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FELICIA ALMAY;
OR,
CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER X.

THE OFFERING OF THE STORM.

The night of the eighteenth of September, 18—, was long remembered on the coast, for a tempest akin to a hurricane raged from midnight until break of day. The sea arose in its might and threatened to engulf the shore—to sweep away every human habitation from its banks. Many a poor man's hut was carried out to sea; some with the living freight within; and the wild shriek of farewell to life was heard amid the elemental din. For hours, the erst stary heavens were covered with an inky pall, the blinding lightnings flashed, the thunder boomed, and awoke the thousand slumbering echoes of the hills. The rushing of the winds was terrific, the roar of ocean deafening, and the white foam rising thick and mountainous, obscured the friendly and warning gleam of the light-house.

That night part of the sheltering breakwater was torn away; the boats and skiffs in the harbor, loosened from their moorings, were landed for miles in shore; larger vessels broke from their cables and drifted oceanward, or were wrecked within sight of the gleaming lights. Amid the impenetrable darkness, the surging of the storm, several slight shocks of an earthquake were felt, which added to the universal sense of fear and desolation. The inhabitants assembled in the streets, scarcely able to maintain their footing against the fury of the tornado; their lanterns extinguished and broken, they could only pray, and, in dread and apprehension, await the morning.

Large trees were uprooted, and the ground was strewn with violently torn leaves and scattered boughs; the crested ocean bowed its stately head before the mandate of the storm, and lay prostrate, shorn of all its crowning glory; the royal palm was rent and stripped; the banana groves despoiled; the orange hedges overthrown; and the choicest and most gorgeous flowers crushed out of shape and beauty. All this the morning light revealed; and the sudden breakers rushing over beach and bank with a yet unspent anger in their tones, bore with them floating masses of timber, remnants of wrecked ships, whose gallant crews slept 'neath the coral reefs; spars, masts, and cordage, boxes and bales floated ashore; and on the cliffs above, groups of men and women were assembled, watching the inflowing waves, and praying fervently for the souls of the lost.

The flying, scattered storm-clouds dispersed before the crimson glow of the dawn. In that tropical land there is no lingering twilight; the change from night to day, from sunset's charm and richness to the starry splendor, is sudden and almost magical in effect. The sun rose gloriously serene, and soon no vestige in the heavens told of the devastations of the night. The brilliant skies were deep and azure in their habitual livery of beauty, and a fragrant South wind sighed amid the gently rustling foliage, while yet the tear-drops of the tempest glistened from every tree and arbor. All nature wore a renovated summer garb of freshest green. But for the yet angry swell of the waves, the marks of destruction all around, the eye would have delighted in the balmy coolness of that ambrosial morn.

Felicia, who had spent the night watching by the bedside of her mother, whose overwhelming terror it was her mission to soothe with gentle words and earnest prayers, stole forth at the first peep of day, to look upon the scene without. She left Rose calmly sleeping, and a faithful attendant watching beside her. Wrapping a crimson shawl around her, and putting on her garden hat, she passed down the wide flight of steps, and pursued her way along the beach.

But the once silver-sanded, pleasant walk was wet and strewn with tangled masses of seaweed. She could not pursue her way without difficulty, therefore she retraced her path, and, climbing to the rocky ledge above, sped on with the grace and swiftness of an antelope, keeping her footing securely, and urged on by some uncontrollable impulse impossible to define.

"Halloo, Senorita Felicia! Abroad thus early?" She looked up in surprise; then uttered an exclamation of terror and disgust. It was the Senor Elvino de Arcabano that addressed her.

She made some inaudible reply.

"Allow me the supreme felicity of accompanying you in your early morning expedition," he said, in a tone half compliment, half sarcasm.

Felicia collecting herself, replied briefly:

"I thank you, senor; I prefer walking alone."

"But it is against the customs of the country for a young lady to be abroad without protection, and without attendance."

"I do not mind it; my mother is English, and I follow the customs of her country."

"But the road here is slippery and insecure; the sea had covered it last night. You might lose your foothold and be precipitated into the yet raging waters."

"I am accustomed to walking here," she said coldly.

"You are not very amiable or polite, senorita," said Don Elvino, with a contracted brow, and a sinister gleam of his small, grey eye.

Felicia was silent.

"Is the senorita thus chary of her smiles and words with all?" he continued. "In what pray have I offended? or is my presence really repulsive to you? I await an answer, senorita."

He spoke so fiercely that Felicia started, and in that moment would have fallen over a sharp, projecting rock, had he not suddenly passed his arm around her and lifted her over the impediment. She shuddered at the contact of his touch. He noted it, and a gleam of angry triumph shot from his eyes.

Felicia's face was pale with a nameless terror; she dared not look up; she longed to escape—to flee, where she would never behold him more.

"I have your father's sanction, senorita, to address you as a suitor for your hand. You will not rebel against a parent's authority? You are promised to me. Will you not look upon me with a little more graciousness?"

He took her hand and held it in his firm and iron clasp.

The warm, indignant blood mounted to the very temples of the young girl; her lip curled with the utter contempt of her soul for the being before her; her dark eyes kindled and flashed with the resolve within. She replied steadily, and looking full into his evil countenance:

"My hand, Senor Arcabano, is mine to promise and bestow. I will receive you as—a friend of my father's; never as aught nearer."

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed discordantly; you will change your opinion soon, senorita. In one month from hence you will be my loving bride. What think you of that?"

"That it will never, never be!—that you are no gentleman, but some infamous—that I will sooner die than wed with such a you!"

"Senorita Felicia, one word more, and I will no longer force my detested company upon you. Remember this! In one month from this day, with your will or without it, you become my wife. And you will live to rue the epithet bestowed upon me in your anger."

There was a concentrated malice in his tone that fearfully oppressed the shrinking heart of his listener. But all the indignation of her brave spirit was aroused; she retorted vehemently, with an expression of utmost scorn upon her lovely face.

"I will live to make false your assertions, you bold, bad man! for such I know you to be. The warning angel of my life tells me that you are stained with manifold vices—with crimes! I hate you! I despise you! I scorn and loathe you utterly! Not my father—not the united forces of the earth, and of that realm to which your demon spirit belongs, shall compel me into a union with you! Rather death, a thousand, thousand times! I command you to leave me, sir! I would be alone! Your voice is discord to my ears! You are horrible to my sight. I will go on alone."

"You shall. But not until you hear a little more. So, you hate, despise, loathe and abhor me? And yet you must learn to love me; to obey this horrible creature whose sight is so odious! You cannot appeal to your father; for know, proud, foolish, boasting girl, he is in my power! All the wealth and luxury you enjoy I can take from you without a single moment's warning. I can take ease and comfort—and, mark this! I can take your father's name! the name by which he is honored and respected in the world; I can take it and brand it with infamy! Do you hear? Do you comprehend the extent of my power over you and yours? Your mother—that pale, weak, puling thing—she is of no account—"

Monster! incarnate devil! worse than ever I abhor you!"

In the inspiration of the moment, urged on by filial love and the defence of her loved better than life, she lifted up her snowy hand and struck the malignant ruffian in his scowling face.

He stepped back with tingling cheek, his warped soul writhing in a frenzy of hatred and revenge.

"You deserve this for daring to speak disrespectfully of my dear mother, said Felicia breathlessly.

"Oh, you will pay me dearly for this!" He ground his teeth and clenched his hand toward her. "In the dust, dust, at my feet!" he gasped, "you will kneel and ask my pardon."

He made a sudden spring aside, casting on her a furious parting glance, then jumped off an inclining ledge, and pursued his way over the tangled sea grass on the beach.

"My God, deliver me!" fervently prayed Felicia; and, as she turned toward the sea, a sunbeam fell upon her brow, as if it were the Eternal's answer to her soul's petition; she passed on, immersed in deep and painful thought. She neared the assembled throngs and groups of people, and everywhere she was courteously greeted and way made for her.

They told her of the wrecks supposed to have taken place; of the futile efforts made during the night to save the drowning mariners and passengers. They pointed to the floating drift wood, and the many relics of lost ships that the waves had washed in tribute on the beach.

"No bodies have come ashore," said they.

But as they spoke, every eye was strained in the hope of yet rescuing some human being from a watery grave. The fisher boats and canoes were rowing about in all directions, anxious to succor and to save. At once a great shout went up from the heart of the multitude. The fisher Marciano's boat was

returning, and he was waving a flag and cheering lustily.

The crowd rushed down to the beach, regardless of soiled garments, of all save the common impulse of humanity. Felicia followed, and, as the boat touched land in a sheltered cove, where the wild waves' swell was stemmed by almost insulating rocks, she bent forward, heeding not the salt spray that sprinkled her abundantly, and looked for the living freight it had brought. She saw lying still and deathly pale, the form of a young man, who gave no indication of life except in a quiver of the closed eyelids, a convulsive twitching of the mouth. Like a statue hewn from the purest marble, his noble Grecian features bore the impress of beauty and serenity; a mass of golden brown hair lay wet and matted upon his temples; the hands, delicate and white as those of a woman, were folded calmly over his breast.

To this beautiful figure of repose, Felicia bent the knee, and, reaching over, she took the ice-cold hand with a sudden rush of a rangely tumultuous emotion. The rescued stranger, wrapped up in the coarse mantle of honest Tomaso Marciano, was lifted up by that good man and his son and carried, beyond the reach of the salt waves. By a spontaneous movement among the throng, shawls, mantles and handkerchiefs were handed in, and a temporary couch was formed, and a kind of pillow made and placed under the head of the youth, who was slowly returning to consciousness.

"He needs restoratives; he must have something strengthening," said old Tomaso; and the words were repeated from mouth to mouth:

"Restoratives! Something strengthening for the rescued man!"

While many flew hither and thither to obtain the necessary article, Felicia, remembering that she had with her the cordial flask from which she had during the night administered to her mother, silently approached again, and bending over the stranger, put the flask to his lips.

But he was too much weakened to make the effort of drinking. Old Tomaso, stooping over him, moistened a handkerchief with the liquid and held it to his mouth, while with the other hand he gestaculated wildly, and related how he had picked up the young senor, who was lying senseless, to all appearance dead, upon a floating portion of a raft. The ejaculations of the spectators were many and varied:

"How young he looks!" "What a fine forehead!" "What lovely lips!" "He looks manly enough, too!" "Poor boy! how would his mother feel to see him thus!" "Holy Mary, comfort her!" "Perhaps she died in the storm last night!" "He looks brave enough!" Felicia again kneeling beside him, chafed the cold hands, while her tears fell fast.

"A sudden idea seemed at once to strike the pitying and wondering spectators. They shouted—"A doctor! we must have a doctor to bring him to life!" and away scampered dozens, white and colored men, upon that errand of mercy; some on foot, others mounted on their fleet and trusty mules.

"Yes, yes, a physician is needed," said Felicia, passing her hand across her brow; "and, Tomaso, our house is the nearest; have the senor carried there. My father is from home, but he will not gainsay my wishes, nor the sacred rights of hospitality. My poor, feeble mother will be overjoyed to hear that one life has been saved. I will pay you for your trouble. Tomaso, do you and Juan carry the stranger to our home, and the physician can attend him there."

"God Almighty, the blessed Virgin, and all the Holy Saints forever bless and reward you, senorita!" cried the old fisherman, with glistening eyes. "It is the nearest shelter, and the senor will be well taken care of. Bear a hand, Juan; you, too," to a longing drudge; "bear away, and give us a lift."

They raised the young man in their arms, and bore him in a reclining position to the house of the Senor Philip Delano. But ere Felicia had relinquished her hold of his hand, his blue eyes had opened wide, and his pale lips had expressed a murmur of thanks. Her heart was leaping wildly with a joy she had never before experienced. All of the unpleasant occurrence of the morning had passed from her memory.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

Dispensing her orders with an authority she had never before assumed, Felicia had a room prepared for her charge, and a trusty servant despatched for the European physician, the good and skillful Doctor Lanc. Before his arrival, however, the patient was restored to full consciousness, by the application of simple household means, under the direction of the swarthy Martino, who knew exactly what was best to do in cases of a like nature. Too feeble yet to speak aloud, the young stranger looked his gratitude, and pressed the lily hand of the consoling angel, as his heart called Felicia from the first glance.

Beneath the gentle treatment of the doctor, his exhausted strength was returning rapidly, and when he spoke the first intelligible words, thanking God for deliverance and mercy, the young girl, unable to control the sympathy she deemed was born of pity only, wept aloud with fervent thankfulness for the precious life thus saved. When he slept calmly, she stole away on tiptoe, leaving Anita to watch his slumbers and fan away the intruding flies. She hastened to the chamber of Rose, bearing with her, deeply impressed for life, the haunting recollection

of the poet-eyes and pensive face seen that day for the first time.

"I have been waiting for you, dearest, and they told me you had gone to the beach. Oh, darling, that was imprudent after the storm of last night. And, dear me, your dress is dragged and wet. My dear child, where have you been? Francisco, Lucia," she said in Spanish to the awaiting servants, "go immediately and bring your young mistress some dry garments."

Felicia, looking down at her dress, smiled and colored; it was wet with salt water and stained with mud and sand.

"Dear mother," she replied, winding her arms around her neck, "I have had no time to think of my appearance; for, rejoice with me, dear mother, a life has been saved!—the dreadful tempest has spared one, and he—"

"Thank God! thank God!" said Rose, with a grateful fervor, "you have a long story to tell me, I know; but I will not hear a word until you have changed your dress. You will catch your death with cold! What can those girls be so long about? Felicia, my love, I entreat you, go and put on dry garments."

"Immediately, mother, dear. I will go after Francisco and Lucia, and return in a twinkling!" and she flew, singing, out of the room.

"How unusually happy the dear child is to-day," mused the poor sufferer.

When she returned to share her mother's breakfast, she was as radiant as before. She chatted gaily, and her silvery laughter, that had been almost silent since the advent of the Senor Arcabano, pealed forth again, to the great and inner delight of Rose. Keeping from her mother the encounter with the hated suitor, for she had learned to guard her feeble health from all excitement, she told her of the rescue of the shipwrecked stranger by honest old Tomaso and his son. Rose was deeply grateful for the safety of a life, and proud of the share and the responsibility her daughter had taken. She expressed a strong desire to see the young man; "for," said she, "from your description, he must be English; and it is so long since I have heard from there." She thought of her father, of her own past transgressions toward him, and sighed deeply.

Doctor Lane, upon visiting Rose that day, found her weaker than before, and urged upon her the necessity of quiet and repose. Alas! the mother's present spirit, foreseeing the approaching doom, trembled for the future of the beloved child. She knew her days were numbered, and the weary soul longed for release; for Felicia only, she clung to and prayed for life.

That evening, the stranger fully restored, though yet somewhat weak and pallid, was enabled to converse with ease, and to receive a short visit from his hostess. As he bowed over the thin, transparent hand she held toward him, and looked up to the sharpened outlines, the hectic glow on either cheek, his face wore an expression of pitying tenderness, and a tear-drop dimmed his eye. He conversed freely, with gentlemanly ease and fluency, delighting his listeners with the latest news from England and the Continent.

His name was Percy Macdonald de Risco. He was the son of an English mother, and a descendant of the once noble house of the Riscos in Spain. He had early lost his mother; but under the watchful care and devoted love of his father and aunt, he had enjoyed all the blessings of home happiness, education, travel, and good society. His father's sister had been to him a second mother. From the port of Cadiz he had taken the passage for the Tropics, impelled by curiosity to behold its luxuriant vegetation and its manifold resources. Their vessel, richly freighted with a valuable cargo, struck on a hidden reef, and before the break of day, she had gone to pieces, and, as he believed, all hands were lost. "It is an especial Providence, that I have survived to tell the tale," he said.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Rose.

Felicia, absorbed and silent, looked up to Heaven in gratitude too deep for words.

"You have traveled in England?" Rose asked him tremulously. "Have you ever been near to Oakwood House, the residence of Harold Palmer?" She had forgotten the strict injunctions of her husband, never to speak of her birth-place and family in the presence of strangers. "It is in—shire, only some twenty miles from the metropolis," she added.

"Although England is my birth-place, I must acknowledge that I am totally unacquainted with some portions of it. No, madam, I have never been there," said Percy.

"It is my father's homestead, our old ancestral domain," sighed the wan lady.

"I thought you were English," he replied. "And this young lady, speaking the Spanish language so fluently, surely she is not a native of the Tropics?"

"My daughter was born in England; but we have lived here many years. She has no recollection of her native land." Felicia met the beaming blue eye bent upon her in respectful admiration; she blushed deeply, and cast her eyes upon the choice bouquet she was holding in her hands.

"This is a Paradisean abode!" said the young man, looking around with evident delight; "just such a home as the poetic enthusiast would covet—the dreamer of the beautiful desire. What glorious scenery! What a mingling of the sublime and the calm and placid, in those towering mountains, yon ocean expanse, and the flower-decked valleys, flower-enwreathed houses, rustic church spires, the holy stillness of this enchanted spot! Truly an Eden!"

