that across the table, like the crumbs that are afterwards shaken from the cloth. The atmosphere is perfectly pure and healthy; if genuine domestic sentiments' could not bud and blossom in that, it must be that they would do so nowhere else in the world. The Thanksgiving breakfast is a worthy forerunner of the great noonday feast that comes after.

A Thanksgiving sermon, however, is he such pleasant matter. It is at least appetizing, and holds off the dinner-hour so that the few who listen are generally unite well prepared for the roast when they get to it. The old country meeting-house is rarely ever full on this day, though the people do flock in rather better than on Fast Day. And, on the whole, even the direst . old theological dispensers will manage to get a little more juice into their Thanksgiving discourse than is , usual with them, and sometimes so far forget them-. selves-perhaps in view of the "fat and the sweet" in readiness for them-as to excite a grim smile on the t faces of their hearers by some vagrant touch of humor in their annual homily. Yet, all this aside, it is a great

gathered up. The minister calls around him once more his whole flock, even to the lambs that went out of the fold years ago.

But when all the house is at home again, and father and mother are chatting with their father and mother, and the children are answering the thousand questions of their aunts and uncles, and dinner is getting upon in the general diffusion of knowledge. Here a broad the long table-never in the whole year stretched out field opens before us, to which the mental eye can to such ample length as now-then it is the material enjoyment of the day begins. All other things have thing to explore the arcana of Nature, to solve her probeen preliminary to this. The breakfast, the ride to found problems, and to trace the laws that govern her meeting, the sermon, the chat coming out of church, the saunter over the garden and poultry-yard, the lounging in the kitchen, and the countless associations The shadows of the long night of "Dark Ages" have that have been carefully revived since the new-comers set foot upon the door-stone-all these have a practical come. The present system of Free Schools; the higher meaning, after all, only as they are concentred and focalized upon the "baked meats," the pies and pud- rious Societies for Mental Improvement, are doing dings, the cider and the sauces, that load down the table much to develop the powers and to improve the condiat dinner, and provide even to surfeit for the hungering tion of man. As society exists, all do not and cannot stomachs of those who sit around.

There is a good deal of philosophy in gladdening the hearts of returned friends with a bountiful dinner. Good fare and warm feelings are inseparably united. You cannot expect to draw out the best expressions from anybody, no matter how genial his nature may be, if hunger is gnawing at his vitals. The public man, therefore, who presented a literary character to the English Premier with - "I present you this gentleman; if you want to get worthy things from him, you must take good care of him!"—thoroughly understood human nature, and could hardly be suspected of makof the other. Joy of soul has somehow a secret relaof soul and body is secret and mysterious. Our highest flights, our loftiest elevations, our inward expanthere is no use in dispensing tracts where nothing but bread-and-butter is needed, or preaching doctrines when grace alone is the article required.

whose cup has been full. We have expressed our syminto their old domestic relations anew, and obtained a with perenni I beauty. fresh lease of life by so doing. At many and many table do we seat ourselves even now-not intrusively, we trust-and share with those who have so much of love to give away, whatever they are willing to pour into our lap. Wherever Love reigns, there should we prefer always to be-whether in hovel or hall, on pottage or poultry. For that it is which constitutes the great feast, and the best. And this Festival of the year, the crown and glory of these glorious Autumn days, the Thanksgiving after harvest, is but the genuine feast of Love. No disputes, no wranglings, no harsh words, no unkind feelings, no political, social, or theological differences now; but one long and happy feast, the real Harvest Home of the heart's best affec tions, and the pledge of re-unions that are to have no

MEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

If all human actions were equally well adapted to secure and promote the peace, order, and happiness of the race, justice and injustice, right and wrong, virtue and vice would imply only arbitrary and technical distinctions, without any corresponding differences in the intrinsic nature of things. Love and hate, reverence and blasphemy, innocence and guilt, would be equally commendable and desirable-in short, would be substantially one in essence, though various in form. The indulgence of such an idea may indicate a very amiable temper, and a really loving disposition, as clearly as it denotes the want of logical discrimination and nice powers of perception, which certainly are not more serviceable in the domain of physical science, than in the department of moral philosophy.

Carbonic acid gas and oxygen are not precisely the same thing, nor can the chemist and physiologist be made to believe that they are equally useful in the proof combustion and the economy of anima The delicate aromas from violets, pinks and orange blossoms, are far more precious and delightful to the as Monsieur Lubin's Extracts. The musician will discriminate between harsh discords and faultless harmony; little children distinguish light from darkness, and cannot be made to confound bitter and sweet; pain and pleasure are separated by a fundamental difference, while wasting disease and vigorous health do not contribute equally to the welfare of mankind.

Now if a righteous judgment be proper in our observations of the world of physical elements and organic forms, it can neither be wrong nor unwise to carry the exercise of this faculty of discrimination into the sphere of our social relations and the moral life of the world. The perfume of the rose contributes to our happiness without subverting the laws of health and life; but the deadly effluvia arising from the unburied victims of the pestilence is neither pleasing to the sense, nor compatible with the public health. Nor are all the deeds of men alike in essential characteristics and moral aspects, or equally consistent with the common weal. pestilence is not less to be dreaded because it is enlowed with locomotion and is adapted to corrupt the moral atmosphere. There are generous and noble deeds that are pure as the incense of flowers, and life may be beautiful as the innocence of childhood: but it is scarce. ly to be depied that some men bring unholy offerings with brands from the bottomless pit to light the fires of vengeance on the bloody altars of injustice, oppres sion and martyrdom.

The claims of true charity are never at war with the demands of reason and the dicta of an enlightened conscience. Charity is something different from a confusion of mental faculties and moral qualities. It does not propose to obliterate all proper distinctions in this most important department of human inquiry. It does not offer a man a scorpion for a salmon, for bread give him a stone, nor administer a moral poison to hose who have a right to drink of the water from the river of Life. Voluntary blindness is not to be regarded as either a Christian virtue, or, in any sense, a seful faculty. True charity only requires that while we are prompt to perceive, careful to avoid, and ready to condemn the wrong, we shall be merciful to the offender, who possibly may have improved all the light he possessed, while, like Saint Paul, he was taken captive by the tempter, under the irresistible "law of his icmbers.'

The moral philosopher will not fail to distinguish that interrupt, the moral equilibrium and the social harmony of the world. It is readily granted that many persons are rudely censured and remorselessly condemned for the very deeds which illustrate the noblest virtues, while they are as often commended at the acrifice of justice and humanity. The real character of the man, and the essential nature of his action, cannot be determined by the same standard. The ques- and of enjoying the highest of all delights, that of being tion that relates to the moral character of the actor, must the means of rendering a desponding and suffering brother

stead, to come back again and renew their acquaint- the nature of his motive, and his capacity to have ance with the paster, now grown a great deal older in acted otherwise under the existing circumstances; their absence, to hear the welcome sound of his well. while the character of the action, in itself considered, can known voice, to laugh and that over the old times that | only be determined by its legitimate consequences. Every were so pleasant that none shall ever equal them, and act that serves to disturb the harmony of the world, to re-unite those spiritual fibres and delicate threads and to swell the tide of misery, may-for the sake of a that have been temporarily sundered. In the body of necessary distinction, and properly enough-be dethe rustle meeting-house, after the sermon is over and nominated evil; whilst every deed that tends to rethe singing is done, all these dear old associations are deem the world, by increasing the sum of human happiness, 18 Good.

Universal Diffusion of Knowledge. .

The intellectual activity of man, and his rapid progress, are seen in the important discoveries he has made in the various branches of Natural Science, and descry no bounds. The philosopher has done somevast and mysterious operations. Principles have been developed which have slumbered since the creation. been dissipated, and the morning of a New Day has institutions of Learning; the Public Libraries, and vaenjoy the same advantages; but at no previous period in the world's history were the means of instruction within the reach of so large a number. The general diffusion of knowledge must be regarded as a distinguishing feature of the present age. To this we are mainly indebted for a better knowledge of the science of government; and here, too, we find the secret of the rapid growth and unrivaled prosperity of the American Republic.

The Press is employed to beat down the bulwarks of ignorance. This powerful engine is sometimes misdirected, it is true, and, in the hands of corrupt poliing mistakes elsewhere. When the heart would be ticians and immoral men, may become a prolific source merry, it invariably calls on the stomach to come to its of evil; but, as a whole, its action on the world is support. One cannot get on very fast without the aid lever-like. It is gradually raising up the mass of mind to a broader and a higher level. Its evils are the evils tion to fullness of the skin, even as the whole relation of men and their times. It is often perverted to the basest uses. As the free air-without which we could not live-spreads contagion, as well as the incense of sions, more often have to do with a well-supplied flowers, so may the press diffuse the subtle virus of a stomach than we may be aware of. Hence it is that moral poison with the very elements of light. Private reputation-founded on a blameless life-may be assailed and destroyed; individual hopes may be crushed in their spring-time, and the most sacred Our joy has silently gone forth, this week, to those interests exposed to ruin. But, after all, the Free Press of the country is a source whence living streams pathies in secret with all our friends (and they are, flow out in numberless channels, making the desert of course, our countless readers,) who have entered fruitful, and clothing the wilderness and solitary place

Harmonial Colony Association.

We publish, by request, the proceedings of the adjourned neeting of the Harmonial Colony Association, held at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 20th, 1859. After the necessary proiminaries, the following resolves were passed:

1. Resolved, That we proceed forthwith to the choice of such officers as are immediately requisite for the current

The following named were elected: President—Rouben Barron, Lancaster, Msss. Vice Presidents—Earl Joslin, Worcester, Mass.; Z. Baker,

Oudley, Mass.

Recorder—D. O. Gates, Worcester, Mass.

Treasure—Albien Carpenter, Worcester, Mass.

These officers constitute the Directors of the Association.

Trustees—Rouben Barron, D. C. Gates, Earl Joslin, Albion Carponter, Ann M. Carponter.

Carponter, Ann M. Carpenter.

2. Resolved, That we fully approve and adopt the Constitution of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood, which has been under consideration by this meeting, and that our Harmonial Colony Association shall constitute department No. 1 of said Brotherhood.

3. Resolved, That we fully ratify the amendments to the Constitutional Compact of the Harmonial Colony Association, which have been under consideration by this meeting.

4. Resolved, That all persons who are willing to labor for the reorganization of seelety upon principles adapted to develop, in human nature, the moral and spiritual kingdom of God on earth, and to secure to the human race, individually and collectively, their happiness and elevation, are invited to co-operate with us, according to the Constitution of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood.

5. Resolved, That we urge all who know that the earth is the joint or common property of the human family, to join us in demanding the passage of a law to fix a just limit to the area of soil, which any individual may hereafter obtain; and also a law to prohibit the sale of the public lands, and cause them to be appropriated, in limited quantities, to actual settlers, free of cost.

