

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

We have gone back to the events occurring previous to the visit of the perjured Philip to the discarded Teresa. We now return to that unfortunate wife and mother, who, but for her infant's sake, clings to the life that has become a heavy burden. The husband of her love has thrown her aside; he would tear her child from the protecting arms that have vowed never to relinquish their living hold. A stranger in a foreign land, whither can she turn? whose aid implore?

Forsaken of the earth, she turns toward the pitying ear of God, and invokes the protection of the guarding angels for herself and child. And the petition is heard and answered, though not as the bleeding mother heart desires. He who disposes of all human ill toward the ultimate and overruling good, he ordained it that the child of Teresa's love should be the angel of another's sorrowing heart; that through her agency much good should be done, and great and threatening evils be averted. Into the keeping of the little Felicia was given the execution of a divine mission; that by the "pure in heart" alone could be fulfilled.

After the stormy interview with her husband, when she recovered from the deadly swoon, Teresa cast her eyes around her in despair. Whither should she flee for safety? where conceal herself and child? Oh, if she could but find his mother, the cold and haughty woman he portrayed, would she not pity and shelter her? Would not Teresa's sorrowful story of trusting love and suffering melt even her proud heart?

"Oh! that I could find her, could look upon her face but once!" she sobbed.

The impulse was upon her to escape with Felicia at once, to wander far away from the wretched hamlet, to search throughout the land for his mother's abode. Alas! she knew not that he had wedded her under an assumed name; that she might vainly seek for Philip Artoin, and never find his home. She knew not that a long day's ride would bring her to his mother's feet. But if she fled, would not his vigilant footsteps pursue her—his spies find out her resting-place? Nurtured in the lap of ease and fortune, could she bear the fatigues of foot-travel, when her exhausted means prevented her from securing the usual conveyance? She could only pray to heaven, and await the issue of her fate.

When Philip left her, he returned not to Linden Cottage, but remained in the vicinity, plotting dark designs with the swarthy Joaquin, his fellow-villain. They dared not resort to violence in order to obtain the child, for fear of alarming the neighborhood; therefore they resorted to stratagem. The intriguing Joaquin, disguising himself so as to defy detection, prowled around the tumble-down old cottage, and while the servant girl was absent on an errand for her mistress, he stole into the house, and passing through the deserted chambers, came to the scantily furnished room occupied by the wife of his master; and, watching his opportunity, he dragged the lady's lemonsade, well aware from her habits that she never permitted the child to taste that favorite beverage of her native Spain. Then he awaited the fruition of his plan. The girl was intercepted on her way home, by a well-concocted story of the sudden illness of a sister. Leaving her marketing by the way, she ran to that sister's house, a distance of two miles. Meanwhile the nefarious plan was executed fully. The sad Teresa, yielding to the potent influence of the narcotic, slept, not the repose of healthful slumber of exhausted nature, but the deep lethargic sleep of utter insensibility. Her child lay clasped in her arms; but when the smiling desperado unwound those clinging hands, she neither moved nor unclosed the heavy lids. The child stirred in her dreamless sleep, but she was quickly enveloped in the folds of a mantle, screened thus from the air of night, for the first stars were glimmering. She uttered not a cry, but slept on, the sweet unconscious sleep of infancy. Slowly as he had come, the ruffian retraced his way.

Ab, poor Teresa! Bereaved and stricken heart! Vain were the bolted doors and the maternal solicitude; thou wert childless and bereft! Oh, sleep, sleep on! my pen recalls from the harrowing task of recording thy awakening, poor widowed mourner mother bereaved of all that earth holds dear!

To the close carriage waiting at the distant turnpike gate, Joaquin bore the sleeping child, and there delivered it into the arms of the cruel father. To have seen him as he showered kisses on her innocent face, as he folded the tender form to his heart, and drew the folds of his cloak around her, you would have deemed him a fond father, a man of compassionate soul.

On, on, the carriage rolled, till many miles lay between the mother and the child. To the care of the French maid, at the sea side home, the little one was entrusted, with many an injunction and a warning

word. Mam'selle Florie, as she called herself, was kind, though frivolous. She undertook the charge of the orphan, (so Philip presented her,) murmuring, "Pauvre petite! pauvre petite fille!" (poor little thing, poor little girl.)

Philip returned to his mother, to the caresses of his young wife, while Joaquin was entrusted with the surveillance of the wronged Teresa.

The deepest feelings of the human heart ever baffle description, and elude the author's and the artist's study; we can portray the grief and the joy that we can comprehend, but that which lies beneath in the fathomless depths of soul, is revealed alone unto the Omnipotent eye.

The despair of Teresa was terrible to witness: her loud shrieks rang through the solitary house and reached the startled inmates of the mill and the surrounding hovels. Men, women and children rushed together in alarm, and when they beheld the frenzied, the wandering eye, the livid face of the wretched mother, they wept aloud and wrung their hands for sympathy.

"My child! my child!" cried incessantly the hapless woman, in a voice that curdled the blood of those who listened. Then she shrieked in the foreign tongue none there could understand:

"Robber! plunderer of the mother's heart! sacrilegious fiend! once my husband I give me back my babe! Take the life that has grown hateful to you—trample on me, kill me if you will—but oh, my life's destroyer, let me once more look upon my child!"

She tore her long flowing raven hair, and violently smote the breast that bore so dark a burden of woe. To God and man she appealed for redress of her unhealed wrongs. She knelt before the peasant mother, and, in her broken English, implored her, for the love she cherished for the infant at her breast, to aid her in the restoration of her child. She kissed the toil-worn hands of the daily laborer, and by the sacred mother-name invoked his assistance.

The worthy people, understanding only that her child was lost, set out in the search. But it was all in vain; no traces of the little one were found. Even when the somewhat more intelligent servant girl declared that the lady believed the child had been abducted by its father, they only shook their heads. The foreign lady was to them a mystery; and all that they could do was to pity her in her deep affliction.

For three days Teresa rose up against the final despair; but when the search was given up as useless, when the men shook their heads despondently, the women bent over her with streaming eyes, and the good minister bade her look above for consolation, then the long tried tension of her heart and brain gave way. She burst from the arms that held her, fled from the faded roof that had sheltered her so long, and with thrilling screams and wildly outstretched arms, rushed out to find her child!

With flying tresses, fever-flushed cheeks, unnaturally brilliant eyes, she fled, a maniac, with a burning brain, a broken heart!

Over her head she had thrown the Spanish mantilla of her happier days. The diamond cross was hidden in her bosom, as was also a miniature suspended from a silken cord. Her black silk dress hung in loose tatters around her form, for in the first access of madness she had rent her only decent garment. The once fortunate and envied Teresa wandered forth a beggared outcast, deprived of the clear light of intellect!

She fled as if pursued by thronging demons; as if endowed with the swiftness of the wind. She eluded all approach, and hid within the thickest hedges when she deemed the followers were on her track. She passed through the densest woods, and climbed the steepest and most rugged hills. She wandered on for days over the bleakest moors and the roughest roads, sometimes sleeping in a wayside inn, at others in the shelter of an outhouse. Her wild manner, her disordered apparel, her foreign tongue, inspired fear as well as pity; nevertheless, the night's lodging and the morsel of food was never denied her. Kind country people gave her a seat in their wagons, and ferry-men rowed her across the stream. All listened compassionately to her incoherent story in a broken language; they learnt that she was in search of a lost child; often shaking their heads they would say:

"Ah, well! Poor thing, she is crazy, and maybe she imagines it all."

Thus is the reality, that so often is stranger than fiction, doubted by the wisdom of the world.

By circuitous routes, led on by a mysterious Providence, Teresa came in sight of "Linden Cottage," and something in its home aspect invited her weary feet to enter, her stricken heart to repose beneath its roof.

A farmer's wife had given her a woolen shawl to guard against the chilling autumnal wind. She looked upon the gay plaid, and sighed heavily.

"Thus," she said in mournful accents, "thus gay and bright was once the coloring of my future life. I culled the roses and they faded; nothing now remains to poor Teresa but the thorns! The sunshine has changed to night! The happy dream is over! He is false and perjured, and my child, my child is lost! Oh, my little angel! my babe, my lost, lost love!"

She drew the shawl still closer around her shoulders, tied the fluttering ends of the mantilla beneath her chin, and pursued her weary way.

Rose was sitting by her mother's side, that pleasant autumn morning, but her bright blue eyes swam in a mist of tears. She had confided to the lady the

story of her courtship and clandestine marriage; of her disobedience toward the indulgent father she had vainly sought to reconcile.

Mrs. Almay was sorely perplexed. Ought she to warn this young and guileless being—to bring the first sting of suspicion to her happy breast? Could she utter the warning words against the husband she idolized, and that husband her only son? She covered her face with her hands, and sat awhile absorbed in painful thought.

"You are angry with me, mama?" said Rose in a low, trembling voice.

"Angry with you, dear child? No, not angry, but grieved; only grieved, my Rose. The sin of disobedience is great; its consequences are fearful, my child. Nay, do not turn so pale; there is yet time for atonement. You say you have written repeatedly, and that your father has not replied. The mails are uncertain, Rose; he may never have received your letters. Write again; write to-day—this very hour—and I will add a few lines to your father. From what you tell me of him, he cannot be unforgetting. There is a mistake somewhere. Write, my child, and believe me, you will soon receive the assurances of his love."

"You are indeed a mother! You are an angel of encouragement!" cried Rose, kissing the wan cheek of the gentle lady, and she hastened to procure writing materials and to engage in the pleasant task.

"If you please, ma'am," said Margary, curtseying at the door; "there's a poor, woe-begone creature wants to see you. It's none of our weekly 'scipents, ma'am, (she meant recipients); it's a new face the poor thing has, with great beads of black eyes, and black hair a-streaming down her back, like—like a pendant from a man's head, as master Philip tells about. Her face is as white as a marmar, ma'am. Dear me! there's young Mrs. Almay with tears in her summer blue eyes, as my Allen says. I did not mean to make you feel unpleasant, ma'am; indeed I did not. Poor Margary looked as if she had committed some awful deed."

"I will go to see her," said Mrs. Almay, rising.

"Let me go with you, mother," said the young wife.

"If I may venture to expostulate, ma'am, and young Mrs. Almay, I think it would be better for the young lady to remain here; for she's a pitiful object, all rag-a-tattered, and blowsy, frowny—as a cat's mane. She looks wild-like, and I fear she's a man-a-lao; crazy as a March hare, ma'am; and she talks a kind of gibberish there's no sense nor sound in. Mrs. Almay will see her first, and then, if she thinks the poor beggar is n't too horrible a sight, I'll call you, ma'am. Please excuse my circumsppection—that's it. I don't mean any disrespect."

"I am sure you do not, Margary. So I will go on with my writing, while mama goes down stairs." And with a bewitching smile, for which Margary declared to Allen "she could have squeezed her all into a jelly, if she dared take the liberty," she looked so lovely and angelical! Rose returned to her letter.

On entering the room devoted to the reception of her poor, Mrs. Almay saw standing before her a ragged and travel-stained woman, with disheveled hair, wild eyes, and sunken cheeks. That she was mad, was clearly evident; that she was wretchedly poor; her condition betokened, as, also, that she had traveled far; for the shoes were worn from off her feet—a few soiled remnants alone remaining. The kind lady was moved to tears.

"Where do you come from?" she asked, in her softest music-tones.

"A sweet, tender voice—a mother's voice!" murmured the maniac. "What you say, senora?" she replied in her broken way.

"You are a foreigner, I see," said Mrs. Almay, leading her gently to a seat by the fire. "Poor child of misfortune!" she continued, scanning the careworn face that yet bore traces of exceeding loveliness. "Where do you come from? I never saw you before in this neighborhood."

"I come, kind lady, over land—far away—over water—mountain. I not can speak your English—I lost my child!" she cried in pining accents. "My little child—my Felicia—my child! my child!"

"Poor bereaved heart!" sighed the sympathizing mother. "Be comforted. Your child is with God!"

"No, no!" wildly remonstrated Teresa. "She not die—she live! One bad man—he my—my—I cannot speak your English. He—my child—far away!" and she made signs that her child had been taken from her arms.

"Poor mother! Who could have been so cruel?" said the lady, gently stroking the stranger's hand.

Teresa seemed to comprehend her question. She cried, pointing to the wedding ring upon her finger: "He, he—Felicia—papa!"

"Impossible! Man could not be so cruel!" she exclaimed.

Teresa told her incoherent tale; from which, however, Mrs. Almay could gather no connecting link. She summoned Margary to lead the tired wanderer to her bathing room; to furnish her with clean, fresh garments, and to arrange a bed for her comfort. A strange attraction drew her toward the wretched outcast. She indulged the faint hope of restoring her to health and reason. With her own hands she prepared a meal, and sat by her while she ravenously ate.

Teresa, smiling gratefully, took the brilliant cross from her bosom and handed it to the lady, saying: "My mother—my mother in the sky!" and she pointed to Heaven. Drawing from her neck a miniature suspended from a silken string, she placed it in her hand. "My papa in the sky!" she said.

Mrs. Almay looked in amazement upon the blazing diamonds, and the aristocratic features of the portrait. On the back of the medallion were engraved the words:

"Teresa de Almayda, Cadiz."

"Would that I could sift the mystery and aid this unfortunate woman. She belongs to a better station, that is evident. Who can she be? Is there any truth in the story she relates of her stolen child; or is it only the aberration of a wandering mind?" mused the deeply interested mistress of the house, as she left her in the care of Margary.

Rose finished her letter, and Mrs. Almay added a few lines of entreaty and motherly interest. She sent Allen with it to the post office, and the lightened heart of the daughter followed it with many a blessing.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY AND ESCAPE.

Philip returning from a short absence, was met by his loving little wife and the beaming smile of his mother. He was gay, chatty, and brilliant. Never had he appeared to better advantage; never was the love of his own devoted ones so fully lavished upon him.

"I have had a strange visitor to-day, my son," said Mrs. Almay. "One of those strange real-life mysteries that sometimes cross our path. Only think, Philip, a woman, yet young, with remnants of great beauty in her haggard face; but oh! such wild, wild eyes! The light of her intellect is extinguished. Some great sorrow must have struck her heart and deadened her brain."

"I am so anxious to see her; but mama says I may not, just yet," said Rose.

"In a few days I trust she will be sufficiently restored for you to see her, my child. I did not think it would be best, to-day. Why should my Rose become familiarized with misery?" I would guard her even from the aspect of another's pain," said the good mother tenderly.

"You are so kind—so thoughtful!" said the grateful Rose, kissing her hand.

"You are indeed a mother to my Rose," said Philip. "But this poor mad woman! who is she? What account does she give of herself?"

They were sitting in the twilight, and the roddy gleam of the fire played over the radiant countenance of Rose, and flickered over the handsome face of her husband. Mrs. Almay sat in the shadow. She replied to her son's question:

"She speaks our language imperfectly; she is a foreigner, and I believe, once belonged to a high station of society. On a medal that she showed me was engraved the name of Teresa de Almayda. She—"

A cry burst from the lips of Philip. He started wildly from his seat.

"What is the matter, love? Oh, Philip, what is it?" Rose cried in alarm, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing!" he calmly replied. "A sudden twinge of most excruciating pain, a neuralgic affection I am subject to."

His mother saw the deadly pallor of his face, the quivering lip, the clenched hand. A wild and horrible suspicion entered her soul.

"Is it all over? Are you better, dear? Is the shocking pain in your head?" asked the unsuspecting wife, passing her snowy hand over his brow.

"Yes, it is in my left temple," he said, holding tightly to her other hand.

She bent over him pityingly, kissing his cheek, and striving to chase away the pain by the magnetism of her touch.

"Sit down, Rose!" he said at length. "I am better—almost well, now, and willing to hear the conclusion of my mother's romantic story. What else of the mad woman?"

"She has lost a child!" said Mrs. Almay, with emphasis; and from what I can glean of her broken English, she accuses her husband of the abduction of the little girl, two years old, she tells me."

"Perhaps the ravings of a disordered mind," said Philip.

"Probably," agreed Rose; "for what human heart could be so cruel as to deprive a mother of her child? The vengeance of Heaven would overtake so unnatural a monster—unfailing retribution would forever follow on his path." She spoke with kindling warmth and energy.

"Peace, Rose! be silent on that subject—I cannot bear to hear you speak so," Philip cried, so wildly that her heart fluttered in alarm.

Mrs. Almay felt her suspicions strengthened.

"And this mad woman is yet beneath your roof?" he continued, in an excited tone. "Are you not afraid that the ravings of this mania—perhaps a sudden, violent outbreak of her frenzy—may injure Rose or hurt yourself? This is very much unlike your usual prudence, mother. I insist that this woman be removed."

Rose trembled. She had never seen him angry—never before had he thus addressed his mother in her presence.

"You would not have me cast forth a poor, benighted, houseless wanderer? You would not have your mother cruel and uncharitable, Philip?"

She spoke gently and low, as was ever her wont.

He uttered an oath—the first that had ever fallen from his lips within the hearing of his wife. She put her little hands to her ears, and cried, as she burst into loud weeping:

"The pain in his head has unsettled him—he is delirious—he knows not what he says. I never heard him swear before."

The hour of his self-control was gone. The un-

governable fury of his temper swayed him, and he spoke so harshly to his mother, that the heart-strings of Rose quivered with the first agony of disenchantment. He even pushed her away, when she approached him with soothing words and ministering kindness; he bade her leave the room. Sobbing as if her heart would break, Rose obeyed this first stern and cold command. Truly, her punishment was just begun.

"Now, madam," cried the ungrateful son, confronting his mother with a threatening mien, "will you tell me what you mean by bringing this beggar, this outcast—this woman, here?"

"Will you tell me, my son," gently, yet authoritatively, demanded the mother, "why that circumstance so strongly affects you, Philip? As your mother, long silent and long suffering, I ask you, who is this woman—what is your connection with her?"

"One that I would not have carried to the ears of Rose," he insolently replied.

"I am answered," said the mother, sadly. "And yet she pointed to the wedding ring upon her finger. But the child, Philip—have you taken it from her arms?"

"That is one of her crazy fancies, I presume. I know nothing of the child—I never know she had one."

"On your honor, Philip? Swear to me that you are innocent of this great outrage on humanity!"

"The devil take your old woman's notions! I'll neither swear nor pray, for you! Can you not take my word? And listen, mother—if you value Rose's love and my forbearance, let that mad wench be removed at once. I will not remain under one roof with her—remember that. Either she is removed, or Rose and I leave to-morrow."

"You fear her, Philip?"