He spoke enthusiastically, and the color mounting to his cheeks, enhanced an hundred fold his manly and uncommon beauty.

Fearing that a prolonged conference would tend to exhaust her few remaining feeble powers, Felicia whispered to her mother, and both arose to leave.

"Make yourself entirely at home, sir," said Rose. "I am but an invalid, incapable of enjoying or of giving pleasure; but my servants are at your order, and all that we can do to make your stay agreeable, shall be done. My daughter will bear you company when I am unable. By what name shall we call our guest?—that of the Macdonald, or the Spanish de Risco?"

"In my father's country," said he, smiling, "I am called De Risco, always; but in England, I am Macdonald only. My friends call me simply Percy. You, madam, who have been so kind to me—this young lady, to whose care and sympathy I owe my speedy restoration—will you not, waving all the outward ceremonial, call me by the name my mother loved? I have been cast as a waif of the storm to your hospitable gates; will you not call me Percy?"

As if a long-known friend, a dear familiar voice had spoken, Felicia felt her heart-strings vibrate to the music of those pleading tones. Rose, too, was deeply moved. She gazed intently upon his frank and noble countenance. With tears glistening on her lashes, she said:

"I will call you Percy, and care for you as my own son for the sake of the departed."

Felicia, speaking for the first time since she had introduced him to her mother, said timidly:

"Will you accept these flowers? After the perils you have passed, I thought their presence might be agreeable."

He took them from her hand, and replied: "Their fragrance is sweet indeed; but unto the Great Giver the incense of a loving heart is richer tribute. Thank you for these floral angels; but the thanks of my soul for this day's bounty must ever remain unspoken. Miss Felicia, I am your debtor for life!"

What was there in the words to cause her heart to throb so grandly exultant? What influence was it that stemmed the current of her usually fluent speech. As she passed from the room, she met once more the almost worshipping glance of those coral-ear eyes, and earth was transfigured to her sight. A veil of dazzling glory seemed to envelop every object; every leaflet, every blade of grass seemed instinct with a new-born faculty of joy; the mountain's empurpled heights were bathed in a diviner light than heretofore. There was a thrilling significance in the azure glow of skies and waves; there was a deeper and a tenderer tone to the wildwood warblings of the feathered choristers. A magic veil was over the charmed face of life, beneath whose brilliant, rosy folds two young and untired hearts learned the first solemn mystery of Love! They were captives both to the soul-attractions of the beautiful and the true; the overruling hand of Destiny had brought together these kindred souls.

"She is an angel of mercy! lovely as the embodied ideal of the poet, good as the saints above, true and pure as a revelation of Heaven!" thus exclaimed the young man, dwelling fondly on her image, her every look and tone of pity.

"He is beautiful and noble as the great and good we read of. He must be like them. How glad I am to meet with such a friend!" mused the young girl alone in her chamber, pondering over the occurrences of the day.

"A good young man, if my intuitions do not mislead me," thought Rose. "His looks of admiration rested on my child. Oh, if it were possible—and she, too, seems to regard him with uncommon favor. Perhaps it is the hand of Providence. What can I, in my weakness, do, but pray and submit unto thy will, dear Lord!"

Gladly accepting the invitation of the lady of the house, to remain until her husband returned, Percy spent many a charmed hour in the society of mother and daughter. With all the Tropical suddenness and luxuriance, the deep love had rooted in both hearts, and was to each revealed by the many tokens of its being, yet was it never confessed in words. The silent consciousness, the blissful certainty of his existence, was enough joy for their trusting and confiding affection.

The wretch Joaquín, who was forever prowling around and in the house, took in with his sharpened vision the innocent drama enacting. His lynx-eyes noted every movement of the neglected wife; every timid love-glance stealing from beneath Felicia's dark lashes, was silently commented on; every seeking and returning look of the enraptured Percy was written down in the memorandum-book of his memory. He was a spy, an eaves dropper, of the most cunning class. He would secrete himself behind window curtains and doorways; hide in closets, and listen outside of doors. He would insist upon waiting at table, though there were plenty to take his place. He undertook various offices about the house, which were reluctantly conceded. Rose feared him, and Felicia seldom spoke to him, for with her intuitive perception of character, she read him as false and treacherous.

The villain was serving two masters at that time, the one Philip, to whom he was linked, in secret bonds of fellowship, the other was Don Elvino de Arcabano, to whom he reported regularly the proceedings of the day. He was well paid for his tidings by the senor, who had taken up his quarters in Santa Cruz.

The dawning of the blessedness of love seemed to herald the glowing promise of a full fruition. Percy

Macdonald, worshipping the very footprints of his "consoling angel," as he mentally called Felicia, was revolving in his mind the fitting opportunity and the most acceptable manner with which to ask of her the inestimable boon of her love. He thought her mother looked favorably upon him, and he longed to kneel before her and demand of her the bride he adored.

As is peculiar to all high-principled and noble natures, the young man, gifted with wealth, name, and genius, felt a shuddering diffidence as he thought of approaching the great era of his life. Perhaps, he thought, Felicia's evident pleasure in his society was a mark of intellectual preference only; perhaps her feelings were all sisterly, were merely those of calm friendship and esteem. Like many other lovers, he tormented himself with these scruples, and put off the day of final certainty until, alas! it was too late, and fraud and treachery stepped in between him and his happiness.

Felicia loved him, and in that love she rested securely, fearing no more the threats of Arcabano, feeling strong and defiant to resist all, clad in the sacred panoply of invincible, unconquerable love!

Rose's feeble strength had rallied considerably. Her sleep was undisturbed, her eye was bright and clear with a steady light. She had quaffed the magic potion of hope, and was revived. The almost filial attentions of her young guest, the happiness of her daughter, all conspired to win her from her grief, to arrest the progress of disease, to renew the prayer and the effort for life.

Thus three sanctified weeks passed on, and one rainy afternoon the master returned, and came so suddenly into the presence of his wife that she nearly fainted with affright.

"So, so!" he cried hoarsely, "fine doings in my absence! Quite romantic, indeed! A shipwrecked hero, and a couple of billing and cooing scenes per day! Well, I have come to put a stop to all this. Where is Felicia now?"

"I—believe—I think—she is with Mr. Macdonald in the front saloon," stammered Rose.

"She is, eh? Well, that's the last time she'll be with him there. You are a fool, a simpleton, to think to circumvent me. You and the foolish minx had your plot hatched finely, but I came upon the scene rather too early for your reckoning. We'll see who will win the day. Who and what is this Macdonald?"

Rose told his history. At the name of Risco her husband started, and passed his hand repeatedly over his brow.

"He's an infernal young puppy!" he cried, when his wife had finished her narration; and, with a parting glance of menace and admonition, he left the room.

That night he was as affable and courteous as a well-bred gentleman could be. He warmly welcomed his guest, and congratulated him upon his escape from the terrible death. He bade him remain as much longer in "Eden Rest" as he could content himself. He spoke of his own youthful travels in Spain, and alluded somewhat boastfully to his own wealth and family station. As for the Risco family, they were well known to him, he said; and he doubted not that name would call friends around him everywhere.

The young man, charmed with the graceful manners of his beloved's father, felt his heart fill with hope and expectation.

Felicia, delighted with the pleasure he manifested in the society of Percy, thanked him gratefully, and gave him the good-night kiss with a warm and willing heart. The sweetest visions of reciprocated affection spread before the lover's eyes. Only the prophetic heart of Rose foreboded sorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

SEPARATION AND IMPENDING DANGER.

The next day when the master of the house and young Percy Macdonald met, they sallied forth together for a promenade on the beach, and Philip, purposely leading the conversation to his daughter, was more than ever convinced of his guest's deep love and his desire to win her for his own. He replied to some of the stranger's encomiums upon her loveliness and goodness:

"Yes, she is a good child; and I am sorry that at her age, she is already betrothed. I think her almost too young to enter upon so serious an engagement; but it was her own choice, and I could not gainsay her."

The face of Percy blanched to a marble whiteness. His tottering limbs refused to bear him further. Almost falling against a near sheltering mass of rocks, he put both hands before his eyes, as if to shut out the blinding glare of the sun. He was stunned, bewildered, struck to the very heart, by this unexpected and cruel blow.

"My God! great God!" he murmured, "is this my promised happiness?"

"What ails you, my young friend? I fear you are not well," said Philip, in a kindly tone that cloaked the inner exultation.

"I—I—was suddenly overcome. Please forgive my weakness, Senor Deltano," he replied, in a weak, gasping tone; and he prayed as only the tried, wrong heart can pray in its hour of utmost need and blighted hope.

He turned upon the father of Felicia a countenance so woefully enshrouded with grief, it would have won the veriest heart to pity. But the unnatural father had gone too far to recede. He was compelled to stifle every feeling of compassion; to press on unhesitatingly in the crooked path he had chosen. The blue eyes of Percy, wreathed the expression of a wounded heart's deepest wretchedness, turned their appealing glances upon him; he could not dissemble. What if the father of her loved so vainly beheld him in his weakness, in the utter abandonment of his sorrow?

"I did not know," he faltered forth, "that Miss Felicia was betrothed. I hoped—I entertained the expectation, the blessed hope—" he paused and burst into a passion of tears, tears the bitterest that the eyes of man can shed!

"My dear young friend," said Philip, evidently with much emotion, "I am truly sorry for this. I would now I had come home sooner; I could have spared you this grief; I wish it were otherwise. There, there, do not thank me," as the young man seized his hand and shook it gratefully; "I know your family, I esteem you, and have learned to look on you with almost fatherly regard, from what my wife has told me of your principles and religious views. I regret this deeply. Would that I could embrace you as a son-in-law; but I am a father, perhaps too indulgent to my only child. She chose the future partner of her life; I could not refuse my consent."

"How long has my—has Miss Felicia been engaged?" he queried, having somewhat recovered the outward semblance of self-control.

"Somewhere about six months. The Senor Arcabano, her intended, lives on the island of Los Veros, and comes on here about once a month to visit his promised bride; I expect him to-morrow, and you will see what a surprising change comes over my quiet Felicia in his presence. Yet, believe me, I wish it were otherwise; indeed, indeed I do!"

"He comes to-morrow? Then I must leave you this very day, leave you with many, many thanks for your generous hospitality. I cannot stay to meet him who has won the love of Felicia. Forgive me, my friend! Deem me not ungrateful; but I must go, or my heart will break, my brain will torture me into madness!"

"I think it best," said Philip, with well-stimulated sadness, "though I did not think the news would affect you so strongly. We shall all be sorry to lose you. Felicia told me, as she kissed me this morning, that she loved Percy Macdonald like a brother. She has no suspicion of the state of your feelings toward her. She will be sorry to lose a friend. But as one who has known all the trials of a hopeless passion, I say to you—say it with sorrow and regret—the only relief that you can find is in absence. My prayers and my blessings will go with you. Time is a consoling angel; it will teach you to forget."

"Never, never!" he exclaimed, despairingly. "She is my first, my last, my only love! You have called Time by a name wherewith I mentally endowed her. She has been to me the blessed consoling angel of my life!"

Philip turned away his head, and wiped his eyes. Was his sympathy real or affected? He alone could tell.

"Tell me, my friend, is there any ship that sails from this port to-day? I care not whither bound. I will return to your house and make my adieux, and embark at once."

"I know of no vessel about to sail to-day, except the packet for St. Thomas; she sails at five o'clock this afternoon. But why not remain a few days longer?"

"And behold her with the man she prefers? No, Senor Deltano—I am human, I cannot feign. I have laid bare my heart before you; I cannot to a stranger. I should humiliate myself by a display of weakness unworthy of my manhood before him—and in her presence. I will take passage for St. Thomas. I will leave Santa Cruz de Vega to-day."

"Dear Mr. Macdonald, or Percy—as my dear ones have learned to call you—if you want any assistance, pecuniary or friendly, please call on me, unreservedly. You lost all you had with you in the wreck. Will you not accept a loan from one who desires to be to you a fatherly friend?" said Philip, with all the fascination of manner yet fully at his command.

"A thousand thanks, disinterested, generous man!" cried Percy, warmly grasping his outstretched hand. "But I need no assistance; my father's name is well known; and though I lost all my money and credentials, I have drawn upon a banking-house in the town, who trusted to my honesty, and the account I could give of my connections. I have purchased sufficient clothing, and have wherewith to defray my expenses until my remittances come from home. These I have written for, and they will repay the debts contracted in Santa Cruz. I leave you with a breaking heart, but with a grateful spirit, Senor. See, we are, as near as I can calculate, upon the very spot where she first bent over me in the sands! Shall I ever forget that moment?—ever overcome my love for her? And yet duty and honor bid me, as she is soon to become the wife of another!"

"Come, Percy, come! rouse up your strength and will. A long and brilliant career is before you; you can be statesman, patriot, chieftain, a leader and a hero among men! Come, let us return to the house; but one precaution, my dear Percy, must I bind upon you. Do not congratulate my daughter; do not allude to her engagement; she is so scrupulously observant of what she deems the sacredness of love, she will not even speak of the subject to her young companions. She is a strangely gifted child!"

"I will be silent; not a word shall betray my knowledge; it is better for me not to have to speak the conventional words of felicitation. And now, my kind friend, oblige me by returning to your home without me. I cannot yet appear before Felicia, before your gentle wife; give me time to grow calm, to collect myself; tell them that I am taking a last look of the town previous to my departure this afternoon."

"But they will think it strange, this sudden departure. I will leave you to announce that yourself, and will merely apologize for your absence now. But you will return to dinner?"

"I cannot promise. Do not wait for me, if I am not at home at the appointed time. I will go and engage my passage immediately."

"Since you insist upon going, I will send my trusty Joaquin to settle all that for you. He will attend to your baggage and all other necessary arrangements."

"Thank you, thank you, Senor Deltano; heaven ever bless and prosper you," he said fervently.

"Amen! and may you find peace and happiness," responded Philip, as he walked away, and left the wretched lover of Felicia gazing sorrowfully out on the sea.

"Oh, wild and beating waves!" cried Percy, "why did you not engulf me then, and spare me the present misery—the eternally haunting regret! Why did I open my eyes to meet that angel face of compassion bending over me? Why did you not still the pulsations of my heart, ere it awakened to the bliss and agony of love! Oh, mournful sounding waves of ocean! Why must I bear from these Tropics shores the life-long sorrow, and the unreciprocated affection? Oh, that I had died upon this rocky coast, while her dear eyes were on me, while her pitying fingers held my death-chill hand! It was pity only—calm and tender pity, that spoke from her kindling orbs, and wreathed her bewitching smile, and mantled her cheeks with heightened bloom; and I, poor, blinded fool, believed it love—love, deep and absorbing, such as I feel for her!"

He walked up and down the ledge of rocks and the shell-strewn beach, heedless of the meridian heat; forgetting all things in the overwhelming despair that possessed him at the thought of losing Felicia forever.

Philip had well acted his part, and in place of returning home, took a circuitous route toward a wooden dwelling, standing lone and apart, near the principal gate of the town. He was admitted by a stal-

wart negro, to the presence of the Senor Elvino de Arcabano.

The room in which the Senor received his colleagues was sordid in appearance and untidy in the extreme. Cigar stumps and pipe-stems, papers, torn letters, and soiled and greasy envelopes littered the floor; the furniture was of the meanest description; the hangings of doorway and window were ragged and discolored; the walls time-worn and defaced. In this kind of state lived the arrogant Elvino, the haughty aspirant to the hand of the pure and refined Felicia. He greeted his visitor with a gruff—

"Well, how comes on that affair? Is the fellow dismissed or not?"

The conversation was carried on in Spanish.

"He is, Elvino, and we shall not have to use force. I told the story we agreed upon when I saw you yesterday, and he swallowed the bait like a good, innocent, as he is. I almost pitied him, he was so overcome."

"The devil you did!" growled the sinister ruffian.

"Well, how did you get rid of him? I mean, when is he going to vamoos?"

"To-night he sails in the St. Thomas packet to avoid a meeting with Felicia's intended on the morrow."

"Ah ha! I see. Bravo! that's a capital stroke of diplomacy; capital, old fellow; but I have to thank my own wit for it, in ferreting out the secrets of your house during your absence, Philippo."

"It is all right; but it is a mystery to me where you obtained your information."

"He! he! he!" chuckled the villain; "you could not guess in a century; so do not puzzle your overloaded brain. And now to business. The young, sentimental chap disposed of, I want to follow up my advantage. I told you the last time I saw her on the rocks, that in one month she should become my wife. She exasperated, humbled, and insulted me! Philippo, she struck me in the face! I can never forgive her that; she must be mine—mine entirely, within a week. Compel her to submission, and all is right; refuse—delay—and you know the consequences, the deadly peril to yourself."