6. Resolved, That we petition the Congress, during its

sottlers, free of cost.

6. Resolved. That we petition the Congress, during its next session, to grant us a township free of cost, in some desirable locality, on the public demain, to be inhabited, owned and controlled by us, and our prospective associates, according to our Constitutional Compact.

Our Illuminated

Our connection with the press for the last twelve yearsespecially during the period we were engaged in the publicasense than sulphureted hydrogen; and the mephitic tion of books-has afforded an opportunity to become acodor from a skunk or a muskrat is not half so agreeable quainted with a number of our best Artists, in the several departments of original Allegorical and other Illustrative Designs for books; Landscape and Architectural Drawing; Portraiture, with the aid of the pencil and the photographic process; Cerography, Lithography, Medalengy, and Engraving on wood, copper and steel. Frequent opportunities for observation, and comparison of the works of different artists, has of course done something to improve our taste and to correct our judgment. But our small reputation, as a conoisseur in such matters (which is not worth talking about,) will not be likely to experience any decline (thanks to the engravors) among persons of fine taste and artistic discrimination with whom we may hereafter chance to drop our CARD.

> After this exordium we may proceed in the proper parlance of the preachers to announce the particular subject selected for the occasion. Mesers. Dorr & Bengue, engravers and printers, 122 William street, New York, have furnished the illuminated text for our brief discourse, by placing in our hands an exquisitely polished corper PLATE, with our own proper name, our relation to this journal—title of the paper -the latter beautifully illuminated on a delicately etched atmosphere-together with the designation of our residence York office of the BANNER, etc.—all engraved thereon in the best style of the art. Accompanying the plate we received one hundred impressions from the same on very fine

> Mosars. Doty & Berger are prepared to execute every kind of art work on copper and steel, from the simplest Business Card to the finest lined and stippled Portraits, and the most complicated and elaborate Bank Note designs. In unique combinations, artistic elegance, and variety of Business, Professional, Complimentary, Ball, Wedding, and other Cards, the above named gentlemen have nothing to apprehend from the ordeal of the soverest taste, or a trial with the most formidable competitors, here or elsewhere. Moreover, those of our readers who may require anything in their line, will doubtless find them just and gentlemanly men in every business transaction,

"God Help the Poor."

A cotemporary in speaking of the dearth of employment for any classes of mechanics and laborers at the present time, and the prospect of destitution for many of them during the approaching winter, very aptly, and doubtless with much genuine sympathy, says, "God help the poor." The same expression is often made by many well-provided people, as he trials and wants of the unfortunate are brought to their knowledge. The philanthropic minister in the pulpit feels called upon frequently to ask God to extend His help in the same direction; and those of his flock who have an abundance of this world's goods, make their response to the call, by uttering a plous "amen." But, alas! if the Divine instrumentalities were limited to those who thus manifest between those acts of men that promote, and those their interest in the poor, how deep and bitter would be the measure of their destitution I

Who cannot see, by the exercise of a little rational and unselfish thought, that genuine charity consists not in devout words and plous ejaculations, but in the performance of direct acts of good? If he who says or thinks, "God help the poor," would at once consider himself an especial instrument for extending that help, he would experience the double blessing of knowing that his charitable desires were gratified. pleasure for those who have gone out from the old home. be tried and decided by the measure of his knowledge, happy.-Northwestern Home and School Journal.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union. The Board of government of this Society have made

arrangements for two courses of fectures this winter, on successive Sunday evenings, in Hollis Street Church.

The first course is on the Christian Poets, three leatures of which have already been delivered. The remainder are to be in the following order: On Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, on "Charles Wesley," by Rov. Dr. Lethrop; Dec. 4th, "Mrs. Barbauld, and other Female Writers," by Rov. Dr. Gannett; Dec. 11th, "Cowper and John Newton," by Rev. Dr. Stockbridge; Dec. 18th, "Heber and Keble," by Rev. Dr. Thompon; Dec. 25th, "Milton," by Rev. G. H. Hepworth.

Immediately following this course, will be another on The Skepticism of Christendom," Jan. 1st, 1860, "Spinoza, the Panthelst." by Rov. J. M. Manning; Jan. 8th, "Voltaire and Bayle, the Scoffers," by Rev. C. C. Shackford; Jan. 15th, "Hume, the Sceptic," by Rev. Dr. Ellis; Jan. 22d, "Herbert. of Cherbury, and Rousseau, the Sentimentalists," by Rev. James F. Clarke; Jan. 29th, "Strauss, the Mythist," by Rev. Dr. Peabody; Feb. 5th, "Paine, the Delat," by Rev. Dr. Lothrop; Feb. 12th, "Owen, the Socialist," by R. C. Wyddraton; Feb. 13th, "Eichhorn, the Rationalist," by Mev. Dr. Huntington; Feb. 25th, "Hegel, the Transcendentalist," by E. J. Young; March 4th, "Holbach, the Atheist," by Rev. T-

The above is a splendid array of talent; and there will be nuch interest felt in the discussion of the merits-or demerits, probably-of Thomas Palue, by Dr. Lothrop, and of Robert Owen, by Mr. Waterston.

The Great Ordeal.

A disposition to prove all things, presents itself as a feature of the times. Whatever comes under our observation must now pass the test of a rigid examination. Everything is resolved into its elemental principles. The spiritual no less than the physical universe; the sphere of interior causes, as well as the world, of external effects and visible phenomena are subject to the most searching investigation. In the several branches of physical science, one theory or hypothesis has followed another, each possessing in some degree the widences of increasing light and improvement. What one philosopher has conceived to be beautiful and true, has been rejected by his successor, who, uniting previous discoveries with personal observation and methodical arrangement, has een able to embody in a more intelligent, reliable, and comprehensive form, his own conceptions of God, Man and Naure. These, in like manner, have falled to pass the ordeal of a still more refined taste and enlightened judgment. Such changes are continually going on, and so rapid is the world's progress, that, possibly, the theories of yesterday may require essential modification to adapt them to the new developments and the superior light of the present hour.

Mr. Bly in Middleboro'.

A friend has furnished us with a detailed account of a visit paid to this pleasant village, by the distinguished professor whose expositions (?) of Spiritualism have brought him prominently before the public.

On a Saturday evening, about four weeks ago, Mr. Bly wen to Middleboro', and engaged a hall, in which to speak. His ecture was widely advertised, but the evening brought only about fifteen persons to the hall. Bly, therefore, declined to lecture, and paid back the money. The owner of the hall requested Mr. B. to pay the hall hire; Bly told him he should him. The man offered to go with him to his hotel, as he had already been apprized of the fact that Bly intended to leave that night. Bly, fluding himself sorely pressed with questions, owned up, that he had no money with him, but he was going to Plymouth, where he intended to deliver a series of lectures, and he would forward him the amount: and finally quieted the owner of the hall in this way. But the hote keeper was not put off so easily. 'He demanded his bil on the spot, or he would not deliver him his team. High words ensued, when Bly challenged the landlord to a pugilistic contest. This finally resulted in the landlord's not allowing Biy to go to bed that night, but actually sat up with him until twelve o'clock, and then called his son, who sat up the rest of the night to watch their guest. Bly left or the following morning, but sent a man in the course of the day, who settled the bill and took the team away. The landlord thus got his pay, but the printer and hall-tender have not seen Mr. Bly since.

We have obtained these facts from an eye-witness of ster ling integrity, and can have no doubt of their truth. Our opponents must see to it, that their champion's laurels d not become blighted.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Messas. Editors-Bince I last wrote you, Mr. Mansfield the well-known test writing medium of your city, has been with us. He spent a month here, and during that time the spirits answered, through his organism, over seven hundred

and fifty questions, most of which were entirely satisfactory. Mr. M. was not only visited by many Spiritalists, but by nany of those who are strangers to our beautiful philosophy; and the tests given to some of these were calculated to shake their skepticism, and lead some to admit that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy."

Mr. M. made many warm friends, not only by his mediumwhich make him so congenial a companion and friend. He soul is the action of spirit affinity. Soul attracts the thought loft us on the first of this month for Baltimore, and from and feeling of a soul of kindred love. hence he pursues his Southern tour, where I doubt not he will find many warm friends.

Dr. Redman came here as Mr. M. left, and took the rooms ne had occupied. He has had a very successful career here need only say that he maintained his reputation as one o he best test mediums in the country. He, too, has left for the South, and Mr. Barnes, another test medium, is now here; he is an elderly man, and was formerly a sea-captain He is one of the most impressible test mediums I have seen You stand before him, and, without saying a word, request your spirit friends to make him do something, and almos instantly he does it.

Our loctures are now fairly under way, Bro. Thomas Gales Forster, the Boanerges of tranco-mediums, is with us a present, and, though he has been very ill during the past summer, and is still quite feeble, his lectures are thought to surpass any that he has given before, in force, beauty, ele quence, and originality. The state of Mr. Forster's health is such that his physician has advised him to go. South during the winter, and locture only as his physical condition will admit.

For the information of your readers in general, and lec urers in particular, I will say that we have persons engaged eason. H. T. O.

Printers and Authors at Cambridge. A social re-union took place on Tuesday evening last a

he residence of II. O. Houghton, Esq., of the Riverside Printing Establishment, on the occasion of the completion of seven years' apprenticeship by one of his employees. Mr. Houghton, in order to signalize the event, invited all his employees, male and female-between eighty and ninety in number-together with the authors of the works which have emanated from the Riverside press, to assemble at his house Among the distinguished gentlemen who honored the young man's freedom-festival with their presence, were Jares Sparks, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendall Holmes, Prof. Agassiz, Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Worcester, Joseph T. Buckingham. Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Prof. Childs, Hon. A. A Lawrence, Hon. Dexter F. Parker of Worcester, and others. The company were entertained by their host in the most liberal manner with feasting, music, speaking, dancing, and lasting love.

Shadows of Coming Events.

The question that relates to the developments of the Future not a matter of mere curiosity; it is not alone a theme for idle speculation. On the contrary, it may be a subject for rational and profitable inquiry. Causes exist and are cogisable by the mind before they are revealed-in their effects -to the senses. The changes in Nature, and the events developed in the affairs of the world, are usually preceded by certain visible signs, from which the philosophic observer is led to apprehend their approach. The embryotic forms of purer and nobler institutions are, perhaps, already dimly delued in the womb of the Present, and, in the living realities of To-day, the clear Seer and the profound Philosopher may discover the rudiments of a " New Heaven and a New Earth."

Emerson at Music Hall.

Ralph Waldo Emerson lectured at Music Hall, on Sunday November 6th, on "Domestic Life." We secured an abstract | the laws of higher developments, while at the same time report of the lecture, which we shall give to our readers next they are perfectly true to the condition in which they exist.

BPIRITUAL AFFINITY.