"Not another word, or I shall forget myself. Zounds! madam, am I to be thus served, after an absence of three years? Refuse to do my bidding, and, as I live, you'll never see my face again! You have found something to love and pet in Rose. I'll remove her from your sight forever. Will you send away that foreign jade?"

"I will; but not because you threaten me. Philip I have outgrown much of my sinful weakness. I see the full enormity of the course I pursued with you. In your every dereliction from duty, I trace my handiwork. Those whom you have ruined, will arise to curse me as well as you. I will remove this poor girl from my house; but she shall be cured for—not by the wages of her sin, but from my own scanty means. This you cannot prevent. And that I send her hence at all, is for Rose's sake, not yours, my son. Nay," she continued, as she saw his uplifted arm and infuriated countenance, "you will not again repeat the disgraceful outrage of your youth—not from respect to my white hairs and sorrow-stricken heart, but for the love of Rose—the love I deem the one redeeming trait of your wasted life. You will not bring more sorrow to her gentle breast than you have brought there to night, will you, my son?"

And the tearful hazel eyes looked pleadingly into his face.

When Rose had left the room, Allen had brought in the lights. The ten was waiting, but they heeded not the twice-repeated summons at the door.

"Cease your palavering! your endless preaching!" cried Philip, "and do not think, so late in life, you can set yourself up in opposition to my will. As for Rose, I love her, and it is her gentleness, her meek and yielding spirit, that binds me to her. Let her say one dissenting word, or weary me with monae or reproach, and I tell you, my wife though she be, I would leave her to her fate. And hark ye, mother, if I hear that one word about that Spanish—(I will not name her,) is told to Rose—if you hint but one word of my alliance with her, mother—"

The intended menace was not conveyed in words. Mrs. Almay shuddered, and put her trembling hands before her eyes.

"Oh, Philip!" she sobbed, "you, over whose golden future I rejoiced when you were yet a little babe; you, who have lain upon this breast in innocence and peace—can you thus cast aside all the holy feelings of humanity? My son, your father was a Christian and a worthy man; I, your weak, indulgent mother; I, who daily weep over my mistaken fondness, I yet instilled the principles of love and forgiveness within your soul. Is all forgotten?—all the sacred memories of home, of your mother's love and prayers, is it all darkened, swept away by worldliness and wrong? Oh, Philip! you stand upon the verge of a new, a happier life. Will you not be good, be faithful? Turn to your God, to your mother, who every day implores our Lord's assistance in your behalf. Turn from the crooked path; go hand in hand with the angel to whom destiny has linked your lot. For your sake she has abandoned home and father; will you not, for hers, resign the temptations and allurements of the world? Remain with me; let Rose be indeed my daughter, and we shall be blessed."

"Send that mad woman away, and we will see," he coldly replied.

"She shall go to-morrow," assured his mother.

And, turning on his heel, whether moved by her entreaties his stoical face revealed not, he passed out into the open air.

The evening meal was a silent one. Rose came down with swollen eyes, and Philip was taciturn and moody.

The next day, the poor Teresa, who was ill in body as well as disordered mentally, was sent to the kind charge of Doctor Norton, Mrs. Almay's own physi-

clan, who was a friend and brother to all the poor in the neighborhood. She was sent in the light wagon, with Margaret and Allen, to the doctor's house, with a note explaining her condition. The worthy man took the charge kindly, and bade Margaret tell her lady that she would be well taken care of. His gentle wife repeated the assurance, and when her faithful servants returned with the message, the heart of Mrs. Almey was at rest concerning the unfortunate whom her son had so cruelly betrayed.

But Philip was ill at ease. He dreaded the recovery of Teresa; for, on the fourth day after her removal, Doctor Merton called to see Mrs. Almey, and in the presence of her son, stated his belief that her reason would return with the abatement of the fever that then preyed upon her.

"I am ready to guarantee her recovery of mind, provided the fever does not turn unfavorably," he said.

Philip trembled interiorly with guilty apprehension. As long as her intellect was obscured, he had nothing to fear; but once restored to mental sanity, she could prove the assertion of her marriage, and he would stand convicted as a bigamist! Farewell, then, to his schemes of ambition, to the love of Rose; for he knew her too well to suppose that she would live with him one hour in unbloody bonds. His only safety lay in flight, and that immediately—for who could tell what one day, one hour even, might bring forth? He cursed himself for having confessed to any knowledge of Teresa; but the fact of her presence in the house had taken him so completely by surprise, that he had no time for reflection. His mother, too, suspected him; therefore had he concocted the story that branded an innocent life with shame.

"There is no time to be lost!" he cried, vehemently, as he passed from his mother's room to the chamber of Rose.

The fair young wife was sitting by the window, immersed in troubled thought; for the sudden change in her husband's manner struck her with dismay. He had grown harsh, irritable, fault-finding, gloomy. Not able to penetrate the cause, Rose, accustomed all her life to the ministrations of the most considerate love, fell, all at once, from the pinnacle of happiness, into an unmeasured depth of despair. When her husband entered, she started; for his brow was even more than usually contracted, his entire aspect was threatening. She drew back in alarm. Then her overpowering affection gaining the victory; she arose and moved toward him, saying, in her winning tones:

"What is the matter, Philip, dear?"

"We leave to-morrow!" he replied, abruptly; "to-morrow, at noon. Do you hear, Rose?"

"Leave here to-morrow!" she repeated, clasping her small white hands.

"Oh, Philip! why in such haste?—I have just begun to know mother, and to love this still, humble life."

She stopped her utterance, for there was a fire in his eye, a pallor on his face, that appalled her. He muttered between his teeth—

"I want to leave before she knows more." Aloud he said—

"Rose! it is a wife's duty to yield obedience. I did not bring you here for a life-long stay—only for a short visit. I am glad you like my mother; but business of importance calls me away. And hark ye, wife! before long we shall set sail from England, and you shall see the tropic shores you admire the description of. But now, no remonstrances; I am in the habit of commanding implicit submission from all who live with me. Do you hear, Rose?—from all!"

But Rose had heard only that part of his speech which alluded to their departure from her native shores. Tears sprang to her eyes; a vague and terrible foreboding seized her heart. With pining cheeks she placed one hand upon her husband's arm, and said in low, choked, faltering accents—

"You will not leave England? Not yet, Philip! We will return to our cottage by the sea; but you will not take me—"

"Stop, Rose!" he interrupted, with an anger-flashing eye; "remember your promise—your own words—I will go with you to the utmost confines of the earth! Have you forgotten so soon? Is this your promised affection—your wifely obedience? Madam, is this the love you vowed at the altar? But mark me! I am not the man to be thwarted by a woman's whims. If not with your own consent, then without it; for, by heavens! go you shall!"

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" cried Rose, sobbing piteously and veiling her eyes from the angry and distorted countenance before her.

"What have I said, or done, that you should speak so cruelly? Oh, Philip, Philip! you are changed since a few days—you are no longer like the good, kind, loving husband that brought me here! Oh! and she knelt before him; "give me back your love! be as you have been to me, and I will do all—all that you bid me!"

He smiled triumphantly as he raised her to his arms.

"Be ever the gentle, yielding, considerate Rose I wooed, and you shall find me the same Philip. But mind this!—his voice was again harsh and cold—"learn to control your feelings; not a word of reproach or remonstrance! Before my mother, appear cheerful as before; let her not surmise that there is a single cloud between us. You shall not regret leaving this uncongenial land; for far across the sea you shall live like a princess."

Again the same cold shuddering passed over her frame. She suppressed the reply that arose to her lips, and simply said in a sadly touching manner—"I will do all you wish."

"Then you are again my own dear Rose," he said, and kissed her forehead; "now let us go down to mother."

In a hurried, abrupt, business-like way, he told his mother of their intended departure the next day, as affairs of importance demanded his immediate presence.

Mrs. Almey turned deadly pale at the sudden announcement, for her sorrowfully disappointed heart had twined itself around the gentle daughter. She knew too well that it was useless to remonstrate with her son; and she read that in his eye which forbade all further inquiry. She did venture to solicit the company of Rose. But Philip said decidedly that he needed his wife's society.

"We may return soon, and we may not; all will depend on circumstances," he said; "but you shall hear from us often."

Before entering the room he had forbidden Rose to say one word to his mother concerning the departure from England. Against her will, almost without her knowledge, she found herself involved in a web

of deception and secrecy. The punishment of her sin had begun. She felt it within her soul.

As carefully as he had guarded her from looking on the maniac Teresa, did he now watch her, lest left alone with his mother, she might be led by her feelings into any indiscreet revelations or confidences.

Mrs. Almey, comprehending his motive, linked it with the rest of his conduct, and connected all with the sudden appearance of the Spanish girl, as she deemed her. The mother's bosom was oppressed, and her sad eye sought the tear-filled orbs of Rose.

Margary, in confidential confab with her Allen, expressed it as her opinion, "That there was n't much good left in Master Philip; he'd been among those plaguy fornicers too long; he was all outlandish; and as for that servant-man of his, with the heathenish name—Jon-kin—he could n't bear the sight of his white-skinned face; he was a regular monster!"

It looked more like—like—an *autrichian* than a Christian, and he was all in all to Master Philip. Mrs. Almey, the blessed darling, the young one, was an angel, what the Mistress called a cheer-up! but oh Lord! said the good woman, "I fear she's born to see a peak of trouble with that scape-grace of a young master. And he n't so young neither, thirty come last Michaelmas; but he's given to gallivanting 'round, and taramanting over hill and dale, and sailing over the seas, and all such rover-like doings. How can she be even happy with him?"

"Leave all to the Lord, Margary, woman!" said the resigned old man. "He'll guard the pretty lily blossom through the wilderness of this world. Never fear, she'll be taken care of by His blessed angels!"

"The pretty dear!" sighed the kind creature. "I've got so used to combing and curling her beautiful brown hair; how I shall miss it! and her singing voice, that sounds like—like—I can't find the 'parson, Allen."

"Like the Summer wind when it kisses the roses and violets; or like a wind-harp with the sweet South breeze a-playin' over it," as the old poet says.

"Yes that's it—an *Eolo-hian*; that's what the lady calls it. Such hair! chestnut brown—"

"With apples of gold," interrupted Allen.

"Eyes blue as—"

"July skies," he added.

"That's it, Allen; and such milk-white hands and little bits of fingers that never did a stroke of hard work in all their days! Such a sweet, sweet smile!"

"Sunshine on a rose-bank," said Allen, glowing with complacency at his own felicitous comparisons.

"Such lovely round cheeks, continued Margary.

"Apple blossoms!" said her husband.

"Teeth like the pearls she wears round her neck. Figure like—like—"

"Straight as a young poplar, graceful as a willow," said the old gardener.

"That's it, Allen; and to think of her going away to-morrow, and we may never see her again! never see the beautiful shiny, silky things that rustle in the door, telling us young Mrs. Almey is there. I can't get the name of those outlandish silks—mory—mory-antic, that's it I think. May she even keep the splendor, and what's better, the love of all that look upon her."

"Amen! the Lord watch over and keep her forever!" fervently prayed the good Allen. And surely the prayer of such is heard.

Not the moment was Rose left alone with her mother-in-law; but when the moment of leave-taking came, she forgot all the injunctions of her husband; she threw aside all her practiced self-control, and with a wild burst of sorrow, she clung to the mother's bosom, crying with a thrilling voice:

"Bless me! my mother, bless me! love me—say you love me—once, once more!"

Mrs. Almey, her slight frame quivering with emotion, blessed her fervently.

"Come, Rose, this is childish weakness," remonstrated Philip. Then in his gay, off-hand manner, said:

"One would think it was a farewell for life! Adieu, mother!" He took her hand and kissed it.

"It is, for me, for life—forever!" cried Rose, with prophetic earnestness. "I shall never see your face again, mama! never, never in this world!"

Philip knit his brows and turned aside.

"Be comforted, my child! the Heavenly Father is merciful and just; we may meet again on earth, perhaps sooner than you think," said Mrs. Almey, kissing her fondly.

"One moment, Philip; only one moment more!" she plead, as he was urging her away. She left her mother's encircling arms, and going up to Margary, she imprinted a loving kiss upon the wrinkled cheek.

The action was so sudden, so unexpected, in its tender gracefulness, Margary knelt down, kissed the young lady's hand, and covering her face with her apron, burst into a fit of crying.

"Good, faithful heart," said Rose, "pray for me when I am far away."

She went up to old Allen and took his toil-marked hand.

"You, too, good friend," she said, smiling through the rain of her tears, "pray for me; God hears the asking of the humble."

She returned to her mother, cast her clinging arms around her neck once more, and kissed the lips and cheeks and brow of that beloved one. Then veiling her mournful face with her handkerchief, she gave her hand to her husband, and entered the awaiting carriage.

She had not asked her mother-in-law to pray for her; she knew that not a petition would be uttered by those loving lips in which her name would be omitted.

And so through the November gloom, amid denuded woods, and over the thick carpeting of fallen leaves, the carriage sped on swiftly, while the tears of Rose fell fast.

Mrs. Almey returned to her chamber and remained there during the day. When she came down to tea, her face was more than usually pallid; her eyes were dim as with long continued weeping; her voice trembled with emotion whenever she addressed her faithful servants.

The mother's heart was doubly wrung with grief.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An awkward looking youth made his appearance at the recruiting office at Lancaster N.H., a few days since, and desired to enlist as a sharpshooter. His extremely verdant appearance created considerable merriment among the spectators, and it was proposed that he should try his skill on the head of Jeff Davis, at the required distance. Inspecting his rifle a moment, he raised it and put a ball through the side of the nose. The company supposing this to be a chance shot, made him fire again, when he put a second ball through the other side of the nose. He was then accepted without further ceremony.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FAITH IN GOD.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

What is it to have Faith in God? Go ask the laughing rill
That dances o'er the mossy roots, and down the sloping hill;

It does not look ahead to find obstructions in its way,
But trustingly goes laughing on, like little boys at play.

What is it to have Faith in God? God watch the bird
And see

How in the Spring she builds her nest upon some naked tree;

She does not wait for Summer's shade, but brings her
sticks and mud.

Trusting in God for future leaves—now folded in the bud.

Then why should man—God's noblest work—distrust
His mighty power?

Why is it that his faith grows dim in every trying hour?
Can he not see on Nature's page the wisdom there displayed?

How all things tend to harmonize, His loving hand
hath made?

Can'st thou not climb the flowery mount because thy
neighbors sin?

Reverse thy spectacles, oh man, the trouble is within!
Weed out the garden in thy heart, and make it hallowed ground;

No longer keep a lightning rod to draw the troubles
round!

Can'st thou not find a pearl, or gem, among the rub-
bish here,

To deck thy spirit's diadem for yonder heavenly sphere?
To moil all things, however dark, contain a truth divine;

Why look thou for candle-light, when God's great
sun doth shine?

Shall I distrust my Father's laws because my eyes are
dim?

Though pain is mixed with pleasure here, shall I not
trust in Him?

My kingdom is not of this earth—the spiral stairs of love
I climb and hold communion with the angel ones above!

I thank my God He has prepared for me some shady
bowers;

If briars and thistles did not grow, we should not love
the flowers;

I see a ray of dawning light in all the broils and jars—
If God had given us no night we could not see the stars.

Thatchwood Cottage, 1861.

Original Essays.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

BY J. COVENT.

The Christian church invariably receive this teaching as one of the fundamental articles of their faith. The theory is certainly taught in revealed religion, and the experiences of the past and present confirm its truth.

But this forgiveness is strictly confined to classes of sins that tend to affect the body only. For there appears another class of transgressions that are exempt from the operations of this power, viz.: the sins against the Holy Ghost or Spirit. All the offenses of this portion of our being it is declared shall not be forgiven. There can be no uncertainty about the applicability of both of these laws to man, for he alone is specially addressed, and he only capable of transgression.

The human form is composed of spirit and earthly matter—the one is eternal in its nature, and not subjected to the laws of earth, and the other is temporal, composed of the material of the earth, and is in complete subjection to its laws. An exact knowledge of the laws of each structure and their wise application, do not of necessity conflict with each other; but when war is said to exist between the spiritual and the earthly, it is in consequence of one portion of our being receiving more attention than its nature demands, and a proportionate neglect of the other.

Sin in the Bible is defined to be "a transgression of the law." As there appears to be a dual formation in man's organism, it must be a transgression of the laws of the spirit, or a transgression of the laws of the body—now as we see, the violations of the law against the spirit are positively excepted, the only forgiveness that can be secured is in the department of the laws of the body.

But though most of the afflictions of the body man endures may be directly chargeable to the violation of these laws, yet it must be remembered there are evils that occur to it, that do not result from this violation on the part of the sufferer or of his parents. The whole organism is subjected to constant change from infancy to old age, and many of our sufferings are created by this endless transition.

The laws of existence are such, that a constant change of our being must take place, without a violation of any of its laws. We see cases in which the subject has arrived to full maturity, sink at last into the rest of his mother's bosom, the earth, without any or much of the sufferings of the body to which most of men are subjected.

This forgiveness cannot apply to the body when its "seeds of life have run out," or when the number of pulsations that belong to the vigor of the form have finished their course. It can only apply in cases in which the disease attacks the body, and before it gains the supremacy over the vitality of the form.

It will be recollected that life is resident in all the particles of which the form is composed, and the commencement of disease is a cessation of the life of that portion of the structure in which it is located. It is infectious or sympathetic in its character, and the adjacent parts become more or less involved till a total cessation of the life of the form takes place, unless it be arrested by the employment of means to reestablish the lost vitality.

Christ, by the clairvoyant principles of spirit power, discovered at once the precise nature of the sufferer's complaint and the result of the application of his powers. That this restoration to health under the circumstances named, is an absolute forgiveness of sin, is illustrated in the case recorded by St. Luke, in which the bystanders objected to Christ's expression: "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Christ perceiving their thoughts, addressed them, saying:

"Whether it is easier to say thy sins be forgiven thee, or say arise, take up thy bed and walk?"

As these expressions refer to the same thing, they must be of the same import, precisely. The great Teacher gives as a reason for the first of these expressions, that man might know that He had power on earth to forgive sins.

The question naturally arises, how did he heal the infirmities of the body, and by what power?

First: His organization of spirit and body was of that peculiar character that the spirits from the angel world could have access to and through him constantly. The purity of his purpose and his utter disregard for the pomp and vanities of earth and his firm determination to be guided and controlled by spirit-direction, enabled him to understand the thoughts of others, and the precise nature of the maladies under which they suffered.

Second: His bodily structure was vigorous and strong, overflowing with vitality, force or power, and whenever he came in personal contact or near approach to others of less vital force of body, this influence passed from him to others, until an equilibrium was established between the two. This received life on the part of the diseased, gave sufficient life-force to him to establish health, or to overcome the diseased organ or surface. Hence, we read of certain cures performed without an actual personal contact.

