

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

RETAIL PRICE PER COPY,
FIVE CENTS.

NO. 13.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I never will curse him, I never can bless him. If anger were greater, the grief would be less; I have suffered, and much as I do must bear yet, I cannot forgive, and I will never forget." It would seem as if the Judge was determined to make amends for aunt Hannah's treatment, for though he did not know what she had said he seemed that she had been the cause of my unhappiness. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that he took this time to show his brotherly kindness, for every demonstration of interest was watched by her with the keenest scrutiny. Whether she had influenced Emma I could not tell, but the child showed great aversion all at once to the Judge. She forgot his chair, avoided his presence, and manifested no interest in his conversation whenever obliged to be present. If he had asked her before, she returned it with composed interest, now she had the dislike all to herself; for I do not think he noticed it at all, and if he had, would have been supremely indifferent to her likes or dislikes. I looked on with some amusement; her character was still a puzzle to me, and every such expression of it opened a new window into her inner self.

One day a letter came for her; it was the first she had received since she had come to me, and was a great event. I was pleased to see her seize it eagerly, and run away into a corner to read it all by herself; then I turned to my own, which she had brought with her for me, and found to my great delight that it was from Mr. Evans. He had taken a long journey, he said, since we met, but was coming to Burnside on business, the nature of which I would learn from a letter to a young girl that he was pleased to know was with me.

He had much to say to me when he should come, which would be the next week. Emma brought her letter to me, but looked so timid and frightened, that I was puzzled to know what should work such a change in her in so few minutes; but I think the letter threw some light upon the matter.

"My dear Emma—I hope now to be able to attend to the business which Mr. Vinal put into my hands before he died. I am sorry for your sake that it should be delayed so long, for you are clearly entitled to the property which seems to have been wrongfully taken from you. I have examined all the papers which were in your father's possession, but must be at Burnside, and see a number of witnesses. Judge Perry will be a formidable opponent, but I hope when he sees the right he will do justice to you, and he may perhaps save you any further trouble. I shall see you in ten days."

Now, this letter surprised me, for, until then, I supposed Emma had never heard of Judge Perry till she came to "The Elm." "What a strange child she is!" I said for the hundredth time to myself. The next week aunt Posey came from her mountain trip, looking fat and happy. She and her husband were now able to make their last payment on the farm, and next time I'm going for the pleasure of it," she said.

She had walked from her home in the evening to see me, and I proposed that she should remain all night, to which she consented. The Judge came in and sat an hour—she told me I will never forget. He was kind as usual, but there was more tenderness of manner than was none the less respectful, but his low tones and delicate compliments gave me a new and strange pleasure. I promised the truth, reader, and I give it you. I thought just then that no man living was more noble and good than Judge Perry. I forgot (God forgive me!) my own husband in heaven, and my child on earth, as I listened to his honeyed words. When he rose to go, he took my hand; he retained it; I felt the blood crimsoning cheek and brow, and I knew, before he spoke—for woman's comprehension at such times is quicker than man's speech—I knew, and my heart was ready to yield allegiance to this man; when he should ask for it. It was no goodness of mine; no clear perception of right and wrong that held me back. I acted, as philosophers say we never do act, in direct opposition to my own will, for when the Judge bending low said:

"My dear Mary, it is useless for me to struggle in silence longer, with my feelings, I thought I loved you only as a sister, but a deeper, stronger feeling has taken possession of my whole soul. May I hope that you will, before long, permit me to call you by the more endearing name of wife?" I trembled exceedingly; he perceived my emotion, and threw one arm gently around me. Can you believe me, reader, when I say that my heart responded to his? I looked just then, and what true woman does not! for the double support of that strong arm, and the light of that intelligent to guide me! I would have said, "Yes," with the lips, as the heart dictated, but a stronger power than my will—a force that resisted the magnetic charm of that man who could so easily win woman—a master that knew not, but whom I obeyed instinctively, that did without my assent, the my own will, and to my great surprise, I found that I had said, "Yes."

band. I feel that he claims me yet, and is waiting in heaven for me." I became, as I spoke, very cold, I shuddered, as if out in the open air, rather than by the warm fire-side; why, I know not, unless caused by the strange change that came over Maurice; his usual bland expression passed away, and I saw, or thought I saw, the face of a demon glaring at me. It was the delusion of the moment, for the next instant he had turned his face a little one side, and remarked kindly:

"I am not without hope; at least you did not reject me utterly. Good night; I start for Boston, this evening. Look upon me still as your brother, and let me have a care for your happiness. Good-night."

He was gone, and I stood there in the dim fire-light, leaning my head against the mantle, and weeping bitter tears. What did make me say that? I who am left now so desolate and lone! What invisible power has such control over me? Some spirit of evil has possession of me, and I am forced to yield. Hannah Price, I fancied, had the power attributed to the witches of ancient days, and had willed me to act thus. I was out of harmony with myself and all the world. Aunt Posey came in as I stood there; the good creature always assumed a sort of care of everything as soon as she entered the house. My only wonder used to be when she was there, how we ever lived without her.

"There, honey, the house is all safe and I've taken away the candle from your girl, Emma. Do you let her read by candle-light after she is in bed? It is a bad plan for girls' eyes, and dangerous for the house. There she was, in bed, poring over some old papers."

"Why, no auntie, I supposed the child had more sense than to do that."

"If she has not, we must put it into her; now let me see to you. Why, how you tremble! What is the matter? Are you going to have a swamp chill? as we say in Florida."

She ran and prepared some warm drink, and while doing so, her wife, which were always busy enough, worked as fast as her hands. When she came back, she bade me get into bed, and she would give me the hot drink then, and rub my hands, and feet. A shrill smile came over her face as she looked at me.

"Never mind; don't worry about what you can't help. I believe you allers mean right, and so be easy; you hain't done nothing wrong, I'm sure."

The comfort was rather sybilian, and might have been given without any knowledge of what had taken place; but she could not have said anything better. Whether it was her medicine, or her soothing words, or something above and beyond these, I know not, but a sweet quiet stole over my spirit and sense, and I was soon wrapped in sleep—a sleep from which I was suddenly roused at midnight, by the cry of "Fire!" which rung out clear and loud from the street. I sprang up and looked out of the window, and saw the west room of the Stone House apparently one sheet of flame. I ran to aunt Posey's room—she was not there, nor could I find Emma. I hurried back to my room where Sidney was sleeping, with the intention of dressing myself as soon as possible, and going to see what I could do to aid; but the next minute I discovered, by the light of the burning room, aunt Posey, aunt Hannah, and Emma bringing things out, and men busily bringing water to quench the flames.

The house was of stone, with a slate roof; but the furniture and the curtain draperies seemed to be all on fire. I ran out, but met aunt Posey with her arms full of books, coming to the old house which stood between the burning building and my own home.

"Run back," she said; "don't leave the child alone. The fire is nearly out, and if it had not been for the screams of that crazy fellow you would not have been awakened at all. Stop a moment; you may, if you please, get the key to the old house, and I'll leave these things on the steps and go back for you."

I ran for the key, and was busy taking in the books when she returned again, and Emma with her, the latter carrying a heavy writing desk, which she let fall as she entered. The jar caused it to break open, and scattered the papers upon the floor.

"Never mind, never mind," said aunt Posey; "we can look everything up till to-morrow. Come on now, and see if we can save the carpet."

But the heat in the room, and the water which the men kept pouring in prevented them from saving anything save a part of the books, a writing desk, the lighter furniture, and one of two choice pictures. It seems that aunt Posey, after her kind attention to me, went into the kitchen; and instead of going to bed took a notion to mix up some cakes for breakfast. "It was a new receipt, which she had learned at the Profile House, and thought to give me a pleasant surprise in the morning. Then it occurred to her that some fresh apple-sauce would be an addition to them, and she descended to the cellar for some, and to use her own words, she found so many spotted ones, she just thought she'd stop and sort out one barrel of 'em, for she hated to see 'em going to waste. This kept her some time, and when she came back to the kitchen and sat down by the window to pare the apples, she saw a bright light reflected all over the room, and the snow without seemed all aglow.

I first thought the day of the Lord had come, and that I had lived to see it. But when I saw aunt Posey piling apples, and had the ever-ready glass dropped the apples, and was running out to meet the Lord, as he descended from the clouds, when I

saw it wasn't that glory at all, but just the west room all afire. I ran as fast as my feet would carry me, and roused aunt Hannah; but it seemed as if I never could make her hear, nor Jim neither, and there was the room afire, and I could not get in! But thank Heaven, I got in at last, and we three, with Emma's help, were able to put it all out, and made no disturbance, if that crazy man, as he seemed to me, hain't come along screaming, 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

It seems that the Judge had been examining some papers in an old desk, which he had preserved with great care because it had belonged to his father. He had a candle in his hand; the desk lid was thrown back, and not having any place convenient he thoughtlessly placed the candle in the desk, and forgetting to remove it, had looked it in with the other contents.

He did this, it seems, after leaving our house, and a few minutes before taking the stage for Boston. He had rode some fifteen miles when his carelessness occurred to him, and he hid a man to come in haste to give aunt Hannah warning. But aunt Posey had seen it before, and succeeded in so far quenching the flames that no part of the house was injured save the west room.

"Aunt I glad them apples of yours needed looking after, Miss Mary."

She had got into the habit of calling me by that name, as she used to say "Miss Flora." Aunt Hannah expressed great gratitude for what she termed the wonderful preservation of her life; but she was constantly saying, "How strange that the Judge should be so careless! She never knew him to be so before." And this she reiterated again and again. But this event was perhaps of more consequence to myself than to any of the other spectators of the tragedy.

Toward noon the next day I went over to the old house to see the condition of the articles which had been moved there for safety. There was a pell-mell mass of books and papers, pictures, maps, account books, &c., such as would naturally accumulate in a gentleman's study; among other things the broken writing desk, just as it had fallen, with the lock burst and the papers scattered near it. Imagine my surprise when among them I saw my long-lost paper!

There it was, with the well-known handwriting upon the outside. I seized it eagerly, and stopping for nothing more ran home to my own room, there to sit down and think and speculate. It was very evident that it came from the desk, for a small corner was still fastened by it. That desk was Judge Perry's exclusively, and no one was ever allowed to open it, for he retained the key in his possession, and it was well known in the family that here he kept his most valuable papers. The key was of a peculiar construction, and he had once said in my presence that there were two locks in the house that no one but himself could open, and added laughingly, they were those which fastened his heart and his desk. (Had both been opened for me!)

Had he—my brother—could it be possible! I could not endure the thought for one minute. I should have lost no time in reading it, but Mr. Evans was expected hourly, and I therefore laid it away in a safe hiding-place, and turned to my household duties.

Mr. Evans was there to tea, looking kind and good as ever. I had learned to like his large features while he was with my father, and now he seemed dearer to me than ever. I was sure I could trust him, and I was amused to see Emma. Her eyes brightened at his coming, and she watched his features as he talked, as if there was a wonderful charm in them.

After tea, when we were seated in our snug little sitting-room, Mr. Evans introduced business. "It may be unpleasant to you," he said, turning to me, "but I will be no more severe than is necessary upon some of your relatives. This child, Emma Vinal, or Smith, has a claim upon some property here, and I wish, if possible, to place it in her possession. Her father once lived in the old house you der—"

"Stop a minute," I said. "Is this Emma Smith the daughter of Mrs. Smith, who occupied that house some years ago?"

"The same, I conclude," said Mr. Evans. "Did you know this all the time, Emma?" "Yes, ma'am; but my friends told me I had better say nothing about it. They did not love my mother as well as they ought, and they made me promise I would say nothing about her here."