Abstract Report of a Lecture delivered in Norwich, Ct., by Dr. A. B. Child, Sunday, Nov. 20.

"Anget-Go, child, and say to all, I love them, and expect

Montal-Blessed one! I will."

Many waves of progress shall we pass over, before soul nects soul in spiritual affluity!

While we inhabit the material body, we can know but little, very little, of the laws of spiritual affinity. The laws of matter govern our physical being; the laws of spirit, our spiritual being. The laws of the spirit-world are the laws of love; the laws of the material world are the laws of force. Love, manifested through the material body, is changeable and capricious; it has gleams of beauty and of disgust; it is attractive and repulsive, according to the conditions of the physical organism through which it acts.

The soul needs this physical body for awhile, or the love of physical things, which makes a covering for the soul in its early growth. And while the soul exists in this body, or in the love of matter, whether before death or after, it must be influenced by the conditions of matter. This is all right; such manifestations are lawful to the conditions that produce them. But let the soul grow out of the covering of physical love in upward progress; then It shall exist under the complete control of spiritual affinities, and the conditions of matter shall cease to have any influence over its manifestations.

Spiritual attraction increases, and becomes evident to the soul's perception, as the attraction of the soul to matter lessens. Truths of kindred hues blend, and are inseparably united. Kindred souls are attracted to each other, and blend in one thought, one harmony, by the law of love. This law of love fills the universe, and every soul, at some point of progress, shall become subject to its perfect and complete government.

In spirit, like seeks its like. Love is the blending of kindred beauties. Love is affinity of the soul, that holds soul joined with soul; by this power God holds us to himself. In all the noble works of Delty, the law of love is active. This. law is attraction, which attraction, in spirit, holds the universe in forms of beauty, symmetry and harmony.

In coarser, cruder developments, deformity is apparent, The finer the development, the more perfect is the form, the greater the symmetry and the beauty. Particles of granite are rough and irregular; a drop of water is smooth and globular: one is a cruder, coarser development—the other a fluer and higher; both are governed by laws of attraction. equally powerful and well adapted to each. The material body is a cruder, coarser development than the unseen spirit: it has deformities and diseases, and it is governed by loves, or attractions conforming thereto; the soul that inhabits that body sends forth its life through it. The soul is a finer development, and when freed from the body, and the love of the material world, it becomes symmetrical and transparent, like the drop of water, and it is free to blend with another soul like its own, as two drops of water are to blend and mingle. By the unseen power of love, overything animate speaks the affinity of its own life, and each and every tiny thing blends, in spirit, inseparably with its own.

Imperfect developments affinitize imperfectly, and there is want of harmony and beauty. Spirit, through matter, is manifested with great imperfection. So, "soul-affinities," professing to be matched while in the material body, are have it on Monday, as it was not convenient to hand it to him then, intimating that he had money, but not with terial. The material world has laws—imperfect, angular inharmonious, broken, craggy laws-and these laws govern, or try to govern, the material bodies of men and women. These laws are right to the condition they govern, and as such should be respected and obeyed. I respect, and desire to obey the laws of men, and of the land, while at the same time I respect and desire to obey the laws of God planted in my nature—the laws of nature planted in my being. Here is conflict, and this conflict is good for us; it agitates the stagnant waters of life on which we are sailing homeward. The soul is not troubled thereby when it feels the assurance that

"Upon the soul of man earth hath no power."

What is there in us save our souls, that is of real value? Nothing. This beautiful and immortal soul is growing up in these deformed bodies, and maturing for the government of spiritual affinities; and as the love of material things slackens and decays, this law of spiritual affinity assumes dominion. The natural growth of the soul carries it out of material love into the dominion of spiritual love. Were there to be found a soul on earth, whose love of

earthly things had grown to ripened age, and the fruits thereof had fallen to dust again, that soul is in the embrace of spiritual affinities, is governed by the law of spirit attraction, can commune with angels by silent thought and mortals of kindred development also. Spiritual affinities ask no contact of material bodies, seek none, want none. Two souls of kindred thought and feeling, possessing this degree of spirit growth, though their mortal forms are as far asunder as the poles of the earth, can meet and blend in one thought, in one harmony; can commune in spirit, can sympathize and meet in soul, as really and as truly as they could were their material bodies brought face to face. To them the bodies are but ashes returning to ashes, while the soul is a fresh and living bud, bursting into a flower of eternal life.

I have acquaintance with a few persons on earth to-day whose spirits can and do commune in silence; exchange thought, but imperfectly yet, one with another, though they

Longfellow pictures the same beautiful truth of scul communion in his description of the death of Hiawatha's beloved Minnehaha. When she was dying in angulsh, and Hiawatha was many hundred miles away, she cried:

"Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! And the desolate Hiawatha And the described Hawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
Hiawatha I Hiawatha!"

west

4.2

This condition of the soul, which brings it under the infinence and government of spirit attraction, comes of natural growth: no extraneous influence can advance it in this direction. Those I know, who are developed in this way, have passed the ordeal of intense suffering. They have drank the cup of bitterness, and have been tried in the fires of agony. Those sufferings break the love of the material world, and the laws of spirit life come sooner to govern the soul. No soul seeks suffering, ever; it never comes of the soul's vo-

The principles of spiritual attraction are eternal, reaching on forever to the limitless shores of infinity. These princito occupy our rostrum during the whole of the present ples determine, govern and direct the soul forever. These principles are the elements of love, and love is the God of spiritual existence. The spirit world is love's domain; and the leveliness of love the human soul has yet no just conceptions of, nor can it have while it inhabits the physical

Love attracts its kindred love from all worlds. There is no marriage, nor giving in marriage, in spirit; love's attraction draws soul to soul. "There are hearts in heaven,

That are waiting for all.

Every soul that God has made shall sometime, in the unutterable ecstacy of silent delight, respond to the sweet sound of the words flowing from another soul like its own,

"I am thine, I am thine."

'Tis then the weary soul has found its home; 't is then the aching head of an earthly wanderer shall rest on the pillow of heavenly repose; 'tis then the soul shall drink from the fountains of eternal wisdom, and rest in the arms of ever-

Every inherent principle of love existing in one soul, when ultimated in desire, is answered by the laws of love's attraction in another soul possessing the same love. This attraction is spiritual affinity; soul alliance; inseparable union, as eternal as God is.

Earth has imperfections, in minute; matter is replete with crudities, with breaks and angles, and spirit manifested through matter partakes of earth's imperfections; crude conditions, violations and inharmony exist. All earth's wrongs are necessary effects of natural laws. All the evils of the earth are but the lawful products of the work of that Hand of Love that is molding and shaping the human soul to exist in perfect symmetry, in unutterable beauty, to be governed by the law of spiritual affinity forever and forever,

The soul begins its growth in earth; it is planted in earth; it unfolds in earth; its roots of affection hold on to earth until it blossoms in unfading beauty in the heaven above the earth. All earth's laws are true to the condition of the earth. The action of the soul in matter brings out the lans of matter, and these laws are imperfect when compared with

Marriage, as it has existed in the past, is true to that con-

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 seen, 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 inharmony, 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. R. M. Squire.

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

> Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN.

BY BHEPWOOD.

Brown Autumn hovers o'er the land, And all the air is filled with consciousness of age, And over Nature's palsied 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 oft 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 damp, 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 vellow 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 Naturo's wo, with starless sky unfuried. Millon, Wis., 1859.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS .- First Page. Bertha Lee.

Second Fage-" My Lame Friend," and "The Forest Home; Stories for the Young, by Mrs. F. L. H. Willis, of Coldwater Mich. Buckle'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 in-

teresting one from Robert Owen; "Pass on Dear Mother"poetry, by Lita Barney; "Dealings with the Dead"-a tell ing paper.

Seventh Page-A spiritual communication through Mrs A. B. Hall, medium, of Roxbury; Report of S. J. Finney's lecture at Ordway Hall; Lowell Items; Poetry, etc.

Eighth Page-Rev. Mr. Beecher's last Wednesday evening's 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 Ayer and Fay stabbing case has been not. pros'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 | thousand troops. whon whistling through a key-hole.

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 title of D. D. upon a Mr. Howard Crosby, who resides in the 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 fol," 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 \$50,000.

The Metropolitan Horse Railroad is to be "extended." The knocking down of half Paris for the better accommo

dation of the other half is still going on. A German writer observes that in the United States there fe 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

Inharmonic 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. Mr. Spurgeon, lately preaching, stopped short in the mid-

dle 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 decencies that should characterize sociely.—Newburyport Herald.

The above has been traveling the results of the delication.

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 affoat 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 n't known as they ever had any religious principles whatever. The Ibst 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 Geffrard, President of Hayti, sixteen have been executed, and three couldn't be caught. His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands is fast be

fealousy.

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

Dr. E. L. LYON AT CITY HALL.-This gentleman gave very interesting discourse at City Hall last Babbath. It

tation of facts and the philosophy of reason.—Banger Spirit

The U. S. frigate John Adams has been condemned at Rio Janeiro as unscaworthy, and will return to Norfolk. Peterson'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 F. Poor, formerly of Boston and latterly of Hono-

lulu, 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 Mon-

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

cure, Lee and Robertson were on the bench.

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 Give me back the vanished moments with their wealth of joy untold, And the childhood, and the gladness, and the glery, 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 mildew 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 step in front and there smoke your cigare. Blondin has bought and paid for an elegant house, well furnished, at Niagara, with the avails of his last summer's

An honest-hearted Catholic, says the Cambridge Chronicle, recently called upon a member of the School Committee, to prefer charge: against the Cambridge school system, as possessing heretical tendencies. The Committeeman, 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 Dougy 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 hely prophets were to be hung! All the logic and acumen of the School Committeeman were of no avail in changing the views of the visitor, who finally loft, 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.

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

Lightning Rods-Bar-room whisky.

ÆROLITES .- The papers give numerous accounts of erolites 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 conelike appendage. The woods were searched, but no traces of the erollte 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 Harner's Ferry insurrectionists, has made 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 Progresso says that two conductas vith specie, amounting to \$3,000,000, 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

We are told by high authority that Christianity is the flag It will probably pay, this time. English is full of novelty. under which a large majority of the world sail, and not the and of course our fun-loving people will get their money's worth of this health-invigorating article at this establish ment.

A PRECEDENT.-Harvard College recently conferred tho 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 nother 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 enemed by nicking the lock; that rain cannot by any possibility enter into its apertures, 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 sormon, the Rev. Dr. Cummings stated that more people went out of London every Sabbath, on excur-sions 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.

Truth is devoloped in defeat and retarted in success.

There is a way that leads to God,

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

Rough and unending is the road; It leads straight through this world of sin. And all together walk therein.

The habit 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 rheir refusal.