The curative powers exercised by Christ were more or less influenced by the state of his own and others' minds. It is recorded of him that he could not do so great works in one place as in another, because of unbelief. Had he been really God himself, as religionists believe, his power and glory could have been manifested as strongly in one case as the other, for it is written that "all things are possible with God." This is true, for all things are God.

PREJUDICE AND SPIRITUALISM

IN ENGLAND.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Few persons realize how bitter a foe to the kindly expansion of the heart, or the intellectual aspirations of the brain is cherished in prejudice.

Founded upon indolent or obstinate adherence to habits of thought, prejudice builds up around a narrow court of ignorance the garrison walls of a pride and self-sufficiency that relies on its own opinions (however formed) as entirely conclusive. It is against the two most unreasonable and therefore most impracticable forms of prejudice, namely, religious and scientific bigotry, that Spiritualism has chiefly to contend. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the worthlessness of opposition from the religious bigot, than the baselessness of the fabric upon which that bigotry is erected. Take, for instance, the Christian's blind reverence for the Jewish scriptures. The British Newgate Calendar or American Police Records never surely presented a history of more foul and revolting crimes than the "sacred" books of Kings, Judges and Chronicles. Wars as ruthless, and rapine as loathsome as the pages of these books record, never before or since darkened the annals of human history, and yet these writings are put into the hands of innocent children as the guide to morals; while endless genealogies, and minute directions concerning patterns for dresses, fringes, ornaments and buildings, are held up as the direct word of God, and models of the conversations going on between the Creator of the universe and his chosen teachers.

Decency in morals, humanity in war, and reverence for the idea of a Supreme Being, would teach us to shrink away with disgust from these Jewish Chronicles, only important as the police records of a very wicked people, and the boastings of an untruthful and very conceited nation; but prejudice not only insists upon labelling these records as "holy," and attributing all their internal abominations to God, but denounces every opinion which does not fall down and worship this grim idol; ignores reason when it dares to meddle with it, and either utterly denies, or anatomizes as diabolical, any fact, how ever obvious, which in the least conflicts with its obsolete views of science, life or morality. Let these assertions, demonstrate themselves in the horror with which every Christian hand will be lifted up when I dare to question the propriety of the story of Lot and his daughters, or Solomon's song; the humanity of Moses and Samuel; the value of the example in the lives of David, Solomon and the Kings of Israel, generally; the sciences of Genesis, or the upholstery of Deuteronomy and Numbers.

Scarcely a Christian that, if he saw these stories in his child's spelling book, would not condemn it to the flames, but, finding them in the Bible, would disinherit and cast out that same child to beggary if he refused to believe all its false chronology and impossible science; its slaughter as the direct command of an infinitely good God, and its crimes generally as more sacred than the purest virtues of the nineteenth century.

The anathemas so lavishly heaped on modern Spiritualists by meek, never-judging Christianity, have called forth yet more whimsical, and, I am happy to add, less pernicious evidences of prejudice versus truth, than the above. Sabbath after Sabbath, pious Christians listen to the awful denunciations of ruin against the sinful nations of the East, with which the prophetic part of the Bible is rife, and when reference is made in conversation to these prophecies, they gladly avail themselves of the literal fulfillment which time has wrought in these lands in proof of the miraculous endowments of Jewish seers; but when reference is made to the beneficent promises of joy, universal peace, love and bloom by which the whole earth is to be renovated, with which these same writings are full—when whole passages are directly quoted to show "that this heavenly kingdom is to be a spiritual one, and is to be preceded and inaugurated by a general 'outpouring of the spirit' on young, old, weak and ignorant, and phenomena are absolutely defined, which cannot be mistaken for other than the work of spiritual beings—prejudice closes the book, refuses to answer our challenge concerning the non-fulfillment of these things, and when we urge the unmistakable character of the Nineteenth Century signs and their wonderful universality in contradistinction to the spasmodic and partial character of similar manifestations in other ages, and urge that possibly this may be the dawning of the long promised reign of the Spirit, we are charged with "wresting Scripture" to suit our unholy juggles, and reviled as bitterly as was the great teacher of Nazareth, when he dared to cure a poor epileptic, or according to the figures of speech of the times, to "cast out devils from the possessed," without the diploma of Jewish Priests or Doctors.

The case naturally brings us more directly before the bar of New Testament judgment, and we commence with the beginning of the histories themselves, asking Christian prejudice, why Vishnu, Christna, Buddha, Osiris, Bacchus, Hercules, Esculapius, &c., should not have been sent by God, as well as Christ? Why these histories were not as real, and births as mirac-

ulous as the Christian's incarnations? Why miracles and histories of, in many respects, a precisely similar character, but in every case antecedent to the date of the Jewish one, should not be the veritable originals, and the last merely the copy? Why the pure and noble teachings of a Zoroaster, the maxims of a Confucius, the golden verses of the Buddha, and many of the most beautiful passages in the Vedas, should all have preceded the Sermon on the Mount, and yet resemble it so wondrously that it would puzzle an unprejudiced Hebraist to tell which was the original and which the copy? And why, when chronology and the facts of profane history are called in to settle the question, they give the Pagans the advantage of many centuries precedence? To all these and innumerable other questions of a similar character, and equally awkward significance, prejudice, scolding details and boldly crowding the religious history of the race into the criminal code of the Jews, thunders out "Infidel!" to the questioner, and "the Bible is the only truth in the world," as the end of the argument. Are these persons liars, fools or knaves? Perhaps all; perhaps neither; they may be, and often are, sincere, pious and truth-loving persons, but the clinging habit of binding up all of God's revelation to man in the narrow covers of the Jewish Scriptures, and the still more fatal habit of unreasoning faith in the popular, that is to say, priestly mode of interpreting said Scriptures, has stultified alike their capacity to reason on assumption whose falsity is monstrous and obvious, and histories which, if transferred to the present age, would make the endorsement of "sacred" a plague-spot and a profanation.

Transfer the history of the miraculous conception from Jerusalem to New York, and shoulder the whole transaction on an American girl, and the King of Kings, whose awful Omnipotent presence fills the realms of limitless space, and ask prejudice why the prestige of 1860 years should take the tingle out of the ears aghast, that could listen to such a story—ask prejudice why you should believe it then, and shrink from the blasphemy of pretending it now?—why you should believe it, too, in the person of Christ, and deny it in the many Hebraist originals who preceded him?—why you should believe it anywhere, when the witnesses were not accredited in their own time, were accustomed, by the habits of their time, to write in figures of speech for the avowed purpose of masking their true meaning, and in language and MSS., the obsolete text and dubious authenticity of which has given rise to more diversities of sect and opinion, than any other record on the face of the earth. Finally, and as the close of this article, (the English sequel of which I find I must reserve for another occasion) I would ask Prejudice to inform me why "the signs," named in the last chapter of St. Mark, as indispensable evidences of Christian belief, are not given?—or whether Christians have been taught by prejudice to use the baptism, but let "the signs" alone?—why they do not perform "the works," to say nothing of "the greater ones" promised by Christ to those who believe in him?—why they hear St. Paul's charge "not to quench the Spirit nor despise prophecies," and straightway go and do both; and why, when Spiritualists do so, at least, if not all the works promised to, and demanded of believers, the Christian world makes Christ and his Apostles their authors 1800 years ago, and the Devil and hisimps their author to-day?

Friend Prejudice, if I now bid you good day, it is in compliance to the far more interesting matter that may fill up these columns, than the discussion of your little peculiarities, not for lack of material to show how cruelly you enthrall your captives to the narrow cell of ignorance, putting them to the rack of every species of device to defend indefensible absurdities, until, in sheer shame at defeat, they are obliged to take refuge behind the ever convenient but meaningless cry of "Infidel!" and crush out the last spark of meridian-day reason, with the raid of "The Bible is in danger!"—and if we do not mind the trumpet-tongues of God's facts as manifest in God's works, will ring out the knell of man's assertions in the nineteenth century," that the trespasses, murders, estates and legends of the most rebellious and stiff-necked people on the face of the earth, were all "the sacred Word of God."

In a future article I propose to show you some of the workings of prejudice, in spiritual progress, from an English point of view.

18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass., Nov. 4, 1861.

Pat-riot-ism.

There is a surplus amount of this element in the community at this time, especially in the manufacturing towns, where the mills are stopped. Some people suppose this is as essential as powder in times of war; but the kind I refer to, and see in the streets and alleys, has much more dependence on rum and whiskey than love of country, or the spirit of seventy-six. The numerous hand-to-hand fights, and the shooting and stabbing affairs which have of late been more frequent than before for years, show that the basest and worst passions of the human heart have been aroused by the war-spirit which we of the loyal States have been compelled to awaken and call to the defence of our country and its institutions. But the temporary and incidental idleness of a large portion of our usually most industrious population (the Irish) is the more immediate cause of the street fights and night riots which keep the police busy in the localities where these people live or congregate.

It will give our quiet citizens a little specimen of the South, where, in the large towns, there is always a large number of idle and ignorant men, ready for every occasion of lynch law or mobbing, on the slightest occasion of excitement, and where often no police force is able to control them. In some sections, these people are idle all the year, and all the years, and, of course, are ready for leaders in any scheme of rebellion where plunder is before them, and a good prospect of whiskey, which is as necessary as fuel in a furnace to keep up fire and heat.

But it is not so in New England and the free States generally. This class of our population, and especially the Irish, are among the most industrious and useful, and usually quiet and peaceable, although poor and ignorant, for which they are more to be pitied than blamed. It is mainly the fault of their religion that they are so, for the Catholic church has ever controlled and oppressed them, through their ignorance and poverty, and well its leaders know, when these cease, they lose their influence, as is the case with most of the children brought up in our free schools, and with the Yankees. It is not the fault of our government or institutions that our Irish friends so generally remain poor where the Yankees get rich. They do most of the work for the corporations, that become wealthy, and might own many of them themselves. They grade our railroad

paths, dig our canals, blast our rocks, ditch our meadows, spin and weave our cotton and carpets, grade and pave our streets, mix our mortar, and carry our bricks to the very top of the chimney, cook our dinners, and wash our shirts, and we pay them well; much better than they were paid in Europe; we offer them land, schools, meetings, invite them to the ballot box and the holiday exercises, and now, when our country and government are threatened and in danger, no part of our population is more ready, or starts quicker than the Irish to fill up the regiments, risk their lives, and fight the battles of freedom. Why, after all this, should they always be poor and ignorant, and live in our meanest streets and houses? This is a question they ought to solve and not upon. It is theirs to act upon and remedy.

The first evil incubus is their church, and the second, dissipation from the use of rum and tobacco—the latter about as bad as the former. It is almost impossible to make a loafer without tobacco, and it is usually the first step of a young man toward the condition of a loafer. Another leading cause of the poverty of the Irish, is their social nature. No people in the world are warmer in their feelings of more social than the Irish, and yet, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that they are much less given to sexual passion and lust than the English, or French, or Americans. They are exceedingly generous among themselves, and, although they are shrewd and appear extremely penurious when trading with Yankees, whom they believe are constantly studying to deceive and cheat them, yet they will divide among their friends the last potato, or cup of whiskey, or rag of garments. They seldom turn out a poor countryman, if they can feed and lodge him. True, they will beg and borrow of those whom they suppose have plenty; but, when they have obtained it, they will divide with all whom they know need it. But the terrible evil which afflicts them as a plague, is the love of strong drink. Could they master this, they would soon rise to wealth, and own much of the property they now create for others, and shake off the church and tobacco, and be the best part of American society.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 17, 1861.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Behold our fair city, in beauty now gleaming,
Behold the proud banner come forth on the breeze,
With pomp and with glory its stripes ever beaming—
The joy of our land and the pride of the seas;
How oft do I gaze at its graceful unfoldings,
As its folds of beauties burst forth on my sight,
And among its loved folds in rapture beholding
A triumph-crowned herald, emblazoned in light.
Beneath this fair emblem, now blazing with beauty,
Oh, warrior! forget not the heroes of old;
Forget not our fathers who marched on to duty,
Who fought and who conquered, beneath its bright fold.
Oh, true-hearted soldier, the conflict now braving!
Forget for awhile where the loved ones have met,
But forget not the flag o'er peril now waving,
Its light circled planets that never shall set.
Behold it, oh, mother! and sorrow no longer
For him who hath marched to the trumpet's loud cry!
Nearth the blaze of its light his heart shall grow stronger,
As on to the battle—to conquer or die!
Behold it, oh, maiden! nor longer despairing
For him who hath given thee love's early sigh;
Oh, think not his heart hath grown cold or uncaring
While his banner lies drooping beneath a dim sky.
Let soft-winged Hope unfurl her fair plumes,
And wave her bright wand o'er the long, dreary night,
Whose day, crowned with Peace, o'er victory's dominion
Shall arise like a meteor, flaming with light.
Oh, then may the maiden, the bride and the mother,
In joy greet the banner, now floating above!
That waved o'er the speed of the hero and lover
To glory's proud field—to the home of his love!
And, as'er while the sun in its brightness unfolding
O'er Freedom's fair land its peace-kindling rays,
Shall those azure-crowned gems we now are beholding
Grow less in their number, grow dim in their blaze,
And no'er shall those fire stripes o'er us depending
Grow pale in the light that around them hath set;
Nor a stain o'er be seen with Parity blending
In that halo of beauty, whose colors have met.

DEDICATION OF A HALL TO SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM ON KELLEY'S ISLAND, OCT. 26, 1861.

Kelley's Island is situated twelve miles from Sandusky, O., out in Lake Erie. It was, at an early day, known as Cunningham's Isle; but being purchased about twenty-five years ago by Mr. Kelley, it received his name. It contains about three thousand acres, and a population of between five and six hundred, devoted mostly to quarrying a beautiful limestone, and the culture of grapes.

The island is an enchanting place, and is a very frequent resort as a watering place for the people of our State. A more quiet spot, or one more beautiful, it was difficult to find.

About fifty of the citizens of Sandusky took passage on the Island Queen on Saturday, at half-past twelve P. M., for Kelley's Island, to witness the dedication ceremonies of the beautiful Hall on the island, erected by the munificence and generosity of Datus and Sarah Kelley. It is decided to the islanders by Mr. Kelley, "for the purpose of disseminating useful knowledge in the shape of lectures, preaching, exhibitions, and for social enjoyment." It is not to be used exclusively for any considerable length of time "for the benefit of any sectarian creed or denomination, if wanted for other purposes; but shall be an open platform for all respectable persons to promulgate their sentiments and convictions of truth, free and uncontrolled."

The aim, we believe, is to have it devoted to the moral, intellectual, physical and social interests of the citizens of the island. The head, the heart, and the muscles, are all to be cared for; the great object being to furnish the island with a suitable place for public gatherings of all kinds.

The control of the Hall remains with Mr. and Mrs. Kelley during their natural lives, after which it passes to the heirs, who vest the control in a committee of three selected for the purpose; but at the end of fifty years it passes into the keeping of the Trustees of the township, who are ever to observe the conditions of the bequest in its use and control.

At half past two, we made our way toward Kelley's Hall, and the first thing we noticed upon our entrance, were the beautiful specimens of art which hung over the stage and upon either side. The portrait of Datus Kelley was life-like. The paintings—"Resurrection," "St. Lawrence," "Niagara, from the foot of Goat Island," "Humboldt," etc.—were executed by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, of Berlin, and spoke volumes in their praise. The "Resurrection," or the bed of death, with the heart-broken mourner kneeling by its side, the spirit taking its upward flight, and the parting of the heavens and the angels meeting—all, all reminded us of Irving's "Sorrow for the Dead." When gazing upon such a scene, it is a time for meditation. The Organ struck up its notes, and the singing of the words—

"My country, 'tis of thee,"
by the choir, touched a patriotic chord, and our mind wandered amid other scenes.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Instrumental Music (Organ) by Mr. Huntington.
My Country, 'tis of Thee, by the Choir.
Reading of the will of Datus and Sarah Kelley, by Mr. Webb.

Address by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin.
Remarks by Mr. Willis, of Coldwater, Mich.
National Hymn, a quartette.
The address and remarks of Messrs. Willis and Tuttle were listened to with marked attention, and at their close were loudly cheered.

The corner-stone of the Hall was laid on the 18th of June, 1861, and bears the following inscription:
"Designed and erected by Datus and Sarah Kelley."
J. B. Merrick, Architect; John Dean, Superintendent.

Within the corner-stone are photographs of Datus and Sarah Kelley, the Island Queen, two copies of the Register, one of the Plain Dealer, Christian Herald, Banner of Light, Herald of Progress, the New York World, etc.

The Hall is a beautiful limestone structure, sixty by forty feet, and has more of the appearance of a church than a hall. It will cost Mr. Kelley in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

A musical society has been formed on the Island, not only for the mutual welfare of the members, but to purchase the organ, which cost \$300; also, to obtain funds for furnishing the Hall, and to further this purpose a concert was held in the evening, which was well attended.

We are not much of a judge of music, but the manner in which the following pieces were sung, drew forth bursts of applause from the audience:
"When You and I were Boys," a duet by Holbrook and Huntington; "She is Passing Away," by Miss Mary Quinn and Miss Mary Rush; and the closing piece, the "Star Spangled Banner," in which the whole audience rose and joined in the chorus, was a fitting close, at the present time, of the exercises of the day, says the Commercial Register.

ADDRESS OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

The present occasion is one of great interest. Aside from the romance which renders everything on or around these islands enchanted, we see in this gathering a glorious sign of human progress. How short the interval which spans between us and the primeval forest. But yesterday our sires wrested this soil from the hands of the savage, whose war cry mingling with the screams of the night-bird and beast of prey, alone disturbed the solitude of an unbroken wilderness.

Grey haired men are still among us who can tell of the wild war they waged against the forest and its tenants.

Bold men were they, not men of the schools; perhaps unable to write their names; but they were cast in iron molds; of Herculean endurance, untiring energy, unknown to fatigue. They came from the East, expecting hardships, and uncomplainingly, undiminished, manfully met them.

I cannot pass them by without a word of tribute. Several of their families pass before me, and invoke a word of gratitude from their children. Grandfathers, grandmothers, you will be remembered so long as our race exists, and your treasured deeds of heroism shall invite us to like excellence.

We remember your strife with the indescribable hardships of savage nature, and enjoying, as we do, the fruits of that strife, we hope to apply the lesson you have taught us, not only in our own advancement, but that of the world. You saw the untamed wilderness, dismal and gigantic, stretching over all our broad State. Not a blade of corn waved in the breeze; not a golden head of wheat lifted its nodding plume; not an animal companionable with man reposed under the shadow of the wild forest. Nay, but tomahawks gleamed from behind the trees, and your murder was plotted in many a bark wigwam, where the red man reposed from the chase.