"I know—oh, my God! is there no escape?"—she abhors and detests him, and I am completely in his power!" muttered Philip, between his teeth.

"What are you grumbling about there?" harshly demanded Elvino.

"Nothing, nothing, amigo; only I think the time is too short."

"By the Holy Sacrament!" thundered forth the blasphemer, "but you shall find it long enough. I swear by the holy cross of Palestine! may all the demons in the lowest pit rend me in pieces, if I retreat one inch! Am I to be insulted, brow-beaten, challenged, by an impudent chit of a girl? I, who can twist a noose for her brave father's neck, if I but lift my voice! I want Felicia and that house of yours upon the hill; both are staked to me, and I claim the fulfillment of your agreement! As for that pulling wife of yours—"

"You are unfeeling, Elvino," interrupted Philip.

"Unfeeling! Ha! ha! ha! that is good from you. But if we were mine, I would not let her linger on and suffer so long with disease and my neglect. I'd put her out of the way quietly; give her a passport to the heaven of peace she sighs and longs for."

"You are a monster, Elvino!" said his companion, with a shudder.

"And you are another, and a coward to boot!" retorted the hardened sinner.

"Let us not waste words, Elvino. Surely you will not be so cruel as to enforce your demand? You said it to frighten my child; but you will give her time; you will not insist so soon? She is young. You are many years her senior; and remember—"

"I am not as handsome as that young gallant of an Englishman. I know that is what you mean, whether you say it or not. I know, too, that that girl of yours will never love me any better than she does now; so I mean to hurry up the nuptials, and live awhile in your palace-home. Then when the fit seizes me, I shall return to the mountains and introduce my bride to my brave companions."

Words fail to express the sarcastic insolence of his tone and manner. The eyes of Philip flashed fire. He bit his quivering nether lip, and groaned in the anguish of a spirit tortured into despair.

"I will see you again, to-morrow, if it suits your convenience," he said at length. "I must go home, now, and I will endeavor to prepare my daughter to receive you."

"That's well!—and mind, the wedding is to take place in a week. Make it as public or as private as you please; I shall have no objections."

"And if I cannot compel Felicia? If she utterly refuse, what shall—what can I do, Elvino?"

"Force her to the altar—drag her before the priest, and if she be only half alive, compel her to pronounce the vows."

"And if she still refuses—if I refuse to submit to this last outrage—if I say I will not!—what then, Elvino?"

"I prepare for you the prison and the gallows!" shrieked the inhuman foe.

"You could not without implicating yourself," said Philip, with an ashy face.

"I will risk my own neck, for the pleasure of dangling in your company."

"He is arch-villain enough to fulfill his word," murmured the victim. "I am lost indeed, unless I can devise some means of escape; but I am hopelessly involved; I am caught in the net of my own construction. Either there is a God who punishes, or a Devil who pursues!"

"Good-day, Elvino," he said abruptly; "I will call in and see you to-morrow."

"Very well—use your own pleasure," and he stretched himself at full length upon a lounge. Philip pursued his homeward way, plunged in deep and troubled thought. "Some treacherous spy has revealed to him the secret doings of my household. That unfortunate Percy! I would pity him if I dared. He has wealth, fame, an honorable cognomen; she would be happy with him. I would they had eloped together. Then Elvino could not blame me. But as it is, I could not give her to Macdonald without revealing my own shame. Sooner than do that I would die! but, if I could save my child from his infernal clutches, I would. Yet I see no outlet; he holds my honor, my life, in his hands; bitter as it is, the sacrifice must be made. I dare not be softened. I must not relent. Fate wills it, and I am her puppet. She ordains the sacrifice of the only being I love. It must be accomplished; my struggling and resistance is in vain!"

Thus musing, he reached home, and found Rose calm and pale, adorning the golden ringlets of Felicia with the sprigs of a pale blue fragrant flower, much resembling the forget-me-not she loved. The

young girl was arrayed in spotless white, and her lovely face was radiant with the joy and bloom of expectation.

"Where is Percy, father?" she artlessly inquired. "I left him on the beach, and he told me not to keep dinner waiting for him. Perhaps he has gone to visit some of the beautiful sceneries in the neighborhood."

Felicia flushed a deeper crimson. "We had very few visitors during your absence, father," she replied, "and I do not believe he cares much about visiting. He loves our quiet home too well."

Her father made no reply; and when the dinner-bell sounded, they sat down to the first meal from which Percy Macdonald had been absent since his sojourn beneath the roof of "Eden Rest."

They had passed into the mirrored saloon, and were partaking of the unfeeling after-dinner cup of coffee, when Percy entered. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat that shaded his face, but the very manner of his entrance struck a chill to Felicia's heart. It was not the bounding, joyous footfall she delighted to listen for. His step was listless, reluctant, changed—and when he spoke, his voice sounded so unnaturally husky and strange, that she started from her seat, and half rushed toward him. He had turned to her mother, saying:

"Mrs. Deltano, please accept my grateful thanks and most affectionate farewell. I have this day received the knowledge of a sacred duty which compels me to leave you thus abruptly. I sail for St. Thomas at five o'clock. I have but half an hour's time. Farewell, kind madam; my best wishes, my most fervent prayers remain with you." He kissed her hand reverently, as he would his mother's.

He turned toward Felicia, leaving Rose almost petrified with amazement. Her quick eye turned a reproachful glance upon her husband. He replied with one of triumph and indifference.

Felicia's face was deadly pale. Her heart stood still—then throbbed as if it would burst its mortal fetters. The hand she placed in his was icy cold. With a trembling voice, almost inarticulate from excess of feeling, she said:

"Why do you leave us, Percy?"

Had he then looked up in her face, he would have read a revelation there that would have broken through the artifices of treachery and deceit. He would have known she loved him, and his bliss would have been assured. But he dared not trust himself to snatch one glance. At the door, before he entered the apartment, he had gazed for a few moments intent and mournfully upon the beauty of his beloved. As if for a holy remembrance, to be treasured through the life of earth and borne with the immortal soul to heaven, he daguerretyped upon his loving heart her graceful attitude of reflection; every fold of the original garb she wore; the sweet, half smile, the forget-me-not clusters in her golden hair. He gazed until his eyes were suffused with tears; his heart ached with the sorrow of a last farewell.

"To her soft spoken words: 'Why do you leave us, Percy?' he replied in a voice he vainly sought to render firm:

"A sacred duty calls me hence!"

He kissed her little hand, held it for a moment, then turning quickly to the Senor, he wrung his hand without a parting word, and left the room. He did not hear the agonized cry that recalled him, the piercing accents of her love, wildly imploring him to return. With flying, maddened speed, he hastened on, and Felicia fell fainting into the arms of her father. With a softened feeling such as he rarely gave way to, he bent over her, and murmured piteously:

"Poor child! poor lamb!"

Rose felt as if the light of her last hope was extinguished. She sank rapidly from that hour, and the Angel of Death stood waiting at the threshold. His looming shadow darkened all around.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR BABY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Her hair is brown and curling,
And her forehead white as snow;
Her eyes are blue as blue-bells,
And her lips are all a glow;
Her ears, like little sea-shells,
Catch all pot names we know.

Her dimpled hands are busy
As my own from morn till night,
With mimicry of world-life,
And aspiring for the right;
She's the sunlight of the household,
Filling every soul with light.

The little pot is romping
Every hour of all the day,
As if she were a lambkin
On the dairy bank of May;
She's a winsome little creature,
Pure and beautiful, we say.

Her little feet have started
On a never-ending track,
Her little soul will travel
Ever more, and ne'er turn back;
We have given her existence—
She can never give it back.

Dear rose-bud heart, just opening
To the sins and stains of earth—
Would from each rain of sorrow,
Would from pure affection's dearth
I could shield thee till death's baptism
Gives thy soul a holier birth!

We cannot choose but love her,
With her heart like mountain-snow;
We ask thee, God, to keep her
Ever innocent as now;
Grant the years which bear her onward
Wreath no nightshade on her brow.

Walnut Grove, Ohio.

EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.—Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, who lived before Christ, 600 years, wrote:—"Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest."

Original Essays.

DESTINY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We are surrounded by forces—gigantic, terrible forces—over which we have no control, to which our greatest efforts are as unavailing as those of the brutes with whom we are mated.

Look abroad, child of the Eternal! Look out into the abyss into which you are hurled! Yonder loom worlds through the infinitude of space—worlds to which our earth is an acorn, our system but a drop. See them whirl and gyrate like motes in a sunbeam. Yonder, demons lash the mad comet, blazing among the stars! Then comes the storm, surging in angry billows, with red lightning gleaming from its countenance. Hear its terrible voice, as it trends the earth with its feet of hail. The earth itself is unstable. It rocks and heaves to the jar of the central fires, and its bold front is wrinkled with mountains, as a giant's face writhes in agony.

Read these lessons. They speak of Destiny. One central power commands the elements, and drives them on, like arrows to the target. Not heedlessly, thoughtlessly drives them on, but with a cool and certain aim, always hitting the white—always centering the mark.

We are children of these elements; atoms thrown up by their collision and concentration, as bubbles arise on a stream by conflicting currents. We are a bundle of elements, which, thus united, become a circumstance, more, a center, and from us flow out causes just as they flow from the elements themselves. Thus constituted, we become as the elements, creatures of Destiny. When we contemplate this idea in all its length and breadth, we sink into insignificance, and are lost in the fearful sublimity of the thought. The elements, though we seek to control them, are our masters. We are slaves, chained, fettered—not capable of moving without their surveillance.

Is this truth? Are we bound to this Achillean car, or are we free to do as we please?

Seemingly, we are free. We are gods, willing and doing in perfect freedom. Ah, this freedom is a delusion—one of the wiles of our masters, to cheat us into self-complacency. Not a leaf falls; not a hair of our head whitens; but a myriad of ages ago the prophecy was written in the book of Fate. Is a tree overturned by the wind? It was known before a tree existed, and every acorn was counted by the recording causes; every leaf; every insect which feeds on the leaf; every drop of rain; of dew; every flake of snow which has or will fall on those leaves, was known before the earth was worked from the abyssal ocean. Startling thought! Wild, reckless folly, perhaps; yet, such is the length and breadth of cause and effect, which link together age after age.

Nature is young; fresh from the chaos of the beginning. The first cause has acted and we have the first effect. This first effect now operates as a second cause, yielding a second effect, and so on ad infinitum. If a mind could exist possessing intellectual powers sufficient to take in its gigantic grasp all this ramification of causes, it is easy of comprehension that such a mind could prophesy for an infinite series of causes, as well as trace their concatenation backward to the beginning. If mathematics is true, if cause and effect are reliable, the powers of such a mind are thus vast in extent. We readily admit, for we cannot deny that the external world—the world of elements—is thus forced onward. We see that animals, the brute creation, are impelled by these masters with the same definite, undeviating certainty.

But are we, with our godlike faculties, with our apparently independent will, thus chained by fate?

We feel we are not, when we consider what we can do, or not do, as we will. Let us look into the surrounding of these actions. Are they ever entered on without an object? Never. I am writing these sentences because the motives for so doing are stronger than those for not writing them. Is it not the same with all acts?

If we trace out the surroundings of our most evanescent thoughts, we find that they were evoked by surroundings. To be more special: can we control our birth? So far from ordering the time, locality, parentage, we have not a word in our birth itself. Fate casts us into the world, and cares not whether we awake in a palace or a manger; with a silver spoon, a wooden platter, or no platter or provender at all. Stern, inexorable mother, she forces existence upon us, and then rings the terrible mandate in our ear: Ye cannot die, but ye can suffer, ye can enjoy; work.

Our being, from the germinal beginning, is strained to this rack of iron. If we are thus born by force, the beginning is sustained. Do we cry while swathed in our mother's lap? A pin pricks, or we gripe in collo; pertinent causes, but no more pertinent than those which produce a fit of anger at the irritation, which we trace to ancestral sins. Are you sorrowful? That is an heirloom sent down from your mother's grandmother. Are you over-irritable? Your father's great-grandfather was excessively so. From a thousand grand paternal and maternal sources, the stream of our being flows, and blends. If we cannot determine our birth, so can we not determine the organization of our minds, which is of such vital importance to us; for having this irradicable organization so sure as actions flow from thoughts and thoughts from organization, so sure will all our thoughts and actions be formed by our organization.

We sleep when drowsy; we eat when hungry, and drink when thirsty. For a moment we can apparently will contrary to the desire, but the next moment the will is paralyzed and the desire becomes paramount to everything else. Will against sleep closing the eye-lids—against the gnawings of hunger—the burning of thirst! Pretty free agents are we!

So far, Destiny is supreme. We die. Can we control our death? No, fate here is as inexorable. I think it will be granted that no man will kill himself without violent motives. He may do it compelled, as he thinks, by sense of honor, as did the ancients; or when insane, and hence not a thinking being. Thales said life and death are the same, and when some one asked him why then he did not kill himself, he replied that as living and dying was the same, he had no motive for so doing—a philosophical reply. If the motive is sufficient to overcome the desire for life, then impelled as a feather by the hurricane, the fatal step is taken. Does fever burn us as in a furnace; does consumption prey on our vitals? Will them away! We may learn their laws, and by complying with given conditions, free ourselves, perhaps; perhaps they have seated them-

selves defiant of our compliances, and death is inevitable.

"The only way to govern Nature, is to obey her laws." The forces of the external world move in certain channels, in which, if we are placed, we are impelled directly, certainly. But we cannot cross these lines. The path of our destiny is hedged. As a car is driven on its track, so are we. We can only follow the given track. So soon as we depart from it a hair's breadth, we meet the rude buffet of the elements. We are in a vice, from which we cannot withdraw a finger, nay, a hair—pressed on every side, and hopeless of relief. Turn to every point of the horizon, above, below, everywhere Fate, Fate, inexorable Fate. No relief but death! No relief but death, and we cannot die. Bound are we to this rack of existence, of endurance, to wait the dissolution of mountains, ay, of earth, sun, and the vast Universe itself—to see all vanish like a shadow. The body may fall off, but the soul is eternal, like the elements which gave it birth.

It is no choice of mine whether I was born a serf in Russia, a slave in the swamps of Carolina, or what I am. If I had been born a serf, so far from thinking of fate, I should have a brute instinct for my native cot, and consider the horizon the limits of the world. Had I been born a slave, I should have been as servile, as low in conception as the native of the South. So of all conditions in which a human being can be placed: they will ever be true to the surroundings of their position. Ah, then, what becomes of poor human accountability? If we are thus creatures of fate, we need make no endeavor of our own, but, like listless Turks, sit still and let the world move. Is such the necessary consequence of the doctrine of destiny? Let us examine closely. Though Nature teaches a clear lesson, it is not sufficiently clear, "that those who run can read," rightly. Let us pause for a moment. True, an individual may become so imbued with the idea of fate, as to consider exertion on his part unnecessary, and remain perfectly passive. The idea becomes with him the moving cause. This, however, is a partial view of the subject, leaving out entirely the influence of individual exertion. Man is a creature, as well as a circumstance. The forces concentrated in him react on surrounding conditions. The philosopher, for instance, is born with the capabilities of becoming a philosopher. He is ignorant as the child of a slave at first. The slave child and the philosophical child, so far as actual knowledge is concerned, are precisely alike. One child has the desire for knowledge, which presupposes the capability of its acquisition; the other has not the desire. The desire may be very strong, yet circumstances being stronger, debar their gratification, and the "mute, inglorious" Newtons, fail to rise above the common level. But generally—always?—the desire places the individual in the way of proper conditions. Not many die "with their mass in them," for if there is music in the soul, it will warble out.

Knowledge is the greatest of conditions. We do the best we know how, but recollect the "knowing how" must be taken into account. Knowing this, truth compels us to learn the laws of our own being and of the world, and becomes a circumstance of fate.

So far, then, from losing all incentives to exertion, we lose not an iota, for we well know that every act of ours is counted in the sum of fate.

Walnut Grove Farm.

THE BANNER MESSAGES.

There is no department of the BANNER which has received harsher criticism than that portion of it which is devoted to the Messages, received through Mrs. Conant. The complaint is not that they are so very untrue to the characteristics of certain persons who once tabernacled in the flesh; but, it is assumed, if anything is communicated by those who have entered upon the realities of the next life, everything of the kind must be as perfect and elaborate as though dictated by the highest archangel. Even our enlightened New England churchmen do not seem to understand why all Frenchmen, Spaniards, Irishmen, Fijee Islanders, and Aborigines of the North American continent, do not communicate in pure English, that would add to the repute of Gibbon or a Macaulay. The fact that all spirits do not communicate in the English dialect with a purity that we should expect from the greatest purist, is taken to be prima facie evidence that no spirit out of the flesh does communicate by way of the messages purporting to be delivered through the organism of Mrs. C.