Mone Bigorny .- 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 atheists 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 (1) 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 to us as follows :- "If you wish to know why I renow my supscription to the BANNER, I will coming civilized! He recently shot his secretary, in a fit of 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 noney paid for it."

A subscriber writes us from Stone Mills, N. Y., that he has abounded in interest and beauty from beginning to end. been a believer in Spiritualism more than ten years, and The Doctor is really original and philosophical; handling his that for nearly that length of time he has held communion

with departed spirits. If any "Professor" desires to "investigate" this case, we have no doubt the gentleman would be | when I say that if this man spoke uninspired, he is certainly willing to allow us to use his name. Where's that Report?

will always be the great eastern city, whother the big ship

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

Tuz New York Maxron 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 "Feltonized" 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 bequesthed 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 freemen l''

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

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

Prof. Felton still opposes Spiritualism in some part of every ecture he delivers. Read Brother Clark's notice in another column. His Reg-

ister should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. D. D. MARSH, M. D., of Croydom Flat, N. H., is an author

ized 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 strug-

gling 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 appounce the arrest of Dr. W. R. Palmer, at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 16th, on a charge of being concerned n 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. TOXET BY A GAL-LANT .- "The ladles-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 nnslacked 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 profitess, 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 nale and female-and all shall have a respectful hearing. This was liberal and charitable, and looked very flattering or paper. But what were the facts, when three thousand in dividuals had assembled, with diverse and original thoughts. that were all-important to them, to be laid before the Convention? Why, very early before ene-tenth of the assem blage had arrived, a select few selected themselves as ruling committee for the rest, and the whole time of the Conven ion. A special rostrum was erected in the most conspicuou place, sufficient to entortain a very small number of favorit speakers; and by special invitation from this select commit ee, some dozen old stagers, that have been in the field for the last twenty or thirty years, as speakers and writers, wer invited upon the rostrum. Now these speakers kent 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 new truths did we hear? None; for the speakersnearly all-have been in the field as leaders at all our con ventions 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, liffuny, 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

and there is where we go to prepare and mature our plans for future action. I can see no great benefit arising from the enders 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 disput ing, and making plans for future action. I do think it would be interesting and exciting; but time spent in that way is not well spont 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 opportu nity to set forth their views, after hearing so much. Hence 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 Conven tions be profitable.

Down with the self-appointed fractional Committee; make the rostrum as large as the whole house; limit the time of mous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both 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, Onto .- I thought I would transmit o you an account 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 remark able 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 elequent and powerful, sceming 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 cells of man's body, and the systems of worlds-humans and angels-with as much case 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 character of several persons present. The persons named took sents five or six feet in front of the speaker, (his eyes being closed so that he could not possibly see his subjects,) when he do lineated 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 nuderstand he has been lecturing at Mt. Glicad, lately.

| Coordination. | WALKER'S GREAT LECTURE | WALKER'S GREAT LECTURE | Novement of Faith, in review of Doctor Bellows's "Suspense of Faith, in this day published. Price Isomorphism of Faith, in review of Doctor Bellows's "Suspense of Faith, in re

I think I speak the centiments of most of his auditors, the possessor of the clearest, most exalted and expanded The editor of the Portland Transcript believes that place | mind I over 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 Hardinge, 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

Card-Spiritual Register.

On or before the first of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual Spinitualist Register, with Counting-House and Speakers' Almanac for 1860. Friends throughout the country will please report in full, all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names and addresses of locturers and mediums, achools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, &c., and send before December 20th, 1859. 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.

URIAH CLARK. Address, Auburn, New York.

New Publication.

DISSERTATION ON THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRA-TION: 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. 80th, 1859, 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 Bela March's, 14 Bromfield street, and at her Rooms, 85 Beach street.

Notices to Correspondents. J. E. B., CRYSTAL LAKE.—The letter was sent to Mons-

field, on its receipt. Mr. Mansfield's address is at Baltimore. Md., we think.

G. S., ACTON.-Yes, and shall print it in our next issue.

Lecturers.

MRS. MARY M. MACOMBER Will speak at Putnam, Conn., Nov. 27th; at Plymouth, Mass, Sundays, Dec. 4th and 11th; at Willimantic, Conn., Dec. 25th. Mrs. Macomber contem-plates visiting California in the Spring.

Miss Saran A. Magoun will lecture at Quincy, Nov. 27.

WANTED .- The New York Editor of this paper, who resides at 129 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

institutions of the land. What would our ministers, our lecturers, our lawyers do, without these invaluable "Troches?" To what an amount of "ahema" and coughs and throat clearings would we be all subjected, were it not for those all-powerful, and soothing lozenges? We have tried them, and they did us good.—N. Y. Waverley. 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 siflicted to call and test for themselves her remarkable curative pow-

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are among the acknowledged

CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co. No. 35 School street, Boston, have just published a most novel "LLUSTRATED SCRAF BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humer, 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 ever 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. 26. Nov. 26.

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 deepsighted, and the very best judges of human needs; hence the Convention is the very place where such mon are needed; the speak of the such places where such mon are needed; the convention is the very place where such mon are needed; the speak of the s BETHESDA INSTITUTE .- The Bethesda Institute and Spirit-

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

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Nov. 25.

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Sm. Nov. 28.

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Nov. 12.

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the various forms which the diseases alluded to assume.

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Nov. 19

oart of the country. eow6m NEW DEVOTIONAL GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

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the Stamp and Fao Simile of my name are infringements.

Oct. 39

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than finite beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each ear 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 nally-rast two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1726 to No. 1783.

Thursday, Oct. 27—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus F. Popo; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Creenan.

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

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

Tucsday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amela L. Winters, 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. Farnsworth: Simcon Adams.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—" What do Spirits think of Henry Ward secher?" "How shall man discern good from evil?" Wil-

liam Sebley.

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, Builalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schroudher, 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 Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blauchard, Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 12,-" Fatalism;" Rufus Long, Portsmouth

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Ratalism:" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. II.; Olive Hedge; Joseph Winship; Thomas Wainwright.

Tuetday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill;" George Talbot; Cornelius Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William Good.

Wednesday, Nov. 10.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Ya.; Nathaniel Hill, Thetford, Ya.; 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 be continually care for them, and so surely will be ultimate his own, according to his own design. Mortals may plan and prophecy, but unless their plan and their prophecy be in harmony with the original design, they will be good for nothing.

Righteen 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 alphathe 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 relato its 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 incipiont 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 secker 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 Snirit 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 our 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 Spiritnalism 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 messengor, 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 idle all the day; but, as the bright ravs 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 estisfied with the reward.

Oh, may the vibrations upon each human soul that is striving to gather to itself bright gems of wisdom from this moda 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 Oct. 23. Robert Owen. Fare you well.

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 may not recognize the cord which binds it to her mortal tion of his wife.

Now York. Mary Allen was my name. I'll never drink | body-even though some spirits who are about her may not my two chikiren. No, I aint dead! No, no, no! I was parted, yet that cord exists until death, drunk-not dead-that's all. I aint dead-I was only drunk When the foreign spirit comes, by viri need n't think so; and I aint before the judgment sent.

What month is it? You confounded fool-it's December now, 1858! Confound you, let me go! Oh, curse you and your particulars! I'm used to waking up in strange places. appear as dead.

I was forty-two years old. My children's names were Mary While wandering through the vast temple of nature, we 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?" Ho'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 You are in constant rapport with spheres beyond earth, and 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 ne anywhere again because I was drunk; and I was just as drunk last night as I ever was. Let my husband alonehe's dead-that's enough; he do n't want to see me.

[The spirit evidently supposed she had been locked up for nebriety, instead of realizing that she was dead.] Oct. 25.

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 nere all the time-now he is away out of the city. I have a rother with me-none on earth.

I don't like the fashion of going to strangers to talk. I hink if our friends loved us as they used to, they might ask is home, at least to Thanksglving, 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 don't got a chance to leave for home.

Its 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 loor 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 o look at the woman who left here just now.

It depends upon what kind of a reception I meet with his time, before I tell you whether I shall come again We don't like to have our efforts prove fruitless any more than you do. I know something of this before I left earth. Wont you be kind enough to tell my father and mother hat it's 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 nto any kind of study we do not like. I do not see any iniclent about me. The fact is, each wants to learn something, and honce is studious. Some only want to study one branch; thers 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 con verse with my friends. I have no desire to return here to live

Those spirits who are most congenial to us, who like wha ve 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 nat ural, 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 but you must excuse me—I can't talk here. I prefor to know what is going on on earth; I wish to know what is dong in other worlds.

Again, I feel a great interest in music. One of a company f spirits I met a few days ago, told me something like this: Music is one of the harp-strings 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 eel drawn out from my material surroundings. "80," said na, "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 alow 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 ust left, for I know she has her mission to perform as well as 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 he 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.

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 orce 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 eases—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 deceases 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 nagnetism, 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, renlers 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 takes place-sight is restored, and the senses become active. It looks around and finds itself in a strange condition, surrounded by strange objects, but tarely supposes it is divested of its mor tal 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 over 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 megreat law of nature, and, as yet, it has no knowledge of its change of life, and can only be brought to her reasoning. Her education is only that of a common 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 calls forth swarms of prevish, biting, stinging insects, just as spirit of the medium may travel thousands of miles away, still it will return to its own. Even the spirit of the medium

another drop, if you'll let me go back. I want to go back to do so, and may tell you that the spirit had completely de-

When the foreign spirit comes, by virtue of its own law, to last night. I have woke up in strange places before now. I leave that form, it wills to do so, and as gradually as it takes have got a terrible cold—I had it a week age. They brought lits departure, or ceases to control the form, behold, the spirit me here last night. You nint God, any of you, and you 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 bluds the spirit and body together would cease, and the body

> can but cry out ofttimes, "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 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 cerd 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 spiritlife return to mediums, they are working out their salvation; and as the great Lawgiver bath shown them a way of salvation, oh, marvel not at His goodness.

Give to every one his due. If the dark, unclothed spirits, 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 be furnish them with knowledge sufficient o outwork their own salvation.

What is it that teaches the dog to find its master? In stinct, 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. Sever that attraction, and he runs hither and thither, and knows not where

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.

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 church-going people. Do you think they will receive me?

I have got much to communicate about our little girl Katy, 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 knew it would come out right; but it is n't ended vet-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 emand is not lost, as some of you think she may be. If I ployer, I am mistaken. 'Tisn't so much revenge as duty, have a desire to aid an unfortunate, I have the power given I feel it to be my duty to punish that man, and I don't look to anybody elso 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 nough, and it is quite time somebody held him in control for his deeds: and I don't know but God might as well appoint me as anybody else. I think He shows wisdom in appointing omebody that knew him well, and I knew him clear through, He succeeded in deceiving me here, but he can't do it now, and he 'll find out it is to, before long, and I won't do any

hing wrong, neither. Talk about magnetism! I think when a man feels himself injured by a party on earth, it's the strongest kind of magnetism you can concelve of. My God! I think I'm doing a sorvice to the public. I don't think I was ever so near the way of right as I am now. It's a good deal better than rum solling, and the profits are larger, a good deal-specially 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

I belong to the detective faculty now, and I style myself commandor-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 inder, and confesses his rascality, and does about right, the coner I'll leave him; but if he holds out, I'll show him that haint forgotten him, and that in a summary manner. I'll give him to understand that homp did not grow for nothing. I'm going to cut a nice little figure for him, in about three nonths 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.