"This, then, is the reason why you liked to wander about the old house?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I found some writings of hers in the old garret. I took them, for I thought it would not be wrong, and everything that belonged to my mother was precious to me."

"Anded, you had a right to them," I said, with animation. "I only wish you had told me that you were born in the old house."

"You will excuse that, I know," said Mr. Evans, "when you hear all. Mr. Smith bought the property of Maurice Perry, and paid the amount demanded; but when he was persuaded by his wife to sell back, a law was found in his little and, moreover, there was no evidence of his having paid for the original purchase, though he had done so to the last farthing. In brief, Emma's only inheritance is taken from her, as I think, by fraud."

sorted a clause when he made his purchase that will render you safe. Your brother Maurice is made responsible for any defect in your title."

Now all this was new, and puzzled me exceedingly, for I had never understood such matters, and was ignorant, as most women are, of all such details. "I trust," said our good friend, "that all these matters will be made plain, and that we shall have no trouble in settling them as soon as I can see Mr. Perry. I shall remain here till he returns from the city."

That night when Emma had left the room, Mr. Evans told me the history of the family. The parents lived unhappily, and Mr. Smith became at last a maniac. His wife, whose temper was unhappy, lived for some years, bewailing her hard lot, an annoyance to her friends, and no comfort to herself. She would never speak of Burnside, professing to believe that all their misfortunes were owing to her residence there. Mrs. Vinal, Mr. Smith's sister, though she loved Emma and was very kind to her, never spoke of her mother or Burnside; and no wonder, when the child was thrown so accidentally upon the home of her childhood, the faint remembrance of which was quickened by her residence with me, no wonder that she took a fancy to the old house, and liked to roam over the garret, hunting the relics of her childhood. Neither could I blame her, sensitive as she was, for not speaking of her parents.

Had I introduced the subject, I think she would have opened her whole heart to me; and she seemed pleased to learn that Mr. Evans had told me her history, for she longed for some friend in whom she could confide.

When I was alone in my room that night, I could not hide from myself the fact that Mr. Evans had doubts of Maurice Perry's integrity. Two days before I should have resented any such charge, but now—what could I think? Surely there was some mystery in this whole affair. At first I longed for Maurice to return and vindicate himself—then that paper! There was something that must be explained.

It was evident now that Emma was innocent of any thought of wrong as it regarded this. Poor child, how glad I was I had not accused her! Mr. Harmon was the only one who knew my doubts, and to him I would acknowledge her innocence.

I turned to my desk and took out the lost and recovered paper. There was a necessity for understanding business matters. That night I never slept, and oh, how earnestly I longed for one hour of converse with my husband! How bitterly I regretted those words of mine, so lightly spoken, but which must have been barbed arrows to a sensitive heart.

CHAPTER XV.

"Like an open friend I treated, trusted you. When in receipt of my best endeavors. You treacherously practiced to undo me."

I will give the reader, without note or comment, the contents of the paper which absorbed my attention that night.

"My dear wife—Excuse the narrative form of this paper—it is less painful for me to write thus.

Many years ago my brother, Maurice Perry, was sent to Florida by the Government, on some business connected with the public lands in that territory. He there became acquainted with two families of Spanish origin, (though one had intermarried with an English family) by the names of Dupont and Ashley. They dwelt near the St. John's, not far from St. Augustine, but joining the lands of old King Philip, with whom they lived on the most friendly terms. My brother was domesticated with the Duponts, who had two most lovely daughters. I need not describe them when I tell you that one was aunt Posey's Miss Flora, our Fanny's mother, and the other her sister, of whom you have never heard me speak, nor do I think I could command myself sufficiently now to utter her name. I have resolved and re-resolved to do so many times since my marriage. Once when you asked me abruptly if I had ever loved before my marriage, I longed to confess that passage of my life's history, on which the name of Agnes Dupont is indelibly engraved. I told you then, what I fully believed to be the truth, that no one living had heard any protestations of love from me. Not long after, I learned that at the time I spoke, Agnes was alive, but alas, so near death and so full of sorrow, that you, Mary, my own wife, would have been the first to have forgotten the past, and wept to see the wreck of one so young and lovely. But I am anticipating my narrative.

The two families to which I have referred, though bound by no ties of kindred, were very dear to each other. Flora, Marguerite and Agnes, were like sisters, and seldom separated. Maurice Perry could not fail to become interested in one so lovely as Flora. You know my brother. Nature gave him an agreeable person, a musical voice, while travel and intercourse with polished society, had given what the world calls a pleasing address. As for the rest, what he is in his true character you must judge. I have spoken of King Philip. He had children; one son, named Coscochee, or "Wild Cat," and Nehah, said to have been in her youth the beauty of her tribe. Nehah was much beloved by the two families, but my brother was employed in a suit to recover some slaves said to have run away from Georgia, and taken refuge with King Philip. They were in reality the descendants of these runaways, and having never lived with their Georgian plantations, were unwilling to be taken, and resisted the claim. The Chief had also signed away a portion of his land, when indicated, and was very angry when obliged to part with his ancestral possessions for a load of trash. My brother was shriveled, and could man-

age such cases, and either by the merits of the case, or by chicanery, gained his cause. Philip was much irritated, and I suppose this loss has made him more revengeful and bitter toward the whites.

Aunt Posey and Jim are among the slaves that were formerly on his land, but were purchased from him by Mr. Dupont, and followed my brother's wife to New England. "Miss Flora," as aunt Posey still calls her, was like a rare hot-house plant, transplanted from the conservatory to a colder climate. She did not live many years, and perhaps did not find in her husband the domestic qualities which are as necessary to make home happy as the fascinations which charm the girl. However, on this point I will be silent. She died when Fanny was a mere child. She faded gradually, like a summer flower in early autumn. When she first perceived symptoms of consumption, she wished that her sister might be sent for at once.

I shall never forget my first sight of Agnes Dupont. She was standing in Sunset Porch one summer evening, draped in some of those soft, light tissues that make a fair woman look almost ethereal—but I cannot, no, I cannot describe her—let it pass, the vision remains with me as one of those beautiful pictures, few and far between, which sometimes make human life radiant.

She was a vision of delight.

When first she burst upon my sight.

I cannot tell you when I began to love her—it seems to me that from the moment I saw her that evening, my soul's allegiance begun. We were thrown much together, and while my brother looked on with apparent indifference, Flora seemed desirous to encourage our attachment. However, as she grew feeble, every other feeling was absorbed in her anxiety for her; but when she was laid in the grave, our mutual love was strengthened by companionship in sorrow. Maurice was at that time engaged in a political contest, and diverted perhaps, from his sorrow.

A few months after Flora's death, Agnes returned to Florida with her father, who came on for her. We were betrothed, and in one year we were to have been married. I worked that year, determined to earn the means to place my wife above the drudgery of household toil. I suppose I worked too hard, for my health failed, and after a long and hurried business journey in the month of August, I was taken with typhoid fever, and was dangerously ill. My life was considered doubtful, and a letter was written to my brother Maurice, urging his return—he had gone to Washington—immediately. This letter was not received for many weeks—it was forwarded to Florida, whether he had again gone.

Now, my wife, comes the part of my story which is hardest to relate. There were three months that I could not write a line to Agnes, but as soon as I could hold a pen, I wrote her a long letter. No answer came. I wrote again—it missed its destination, as I supposed at the time, from the inefficiency and irregularity of the mails. Maurice never wrote to me save on business; but we heard indirectly, that he had decided to settle in Florida, where he was buying large tracts of land. He was absent a year, and as our business was connected, I was obliged to remain at home—you can imagine in what anxiety. Once he wrote to me, stating that Agnes had gone to Europe—that accounted for her silence, and I returned to my business with fresh zeal.

But there was something strange in my brother's appearance when he returned. He had always treated me with more reserve than is usually maintained between brothers—but this reserve was now exchanged for a manner as strange as inexplicable to me. Sometimes he was very familiar and strove to gain my confidence; again, moody, and unbearably haughty. He had no information to give me of Agnes, save her going to Europe, as he said; that he had left there twelve months before, and had been in other parts of the territory, until just before Agnes' departure.

I waited months longer. In those days communication between Europe and this country was not as rapid as now, and I was patient.

Wearied at last with hope deferred, and having some undefined suspicion that all was not right, I started for Florida, without making my intentions known to any one. It was a long, wearisome journey, and imagine my feelings when I came to Wahallo, to find neither the Duponts nor Ashley's there. Their houses were deserted, and the plantation occupied by a few negroes.

King Philip and most of his tribe were in a distant part of Florida, full of vengeance against the whites. No one could give me any information concerning them, save that both families had gone to Europe to remain until the Indian troubles were settled.

I returned home in a state bordering on despair, only to find the following note in the Burnside Post Office directed to me:

"Dear Sir—I have heard that you are not dead, as reported in Florida more than a year since. I do not communicate this information to Miss Agnes, as she was married to your brother last week. She leaves home with her father, for Europe, in a few days, where it is understood that her husband will meet her, as soon as he has transacted his business in Washington."

I am a stranger to you, but Agnes is a dear sister to me. We were raised together; and I owe my education to her. She loves our race. I shall never forsake her—but she has been most cruelly deceived, I think. Your brother is an enemy to us—he has taken away the lands of my father, and now there is nothing left but to fight the white man till his bones, which the land.

let you know your brother's paddy. She weeps for Agnes; and Constance, the great warrior, my brother, says the pale face talker has bewitched Agnes, and that the evil spirit is in him. She weeps many days for you, till we thought she would fade away like the flowers, but your brother was a medicine, and has had power over her. Marguerite says she believed you were not dead. She has gone with them, but she will never return. The Great Spirit wants her in heaven. Yours, respectfully,
NEHAH.

You cannot imagine my grief and consternation, nor understand my feelings toward my perdition brother. I carried the letter to him, but I spoke not. He read it through; not a muscle of his face changed—he wore the same imperturbable, placid expression. "Well," he said, returning it to me, "did not I receive a letter stating that there were no hopes of your recovery? And that letter being delayed for months prevented my returning home to see you. I supposed you were not living. Can you blame me for wishing to secure a wife like Agnes? Can you blame her for receiving all the consolation which I could give?"

The cold heartlessness of this speech struck me dumb. I could only articulate:
"Then you are married?"

"I do not deny it," he said, and I left his presence, feeling, my dearest wife, that there was no constancy in woman. Pardon the feeling; I believe I am too sincere, too truly a man, to allow such thoughts long. Aunt Posey, to whom Agnes was very dear, though Flora was her foster child, and more beloved, was very much troubled that we could hear no news from Florida. I told aunt Posey, and never did I have purer sympathy in trouble. She knew Maurice. Her keen sense had, even before Mrs. Perry's death, read the hollowness of his heart.

I cannot tell you how I lived for two or three years. Thanks to you, dear Mary, I was consoled, and learned woman's true worth. Agnes was never mentioned in our family. We learned, through Frank Ashley, that the families had returned to Florida. Maurice was gone for some months; we supposed to bring his wife home, but she never came, and the report reached us that she was dead—that she and Marguerite died of fever in Europe. We had reason to suppose this, as she did not come to Burnside.

I have erred in not telling you of this, but it was so painful to me to speak of it, and as I could not tell you without accusing my brother of guile which I cannot prove, but which I feel belongs to him, I deferred my sad recital, till a promise, exacted under the most trying circumstances, placed it out of my power.

One evening, as I was leaving the counting-room to go home, weary with the daily treadmill of business life, I met at the door the strange woman whose appearance had sometime before excited you. When she heard you called Mrs. Perry, I think she must have supposed that you were knowing to these facts. When she saw me she drew me one side and said: "Read this," handing me a note.