All was wild, savage, hostile. You labored—days and nights of labor; combating not only beasts, the trees, but insidious disease, bone destroying ague, and scorching fever. You labored bravely on. You conquered. May your declining days be days of peace, and your sun set in the calm of Autumn's eve. We are now tasting the fruits of your gigantic toil.

The wolf no more howls to the silent moon;
The bear no more hides in the sullen wood;
The deer no longer browses as of yore;
The buffalo has left the western plains;
The Indian pursues his game far off
In the broad hunting-grounds of his great sire.

This Island, which appears to have been the favorite resort of the Indian, over which lines of fortifications of an exhibit people still remain, whose rocks still retain the rough-cut hieroglyphics which tell legends of history told as dreams, has become thickly peopled by another race. On the waters of the neighboring Bay, where the bark canoe plied from the wigwam on the main land to the island, a noble steamer, an embodiment of loftiest genius, bristles like a thing of life, to the island, from the wharves of commercial life. To-day we reap the harvest sown by the yore of our forefathers.

The combative energy called out by the hardships of pioneer life, awoke a wild sort of liberty, which has entered in, and forms a prominent trait of our national character. Man is ever receptive to the influences which surround him. He is molded by the material world.

Freedom from all the restraints of society, all its conventionalities and lying follies, awoke freedom of thought; and if the mind thus excited knew nothing of the schools, or even the alphabet, and failed to write its name except with a rude mark, it thought acutely and naturally, and in its own peculiar way, went straight to the work. Intense individualism is produced by this naturalness of thought.

With the isolation of a pioneer life, went the cessation of authority. When there is no one to think for us, we think for ourselves, and whether we think right or wrong, it is much better for us than following a leadership.

Catholicism taught reliance on authority. The woods of America taught reliance on ourselves—the grandest lesson of the ages. You cannot think for me, or I for you. We are all organized differently, and think and act for ourselves, and on our own responsibility.

In like manner do we dispute the right of one mind to think for another, when it looks out on the world through the delusive medium of false conceptions, creeds, and rules of faith. To believe in Calvinism, I must be an organized Calvinist; to be a Universalist, I must be an organized Universalist; in either case, as much as the man before mentioned must look through green glasses, to make the world appear green.

We cannot blame any for believing as they do, more than this one for his belief in the green color of all things. If they are unconscious that they are imposed on by a distorting medium, they assuredly are not at fault.

It would be folly for the ox to say to the leopard, "Eat grass with me, and not tear my flesh; equal folly for one man to say to another, "You shall believe this, you shall not believe that." Whatever appears true to the mind, it can no more help believing, than the lungs can help breathing. It cannot believe what appears to it untrue.

Ignoring this, however, many thousands exist in the world, all of them egotistically thinking they have all the truth in the world embodied in their pet creed; and proselyting in the same spirit, they would save drowning wretches from the waves.

Let us strive to reach a plane of development where we shall rest content to convince ourselves of our truths, and care nothing for the belief or unbelief of the world.

I would not be understood as saying we should conceal our truth, but rather that its light should shine forth, and they who can receive it, will gladly welcome its light.

Ye thousand sects of Christendom, toil on side by side. Ye are all traveling one way, and the end of your labor cometh, when all creeds shall be merged into one—that of universal brotherhood, and the acknowledged individuality of every soul on earth.

One man has no right to control the belief of another. Armed by tyranny, he may fetter the body, but the mind never. Throw it into the deepest dungeon, there to fester in pestilential air, with reptiles crawling over the chained body, or fattening on its tissue; keep it there while the slow earth, time after time, makes the circle of the seasons; tear asunder the physical frame by the torturing rack, or red-hot pincers; discover it fiber from fiber; burn it with blazing faggots; the body perishes, but the mind remains unchanged. Like Prometheus chained to Caucasus, with the vultures feeding on his vitals, yet remaining firm in purpose, the Godlike mind proves itself far above the destruction of the frame through which it is manifested.

A truth cannot be destroyed. The man may be crucified, but the truth he utters cannot be blotted out.

Jesus from the cross, Galilee from his dungeon, a thousand martyrs from the flames, emphatically testify this lesson.

Has Error ever proselyted the world? Never. Truth has always been its teacher. They who have spoken the truth, and lived lives nobly devoted to it, are the deified personages of the Past. The bad have sunk into oblivion. The good have remained as lights, guiding our pathway.

Souls men are excessively fearful that evil will triumph in the end. They have no faith in God or his providence, but seem to believe that He is destined to be thwarted in his plans. Nothing is more sure than the ultimate triumph of Truth. Put it under a mountain of error; pile above it Alps and Himalayas—it will ignite the entire mass, and from the cross flow in a pure, golden stream, refined by the process. If you should tell me that there will be no stars in the firmament to-night, that the sun will not rise to-morrow, sooner would I believe you, than that truth is ever crushed. Temporarily, it may slumber; but only Phoenix-like, to rise from its bed of flame to new life and resistless vigor.

There can be no danger, then, for every man to think for himself, and act on his own responsibility. Error only can suffer. If he arrives at conclusions different from every other being in the wide universe, that is his own affair. When he goes out into the world with his conclusion, practical life will show how true it is, and if chaff, the winds of heaven will blow it away.

In the firm belief of this individuality, this Hall has been built, and its doors opened for the utterance of thought on all questions. Deeply imbued with the spirit of self-reliance, its founder believes that truth never suffers in the combat with error, and gives both a free platform. Here by the collision the cross will be burned, by constant friction the good elicited.

If you are a theologian, no matter of what order; a believer in the Trinity or the Unity; in Forcarnation, Free will, or the reverse; a Deist or an Atheist; a stringent creed worshiper or a Free-thinker,—stand up boldly, and speak out the utterances of your soul. Remember, however, that your audience has the same liberty. You must make your subject sufficiently interesting for them to come out to hear you, and if they chance to disagree with you, the platform is free for their criticism. You may go before; but after you your neighbor cometh, and with the keen edge of investigation, lays bare your weak points.

All this must be done—not with malice, envy, or a spirit of contention. We never grow better by wrangling debate, nor receive any new light. It must be done in the calm spirit of philosophy. Because my adversary believes exactly contrary to myself, is no reason for my becoming angry and treating him with abuse. In the absence of an absolute standard of measurement, he may be right and I wrong. Rather I should feel how very insignificant the position of a disputant, and strive to cultivate love and good will toward enemies and friends.

A Hall like this can but draw together a society of free, independent thinkers. By constantly meeting together, in Lyceums, and on other occasions, not only the intellectual, but the social nature will be developed, a fraternal feeling grow up, and it will become the centre of an influence wide and deep. Such institutions are needed in every town in our country, and the day is not far distant when they will be as frequent as the constant steeples.

We worship God by loving our fellow-men, and we love our fellow men by doing right. We must learn to treat them as brothers, and by aside received notions of commercial integrity which convert this world into a gambling-stall, and make business as uncertain as caste at a monte-jable. The question of the day is, how can I circumvent my neighbor? To be successful, is to get wealth. The American people know of no other success but of the dollar. Learning, Genius— heaven-born and ennobling Genius, are alike prostituted to this ignoble task. John Jacob Astor is the Christ of this century, to whom men turn with reverence, and back their protected oaths.

The man of pure erudition can get his crust as he can, what care the money-getters for learning, except it tells them how to get money faster?

But we are awakening from this horrid delusion. We are not butterflies of an hour, born to perish ere sunset. Death does not pass with oblivion the scene of this life.

Church and State preach a pure and exemplary life, and men echo the same; but practically, the world is a rank Atheist. What counts it, if I go to church on Sunday, sit in my cushioned pew, until the solemn droning of the established minister lulls me to sleep? What counts it though I pay more than my part of the church tax; pay missionaries to carry Bibles to the savages of the Equator, if I go out Godless and heartless altho' the rest of the week, hyena-like, to fatten on the wretches of OTHER MEN'S UOSES?

I say we are awakening from this horrid delusion that wealth makes the man. Too long have we worshipped the Almighty Dollar, and only the deep-throated cannon awoke us from our dream. Suddenly finding ourselves, our colossal nation, standing on the brink of destruction, we for the first time realize that money has not the power to avert our doom—manhood alone can save us?

Your John Jacob Astor are good enough in peace; but now we must have Scotts, Fremonts and McClellans—men with the ring of the true metal. Here we meet in peace and harmony; but we came

from, and are soon to return to a world of turmoil. All around us is war. The very air is fraught with the spirit of battle. The contest is stern, but he who cries peace is a traitor. We are driven on by fate—a will infinite to our contentions. We are working out our destiny as a nation, and proving to the world that our Republic is worthy of existing.

The lecturer here diverged into an extended review of the condition of the country. He brought his pet theory of the philosophy of history to bear on the subject, and showed why our government was unstable; that is, an element was introduced which could not, nor would not, be consolidated into our national unity—Slavery. He advocated emancipation as the only remedy for our troubles, pronouncing a startling prophecy of terrible results, if peace was declared on other terms.

He taught that a divine destiny overruled the nations of the earth, and concluded this portion of his subject by saying: Now let us stand by the deep-throated cannon—the only orator adequate to plead our cause. So sure as Truth is eternal, our nation shall triumph in this terrible crisis, purged of its impurities, and commence a new and glorious career—an Elizabethan age—when the spirit of our Constitution shall be actualized and our Declaration of Rights be no longer a dream.

If, however, I am fully impressed that I am an immortal being, and every scar my soul receives here will remain an ugly callous on my spirit, it is impossible to practice Atheism.

Men are excusable for all their misdeeds, and in charity we should remember that if we were placed in their circumstances we should do exactly as they do. The truth has not yet illumined the darkness of their souls. They are taught only theoretically to believe, and hence it enters not into their conduct.

Superficially, Nature teaches that death is the end of our existence. The tree, tall and gigantic, is overthrown by the wind. In a few years it crumbles back to dust. A thousand plants absorb its particles; it has passed away. The ox crops the rich herbage which enters into its organism. In turn, it is eaten by man, who thus destroys the existence of the ox. Nothing, so far, survives. To the senses the death of man is nowise different in phenomena from that of the animal. All external manifestations are the same in both. There lies the quivering animal; here the prostrated man. One convulsion, one gurgling groan, and all is over. Dissect this frail body. You find no indicative of anything beyond.

Thought and emotion rushed through the congested of this inanimate brain; along these arteries the red blood rushed in its functions; on these nerveless knees children clambered, and looked up fondly into these stony eyes, which then spoke the throbs of feeling and the fire of love. It is a wreek we have before us. Who shall tell of the power which set this frame in motion, energized its vitality, and made it a wonder and a constant miracle?

But, while we recognize the existence of something beyond, while we recognize the existence of the future, how came he by a knowledge so diametrically opposed to his senses? Was it by intuition? Intuition cannot receive the impression of an object which does not exist. It is a mirror which only pictures existing things. Rather, was it not inspiration of those who had gone before? Such, I think, is the case, and from this fact draw the only convincing argument of man's immortality which positive, external science affords. If the dead savage existed in the world of spirits, would he not unfailingly return and tell his mourning brother that he still lives? I think such an influence can be safely predicated on the known constitution of the human mind. The existence of this belief, then, proves its truthfulness.

The body perishes; its composing atoms seek new combinations, build up new organizations, passing and repassing backward and forward in the inscrutable ebb and flow of existence; but the spirit, the internal self, rises above the mortal frame and seeks its home in the spheres. The body perishes; mountains of granite shall crumble; the earth shall melt; suns, stars and systems shall dissolve like the unsubstantiality of a dream, but the spirit shall still exist, growing brighter and grander in its immortality.

How do we know this? We feel it! It is the deep, ardent, unsatisfied desire of the human heart. We feel, if we are ephemeral for a day, if physical death closes the scene of our fleeting existence, the greatest mistake has been committed, and creation—grand, glorious creation, is a failure!

More to the land beyond the grave has lost its darkness. Out of the damp night of the sepulchre a sun has arisen, and by its glad beams we behold the divine spirits who have gone before us. Spiritualism has bridged the gulf between earth and the immortal spheres, and the hosts of the departed come to visit us. The hitherto mystery of death and the future state have been reduced to the domain of positive science, and we know as of the world to which we are going as of that we are leaving. Friends, relatives, gone before us, beyond the dim, uncertain veil which has, like an impenetrable wall of iron, shut us from the immortal land and earth, are with us all the while, recording angels, watching our actions, good or bad; with angelic grief noting the former. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without their notice. A myriad disembodied spirits are with us; a myriad spirits, yet chained to the body, will soon leave it to join the hosts beyond! How important, then, is living a true, pure and holy life. There every thought is revealed; the mind is like a basket of crystal, every thought it contains being plainly discernable. There is no corruption then in secret; no murderous thought unseen. The spirit of each individual enters the spirit realm just as it leaves this earth. If it is blackened and scarred by crime, debased by loathsome habits, corrupted and stained by vice, it will stand on the other shore just as scarred, debased and corrupt, as it was here. If pure and holy by a noble and virtuous life; resplendent with deeds of unselfish benevolence, and sacrifices for others, on the other shore will stand this spirit, shining with the light of its good deeds. This fatality is unchangeable. As the man, so the spirit.

But does death end the term of probation? Is the blackened soul destined to remain forever stationary, or sink deeper and deeper into the maelstrom of crime for eternal ages? No! Nature teaches progress, and with the eye of hope, we discern that all, sooner or later, will turn to virtue. A million ages may sink into nonentity before the blasted soul awakes to its destiny; but time is nothing to the infinite.

Perhaps I may be considered as dogmatic in these sentiments; nay, all this realm has been wrested from dogmatism, and annexed to that of positive science. A few remarks seem necessary to the understanding of the relation such institutions as this bear to the spirit-world. Do you think we here escape the ghosts of the departed? On one hand we assemble—they on the other; and though we may know it not, our thoughts are mutually interchanged. This, I think, the cause of the great progress of the harmonious associations. They attract and bring themselves in direct connection with congenial minds in the other spheres.

Judging from the past, the time is not far distant when this island and this entire archipelago, with the neighboring peninsula and shore will be as densely crowded and as thickly set with the vine as the Rhine; when every rod of their most rocky surface shall bear its purple burden, and its products be as famous as the most celebrated wine regions of the Old World.

Already has your population become sufficiently dense to urge the formation of associations for mutual improvement, social and intellectual. This hall will of course form the centre of your association, and its walls are destined to become sacred to generations yet to come. It will witness the stammering of youth, the blush of maidens, the tottering steps of age. It shall remain while the child grows old, and the great grand-child staggers under the weight of a full century. That distant generation will look far through the vista of its past, and who can tell the countless memories and traditions which will cling to the old man's mind, and make this place a sacred shrine?

Reported for the Banner of Light. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, November 6, 1861.

Question.—Faith.

Rev. Mr. Fismouth.—In the absence of the leaders of the Conference—[A voice.—We are all leaders.] Excuse me—I stand corrected. As our topic for the evening has not yet been decided upon, I will speak of a matter of so close in which I have been very much interested of late. [The speaker here went into a detailed explanation of the recent discoveries with regard to the dark and luminous lines in the prismatic spectrum; beginning with the first observation of them in the solar spectrum, by Fraunhofer, and coming down to the last investigations of Kirchhoff and Bunsen—a full account of which may be found in the current number of the National Review, and in other British publications.] These researches have an important bearing on the subject of our discussions, inasmuch as their result is to bring matter before our minds in that aspect in which we may suppose it is first acted on by spirit—in its primordial state—and to develop scientific proof of the nebulous theory of the Universe; to show that man is a microcosm, and that everything is composed of some of the elements of everything else. They have given us the means of determining the substances of which the sun's rays are composed, and, less accurately, what are contained in those of the fixed stars. All substances which are predominant in the composition of the earth are found also to predominate in that of the Solar rays, and in the rays which reach us from all other heavenly bodies—with the single exception of the metallic base, Lithium. The inference has been drawn that the sun's atmosphere is composed of all the substances which enter into the composition of the earth, and it is, I think, perfectly obvious that the earth is a production from the substances in the sun's rays, and so is every other planetary body, and they all existed, at one time, in a diffused, or nebulous condition, according to the theory of La Place, which these discoveries seem to have absolutely demonstrated. The time may come, when we have sufficiently extended our observations of the chemical composition of the several rays, when the heavens may be dissected into the Sodium district, the Iron district, the Lime district, &c. But, though matter is here shown to us in its infinitesimal state of ultimate subdivisions and subtlety, it is still merely matter—there is no spirit about it yet—it is dead as a granite boulder, and affords no ground for the belief that spirit is rarefied matter, transmuted by motion. We have yet to learn our A B C as to the constitution of spirits.

Mrs. SMYTH gave a sketch of the plan of creation, according to the theory of La Place, and of Fourier's view corresponding to it, of spiritual progression and unfoldment, throughout ascending spheres of being. "This gives us a glimpse of the employments of the future. We have some conception of them, also, from reason, analogy and consciousness. All the eternities shall become open and clear to the vision of man, for man must become omniscient and omnipresent, by which it is not implied that he need be everywhere in the body, but that the area visited by his thoughts and affections will be infinitely extended."

Dr. GRAY.—I apply the term Faith to the operation of the spiritual senses. What the spirit sees is but very imperfectly translated into the animal plane of consciousness, and is there felt only as dim anticipation; nevertheless, when the human spirit looks into the inner life of Nature, doubtless it sees much more clearly than it can thus translate to the outer consciousness. Faith is at very best only an echo from the spirit into the bodily plane of consciousness. For instance, the whole human race has always had registered in its consciousness the idea of a Divine existence, superior to the human. God and Immortality are ideas of Faith. I suppose all human spirits do fully acknowledge and perceive human immortality. The conviction is perfect in the spirit, but it cannot be translated into the bodily plane until the latter is developed into a state which may be called complimentary to that of the former, so as to receive or reproduce its ideas. Now it is a fact demonstrated by Psychology, that in the animal plane of consciousness persons can be impressed through their nervous systems, and by the operation of another, with a conviction as strong and vivid as though it had come from their own divine intuition—just as a biological subject may be for the time firmly persuaded that my spectacles are a walking-cane. But there is such a thing as a man's own spirit sending down impressions—and he may receive them also from those with whom he is in rapport—of real truth, and I call that real Faith—in other words, it is what is gathered by the spiritual senses in their own sphere of action, and sent down into the natural plane, and these planted as in its proper garden, where it will grow according to conditions, the spirit itself knowing all the time whether those conditions are the right ones or not.