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. 28.

A Youthful Medium.

E. C. WOODWORTH, ELLINGTON, 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 medium powers are 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 school, but her inspiration is above that of our theological schools.

Envy increases in exact proportion with fame; the man that makes a character makes enemies. A radiant genius the sunshive awakens a world of flies.

No man ever prospered in business without the co-opera-

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

To the Memory of Mrs. Deborah Fenner, Providence, R. I. BY LITA II. DARNEY.

Pass on, dear mother, with the angel, Death, Too long thy soul bath toiled with lab'ring breath;
We've watched and waited, worked and prayed in vain, For all our hopes are riven now in twain-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 fell disease bath poisoned with its dart; If bloom of health to thee must be denied, We would not, selfish, keep thee at our side; Thou well hast 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 thee 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 the wisdom might we safe 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, Boyond 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 i

"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, 'T was 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 night When the day-god is smiling o'er land and o'er sea, Or when the pale moon dimly lights the dark lea; 1've known each inquiring, each Thomas-like heart I know well my children, I'll act well my part, And Mima 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 oft 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 roan For the heart's pure affections will cling around home; If I wander the fields of colestial blue, And gather sweet flowers, 't is 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. 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light, DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD

NUMBER SEVEN. PARENTHETICAL TO "EPOCH."

DRAR FELLOW VOYAGER ON LIFE'S GREAT JOURNEY-I reloice that your soul hath been provoked to an amicable challonge, and that in substance you exclaim to me, "Gird up thy loins now like a man, for I will demand of thee. Answe 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 now speak of the entire inward man.) can no more dismember that remaining soul-an exemplar of all souls-as you can a body, than you could find the last particle of a fieck of dust upon a midge's wing. Again: "Palpable 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 honce, while being perfectly familiar with hundreds of am not at liberty to reveal at this stage of our "Dealings." profound ideas, derived from sources not open to all, for the with the rules of learning. Remember, dear Epoch, that

"Sometimes the ærial synods bend, And the mighty choirs descend;

And the brains of men thenceforth teem with unaccustomed thoughts;"

and all the better and more valuable as we are prepared and need them. Thotmer is a great immortal, and his thoughts were and are clearly understood by myself; but sing! 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 he starry homes of sinless beings, (concerning which, also, I shall write hereafter.) I therefore do the best I can to con vey 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 incognite to be inviolably

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 besause I found it far easier to call him Thotmer, than Thothe MES, his true title-a name which, as I don't know how to ronounce, 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 utor?" The answer came thus:

espected by the company.

"Thotmor the Great was a monarch sublime— Held the roins of his fate, drove a chariot of time; And won the grand secret by means of the TRIME. 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 grosse elements. Spirit and matter are not identical, Matter i 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 scien tists 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 decussation-male and female, or positive and negative, characerize all things-soul included-the list begins thus: Spherold (primal aura of Deity,) nebulæ, fire (suns), granite, vater, air (oxygen, positive), air (do., negative), electricity, "odylle," magnetism, electrime, magnetime, luminiferous ether, pervasive ether (in which the worlds float,) ethylic, and a list beside, up to twenty-four, which, as I am dealing particled, are yet of different orders and values, just as only with a side question, I need not mention at present. The human body is a stomach, whose sole purposes it is to, first, digest the various materials of the elemental kingdoms, assimilate portions thereof to itself for its own sustentation, and change the balance, so that it can be appropriated by the interior man-form or spiritual being within the outward shell or flesh and bone body. Second, to (in the male,) cla- just as we have material ones. Body feeds on substance borate a fine fluid, and store it away till needeed, in very minute saca. This fluid I shall call by the meaning title, "Geehr." In the female alike office is performed, similar in printed it for private circulation. If I can procure a copy, or obtain permission to reproduce it, without incurring the tents of the minute vessicles is of a different color, quality and property. It is called "Keemim."

1. In and written out this whole subject for a visitor, who printed it for private circulation. If I can procure a copy, or obtain permission to reproduce it, without incurring the tents of the minute vessicles is of a different color, quality and property. It is called "Keemim." and property. It is called "Keemim."

There are hely periods in human life when these two elements, Geehr and Keemim, meet, qualesco, loso their distinctive character, and from that instant a spiritual atom, so to speak, is in existence, and developing, by its inherent attractive power, a lluman, Immortal Spirit, is in being.-And here I read Epoch's mind, and hear his soul ask me a question ; it is this: "The same process goes on in animals; why are not they, too, immortal?" Because, dear one, the animal organism does not reach this last result; it only prepares substances to be acted on by higher powers. Bubstances are not deprived of all their vitality by animals, nor do the essences they compound reach the unparticled state, as they do in the human; hence, all animals perish when the element "Vif," or life, is separated from them, because it-"Vif" - pertains to body only, while man has a triple life-of body, spirit and soul. The animal spirit, as in man's body, being only material, is particled, and therefore dies. But from the very instant that Geehr and Keemim meet and form a third something, that something is a mouad—an unparticled point, a germ of spirit that can never wholly perish; hence all woman-born beings are necessarily immortal, as that number is eternal-and this, too, in spite of countless theories to the contrary. Even the stillborn and idiots live on, and are by Jehovah's great flat, nursed into life and activity in the "green houses" of the Second Region, whence they are sent to the next below, to suffer and grow strong! (The names Geehr and Keemim are those of two Syrian shrubs, which, growing apart, bloom, but bear not; growing near each other, they produce the celebrated "Berries of Kimim.")

Spirit is Substance in absolute coalescence. Matter is Substance whose particles never touch; being separated to infinity by interstices, which latter are filled by one or the other imponderables which I have named, according to the shape of the particles, which latter always determines the position on the ascending plane. The higher the substance, the higher the fluid, and the more curvilinear, circular and globular each separate congeries of atoms. All material things are agents in the work of Pensecrino, and of rarification, refinement and sublimation. The human body is the last manufactory, and therefore the most perfect on the earths. The sole business of what we call "matter," is to build houses for, first, spiritual tenants, and second, that these spiritual tenants may afford comfortable quarters, primary schools and sojourning establishments for the regal being, Soul. Whosoever fully understands me at this point, is fully

armed against all earthly disasters—can snap the finger at circumstance, and take refuge in this sentence-" It can's ast; I'm only here for awhile; I'm going home by-and-by; I am content i"-the ultimatum of all philosophy. I say that spirit and body are only tenements for soul. 'T is true. But oncerning what the soul really is, and its origin and final destiny, Epoch nust wait awhile to learn from this source, for we have only entered on the illimitable course, and I have only (scarcely) touched the outward edges of the great and mighty thome; nor ought I anticipate the greater subfects at the present stage, for indeed we are but advanced to the hill-top from whose summit we can only catch a faint, a very faint view, and hear only the distant, throbbing pulse of the vast ocean on whose swelling bosom, and upborne by whose crested waves, we shall sail ere long; and I invite Epoch, and all good people, to embark with me anon in search of truths and facts more stately and sublime than those general ones purporting to emanate from sources much higher than I claim to be that occupied by either my humble self or the regal spirit, Thotmer. Myself am a child of the people; my tutor is a teacher of what he calls secondary truths only; yet, if this be so, what, I ask, must be the primal truths?

Epoch's are key questions, as well as critical. Having eplied to the latter, I merely glance at the former aspect, i and will proceed to speak a little further concerning not the spiritual kingdom, but of the man-spirit-the developed and developing monad, "What's a monad?" you ask. I reply :. Not the Leibuitzian "Particle," but that thing which is to universal snirit exactly what an atom is to universal matter. with this difference: that whereas the atom is divisible still, even to infinity—a single grain of sand being capable of a disintegration so great, that were each portion thereof separated from its fellows by only the billionth part of a foot-yet the vast concave of the dome—the walls of the sidereal heav-ens—the awful heights of Space, and the dizzy steeps of the great Profound would not afford room enough to hold them, ven were all the worlds rushed out of being to accommodate them! Yet not one of these would be spirit, but only matter still. I am well aware that the superficial will smile at this assertion, yet that will not invalidate the statement one iota, for I merely state not only a philosophic truth, but a common fact of science. The whole statement is contained n five words-"Matter is divisible to infinity."

The spirit of beasts is but a few degrees more sublimed than the luminflerous ether; that of man is ten thousand times more so. The first is particled; the last is homeoge. nous. Therefore each man is a spiritual monad, sui generis, and peculiar: and as I stated in another place, is a result of a junction between two elements named from Oriental vegetation.º This monad is insoluble spirit, a sempiternal and deathless thing; it is thenceforth a being absolute, and no matter what its lot may be on earth, is perfectly, surely destined to that which differs greatly from current notions on that important subject,—but what that ultimate destiny is, I

Imagine, if you please, a spiritual monad just formed. Its. reason that all will not struggle as I have for the highest color is that of white flame; its bulk, with its triplicate. light, which will not come unsought; yet I am not familiar envelops about one-tenth that of a pin-head; its own, such single drop of water, formed by dipping a smooth needle in a tumbler of the liquid, and then letting the water fall off it on smooth tablet. This spiritual "particle," so to speak, has the quality of attraction. (Its locality is, of course, at the gestative centre.) The essences of all that may be eaten. drank or breathed, are gravitative to both the maternal organism, and its precious charge; and the one is strengthened, and the other grows.

Take another person-a male, for instance,-of mature years. The body extracts all the essences from its food, and converts it into spirit. The process is as follows: The water, air, and food, is converted into chyme, chyle, blood, flesh, bone, integuments, gastric, salival, lubricating, and other fluids; juto pervous fluid, another element—" Vif."—the same which is the source of physical strength and vigor, when impelled and energized by the commanding soul. The next change is precisely similar, only that the spiritual body is the theatre of action, and the spiritual organs are located exactly in and upon the physical. I could demonstrate this, but have not time.

In the body, (and spirit, also,) these changes are wrought by the agency of double sets of organs; for the same duality and decusation before alluded to pertains here as in all other departments of nature. The last and most perfect creation in the male, is the element "Geehr." In the female Keemim,"—in both cases embryonic spirit. Spirit once formed, contains within itself, by virtue of itself, therefore necessarily, the elements of Power, in conjunction with the Soul, from which it can never be divorced on earth or in the spheres. Now I do not mean Power in the ordinary sense of force, but I do mean the germ of boundless enoability in all directions; for good or ill in all directions. I say "ill," because I don't like the word Evil, which is not a disease merely, but still a something that can be cured; and, if it please our excellent BANNER, I shall some day indicate its often sought for, but never found, "cure."