"My Dear Sidney—I have been terribly, cruelly deceived. God knows my heart. I have loved none but you. Your brother told me you were dead. He destroyed your letters; and when I mourned for you, he talked constantly of you and your goodness. He was artful, insinuating. I was bewildered, fascinated, as the snake charms its victim. Marguerite warned me; Nehah knelt and prayed that I would send him away. But he won me, I can't tell you how. I thought all the time that he was like you—that we would dwell together upon your memory. And he said (oh, false man that he was,) that he loved me the better for my attachment to you.

I learned, when too late, that you were living, that you had written again and again. I can't explain how I knew it; sometime, perhaps, Nehah will tell you all. She would have bitter revenge. But now, when I am dying, I would say the Lord's Prayer as I said it at my mother's knee, and forgive as I hope to be forgiven. The physician tells me that I cannot live many weeks, and I am coming home to tell your brother that I am his wife only in name—that I die faithful to you. I must see you before I die, and I would lie near my sister when I am dead. I write this for you lest I should not live to reach Burnside. Nehah has promised to go with me. I wrote to her long since, knowing that she went North to visit aunt Posey. A kind Providence ordered that the letter should reach her after much delay.

I write you as from the grave. If I had ten years of life I would enter a convent, and spend them in penitence. But thank God, he has been merciful, and granted the richest boon I can ask—a speedy death. Farewell—God bless you, and forgive your brother the great wrong he has practiced upon me.
Yours in life and death,
AGNES.

I had returned to the counting-room, and stood reading by the high desk. Nehah had seated herself on a low stool near the fire, with her back to me. I folded the letter mechanically, and remained standing with my head bowed in my hands, affected, I will honestly say, more by the treachery of a brother than the loss of Agnes. In that hour, dear Mary, you were dearer to me than ever. I felt sure that no sophistry or fascination of Maurice Perry could win your love from me. This was my consolation in that hour. As I stood thus, in deep thought, Nehah came toward me and laid her hand on my arm.

"She is here," she said, and she here. You will never see her more—she is dressed for the grave. Come with me."

I followed her mechanically, and found Agnes in her coffin. My first impulse was to send for Maurice to see the wreck his hands had made. But no; Nehah said he should never look upon her again. Mr. Harmon was sent for; we buried her by night. I know not why I consented to this, but I believe Nehah controlled it all with her strong will and firmness. Oh, Mary, why did not I tell you all then? I am too weak now to talk; but I leave this as my confession of the only secret which I have kept from you. You will, I know, forgive me this; your love is all-enduring, all-sacrificing, and will continue beyond this life. My last prayer is, to be permitted to watch and guard you from my home above.

"I am weary, and can write no more, but must subscribe myself, for the last time on earth,
Your husband,
SIDNEY PERRY."

I sat alone at midnight with this paper in my hand, reading and re-reading till the words were burned into my soul. Then came the bitter recollection of my light, careless, and trifling reproaches and words that had been cutting his soul to the quick. The hot tears fell upon the paper. And I, too, had fallen under the power of the serpent. And then I supposed and found that my feelings

toward Maurice Perry were those of indignation and contempt. The mark had fallen, and I saw the demon face as it had once been revealed to me, but I was then willfully blind and would not see.

Wearied at last with much thought and weeping, I threw myself upon the sofa and tried to sleep. But I was too confused and too troubled to rest, and at early dawn I rose, feeling that life itself was a burden. The letter still lay by my side, and on the floor two other papers which must have been with it, but as they seemed to be merely notes or deeds in which there was some transfer of property, I did not examine them closely, but laid them away with the first document. I had determined to see Mr. Harmon, to trust in him, as my husband had done before. I must have one friend. Poor Fanny! Had not her pure woman's instinct read her father's character more thoroughly than I had done?

It was difficult for me to be cheerful and like myself at breakfast. I felt like one from whom a strong support had been taken, and I had drooped like the vine that looked power to sustain itself. Mr. Evans was cheerful and full of anecdote and joke. Emma never had appeared so well; her eyes were brighter, there was some color in her usually pale cheeks, and once or twice she even made a remark without its being elicited by a question.

I found it difficult to conceal my sadness, and was not sorry when Mr. Evans said that he would like to ride over Burnside hills, and proposed to me to accompany him. During that ride I gained some more information of our matters in Florida, which I will give to the reader at some future time.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

FROM THE SUMMER LAND.

BY G. FANNIE SAMPSON.

Ye who form this mighty nation,
In the great divine creation,
Midst the world-wide perturbation,
Look to God in love;
Look to him for endless blessings,
Whilst your souls his throne addressing,
Hope, bright star, will fall caressing,
From the land above.

Mortals turn and trust, believing,
Truth, and love, and light receiving,
Angels know your hearts are grieving,
Gasping for the light;
Earth-friends, then, suppress that shiver,
Stay that joy, fearful quiver,
Look beyond, and o'er "the river,"
With a faith all bright.

Myriad souls on earth are crying,
Thousand hearts in gloom are lying,
Countless minds are crushed and sighing,
Longing for pure light;
Take them from these depths infernal,
Lift their souls to realms supernal,
Show them spirit-love eternal,
Shining through the night.

Mortals turn, and earth-sin seeing,
Turn and aid each fellow-being,
Know you not that virtue's feeling
From the haunts of life?
We will aid you, then, to sever
Error's chains from earth, and ever
Guide you, and forsake you never,
While in this dark strife.

Brothers, sisters, cease repining,
Spirit-light is o'er you shining,
Earthly trials are refining,
Souls for work so true;
Onward, then, in spirit mission,
We will send the true condition;
Then, oh then, the spirit vision
Will seem near to view.

Catching a Few Trout.

We have many a time tried to describe—not the process, but—the sensations; let us just read what Major Winthrop throws off about it, as a part of his jolly experiences in the wilds of Maine. We quote piece-meal to save room:

"The Penobscot was a very beautiful river, and the Aboljockamegus a very pretty stream; and if there is one place in the world where trout, at certain seasons are likely to be found, it is in a beautiful river at the mouth of a pretty stream. Now we wanted trout; it was in the programme, that something more delicate than salt pork should grace our banquet before Katahdin. We threw our flies. Instantly at the lucky hook something darted, seized it, and whirled it with the unwholesome bit in its mouth, into the peaceful Aboljockamegus. But the lucky man forgot, while giving the capturing jerk of his hook, that his fly was not salt pork. The slight shell of a boat tilted, turned over not quite, over enough to give everybody a start. Our lesson teaches the doctrine. Caution thereafter presided over our fishing. She told us to sit low, keep cool, cast gently, strike firmly, play lightly, and pull in steadily. So we did. As the spotted sparkles were rapidly translated from water to a lighter element, a well fed cheerfulness developed in our trio. We could not speak for fear of breaking the spells we uttered at each other. Twenty-three times the little went round. Twenty-three trout, and not a plummy among them, lay on our feet.

Then, oh Walton! oh Davy! oh Sorop! ye fishers hard by taverns! luxury was ours of which ye know no more than a Chinaman does of music. Under the noble yellow-bird we cooked our own fish. We used our scanty kitchen battery with skill. We cooked with the best art of simplicity. Where Nature has done her best, only fools rush in to improve on the salmonids, fresh and salt, she has lavished her creative refinements; cookery should only ripen and develop. From our silver gleaming pile of pounders, we chose the larger and the smaller for appropriate experiments; we tested our examples, success. And success in science proves knowledge and skill. We feasted. The delicacy of our food made each fester a finer essence.

So we supped, reclined upon our couch of spruce twigs. In our good cheer we plied the Elk. Katahdin! he might as well be a wasp. We were grateful to Nature for the grand mountain, for the fair and sylvan woods, for the lovely river, and what it had yielded us."

Out of Doors.

Dr. Johnson used to read books on country matters in the winter time, and on winter comforts in the seething summer time. There is philosophy in it, and he showed that he was a master of at least some of the moods of the human soul. The late Dr. Dehune, of New York, who edited Walton's "Complete Angler," with the care and industry of a true scholar, and the affectionate enthusiasm of a genuine fisherman, used to say that the task compensated him very well for being shut up within brick and plaster walls, and really made him feel as if he had been at the brook while he was writing. To take up Father Walton, was to him very much like following the books themselves. We have just been reading a fresh paper from Higginson's pen, on the "Profession of the Fishers," and it consoles and refreshes our hearts almost as much as if we had been off on the billides and in the woods, hunting the wild beauties all day. He closes his article in a strain of rhapsody that would make any one love Nature all his days:

"The soul is like a musical instrument; it is not

enough that it is fitted for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibres grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy. I perceive that in the very scurrying, the scolding, the glittering of the water, the waving wings of butterflies, the sunset tints, the floating clouds, there are attainable infinitely more subtle modulations of delight than can be reached by the sensibility to discriminate, much less describe. In the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to this page the fragrance of that spray of aralia beside me, what a wonder would it seem!—and yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness, which summer insects haunt and the Spirit of Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men. There is no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words—none as graceful, none so performed. It is possible to dream combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's rainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with nature; nor is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high."

Original Essays.

THE LAW OF SYMPATHY.

BY THOMAS DREYER.

The professed followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, express in their exhortations and narrations of experience, a certain kind of feeling which they allege none but Christians enjoy. This feeling, they suppose, attains them through life, and like Charon's boat, will give them an easy passport through the valley and shadow of death. They flatter themselves in the happy, selfish belief that they are the favored ones of God, who bestows upon them particular graces resulting from a belief in the efficacy of the blood and suffering of Jesus Christ, as an atonement for sin.

This particular feeling commences with the young convert, who is persuaded to seek it through the influence of the old soldier of the cross, and at last finds himself in the dizzy maze of this popular hallucination after many days of deep humiliation and mental anguish, which he is taught arises in the natural or corrupt heart, whose natural fountains are to be broken up. Then follows the so-called "change of heart." By the incantations of cries and gestulations, of songs and halleluiahs, and of prayers and groans, the convert is led, by a fear of an eternal hell, to take the "anxious seat," where a circle of Orthodox magnetism chills his soul, and drowns his reason. The chain that now enfolds him, is more fearful than the chain of slavery, more enduring than the prison-house of clay. Should he resist and alter, he is told that the devil is the author of it. Thus besieged, he at last yields the last vestige of mental liberty. At this point he is made to believe he has a corrupt heart, and, doing as he is bid, tries to "cast his burdens upon the Lord," who hath died to redeem even him from sin. He now looks to Jesus as the savior of his soul, into whose arms he must passively fall, relying upon his mercy for his redemption.

If, perchance, the victim is not quite secured, the picture of Christ upon the cross, bleeding, groaning and dying, is brought before his haunted imagination. The scourged nails in his hands and feet, the crown of thorns upon his head, the spear-gashes in his side, the mocking of the Jews, are impressed upon the distracted brain of the young convert. Then, to show the tender mercy of Christ, they repeat his memory. "Forgive me, Lord, for they know not what they do," to impress his power, the temples were rent in twain, the sun veiled his face, the earth shook like an aspen, and the graves gave up their dead, while he was upon the cross. But if this story, told to arouse sympathy, fails, the death of some noted Christian is compared with the last moments of Thomas Paine, or some noted infidel, whose dying couch is pictured in such a manner as to shock, bewilder, and almost destroy the sanity of the stoutest mind.

This address is all made to open the deep wells of sympathy in the human heart in favor of the Orthodox religion, and opposes the freedom of thought and worship. That the death and persecutions of Christ were wicked and to be deplored, no man with a heart big with human impulses can deny; but that any man can be saved from the effects of his errors by these sufferings, is a dangerous fallacy. That men may profit by the precept and example of Christ, all admit. His example—the noblest on record—is worthy of emulation and imitation. Thus far they are worth all to man; but make of them a divine sacrifice, they prove too much, and become a stupendous myth.