The simplest things may be the result of this use of the spiritual senses. Mechanical inventions are always the result of spiritual intuition. The mind begins with principles, generals, and descends with great labor to details; and a thing being constructed by the animal reason after being translated into the sphere of the external senses, I call that state of the animal consciousness, Faith. Probably three-fourths of the so-called spiritual experiences and beliefs current in society are results of "exotic or spurious faith"—of impressions transferred from other and more powerful minds, and in these very minds may be entirely artificial, and yet produce terrible effects on the weaker subjects. This spurious Faith, like a out flower, soon dies out—and hence the numerous cases of religious "backsliding," which follow as reactions from the efforts of brilliant revival preachers. So, too, our own trance-speakers give forth a world of nonsense about theosophy, theology, &c., under an influence which may seem to themselves a natural growth of their own divine state of intuition.

Dr. HALLOCK, as an example of the influence of education and surrounding opinions, in producing visions, referred to a case which had recently come under his observation, of a young girl who, on her death-bed, thought she saw Jesus. The impressions on her external plane must take the form which was the only one she could suppose was there—and so it has been in a thousand other instances.

Dr. GRAY gave an account of the appearances, within a few months past, of a young lady deceased, to her little sister, four years of age, who received several convincing tests of the spirit's identity. The communications have caused a decidedly happy change in the mother, who had been before inconsolable; and she has since been developed as a tipping medium. The family had no previous faith in Spiritualism.

Mr. PINK.—Paul says Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen; and men must really have that faith to know what Paul was talking about. Neither can you know Dr. Gray's kind of faith until you experience it. Now I have passed through that thing, and I know it. I know God—that there is a spirit of God besides the spirit of man, and by having this Spirit of God, His things are revealed to you, and so with the things of man. When a man has that spirit of faith, he is raised from the dead; he never feels he is a sinner. But Dr. Gray feels that thing. I am as great a sinner as any of you. No man by searching with the intellect can find out God; but a man like Paul has the substance of truth, and has no doubt about it. The faith I have makes a man perfectly careless, instead of anxious.

Dr. GRAY.—[In answer to questions.]—On my spiritual plane I converse with angels, as on the natural plane I converse with you, and I suppose you do the same, and every other human being; and, to know the Divine truths of the internal life, we must keep ourselves in rapport with the angelic world, and in such order that truth may grow on the internal plane, and drop out and yield fruit in our conduct. I do not believe I am inspired by God

New Publications.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH, containing Medical Prescriptions for the Human Body and Mind. By Andrew Jackson Davis. New York: A. J. Davis & Co. For sale in Boston at the Banner of Light office.

Nobody will dispute, be he believer in spirit-communion and spirit power or not—that this is a valuable book. It is just what its title-page indicates, and is intended to help mortals in correcting the many evils of their lives, and returning to the conditions of health and happiness. Many, if not most of the valuable receipts and directions furnished between these covers, have been already published in an appropriate department in the author's paper, and therefore will be doubly valuable in their present form to those who have met them before, and have, perhaps, followed out their rules.

We conscientiously think that Mr. Davis communicates truths—simple yet profound—to the human family in these pages, that will not only bring about a complete revolution in the modes of healing and physical preservation, but in the way of securing individual happiness likewise. This book is adapted for a person's *valde mecum*, being full of sensible reasonings on health—both physical and spiritual—and abounding with receipts (if we may so style them) of immediate and permanent value. Obeying these, one may at least keep off disease, if he may not fully regain perfect health. Following these, one may find the way to his own safety and happiness at once.

Mr. Davis has evidently a wonderful power to read all the interior laws of pathology, which, as some medical writers have said, are as beautiful—if not more so—as those of health. Armed with weapons for repelling all the shapes of physical ill, and knowing intuitively where those dire demons are most likely to show themselves, the author possesses every needed faculty for sounding the alarm to his fellow-mortals at the right moment, and in the most effective way. No man knows better than he the working of the great laws of Magnetism, nor what vast efficiency it possesses in working cures. There is no guessing in this field, as there is in the ordinary practice of medicine; everything is plain and direct and incontrovertible.

As a work of immediate, and what the world would call practical value, we incline to think this last book of Mr. Davis will be in much larger demand than his previous ones, wide as was their popularity. It is published in very convenient form, its pages are printed in open and readable type, and its general mechanical appearance is excellent. One cannot easily analyze the contents of such a book—it must be made a familiar friend by those who take it in their hands. It must have a large sale, and an immediate one; for its service to man begins to-day and continues without end.

This volume may be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, at 1¢ per copy.

CHAMP AUTHORIZED EDITION OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—The cheapest edition of "Great Expectations," by Dickens, yet published, is issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It is sold at twenty-five cents, and contains a number of fine illustrations. There is a Boston edition, at this price, but the paper and type are so bad that it cannot be compared to Peterson's edition, which is the only American issue authorized by Mr. Dickens, who received from the Philadelphia publishers five thousand dollars for it. In addition to the twenty-five cent edition there are finer copies sold at fifty cents and at one dollar and a half. About fifteen thousand copies have been sold by the Messrs. Peterson, and orders are yet coming in briskly.

THE SOUTHERN REBELLION, AND THE WAR FOR THE UNION.—This publication has reached its thirteenth number, and is going forward successfully, recasting the fine engravings of distinguished citizens. It may be obtained at the establishment of A. Williams & Co., booksellers and news-agents, No. 100 Washington street, Boston. Price, single copies, ten cents. It is published also in semi-monthly and monthly parts.

About Politeness.

It is a serious question if, even to serve the ends of courtesy, we are called upon to practice those habits of deceit and double-tongue that make the society of so many persons absolutely odious. Is it true that it is more polite to stand and run through with a string of lies to an acquaintance, than to say less, and possibly convey more truth and sincerity? We know that the fault of this wrong practice is ascribed to "society"; but let us not forget that each one of us helps to constitute that society, and is answerable for this flagrant fraud in proportion to our influence. That must be a sorry pass indeed for us, which pleads politeness as an excuse either for open falsehood or insinuated lying; we question if we have gained very much in politeness, when we are obliged to give up our sincerity of heart in order to make it apparent. Such politeness can have no meaning for another, and is sure to eat out the integrity of every heart that appeals to its hollow forms for aid.

Archbishop Tillotson, some two hundred years ago, treating of the practice that then prevailed to a great degree, of being polite at the expense of truth and self-respect, said—"The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited with expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance, and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way."

The Ambassador of Bantam wrote a letter to King Charles the Second, in which he satirically observed of the English—"I do not know how I shall negotiate anything with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the King's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question that they always ask me is, how I do. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table—though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick."

We may all of us take a hint from the satire.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

G. T., PHILADELPHIA.—Your letter containing "material aid" came safely to hand. We thank you kindly. We have faith to believe the time will come, and that not remote, when we ourselves shall be in a condition to aid those in need; and as the good Father crowns our efforts with success, we pray he may so influence our heart that we shall do good continually, by aiding those of our fellow mortals who may require assistance.

E. J. L., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Don't be too anxious, friend. We are doing the best we can to accommodate all parties. If you were in our position, you would be sadly perplexed to know what disposition to make of the vast amount of correspondence we have on hand. You shall have a hearing as soon as possible.

A. P. T., NORTH HAVERHILL.—We feel annoyed as much as yourself at the non-appearance of your communication. Circumstances beyond our control led to the result of which you complain. We shall endeavor to be more careful in future.

B. B., NORRISTOWN, PA.—Your poem, dear friend, is on file for publication. Many thanks for your favors.

Lizzie Doten at Lyceum Hall.

We accidentally neglected last week to announce Miss Lizzie Doten as the lecturer at Lyceum Hall on the opening Sabbath, Nov. 17. Her afternoon discourse was in dedication of the hall. Lizzie's name is a touchstone which draws to her many hearts, and hundreds of friends are always ready with a cordial greeting, whenever she appears before the Spiritualists of Boston. She speaks again next Sabbath.

Postponement.

Various reasons—the improbability of the hall being ready for use on the evening, and the dislike to interfere with the party to be given the following week by the Ladies' Benevolent Society for the benefit of the soldiers—have led the committee to postpone the complimentary benefit that was to have been given to Dr. Gardner, on Thanksgiving evening. The time fixed upon, and the full particulars, will be given next week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We desire an audience with the author of "Nona, THE SKEWER." Please call immediately; or, if it is not convenient to do so, please send us your address.

Among our special notices will be found the card of Dr. F. W. URANN. He possesses healing powers similar to those exercised by Dr. Newton, of whose wondrous cures our readers are conversant. Dr. U. comes here highly recommended, and will doubtless accomplish much good.

BENEFIT OF H. W. FENNO.—By a notice in another column it will be seen that our old friend, H. W. Fenno, Esq., Treasurer of the Boston Theatre, takes a benefit on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19. A fine bill is offered, and we hope he will receive, as he deserves, a crowded house. More especially do we desire that the beneficiary be particularly remembered on this occasion, from the fact that he has been for some time on the "sick list," and needs all the aid his friends can legitimately bestow.

MISS LIZZIE M. CARLEY, the New Union, Governmental Lecturer, will receive calls to lecture Sundays, or week-day evenings, until Dec. 29, in the vicinity of Boston. After which she will visit New York and Philadelphia, and then proceed westward. Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. J. H. Foster, clairvoyant, trance and prophetic medium. There is in truth a power which makes men feel that God exists.—E. J. L.

PORTRAITS OF OUR GENERALS.—B. B. Russell, No. 515 Washington street, Boston, has just published a military portrait group, representing Lieut. Gen. Scott, surrounded by Gen. McClellan, Butler, Dix, Fremont, Banks, Anderson, Lyon and Wool. The picture is indeed a gem.

Spiritualists visiting the city will find comfortable quarters at Mrs. Denham's boarding-house, 75 Beach street.

Ross & Tousey, Booksellers and News-vendors, 121 Nassau street, New York, are the wholesale agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT, in that City. Retailers in every part of the city can be supplied as above at the usual rates.

We are requested by I. K. Conroy to say that he thanks Br. Boardman, for the "Correction" of his St. Charles Report. He designed to represent every speaker correctly—as brief as possible. If the readers are able to discover the material point of difference between the "Report" and the "Correction," they will be more fortunate than he has been.

Digby says the great naval victory at Port Royal, S. C., "is in every body's mouth," and that "they can swallow it all without hurting them a bit." "It's about time we had something palatable," *Jo Cox* was heard to remark in an undertone.

J. H. M., of YONKERS, and others, are making inquiries for reliable psychometrists, or persons who can read character by sympathy with hand-writing. If any persons so endowed will give us their address, we will report accordingly.—*Herald of Progress*.

We can with pleasure recommend Dr. L. L. Farnsworth as a reliable psychometrist. His address is 62 Hudson street, Boston.

The Herald of Progress contains a long communication from "Shelley," the poet. It was given by the sea-shore.

People who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in a kettle the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

BLUE EYES.

Blue eyes from heaven are lighted
With holy, sun-burnt glow,
To cheer poor man benighted,
And charm him out of woe.
And when cold windy clouds arise,
And shroud in grey the sunny skies,
Then let blue eyes my glances win—
I find my sky—my day therein!

[C. T. Brooks, from the German.]

Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be half-tempered fellows. That arch fiend, G. D. Prentice, need expect no quarter from Southern soldiers, in case he falls into their hands.—Camp Bowling Green correspondence.

Do you suppose we should expect a quarter from them? No, not a cent.—*Louisville Journal*.

McClellan and his Generals Taken.—Yesterday morning, Gen. McClellan, accompanied by Gen. McDowell, Andrew Porter, Fitz John Porter, Heintzelman, Franklin, McCall, Smith, Casey, Blenker and Buell, while going down Pennsylvania Avenue, were drawn into an ambush by Gen. Brady, commanding

the Photographical Engineers, where he opened upon them with one of his camera columbæ, and took the whole party at once. It is believed that they will never be taken in any other way.—*N. Y. Times*.

If men, who are candidates for office, take the stump in support of their own pretensions, maids and widows, who are candidates for matrimony, should be allowed the same privilege.

FAMILY EPITAPH.

From Droom churchyard, England.
God be praised!
Here lie Mr. Dudley, senior,
And Jane his wife also,
Who while living was his superior,
But see what Death can do.
Two of his sons lie here,
One Walter, tither Joe;
They all of them went in the year
1810 below.

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

We are credibly informed that "Elder Knapp" has given up his ministerial work, and is now engaged in cattle-selling at the West.—*N. Y. Independent*.

We are heartily pleased to learn that the Elder has at last found out what his legitimate calling is, and adopted it.

"Husband, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

WOOLEN MITTENS.—An officer from West Point, who commands one of the finest regiments in the service, suggests that woollen mittens, for the soldiers will be greatly needed when the cold weather begins. Will not all who can employ themselves in this way help to furnish five hundred thousand pairs? They should be knit with one finger, to allow a free use of the first finger and thumb. It is said there were more soldiers disabled in the Crimean war from frost-bitten fingers, than from any other one cause.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSTEDT, the well known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the BANNER one year. Three cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends in full, in their sealed letters—not on the envelope—in order to prevent mistakes, as there are many spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The controlling spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those in the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.

All letters must be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.," to insure a prompt response.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, under the names of three subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATSOEVER IS*, by R. Child, *THE ARCADE OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and his is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Notice.

Dr. F. W. URANN, formerly with Dr. J. I. Newton, has returned to this city, and located at No. 10 Harvard street. The following are among the many cases that he has treated with marked success, and in some cases but one operation is required, viz: Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Consumption, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Diabetes, Spinal Difficulties, Female Weakness, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, &c. Nov. 23.

Notice.

WARREN CHASE will spend next Summer in the West. Those who wish his services for one or more Sundays, may secure them by applying soon, or direct to him, at No. 75 Beach street, Boston, or direct to Boston, care of Bela Marsh, till January 31. His engagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the route West determined on.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in America and the World.
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

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 proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonymous or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON, of New York City.
HON. WARREN CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.
HUDSON TUTTLE, Esq., of Walnut Grove, Ohio.
GEORGE STREAN, Esq., of West Acton, Mass.
A. B. CHILDS, M. D., of Boston.
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IT PUBLISHES

Original Novels from the best pens in the country.
Original Essays upon philosophical, religious and scientific subjects.

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Spirit Messages, given through Mrs. J. H. Conant, from educated and uneducated spirits, proving their identity to their relatives and friends.

Poetry, Miscellaneous, Wit, &c.
All of which features render it a popular family paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious scientific religion.

It is a large and handsome sheet of eight pages, furnished at two dollars a year, or one dollar for six months, payable in advance.
All communications and remittances must be addressed, "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

MRS. J. H. FOSTER.

CLAIRVOYANT, TRANCE AND PROPHETIC MEDIUM.
Whose powers have been long known and well tested, has taken rooms at No. 75 Beach street, where she will be happy to receive calls from those who wish to commune with their spirit friends. Written communications given when desired. 1m Nov. 23.

MRS. M. NEWMAN, from Providence, R. I. the Prophetic Clairvoyant, has taken rooms at No. 188 Friend street, where she is prepared to examine and prescribe for the sick, and where she can be consulted on all business matters of whatever nature they may be. There will also be public circles at her rooms every Tuesday and Friday evening; 1m Nov. 23.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BENEFIT OF H. W. FENNO.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 19TH.

H. W. FENNO respectfully announces his First Benefit in Two Years, on the above date, and trusts that the varied and attractive bill which he will offer will meet with the acceptance of his friends.
The programme will comprise
MUSIC,
DANCING,
AND
THE DRAMA.

With other attractions volunteered for the occasion.
Tickets now ready and for sale at the Theatre.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDES,

407 FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

PROF. S. B. BRITTON applies Vital and Galvanic Electricity, Human Magnetism, and the processes known to the scientific Psychologist in the treatment of every form of disease, and as a means of promoting mental, moral, vital, organic, and functional development.
The forces that energize and unfold the human body, and the renovating power whereby all cures are wrought, are within, and essentially belong to the vital constitution. It is only necessary to call these into action, and give them a proper direction, and a symmetrical development and harmonious organic movement inevitably follow. This proper distribution, and consequent equilibrium of the vital motive power, is essential. Those who have been taught by bitter experience that health is not to be bought and boxed up, and sold by every apothecary, should be admonished—before it is too late—to seek the precious boon by a resort to natural means and rational methods. It is of the utmost importance that those who are sensible of a gradual decline of vital energy, and especially the Young, who exhibit any tendency to an abnormal growth, should receive immediate attention.

The following named diseases are treated with the greatest possible success, namely, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Paralysis, Affections of the Throat, Stomach, Liver and Abdominal Viscera; Obstructed Coughs and difficult Respiration; Disease of the Spine, Weakness and Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs; Nervous Irritability, Loss of Speech and Locomotion; Derangement of the Secretory Processes; Indigestion or Dyspepsia; Chorea Sacculi Vili, Cataplexy, and all Spasms resulting from the sudden disturbance of the Nervous Forces; Hysteria, Chlorosis, Leucorrhoea, and other maladies incident to the female constitution; all cases of Hemorrhage, whether from the Head, Stomach, Lungs, Bowels, or Reproductive Organs; and other forms of Nervous and Chronic Disease.

FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Professor Britton, whose philosophical lectures on the phenomena of life and of the Mind have awakened a new interest on a profound subject, pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism—we are credibly informed—some twenty-two years ago, under the instruction of the venerable Prof. Steele of New York, (deceased some years since), who was distinguished in his day as an electrician, chemist, and mechanical philosopher, and as having been the pupil of Benjamin Franklin. For the last fifteen years Professor Britton has made the facts and laws of Vital Electricity and Animal Magnetism, in their relations to the human body and mind, his principal study.—(Louisville Ky) Jour.

Professor Britton continues to excite great interest by his remarkable psychological development. The relief administered by him in severe cases, is a very curious fact. To outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—(N. Y. Daily Tribune).

To cure the chronic ulcer of a hoisting skeptic, "Professor Britton gave him an emetic without a particle of medicine. The gentleman vomited in less than one minute! Those who need medicine, should take the Professor's intellectual pills, as they have the power to cure the operation is sudden and effectual."—(Springfield Republican).

Professor Britton has not only been successful in explaining the philosophy of his subject, but eminently so in the practical application of its principles to the successful treatment of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. The cure of Miss Sarah E. Lockwood, from a severe case of the facts are well known in this community, and they may be said to have occurred within the sphere of our own observation.—(Salem Free Press).

At the conclusion of the public lecture a young lady presented herself to Prof. Britton, stating that she had a very bad cold and a consequent sore throat, and wonderful to relate—in less than ten minutes the young lady was entirely and permanently relieved of all hoarseness and soreness.—(Jersey City Sentinel & Advertiser).