Now, my dear "Epoch," you ask me "If a soul can recuperate itself." I answer, yes-first, it can and does draw that requisite fund of material, by means of which it maintains relations with the body. When it can no longer do so, we die. Man's body is of the earth-carthy; his inner casket is of one stage higher-spirit. His soul is of GoD, Aum, the Sacred, the Holy, the GREAT MYSTERY-to many people. Now it, soul, as well as spirit and body, is a thing of growth; it feeds on suggestions, notions, ideas, thoughts, emotions, sensations, hopes, fears, joys, anticipations and faith. We speak of a full soul, lean soul, big soul, little soul, and so on-thus leaping at a great truth at a single bound. We get weary of labor-that's physical exhaustion; and of pleasure—that's spiritual tiredness; and of thinking, hoping. cogitating-that's soul weariness. Now body feeds on substances; spirit upon essences; soul upon spirit, and all three grow. Remember, that spiritual essences, albeit alike unmaterial ones are: and it is only of the highest that soul partakes, not, as said before, to conserve its own existence, or that of the spirit, but to maintain its earthly relations with both. It is the spiritual organism that elaborates the pabulum, just as the body does for spirit in its turn. We have spiritual stomachs, lungs, heart, sexual organs, and so on,

I had written out this whole subject for a visitor, who

itself in garments of pure spirit, or pure fire, which is the the salvation of man. same. When the supply is taken, it sometimes rests 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 | God's light and love through you. of having been somewhere else than earth, hell or heavenand we have !- and it seems to us that we have pro-existedlived and noted parts 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 These ceased with the physical age which developed them; many fantastic tricks for its own amusement. Sometimes it but the inmost sanctuary of thought and feeling are now overhauls the sheets of memory, jocundly mixes them all up invaded. A band of noiscless guests have entered their slient together, and forms a patchwork medley, without head, tall, chambers; their walls are hung with pictures of the past, sides, top, bottom, beginning or end. We are dreaming! At and the present, and the future, filled with emotions and other times it takes a flight homeward to the starry vaults; hopes that God and eternity can alone fulfill. The chords of then we have visions. At other times it flies over the earth, affection are stirred with meledy and music, and the longleaving spirit behind it, preserving the connection by a fine cherished doubts of life beyond the grave dissolve in their magnetic film. Then we are lucid, or clairvoyant. I don't mystle presence. So God is a reality, death his messenger, 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 boundless love. All things have a voice of praise; the wavregality, and attends the Council of the Houns! And here ing leaf shows design; the flower, a day-spring of hope and a holy awe steals over me, as I reveal this trait of that awful- blessing. Life, death and the grave, the circumstances of a ly grand and majestic thing, the Human Soul. And then we being, begun in weakness, raised in power, glorified in immorprophecy, and become acquaint with things and events yet tality. Each the feature of an eternal design wrought in the 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 perfected through the fulfillment of his own laws, both spiritwe awaken. The soul's magazines are stored full of the unl and natural. 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 steadily on. God the Father is at the helm of all governoratory, the flames of passion, the brutal vigor of the puglist, ment, His spirit pervades all law; and as soon as man eduand the blaze of anger. The soul has accumulated a fund of that nerve aura, sphere, emanation, whatever you choose to peace and salvation to the soul. Whether in this or any 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 dozon years' intimacy; for this sphere is not waters. Love may be around, waiting to aid and bless; but only impelled, but is also charged with something of the soul if met with coldness and insensibility, its light is absorbed itself. We have all felt this; and were I on a lecture committee, I would only engage those speakers who have large provident wisdom of God nothing is inactive or lost. If the 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 roturn, (I am about to make a journey of some hundreds of miles from my home toward Boston,) I shall | Spirits are bending over you with the goblet of truth, its continue the series, and answer more questions, if they shall waters beaming with eternal life. They say to all, "Taste be asked, albeit I will not argue any point, with anybody, till and be made whole." The self-righteous and the pharisee, as I complete my list as originally intended. Some of my former of old, they cannot reach; for, clothed with their own rightletters were written in such a wretched manner, that the printers made me say things I never intended, in my third and fifth erty will come, when they will carnestly seek what they now 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 light has been let in upon the darkest, deepest and profoundand, aided by Thotmer, challenge new creations for an anof truth.

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

For the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION .- NO. 1. THEOUGH THE MEDIUMBRIP OF MRS. A. B. 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 hollowness 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 con secrated in love, its sins softened by suffering, and the sacri fice of a broken and contrite heart, hoping for forgiveness It needs an individual realization of God's power and pres ence 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 sense that, after some years of ordinary mediumship, the blinded the true instincts of humanity. But chilidhood, in spirits having informed him that he had become sufficiently 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 his own individuality, promising that if he kept his mind and heard, saying, "Turn in hither; here is the well-spring of body pure, they would afford him such assistance as would eternal life, waiting but the effort of will to gush forth, fertilizing thy whole existence."

Look no longer one to another, but study thysolf; for in thee are the issues of life. Spirit identity, liberty and action, are all concealed within its hidden depths. The whole length and breadth of God's government, in motive as developed in his various works, and, more especially, his 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 or all who, like him, toil and are made whole

Errors and follies are folded deep in the constitution o 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 hersel in beauty and profusion, testifying the boundlessness of His provident care? The earthquake and tornade are fearful, as knowledge from any other source. The fundamental condithey ravage and overturn the face of nature, but they are the upheaving of mighty powers, whose saving grace after generations will bless and enjoy. So the whirlwinds of the demonstration of the truth of these fundamental ideas, thought, which now rend the moral and physical world, will They are, the idea of the Infinite, the idea of the Finite, and give atterance, 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, through the energy and spirituality of their own souls, 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

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 faith inspires, and the weary, homesick 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 puerile to calm the surges of sorrow. Bear, then, the ark of the Lord with holy hands, firm and unfaltering. 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 rounion. Ye | The principle that human nature is not to be trusted, has its

to supply its own waste, and what goes to build up the are the light of the world; let your light so shine that darkspirit. Spirit in turn does the same, and when the supply is ness be overcome. Borrow and sighing have long enough needed for soul, we strep -- and the soul-sun sets for brooded over this fair heritage of God; let the dawn of hope awhile, withdraws from the brain, passes down the back- gild the morning and radiate the evening that purity and bone, leaves it, and enters the solar plexus, and there arrays peace may walk the nounday of life, to the glory of God and

Be carnest, 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 bonighted, shall feel

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 Sinal were needed to arouse the dreamers of conservatism, and shake the materialism that reason and doubt have engendered. wisdom of God, before the foundations of the world, to be

Man may waver and doubt, filling his soul with confusion and death; but the great, immutable plan of existence goes cates himself up to the divine standard, harmony will bring other sphere, he must be the arbitor of his own individual advancement-the will-power, the channel of many deep by some needy recipient ready for the blessing, for in 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. counness, all else is as filthy rags. But the day of their pov-

God is in all His works. Spirits are now sucing for mortal ear, 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 sins, study its diseases, that knowledge might shall, when opportunity occurs, pen my best thoughts for the lillume with truth the dark places of its understanding; that BANKER, (long may it wave.) If what has already been a new element of principle, thought and action, might inviga new element of principle, thought and action, might invigwritten shall have made even one soul feel somewhat more of orate the old, worn-out soil of morality. "An eye for an eye its own value, destiny, dignity and worth; if a little more and a tooth for a tooth," is its living code. The Saviour taught, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto est subject that can interest a human being, I shall be well you." But this is the merality preaching, not the practice of paid for the labor undertaken; and, assuring my fellow action. There is ever a yearning for this divine principle, voyagers that even yet we have but started on our magnifi- and a hope that the far-off realms of the future might unveil cent journey; that yet we have to climb the steeps of Time, its beauties. Glimpses of its excellence have warmed the heart of aspiration, but the cold frost of selfishness has nipped swer to the questions, What is Man-his nature, destiny? Its flowers, and pride and ambition have desolated its beauty. and. What and where is God? I remain, as ever, the friend of 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 daguerrectyped 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 intercession; but pride, fashion and public opinion frown, and frivolity covers, as with a shroud, these 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 life, enshrined n 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.

Stophen J. Finney, of Ohlo, 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 impressed with the genuineness of the doctrine of inspira tion, and that they advised him, in the future, to speak in by natural laws flow from them to him while he should be in the normal state, he had thenceforth acted upon their suggestion, and they had absolved their pledge.

Mr. Finney's philosophy, as evinced in his discourses, is identient with that of Victor Cousin, the French metanhysician 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 nany representatives of an internal energy. In every event of history we see the evidence of some great interior force. How shall we find and knew 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 tion of all thought" is the recognition of three great principles. The commencement of intelligent human existence is 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 sensuous 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

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

Infinite is at the foundation of all thought.

nnon the abstract. In America, we see two classes of minds. First, the party that trusts human nature, the party that plants its standard on the unfailing 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 is 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 teeth of the inherent sentiments of man. Suppose we take the view, that we must distrust ourselves, to begin with.

ropresentative in both Church and State. The appenrature ception of truth, and if not, to be rejected as useless; they alistic party, which has got hold of the reins of government, in both, say that we can get at man only by researches in the alysis as any other book, and accepted or rejected as it may dusty path of past history. On the other hand, there are the negatists, who deny the existence of God, and of the great spiritual ideas which have their origin in the fundamental now. Very good audiences are convened every Sabbath. dea of the Infinite. The first tell us that we know nothing Very few are willing to attack the principles claimed by of God without revelation. Do we know anything of Him Spiritualism. Those who oppose us, do it by referring to the with it? How can the existence of the Deity be revealed, if inconsistences and faults that arise from our finiteness, and in the being to which He is to be revealed, there is no re- set them up in array against us; but when the fundamental cognition of a divine nature. They say, indeed, that man has natural ability to understand the being of God. But if sented, they remain unanswered by our opponents. The oppo-there is no correspondent divinity there, you can no more sition is daily growing weaker. Spiritualism will be victorigive him an idea of God than you can teach mathematics to 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 in the hands of the friends of progress. Already do the opobjective reality. When, indeed, He is thus revealed to the divine nature of man, the man may then see divinity gleaming in the stars, and listen, with the senses of his soul, to the nighty harmonies of an infinite universe singing the Te Deum of an eternal God.