But what we have left inferential, we will now make practical by portraying the great principle which has been the mighty lever, fulcrum, and power of the evangelical church. It is the great law of sympathy which has revolutionized the world, caused thrones to totter, and empires and kingdoms to pass away. By this power the clergy hold their sway, and make their proselytes. The harmonical philosopher has the key that unlocks the whole mystery. Let us examine this key, and learn its claims to our respect and confidence. If, by the operation of a known law, a similar effect to that produced by the clergy on the young convert, can be exhibited by the psychologist, then we have not only a key to the soul, but a true index of the cause. By the science of psychology, one mind may be brought in rapport with another in such a manner, that the feelings of the positive mind may be transmitted to that in a quiet or passive condition; nor does it matter how many persons are in the passive condition; the result is the same. To secure the passive condition, music has a potent effect to aid the operator.

To illustrate the close analogy between the subject of psychology and the young convert of revivals, we have only to make a simple substitution. For the psychologist, substitute the clergyman; the subject of the former is synonymous with the latter; if the will of the latter must all be absorbed in Christ, so must the former be in the operator. Each must have a singleness of mind upon some individual, whether it be Christ or Solomon, or a silver coin, it matters not, if the mind only remains at ease upon it while the operator throws his will force upon the subject. The position of the young convert is, in part, of the time, kneeling, and part sitting; each has its advantages in gaining control. While kneeling, the eyes are in darkness; nothing disturbs the retina of the eye, consequently a greater abstraction or singleness of mind is attained; while sitting, the face of the operator or clergyman is fronting the convert. In this case the will force of the former overpowers that of the latter, who must soon yield to superior power.

In this illustration we have only portrayed the outlines of our subject; two steps further, and we shall have reached the central core.

First. Before the psychologist has accomplished his entire control over his subject, the subject often feels the most serious apprehensions for his own welfare. Doubt, dread and fear take possession of his mind, yet he has no power of his own to resist. Frequently he feels as if he was dropping down, down into a dark, unfathomable gulf, till a point of unconsciousness is reached, and a state of sweet passivity absorbs his soul. The same phenomenon is remarked in the case of the poor sinner, as he has too long been called. At Methodist camp-meetings, love feasts, and prayer meetings, persons have what is called "the power." They describe their feelings just as the subject in psychology does; hence, we conclude our analogy is correct, and our argument true.

Second. The psychologist has discovered that there is a transmission of thought and feeling from himself to his subject. When he has good control, if he weeps, laughs, sings, prays or has any of the mental operations, his subject seems to sympathize deeply with him; even the passions of hate, love, appetite, &c.; as the moon seems to shine by the borrowed light of the sun, so they seem to beam through the subject. The same fact may be observed between minister and layman. Henry Ward Beecher has succeeded well in psychologizing the members of his church. They are in close sympathy with him, and seem to breathe his inspiration. Who ever heard loud shouting and enthusiastic praying when the presiding elder was stupid and phlegmatic? Then it appears clearly to be sympathy between the elders and the layman, that works upon their hearts, instead of the power of God. How often we hear brethren complaining that some brother came to prayer meeting cold and lukewarm, and destroyed the harmony by throwing a cloud of gloom over the congregation. Passing strange that the power of God should be thus foiled! Again, how necessary it is that they should meet once or twice a week to get their spiritual strength renewed or in more true words, to get the chords of sympathy renewed. The breaking of these chords is the backsliding of the Methodist, and the falling from grace of the Baptist.

IS LIFE ETERNAL?

BY WARREN CHASE.

Among the mooted questions of our philosophy, is the one of endless duration for human, or other life. It is certain that eternity is like a circle, complete without end. It is also certain, that what has one end, must of necessity have two, whether measured in time, or space. If my life has just begun, how ever long it may last, it cannot in the nature of the case be eternal. We usually conceive of God as eternal, and, consequently, reaching as far in the past as in the future.

We also apply the same law to matter in its simple, or elemental condition. We suppose there is no more or less of matter in the universe at this or any other point of time, and time we stretch both ways, till the conception is an endless circle—so of space or extension. Then comes the application of this extension to other evident existence, and we ask, What is Life? Is it eternal? I believe it is a simple and subtle element, and of course eternal as matter; and that, as an element, it enters into the composition of plants, animals, and mortals on our earth, and when it leaves each, (if it does) each dies, as we term the organic change. We have the best of evidence that it is not electricity, or magnetism, or cold, or heat, or light, or love; but however combined and blended in living forms, yet in essence, distinct from each and all, for by partially or wholly controlling them, all men cannot continue life in an organization, when, by some law to us unknown, it has filled its mission there.

How much this element does of the important work, in the germinal starting and growth of plants, animals and mortals, I know not, nor do I know whether it acts as a whole, and consciously, or in particles, and unconsciously, or as a whole, unconsciously, or in particles consciously. I know something of consciousness in myself and other mortals, but I know not how far it extends, as a faculty or property, beyond mortals. I cannot detect it in plants, or animals, as it is in me.

If life is conscious as a whole, or in parts, I do not believe it would ever have any consciousness of death; as we understand the term and apply it, nor could it feel any break in its chain of existence, when a form dropped to pieces in decay. How far it could recognize a change of form and expression, I know not. If life is really a substantial existence, that it could increase, or decrease, begin or end, is absurd to a philosopher, and of course it must be eternal, if it has any real existence.

But the question hinges elsewhere, and many believe it is a peculiar expression of certain combinations of matter, although seen in great variety, yet always requiring certain peculiar arrangements of matter, and when this or these cease, life of course is extinct. An external and superficial view of the subject leads us legitimately to this conclusion; as external observation of the heavens does to the theory of a flat earth, the sun and moon passing around it. But closer and more thorough observations lead to widely different theories and systems in both cases. Secondary and primary change places, forms become secondary, life primary, the latter working out the former.

Consciousness, whether pertaining to life of itself, or only through forms, remains subjective, and if an eternal condition of life, seems not to be so in plant, or animal, or human forms. In us it is not permanent, even during life, for we seem to lose it in sleep, and often, at other times, while life continues in the body, and yet I do not consider this as evidence that it is separated from life.

But another question arises here. What are we, and what our connection with life, either as a principle, or not? This I must leave for another time, but in due time may give my views on that also, and close with my answer to my question. Yes, life is eternal—all life is eternal, and all forms I have seen, through which it is manifested to my senses, are ephemeral, secondary, transitional, and mainly, unconscious of themselves, or the life in them, while it may, or may not be conscious of them, and its own part in their existence and changes.

I do not suppose that a mosquito in its growth is conscious of the number of feelings it goes through before it can fly, either before, or after it passes through them, or at the time, and yet the vital element may be. I do not suppose the evening primrose is conscious when it throws open its beautifully its petals, and so suddenly, but the life in it may be. The tadpole may not be conscious of losing its model appendages to become a frog, but the life may. Nor can I discover that plant, or animal,

have any consciousness of birth or death, and yet the life may have consciousness of all changes in all forms.

WARREN CHASE.

SAVE YOURSELF.

I have often thought what a good thing it would be if men and women would try and do their own thinking, a part of the time at least, and not trust quite so much to others to do it for them. But it is lamentably true that we have a great many individuals about us everywhere, who are called bright and intelligent, but who hardly think there is such a thing in this world as personal investigation. This will be noticed more, perhaps, when talking with these persons on the subject of religion, than in any other way. These persons generally think they are shrewd enough to perform their own worldly business—to think, calculate, experiment, etc., on their own account. They feel, as it were, abundantly capable; but as soon as you undertake to sound them in their views on religion and the moral ways of life, they will at once lay on to some other person's theories, which they suspect to be all right without any questioning. Now this is not exactly the way to live, and to go forward with the spirit of Progress. It is true that we all, at times, need "aid and comfort" from others, but we do not need to go to them for everything. There are things we must do for ourselves. Others cannot do them for us.

We must work out our own salvation, or leave it not worked out at all. We must experience our own sorrows and joys, the same as we must satisfy our own hunger or thirst. As far as lies in our power we must think and act for ourselves. It is a mistaken notion to believe that we can hitch our souls to the tails of others' garments and go right along without any trouble. Those who stain their souls must go to work and wash them out themselves. They must not throw all their misdeeds off on to Christ, for he is not able to bear them all. Those who believe that Christ's "blood" is going to be used to wash their dirty consciences will be mistaken, for he has no "blood" to spare. He needs it all himself. Christ did all he could do to save himself, the same as every man ought to do, and must do. It never seemed to me that Christ had "blood" enough to "go round" among his avaricious worshipers, even if he had been willing to have had it distributed. I verily say unto you, that if every sinner on the face of the earth could wade knee deep through Christ's "blood," it would not save him. It might be the look of it and the feeling thereof would remind him of his duty to himself; but the main great work of purifying, renovating and elevating his soul to the highest conceptions of Truth, Duty and Right must devolve upon himself. And we can but believe that he who tries to help himself will be aided by unseen intelligences, which will quicken his every thought, feeling, aspiration and act.

E. V. P.

THE DYING BOY.

The idea in the following lines is said to have been really expressed by a little boy five years of age.

Oh I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
All round about my bed;
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then he will send an angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me, slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her that we've mourned
All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll never return to me,
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you,
He'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

Soul Affinity.

DEAR BANNER—I have read "Soul Affinity," and with your permission, would like to ask Dr. Child, the author, if by "Spirit Bride," or "Bridegroom," he means a personal individual, distinct from each one's self? Emerson says "the universe is the bride of the soul." Does this conflict with the Doctor's idea? Is our soul's affinity a person or a principle, an ideal, always subjective and not objective? In short, does Dr. Child mean that after death, or when we are fit for it, we shall find a companion of the opposite sex, the perfect embodiment of our perfect ideal? or is that ideal itself; the soul's affinity? If he will answer these questions as plainly as possible, he will be blessed by one soul, at least.

Baldwinville, Dec 1, 1862. MARY BAKER

MR. CHILD'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE. The affinity of each soul is a personal individual identity, distinct from each one's self; but with each the affinity of each is blended in love and harmony. Mr. Emerson has beautifully and truthfully said that "the universe is the bride of the soul" of man, and it may be justly added, the universe is the bridegroom of the soul of woman. All the wellness of the universe, that a man has capacity to comprehend and appreciate shall be embodied in his spirit bride—all the loveliness of the universe, that a woman has capacity to comprehend and appreciate shall be embodied in her spirit bridegroom. So the idea does not conflict, in the little book on soul affinity, with that of Mr. Emerson.

I do mean to say that after death, or when we fitly, every child of earth will find a companion, of a sex opposite to their own, that shall be the embodiment, in spirit, of each one's perfect ideal, and this shall be for each and every one, which is the very essence of the doctrine. Many a man has bled to death upon the battle field, whose life might have been saved by a handful of flour bound upon the wound. Many soldiers do not know that gunpowder is one of the very best styptics. Reduce the grains of dust, scrape a little lint from some garment, and fill it with this powder, and apply it to the wound; binding it on with a fast, soldier's bandage, remember this, and you sometimes save your own, or a comrade's life.