It would be very interesting to know on what ground we are to expect the spirits of the various nations and tribes, if they do communicate, should all employ one dialect, and that dialect should be the purest and smoothest of English. Is there any more reason why a Spaniard should communicate in English, than there is that an American or English spirit, while in the flesh that knew nothing of the Spanish language, should communicate in that dialect immediately subsequent to passing behind that veil which shuts the two worlds seemingly apart? Why not as well expect that a Western Aborigine should communicate in Italian, or an Italian who has just left time's vale below, should speak the Choctaw language, on first controlling a medium?

The fact is, all who have taught conformably with the prevalent religious belief, that the departed have gone to the far off bourne from whence no traveler returns, have no means of knowing anything about the matter. And it is not surprising that they are wholly unprepared to look upon naked facts as they are.

Pray tell us, ye skeptical, on what hypothesis it is presumed that a poor, ignorant, unlettered mortal should return to earth, and discourse on abstruse subjects, like a La Place, a Newton, or a Bacon? The fact, such do not so discourse, is a better evidence they do return and communicate, than it would be were all messages of this intellectual calibre. I would prefer these BANNER Messages, in judging of the capabilities and mental attainments of the departed, to all the ignorant speculations of theology I have ever read. Accept these communications, reader, merely as specimens of what different conditions and attainments of the departed will permit them to give us; and whatever your attainments, you may profit by these messages. One thing, thank God, we have learned, because it is at last presumptively true: death does not level all human distinctions, nor does it prevent reform and amendment on the other side of the grave.

Many thanks to the BANNER for the Messages, because they give us a clue to truths of the highest importance, though half these Messages are worthless, so far as they impart, in themselves considered, valuable information.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

BY WARREN CHASE.

After all that has been said and written on this subject, many minds are yet tangled in a web of absurdities and contradictions, and cannot see through the meshes of metaphysical philosophy, to the clear regions of divine and celestial light and life beyond. The human mind is not ready to dispense with the words wrong, bad, evil, wicked, &c., nor indeed can it ever be while we need words to represent relative degrees, conditions, relations and qualities. So these words are all right, and truthfully represent truth as much when they say a man is bad, or wicked, or an act wrong, or evil, as do the opposite words that represent opposite actions or conditions. It would be absurd to talk of reducing our language, or using only two qualifying adjectives for all actions, viz., right and good. As well might we talk of dispensing with the terms dark and cold, for these only represent relative degrees of light and heat; yet the condition and relation is truly represented to us by the words, or rather to each observer relatively, and not to all alike, for the same temperature is not cold to every one, and the same degree of light is not dark to every eye. And the same variation, or still greater, exists in morals. What seems good to me, may seem bad to another, or vice versa. I cannot dispense with that term by which I represent that condition of the atmosphere, in which I cannot see objects around me. To me, there is darkness, and yet the chemist declares that darkness is not, or is nothing. I suppose God, or the Divine Intelligence, is on the chemist's side, and realizes the great truth of Philosophy; for to God it can never be dark, and darkness, having no existence in God, can have or need no term to represent it.

It has probably always been light everywhere since he said, "Let there be light." How it was before he spoke, I cannot say. If to the Divine Mind, it is light at all time, and in all places, and he can see all things always, then of course he has no term to represent darkness, for it is not—however real it is to me, in my imperfect development of seeing. I cannot dispense with a term to represent that temperature in the surrounding air that shrinks, chills, or freezes me; and cold is the best term I know of to represent it. To me, the air has often been cold, when others did not call it so, and here the philosopher and chemist declare there is no such thing as cold—it has no real existence—even when we make a noun of it—I am right, it is cold—they are right, cold is not.

Let us step outside of our imperfect, various and relative conditions, and try it by an infinite standard, when and where it is cold to God. I think all will answer, never—nowhere. Then he has no meaning for such terms as we should not, if we never felt such condition, for we could never determine it by philosophy, nor by chemistry; nor by these ever tell when or where it was cold; for by them we might appropriately fix the point where iron condenses, as where water does. No doubt one point of temperature is as cold or hot to God, as the other.

I do not refer to the Jehovah of the Jews, who was a flaming fire, and yet did not wither a green bush when he lighted on it and sat there to chat with Moses. This reasoning applies as well to moral as natural science and philosophy. It is as good and true in ethics as in physics; in the soul as in the body; in psychology as in physiology. Why not? I cannot dispense with that term, which distinguishes the act of my fellow-being who robs, or slanders me, from the other, who gives to me and blesses me. Both acts are not alike, and good will not be appropriate for both, nor bad either. To me they are not all right or wrong; and as I feel the difference, I must have a term to express it. When I have been slandered or robbed of reputation, (character is always out of reach) in the pulpit, or street, it was not right to me, however it might seem or be so to others. It might not hurt me, in the end. That does not make it right. It does not hurt me to be cold, sometimes, but it is cold, and feels bad, and is bad for me. It might not hurt me to have a man steal my horse—if I had one—but it would be wrong, even if it did save me from a runaway ride, and a broken leg, or neck. Perhaps the thief might save one other life from starving, by stealing it; but still it is wrong to me, however right it may be to the thief, or God—as it no doubt seems to the friends who slander me for my religion, or want of it. He no doubt thinks God is pleased, (and so may the thief, if he gets clear and goes to meeting, saves the horse, and repents) so do I think God as much pleased with me, as them; for I suppose he or she is always happy, and always pleased, and all his works and ways good.

If to God evil had an existence, it would cause unhappiness, as cold or darkness would, and does in us. Philosophy is not able to define evil and good, because they are relative terms. Secession of States from our National Union, to me is wrong; to most of us in Massachusetts, it is so. To most of them in South Carolina, it is right. How is it to God? Ask the clergy both North and South, then ask why, if it is wrong to God, he does not stop it; or why he did not. I would stop the thief if I could, or any one doing wrong to me, or what I call wrong to others.

According to the views of many, it was a terrible wrong for the Jews to kill Jesus, as they did, and yet, according to the belief of many, it brought the greatest good to the world it ever did receive. Judas was a terrible wicked man in the views of many, and yet his act seemed a necessary part of the great scheme of Atonement and Salvation, through the blood of Christ. Were these in themselves good or bad to God? Or to mankind, which? Or to the actors or victims, which? To me they seem bad, for such I should term bad, and I have not been able to find any good they have brought to man; but I cannot say how they are to others. But I believe to God all is right, or he is to be blamed, while he has the power, for not putting it right. The acts that slew our brave officers, Ellsworth, Lyon, Baker and others, to the rebels seem right and good; to me, wrong. How are they to God? Who can speak for Infinity?

In the philosophy and economy of Nature, is not all right? So it seems to me, while bad, and evil, and sin, and wickedness, and wrong to me, all have a use and a relative meaning to conditions. To me, that is wrong which hurts me, or mars my happiness, whether I do it, or another, and being wrong to me, it is wrong from me; so I will try to avoid harming others, or doing wrong, as I would avoid it from others; and that I may enjoy, I will try to make others happy, by doing to them what in turn would make me happy, and adopt the old precept—"Do unto others what you would have them do unto

you?" Do right, and not wrong, to each other, since to God, "whatever is, is right." Or is it his work to make it so?

THOUGHTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

This is a most glorious morning—at least to that class of persons who can appreciate bracing air with a brilliant sun, such as gives a vital expression to all visible forms in Nature, and to man that feeling of healthy action which, for the time being, makes him happy within himself and all his surroundings. The sun throws his light on everything; his genial rays shine "alike on the just and the unjust." Though some men are at "war," and some within the "peaceful cot," God visits all. He shows no partiality.

Yet these are trying times for the principles of Truth and Freedom, as well as for the advocates of them. Nevertheless, they progress slowly. Having lectured during September and October in thirty different places in the Old Green Mountain State, and meeting with a warm reception in every place which I visited, I must say, it speaks a little encouraging to the hard-working itinerant. There are also many discouraging things, which, from the nature of our sphere of action, we are forced to meet. We cannot help alluding to the discouraging when we are compelled to speak of the encouraging things.

One thing which is discouraging, is to see so little interest manifested among Spiritualists as there is in regard to some matters which pertain very much to the progress of the truths which they claim to espouse. One thing in particular is, there is a less number of spiritualistic journals in circulation now than a year ago. Perhaps the reader may ask, How do you know this to be a fact? My answer is, that during my travels this Fall I do not find more than one half the number of papers taken—that is, which advocate the general principles which Spiritualists endorse—that were to be found a year ago. In fact, among the friends with whom I have made my home I have seldom found a spiritual or liberal journal.

It seems to me that two million and over of Spiritualists and Liberals in the United States ought to support the present journals, which have established themselves by their independent and straightforward vindication of the principles of a truly moral, free and philosophical religion, that, in our estimation, is essential to the production of harmony among the members of society, and support them, too, without having their individual purses taxed for a very large amount. For my part, if the people do not feel able to sustain the reformatory journals and the lecturers, I had rather the lecturers would return to the farm and work-shop, than that the papers, which so boldly give the circulating force to the principles of truth which we advocate, should have a small circulation. Therefore, I call upon the friends of Freedom, Truth and Justice, to sustain the spiritualistic and liberal journals of the day, the managers of which are truth-loving, freedom-loving men, and need your assistance. All honest reformatory journals are essential and every effort in producing changes for the better.

If, after itinerant lecturers have succeeded in supplanting the old by introducing new principles, be the lecturers normal or abnormal, the people establish journals through which to give utterance and expression to that which they consider truth, or that which will lead to the discovery of the same, and then fail to support those journals, while the itinerants are constantly laboring, is it not discouraging to the hard-working lecturer?

These are days of trial surely; but if we cannot endure trials we are unfit to carry out the mission intrusted to us by the "friends gone before." We should learn our individual responsibility—hearers, readers and lecturers; if we do not, we are unworthy of the ministrations of angels. We have our part in the great drama of existence. Let us perform it well.

In conclusion I would say, friends, editors and lecturers, let us be true to our principles in these trying times; in other words, let us strive to support and sustain each other. The religious and political elements of life show, in their confusion, the great "conflict of ages." We need each the other's assistance, because in "union there is strength."

Yours for Truth and Progress,
J. H. RANDALL.

Winchester, N. H., Nov. 13th, 1861.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The fortunes of men are in their own hands. God is not a partial friend. He teaches his universal laws and makes his Providence to superintend all things through the laws which he has made. There is a superficial understanding of special Providences, which makes men the dupes of their own misguided conclusions. The man who lives in his own thought of what life is in reality, makes God an impartial friend; the man who thinks for his neighbor, makes God to bestow his favors immediately when needed. The true idea of life is yet to be revealed to the world as it progresses in the knowledge of the true God. Mankind are not yet in the belief of the true and living God in their reasonings upon the destiny of the race. There is in the future of man's knowledge a true understanding of his relation to God and his dealings with the inhabitants of the earth.

The true idea of life will yet make God the friend of those who help themselves. Men are taught God is waiting to render needed assistance, when the immediate concerns of life do not minister to our happiness. Men love the idea of a God of ease, and congratulation, but the reality of life is not what men desire, but it is what God is the ordainer of. God is in the truth of life. Man is in the truth and false. The true is the soul-power to make life what God designs. The false is the soul's wrong idea of life, and makes man rule. The immortal principle of mind makes God to rule the inner life.

There is in the life of man the immortal nature which gives hope and communication with the world of spirits by natural birthright. Men are in their inner thoughts of God and His government, in correspondence with Heaven. Nature is the first interpreter of God in his dealings with man. Men cannot resist the teachings of the natural laws, when they reason for the Author of all things. The laws of Nature are the full and complete teachers of God in his dealings with man. Disguise the truth as we will in our words of false conception of the true, and God still teaches in his own majesty the truth that He is the Ruler of all things. There is no escape from the true and real, when it comes home upon the soul as its last hope, for a God of impartial care for his children. All men are in God's laws of right, and he who can teach them by his life of inner consciousness, is the favorite of Heaven.

Portsmouth, N. H.
E. J. L.

GOD IS A SPIRIT, AND MUST BE WORSHIPED IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

BY J. COVERT.

Spirit is defined to be an immaterial intelligence, substance, or being. As we find the three divisions of matter known to exist to have a tangible appearance, the definition must be inaccurate. Space is substance in some form, and substance is matter or material in its nature.

As God himself occupies space, it is a logical conclusion that his nature is material, in all the forms of which mortals can conceive, and the Infinite have knowledge.

We find all forms of matter connected with inherent life, and this life of substance is the great Infinite spirit. The life of all things springs from but one source, consequently the spirit of man and the Infinite spirit are of the same nature in quality but not in quantity. The finite is in direct communion and sympathy with its founder, the Infinite.

The finite is placed in contact with the elements of earth, the body, and the Infinite in contact with the vast Universe. Both of these direct the structures with which they dwell.

The finite spirit dwelling within the body is often allured from its perpetual progress toward perfection by the pomp and magnificence of the world in which its structure is placed; by which it renders itself inaccessible to the influences of the Great Spirit.

The universal tendency of the race to be led by the attractions of the world, has originated the theory that the like offence of our first parents has been the immediate cause of this guilt in all of their children until now.

While it is admitted that our first parents' precepts and examples, and the influences of society, have had much to do with this tendency, yet it is equally true that all successive parents are equally to blame in this respect with our first, for the same influences operate to-day, and the results are precisely alike. Sad indeed must be the lot of our first parents, were they made accountable for the transgressions of their countless children to this time, and for the multitudes yet unborn in untold ages.

The Bible, however, denies this accountability of our forefathers, and states the spirit of the new-born babe is pure and holy. The promises of heaven are to these, and the blessings of Christ attend them; and all people that would attain the bliss and joy of heaven, must be precisely like them.

Educational influences have a marked effect upon the spirit's career in life, but when it has arrived to maturity and reflection, it is found capable to decide for itself by the aid of its own cultivated interior faculties. This guide and counselor within, dictates in all the events in life, and if obeyed, brings the soul to the harbor of Love, Joy and Peace, accompanied with all the necessities of mortal life.

The order of the world seems to be the power to keep ourselves in a favorable condition for the Great Spirit's influences, or the liberty or possibility of neglecting to do so, by which an opposite condition is created, unfavorable for the spirit's control.

This disposition of the Spirit to be prompted by the pomp and vanities of worldly life, is that war of our numbers of which St. Paul speaks.

The natural state of the spirit exemplified by the characteristics of children, is that which God requires in order to worship him acceptably. The only demand upon the spirit of a material nature, is that of the self-preservation of the body. This being secured, its whole force is to be applied to its advancement and welfare by taking heed to its thoughts, words and actions, through the instrumentality of perfect love.

Love is the ruling principle of the Universe. By it worlds are made, and forms fashioned. By it the sun shines on the evil and the good, and the rain descends on the just and the unjust.

But it appears we are to worship God, not alone in spirit, but in truth also. In order to comprehend this requirement, we must first understand what truth is.

God is claimed to be the truth, therefore the whole truth must be the knowledge of all things. We are further required to know our God; and as it is wholly impossible to find out God through any other process than by revelation, and the knowledge of Nature's laws, both of these means are to be encouraged and cultivated, that truth shall be secured. Applied to man, it is a true state of facts from one to the other; and applied to God it must be the same.

A satisfactory worship to the Supreme Being seems to consist then, in an enlarged view or knowledge of Nature's revelations, and a perfect alliance of man's spirit with the Infinite's. This last can only be obtained through purity of intervention and manifestation.

The previous necessary preparation is "to be still and know that I am God," to enter into the closet of the soul, and shut out the affairs of the world—by which, if effectually accomplished, the soul enters into sympathy with the Deity, and directions arise to control the finite through all its circuitous paths. This is not all. This condition of the spirit is extremely favorable to the communion of mortals with the angel-world.

By listening to these directions and admonitions, and acquiring wisdom sufficient to apply them in practice, we shall pass the rest of our life in cheerfulness and joy, in communion with God and his holy angels.

But if we deliver ourselves up to sloth and pleasure, if we refuse to listen to any counsellor but humor, or to attend to any pursuit but that of the world, we shall reap the sad consequences of such unwise course, and lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

More Evidence of the Reliability of Mr. Mansfield's Mediumship.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony to the truthfulness of the communications received through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield.

Some weeks since I inclosed a year's subscription to the BANNER, with a sealed letter, addressed to Harvey McAlpin, late of Port Huron, Mich., to be forwarded to Mr. Mansfield. In six days I received a kind note from Mr. Mansfield, accompanied by my own letter—the seals unbroken, the mottoes unopened—and a full and satisfactory answer to every question contained therein, and, in addition, allusions to many circumstances not touched upon in my communication to the spirit.

I feel it but justice to Mr. M., to acknowledge thus

publicly the receipt of what has afforded me much consolation and many friends, an additional proof of spirit-intercourse.