We were much struck with Prof. Britton's wonderful experiments in illustration of his philosophy. His command over the functions of life, motion, and sensation, in his patients is a seemingly perfect and entire.—(Brooklyn L. J.) Daily Eagle.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis:

THE HARBINGER 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, recover the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear, and in the truest equality of mind—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 *invaluable 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 rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come 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 REACHES THE WHOLE KNOW, 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 HEALTH!

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.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VEENDERS AGENCY

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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.

INVALIDS, OR OTHERS,

Visiting New York, requiring rooms or board, can be accommodated on reasonable terms at 601 HAYDEN'S, 60 West 14th street, West corner of 6th Avenue, where every attention will be paid to their comfort. Patients visiting Dr. J. N. WATSON, will find it very convenient to his residence. Nov. 2.

ATTENTION, SPIRITUALISTS!

RECRUITS WANTED to fill up a company organizing to join a Regiment, all the Officers of which are Spiritualists and Mediums.
The recruits of this Regiment will go from different places centralizing in New York. New England recruits may address themselves to SAMUEL S. CLARK, Westport, Mass. Oct. 23.

BOOKS.

BE LA MARSH, No. 14 Broadway street, keeps constantly a full and complete assortment of SPIRITUAL REFORM BOOKS, at the lowest prices.

Also—MEDIUMS that have been prepared by Mrs. Marsh, and those prepared by Miss Alexander.
There being a CIRCULATING LIBRARY attached to this establishment, many of the above books can be hired on reasonable terms.
Orders promptly answered. 3m Oct. 12.

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 excess of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill when 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 SYRUP.—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy.

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

THE DIURETIC SYRUP.—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.

Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 3 P. M. to 6 P. M.

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

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

PSYCHOMETRIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 63 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending photographs and \$1 will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines diseases and prescribes by a lock of hair, terms \$1. References can be given from persons of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic power. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Nov. 9.

MRS. E. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN—Residence No. 6 Fawcett 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.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to show that the erroneous ideas that they are more than mortal 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—should see the reality of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead in these columns that does not comport with the reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Invocation: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Mayhew, Boston; Marietta Barrett, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hobbs.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: "Variety in Soul Principles." Rev. Moses Holbeck, Plainfield, N. H.; Robert Collins, Jr., brother Richard, Cleveland, Ohio; Wallace Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Abby Shute; Betsey Woodward, to John Woodward.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Magnetism." Robert Apple, Island, N. Y.; Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Bickner.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: "The existence of the human soul previous to birth in material form." Daniel Dougherty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemuel Goss, New Orleans.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: "The sexual functions in Spirit Life." Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lily Washburn, to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6.)

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: "Hope." John Francis Whorley, London, Eng.; Frances Somers, New York City; Edw. W. Locke, Boston; Frances Ripley, Yarmouth, Me.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Henrietta Laurence, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile, Ala.; Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burdell.

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

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: George Williams, Williamsburg, N. C.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlotte L. Harkins, New York City, to her uncle, Henry W. Washburn, New York City; William Wheeler, Susie Lane; James Arnold.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "The Omnipotence and the War." Major Christian, Alabama; Clara F. Evans, Manchester, N. H.; Jimmy Hovatt, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgeport.

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

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgetfulness, Despair, and Fear." Bill Howell, Brownville, Me.; Betsy, Lester Philadelphia, Pa.; Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Pa.

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

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 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.

Invocation.

Mighty Spirit of Truth, what art thou, that the nations should fear and tremble before thee? Everywhere we see the Divine manifestations of thy love; everywhere we find that which gives us to know that thou art mindful of us; everywhere we see thy Divine image, and feel thy presence, beautifying all creation. And yet the nations tremble before thee. Oh, thou Spirit of Truth, why is this? We look around among thy children, and we find that error, and superstition, and religious darkness, have shrouded the human mind; but we look abroad, oh, our Father, and behold in the horizon of the future a star whose beam shall dispel all darkness, and guide us to a resting-place upon the breast of a God of love, in whose arms we may forever rest secure. And unto thee, we come, oh, our Father, and offer thanksgiving and praise for all thy manifestations in the past, present, and the eternal future.

Oct. 3.

Translation.

Have the files in any questions they desire us to answer? If so, we are ready to hear them.

The following was proposed:

"Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Translation true—or did ever any depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?"

To believe that the ponderous bodies that contain all the atoms of the kingdom beneath it, and the spirit spheres, could, by any possibility, be taken up to dwell in a spiritual condition of life, would be to believe that there was no God, no law. Ere the spirit of man can be translated from earth to the spirit spheres, there must be a dissolution of the spiritual from the material form; the law of change must have performed her work. She is one of the great natural wheels of the universe, and the great Author of all manifests always, but slowly and silently, through her power, and at no time changes his plans for the special accommodation of his creatures.

Many times before we have said that we cannot place implicit confidence in that which we find between the lids of the Bible, believing, as we do, that it hath been handed down to you by feeble man, through imperfect conditions. We cannot at any time pronounce it the infallible word of God, as many do. To believe that you can still in the heavens at the command of one mortal, would be to believe in the existence of some law that might be changed suspended at pleasure; whereas everything is governed by a law of its own immutable and unchangeable, that cannot be infringed upon. We must believe this statement is true, if we would believe in the existence of any power superior to man. We believe, therefore, that all human beings must pass through the great laboratory of nature, through the change called death or dissolution, before it can come forth purified and perfected. So, then, that which tells you of the translation of soul and body to a higher state of existence, independent of this change, we can have no faith in. Indeed, it cannot be so. Everything in nature writes the lie upon it. Our God is perfect, or he is no God; and He doeth all things well, and all in perfect harmony with the great law of nature. Every event pulsates in harmony with the will of the great I AM, and no mortal can break over the divine law. Not even Jesus of Nazareth could do it. You will tell us that the Bible tells you so; but we would say in reply that the same book tells you many foolish things, based upon ignorance and superstition, that no sensible, reasoning human being for an instant should entertain. We reverence all there is of truth within the lids of the Bible, because truth ever is of God; but that which has not the signet of truth upon it we should do all in our power to remove from the way of those minds not sufficiently developed to discriminate between truth and error.

The Bible record tells you of an Elijah, who was taken up to heaven before the eyes of certain individuals. The same record tells you of the standing still of the sun, because one Joshua caused it to stand still. Oh, our friends, again we say nature fails to point us to any law by which these things are done, and God cannot work outside of Nature, which is God. If the Great Eternal Ruler is subject to law, surely the finite must obey law also. Nature is perfect and entire, and so can and does bend all things and all beings to her law.

Look within, our questioners, and understand yourselves; seek also to understand the laws that govern you as individuals; and when you have gained an understanding of the various kingdoms of Nature, you will perceive everything could not be otherwise than as it is, while the Infinite Master is at the helm of the Universe.

Oct. 3.

Simoon Comor.

I'm here a stranger, sir, like everybody else that comes, I suppose. It's mighty hard to make yourself at home here, when you don't understand things better 'n I do.

I expect you first want to know who talks, do you? Well, my name's Simoon Comor. I belonged in the State of Maine—down there in Belfast, I s'pose. I died at sea. That's near my reckoning as I can get it. It's only been about five months, since I begun to pick up and go around, and I ha'n't got the hang of things very well yet. It's seventeen years old, sir. I's green enough—that's so—I was; but there's chance enough for a fellow to get ripe, here.

I object to coming in this way, because it won't satisfy me very much. I want to talk where folks know me. If I've anything to say, I want to say it to my friends, and not go strange. I'm pretty happy here, but it's mighty hard to tell you; and it's mighty hard to feel I'm dead, sometimes.

I expect I've got a sister here in Boston, and I should like to have her come somewhere within hailing distance. I want to tell her about how I am, do. I ain't much better off than I was, as I know of, only some things I used to do before I left my body I can't do now, now, but the disposition is just the same. Now I wa'n't very brilliant, and so if they expect I'm going back to talk smart, they'll get mistaken—that's all.

I wa'n't sick. I can't say as though I ever had a real fit of sickness. They told me, when I came back, to tell you the disease I died of; but when you ha'n't got any, what are you going to do? I's knocked overboard, I s'pose—a good way enough to go, but I'd kinder like to be back again for a little while.

I do n't know about this business, mister. I don't know exactly how to navigate. I mean well enough, but do n't know as I'm doing just right.

My sister's name's Lucy. I s'pect she is married. She's older than I am, a good deal. I can't tell you who she's married to. I'd like to know. I'm as anxious to hear the news as ever. You do n't have any papers here, and it's hard to get it, unless you come to such a place as this, or it gets to you through a thousand hands.

How can I get my letter to my sister? The last place we lived in was Dover. My sister at that time was in the factory there—in the mill. Let me see—it must be all of four years ago. I do n't know where they are now. I'd been gone from home a long time. I've got to work, to get this to them, have I? I do n't like to work very well—had enough of that to do here. Don't have to work all ways, do you? I asked them, and they said I should, and I did n't want to believe them. Some folks like to work, and they ought to, but it ain't fair for them to have to work, that do n't want to. Folks used to say I's lazy, but I wa'n't.

I'll ask them to come to a medium, shall I? Do you have mediums all like this? I do n't feel at home in this rig. Well, another thing, s'posing I should happen to meet my sister, and I've got somebody else's body and clothes on; how'll she know it's me? Oh, when I speak to her she'll know me—I'd n't think of that. Oh, there's an awful lot of ropes to learn here, ain't there? I tell you what it is; 't ain't so very easy to come back this way, after all. You have every sort of ropes to pull, and then when you get them pulled, there's just as many more ahead. Well, if I always had these clothes on, I should n't have to work any. I'd keep myself still, I guess.

I suppose I ought to go, seeing as I am done. I do n't know where I'm going to after I leave here. Well, I guess I'll go.

Oct. 3.

Nancy Bullard.

I want you to tell me what I shall do to find my children. I've got three on earth, and I want to find them and talk with them. My name was Nancy Bullard. I lived in Milford, N. H. I have passed in the spirit-world some nineteen years. I lived to be nearly eighty years old. Oh, this is a blessed thing—this coming back. Oh, how kind and good our Father God must be, to give us so many blessings; but oh, we know not where that good kind God dwells! They tell us he dwells within us. Some of us who were taught to believe we should see him, are disappointed, because we see no more of him than we did on earth. Oh, we were sadly disappointed. But I believe God is good, nevertheless. I wish to say a few words that my children will see and receive from me, and hope they will open up a path by which I can come to them as I do to you. There are as many different kinds of people with us as with you. I used to believe that here we would find but two classes—good and bad, saints and sinners; but I have found that as soon as we die and go into the spirit-world, we do not all become instantly good or bad, but there is as great a variety with us as with you. So you must not blame us if all of us are not clothed in the same light that you are.

There are many things connected with my life upon earth that I desire to speak of to my children, which will aid their spiritual reform and do them great good. They need not be afraid to come to me, for I surely can do them no harm, but shall come by a natural law, and I can commune with them just as well as though I had my body.

Oct. 3.

Maria Thompson.

Dear me—what a strange place! I expected I was coming to a sort of a private confessional; but it seems quite another thing. Is it you I am to talk to? What is the manner of proceeding? Well, my name, to begin with, is Maria Thompson. I want you to understand I am going to tell you the truth, as far as I can, and nothing that isn't true. Now, I made a sort of bargain before I died, that I'd come back as soon after as I could and talk to them, if there was any truth in Spiritualism; but I found I could not return for a long time. Perhaps it was because of my weakness. Now I do n't know what to say to them. I do n't want to say anything to mislead them, for I think they are misled enough already. I promised that I would tell them what I had learned of the Spirit-world, if I could come back; but I do n't know anything about it hardly, yet. I suppose it is the result of conditions that were around me when on earth. I wish I could do something to benefit those I left on earth—or at least a few of them I cared most about. There were two who desired me to come back. One was a good friend to me; her name is Frances Payson.

I died in California. I have been there something like six years, I believe. Do n't ask me how I lived, for I won't tell you. The friends I promised will be on the lookout, and they will get my letter.

I expected, when I died, to be plunged into hell; but one I met here after I died, assured me there was no hell, and I do n't believe now, there is any. But I suppose we ought to do everything that we can do to prevent others from entertaining such a belief.

I have set with mediums before, and know something about this thing. There are mediums there where my friends are. Shall I leave it to them what medium to visit? Well, let them go to any medium they choose, and I'll try and come to them, and I trust, give them that which will be of benefit to them.

The friend I spoke of has a mother here who would be glad to commune with her; and she's very anxious for me to ask her to come to the Atlantic States as soon as she can. She can do as she pleases, of course; I have only delivered the message from her mother.

I died in San Francisco. I knew a lady—I think her name was Milton. She was some kind of a medium, and some of her friends visited her once, and I got invited. If she had known me, she would have turned her back on me, I guess; but I went to her in company with some gentlemen who were accustomed to going to her circles. Some one tried to speak through her to me, but manifested a sort of repulsion, when coming in contact with me, and started off. Now, I do n't want them to come to me unless I know I can speak; I do n't want to mislead any of my friends.

I belonged in Massachusetts. I went out to California in 1850. Oh, if I told you all about my life, you'd scarce ask there and listen to me. It's no use for me to come here and try to make people believe I am any better than I am. I was not what the world calls good, here. I did some things that were far from right; but if I was on earth now, and the same things were before me, I think I should have been just the same; but if I was back here, under different conditions, I should lead a different life. I claim Boston as my native place. I have told you my name was Maria Thompson. Now that is not the name my mother gave me, and I do not wish to give it here. The friends I come to here will not know me by any other name. It may be a species of deception, but I can't help it.

When I was a child, my father was in good business in Boston, and in respectable standing; but a revolution of Fortune's wheel brought darkness and sorrow to our family. My father went south for his health, and died at Savannah, when I was quite young.

I was thirty-eight years of age when I died. It is useless for me to tell my friends I can come back, for it is positively true I can do so. I will tell you the last word I remember of speaking.

My friend asked me: "Maria, do you think you are dying?"

I replied: "Yes, I do."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No, I do not fear to die," said, "but I wish I had no belief in the life hereafter."

I do not remember speaking after that. Oct. 3.

Augusta Walton.

Written:

Dear Father and Mother—Do not be cast down, for though all does not seem right, yet all is well. You will soon hear from the absent ones. Your loving daughter, Oct. 3.

Augusta Walton.

Invocation.

Spirit of eternal power, before whose presence all nations bow in joy, we come before thee this hour with songs of thanksgiving and praise. We would draw nigh unto thee this hour, oh, our Father, and we would feel more sensibly thy divine presence among humanity. Oh, Father, shall we ask thee to bless thy lowly children with the consciousness of thy presence and divinity, alike over the conditions of hell, heaven and earth? Oh, Father, when we feel thou art above us, within us, and around us, forever, we feel we are indeed safe. Oh, Father, while darkness seems to clothe the earth, we perceive thy sunlight just beyond the cloud, and we know that after the midnight sorrow and warfare shall be passed away, there shall dawn a glorious morning of peace and joy—and unto thee, oh our Father, for the blessings thou hast bestowed upon us—blessings open and disguised, we offer grateful homage, now and forever.

Oct. 7.

Affinity.—Unbelief.

We are now ready for what questions may be propounded to us.

"Do half of those that marry get their true affinity?"

The laws of God and the laws of man differ widely. Many suppose that because the law civil hath united together two individuals in one, that the law of God united them also. But again we say, the laws of God and the laws of man are not alike. While you dwell in mortal, you must expect to be making blunders at every turn. It is not to be supposed that you shall reach heaven or happiness without meeting many stumbling-blocks—without sometimes falling down in the great highway of life, or coming to a condition that will require all the energies of your nature, all your higher powers, to overcome such conditions.

"Do one-half the people of earth get their true affinity?" our questioner asks—or, in other words, are they married according to the law of God or the law of man? We answer him, No—one half of the people of earth are not properly married, and it is not to be expected that it should be so. You dwell in a world where it is impossible to pass through the many changes without committing some errors by the way. And yet that which seemeth inharmonious and unwell to the one, may be right and good to some other; and what may be wrong in the eyes of mortals, may be right in the eyes of Nature or God—one and the same thing.

It may be impossible for mortals to judge correctly in every case; but all should be willing to consult the high monitor of right the Great Eternal hath planted in each human bosom. Instead of inquiring at the temples along your way, enter into the great temple of your nature, and there seek for knowledge. That monitor will be at least truthful to you. Each individual hath a sanctuary within his own soul, into which he can go to obtain knowledge. To know whether you are rightly married, you have but to consult that monitor. Let the moral and religious faculties be the ascendant, and believe us, you need go no further than your own soul for the answer.

It is your duty, while here in mortality, to guide your lives according to the laws of the earth in which you live. Indeed, we counsel obedience to them; if you do not, you will not be prepared to be governed by the higher law—for the higher must be reached from the lower. Our Divine Brother answered the question in this way: When asked if it was right to pay tribute unto Caesar or no, he answered: "Render unto Caesar those things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." So we ask of you: Render due obedience to the laws of your land, no matter how severe they may seem to you. You live here, and it is but right you should obey the laws of the condition in which you are placed, at the same time never forgetting to keep in sight the higher law, which will at all times keep you in your proper place.

"Why does an unbeliever hinder the power of communication?"

An honest unbeliever never does. It is only the effluvia that comes from a person who continues to disbelieve that belief should be final, that tends to disturb. That class do sometimes interfere with spirit communication; but the honest unbeliever who cannot see the truth, but desires to do so, cannot at any time hinder the inflowing of spiritual truth in spiritual communication.

The power which hinders is the objective force, coming, perhaps, more properly under the head of positive magnetism—more positive than that used by the controlling spirit; and as the positive always overweighs the negative, so the weak spiritual may be affected by the strong material. That magnetic force, so subtle and unseen, is more important than all else in your Universe. It is the power by which you live, move, and have your being; the power that controls worlds and universes, and holds them in proper position.

Oct. 7.

Isaac Herriock.

I hope I shan't give offence by coming back here. I suppose everybody tries to do the best they can; and if they don't do to suit all the world, it is because all the world differ. I tried hard, in some respects, when I was here, to please people; but some would n't be pleased any way; and I've learned, since I left earth, that the best to do as well as you can, and not stop to think who you please and who you displease.