We see, then, that Christianity has failed to secure social conditions in which men may live according to right methods; and has likewise failed to unfold to us what those methods are. In the absence of knowledge more goodness has been of no avail; and *practical* education has necessarily delayed for the discoveries of Science. The simple fact, that the *Christianity* *they* are in being today is *not* the *Christianity* *to be* of the *future*, can hardly disguise the truth is sufficient of itself to show its unfitness to be a 'Universal' Religion, to stamp it as merely fragmentary. The Religion which shall guide the future must be one into whose embrace *all* truth can flow, and whose highest purpose shall be to continually apprehend new realms of knowledge and apply them in practical activities for the increased enjoyment and happiness of humanity. Such a Religion is already inaugurated, and demands the aid and the promulgation of its principles and to embody them in practical expressions for the salvation of the world. Many are called; but few are chosen. And the chosen are those who hear the voice of one crying in the wilderness of our compacted materiality, amid our selfishness and stolidity, urging to prepare the way of the Lord, and to meet his coming in the clouds of the Lord's glory. They who in this age of social inequity, of poverty, of conflicting opinion, of commercial injustice, shall make known the means of restoring all things to beautiful order, of introducing comfort, health and happiness, in the stead of misery and degradation, and shall introduce the Millennium, the Reign of the Prince of Peace! That work is already begun. A few are struggling nobly for this purpose, and the time is not far distant when the hands of the Lord's people, like the reapers, are few, and the harvest is plenty; but the reapers are few, and the harvest is plenty. Who will come to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

The price of the BANNER is Two Dollars a year—One Dollar for six months. No discount to clubs or agents.

We make this change only in obedience to an imperative necessity, in consequence of the greater cost of material and increased expense of publication. We can give no assurance of permanent advance even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

What is the Practical?

One has to stop and ask himself that question seriously, now and then, to know if he is drifting altogether into cloudland, or may be running into drudgery, rather. So many times do we hear persons—and hasty, careless, imitative writers, especially—declare with all possible emphasis that life is nothing unless it is practical, and ridiculous without mercy such as they choose to style dreamers and idealists. Now the question is—who are the practical persons, and are the so-called dreamers impractical? Do ideas precede action, or follow in its wake? Is he the larger man, and the best developed spiritually, who discards silent meditation and turns his back proudly upon the approach of contemplative moods and moments, that he may hurry to pick up coppers or fill himself with the bread and wine which the land produces?

All these things are comparative, of course; and are to be spoken of with that fact continually in mind. You may set yourself industriously to work out another man's plan, theory, or idea, and flatter yourself that you are the practical man, and he is the dreamer; but in point of fact, he is your master and maker, and without him you would be as without wits. Dreamer as you call him, he is the divine man, and you are but the mechanic—the tool in his hands, stimulated by none of the spirit that awakens him to the glory of discovery or the secret joy of invention. What would you do without him? Could he not very well exist without you?

A good many hasty persons prefer to read, in papers like our own, and perhaps wrangling, discussions of topics that are of fleeting interest at best, simply because they have not yet been developed to that point where they can see a principle, or an idea, and apply it with all its pregnant meaning to their own course of action. Hence they call for slashing editorials on the war and the generals, on the President and politics at large; they want things peppered high, or they possess no pungency for them; every article must intoxicate them with its stimulating fumes, or it is too dull and heavy to be worth the reading. Now, after making due allowance for what is really prey and tiresome to read, it is not saying what is altogether untrue to assert that a good part of the trouble rests with these fault-finders themselves, and with nobody else under the sun. They are as yet only at their alphabet; they will read presently.

It is better to receive a general idea, and then make a good use of it in your own conduct, than to have some one outside harangue you about your action directly. That is like learning to swim with floats; remove the floats, and where are you? We believe we are doing more good by repeating, from week to week, and month to month—though with as much variety as we can command in our power of expression—the general truths and principles, such as love, justice, and charity, which underlie all healthy policies, and all flourishing states, than if we were dinging along all the time into our readers' ears about the worth of this public man and the utter worthlessness of that. Men and measures change, but principles and ideas are abiding. If we can grapple with thoughts that are good to stimulate men to deeds of the right sort, we esteem ourselves happy in being useful beyond what we could, were we to split hairs continually over the merits of measures and the policies and popularity of men.

What do the self-styled "practical men" perform, or execute, in the world, that they are so much better than those whom they sneer at as idealists? What would they be themselves, what would they do, but for the other class to inspire them? Each in his own place—is a good enough motto. All cannot have the whole. The tasks are to be allotted. Some take one part, and some another. It will never do to sneer at any man because his particular work does not happen to be your work. We should have a bit of a tireless world, were matters to be reduced to the monetary which limited minds would deem the best.

The "practical"—as we view it—is just that which each feels himself qualified to do. You may be able to write verses, and I to swing the axe. Very well; am I, then, more practical than you? or you any less practical than I? God forbid. These things are not so conventional as all that. They have deeper root, belong to the nature, and enter into life, rather than profession merely. Life all tends to one end and result; you may reach it in a billion of fancies, while I have to plod along on the way-path. Let it be so, then. Only let us receive the truth as it is—not as our little whims would fain have it. We cannot change radical laws by laughing at them, or ridiculing them. We find, at length, that we all have to stop our nonsense and quietly obey. When we come to that, there is hope for us; and not much before.

Donations in aid of Our Free Circles.

Willard Wheeler, Boston,	\$5.00
L. W. Blake, Pepperell, Mass.,	5.00
A-Subscriber, Washington, D. C.,	1.00
William Durfee, New Bedford,	1.00
H. F. Goulding, North Chelsea,	3.00
H. Anderson, New Phila., Ohio,	.50
Anonymous,	1.00

Mr. H. Klingman writes:—I enclose four dollars for two copies of the BANNER, and one dollar for the expense of the spiritist post office, in response to the late appeal in the BANNER. I should be very sorry to see this Magazine Department of your excellent paper.

A Little Charity.

The Plymouth Memorial contains a very uncharitable and bitter attack on the medium, Mr. Colchester, which, although it may be based on truth, would hardly be allowable in ordinary cases. It charges that Mr. C. went down to Plymouth to hold a seance, and became too much intoxicated while there to be able to fulfill his engagement. Very well; even if it all be so, it would not authorize any public print to assail a great cause with which a droll professor happens to be connected. Did the Memorial never hear of a temperance lecturer's getting too drunk before his audience assembled to go on with his performance?—or of an Orthodox clergyman so degrading his vocation as to unfit him for his parochial and pulpit duties? If so, did it feel specially called on, in such unfortunate cases, to vent its spleen and rage upon the temperance cause, or upon the tenets of Orthodoxy? We think it is perfectly easy to detect a toothsome sort of malice in an article like that which appeared in the Memorial, as if it were glad of a chance to assail a great truth through the weakness of one of its unfortunate professors.

The cause of Spiritualism will stand, and will flourish, and continue to bring happiness, brother Memorial, to thousands and tens of thousands of saddened and weary spirits in the form, though there were individuals connected with it who should become obfuscated and oblivious every day. A medium is no more to be supposed perfect than any other human being; perhaps not so much so, in consequence of his peculiarly susceptible organization. A doubter would do far better if he would give his attention to the manifestations themselves, rather than to the character or habits of the individual through whom—for good reasons, and in obedience to the law of things—the manifestations are made. At all events, such savage critics as the Memorial, in assuming to condemn Spiritualism as he does, and on the lame grounds he does, betrays a pretty poor style of religion himself, which he pretends he would put in the place of Spiritualism. Christ's religion teaches charity, more than anything else; the Memorial's religion, as evidenced in its recent article, is a slim sample of the Christ doctrine. We commend the writer to the perusal of a message on our sixth page, entitled—"Efforts to Resist Evil." It may give him some of the light he so much stands in need of.

Our War Roster.

Running over in our mind's eye the other day, the familiar personelle of those once with us, in various stations in our office, and employed on our paper, who are now in the country's service, we were led to the conclusion that the BANNER Office has done its good share in finding muscle for the present war.

William Berry was on Lander's Staff, before the General's death, and shortly after received his commission as First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Sharpshooters, in which capacity, while leading his company against the enemy after the death of Capt. Saunders, he was shot through the head, and gave up his life on the bloody field of Antietam.

Oliver C. Cooper left our office when the war broke out, and, refusing a non-commissioned officer's billet, enlisted as a private under Captain Carruth in the Chelsea Company of the First Massachusetts Regiment. He was wounded before Yorktown, but is again with his company—one of the ninety men now left in the gallant First, which left Boston a year and a half ago a thousand strong.

Patrick Tivnan enlisted in Capt. Wardwell's company of the 22d Mass., and won good report in the battles of the Peninsula. He was, we believe, wounded in the famous "seven days' fight."

John William Day, after serving for a time in the Mass. 1st, and discharged for ill health, on recovering, re-enlisted as a bugler in the 1st N. E. Cavalry, and is now attached to the person of the Colonel.

James S. Dearborn was with the Boston Light Artillery, which "did the State some service" for three months, in Baltimore, last summer. He enlisted in the 8th Battery as a private, was promoted for gallantry at the Antietam fight, and wore home the chevrons of a sergeant of artillery in one of the best batteries that ever left the Hub.

Wm. M. Robinson was a gunner in the same battery. He was in four battles, and was promoted for bravery at South Mountain and Antietam.

Fred. S. Davis went to Newbern in the 24th Col. Stevensons, as a private, but has been detached, and is now a compositor on the Newbern Progress.

Charles H. Crowell is a gunner in the 11th Battery, Capt. Jones, which has just been ordered to the front, and we may soon expect a good account of him. These are all we can at this time recall, but we know there are others, formerly with us, now in the war. But we think we have supplied our quota, and so have no fear of the draft.

Good Sleighting.

We are having excellent sleighing in the more northern portions of New England, and right about Boston we have had a very fair store of snow, with weather sharp enough to turn every venturesome person's nose into something as blue as a Nova Scotia whetstone. Well, it is high time we had permanent sleighing, if we are really to have it. Last winter, a capital flooring of glaze ice was laid early in the season, and then snows after snows were sprinkled and peppered down upon it, keeping our favorite New England institution in good repair all through the cold spell. It was rather unusual; we may not exactly expect such luck this time. Indeed, we have already heard many an old person prophesy that this was to be an "open winter," little snow and less sleighing; it might not be so strange, considering what we got last year.

The Banner of Light in Washington.

We have the satisfaction of informing our readers—also those at the seat of war who are fain to reach after the inspiration of the spirit-world, and those denizens of the Capital who are asking for "more light"—that our paper is for sale every week at the well-conducted bookstore of Charles H. Anderson, No. 468 South street, nearly opposite the post office, in Washington. His orders are constantly increasing, and the readers of the paper, he says, are among the best citizens; so we may infer that the haven is working in the society of the Capital.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is under engagement to speak before the Society of Spiritualists worshipping in the above named Hall, in this city, the remaining Sundays of this month.

It is easier to suppress the first impure desire than to satisfy all that follow.

New Publications.

Went to Kansas. Being a thrilling account of an ill-fated expedition to that fair-land, and its sad results; together with a sketch of the life of the author, and how the world goes with her. By Mrs. Miriam Davis Colt.

We have been profoundly touched in reading this brave, but unfortunate lady's narrative of her trip to Kansas, with her husband and little family, of her misfortunes while living in that unsettled land, of her final return, and her subsequent experiences. Those who would get an insight into the trials and pleasures too, of pioneer life at the West, will do well to purchase and peruse this little volume; and all whose hearts are human, moved to pity by the story of a sister's or a brother's troubles, and who would cheer an unfortunate, but ever true soul upon her way, will be glad to know that no better opportunity is presented them than in the case of Mrs. Colt.