We, the Spiritualists, said the lecturer, are diametrically prosed to each of these parties. It is said that Spiritualists and a half, excited much pleasure with those who knew her have no God. We have a practical idea of God. When it takes possession of man, meanness will flow away from his during a painful illness while on a former visit. The hely nature; the statute-books of Almighty God will open their and elevating influences that pervades the atmosphere that 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 ve better off when we take the negative position? Take Auguste Compte'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 violous circle. Yet, at the last, he proclaims it all to be a delusion. When we look upon the vorld, 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 sloquent 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 ooks, 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 o 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 had demonstrated. In America this idea has begun to find its practical development. For the concrete is only the developnent of the abstract. The ideas of philosophers seek their incarnation in the history of the ages, in the institutions of nankind. 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 cen in spiritual manifestations; but not there alone. It includes all that grows from this revealment to our interior as tures. If this belief be infidelity, 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 irreligion? 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 afernoon, he proceeded to examine the relation between the great Spiritual Idea and the manifestations of modern Spirit alism. It is admitted, even by the negative school of philos ophy, 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 go. That primal question is, What and where is God? Without wearying the patience of his auditory by a state nent of all the answers to this question which had been giv en it 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 no-where, 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 solu tion. One idea there is, which, through all the changing phiosophies 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 ago." The greatest men in history have been but the embediment of this spirit of their age. Casar, 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 fetichism, the race has progressed, through polytheism, into theism. The idea of the oneness of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the Infinite has developed itself only in 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 na ture, 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 supe natural hypothesis. Whence should arise the spiritual light that should save us from a barren atheism? Some fev 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 con sclousness of the race, a perfect communion of all the life o the universe.

But all social communion, beautiful though it may be, all spiritual sympathies, grand though they are, are compara-tively little, before that mighty, mysterious sympathy which holds the souls of men in rapport with the heart of God. Place believer in the Orthodox creed at the throne of his Deitylet 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 can he commune, is that Infinite Perfection whose image is part of his own essential being.

Lowell Matters.

A. B. PLYMPTON, LOWELL, MASS., writes that at the recen Convention of the Unitarian Church, held in that place clergymen 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 soul 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 denomina coppling 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 inconsistences of the Bible, and the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the pernictous effect it must be received. 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-

claimed that the Bible should be subjected to the same anaccord with the advanced condition of the race.

The Spiritualists were never in a better condition than truths of Nature, as taught by modern Spiritualism, are preous over all opposition, for its enemics have but a few instruments with which to ward off the stalwart blows which are ponents perceive that they are wielding 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. Felton. Her return to this city, after an absence of a year best, who saw the trusty Christian spirit manifested by her 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 MAGIC WAND.

BY AMEND.

In a dismal wood, 'neath a purple flood, There was seen a golden gleam;
'T was 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 unscaled its lips
When the Wand was waved on high;

Its hidden cause and mysterious laws Are revealed to the gazer's eye.

It has power to tame the exulting flame That leaps from the clouds above; The lightnings stand at its storn command, To ify on their missions of love.

The forest oak at its touch awoke, An angel of light to be; For it carried 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 ire: And the tyrant felt that his throne must melt When touched by his wand of fire. is new ... sor's ire : 'brone must melt,

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

RETHESDA INSTITUTE.

BETHESDA INSTITUTE.

PIRITUALISTS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED, are informed that Rooms have been opened for the healing of the sick, by spirit intervention, and for other manifestations of spirit power, called the BETHESDA INSTITUTE AND STRITTUAL READING ROOMS. [John ch. 5, v. 2, 3, and 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 unsurpassed healing powers, (not forgetting even Mrs. Mettler) will be in constant attendence from 9 of clock A. M. to 9 F. M., daily, whose undivided attention will be given to those who desire aid at the Institute, or who may send some simple to-ken, by which the disease may be understood and heated.

Mediums for all other manifestations of spirit-power will be present, to give the friends of the departed real spiritual intelligence.

The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Rooms are

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 remit what they may think proper.

Circles every evening, (Saturday and Sunday excepted.) commencing at 71-2 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. 40 Tremont street, up stairs, Room No. 6, Mediums in attendance—Mrs. E. B. Danforth, Clairvoyant Examiner; Mrs. L. F. Heydee, Test and Writing; Mrs. R. Mitchell, (formerly of Portland.) Trance and Business.

Nov. 20.

CEORGE ATKINS, CLAINVOYANT 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. Sm Oct. 1.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, TTHE 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 m, and from 2 to 9 r. m. Terms, \$1.00 for one or two persons each hour; Clairwoyant Examinations \$100.

2p Nov. 10.

nair, or handwriting. I am compense to charge \$3,00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1,00.

Office No. 7 Davis street, Beston, on Saturdays, from 0 to 4 o'clock. Full oral examination at the office, \$1,00.

Address II. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass Nov. 10.

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN.

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN,

TRANCE, WRITING AND TEST MEDIUM, assisted by
Geonge W. Arwood, Trance, Healing, and Developing
Medium, No. 117 Hanover street, corner of Friend street,
(second story,) Beston. Cures performed by Laying on of
Hands. Medicines prepared by Spirit direction. Examinations, \$1,00. Communications, 50 cents. Circles, Tuesday
and Friday Evenings, communcing at half-past 7 o'clock.
Admittance, 10 cents. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 F. M.
Nov. 12.

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

DR. C. MAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

ZEF Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all escriptions, Deformity of Limba, Beafness, &c.

Patients accommodated with board at this Institute. Sept. 10. ts.

MRS. E. C. MORRIS,

MEDIUM FOR THE PHILOSOPHY AND PRINCIPLES
of Spiritualism, 106 East 14th street, New York. Also,
messages from spirit friends. Private circles attended by
appointment. appointment. W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM.

THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF hands at 105 Pleasant street, Boston. Terms moderate, Sept. 10.

MISS JULIA E. LOUNSBURY.

CLAIRVOYANT,
No. 98 Christophor Street, New York,
Between Hudson and Bleecker streets. Back Room, No. 10
Third Floor. In from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 9 o'clock, P. M.
Oct. 15.
3m

Oct. 18.

MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER,

Psycho-Magnetic Physicians.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the dugnostic 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 discase 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.

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

Dr. J. R. METTLER, Hartford, Conu. 3m Oct. 1.

ADA L. HOYT,

RAPPING AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving sit-dings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 45 Carver street. 3m Oct. 29.

of residence.
Communications of an incongruous character properly

4 min (

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 riw cents per line for each intertion wanted.

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. Spence will lecture in.
Worcestor, 4 Sundays of Nov.—Foxboro', 3 Sundays of Jan.
Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.
Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May.
Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

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

York City.

John Maynew, M. D., will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Lyons, Ionia, and other places in Northern Michigan, where his services may be desired. Eriends on this route will address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan. From the middle of January to March 1st, he will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of lowa. Letters from the three hast 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 Harmonial Philosophy. His address will be, until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

N. FBANK WHITE will lecture in Portland, Mo., Nov. 27th; will spoud the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed

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. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

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

Dg. P. B. RANDOLPH'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. 29th and 30th, and Dec. 1st, in Foxboro'; Dec. 4th and 11th, in Providence, R. I.; Dec. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 25th, in Waltham; Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 1st, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 3d, 4th and 5th, in Winstead, Ct. Address as above, or at 14 Bromfield street. Poster.

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE'S address will be at West Winsted, CL., during the winter, and the time of her present sickness, which is very delicate, and any messages from filends to aid to cheer her, will be thankfully received.

MES, FANNIE BUREANK FELTON WIll lecture in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of November; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and two first of January. Address, until Dec. 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, R. I.

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

GEORGE M. JACEBON Will speak at Cortland, N. Y., Sunday, Nov. 27th; at Moravia, Sunday, Dec. 4th. Friends in the Chenango Valley, or on the line of travel from Binghampton to Syracuse or Utica, will please address him at either of

E. V. Wilson may be addressed, during November, at Checago, Ill., where he would be happy to answer calls to lecture on practical Spiritualism. He reads character, and gives incidents in past life, under spirit control.

Miss A. W. Spraaue will speak in Milwaukee, Wis., the last Sunday in November, and in St. Louis, Missouri, through the month of Dec. Her address while there will be care of James H. Blood, Box 301, where those who wish her to call, as she returns castward, can address her accordingly. MBS. M. S. Townsend will speak in Lowell the last Sunday in November; in Quincy the two first of December; in Marlboro', December 25th.

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

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Tolland, Ct., on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 22d and 23d; in Manchester, Sunday, Nov. 37th; in Cochessot, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 4th: in Toxboro', Sunday, Dec. 1tht; in Stafford, Ct., Sunday, Dec. 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 25th. Those who may wish to engage his services on week evenings will ad-dress him at the above named places.

dress him at the above named places.

Mas. J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass., box 815.

CHARLES H. OROWELL, Waterlown, Mass. Address, BanNER OF LIGHT Office.

Miss Rosa T. Ammer, No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

H. P. Kairfield, trance speaker, may be addressed at
Greenwich Village, Mass.

WILLIAM E. Rice, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

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

ther notice.

MINS ELLA E. GIBSON, BAITE, Mass.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, "Agitator" office, Cloveland, Ohio.
J. H. CURRIER, Lawrence, Mass.
DR. JARES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, West
Killingly, Cond.
REV. JOHN PIRRPONT, West Medford, Mass.
MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Camridge, Mass.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mis, Mary Macomber, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, Cars of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.

Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.

H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

Benj; Danforth, Boston, Mass.,

Elijah Woodworth, Leslid, Mich.

C. T. Inish, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Eaq.

A. B. Whiting, Providence, R. I.

Miss. Sarah M. Thompson, Worcester, Mass.

Miss. Bertha B. Chase, West Harwich, Mass.

E. R. Young, Box 85, Quincy, Mass.

L. K. Coonley, care of A. Miltenberger, St. Louis, Mo.

Lovell Beebe, North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Miss. B. Maria Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

Prof. J. E. Churchill, No. 202 Franklin street, near Race,

Philadelphia

Mis, J. B. Smith, Manchester, N. H.

Di. C. C. York, Boston, Mass.

Mess. F. O. Hyzer, care of J. H. Blood, Box 346 P. O. St.

Luis, Mo.

Les H. Cherry, Markerd Ct.

ouis, Mo. IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, Ct. J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y. .. CHARLES P. RICKER, LOWELL MASS.

CHARLES P. RICKEH, LOWEII, Mass.
A. C. ROBINSON, FAIL RIVER, Mass.
LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass.
MRS. J. R. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind.
N. S. GREENLEAF, LOWEII, Mass.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, North Abington, Mass.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Raleigh, N. C.
W. K. RIPLEY, 19 Green street, care of B. Danforth.
MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER, Montpeller, Vt.
MRS. M. H. COLES, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

H. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass. H. A. TUCKER, TOXOUTO, MASS.
GEORGE ATKINS, BOSTON, MASS.
DR. H. F. GARDNER, 46 ESSEX street, Boston, Mass.
LEWIS B. MONNOE, No. 14 Brombeld street, Boston,
DANIEL W. SNELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I.
CHRISTIAN LINDY, care of Benj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton,

minois. Dexter Dana, East Boston, Mass. John C. Cluen. Residence, No. 5 Bay street, Boston. J. J. Locke, Greenwood, Mass.