I've been dead now about three years. I say dead, because I ha'n't had any body to use that length of time. I mean that I've been dead to my old body about three years. When I was in a mortal body, I managed to get together a few thousand dollars; and when I saw I was about to leave the body, I made as good a will as I knew how to, and remembered my friends according to what I considered their just deserts. But there are a good many of them dissatisfied to find fault, and send me to hell, because I did n't give them that they thought they ought to have had. Well, if I had consulted their wishes, I surely could n't have pleased myself as well as I did. Now, if I was here on earth again, and knew as well as I know now, what a course money brings, I would n't leave a cent to anybody I cared anything about. And if I had done so, I think I could have done them

more good than I have done. They can't see it so now, but will soon enough, when they get rid of earth. If I had a chance to come to them, I would tell them a great deal more about it; but I ain't afraid to say here what I feel, and ain't afraid of hurting them any in what I say. And they'll pretty soon see that I'm right.

Money brings man nine-tenths of all the misery he endures, and all that suffering he regrets most deeply, and plunges him into most all the hell he experiences. Perhaps you don't believe it, but you will, when you come where I am. I have suffered so much on my own account, and that of others, that I wish I had n't left a mill. But I got into the scrape, and must get out of it somehow. 'T was n't much I left, and they are fools to quarrel over it. Why, they look to me like a parcel of children quarrelling over an apple. But I suppose it's more than an apple to them, so they are continually keeping me in hell, by their fault-finding.

My name was Isaac Herriock. I was a dealer in pork out in Cincinnati; was formerly from Massachusetts—good many years ago. The most I done since I died has been to go back and look after my money. I got enough of it before I died, and I did n't want anything more to do with it; and the folks did n't give this one and that one so much. They've all got enough to carry them through the world, and what more do they want? I want them to tell me how much more they want. I do n't want to find fault, but I've been kept in hell ever since I left, in consequence of the little money I had. I can't go anywhere, unless something pulls me back; as soon as I get off to enjoy myself, I am pulled right back to witness some wrangle about my money. I have n't progressed at all since I left the earth plane three years ago. I am no better off than I was then. They do n't know, perhaps, that I am with them so much; if they did, perhaps they'd behave better.

Now I suppose they'll get my letter. I wish them no harm; but so long as people cling to money, so long they can't go up very fast. Gold and silver are heavy. I wish I had thrown every cent of my money into the sea, rather than given it to some of those who got it. "Rich old cuss! he did n't do right by me," I hear said on every side, and from those, too, who were so very kind to me while I lived. They used to say, "Uncle, what can I do for you? Will you have this or that?" All the time wishing I was dead, and they had the money. I know all about it now.

Poor Theodore thinks I did n't do right by him at all. Well, I'll settle with him when we get together, and I'll settle with him to his entire satisfaction. Tell him that, will you? That Theodore is my nephew. I'm sorry he feels so, but not sorry I did n't leave him more.

Well, I should like to speak with them, particularly those who are grumbling so loudly. I was hard on to sixty-nine. I ought not to complain, had I? I did n't leave much—perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars, after all debts were paid. Now maybe some of my good friends will say, "that's a lie." Perhaps they think I had a great deal more, but I have come as near the truth as I can. Some people do make a fuss over small things. I'm sorry to be obliged to tell it, but it's true—they care a great deal more for money than for me.

I was born here. My parents moved to Buffalo when I was quite young. Theodore professes Christianity. I should suggest that he try to understand something about these new phenomena of Spiritualism, if he is n't afraid of doing wrong. Some alterations may be made to make his interior nature look a good deal better. It went do any harm to make that suggestion. You need n't be afraid to write it.

Oct. 7.

Emily Shorey.

My name is Emily Shorey. I was born in Kennebunkport, Maine. I was sixteen years of age, when I was fourteen years of age, I left home and went to Dover, N. H., to work in the cotton factory there. Then I went to Manchester, and from there to Lowell. I was there sick with long fever, and was told the fever left me in consumption, and of that I passed away. I have a brother, two sisters and a mother. I have been in the spirit world seven years. Ever since I first became conscious, I have desired to return and commune with my friends, but I have had so many obstacles to contend with that I have not been able to return until to-day. I thought I'd come here and make my first trial.

My dear mother must remember that there is an eternity in the future; and for what sorrow she passes through here, she will have so much of joy in the hereafter. She mourns much for her hard lot upon earth. Oh, tell her, for me, to be faithful, and to do what seems to be right and just, and we will be with her and aid her in all that can be done for her peace. I am so and to see the unhappiness of my mother, that I am not in a condition to appreciate true joy. I wish her to know that the law of compensation governs all in the spirit spheres, and our reward will correspond to the sorrows of earth. The crown of thorns we wear here becomes the crown of glory in the spirit life.

Tell my mother I am unhappy, but should be far more so if these I loved on earth were happy. If you could be set beyond the present hour into the great future, you would see the purposes of some things that seem dark to you now, and I should be happier.

I have much I would like to say to her of the things of the spirit life. If I could but speak to her, I think I could convince her that God does all things well. Ask her, if you please, to give me the privilege. Fare you well, sir.

Oct. 7.

Ida Carter.

The following communication was printed in capital letters with a pencil, by a spirit child:

Little Ida Carter, of Canton, N. J. Dear Mama—I do come to you, with Grandpa.

STAY WITH US.

How swiftly the bright days are going! We dreamt of the new-opened leaves, When some said the roses were blowing, And now they are binding the sheaves. On, on sweeps the march that forever The roses and corn-mill restore: To the hill-side, the glen, and the river. They come—but we know them no more.

Sweet Summer-time, grant us yet longer To shake off the dust of the towns; Give us time to grow wiser and stronger. By studies in woods and on downs Let us see how your skirts in the meadows, Your smiles in the far-away blue; Till the souls that are dwelling with shadows Come out to the sunshine and you.

We have not grown rich without reason. We have not grown poor without hope. We have not made market and season The uttermost bounds of our scope. The lore of the wild flower and fairy Still charms as it charmed us in youth; From mortals our trust learns to vary, But never from nature and truth.

Perchance we are not what you knew us, In haunts where the woodbine yet climbs: The cares of the world have come to us, And we have met with hard tasks and hard times. And oh! but the lights have waned slowly Away from the heart and the brain, Since they left off their faith and their folly, To look after greatness and gain.

We know there is trade in the city— We know there is war in the East, And if neither wealthy nor witty, We know there are taxes at least. But morning still purples the highlands, And even in a golden light set, Though our days stand like desolate islands— Sweet Summer-time, stay with us yet.

Grapple ever with opportunity. And as you do n't know when opportunity will happen along, keep your grappling irons always ready.

THE NEW EXPOSITION.

On Sunday evening, October 20, the Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., President of Antioch College, discoursed before the "Young Men's Christian Union," in the South Congregational Church, Boston, on "The Scientific Views of the first Chapter of Genesis."

The speaker commenced by saying that he proposed to present views of the chapter substantially those of Prof. Pierce, of Harvard University. The current scientific method of investigation was—given, the phenomena to postulate the cause or explanation, and then to ascertain its correctness precisely as in Arithmetic, in the rule of Double Position, an answer to a problem is assumed, and then the correctness of this hypothetical result tested by the problem's known and stated conditions. This scientific method of investigation was his method of determining the fall and exact import of this first chapter of Genesis. The phenomena were before him. The chapter under consideration contained them. It was left to us to furnish the explanation. To be successful, we must necessarily take into consideration the grand leading object which the Divine Mind had in view, in communicating the matter of this chapter.

First, did He design it as an historical revelation, literally correct in the main, and in the detail, and consequently cause every word, syllable, letter of it to be subject of inspiration? Or, second, did He design it simply as a spiritual revelation, spiritually correct, while all notions naturally subsidiary and incidental, He left Moses to express with the meagre vocabulary at his command, as best he could? The speaker freely affirmed, that to answer the first in the affirmative, were to assume a position wholly untenable, inasmuch as the order of events given in the first was reversed in the second chapter. As it was impossible that the two accounts could both be historically correct, it was, therefore, impossible that the Divine Author could have designed either one of them as an historical revelation. Consequently he would venture to offer the second explanation as the true one, and assume that, for the moment, both the Deity and Moses were wholly indifferent with regard to historical accuracy, the transcendent and paramount object of the Almighty being to force home conviction among mankind, of His unity in contradistinction from His plurality, and also of His creation or formation of all things in contradistinction from the spontaneity of Nature, and her inherent capability to evolve the innumerable manifestations of infinite skill, goodness, wisdom and power, with which the Universe abounds. His leading purpose was to impress upon the minds of men that He formed all things; that not God formed the earth and caused it to bring forth abundantly of every living thing; that there was not in Nature the adequate power to produce all this and these of herself. On the contrary, that He caused the earth to form out of chaos; He caused it to bring forth abundantly; it was He who formed or created stars, suns, planets, trees, flowers, animals, men. Thus asserting His own unity, and, at the same time, the utter inadequateness of the resources and capabilities of Nature to the accomplishment of all this of herself.

The speaker thought there were unmistakable signals in the chapter of its divine origin; that Moses wrote as he was miraculously moved upon to write. If he was correct in his interpretation of the sense and leading impression which the chapter was designed to convey, then it would seem that the infinite God anticipated Atheism, Pantheism, and especially that modern form of Pantheism which assumes Nature to be divine, and capable of producing and growing anything, from an oyster to a human soul—the theory that all Nature is unconscious God, except where she culminates and flowers in man, when she is God conscious.

The revelation in this chapter of God's anticipations of these false theories and blasphemous fancies of the human mind, so many centuries in advance of their appearance, was one strong point in favor of its divine origin. A second strong point was the probable correctness of its order of events. In explanation of the seeming inconsistency of the existence

PRINTING
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels, and words long,
That in the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever."

AN ANGEL, NOW.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song her voice—
A sound which could not die.
The blessings of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.
There seems a shadow in the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.
Fold her, O Father, in thine arms.
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.—[Whittier.]

A man who covers himself with costly apparel, and
neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the out-
side of his house, and sits within in the dark.

COLD.

It is cold to-night!
A robe of white
Is spread o'er earth's breast like a winding sheet,
Pinned with pearls of frost;
Her blossoms are lost,
Her beauties are gone, but her rest is sweet.
It is cold to-night!
A freezing blight
Chills me and grieves till I shudder and moan;
Oh, a robe of woe,
Colder than snow,
Was wrapped round my soul by that loveless one.
[Emma Tuttle.]

To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a
ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

THE SORROW OF LOVE.

I would I could blend my sorrows
Into a single word;
It should fly on the willful breeze,
As wildly as a bird.
They should carry to thee, my loved one,
That saddest, strangest word;
At every hour it would meet thee
In every place be heard.
And as soon as those eyes in slumber
Had dim'd their starry gleam,
That word of my sorrow should follow,
Down to thy deepest dream.—[Heine.]

If you have a heart of rock let it be the rock of Ho-
reb, that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

FAREWELL SUMMER.

Sounds are in the earth and ether.
Sobs and murmurs half divine;
Blasts beyond man's puny power
Rock the branches of the pine.
The Summer past, what dreams are over!
The incense of the air hath fled:
The carpets of the golden meadows
Are torn by tempests, shred by shred:
The rose hath lost her fragrance;
The lily hangs her head.
Dead—dead!—[Darry Cornwall.]

Solemn gravity is often a deceitful trick to gain
credit of the world for more sense than a man has.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1861.

QUESTION.—*Whatever is in Wrong.*

MR. CHAPMAN.—The source from whence all things
flow, is either wholly good, or wholly bad, or, it is
partly good and partly bad. As is the fountain, so
will be the streams. Now, which of these propo-
sitions must we affirm, and which deny? If we affirm
the mixed nature of the cause, the mixture must ap-
pear in the effect. But God is either unity or divi-
sion. If united in himself, he possesses the elements
of self-preservation; if divided in himself, the ele-
ments of antagonisms, and, of course, the power of
disintegration and destruction. But the bare state-
ment of this proposition is its refutation.

We have two propositions left, viz: that God is
wholly good or wholly bad. If he is wholly bad,
why then, his product will be wholly bad. If he is
wholly evil, he is equally as strong, and as enduring
in his life as if he were wholly good, for it is his
unity that gives him his eternity, and it is his eter-
nity that gives him his Omnipotence. But how shall
we determine this proposition—only by *his works*,
for they must be like himself. Are they good or
evil? Search his Creation and tell me. Do you
find anywhere an evil design? If so, where? Do you
find anywhere an evil method—that is, anything in
the wrong place? You answer me nothing. God,
then, is wholly good, and I affirm, without fear of
successful contradiction, that there is no spot in the
Universe, in the world of matter, or of man, that
has not on it the mark of the Divine benevolence.
The world points to benevolence as the needle to the
pole. Benevolence is the fixed aim of Fate, and
rests upon the pledge of the Almighty.

The sum total of life is human experience—and by
experience, I mean that which makes us more than
when we were born, and covers all that space that
lies along between the infant and the angel. Is this
experience bad? Who would exchange it for no ex-
perience—or, which is the same, non-existence?
Would you not rather be as you are, than not to be
at all? All the world answers, yes. Then you
pronounce the body of your experience, which is your
life, good, and so good, that you would not part with
it; and you decide this upon the ground of feeling,
or internal conviction. Now, if experience as a
whole is good, it follows that whatever contributes
to that experience is good also.

Says the objector, man is free to do good or evil.
Well, man is free to do what he chooses to do, just as
free as water is free to run down hill. But is he
free to choose, that is, can he determine whether he
will choose or not? Can he choose whether to be
born, when to be born, with what organization?
The will is either moved by something, or it is self-
moving. If you say it is self-moving, it is the same
as saying that a thing is the author of itself. This
is absurd. If the will is moved by something, then
what?—evidently by motive. You say it cannot be
moved without motive; will you tell me then how
it is free?

An act of yours is an effect, its cause the effect of
an antecedent cause, that of a third, that of a fourth,
and so on, until you land in the final cause of all
things—God. Where then is your freedom? But
you feel that you do wrong, and that is enough. But
you are endeavoring to talk philosophy, and must
reach high to pluck her golden fruit. What, then, is
the highest court before which to bring the world to
trial?

The moral sense in man is instinct, and like that
in the animal, is unprogressive. It comes into play
before the reason, as feeling before the judgment.

The moral sense belongs to the disciplinary period
of the soul, while the reason is a constituent element
of spirit, and an essential attribute of intelligence.
If there were nothing crooked, there would be noth-
ing to suggest the idea of straight. If there were
no cowardice, there would be no bravery. If there
were not what we call hell, the conception of heaven could
not exist.

The currency of heaven is coined in hell.
Her brightest jewels burnished in its fires.

You are conscious that a thing is wrong. So it is,
and this conception is a part of your experience,
without which you would be less a man. Now, sup-
pose all that you have learned from the revels of
life was taken from you, what would be left? Only
a skeleton.

But why, after acknowledging that you are in-
debted to the evils for what in you is most valuable,
do you fall to abusing your teachers? You ought
rather to thank the ugly devils that they help you to
unbolt the door of heaven—so you will hence, if not
now, and this is the teaching of the higher reason—
the unreasoning reason—the oracular God in man.
You tell me an act of murder is radically wrong.
Are you competent to decide that? Can you isolate
it, and examine it alone disconnected from all things
else? Until you can do that, the rendering of your
verdict falls harmlessly upon the world. How do
you know under what resistless provocation was he
who did it—how many generations of evil centered
in his murder; how do you know but that his

"Ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."
In the ultimate appeal the whole universe is re-
sponsible for a murder, because it takes the universe
to produce one—and when a murder breaks the peace
of society, and startles us from our dream of secu-
rity, each one of us may with reason ask, what por-
tion of the act belongs to me?

Now, since in the world I live in, I find every-
where in its design benevolence, and not malice, and
since I find in the "Great First Cause" the perfec-
tion of good and not evil, and since I find that the
conflict of elements and forces, in the world of man-
kind, develops human experience, and that the per-
fection of experience is the perfection of happiness,
I am impelled to the conclusion, that "Whatever is,
is right."

DR. CHURCH.—To the man that sees wrong and evil,
the death of the physical body appears cruel, dread-
ful, and even unnatural; while to the man that sees
no wrong or evil, death appears right, pleasant and
natural. Death and destruction are only of the
earth, the soul knows not of, and cares not for, either.
In spiritual perception, there is seen no wrong, evil,
death or destruction. These things are only of ma-
terial perception, and are for material things.

Crime is a weapon dispensed by the hand of wis-
dom, that cuts up and dissolves, that brings death
and destruction upon the physical bodies of men and
women, having no manner of influence upon the
soul. All the hateful things of the earth are but
instruments at work, dissolving the material cover-
ings of the soul. All the efforts of men and wo-
men, in the direction of goodness, of virtue, of right,
are but efforts to continue, cherish and support per-
ishing, falling materialism; and all that we call evil
and wrong, injures and destroys the same thing,
wherein the soul's lawful freedom is affected.

There is no destruction, no death, only as allied to
the dissolving forms of earth. The soul of man ever
was and ever will be free from, standing supreme
over the alleged influences of comparative good, or
of positive evil, as defined by dictionaries.

Destruction and death are material; in the sense
of spirit are natural, and they are right; so are the
causes of their production. What are the causes of
physical destruction and physical death? What are
called wrong are the causes: disease, crime, oppres-
sion, conflict, war, wickedness, wretchedness. All
these are causes of death and dissolution, and are
right as things of creation, or why have they exist-
ence? These things work only the destruction of
earthly forms, not souls, and there is a wisdom and
a beauty in the work. And be ye thankful, men and
women, that wisdom is speedily moving us from this
world of suffering, conflict and bondage, to a happy,
peaceful world of freedom, by any means, whatever
it may be; whether it be disease or crime, affliction
or wickedness, the end is the same—thy will, O
God, be done." I tell you, my friends, that this
position is true, and the time will come when you
all shall be fearless of it.

I thank God that the sand-hills of time can and do
run down, and that the soul ever rises above the fall-
ing dust of earth. Who would live always in the
conflicts of earth? Who would forever be a weary,
tired, bleeding, traveler of this muddy, stony, thorny,
dusty, cloudy earth? Who wants to kick against
the pricks of time forever? Who wants forever to
be in the sight of wrong, firing and receiving shafts
of condemnation? Who is there that has lived to
half the common age of man, and has not had long-
ings for a better, happier life than this earthly life
is?

This world is a charnel-house of conflict and suf-
fering, and every pulsation of pain bears us upward,
is getting us out of it. We have heretofore called
wrong and evil some hindrance that comes between
these pulsations of progress; and we have called
good deeds progression. But an "evil deed" is only
a track that the soul involuntarily makes in its pro-
gression; pain follows inevitably; and this bears
evidence that the soul is rising from earthly conflicts;
and what we have called good, is only the resting be-
tween the steps of progression. So it is evil that
bears evidence of progress, not goodness. Goodness
and virtue, as used by men, pertain alone to the
well being and happiness of our material lives;
wrong and evil go against the well being and hap-
piness of our earthly lives. Right and goodness
support, cherish and cling to the love of earth.
What is called wrong and evil opens the way for
spiritual love to stand forth. All our attributes,
both material and spiritual, are right, for they are
God-given; all our desires are right, for they are in-
voluntary; they are spontaneous in nature. All
our actions are right, for they are the results of un-
alterable causes.