Her beloved husband and little boy died in Kansas, leaving herself and her little girl alone in the world; a life insurance policy for about two thousand dollars provided her with the means of protecting herself from absolute want for a time; she loaned the larger part of it by advice of friends, to western people, on farm mortgage securities, and coming home to New York State, bought five acres of land, and erected a little cottage on it; her western mortgages have slipped through her hands in consequence of price mortgages eating them up on foreclosure and forced sale, and now she is in danger of being obliged to give up even the little refuge of a home which she has! She is a lady of refinement and education, and her husband was a successful teacher. We sincerely hope, and presume to ask, that all who read this brief sketch, especially if they happen to personally know her besides, will take secret pleasure, in aiding a noble sister, and a long-tried, but patient woman.

Her little volume is a real note book romance, full of pathos and real domestic tragedy, lightened occasionally with bright passages of pleasantry and humor, and interspersed with instructive pages of description. We hope she will meet with success in selling the same, for its proceeds will enable her to redeem her little home. Such as are willing and happy to do sweet deeds in a world that none of us could well live in, but for these things, can we enclose a dollar to Mrs. Miriam Davis Colt, West Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and receive a copy of her book in return. It is well worth the dollar, only to read her account of the manner in which she is laboring with her little girl, to carry on her place and save it to her own use as long as she lives.

We have received the Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Directors of the Society for the prevention of Pauperism. It is a well printed pamphlet, from the press of John Wilson and Son, Boston. This Report shows many interesting facts to all minds and hearts of a philanthropic tendency: such as that, within the year past, two thousand four hundred and seventy-eight persons have entered their names at the Society's office for the procurement of work, of which number four hundred and seventy-six were males, and one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two were females. Eleven hundred and eighty-six of these applicants were supplied with permanent employment. The year's income has amounted to \$2197, and the expenses have been \$2681—or \$184 over the receipts. The late Moses Grant left a bequest of \$500. The invested funds are slender, and will not be likely to last much longer. A society of this sort is genuinely humane, and should be helped to means freely by such as are blessed with the ability to bestow.

We have from the author, Geo. Pendleton Wilcox, a pamphlet, entitled "AN ESSAY UPON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND." It comprises thirty-three pages, and is to appear as a thoughtful production. The language, however, might be simplified for better adaptation to popular use.

The Church of England.

The London correspondent of the Chicago Journal, sends over the following remarks in a recent letter, relative to a state of things in "Mother Church," which augurs any but a millennial arrangement for the future of that gigantic ecclesiastical establishment:

"Trouble is evidently brewing in the Church of England. Since the publication of the famous 'Essays and Reviews,' the whole body of clergy has been morally, if not openly, divided on the various questions they discuss, and all the trials that have ensued, and the penalties to which their writers have been subjected, have failed to heal the breach that opens wider day by day. The whole kingdom was roused from its apathy, the other day, by the announcement that one of the regular bishops—Colenso, of Natal—had written, and was about publishing a book, proving that the five books of Moses, instead of being the work of inspiration, are merely historical fictions. On the top of this announcement, came speedily another, that the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose name is well known in our country, had resigned his preferment in the Established Church, on the ground of the incompatibility of his theology with the formularies which he had pledged himself to maintain. Several other clergymen, of minor standing, have also been compelled from conscientious motives, to dissolve their connection with the Church. There is evidently a wide spread heresy, of some sort or another, existing in this blessed institution, the end of which is yet to come."

Doubt leads straight to discussion, and then come new and larger views and conceptions; hence all shades and styles of ecclesiastical authority virtually, forbid freedom of inquiry, and hedge even doubting around with penalties calculated to frighten everybody away. But when doubt and inquiry takes possession directly of the leading minds of a Church, like the Church of England, it is necessary for the ecclesiastical authorities, if they would save themselves whole, to cast about them and try some other remedy. It would seem as if hereby had so deeply tainted the Church of England now that there was no probability of the venerable old Establishment ever getting back upon the ground it has so long held. Like all other institutions, founded for temporary ends, it has performed its whole task, and must speedily give way to something better.

Spirit Photographs in Literature.

Already has this new development in Spiritualism begun to show itself in the literature of the day, literature which the people readily accept as more real than granite stone or earthly dust. In Ballou's Monthly for January, 1863, there is a story by Francis A. Davis, called "Mysterious Occurrences in East Houston street, N. Y." It tells about the wicked life of a young man, who sat for his photograph, and there came with his own picture the spirit picture of an old man he had murdered; for his money, with one hand pointing to his out throat, and the other to the picture of the young man, who was the guilty murderer. When he saw the picture he confessed the deed.

A SONG FOR THE ARMY OF KNITTERS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Here's a pair of warm mittens for some one—
A stranger it may be to me—
Yet I call him a friend and a brother,
Whatever his title may be.
A colonel, a captain, or private,
As equal in honors I view.
For they are the heroes of Freedom,
Who prove themselves valiant and true.

And I send to them ALL the kind wishes
That spring from pure altruistic trust,
And ask in return that our banner
May never be trailed in the dust.
But aloft with its starry adornings,
Unmuffled and bright may it wave;
O'er the land that is sacred to Freedom,
Baptized in the blood of the brave.

I'm knitting more mittens for some one—
The task is a pleasure to me;
Yet I cannot help thinking, while knitting,
Ah! who will that some one be?
And I fancy the one who receives them
Will about to his comrades in glee:
"O! some one has knit me nice mittens—
Ah, me, what a comfort they'll be!"

And then, as he hastily tries them,
Their merits the better to see,
I fancy he'll silently query:
"O! who can that some one be?"
Then over the chords of his spirit,
The fingers of Fancy will stray,
Till the pulses of music awaken,
And thro' with tenderer lay.

Ah! then the dear image of some one
In brightness and beauty will come,
A guest to look smilingly on him,
And sing of the loved ones at home;
And the heart of the soldier will listen,
Entranced to his joy-highest themes,
Till hushed is the moan of the river
That rolls by his palace of dreams.

Then bright o'er his pathway of peril,
Will glimmer Hope's beautiful star,
And his heart will grow braver and stronger
To follow the fortunes of war.
For our country, her freedom and honor,
He'll triumph o'er quick-coming fears,
For he'll know there are hearts in the home-land,
Who pray for the brave Volunteers.

O, bright to the soul of the hero
Each labor and peril will be!
While his heart o'er Love's token is singing:
"Ah, some one is thinking of me!"
Thus toll, we an Army of Knitters,
Encamped by Life's murmuring streams,
While Hope with the threat of our fancies
Keeps knitting us beautiful dreams.
Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa.

The Invention of a Terrible Weapon of Destruction.

Our readers will remember we published November 16th, an extract from a letter written on board the U. S. steam-sloop-of-war Kearage to the Boston Traveller, announcing the discovery of a terrible weapon of destruction by Engineer Whitaker, of that vessel, against which even the most formidable iron-clad would be no protection. Mr. Whitaker was sent home to report to the Secretary of the Navy, and it would seem from the following statement that his invention had been approved and was about to be tested:

Iron-clad steamer Ozark, 2, now in course of construction at Monck City, eight miles above Carlo, Ill., is about 110 feet in length, will have four propellers, and a turret, twenty feet in diameter, for two large guns. The boilers are in the armor put on for about sixty feet on both sides. First Assistant Engineer James W. Whitaker is examining the vessel, with a view to apply his new invention for the destruction of iron-clad boats of all kinds, having been ordered there by the Secretary of the Navy for that purpose. It would not be proper to explain what the nature of this invention is; suffice it to say Mr. Whitaker has letters from chief engineers in our navy and other scientific men, including Capt. Ericsson's principal engineer, wherein they express their utmost confidence in the plan, and recommend a trial speedily. Commander Porter is said to be highly delighted with it, and gratified that he is to have the opportunity of testing it first.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

We made mention a few weeks since of several new inventions which the necessities of the war had brought out, and here is another, of which the New York Tribune says: "An ingenious and very simple contrivance, invented by Lieut. John B. Waring, of the 4th Missouri Cavalry, appears to meet the requirements most effectually, for something better than the ordinary spike for disabling guns. Any effort on the part of the enemy to remove the implement from the gun will certainly burst the piece, and scatter destruction among those who make the attempt."

The scarcity of material for the manufacture of paper has become so general that various ingenious methods are being resorted to supply the demands. An exchange says that Mr. Oakly, the proprietor of the Salisbury paper mills in Orange county, N. Y., is manufacturing a strong brown paper from the fibre of the cat-tail, or Typha. He is also experimenting upon white paper, and hopes to succeed in obtaining a valuable fibre from the reed.

We also see it stated, that the manufacture of paper from the leaves of Indian corn, is becoming extensive in Austria. The paper is said to be tougher than any ordinary paper made from rags, while it is almost wholly free from silica, which makes paper produced from straw so brittle.

The "rag-famine" is beginning to stimulate ingenuity. Numerous other experiments are being made to find a substitute for cotton in the manufacture of paper. Sorghum, corn stalks, jute, flax straw, and other articles are suggested. Paper can be made of all these; but none has yet come to market, so cheap, handsome, and so desirable, as that made from rags or cotton. Until some substitute is found, paper must command a higher price.

Paper Enterprise.

The New York Herald, in remarking upon the extraordinary price of white paper, says:

"The newspaper proprietors of this city contemplate starting a company, and either purchasing or manufacturing several paper mills, where they can manufacture their own paper, and thus protect both themselves and the public from extortionate rates. Such a company will be no more—and even less—trouble to manage than the Associated Press arrangements, and will be equally efficient."

The following advertisement appears in the New York Tribune:

TO CAPITALISTS AND PAPER-MAKERS.
The undersigned, a committee appointed by and acting for THE ASSOCIATED PAPER MILLS in the city of New York, will receive PROPOSALS for the supply of the whole or any part of 300,000 lbs. of PAPER per week, for five years, from the first day of January next (or as soon thereafter as the necessary arrangements can be perfected).
M. S. BEACH,
Gen'l Office, cor. Nassau and Third streets.
SAMUEL SINGMASTER,
Tribune Office, cor. Nassau and Spruce streets.

The Pawnshop's Bank.

This is a highly useful, as it is a very convenient institution of Boston. We have had occasion to speak of it before. It stops the swindling tyranny of the old pawnbroking system, and reduces the whole business to a scientific basis, making it as much a regular business as any other. From a recent annual Directors' Report, we observe that the concern is in a sound condition and continues to satisfy the conditions on which it was established. It has thus far loaned, on personal securities of a small nature, nearly half a million dollars, and earned in its business very nearly fourteen thousand dollars, since the issue of the last report. It declared a six per cent. dividend in 1861. The number of articles loaned on are upwards of a quarter of a million. Sixty-four per cent. of all the loans made are to the amount of \$10 and less. The average length of credit actually taken by the pledgers is three and a half months; six months' credit is usually given, and loans may be renewed on payment of the interest due. No loans are considered doubtful. There are no bills issued by the bank, and it has no deposit accounts. It proves itself to be a truly charitable concern, and exactly adapted to the needs of the time. It is thoroughly a "Boston Notion," and a good one.

Bulwer on the Spiritual.

In his powerful little novel—"A Strange Story"—Bulwer remarks of the soul, in its various moods and occupations, from an experience truly profound, for no man could say such things of the soul, except he had real experience himself. "The soul," says he, in one place, "has need of powers of repose—intervals of escape not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when more intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst its most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something tria and common-place, compared with one of those vague intimations of a spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason; and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some golden palace of imperial poetry, to indulge in hazy reveries that do not differ from those of an innocent, quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation. Contemplation is serene."

What Are Trials Good For?