With best wishes for the success of your paper, and the spread of the new gospel,
I am truly yours,
LAURA CURRY.

A NOBLE POEM.

[We love the studded pomp and euphony of the stiff browed poets, and are easily worked into a frenzy of delight over the sounding melody of the master builders of the word-temple that sparkle forever with the pride of imagination; but how often those mighty efforts only remind us of perfect forms which the soul never tenants, and the hungry mind gains no nourishment—only excitement and irritation, by the perusal. But here is a poem, from the December number of the Atlantic Monthly, which throbs with all the pulse of feeling, and once read by one in rapport with the poet's soul, adheres to the memory forever! It is from the pen of WHITTIER. It names a mean, common, trifling incident, which the newspapers would dismiss in a sentence, and perhaps with a sneer; but this "poet of the soul" tells the story with his own noble tongue, and the drunken man and the mother's old arm chair, will live in the mind of man forever, and gently beckon poor erring mortals onward to a nobler manhood, and afford those who are strong a kinder regard and forbearance for their poor brethren too weak or too selfish to break from the coils of sin.—Ed.]

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Should you go to Centre Harbor,
As haply you sometime may,
Sailing up the Winnepesaukee
From the hills of Alton Bay—

Into the heart of the highlands,
Into the north wind free,
Through the rising and vanishing islands,
Over the mountain sea—

To the little hamlet lying
White in its mountain fold,
Asleep by the lake, and dreaming
A dream that is never told—

And in the Red Hill's shadow
Your pilgrim home you make,
Where the chambers open to sunrise,
The mountains and the lake—

If the pleasant picture wearies,
As the fairest sometimes do,
And the weight of the hills lies on you,
And the water is all too still—

If in vain the peaks of Gunstock
Redden with sunrise fire,
And the sky and the purple mountains
And the sunset islands tire—

If you turn from the indoor thrumming
And the clatter of bowls without,
And the folly that goes on its travels
Bearing the city about—

And the cares you left behind you
Come hunting along your track,
As Blue-Cap in German fable
Rode on the traveler's pack—

Let me tell you a tender story
Of one who is now no more,
A tale to haunt like a spirit
The Winnepesaukee shore—

Of one who was brave and gentle,
And strong for manly strife,
Riding with cheering and music
Into the tourney of life.

Faltering and falling midway
In the Temple's subtle snare,
The chains of an evil habit
He bowed himself to bear.

Over his fresh, young manhood
The bestial veil was flung—
The curse of the wine of Circe,
The spell her weavers sung.

Yearly did hill and lake-side
Their summer joys frame;
Alone in his darkened dwelling,
He hid his face for shame.

The music of life's great marches
Sounded for him in vain;
The voices of human duty
Smote on his ear like pain.

In vain over island and water
The curtains of sun-set swung;
In vain on the beautiful mountains
The pictures of God were hung.

The wretched years crept onward,
Each sadder than the last;
All the bloom of life fell from him,
All the freshness and greenness passed.

But deep in his heart forever
And unprofane he kept
The love of his saintly Mother,
Who in the grave-yard slept.

His house had no pleasant pictures;
His comfortless walls were bare;
But the riches of earth and ocean
Could not purchase his mother's chair—

The old chair, quaintly carved,
With oaken arms outspread,
Whereby, in the long gone twilights,
His childish prayers were said.

For thence, in his lone night-watches,
By moon or starlight dim,
A face full of love and pity
And tenderness looked on him.

And oft, as the grieving presence
Sat in his mother's chair,
The groan of self-upbraiding
Grew into wordless prayer.

At last, in the moonless midnight,
The summoning angel came,
Severe in his pity, touching
The house with fingers of flame.

The red light flashed from its windows
And faced him on its sinking roof;
And, baffled and awed before it,
The villagers stood aloof.

They shrank from the falling rafters,
They turned from the furnace-glow,
But its tenant cried, "God help me!
I must save my mother's chair!"

Under the blazing portal,
Over the floor of fire,
He so med, in the terrible splendor,
A martyr on his pyre!

In his face the mad flames smote him
And stung him on either side;
But he clung to the sacred relic,
By his mother's chair he died.

O mother, with human yearnings!
O saint, by the altar-stairs!
Shall not the dear God give thee
The child of thy many prayers?

O Christ! by whom the loving,
Though erring, are forgiven,
Hast Thou for him no refuge—
No quiet place in heaven?

Give palms to Thy strong martyrs,
And crown Thy saints with gold,
But let the mother welcome
Her lost one to Thy fold!

Why will the next year be the same as last? Because last year was eighteen hundred and sixty, and the next will be eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

They always tell. A person is sooner and easily found out by the trifles that appertain to him, than by any open and marked action that is ascribed him. Dr. Johnson said that life was not buted by any means, of grand performances, but of little ones—so small as at times to appear absolutely contemptible in one's own eyes; and still, said the old moralist, he who should sit with his arms folded waiting for the great chances to come along by door and perseveringly despising the little chances would be in the same category with the other fools who stood idly waiting on the bank for the river to run by. Seize where you can. Take just where you can get hold. These are the maxims for any one's adoption. The fact is, that of life is to be given up to waiting; if it is not, it might wait until the "last gun was fired," and ourselves only waiters—and worthless ones the while. Fill up the minutes; the hours and days take shape and proportion at once. The *Now* is all we have; with no hereafter have we anything particularly to do.

The Complimentary Levee.

The Spiritualists of Boston held a levee at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, December 4th, which was got up in compliment of Dr. Gardner. It was a pleasant, brilliant affair. The hall was well filled with ladies and gentlemen, both old and young. The entertainment was opened by brief remarks.

Mrs. WETTERBERG said: Ladies and Gentlemen—It has devolved upon me, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, to welcome you here at this social gathering, intended as complimentary to Dr. Gardner. I know full well that the chief attraction to most of you is the music and the dance in which you will shortly be engaged; but some have come, also, with the expectation, according to announcement, of hearing some remarks in harmony with the occasion. The object which has called us together is well understood, and I will not take up your time by any lengthy reference to the Doctor and his valuable and successful labors in the cause of Spiritualism, but leave it to those who will follow me, who are better able than I am to interest you. You will therefore give your attention to some remarks by Dr. A. B. Child, who will now occupy the floor.

Dr. Child said: Ladies and Gentlemen—This assemblage is here for two reasons, viz: for the presentation of a compliment to Dr. Gardner, and for our own pleasure in the way of social enjoyment. Why is this expression of civility and kindness made to Dr. Gardner? For the reason that he has been an indomitable soldier, in the warfare that has been waged against Spirit Manifestations. He has stood boldly forward and courageously met the most formidable powers that could be brought to bear against Spiritualism. He dared to wage war with the Chairs of Harvard. They accepted the challenge and fought the battle.

The Doctor won the day. The Professors run away. "Knowledge," it was said, "is power," but so signal was the defeat of all the knowledge of Harvard, in its contest with the greater power of Spiritualism, that Harvard has ever since been ashamed to report its own defeat. Dr. Gardner, from the position he has taken, has been fired at by a great many kinds of anti-spiritual bullets. He is sensitive, but they have not hurt him. He has been persecuted outside his own ranks consummately, and inside considerably. But a man is only complimented when he is persecuted. Persecutions bring important qualities to be appreciated, that without them would be hidden.

Persecution ever indicates the weakness of the persecutors, never of the persecuted. Dr. Gardner has been the most exposed to, and has manfully withstood the ungenerous cannonade of bitter misuses that have been banded at Spiritualism.

Dr. Gardner, in Boston, has done what no other man has done; I think perhaps what no other man would do. He has sent the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism into every dark and barren nook and corner of the city, and ten thousand men and women, by the aid of his meetings, have learned what Spiritualism teaches; and they have hearts, too, that now beat in silent gratitude for these favors.

If Spiritualism is a good thing—and we know it is—Dr. Gardner has done an immense work of goodness in its promulgation in the city of Boston and vicinity. So far as the light of Spiritualism can be made to shine through the medium of words, Dr. Gardner has done more in its presentation to all men and women here than we have at first any just conception of. I believe, that through Dr. Gardner's meetings, a flower of Spiritualism has been dropped in every house in this city.

It is right, it is just that this expression of our respect should be made to Dr. Gardner, therefore—

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be expressed to Dr. Gardner for his arduous and successful efforts in presenting Spiritualism to the people of Boston.

Judge LADD said that he seconded with pleasure the resolution offered by Dr. Child. The pioneer has ever been the martyr—whether in subduing the wilderness of new continents, or bearing onward new ideas; in science, or literature, or theology, or morals, it is the same—the standard bearers of progressive movements must sustain the burden of the conflict. Whoever goes in advance of public opinion must expect persecution. If there are not now, literally, John the Baptists and martyrs as of old, the firmness that can calmly meet the merciless prejudice and conservatism of our times falls but little short of the ancient heroism.

It is much to know that for years Dr. Gardner has been the supporter of an unpopular faith. Still more: that through his instrumentality in sustaining these public meetings, year after year, a series of discourses, illustrating the beautiful philosophy, have been poured into the public mind, and thus borne to every part of New England—discourses that for breadth of historic illustration, beauty of diction, and a profound philosophy, we have not found equal elsewhere. Nor can we forget those beautiful lyrics from the upper realm to which we have often listened.

It is fitting, therefore, that we recognize the services of Dr. Gardner in the cause of Spiritualism, and I join most cordially in passing the resolution.

Miss DOREN said:—Most unexpectedly to myself, I am requested by your committee of arrangements to make a few remarks upon this occasion. I am not aware that any spiritual influences are near to assist me, therefore, as I would not be backward in a good cause, I must trust to the inspiration of my surroundings. The speakers who have preceded me seem to have been very personal in their remarks. Dr. Gardner is the great subject of interest, and in view of the occasion that calls us together, I suppose it is perfectly allowable, and, therefore, I too shall "follow suit." I would not, however, speak so much of the man as his works, for by their works are all men to be known and judged. When I consider his spiritual surroundings, I perceive that he is a battle-axe in the hands of powerful agencies, to break down the obstructions and barriers which impede the progress of truth. Whether he wills it or no, he is thus used as an effective instrument to work out the will of higher powers. Had he performed no other labor than that of finishing and furnishing this hall, as we behold it to-night, it would be worthy of our commendation.

One fortnight since, I stood in this hall for the first time, under my spirit influences, and I felt that this place was to be hallowed, not only by the presence of angel visitants and the gift of a high inspiration, but also by friendly intercourse and social communion, which should make it a place of pleasant memories to all who from time to time should here assemble together. He who is thus far instrumental in promoting the happiness or growth of hu-

manity should receive all due acknowledgment for the labor done. There are some men, who, notwithstanding natural diffidence or human weakness, are used as entering wedges to split open the fallen trunk of dead theories and religious conservatism. Such an one is Dr. Gardner, and though the hand that guides the work is mighty, we would not by any means forget the instrument. As this is not the place for any extended remarks, I will be brief and close with a wish, which, doubtless, will find a response in all your hearts:

May the subject of these remarks ever be found a firm and valiant soldier of the truth, and when he rests from his labors, may his works follow him.

Mrs. WETTERBERG—I see in the gallery four or five gentlemen with instruments who are ready to discourse music, more agreeable to you under present arrangements than any further speech-making, but to go through the formality of closing the business of the meeting, if it may be called such, I will ask all those in favor of passing the resolution offered by Dr. Child, to say "Ay."

The response was enthusiastically made.

Dr. GARDNER said a few words in reply.

The band then tuned their instruments in harmony with graceful feet, and something like sixty couples for the balance of the evening enjoyed the merry dance.

The music was furnished by Messrs. Walker and Davis—now, we believe, the most popular band in Boston, since the war has taken away so many of our best musicians; and, under the management of the gentlemanly board of floor managers, the party was made, in every respect, a complete success. Delegations were present from all the neighboring towns, and the spiritual ranks of Boston were well represented. Old, thoughtful brows swung in the dance hand in hand with the wearers of youthful smiles; and matrons, maidens, sons and seniors, shared in a common joy. Many of our popular lecturers and mediums were there; and all were pleased and happy.

True Taste in Dressing.

One lady will have the free run of all the best dry-goods in town, and yet not manage to make one-half so good an appearance as another who is restricted in her expenditures to the lowest figure compatible with the exercise of any taste at all. It is strange enough, what a difference there is in people in this single matter of selecting articles of dress—not fabrics merely, but colors likewise—and in the art of putting them on. One, with all the money she wants cannot help "looking like a fright," if she tries; another will beat all her fair sisters out of sight of her, and still not have at her command a fraction of their facilities for ornamentation. This is owing entirely to the presence, or absence, of taste; and taste is, primarily, instinctive, or intuitive, and cannot be developed very much beyond the standard of merely good correctness, unless it first exists like a vein of ore in the person's nature. As for bringing out what is not there—that is impossible.

The London Quarterly Review recently had a very sensible article on this identical subject, saying of a woman of taste, but slender means—that she has a cold eye to the assurances of shapen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly—or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which are often bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty—and many an old one, but it is good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety, but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three great unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

New Publications.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS. By Frances Brown. Published by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O., and by Bela Marsh, Boston.

This pretty little volume of stories, on subjects taken more or less from external nature, is one of the most fitting gifts a mother could place in the hands of her child. She says, in her preface, that one reason why she wrote these simple tales is because many of them are girlhood memories—she was able to bring back so many pleasant scenes and dear, sweet faces, in the act of writing them. Then, too, she has thought—ever since she could think—that a book might be written for "little folks," that would help them "to see our Father in Heaven as he is—a gentle, loving God—a book that would make this beautiful earth brighter, heaven nearer, the child-heart happier and wiser." How well she has succeeded in her desire and effort, the delighted juveniles of the country will soon let her know. Mrs. Brown is known and loved all over the land, not simply as a reformer, but as a woman whose written sentiments are full of love and truth, whose very footfalls upon the soul are welcome and peaceful. No hand is more skillful or gentle than hers in teaching the tender heart lessons of patience, of duty, and of love. The present beautiful volume will be but a continuation of her still more beautiful influence; and thousands will rise up, in the future, to call her name blessed, when she is indeed among the angels. "Sketches from Nature" may be had by addressing Mrs. Brown herself, with money enclosed, at Cleveland, O. For terms, see advertisement.

NATIVE GOODNESS.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized; But its baser affection is a thing to be despised; Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

The Expedition to Mexico.

We have, through Paris Journals, an explanatory statement of what this newly invented expedition of England, France and Spain really means. It is agreed, it seems, that the three powers have a right to send the same naval strength, while the strength of the forces to be landed is to be in proportion to the number of subjects in Mexico belonging to each power; and Spain has thus the precedence. The Cabinet at Washington is to be, or has been, invited to join, and it is left optional with them to send such a number of ships and troops as is deemed advisable. At first, the three powers will endeavor to impose a suspension of arms on the belligerent parties in Mexico. They will not undertake to occupy permanently any part of the territory, or to obtain any exclusive advantage over Mexico. They engage to leave that country entirely free to choose its own form of government. England gave up the condition which she wishes inserted in the treaty, namely, that the three powers should pledge themselves not to accept the throne of Mexico for any prince of their reigning families. If a monarchical form prevails, the powers pledge themselves not to use intervention to the profit of any prince in particular. The contingent of France will number three thousand.

Weather across the Water.

They have been having strangely moderate weather in England, of late—such as they cannot readily account for. English papers describe the natural effect of this mildness upon the flowers and fruits, and, indeed upon vegetation generally. They call it a sort of prolongation of summer. In the south of England, it is said that new leaves and new fruit are forming upon trees that have already borne good crops this season. Currant, gooseberry, apple and pear trees are frequently found, that carry really good-sized fruit on their branches. But then, by way of offset or explanation, to this phenomenon, it must be admitted that the south of England is a warm and sunny locality, any way; on the little Isle of Wight, the Portugal Laurel stands out all through the winter, untouched by frosts, and Mediterranean plants thrive as vigorously as if they were their first raised in life. The weather must indeed have been bland there, if it passes the warm limit common to that always bland and beautiful strip of latitude.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, have published the following musical books: WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE for the Violin, in which the instructions are so clearly and simply treated, as to make it unnecessary to require a teacher. For practice, more than one hundred and fifty operative and popular airs are added, forming a complete collection of the best melodies of the day.

THE PARLOR HARP: A Collection of Songs, Glees, Anthems, &c., adapted to Schools, Social Parties, and the Family Circle. By Asa Fitz.

THE NEW COLLECTION OF POPULAR DUETS, for Violin and Piano. Arranged by S. Winner.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. FANNIE A. CONANT will occupy the desk at Lyceum Hall next Sabbath. Speaking will commence at the usual hours in the afternoon and evening.