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oct. 8. NATURAL ASTROLOGY.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.

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Oct. M. Sm

A FAMILIAR LECTURE"

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Delivered in the Lecture Room of Plymouth Church. Brooklyn, N. Y., Wednesday Evening, Nov. 16, 1859.

DEFORTED FOR THE DANNER 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 lible that a great many persons would think did not belong there. It is one of those chapters to read, which is It is one of those chapters to read, which

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 Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Appelles, approved in Christ. Salute them which are of Aristobulus's household. Sa lute 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 Rujus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine. Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which are with them. Salute Philologus and Julia, Nercus and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints that are with

He now proceeded to say:

Well, who were all these folks? That is the begin-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 his mind with the tenderest remembrances, and that in writing one of the weightiest engite which he ever wrote, and one the weightiest epistics which he ever wrote, and one which contained the most profound religious views and feelings, he felt that its 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

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, that son that became 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 house-holds 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 aillanding, 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 glad-ness; 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 ated a listory 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 im-agined 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 before the congregation. The uncouthness 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 bill 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 heartly as any chapter in the Bible. I do salute every one of those whose names are recorded there. They are quite acquaintances of mine. 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 tonight. 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 intenser degree of common feeling in produces an intenser degree of common feeling in them, and a more perfect intertwining 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

Let us look at a few evidences of this. In the first place. I think that the scenes which bring persons to-gether 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 sociaty life, they have forgetten 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 impressions upon the imagina-tion 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.

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 nermon feeling in us, but occasions a common expression mistake about this. I think that lies 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.

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 by the secret and hidden flow of their feelings; and at last, if they do not come to look alike, they come to have a spirit-nal 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.

tian, 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 lust.

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 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 members of the congreand myself. I think that the members of the congregation do the same thing in reference to each other, nore or less, according to the fineness of their natures

more or less, according to the fineness of their natures. 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 habit of working together in this way—how fust it knits people together! What a confidence men get in each other, and what a holy, disinterested friendship its established between them, when they unite in works of plety and benovolence! of piety and benevolence !

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 supernal 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 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 ach other l

When we are all together, perhaps we do not feel it so much, but how is it when summer comes, and you 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 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, take up this old Do you ever, when you are away, take up this old 'Collection,' and sing these hymns, that, when you sing them, whole flocks of white-winged remembrances

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 here the 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 yearning 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 that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it that they plant their love in their children, and that it they plant their love in their children, and that it they plant their love in their children, and their love in their children, and that it they plant their love in their children, and that it has a love they have bestowed on their love in their children, and their love in their children, and their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in their children, and their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in their children and the love they have bestowed on their love in the love they have bestowed and the love they have b

see these persons.

Now I suppose that these Christian affections and friendships are but beginnings, but germs just push-ing 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 ever passes through the gate of death, and rises up into the sphere above, that he 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 touches the heavenly shore, he not only linds that he deal of yearning feeling that pastors have for the membrane of earthly scenes, but he finds that there his heart takes a firm hold of those of the locks, which will not be known here. It was not took but a weak hold here. And my own infinite leisure of the eternal state, they will appear. Sints, one after another, go up to glory, they are met vest of all the good that has been done on earth and welcomed there, and rejoiced over, by those who have gone before them, and have been waiting for basing is done away, and only the spirits—not the thore and that they begin in the heavenly estate of badles, thank God—the spirits of the just made per

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. Mineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing. I remember the days of our poverty, our straitness. 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 swept the church, and lighted my own fire. I did not angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with ring the bell, because, there was none to ring I I llo was the only one I knew in heaven at that time opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and locked it when they were over. I took care of everything connected with the building. And do I not 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. 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 o this hour.

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 about them; but that is nothing. Pearls and diamonds do not waste because your conforts in heaven are to be in the proportion in the possessor locks them up. They always retain their which we could truck in heaven. This carthing Christone formed to the church in heaven. This carthing the church in heaven. This carthing the church in heaven with distinct ideas, with conceptions of human forms—of human natures purified. Oh, how cold and vague were the airy imaginations respecting the future with which we began inations respecting the future with which we come through our experience in the fellow-ship of the saints, and their gradual transference to the which we come through our experience. Your riches and your comforts in heaven are to be in the proportion in the possessor locks them up. They always retain their

he possessor locks them up. They always retain their prilliancy; and if he keeps them locked for a hundred fellowship. The power of this church will stand in the cars, and then takes them out, they will flash as development of this central power in the heart. God brightly in the light of the sun as ever. And my memory of these persons will never grow dim. My heart
church is made powerful by the uniting together of its
goes out after them; and I guess they think of me. I goes out after them; and I guess they think of me. I think they requite 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. How many times I think of five or six rare, beautiful, saint

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 rame 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 discent 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 sorvice is not a mere formality, where there is heart and the their thoughts, that they felt the to be true! I left as though they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far think they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they be the the bink they were half way across, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far that they felt the to be true! I left as though they were half way across a true; that they felt the to be true vice 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 clevated, are such as bring them more and more together.

It is the world could hardly contain them; because every clevated, are such as bring them more and more together. ether.

All persons are not susceptible to music; but I think hat the habit, on the part of those that are, of singing ogether, is one that is forever winding invisible hreads and bands around them. I see persons in the ed 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 elso to it. Paul said that he could not administer ordinances, and that still less could be 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 would seem as though my call was to contine myself to public speaking. Therefore I cannot follow out any detail of friendships and acquaintanceships with 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 upon the world I 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 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 to-gether, our thinking together, 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 lies have been prepared to live better! How men have made acquaintances of each other! How many famimany have gone out in bands to work together! And many nave gone out in bands to work together? And how many there are in whem, 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 love one to another I then, what will be the joy of this sanctified friendship I and then what 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 customed 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 lift him up, and imagine what he will be in the future, till you see him enveloped in a flood of God's glory, and then look at him. How beautiful some things are in a light which they have not in themselves! Things which are without conveniences when you we then in the glory of the out comeliness, when you put them in the glory of the setting sun, become almost regal with splendor. Think of your erring fellow man as a child of God, and see God in him, and, if necessary, draw upon your imagination to do it, and you cannot fail to 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 try our patience here, 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 heaven. 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

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 always requires one winter to crack the shell. Sometime they do not come up the same year. always requires one winter to crack the shell. Some-times they do not come up the second year. And so it is in respect to the things we do. We plant a great deal on this side, which will come up on the other side, and which we shall reap there. I think there is a great deal of yearning feeling that pastors have for the mem-bers of their flocks, which will not be known here. We live too fast to stop for such things; but in the 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 glanced upon us 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, but I find that I am remembering back too far for that, in the heaven, tremain!

What a glorious time it will be when everything debasing is done away, and only the spirits of the just, made perfect in heaven, remain! Then you will not be afraid to love as much as you have a mind to. Then you may love every soul that Christ has brought together in the great final gathering of his people. One heart shall take hold of another heart. Every one shall be child and parent to every one. All the special names and limitations of human conditions shall be dropped, and the great final gathering of his people. One heart shall take hold of another heart. Every one shall be child and parent to every one. All the special names and limitations of human conditions shall be dropped, and the seventy begin to take hold of another heart. Every one shall be child and parent to every one. All the special names and limitations of human conditions shall be dropped, and the seventy begin to the heaven, remain!

I have been, the far a glorious time it will be when everything debaies, thank God—the spirits of the just, made of the love over, remain!

What a glorious time it will be size of the bodies, thank God—the spirits of the just, made of the volves, when he every bod shall be when every bou the love overy soul that Christ has br mate. I think that as we grow older this fellowship of the church on earth makes heaven seem more and more

real to us.

When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with nobody in it except white tenuous angels, that were strangers to me. By-and-by my little brother died, and then I thought of a great city, with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in heaven at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two there that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the little crowd continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his grandparent—God—that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth real to us. quaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more that are in heaven than I do that are

And thus the love in the church on earth is trans-

"The same is my brother, and sister, and mother." We are all of one household, one family, one brother. hood.

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OBITUARIES.

Miss Caroline Torling, aged 18 years 0 months, daughter of Washington Topliff, of Bridgewater, Vt., passed to her home among the angels, on the 13th of Sept., 1859. She was an only child, and possessed a remarkably anniable disposition, and was a good medium. The home of her bereaved and lonely parents contains many beautiful paintings, drawn by her hand when moved by angel-power, as also elevating communications. mmunications.

'T was a solemn hour when that shadow fell O'er the quiet little home, And Carrie, the child they had loved so well, Wey forth in the silent gloom.

Ay! they felt that the earth would be lonely now,
Wherever their footsteps might ream;
For Carrie had been an angel to them—
Hor smile was the light of their home, But faith in their hearts found its sacred abode .

Now they look for the smile from above,
And hey know that a home in the mansion of God
Is lighted by Caroline's love. M. S. Townsend. SLAWTER CLOSE departed this life at his late residence. North Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y., Nov. 0, aged 63 years, 10 months, and 9 days. His disease was billious pnou-mouls. Ho leaves a wife and five children to mourn his death. He lived a Christian life, and died in full belief of

he immortality of the soul. At Sheffield, Bureau Co., Ill., killed by the falling of a tree. Dapt. Joseph P. Adams, formerly of Biddeford, Mo. He has left a wife, and daughter, and sisters, to mourn his loss.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. MEETINGS IN BOSTON,—S. J. Finney, of Ohio, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 2.3-4 o'clock, and

in Ordiway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 23-4 o'clock, and in the evening at 71-2 o'clock.

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

Merthosin Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and evening at Guild Hall. Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

Cambridgeront. — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, r. M., at Washington Hall, Main street. Scats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Dec. 3d and 10th, Miss Lizzlo Deter; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amedey.

Lawrence.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence held regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afternoon, at Lawrence the Sabbath, forence and afternoon, at Lawrence the Sabbath, forence and afternoon, at Lawrence

neeungs o enco Hall.

rence Hall.

Foxnoro'.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five o'clock. P. M.

FLYMOUTH.—Warron Chase, will lecture Nov. 27th; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, Dec. 4th and 11th; Miss Lizzie Doton, Dec. 18th and 23th; Miss Fannie Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.

Dec. 18th and 33th; Miss Fannic Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forencon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.
Speaking, by mediums and others.
SALEM.—Meetings have commonced at the Spiritualists'
Church, Sowall street. Circles in the morning; speaking,
afternoon and evening.
Wondstren.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular
Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 20th treet and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture, evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times everal present.

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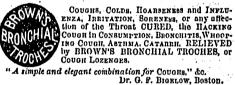
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