To wake up our faculties and put us on our best exertions. But for these, it is questionable if we should make scarcely any effort at all. Says Dr. Channing—than whom few men looked more deeply into the recesses of the human character—"Nature's powers around us hem us in, only to rouse a free power within us. It acts that we should react. Burdens press on us, that the soul's elastic force should come forth. Bounds are set, that we should clear them. The weight, which gravitation fastens to our limbs, incites us to borrow speed from winds and steam, and we fly where we seemed doomed to creep. The sea, which first stopped us, becomes a path to a new hemisphere. The sharp necessities of life—cold, hunger, pain—which chain man to toil, wake up his faculties and fit him for wider action. Duty restrains the passions, only that the nobler faculties and affections may have freer play, may ascend to God and embrace all his works. Parents impose restraint, that the child may learn to go alone, may outgrow authority." Could it be so well said in any other way? Henceforth, let us welcome trials as our truest friends.

A Meeting of Friends of Progress.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress was held at Union Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 6th and 7th days of December, instant. The meeting was organized by choosing friend Fish, of Rochester, Chairman, and H. O. Gregory, of Lockport, Secretary. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not as large as usual, but the audience was very attentive, and deeply interested in the cheering and appropriate remarks of George W. Taylor, of Collins, Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, Eliza C. Clark, of Eagle Harbor, the Chairman, and others, who fearlessly and earnestly advocated the right of every human being to elevation by giving him freedom and opportunity to cultivate his God-given faculties, and showing that those who oppose this grand idea of the elevation of our race are more or less intimately connected, by sympathy and otherwise, with the gigantic rebellion that threatens to destroy the government of this great nation. Vocal music, accompanied by the melodeon, added much to the interest of the occasion.

The next Quarterly Meeting will be held at the same place on the first Saturday and Sunday in March next, and the Third Annual Meeting in June following. Speakers who may be passing this way can make arrangements for attending these meetings by addressing H. O. Gregory, Lockport, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

The Spirit Photographs.

Several persons having doubted the genuineness of Mr. Joseph B. Hall's letter, published in a recent number of the BANNER, in reference to the pictures he had taken at Mrs. Stuart's, we state for the information of all such people, that it is genuine, and gives a plain, unvarnished statement of the fact of spirit photography. Mr. Hall is a reliable man, holding the office of Secretary of the State of Maine. Yet such evidence is counted as nothing, and several of our contemporaries "marvel" that we can be so easily imposed upon.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot expect to return rejected manuscripts.]

H. M. THURLOW, Ed.—Go to any good clairvoyant medium, and you may get the information you so much desire. We know of no other method for you to adopt.

Much correspondence is laid over for lack of room. It is utterly impossible for us to accommodate all our correspondents. Many excellent articles are laid aside for the reasons assigned above.

The Great Battle Commenced.

General Burnside's Army has made a forward movement, and on Thursday last, attacked the enemy at Fredericksburg, and on the following day drove them from their fortifications and took possession of the city.

The BANNER is mailed regularly to the LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Why it has not been received is a mystery to us.

The hearth-stone is the cornerstone of the Republic.

ALL
Robert
Secretary
the price
the emanc
ious Stat
the contin
before we
A repor
of last we
unavoida
William
fully rep
nounced
to make h
taining to
Yorkers a
Denton?
The Sp
esting.
Juded to
matter.
what his
We are
Ohio, for
the BANN
P. T. B
cast his
as having
a great s
who had
other curi
That w
band and
daughter
pelation
name was
a man by
If you
would you
The lav
T would
such a ter
A milli
or nearly
The ne
Rome, ha
in the Ho
eight an
works of
CLMAN
bury, N.
of old pa
mill for
moment?
An ad
Bedstead
be sheet
Toon
ed Bened
playing
confidant
that?"
Floren
little ho
able to r
—a very
able to l
Grief I
can, and
mon joy
Stearn
a capital
and rend
Commen
The Po
ler, to h
the free
come do
paying f
not dead
Benu
of Battle
Wadswor
nounced
preachin
INDEM
following
Adams.
"The
other ha
the star
these de
violation
ple Bolic
by you
that you
to the n
proofs i
lected a
People
ber. T
elapsed
ber hav
Lord 2
\$1,687
unds.
Reve
the tim
yield i
ann wo
public d
Upwa
shipped
Many
prefer
ment of
There
Parr
old it
crease
84, 186
the ye
other y
new m
the glo
Not
after b
Vepiled
can't
make I
his ear
Fran
are th
blind,
nature.
Darl
ed 2
J. W.
I ob
of Pa
Sunda
prouce
you to

Message Department.

The Seances at which the communications under this heading are given are held at the **BANANA** on **Lyons**, No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (apartments), every **Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday** afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Each Message in this Department of the **BANANA** we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through **Mrs. J. H. Gossard**, while in a condition called the **Trance**. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These Messages go to show that Spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses as much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Alfred J. Walte**, 15th Mass Reg., Co. G; **Sam. Bolton**, a colored man; **James Glidden**, of Charleston, S. C.; **Isabel M. Graw**, to her parents in Italy; **N. B. S.**

Tuesday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **F. H. Rogers**, of Beverly, Mass.; **Frances Elizabeth Gordon**, of New York City; **Hattie A. Burroughs**, to her mother in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thursday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Col. Thomas Jones**, of S. Carolina, to his son; **Hilda Drew**, of Bangor, Me., to her two sons; **George Briggs**, of New York City, to his mother, in Walker street.

Monday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Ned Kendall** to his friends in Boston; **Lavinia S. Mitchell**, to her friends in Columbus, Ohio; **Michael Sweeney**, to his wife in Fall River, Mass.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Capt. Samuel J. Locke**, of Rye, N. H.; **Horace Mason**, of Hagerstown, Md., to his mother.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Father, as we step upon the sands of time, we feel that they are giving way beneath our feet; and as we turn our gaze north, south, east and west, yea, as we take within our scope all the kingdoms of the earth, we find the word "Change" written upon all. Seek where we will, we shall find the Spirit of Change manifest in all things. Oh, our Father, we perceive the signs of the times written in glowing letters. With clairvoyant fingers they point unto the future, and are telling of a time when thy kingdom shall come upon the earth, and thy will be done here, as where thou art better understood. Oh, our Father, when we behold the sufferings of humanity, or wander through the homes of the desolate, we find upon the threshold of every home Change written in death—a awful Change. Oh, our Father, we would teach the desolate and sorrowing ones of earth to look into the future for strength and comfort, for without gazing into the future, they can see nothing but darkness, midnight darkness. And, oh Father, we thank thee that it is our mission to come whispering to mortality of that glorious future, and to return telling them, that out of all this desolation shall blossom thy eternal kingdom—thy kingdom even upon earth. Oh, our Lord God, for this knowledge we thank thee, now and forever.

Nov. 11.

Replies to a Unitarian Clergyman.

We are often charged with giving vague and indistinct answers to propositions given us from time to time to those who dwell in mortality. Now we suggest that the mystery that is found enrolling the answer is with the question of questioner, or in other words, is it not possible for the friends in mortal giving us their thoughts, to clothe them with vagueness and doubt, or to make them less tangible than they would do if they were presenting them to mortality instead of the invisible?

We are aware that many of these propositions are offered through doubt, or in other words, are wholly outside the pale of either ancient or modern Spiritualism. But the inquirers desire to test it, and for that reason clothe their questions in as much vagueness and mystery as possible, hoping thereby to shut out all possibility or chance of deception, either upon the part of the subject who acts as medium, or upon the part of those intelligences who communicate through her to mortality.

Be this as it may, we are not disposed to criticize or find fault with our questioner, even though he be with us. We desire to give the highest and simplest truths to mortality, that we are able to give from our standpoint of view, and we do not desire at any time to stretch our hands beyond that which is within the immediate limits of our own perceptions. That which is truth to us, may not be so to another; nevertheless, we are obliged to adhere to what we believe to be truth, else we should be disloyal subjects to God and to our own being. We are not the subjects, spiritually, of any general law, but as it is we are wedded to the forces of our own nature; and in those forces we must live, and act out ourselves, according to the laws of our own individual being.

In the western part of the State of New York we find an individual who, by profession, is a minister of the Gospel, and of the Unitarian faith. Such an one is folded about with a mantle of sorrow: domestic sorrow, if we may so term it; has wrapt its sable wings about him, and in the agony of soul he has called unto the spirit-world for relief from his sufferings. He has called in this way. In order, if we read his mind aright, to preclude the possibility of all deception, and to test the truth of modern Spiritualism, he has entered his chamber, written a series of questions, enclosed them in an envelope, sealed and directed it to the "Guide of the Dead Circle, in Boston, Massachusetts." And here we beg leave to correct our brother, and to state that we are not dead, but alive, with all our faculties in full play; for while the spirit of man is bound to the body of flesh, he can hardly be said to be alive, fettered and restrained, as his spirit is by material or earthly chains.

The letter, or series of questions, ran like this: "Although I have no faith in modern Spiritualism, or in Spiritualism of any kind, though I have not a shadow of belief that spirits have the power to return to earth and commune with friends, and though I earnestly believe that what I am about to do is not known by any outside of my own being, nevertheless, I am anxious to test the truth of this spiritual philosophy, and, as I desire to be open to conviction of truth and light of all kinds, I am impelled to place these thoughts of mine upon paper, etc. I have a sorrow at heart, of which I would rid myself; and it is in the form of insanity existing in the person of my wife. For four years she has labored under the influence of insanity, and at times is so violent that even her most intimate friends dare not approach her. With tears and many sighs, I two years ago consigned her to an insane hospital. I should not have done so had I not perceived that she exhibited an intense hatred for me; in fact, she seemed more insane, more violent when I was in her presence, although when she was in ordinary health I was idolized by her, and no woman ever appeared to love man better than she did me.

Now, if it is possible for spirits to return and commune with mortals upon the earth, and if they have the power to divine the cause of disease, I would have them first tell me the cause of my wife's insanity; and second, if there is a remedy in the universe, give it to me.

This, we believe, is the contents of the letter, nearly verbatim. Now for our answer. We are pained to be forced to declare, that there are very few of your practicing physicians who understand insanity; very few among them who understand this disease, even in the slightest degree. And we know of no class of physicians with whom you are blessed or cursed, who are so deficient in this respect as those who have charge of insane asylums and hospitals for the treatment of the diseased in mind. We find them generally so strongly wedded to their old opinions and medical theories, that the trumpet of the angel Gabriel could not rouse them from the sleep of error into which they have fallen, nor the hammer of a Thor break the fetters that bind them to the past. So it is that we find the facts as we present them to you. We now propose to answer your questions.

First, "What is the cause of my wife's insanity?"

Our friend will recollect, when we quicken his memory in that direction, that his wife, between four and five years ago, was very strangely agitated by some religious excitement. He would find her day after day, and sometimes night after night, poring over certain volumes devoted to the subject of theology, striving to find, if possible, the true way to salvation and eternal life. This condition of mind was induced by listening to the sermons of a divine, whose name we shall suppress, but who is widely known, and well thought of among the religious community. Suddenly and unexpectedly the wife of our friend loses her reason, and becomes, as it were, violently insane.

Now, the cause is very apparent. We find the organ of veneration very largely unfolded in her case, or an extraordinary development, and this must of necessity have been done at the expense of the other portions or organs of the body, thus producing an inharmonious, or a want of equilibrium in the vital forces of the system. Why, the remedy is as apparent as the disease to us; and the remedy is a simple one. It lies not in the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms, but in the spiritual kingdom; and inasmuch as the disease is with the spiritual, instead of the physical part of the body, and has its origin in the spirit, as nine-tenths of the diseases of the human family generally do, it is surely wisdom to commence there to remedy it.