Our readers will see by looking at Dr. Bowker's card in another column, that he has removed his office from No. 7 Davis street to a more central and convenient location at No. 9 Hudson street, where he gives medical examinations free, and deals liberally with the poor. Spiritualists and others coming to Boston should give him a call. We hear good reports of him.

We are informed that Dr. Wolfe, formerly of this city, has opened a medical office in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio—No. 86 East Fourth street.

LYCEUM HALL SOCIABLES.—A party will be held at Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, the seventeenth inst. They will no doubt have a pleasant time. Tickets fifty cents, admitting a lady and gentleman. It is proposed to keep up these parties during the season, and they will be under the control of the same board of managers who gave such success at the party last Wednesday evening, and the same music is engaged.

The ladies who have recently attended the Boston Academy of Music, pronounce Herrmann's Solaces the most delightful entertainments they have witnessed for a long time. The gentlemen visitors of course endorse whatever the ladies sanction. See the great prestidigitateur, by all means.

Owing to a pressure of other matters, we have not reported the Spiritual Conference this week, and are compelled to put off Miss Doten's lecture on Abandoned Women to another issue.

No man can avoid his own company; so he had best make it just as good as possible.

TRUE VALOR.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor; If they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too.—Ben Johnson.

More evidence of the reliability of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship may be found in a communication on our third page.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The next lecture of the course will be delivered by Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, on Monday evening, Dec. 9th, at Music Hall.

Into this fight I am as much bound to welcome the Pro-Slavery James Gordon Bennett as the Anti-Slavery Horace Greeley. The North is contending with a strong enemy whose hands may soon be strengthened with stronger enemies. In these circumstances, she cannot afford to be divided by miserable party prejudices and jealousies. To such an enemy she must present an unbroken front. I must be willing to work with you, and you with me, for the success of our arms—for in this we can work together, our differences about Abolition, or anything else, to the contrary notwithstanding. God grant that all Northern men may be able to tolerate their mutual differences so far as to stand shoulder to shoulder against the enemy!—Gerrit Smith.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak part of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with woman has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

During the session of a mission Sunday school, in the sixth ward, the superintendent of the school, among other questions, asked the scholars what it was to be tempted. Not receiving any answer, he proceeded to illustrate as follows: "Suppose, boys, I had come down this street to-day with a horse and

buggy, and had asked you to go with me to the bay, and fish, this afternoon. What would that be?" He had hardly concluded when a little eight year old jumped up and exclaimed, "That would be fun!" The superintendent was "stalled."

"Died Poor."—As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying, did not lose the grasp upon the little deed and bond, and go away a pauper out of time! No gold, no jewels, no ornaments. And yet men have been buried by charity's hand who did die rich; died with a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, a thousand hopes restored.

A correspondent, writing from London, C. W., says: "We hold two circles a week here, where invisible intelligences demonstrate their presence through speaking media, expressive of their experience in spirit-life."

Com. Dupont disappointed the expectations of the rebels at Port Royal, by sailing his vessels in a circle as they delivered their broadsides, instead of anchoring and then blazing away. Forts Beauregard and Walker are not the first strongholds that have been demolished in a circle.

OLD PAMPHLETS.—Not long ago the librarian of Harvard college saw a man stuffing some bags with old pamphlets and papers, in a Boston auction-room, when, to his surprise and delight, he espied among them a pamphlet for which he had been looking for eleven years, in order to complete the volume of a valuable periodical. The purchaser of the old wares relinquished it willingly, and the librarian bore it away in triumph. The same librarian says that he has known a journey to be made from New York to Cambridge, in a storm, just to consult an old funeral sermon, the only copy in the country. It was wanted in a law case in which a half million dollars was involved.

MARTYRS.

Where many hearts were falling, where The thorough street grew foul with death, O high-souled martyr! thou wast there. Inhaling from the loathsome air Poison with every breath, Yet shrinking not from offices of dread, For the wrong dying, and the unconscious dead. —Waltier.

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block; ain't you, sonny?" "I guess so, daddy," 'cause teacher said I was a young block-head."

GEORGE OBYRKE, Esq., has been elected Mayor of New York city by a very large vote.

"STANDING" ARMIES.—The armies of the Potomac, North and South.

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right. THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT—Going South.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Washington street, Herrmann, the Great Prestidigitator. Performers every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices—50, 25, and 15 cents.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—Howard street, near Court street. Lecture and Manager, L. DAVENPORT. Goodwin & Wilder's North American Circles. Prices—Private Boxes, \$3; Dress Box, Chairs, Orchestra Chairs, 1st Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25c; Gallery, 10c. Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State street. Thirty-seventh Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN,

No. 288 Superior Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO. HAS for sale the following Juvenile Works, which will be forwarded by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price either in money or postage stamps:

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, for my Juvenile Friends; by Frances Brown. Price in plain cloth, 37 cents; half gilt, 50 cents; full gilt, 65 cents.

THE CHIMNEY SWEET, for 1860. Edited by Frances Brown. A new book full of choice stories, poems and sketches for children. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 37 cents; gilt, 50 cents. A liberal discount will be made at wholesale. Dec. 14.

REMOVAL.

D. H. L. BOWKER has removed his office to No. 9 Hudson street, Boston, (formerly at 7 Davis street.) Medical examination free, at the office, daily, Saturdays excepted. Examination by lock of hair, will be sent to any address for \$1. The poor can have an examination free, if they will judiciously distribute twenty-five copies of my Medicine. Psychometric Readings of character, \$1. Medicals sent to any party stating their case, on reasonable terms. Patients furnished with board and treatment. Dec. 14.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH, PSYCHOMETRIC AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 62 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending photograph and \$1, will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a lock of hair; terms, \$1—in each case two 3 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from persons of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Nov. 9.

HORACE R. STREETER, HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. At Mrs. Hyde's, 44 Harvard street. Dec. 14.

MRS. B. SMITH, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN—Residence No. 6 Parson's Place, Jersey City, New Jersey—attends to calls from 10 to 12 o'clock A. M., from 1 to 5 P. M., and from 7 to 10 evening, every day in the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. She will hold circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, for Spiritual manifestations and communications. Admittance 10 cents.

For examination of diseases and prescriptions, \$1, patient present; if absent, or by lock of hair, \$2. Can see and describe friends, in the trance state. 3m Nov. 9.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-DEALERS' AGENCY

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

HEALING AND SELF-LABOR MAINTAINING INSTITUTE. The subscriber having a place well calculated for an Institute, with buildings and land suitable for the purpose, within forty miles of the city, wishes one or more persons who have been induced, by visiting the same, to take board with him to carry out the undertaking. For further information address EDWIN D. RUSS, Boston. Dec. 7.

JUST PUBLISHED, SECOND EDITION OF FAITH AND TRUE MARRIAGE. By Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, with the addition of "Mrs. Burney's Letter." Price, 10 cents, post paid, \$1 per hundred. All orders should be sent to H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio. Oct. 19.

ORGAN FOR SALE. SUITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth, 514 Washington street, where it can be seen, if July 27.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,

NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED FOR THE TREATMENT OF EVERY KNOWN DISEASE.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE is open at all times for the reception of patients. Parties who have suffered at the hands of unskillful practitioners, or whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful, will find it to their advantage to consult a physician who combines

Science, Philosophy, Reason, and common sense, in the treatment of disease. Do not be discouraged. Call on Dr. Main and test the power that enables him to discover the origin and cause of your difficulty without a word being uttered by the patient. Truly a new era has dawned in the history of medical science; the most intricate and complicated diseases not only being alleviated, but

THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, by the Doctor's improved methods of treatment.

CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS, and every affection of the blood, successfully treated and their causes eradicated from the system. Diseases of Females, caused by exhaustion or excesses of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill upon absolutely necessary.

Persons suffering from the use of poisonous drugs, or from diseases of the most delicate character, are assured that nothing but the best and most effective treatment will be given them, such as will lead to a restoration of decayed or exhausted powers.

Dr. Main has prepared a few medicines with reference to special diseases, which are of so invaluable a character in his general practice as to induce him to present them to the notice of the public at large.

THE TONIC STRAVE.—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy. THE BLOOD PURIFIER.—Unrivalled for the removal of Pimples and Blisters from the face, also for the eradication of Cancerous Humors, Scrofula and Erysipelas.

THE FEMALE RESTORATIVE.—An effective remedy in pro-lapsus uteri, leucorrhoea, and all other diseases of the pelvic region.

THE DRUGGIST STRAVE.—For affections of the Kidneys. An excellent medicine.

THE UNIVERSAL TONIC.—For strengthening the blood and imparting tone and energy to the whole system.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age. Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express. Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired. Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 9.

New Books.**EVERY ONE'S BOOK.**

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis!

THE HARDINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind.

By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through it all with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles. There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source, makes this book one of *Indescribable Value for Family Reference*, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rule do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate count equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author will be rejoiced to know that in the latest one Mr. Davis has given a new work, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family.

It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own health and happiness. Here is the *PLAIN ROAD TO BORN!*

A handsome 12mo., of 432 pages. Price only \$1. Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY,"

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dedworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HAINES, by THE SPIRITS. Price, 35c per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 125 Washington street. Dec. 14.

A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by Zera; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *Le Beau*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will excite a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, not creeds, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves.

Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 125 Washington St., Boston. Dec. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects,

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Joshua Cuvier, Franklin

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We wish to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than virtuous 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.

We ask the reader to receive no message 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.

Our Circle.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Horvath, Lacon, N. H.; Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burdell.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: "There is no Death." Alice L. Brewster, Lexington, Mass.; Richard Parker, Stephen Kennard, San Juan, Cal.; Julia O'Brien, Lucas St., Boston; Charles Todd, Weston; Joseph Adams.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: George Williams, Williamsburg, N. C.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charles King, New York City, to her uncle, Henry Wetherell, New York City; William Wheeler; Susie Lane; James Arnold.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "The Constitution and the War." Major Charles A. Adams, Clara F. Penn, Manchester, N. H.; Jimmy Houtar, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgewater.

Monday, Nov. 7.—Invocation: "Is there any difference between a Material and a Spiritual Truth?" Peter Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas Paine Stephens, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adelaide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Pardon, and Fear." Bill Sewall, Brownsville, Mo.; Marian Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queenstown, Pa.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.; Horace Plaisant, Walker street, New York; Alice Kensington, Fall River, New York; Morphy, Cross street, Boston.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Disease." Frank German, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Doham, Mass.; Amelia Davis, St. Charles, Texas; William Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. Lincoln.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew H. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Mendham Janney, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William L. Coates, C. S. A., Ganton, Greenboro, Co., Ala.; John A. Tisdell, New York City; George Burnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Iron."

Tuesday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Man." Thomas P. Hoveyell, Benoni, Ohio; William T. Santer, New York City; Mary Jane Lovjoy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.

Invocation.

Oh, thou mighty genius of Creation; thou who rulest in whatever is around us, above us, beneath us, and who art the only controller of our souls, we again offer up our thanksgiving unto thee. Who ever thou art, or wherever thou art, we praise thee, and feel that we are allied unto thee, not only by material ties, but by ties immortal and all-glorious. Oh, our Father, though we sink to the lowest hell, and drink to its dregs the cup of bitterness, we will feel even then, oh, our Father, that it is for our own good, and that we answerest all our needs in thine own way, and thy way is blessed unto us. Oh, divine source of all we are, we feel that thou doest all things ever as we require. Thou art the giver of life to our souls, and without thee would we cease to exist, and without thy manifestation ever springing and throbbing in our souls, we would be dead indeed. Unto thee, our Father and our Mother, be endless praises forever and forever, for all thou art giving us, hast given us, and for all that is before us in the great eternal future.

Oct. 17.

Sexuality in Spirit-Life.

For the following few minutes propose to answer whatever questions may be proposed to us.

A visitor asked:

"Is the faculty that propagates the human family a quality inseparable from the Spirit?—Or does it have its origin and its use exclusively in the body, and thereafter forever become defunct?"

Every function of the human body has a corresponding faculty in the spiritual. Everything that exists in human exists in spirit also, for in reality, from the spiritual cometh the material. It lives, moves and has existence in the spirit, before it is embodied in the material form. All emotions and sensations are of the spirit, only acting through the body. When the dissolution of the spiritual from the material takes place, we are not to suppose that the spirit loses the smallest particle of its individuality. All that has existence in material, has also in spiritual, though circumstances may change the tone of either; and whatever affects the human, cannot help influencing the spiritual. The field is vast, very vast, and we are not now capable of going over all the ground.

"If the sexual function exists, what can be its object in the spirit-life?"

The object is the progress of life. If the spirit loses any of its power here, it would cease to go onward, for we find that all the faculties of man are necessary to his unfolding, or development. Without the exercise of every power of the body, there can be but a limited or partial unfolding. The progress of the race depends much upon the faculties of the body, and the unfolding of those faculties. To suppose that the sins of the body—if we may so term them, for the world speaks strongly of sin—to suppose that the sins or diseases of the body originate alone with the body, is a great error. Every sort of disease of the material or physical form comes through the spirit. So every faculty of the spirit must be brought into a condition of proper exercise. There are diseased spirits, as much as there are diseased bodies, and as much without the occupancy of the body as with it; and as the disembodied spirit rises above its grosser conditions, it is necessary those grosser functions should be used in the development; and as the soul has no further need of them, they are not brought longer into use. As the spirit progresses to the higher degrees of life, it casts off those degrees of sin, or conditions of a lesser degree of goodness.

There is a grand harmony pervading the whole wide realm of immortality and individuality. That which you suppose belongs only to the material, belongs to the spirit, and when you perceive all things in truth and reality, you will see plainly the philosophy of many things differently from you do on the plane you now occupy.

Oct. 17.

Hiram Burgess.

I am somewhat opposed to this way of getting into communion with one's friends; but as there do not seem to be any other way, I suppose I, like all the rest, must avail myself of this.

My name was Hiram Burgess. I was twenty-seven years of age. I died, suppose, of a cancerous affection of the stomach and liver, but they called my disease consumption. I lived and died in Hartford, Conn., and I've got friends, I suppose, somewhere, and some scattered all around. I did not leave any money to come back about, but I left friends who need light and glad, and if I can be of use to them I shall be glad of it, and they'll not be so bad off as I when I came here. I was sick most of the time for two years—no confined to the bed, however, but I was too sick to do much business.

I have got one brother, my oldest brother, living in Memphis, Tenn. Is it reliable to say just what you please? Well, then, I don't like the course he's taken, and I'm ashamed of him. He was born in Yankee-land, but seems to have adopted the notions and belief and way of doing things of the Southerners. I don't want to see him if he comes to me that way. I think he may come if he don't

turn round, I'll give him due warning, any way, and I want to tell him what I think. He'd better leave the army, go home to Memphis, sell out if he can, and come this way and be decent. All of us have a great interest in him, and if he wants to meet friends when he comes here, he must turn aside from the course he is pursuing.

Can I rely upon his getting my letter? I think Government had better examine things, and when there is anything like this just above it ahead. I don't know but I'd make as good a President as the man you've got. It seems to me your armies are like two cats who stand spitting and growling at each other all the time, but neither dares to pounce. I don't know who's fault it is.

My brother's name is Alexander Burgess. Alas, I'm ashamed to own you. I am, upon my word. I don't know but you would be ashamed to own me as a spirit; but I'm ashamed of you, any way. But if you'll turn round and do as I tell you, it will be all right. I can't talk very smart, but I can tell the truth. He is in the army, and he has left his wife and two or three children to take care of themselves as well as they can. He's pretty hard against the Northern folks. He thinks we are all abolitionists, and doing all we can to break up what he calls Southern institutions. I suppose he means slavery. I really don't want him to come here just as he is. Maybe I'll have to work pretty hard to reach him before he'll turn from the way he's begun in.

I did not know much about religion or Christianity. If I had paid more attention to them, maybe I would have gone to a better place, but I don't know; guess I'm well enough off, any way.

I'll try and impress some of them to give my letter to my brother, and if I succeed, I'll come back and let you know.

Oct. 17.

Lilly Washburn.

Please to tell my mother that lives in Fall River, to go to somebody where I can talk. I was seven years old. My name was Lilly Washburn. My mother's name is Rebecca. I've been living here with my grandmother most two years. My grandmother's name was Patience. My father is not with my mother now, but he is here. I don't know where he is. I've got two brothers and no sisters. They are Charley and James. Charley is older, and James is younger than me. She used to live in the house with Mrs. Brown. She knows me, too. She held me when I was a sick.

Will you ask my mother to go? I don't want to stay any longer. May I go now?

Oct. 17.

Invocation.