JACOB ENSON.—Dr. Child has given us a beauti-
ful truthful picture of our earthly life. He asks,
who would live always in this muddy, stony, thorny,
cloudy earth—tired, bleeding, suffering, fighting?
I ask, why is it so? and answer, because we have
done wrong; because we have not acted up to our
highest ideal. The animal man appropriates the pro-
ducts of life to his own use, without regard to the
spiritual effect upon himself or others; so long as
such conduct is in accordance with his highest ideal
of justice, it is right so to do. The soul in this
sphere of love necessarily unfolds a spiritual capacity
to hear the still, small voice of the ever-present
Father, saying, Do the wrong and thou shalt die.
The unregenerate man is prone to do wrong; the
demands of nature and his animal tendencies are
imperative. The spiritual birthright is exchanged
for a morsel of potato. Mental death and spiritual
condemnation are the natural consequences. Before
the transgression the soul was a more etherial in the
animal kingdom, with innate capacities to hear, to
see, and to feel that there are good and evil, right
and wrong. By the transgression the fount or river
of divine life which flows out of the spiritual Eden
to water the garden of the Lord, as described in the
Mosaic account of creation, was parted (not divided
against itself) and became into four heads, which may
be described as the "I Am," or fountain, the dual or
Adamic, the triune or Mosiac, which unfold the
fourth, the Christian and the Christ, or, as another has
said, the square and the circle. Then will the spiri-
tual church which is, and is to be, appear the union
of spiritual states so blended in love and devotion to
truth that its members cannot think or do anything
wrong, because the innate attributes of the great
first cause have so obtained within them.

Supposing, for the sake of illustration, we call
these rivers—the four disordered founts of love and af-
fection—the good, the better and the best. Is the
individual essentially affected by the name given to
the particular department of life which his moral
condition places him in? Can we go back of the
soul's consciousness and convince the unregenerate

man, who designedly injures his brother, that there
is no angry God—no future judgment—no hell or
sphere to torment while he is in the affection of evil?
He knows better; he knows there is right and
wrong, and no amount of sophistry or fig-leaves can
hide the crime from the conscious criminal, because
the divine sight of the soul, the germ of immortal
life, has been awakened within him. The ruling
love of the unregenerate man is an all-controlling
desire for selfish gratification, which springs from
our animal proclivities. There is not a wrong known
to society that does not spring from this prolific
source. Error and wrong abound; affliction, temp-
tation and strife are the common occurrences of life;
few, if any, have learned the better way. There
may be some Mary Magdalenes and other Marys,
some impulsives Peters, loving Johns, and persevering
Simons, who have learnt by experience, and so know
the right from the wrong as to be able to take the
purest good from choice; if so, they have followed the
quickening spirit through the wilderness, and on the
mount, in the garden, and the judgment hall. They
have seen between the thieves and discovered the
prepared place hewn in the "Rock of Ages," where
the Christ, the risen Saviour, stands forth. I am
aware that to the materialist such a speech as this
is a foolish use of words, while to the full-fledged
Spiritualist it is a string of empty shells. But there
is a class of honest inquirers unto whom it may sug-
gest thoughts, and serve as aids to unfold the blend-
ing beauties in the bow of promise as they square
the circle of their truths being in the unfolding
sphere of eternal good.

MR. CHART.—I am decidedly on the affirmative of
this question. As I look up on the world around me,
I find wrong everywhere existing throughout the
whole physical world, in great things as well as lit-
tle. Astronomers have declared that violence and
disorder occur with the heavenly bodies. Violence
is never right; it is wrong. Anything that occurs
in Nature which destroys animal or vegetable life is
wrong. We find pride, enmity, war and oppression
existing all around us—all these are wrong. As I
look upon the world, so full of wretchedness and
suffering, I must conclude that almost everything is
wrong. Is it right that the innocent man should
suffer for the criminal? No, this is wrong, decid-
edly. Some talk about compensation for suffering
hereafter, and about progression. How do they know
this? I do not know it. But if there is progres-
sion, then everything of the past must be wrong,
compared with the future. I think, if we look upon
things with a practical vision, we shall see that
whatever is, is wrong.

DR. BOWEN.—To assert that everything is right,
or that everything is wrong, is to give the lie to every
man's experience, convictions, conscience, and to set
aside the idea of choice, merit, hope, aspiration, pen-
alties, and the use of government.

If all acts are inevitable and right, why should we
feel instinctively to praise and blame? If everything
is right, why do we need a conscience to prompt us
to do right? The very fact that we have a faculty
born within us, to prompt us to choose the good and
reject the evil, implies, it seems to me, that we may
do wrong, just as much as caution implies danger,
or hunger the existence of food. We judge a thing
to be morally right from a conviction, feeling, and
natural sense of justice within; and those faculties
tell us that certain things are wrong, and if we vi-
olate our convictions of right, we feel guilty and con-
demned. Does Nature lie to herself? Has she made
all things right, and made us to feel that they are
not so? No, Nature does not lie. If she has im-
planted in man a sense of right and wrong, it is
because light and wrong exist; and this
faculty is wisely given us to detect the one
from the other. This faculty is to the soul
what the sense of taste is to the body; the existence
of the latter implies the fact that there are good
things and bad things that may enter the system,
and it stands as a sentinel to tell us the one from the
other.

Right is only a term used to designate a certain
act as being special, not common. Evil may be a
necessity in the nature of things, but that necessity
does not make evil right. It may be necessary to
shoot a few thousands of rebels to preserve the rights
of the Union; but the necessity for it is wrong. A
man may willfully burn his foot until amputation
becomes necessary, and the cutting off the limb is
right, but the necessity for it is wrong. To assert
that two acts can be right, the one antagonist to the
other, is repugnant to every human sense of
right. If it is right to do an act, it must be wrong
to omit it. There are certain fundamental laws
and principles that exist to govern and regulate the
universes, and if we live up to the requirements of
those laws we do right; if not, we do wrong, and
must live the consequences. This is the conviction
and experience of mankind in the past and present
ages, which is worth more to me than human theory
or speculation.

JUNIUS LADD.—One claims that all is right, another
that all is wrong, so we can easily see that but
little all in the decision of this question can be had
from others. We must appeal to ourselves for the
decision. To say there is evil in the physical world,
is a meaningless saying. Light and darkness in the
physical world are useful and essential to both animal
and vegetable life—we may ask the question,
whether the light and darkness, the good and evil
in the material world, are not useful and essential?
The doctrine of evil and wrong must be confined to
the ethereal, not to the physical world. So the stand-
ard and formalists must be looked for in the manners
and actions of men, and as each man has a virtually
a standard of his own, to his own standard alone he
appeals. Our friend the optimist, I think, is led by
necessity into the argument he espouses. He claims
that on physical existence is something that the
soul is rid itself of by passing through it. If it is
so, its life is an evil; the physical world is an evil;
to physical world is an evil; and we may reason-
ably expect ordeals hereafter as severe, and
more severe, than we experience here. I admit that
we can often see what once appeared evil to us to be
a good or us; we can see in many past events that
what we called evil are great lessons of goodness and
usefulness. So I conclude that our highest, deepest
thoughts bring us to the conclusion that evil works
out good.

PROF. LAWRENCE BUTLER.—I am on both sides of
this question. Considered as finalities, in and of
themselves, all things are wrong. Considered as
transients, all things are right. But I cannot agree
with my friend, Dr. Child, who thinks that our
views and our truths will some day all "go to hell" to-
gether; that the one have no beneficent, and the other
no disastrous effects upon the soul. I cannot believe
that the heroic inspiration which we call
virtue, is a mere bubble of the blood, nor that the
word duty has no infinite meaning, imperatively
binding a man. I do not believe soul to be synon-
ymous with stomach, nor that the terrors of the con-
science are not frightfuler than diseases of the liver.
Else not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build
our stronghold, and so brandish our frying-pans, and
live at ease on the fat things provided for us.

No, though our life is composed round by Ne-
cessity, still the meaning of life is no other than
freedom and voluntary force. The God-given man-
date set in well-doing, has written mysteriously in
all hearts, leaving us no rest, night or day, till it be
deceived and obeyed, flaming forth a visible noted
gospel of Liberty. This, I take it, is the highest in
man; is impulsion of which said Light, has sent
sages and martyrs in all times and countries, to bear
testimony, through life and death, of the Godlike in
man, and how only in the Godlike he has strength
and freedom. We must pass out of idle indifference
into actual endeavor. There is an ideal, and an im-
pediment, in all men; and all men must vanquish
the impediment, or the possible will never become the
real. It is with man's soul as it was with Nature; the
beginning of Creation is—Light. Over the tempest-
tossed soul, as once over wild chaos, it is spoken,
"Let there be light;" and then the sooty bells of
mutil and misery begin to die, the mad discords to
be hushed; conflicting elements to bind them them-
selves into separate armaments; and so, instead of

a black and wasteful chaos, we have a fertile, bloom-
ing world.

But Dr. Child says truly and beautifully, that our
"evils" are the footprints which in our progress we
leave behind us. There seems to be nothing final
with us. Our vices of to-day, were our virtues of
yesterday; and thus it will continue to be, in geo-
metric progression. The very heavens that to-day
draw us with ineffable sweetness, become to-morrow
the dull earth on which we stand and yearn toward
other heavens. The insatiable soul has but one cry—
"More!" And thus while, as provisional means
all things are right, they are, as absolute finalities,
wrong.

MR. BOARDMAN.—The question before us is capable
of many different expositions. I do not think the
speakers disagree as much as they would at first ap-
pear to. Every one really feels that that which gives
pain at the time, is wrong; and that that which
gives pleasure at the time is right; and all will
agree that some painful experiences have been ben-
eficial, and useful as well as pleasant experiences, so
it may not be inconsistent to conclude that the time
will come when we shall see that all our experiences,
both painful and agreeable, have usefulness and
goodness in their purpose of design.

MR. RICHARDSON.—I rise to say to Dr. Child be-
steadfast in your position, and resist not the torrents
of what is called evil that the world pours upon you
and is trying to battle you down with. You are
right; there is truth and beauty in the doctrine,
whatever is, is right, that the world has not yet
seen and recognized. Men grovel yet in a low stand-
ard of spiritual development—where there is con-
flict and darkness. But all men shall sometime
come into the domain of peace, rest, light and heaven.
Then they will see the beauty that is in the position
that you have taken.

DR. JOHNSON.—I am only a listener, a student. I
think that there is a beautiful truth in the expres-
sion, "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration
of the Almighty giveth it understanding. Man is
ever progressing; his first development is in the in-
tellectual; in this development he cannot see that all
is right. In this he only holds the undeveloped germ
of whatever is, is right; next comes the inspiration
at development—in this development the idea what-
ever is right is perceived. This latter develop-
ment carries a man to the place that Christ occupied
when he said, "Resist not evil," "Love your ene-
mies." And it is this development alone that can
lead us to obedience to these commands of Christ.
I think that in the words of Christ lies the unfolding
germ of whatever is, is right—not whatever is, is
wrong. When a man shall see that all things are
right, he shall see with eyes of purity—and Christ
says that the pure in heart shall see God. We can-
not see God in what to us seems evil, for God is good.
So when we see no evil, we shall see God everywhere.

A Great Test through Mr. Mansfield.

DEAR BANNER.—On the 27th of last month, in ac-
cordance with the generous offer of Mr. Mansfield,
published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, I enclosed you
\$2.00, accompanied with a sealed letter. I have this
day received the sealed letter, with answers to all
questions therein contained. Considering it a good
test, and having long thought that publication of
such facts would lead those who might read them to
inquire more particularly into the realities of a con-
tinued existence beyond the tomb, thereby divesting
their minds of prejudice and the myths of "old the-
ology," I hereby conclude that though the questions
and answers are somewhat of a private nature, and
in consequence may not be of interest to the gen-
eral reader, yet as far as the correctness of the an-
swers are concerned, I think it conclusively proves
three points, viz:

1st, That when the spirit becomes free from the
body it inherits a superior state of existence in the
spirit-land.

2d, That it retains its identity, as well as an un-
broken chain of affection for those left on earth.

3d, That it possesses the power to manifest itself
through mediums, by messages of love and affection
to those in the earth-life.

The following is a copy of the

SEALED LETTER.

Mrs. Ellen M. Fetherolf, now in spirit-life—My
dear earthly companion, I fear I am unworthy to
solicit any favors from you in your heavenly abode.
As memories of the past come to me, with the
thoughts of the many happy hours we spent togeth-
er, I hope you can forgive my unworthy self all the
shortcomings of which I may have been guilty, and
if you can so far forgive an erring mortal as to an-
swer me the following questions, I shall feel myself
under lasting obligations to you, my dear Ellen:

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Will you assist me to become a better man?
- 2.—Do you have any knowledge of the circum-
stances as they have transpired since your depart-
ure?—and can you overlook all the errors of which
I have been guilty? In other words, can you bear
with me and forgive?
- 3.—Can I ever become worthy of your compani-
onship in spirit-life?
- 4.—Were we conjugally mated?—and shall we be
companions in spirit-life?
- 5.—Did you dictate the communication to me
through Mrs. C.—? If so, tell me the name of
the person mentioned.
- 6.—Did you find spirit-life anything like what you
had pictured it to yourself?—and do you enjoy it
more than you did life here?
- 7.—Do you see our dear little boy?—and are you
with him at all times? Is he anything like our
blessed little Mary?
- 8.—Can you assist me in bringing her (Mary) up
as she ought to be?
- 9.—Give me some advice in relation to my situa-
tion and family, as what would be best to do.
- 10.—Shall I be immortal?
- 11.—Do you ever visit me? If so, are you with
me at this writing?—and can you see me and our
dear little Mary?
- 12.—Do you understand my feelings, and do you
feel for me?
- 13.—Do spirits notice the actions and deeds of
their friends yet in the flesh? I feel lonely, and
hate the life I now live. Give me your sympathy.
- 14.—My dear Ellen, if I were pure enough to meet
you I could look forward to the time when I too
should go to the spirit-world with extreme delight.
- 15.—Yet one more question, my lost jewel; it is
this: Shall I be able to raise Mary to womanhood,
or shall I have to part with her in childhood?
- 16.—Now, dear Ellen, let me ask this one favor of
you—that you give me the answers to the foregoing
questions, with any counsel you may have to offer,
as well as the number of times I have visited your
grave since your mortal remains were there depos-
ited, and I shall esteem it as a great and lasting
favor.

From your former companion of the earth life,
B. L. FETHEROLF.

ANSWER TO SEALED LETTER.

My dear Husband—That was love. You come to
talk with your dear Ellen. Well, dear, I am more
than pleased to be able to come to your request,
have long sought to come to you, but could not. No
not even through Mrs. C.—, as you supposed; it was
some other one I know not—which is the case often
where undeveloped spirits can control. You ask me
to forgive your many errors since I left you. My
dear one, though you have done wrong in some in-
stances, yet that is not with me, that is with your
God. But, dear one, I would be pleased to talk at
length, could I have time, but I have not; and an-
swer to your questions as enumerated. But if you will

come from time to time, I will try and talk with
you in a manner satisfactory.

ANSWERS.

- 1.—I will do all in my power to assist you to be-
come a better man.
- 2.—Yes, I have, and could tell you many, but no
good would come from so doing. Yes, I forgive you
all.
- 3.—You are now, dear one, and I look forward to
that time with profound pleasure.
- 4.—I feel you were. Did I not, it would make me
and now.
- 5.—I did not; yet another might have done so.
- 6.—Somewhat so; yet it was in many respects far
more beautiful. I would you could see my home.
How you would desire to come and be with me.
- 7.—Now and then I do. He is in a far advanced
sphere, as all children so young are. He is a dar-
ling, and often speaks of his sister Mary.
- 8.—I will not only impress your mind as to that,
but will hers also.
- 9.—As to that, you will be impressed from day to
day, what to do.
- 10.—You are now, my dear, and will not have to
be.
- 11.—From day to day I come to you and our dar-
ling daughter. Oh, tell her her mother is with her
from day to day, and watches over her with a dear
mother's care.
- 12.—Yes, dear husband, I think I know all, and
sympathize with you as far as is possible in spirit.
- 13.—To a great extent, and far more than is
pleasing; but the flesh is weak. Yet we sym-
pathize with you.
- 14.—Yes, dear, you will meet me again, so cheer
up. If you have computations or fears from want
of purity, try and live as you wish you had, by
and by.
- 15.—I think you will, if you keep her out in fresh
and pure air. Let her exercise as much as she
chooses.
- 16.—How many times you have visited that spot
where is deposited all that was mortal of me, I knew
not—but several times. Come, come often for me,
my dear husband. Kisses to you and our dear child,
and believe me your spirit-wife,

ELLEN M. FETHEROLF.

The letter thus answered by Mr. Mansfield was
placed in a buff envelope, and sealed with wax on all
its folds, and an impression of an embossed private
press made into the soft wax. It was then shown to
Mr. B.—, bookseller and stationer, (who is exceed-
ingly skeptical in spiritual unfoldments) who placed
upon it a private mark. It was then enclosed in
another buff envelope, sealed on all its folds with wax.
When it came to hand to-day, the outside envelop
was found to be in the precise condition in which it
was sent to you. I called on Mr. B.—, and informed
him I had received the letter with the answer; showed
it to him, and he concluded it had not been opened.
After removing the outside envelop, he examined his
private mark with the seal, and decided it could not
have been opened. After hearing the questions and
answers read, he thought they were correctly an-
swered, but made the remark that I could not make
a Spiritualist out of him. The answers to the above
questions are such as to prove the style of the per-
son, or, in other words, characteristic of her while in
the form. Yours fraternally, B. L. FETHEROLF.
Tumagua, Schuylkill County, Penn.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONHALL, 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:—
Miss Lizzie Dolan the first Sunday in November and Mrs. Fan-
nie B. Fenton the first Sunday in December.

CONGRESS HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—
Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.
Conference meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M. F. Clark, Chairman.
The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday
evening, at 7:15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for
the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:—
"God and His Providence."

FORUM.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—
Warren Chase, for Dec. 1; Miss Lizzie Dolan, Dec. 15.
Mr. Jones.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and
28th Street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.
8 P. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dwyer is Chairman of the Asso-
ciation.

At Bowd