Oh, thou mighty Spirit, thou who dost accept the silent offering of the fading blossoms, accept also at this hour that adoration which is welling up to thee from a thousand times ten thousand souls. Oh, Lord our God, we will not ask thee to remember especially any of thy creatures, for, oh, our Father, if thou lovest and wilt accept the silent prayer of the little flower, how much more readily wilt thou accept that which cometh from the human soul. Oh, God, we praise thee in behalf of all thy vast human family. We thank thee for the dark shades of life that fall around us, and for the bright light, oh, our Father, we thank thee, and while the angel of sorrow, midnight darkness and desolation seems to brood over us, we perceive beyond the dark shroud of the present thy shining face saying unto all thy children, "Come up higher, and when you are beyond the shrouds of Mortality, I will greet you in the consciousness of a brighter life, deck your brows with garlands all unfolded, and the angels shall greet you with smiles of love."

Oh, our Father, we will ask not one blessing of thee for we know thy heart is ever swelling with love for all thy children, and the hour is approaching when all may feel within their souls the answering melody of praise unto thee, and which shall declare them kindred to the highest angels.

May all feel that under every condition of life thou art with them, and tenderly leading them upward with the power of the ministering angels of love, from the darkness of material life up the shining way unto the portals of thy celestial city. And when they are at the end of the dreary journey of mortal life may they find their souls radiant with glories of love.

Oh, Father, once more we thank thee. Accept our thanksgiving. We know that thy blessings have come from Nature's fount, and are free to all who will partake, and again those blessings will return unto the great universal fount in the eternal spheres of wisdom.

Oct. 21.

Hope.

A Friend in mortal desired us to define Hope.

Hope is to us that mighty faculty of the human soul, which looks forever and forever forth into the eternal future. Hope is that which does, or should, assure man that he is immortal; that the human family is not the outgrowth of an hour, but that the vast eternity that lies stretched out before him, is indeed his own. Hope tells of heaven, and speaks also of hell. By it, man may know, to a positive certainty, that he lives beyond the tomb.

"Is not Hope a gift?"

Most certainly it is, from the Infinite Spirit—a gift that all are endowed with to a greater or less degree. There are none without it.

"Does Hope diminish from want of use, and strengthen by exercise? And by praying for more Hope, may we not get it?"

Hope belongs to the spirit, and the spirit cannot become less than at the beginning. As every faculty of the soul is increased or unfolded by use, so is Hope. To believe that it is a gift from the Father, is but to recognize God in one of his unfoldments. To pray for an addition to Hope, or extension of it, is to gather strength from the world of souls who have left the confines of the flesh; for, as you have a wish and desire in behalf of anything to be found in Nature, that desire is to be answered. The Infinite has a great variety of means with which to answer every call that comes from the smallest of his atoms. The little plant desires the air and rain, and that demand is a natural prayer. And if the Father answer the prayer of the plant, will he not answer that that comes from the human soul? Certainly he will.

Oct. 21.

John Francis Whortly.

I am here for a double purpose, to-day. One is that I may become reconciled to my condition of existence, and also to satisfy the friends with whom I last night communed, that I did commune with them; and not only am I able to manifest myself to mortals, but every soul that bears upon its brow the seal of individual life has the same power.

Last night I spoke at a small circle—I know there were seven present—in Broome street, London. They desired me to cross the Atlantic and visit this place, within thirty days. If I did so, their faith in these things was to be determined. They were to give up the church and its associations, and grasp at the truths of the new religion, if I came here as per agreement, giving time and place.

I there told them of my unhappy condition as a spirit. I told them I was born near where their house was located; that I had ever felt a strong attachment for the locality, that I could not well define the meaning of, but supposed I should know in time, for all things dark to us at present, the future would make clear to us. I told them I was a suicide. I took upon myself a power that belonged only, I believe, to God; that I was sorry for that, but that my mortal existence, and had seen much cause to regret it since I have become a resident of the spirit-world; that I would not advise any of the children of earth to enter the spirit-world by the means the suicide takes. I would counsel all to do all they are able to, to lengthen out their existence in mortal; for they have a better chance to progress here in bodies of flesh, than if they are in an unnatural condition.

I told them also that one present was related to me—that I bore the relationship of uncle to that person, though he knew it not. I told him to send to certain parties in Manchester, England, and he

would find it true. He may now do so, and learn that modern Spiritualism is no

might be made the mediums still for those beautiful "signs following" which would restore his philosophy to its primitive power, but they do not believe; hence the signs do not appear any more. They have "grieved the spirits" from their circles, to make room for the very power that Christ predicted—the despotic Secularism of materialism, which was amongst the Jews the separating wall between the spirit forces and the hearts of men. And Jesus told them they would "compass sea and land to make one proselyte"—two-fold more the child of hell than themselves, which was why they could not be made spiritual. Orthodoxy has made an advancement from Judaism, only by deifying the blood of Jesus, instead of his spirit, and making a dead sacrifice for dead works, instead of coming into living rapport, by living spirits with living God. Denying the God manifest in the flesh through the spirit of life, they teach the transmission of sin from the living "sinner" to the account of the righteous, by the *hocus-pocus* of a balance sheet on the other side, where the law of Jesus, that "the tree shall be known by its fruits," is to be nullified by a compromise in which rebellion is to be paid for by the commutation of another's obedience.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in;
If God the mighty Maker did
For man, the creature's sin."

But we think he is alive yet, and that the myriads of living and loving spirits who move in infinite space with him by the law of life and immortality, still have power, like the numberless rays of the sun, to irradiate and revivify the "God manifested in the flesh" in every form, in words and "signs following" their vast mission. "And the truth shall make you free."

An interesting case is now before us, showing what the spirits can do for humanity, struggling for deliverance.

An old lady of the name of Porey, wife of John W. Porey, of Weathersfield, Wyoming county, N. Y., now about sixty-five years of age, whose several sons and daughters are married and separated from her, was often exceedingly distressed that she could not write to them, as a means of intercommunication. She could not write her own name, even. But, lo! "a change has come over the spirit of her dreams." And, as the *modus operandi* is at hand, in her own simple narration of it, we will present that to your readers, with your permission. The letter was written to her son George (with whom I am at present writing) and is dated January 20, 1860. She says:

"Do you wish to know how I came to know how to write? I will tell you. I felt very anxious for you children to hear from us often, and I kept teasing your father and Mary to write; they never were ready when I wanted them to do it. I felt rather bad, for I knew you all felt anxious to hear from me. Well, I sat down to rest one day, and soon felt a spirit influence. I was directed to take a pen, ink and paper, and go into the parlor, and sit by the table. I did so. I sat there nearly an hour, and did not stir, nor scarcely breathe. Then my right arm and hand commenced a writing, but did not make one letter. They made my hand flourish bravely on the paper; some part of the time they would make my hand go as though they were writing. They did not keep me one hour. They said I must sit alone for one hour each day for a week. I did so and when the week was up these words came, saying: 'Mother, now you can do your own writing.' I did not think I could make one letter. The next day I took my stand again, and went to writing. I wrote a few names. Then these words came again: 'Mother, write to Sanford; I will help you all that I can.' I then commenced a letter to you, and it was the first I ever wrote. This makes the tenth letter I have written. They do not control me much for talking now, do they?"

The orthography is plain and neatly regular—a hand of which any young lady might boast. The entire family were as much surprised as if the old lady had gone back half a century in her age, to the rosy bloom of "sweet sixteen." In fact, it is a "noted miracle," and if we were only "inspired" for a new Bible making, these things might be made living oracles in vast volume.

Of the truth of the foregoing statements there are many living witnesses—far more than attest the "miracles" of Paul or Peter, in some instances.

Broadhead, Wis., Nov. 19, 1861. P. W. WILSON.

"The spirit of a deceased daughter is supposed to be the helper. Her name was Sybil."

Alluding to a previous one to George, below this account of it came.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"I WANT TO BE GOOD."

As I walked by the stream one evening in May,
I saw a sweet lassie going my way;
She gave me her hand as we walked by the wood,
And she said to me sweetly, "I want to be good."

Her voice was so gentle, she spoke it so kind,
It made an impression so strong on my mind,
That, let me be with her, whenever I would,
My thought kept repeating, "I want to be good."

Whenever we met, 'twas always the same,
To "I want to be good" was our object and aim—
And I said to the lassie, whenever I could,
"Try to be good," lassie, "try to be good."

She is gone from me now; I see her no more,
I hope she is better than ever before;
Her absence leaves me in a sorrowful mood,
Yet I pray God may bless her, because "she is good."

East Abington, 1861.

ROSWELL.

Obituary Notices.

Departed to the Inner Land, from her residence at Great Bend, N. Y., on the morning of Nov. 8, 1861, BURN, wife of H. A. MILLER.

During the gradual decay of the earthly tenement for several years previous to the complete emancipation of the spirit, her sufferings, though severe, were borne with much patience and resignation. The hope of an endless progression in Knowledge, Wisdom and Love, carried her safely over the transit which separates from the eternal main. Her fidelity in all the relations of life and an assurance of her continued love, pour a healing balm o'er the friends who yet linger in the earth-life. We are comforted in knowing that she had unfolded a life of usefulness, and free from pain has ascended to those principles of religion and philosophy which give knowledge of, and a sublime faith in the future life. Thus from the radiant peaks of faith in human immortality—made glorious knowledge by the morning light of Spiritualism—we find that Death has its significance of Life, and points with ray finger—no skeleton's long index—to the eternal future and its ever-growing beauty.

Death is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain,
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.
Death is the higher second-birth,
The unveiling of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore,
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

To this dear one, mourned by our family and friends, this tribute of love is inscribed by her son,
Geo. M. JACKSON.

Departed from Fort Recovery, Ohio, Oct. 20, 1861, MINNA, daughter of Dr. I. M. and Mrs. L. A. CAMPBELL, aged 10 months and 6 days.
The smiling angel of Death "has opened with loving hand life's flower encircled door," and Minna has passed through to dwell with spirits. Oh, it was hard for kind and loving sisters, brothers, and parents to give up one they loved so dearly, thank the Eternal Father for the light of Spiritualism, they can feel and know that death is but a narrow, tranquil stream which scarce divides the stormy shores of earth from heaven's elysian plains of bliss. Minna has passed on to that bright realm.

Where peace and bliss forever reigns,
And flowers celestial forever bloom;
Beyond earth's trials, ills and pains—
The shadows of the tomb.

P. A. STEPHENSON.

Died, in Upton, Mass., Nov. 18, 1861, after a very long consumptive decline, Miss OLIVE STEARNS, daughter of Mr. Amos Stearns, aged 26 years.
Let it be gladly recorded of her, that she was a worthy and devoted Spiritualist; leaving her dying testimony to the great truth, that there is converse between mortals and immortals, to soothe the anguish of a sick bed, to fill the soul with rejoicing in the dark season of adversity, and to bear it in triumph through the valley of the shadow of death. With an unflinching patience she bore the underminings of a fatal consumption for seventeen months, grateful for the devoted ministrations of her kind relatives, welcoming all spiritual consolations, leaving only benedictions for her survivors, giving proper directions for her funeral, and at length passing almost painlessly through the vale into the mansions of the great spirit-realm.

Died, in Wilbraham, Mass., Nov. 21st, of diphtheria, GEORGE H. COLLINS, aged 23 years.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Miss BELLE SCOTLAND lectures in New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan. 18

Pearls.

And quoted odds, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

FOR THE TIMES.

"Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our Father's graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime.

Was the Mayflower launched by cowards? steered by
men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor—stalwart old iconoclasts;
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's.

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
has made us free,
Hearing it in mouldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties! Time makes ancient
good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth!

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's port with the Past blood-
ruled key.—[J. R. Lowell.]

What the world needs for its regeneration is not so
much a startling revelation of new truths as a new
combination and better appreciation of old ones.

HOW LONG?

"How long," we plead impatient, "oh, how long?"
The while the air grows hoarse with battle-cries;
"But He who sees and judges all the wrong
Gives," so we say, "no answer," yet, "All-Wise,
All powerful," pray we still, "the right defend."

Our vision may not pierce the veiled skies:
By faith alone His audience we gain
Who through the ages hears the voices rise
From dungeons, deserts, martyrdoms of fire.

He knoweth all: let this suffice—for higher
Than ours His thoughts to whom our prayers ascend.
So, though our land be red with battle-stain,
Can we not patient bide unto the end,
And bear the purging of the appointed pain?

[Ludella Clark.]

Write your own epitaph in youth: make it as flat-
tering as you choose; and then devote the rest of your
life to efforts to deserve it.

OVER THE RIVER.

I can sit and think while the sunset's gold
Is flashing o'er river and hill and shore,
And let to the sound of the boatman's oar,
And watch for a gleam of the flapping sail.

I shall pass from right with the boatman pale
To the better shores of the spirit-land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be.

When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of
God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in
what measure seemeth good unto himself.

REMEMBERED.

Up and away I like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief space of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Lectures and Lecturers at the West.

Mr. Editor—Mrs. Patterson, of Springfield, Ill.,
has been here and given three lectures on Spiritual-
ism. She is a most excellent inspirational speaker,
and her words were received with joy and thankfulness
by all who heard them. So plain did she make
ancient and modern Spiritualism appear to the willing
listeners, that it vividly called to mind the saying
that one would be able to put ten thousand to flight.

As many in the East—where the true Gospel is being
preached more lavishly than in the West—may
wish to know how such small places as this and
others manage to procure lecturers to promulgate
the truths of Spiritualism, I will take the liberty to
tell them. Being desirous to have a certain lecturer
from any remote place, one out of the limited number
of Spiritualists is delegated to write to said lecturer
and ascertain when his services can be procured,
and, upon learning the particulars, the afore-
said medium is notified to "come on," and when the
lecture is given, and a sufficiently small sum of
money is to be raised to meet the expenses, it is
found that but one or two individuals have had that
little matter to attend to, and have done their work
nobly. To the noble-hearted, few has the West been
under obligations for "aid and comfort" in bringing
lecturers to their doors. I am sure the western
itinerant is well aware of this fact. But to the account
of our lectures, of which I set out to write.

The Court-House, a very good place, considering
that we have the use thereof, free, was well warmed
and lighted, and a very good audience in attendance,
with curiosity aroused to hear a woman lecture about
the "spirits," and need I tell you they were happily
disappointed, when hearing words of wisdom flow
from the inspired preacher of the new Gospel, instead
of signs.

At the close of the third lecture, Mrs. Pulsifer, of
Onida, in this County, being present, was entranced
and spoke on the subject of "Prayer," and the
audience were again edified, and heard more new ideas
on that important part of the religion of the world,
than they will be able to digest for months.

During the month of December, Mrs. C. M. Stowe,
we expect, will lecture in this part of Illinois, and
will, no doubt, favor us with her presence, and speak
to us words of hope and joy that will be to the edifying
of all, for hereby, there is no place needs it so
much as Knox Co., Illinois. Yours truly,

HENRY SPROON.

Knoxville, Ill., Nov. 27, 1861.

When the enterprising butcher's clerk "set up on
his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat? We
pause for a reply.

Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in
any other than its right relations. There is no truth
but the "whole truth."

LECTURE BY DR. CHEEVER,

In New York City, Dec. 1st, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Rev. Dr. Cheever preached on Sunday evening
Dec. 1st, from Deuteronomy 10: 12. "What doth God
require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy,
and to walk humbly with thy God?"

A story is related of a slave belonging to a family
in the Mauritius, who, understanding that her mis-
tress was on the point of embarking for France, vis-
ited her in the dead of night, fell on her knees and
entreated her, as she was going to a country where
Almighty God bore rule, to tell of the slave's suffer-
ings, and try to obtain for them relief. Something
like this is the feeling with which the slaves of the
South regard the armies of the North. They look
upon us as a power of deliverance and mercy, before
which they cast themselves as supplicants. Their
appeal is before us, and upon the manner in which
we answer it, depends our position among the na-
tions of the earth.

In this season of awful trial, the question is asked—
"What will become of the negroes, if they are
emancipated? What will become of them if they
are not emancipated? And what, too, will become of
us, if we take them and make them slaves again,
when they are thrown into our power? How shall
we evade our responsibility, if they are not now pro-
tected from the cruelties of their savage masters?
What is to be done with the thirty thousand negroes
about Beaufort? Has the Government no rule of
judgment in regard to them? Are they to run wild?
Are we to do all in our power, to bring about the
predicted evils of Emancipation? God's curse will
be seen to rest upon every policy opposed to his laws.
It is his power which He has given to our Govern-
ment. We cannot go on defying God and trampling
on Humanity much longer.

All the world knows that Slavery is on its trial;
and it is vain for us to strive to crush Rebellion
without meddling with its cause. Once overthrow
this juggernaut, and its worshippers will be brought
to their senses and be glad that they are rid of it—
but this can only be through the action of our Gov-
ernment. The work of conferring social, moral, and
religious rights upon millions of our fellow-creatures
to all generations needs all our wisdom; but it is no
doubtful or untried experiment. It has been tried
for us beforehand, and it has been proved beyond
controversy that the speediest possible Emancipation
will result in the greatest good of the greatest
number, commercially and industrially, as well as
morally.

The preacher here entered into statistical and
other details respecting the present condition of the
Island of Jamaica, according to recent witnesses,
and contended that they clearly showed a most en-
couraging degree of improvement in the general con-
dition of the colored population, vast numbers of
whom had elevated themselves, from a state but lit-
tle less savage than that of their African ancestors,
to be small independent proprietors, observing the
laws of marriage, regularly attending public wor-
ship, peaceful and law-abiding. The amount and
value of products had greatly increased since Emancipa-
tion, as well as the exports and imports of the
Island. The only interest which had really suffered,
had been that of the large landholders in England.]

Let no one doubt that Freedom, when it has over-
thrown Despotism, will always lay the foundation of
permanent prosperity. In the case just described,
when we look at what has been accomplished, at the
new social order which has arisen, the privileges of
education conferred on all, their training in habits
of industry and morality, we are amazed at the pro-
gress of twenty-five years. The blessings of these
results, the fruit of these conclusions, we may now
enjoy.

The aristocracy of the Southern Confederacy re-
gard the laboring classes as the "mudsills" of so-
ciety. They exist for the Government; not the
Government for them; and want of property and in-
telligence must forever shut them out from places of
authority. This is a necessity from the Southern
scheme, and the latest development of the principle
is shown in the recent intelligence from Virginia.
In their just issued manifesto, her statesmen say
that the evil of Northern institutions is in the fact
that all can vote, while the security of the South is,
that the power of the country is wielded by the in-
telligent classes, who have a permanent interest in
the well-being of society. In the South, Capital is
the owner of Labor, and free labor can gain no re-
spectable footing there. Of this they boast as the
source of their superiority. Ay, they own Labor!

Now, if these four millions, in this category, should
send out ambassadors, and make appeal to us, they
might properly plead to be recognized as human be-
ings—to be no longer regarded as things, but as per-
sons, with the right of persons. They could not be
kept by us as things, except by new enactments
framed for that purpose. If by a sudden stroke,
every slaveholder were dead, and all their property
vested in the United States, their slaves could not be
held for a moment as property; and if they were so
held, it would be as direct an act of man-stealing as
if the negroes were brought from Africa. No slave
owner could possess a right under the United States
Government, but only under his own municipal
slave code. Secession at once prevents him from
pleading that slave code in bar of forfeiture, and the
United States has no right to suppose that any part of
its inhabitants are slaves; it has no right to suppose
that any human being is a slave; much less when
that human being is from South Carolina or Alaba-
ma. The course, so far, of the Government, is in
violation of justice and humanity; and the conclusion
is inevitable, that unless freedom is proclaimed,
that Government is made a slave-holder.

It is the great law of free States that every per-
son shall be held to be free until the contrary is
proved—and even if it were proved, there is, I re-
peat, no right in the United States to hold a slave.
The local masters have no right under the common
law. If this goes on, we shall soon have a slave
Bureau among our government offices. The threat-
ened introduction of slavery into the territories was
but a trifle in comparison with such an introduction
of it into the bosom of the country. If the Southern
victims had only been white, their freedom would long
ago have been proclaimed, their services employed,
and our armies would have swept over the whole
South like a whirlwind. It is only as a question of color
that our Government dares to recognize the right of
property in man, and orders our soldiers to act the
part of slaveholders and kidnappers. If there were
no such distinction, the slaves would have the right
to plead for protection in life and property and for
their domestic relations; and, on the ground that

religious privileges and family ties are as necessary
as precious for blacks as whites, (and are they
not?) and that it is the duty of a Christian govern-
ment to provide as well for the one as for the other,
(and is it not?) I say that, for these purposes, the
whole rebellious country must be treated as con-
quered territory, and governed as such—"Involun-
tary servitude being forever abolished." The in-
habitants, being left to themselves, will fall into
their own places, naturally. The trouble is, and al-
ways has been, to keep them down, not to raise them
up, and bless them. Now, can the United States
government hold slaves? Will it establish itself upon
the basis of property in man? These are questions
that must be considered and settled by the present
Congress.

Not another Government on earth, except it be
Dahomey, holds or deals in slaves or upholds the
right of property in man—not even Spain. Will
ours make itself an infamous exception? For the
moment we assume the right, as a government, to
hold and trade in the victims of the slaveholder's
cruelty, we make ourselves a slave-mongering, slave-
trading government. It would be a violation of our
own Constitution; the very organization of Govern-
ment by God, forbids it. It now seems as though
President and commanders were leagued in the un-
holy cause, and if so, they should immediately be
tried, and if found guilty, punished for a crime more
infamous and injurious before God and man, than
that of the slave-trader just convicted in Philadel-
phia. The name of God is blasphemed among the
nations by such inconsistency, and we are made a
scorning and a by-word. Not only have we the
power to extirpate Slavery from our own country,
but to drive it from the world. Even Spain would
be compelled to follow our example; for Slavery
could not stay in Cuba if abolished in the United
States.

We must either admit or deny the right of prop-
erty in man. If we admit it, our very admission
makes the obligation to guard that species of prop-
erty the highest obligation of government; and the
rebels are now sacrificing or hazarding their all on
the ground that this is the highest and most solemn
responsibility that can be laid upon any nation by
Divine authority. If you admit this right, you ad-
mit that the permission is theirs, the right is theirs;
and their arrogated supremacy over you is their
right. All human arrangements must bend to it,
and the slaveholders rightly take a position of su-
premaccy among the nations of the earth. But if no
such right exist, this is the most daring and in-
famous rebellion ever attempted against Christianity;
with which we can allow no compromise; and our
war must become more and more implacable until
the question is finally settled. If it is right to steal
men, then it is much more right to steal arsenals,
forts, arms, or anything else in order to preserve
that property. The question of every immortal
being's right to himself ought to be decided at once,
and for all generations. It underlies all govern-
ments, and sits society to its depths. This is the
high and benevolent object of Human Government
—that all men be maintained by it in such a po-
sition as that they may not under all circumstances,
freely from conscience. A state advances toward its
Millennium when and in proportion as this freedom
prevails.

FANNIE B. FELTON AT LYCEUM HALL.
Sunday Afternoon, December 1, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM.

Though these seem, said the lecturers, to be two
opposite points brought together, still they are not
so far apart as they might be. The Inquisition and
rack were once the judges of those who offended
against the Church. God was no respecter of per-
sons, they believed, but the Mother Church did pay
attention to the heretics enough to put them under
her ban and punishment.

But nothing could smoulder the truth, or put it
out; it rises up to illumine the world forever. The
same banner now shields the Methodist, the Baptist,
and floats over the Roman Catholic, who marches by
their side; because the light has spread over all the
race, and the dove of peace has returned with the
olive branch which teaches that God loveth all his
children. The ministry have stepped down from the
pedestal on which they stood, for their own preserva-
tion. In fact, because the prying fingers of time have
marked those pedestals with crumbling decay.

As man changes his position in life, he naturally
turns to his old habits; so who can logically reason
himself into believing that the idiot becomes a sage,
or the culprit a saint, at the sudden time-mark of
death?

Spiritualism has come. What is it worth? It
has at least softened and humanized the race. It
is bringing to the world new hope and new joy. The
mediums lack vitality, not because the angels come
through them, but because the Christian world of
to-day is so starved and hungry for spiritual
wisdom that they draw from your mediums every
thought and power they are capable of bringing.
Spiritualism is for the good of the churches existing
to-day, as well as of those who have come out of the
Church; and the stronger and more rapid its growth
and absorption, the more should its mediums and
instruments be willing to be used in its work.

One hour of experience is worth an age of teach-
ing. Those educated in the teachings of theology
are converted to the truth of Spiritualism in a brief
experience and investigation. Christians in profes-
sion easily become Spiritualists in practice. Which
is the safest guide, the old white-haired men and
women are beginning to ask—the firm grasp of the
angel loved ones who reach back from over the river,
or the flimsy chart of olden theology? They have
passed the days of pride, ambition, and worldly in-
terest, and now seek the truth—only the plain, simple
truth.

The discourse claimed to be dictated by the spirit
of Adoniram Judson, who knew Christianity, and
taught it upon the shores of India, and before whose
ministration the inhabitants broke their idols, and
embraced a more living faith. He admitted an im-
perfect control, but hoped to be able to sow many
more seeds yet in the hearts of humanity, which
should generate in it a more perfect and philo-
sophic religion. He claimed the missionary labor
was not wasted, but was preparing the minds of the
heathen for the purest spiritual growth and develop-
ment.

Evening Discourse.

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.

Ye have a spiritual body and a natural body. Ye
have both; and if ye have both, the faculties of both

shall be exercised according to the power and free-
dom of man. If he has a natural sight, he must
have a spiritual sight; and if he cultivate them
both, he will be of great use to men. The power of
spiritual sight has been falsely called second sight;
it is, more strictly, the first sight. It shows out even
in the embryo child, and the mother often finds her-
self craving trifling things; and if those demands
are not answered, you find the land-marks of those
denials all along through the future life. So in the
spiritual and intellectual spheres, and in the affec-
tional nature; the young, unclothed soul speaks
through the mother, and calls for what it wants,
and if refused, those natures are starved and per-
verted.

The powers of prophecy are intuitive, not logical.
In the past, there were false as well as true prophe-
cies. The true powers of prophecy are identical with
a true birth and life. Inharmonious minds are af-
fected by harmonious ones. The evil man feels mean
and conscience-smitten in the presence of the noble
minded.

The medium spoke of the purity of the birth and
life of Joseph, as the secret of his power and worth
as a prophet. He was spiritually and harmoniously
developed, and was the child of a pure love. An-
other example of prophecy was that of the woman of
Endor. Humanity has not done justice to her; she
is not understood. We will be her defender. She
was a more faithful subject to the king's law than
he himself. She refused to call up her familiar
spirits, and not until Saul had urged her strenuously
did she assent. She was womanly and kind in her in-
stincts, and yielded her own will before that of the
king, as the daughters of Eve are apt. The king
was entertained with an interview with Samuel, and
the spirit is then made to say: "To-morrow, thou
and thy sons shall be with me." She in her womanly
nature set meat and bread before her old persecutor,
the king, and gave him all the encouragement she
could to one in his position.

Few have not read the prophecy of the Scottish
seer:

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wee, wee to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain."

History tells you that that that warning was
timely, though the Scottish Chieftain despised it.
Patriot Henry was the prophet of your nation.
It mattered not to him whether "Treason! Treason!"
rang through the halls of the House of Bur-
gesses. The shroud of the future was uplifted to
his view, and he warned the nation against what he
saw alas! too true.

You say there is no crime so base as infidelity to
one's native land. Now at St. Warren's Court, down
yonder harbor, a week ago to-day, you received an
ambassador, with due honors. Less than a year ago
he prophesied this event. St. James did not receive
the ambassador; St. Warren did. Now the dark
waves lashing against his palace will sing him to
sleep, and wait him along in dreams, and the finger
of granite pointing upward to mark the spot where
he fell for whom his palace was christened, meets his
waking eye. And who knows what pure and holy
prophecies may come from him! Since he has begun
so gloriously, who may see the rounded orbit of his
perfection!

Let not this power of mind be discarded, but used
in the highest sense. We would not gloat over a
fallen foe, but would bring to bear every argument,
to prove our ground so clearly that the strongest
skeptic need no longer doubt.

The events of your day are some of them glorious
prophecies. Look at the Christians of all denomi-
nations striking hands in a common cause, to-day—
the nation's welfare. Once, you feared the growing
strength of the Roman Catholic Church. Now what
matters it, whether the soldiers of your gallant
Sixty-ninth Regiment believe in the Holy Virgin,
and offer prayers to the Saints? Like Billy Grey,
did not they fight well and run well? And when
they came home, covered with the noblest laurels of
the campaign, did you stop to ask what religion they
professed. The very word religion, seems to be a
petty thing before such heroism! Ah! the man is
coming out, no matter what his profession. The seed
has long ago been planted and nourished, and now
it is growing. The men who now stick to their
"Thus saith the Lord," you find are the brambles,
briars and deadly nightshade of your moral earth.
A people think more in one year now, than in six
years of yore. Man's experiences of the past exist
to-day, and will through all time. Despite not any-
thing. Learn lessons of wisdom from the highest
source, and let each be pure and true in himself, and
he will be a lens to reflect purity and truth to others.

"Right out in Meeting!"

It is not often that the ministers have their in-
quiries, made from the pulpit, answered on the spot,
even if they expect such a result. But now and
then one of them finds his match in some intensely
literal person, who is snuffing up chances for an "ar-
gument" when the scene becomes, of course, at first
judicious, and then disgusting. Of such was the
following occurrence, which was very recently related
by the Worcester Spy:

"At one of our churches yesterday, the clergyman,
while proceeding in a very earnest discourse, said
that no man could be first rate in two different occu-
pations, adding, among other things, 'no man can at
the same time be a first rate clock maker and a first
rate boot maker.' Here a man in the congrega-
tion, rising swiftly, interrupted him and asked per-
mission to controvert that sentiment. He main-
tained stoutly that it was not true, for he himself
was first rate at both clock making and boot making.
He could match the best at making a boot, and work
at a clock with the best man in Worcester. Of course
there was a great stir in the congregation, but the
clergyman soon induced his critic to yield the floor
and allow him to go on with his discourse."

TRUTH BATHS.—We are pleased to learn that the
establishment of the celebrated Turkish baths, at the
Sanitarium, 361 Shawmut avenue, has been attended
with signal success, in the removal of disease. We
have heard of cases of dropsy, asthma, rheumatism,
and various diseases of the skin, that, having re-
sisted every other means of cure, were readily re-
moved by use of these baths. When invalids can be
restored to health by a process so luxurious, the pub-
lic should be apprised of it.

It is a pleasure to realize that our professional
friends, whose sedentary employment and business
cares preclude sufficient recreation for insuring vigor-
ous health, can here find a panacea for all their
nervous ailments. We have personal knowledge of
the exquisite pleasure which individuals in health
experience in these baths; and are glad that such a
luxury is now afforded us, without the necessity of a
journey to Europe. Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S., a cele-
brated English writer upon diseases of the skin, in
speaking of the Eastern baths, says: "The bath

that cleanses the inward as well as the outward man;
that is applicable to every age; that is adapted to
make health healthier, and alleviate disease what-
ever its stage or severity, deserves to be regarded as
a national institution, and merits the advocacy of all
men. A nation without the Turkish bath is de-
prived of a large portion of the health and inoffen-
sive enjoyment within man's reach; it therefore in-
creases the value of a people to itself, and its power
as a nation over other people." Wilson's pamphlet
on this subject can be procured at Ticknor & Fields,
137 Washington street.—Transcript.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E.
W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable
book. The author illustrates several chapters of the
teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original
manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical
bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the
Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven
and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Con-
sulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites,
Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in
large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at
the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents.

The Spiritual Renouncer.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N.
Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, commu-
nications, and conversations, in the years 1861, 1862,
and 1863, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These
conversations are held between a band of intellec-
tual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lo-
renzo Dow, Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries were
put to the higher intelligences by this little band
of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with
thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of
Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the
best scientific books of the present age. Did the read-
ing public understand this fact fully, they would have
the work without delay. By reference to the seventh
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found
its way into Germany, been translated into the Ger-
man language by a gentleman well known to the so-
lontic world, and has been extensively sold in that
country. We will send the book by mail to any part
of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through
the winter, and services will commence at 2-45 and 7-15
o'clock. P. M. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged—
Mrs. Fannie A. Conant, Dec. 15; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 22
and 29.

CONGREGATION HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—
Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 1-1/2 P. M.
Conference meetings at 8 and 7-1/2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.
The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday
evening, at 7-1/2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for
the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:
"Astrology."

CHURCH ST.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at
Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—
Emma Houston, in Dec.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall.
Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, the last Sunday
in Dec. and first Sunday in Jan.; F. L. Wadsworth, last three
Sundays in June.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged:
Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 15.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall.
Speakers engaged—Warren Chase, second and third Sun-
day in Dec.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in
Dec.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference Meetings held Sunday morning, and
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. The fol-
lowing speakers are engaged—Miss Belle Scougal, Dec.
10th, and 22d.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold
regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services
commence at 1-1/2 and 7-1/2 P. M.

NEWBURYPORT.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday
at 2-1/2 and 7-1/2 P. M. at Essex Hall.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at
the Town Hall.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Con-
gress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the
forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2-1/2 and 7
o'clock. Speakers engaged—G. B. Stebbins, during Janu-
ary; Belle Scougal, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the
three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, two
last Sabbaths in December, and the two last in April; Miss
Fannie Davis for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged—Leo Miller in Dec.;
Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.;
Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and
20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10-1/2 A.
M., 2 P. M., 7-1/2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

Brookline's Hall, 806 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. Hatch
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so
disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our
country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to
say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to
keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respecta-
bility.