Now, we would advise that the patient be immediately removed from the asylum, where she is at present confined, and taken to her home. We should then further advise, that our friend engage the services of some powerful magnetizer, whose magnetism is in harmony with that of the patient's. We would then advise the magnetizer to turn all his attention to the organ of veneration, and by reducing the supply of nervous energy which has so long been concentrated upon that particular organ, the vital forces of the system will be more evenly distributed. The strength and vitality given in this way to organs that have become weak and unable to perform their proper functions, will serve to equalize the forces of the system, and when this is done, health must ensue. The general health of the patient is good, and there is no reason why she should not, if properly cared for, be restored to reason, and to the full possession of all her faculties in a short time. We perceive it is a marvel to her husband that his wife should exhibit such intense hatred toward him in particular. The reason of this is very plain to us. The husband is naturally anxious on her account. He feels an intense anxiety with regard to his beloved companion, and oftentimes unconsciously gazes upon her with deep sorrow. Now, the insane one perceives that gaze, and not only what it carries upon its surface, but that also which underlies that look, namely, the intense desire or thought with regard to herself, and the mind of the patient quickly interprets that thought, which says, Oh, I know you are insane; will you ever become sane? Now, you might as well tell her in plain words, that you believe her insane, as to give her the key to your mind, and let her read the thoughts that are there inscribed upon its tablets.

In all cases of insanity, instead of giving patients to understand that they are insane, by all means give them to understand that they are quite as sane as you are yourself, and in this way you will tend to strengthen those weak portions of their organic being; but if you allow them to think that you regard them as insane, then you will strengthen rather than remove the disease. In connection with this magnetic treatment, we would also advise bathing the patient in cold water every morning; and let the faces around the patient be, if possible, smiling ones. At all times let the face be an index of a happy spirit, and rest assured, with this simple course of treatment, you will find the insane one restored to reason and health in a very few weeks. Pursue the course we have advised, and if we have succeeded in convincing you that spirits can return and commune with mortals, and that they have the power of reading and ferreting out their most secret thoughts, then give no honor to us, but to the Great Author of Life, to whom we are accountable for our every act.

Nov. 11.

John Calvin Cregge.

Well, Captain, what's the word? [What's the word with you?] It was war, last I heard. [It's still the same with us.] Captain, I've got a little business to settle, if you haven't any objection. [I have none at all.] You see, it's just like this: I'm across the river, and I find things little different from what I expected to find them, and I begin to get a little anxious about those friends I've left behind on the earth.

I am from Montpelier, Vermont. I bore the name when on earth of that old saint or sinner, I do not know which, John Calvin—I haven't found out yet, for the folks here don't seem to know much about him, anyway. John Calvin Cregge was my name. Captain, I've got a mother that's a pretty good kind of a woman in her way, and she's got to come here pretty soon. She's now on a bed of sickness, but the truth is, Captain, she's Calvinistic to the backbone. Now what had I better say to her? [Say whatever you think best.] But what I think best may not be best, you know. Well, she'll get disappointed if she expects to bring her religion here to the spirit-world. There's no getting over it, Captain. I don't speak from personal experience, for, to tell the truth, I didn't have any fixed views myself upon the subject of religion when I was on the earth, although I had a good many prayers offered in my behalf, especially in revival times.

I died in the hospital at Frederick, Maryland, of fever. Well, in the first place, I had what you'd call chills and fever, but it was the fever that caused my death. It's a great pity that I didn't die upon the battle-field, too. Confound this dying with fever, after you go to war for the express purpose of being shot! I know some of the boys here that went out by being shot, and they're as smart as needs be, and here I can scarce move a woman's body, that was half as big as mine I lost. [You were probably very weak when you left the earth.] I was weak enough; but they say I shall lose that by coming here a few times.

Now I want to tell my mother that I'm in the spirit-world, and that the first one I met here was my father, who has been here some eighteen years, and he's changed wonderfully. And he says he's only one thing to regret, which is, that he ever had anything to do with the religion of earth; but he wouldn't tell my mother so, because he feels it would make her unhappy. So she needn't expect to be joined to him anywhere up in heaven, where her religion teaches her he is living, for there's no such sort of a place anywhere round this part of the country. Now, that dear old mother of mine is a firm believer in the Bible, and would think I was knocking the only block from under her feet, if I were to try to persuade her to throw away her Bible; but really, Captain, it ain't worth that—[a snap of the fingers]. That's so! [Perhaps not in the way she understands it.] Well, she do n't read it in the right way, so of course it's good for nothing to her. Now, she mourns for me, and thinks of me as lost, but I ain't, so there's no use of lying about it. But if I had died upon the battle-field instead of in the hospital, I'd have been better satisfied with my condition to-day, for that's a glorious death, and one to be envied by any one. But this having a fever and lingering for weeks with it, and then have it send you across without a bit of strength, it ain't quite the thing. The boys had better keep clear of fevers by taking care of themselves and drinking good whiskey, when they drink any at all. I don't want folks to think that I got the fever by drinking whiskey, for I didn't. I wasn't inclined that way. I might have been inclined to indulge a good deal worse, but I wasn't inclined to drinking, anyway.

Now, Captain, I want my sister—do you want her name? [Yes.] Sarah Elizabeth. I want her, if she hears of my coming here in any way, to talk to mother about it, and persuade her—now it's no use to go all round Robin Hood's barn—to let me come and talk with her. Now for proof that I'm just what I say I am, I'm going to tell what I said to my mother the last time I saw her, and that was this: "Well, mother, I'm going to war. I've enlisted,

and I've only got about an hour to stay with you. Now don't make any fuss about it, because I'll write you just as soon as we get a place to tie up in. So good-by." And that, if I get a good memory, will be the first thing I'll say to her; and if I don't, she needn't believe. Now, she's got a good memory, and she'll remember it. Nov. 11.

Laura Frances Vose.

Through ignorance of life and its divine conditions we oftentimes close the doors of heaven against ourselves. Through ignorance we deprive ourselves of those very conditions that are necessary to our comfort and happiness in the spirit-land. Oh, then, how ought we to seek for wisdom, to penetrate beneath the surface of life, and to look into the future, that we may know the better how to guide the minds of others.

A little short of three years ago I left my own body, and while I lay sick I told my friends that I did not believe it possible for a spirit to return to earth after death, and should any one come back after my death purporting to be me, for them, not to believe it. Oh, fatal mistake! Oh, fatal mistake! How my spirit has suffered because of my own ignorance! How I've longed for power, for strength, for wisdom, to wash out the stains and errors of the past that I might consider myself fitted to return and tell my dear friends on the earth of my mistake, and warn them against the ignorance that caused me to sin.

I was educated not in accordance with this new religion, for nearly all my friends were believers in Orthodoxy, and although I was a medium myself, yet my friends forbade my using the power I possessed, or seeking to commune with familiar spirits, or demons, as they would term them. The believers in Orthodoxy have no faith in Spiritualism. But, a few hours after my death, I became aware that I had lived not a natural life upon the earth; but an artificial one, that I had been wedded not to principles but to personalities, and that I should be obliged to resign those idols that I worshipped upon the earth. Oh, there are thousands here in the spirit-world who are seeking to return to their mortal condition to wash out the sins they committed while in the flesh, through ignorance of God's laws.

I was twenty-six years of age. I lived and died in Dayton, Ohio. My disease, I suppose, was consumption. I have left there a dear companion, who finds little hope in the dogmas of the Church, inasmuch as they do not satisfy his sad and longing soul. Oh, with my own hand I have looked the door, by my own ignorance and folly I am compelled to call to them from without, and perhaps I may stand knocking for years before they will answer my summons. I feel it my duty to return, and do all I can toward unbarring the door which is between me and my dear friends; but if I ask for strength from God to aid me in my holy purpose, I know he will not refuse to give it me, and that it is only a question of time when I shall open the door, enter the temple and be recognized by the dear friends I've left on earth.

I know that modern Spiritualism presents many unfavorable conditions to the mind of the unbeliever, and particularly so to the superficial observer, and that many honest souls upon the earth are deterred from seeking for truth in regard to this new religion, by the stains that are to be found upon this fair spiritual garment. But oh, I would ask them to waive the stains to be found upon it, and that they come at once into the temple of Truth, and there ask counsel from Nature's God; and surely, surely they will make no mistakes in life. I would ask that they take my poor message for just what it is worth, and no more, and that they weigh it well in the balance of thought, of reason, of human judgment, and if they find ought in it to dictate them to ask me to speak to them, or to cause them to believe I am who I say I am, I shall feel that my coming here to-day has not been in vain. Oh, may they give me the means to come nearer to them, the means to speak at home, the means by which I may rend in twain the veil that hides me from their vision.

You will say that I am Laura Frances Vose, of Dayton, Ohio.

Nov. 11.

Margaret O'Brien.

It was me who made the manifestations in Father McPhail's family, in New York. That's what I come to say. It was me, Margaret O'Brien. I was thirteen years old when I died, so I've been told since I came here. I was in Father McPhail's family, to tend the door and run errands. I've been gone most a year, and most folks think that I went away with the scarlet fever, and Father McPhail has got a medium in his house, and it's through her I move the things, and sometimes I makes the manifestations when only Father McPhail is in the room; but that's when she's been in the room and has just gone out. And he thinks it's very strange, and he said something to the Bishop about it, and he said that he'd heard talk about spirits returning, and that he had some faith in it, and that it may be something to do with them, and advises him to look into the thing quietly, and not say anything to the people about it for nothing. And I was told by the Fathers here to come back and say who I was, and say that it was me who made the manifestations, and that I would do much more, and not only me, but many more, who like Father McPhail very much, if he'd only give us the chance to come. Good-by, sir.

Nov. 11.

Invocation.

And the nations shall learn war no more. Oh, then Prince of Peace, thou Saviour of Humanity, we will anticipate thy coming in preparing the hearts of these earthly children for thy reception, and will prophesy for thee a welcome. Oh, Prince of Peace, already the prayers of millions are ascending upon every breeze, calling upon thee for help and deliverance in this their time of need. And we hear, mid the rush of contending elements, thy voice proclaiming thou shalt soon know peace and freedom upon the earth. Oh, Prince of Peace, the broken hearts of the multitude seem waiting for thy coming, that thy soft hand may bind up their wounds and heal the disconsolate spirits. Oh, glorious morning of reform, we look forward for sunbeams, we behold the dawn of human freedom, and feel there is a something within our hearts that gives warning of thy coming. Oh, Prince of Peace, we feel thy approach, and we would arise and put on our wedding garments; for behold earth and heaven are about to be united together. Oh, Prince of Peace, thou hast no need of our prayers; it is not necessary that we send up our desires; but oh, a something within our beings demands that we speak, and the elements answer, "It is well."

Nov. 13.

Efforts to Resist Evil.

The question which we are about to discuss, is one that we have many times spoken upon, but as the demand increases, we propose to answer it as best we are able to. A good friend in the Christian Church sends us the following proposition:

"Is it not our duty as Christians to put forth more strenuous efforts to resist evil in this time of general war?"

We do not believe that by resisting evil we shall ever be able to overcome it. On the contrary, if we contend with evil, it is positively sure to overcome us. Strange and inconsistent as this may appear, it is, nevertheless, in full accordance with the laws of Christ, in full and complete harmony with the laws of all nature, and therefore we are bound to believe it is true.

By resisting evil in any form, we put ourselves on a level with evil, or become at once evil ourselves; and we do not believe one evil ever conquered another and produced a condition of good. Now it is evidently our duty to put forth all the energies of our being toward overcoming evil, for there is nothing inharmonious that ever did or does exist, that we have not the power to make harmonious and beautiful; nothing that bears imperfection upon its surface but that we have the power to render perfect; and as far as we are able to know of ourselves, so far shall we be able to know our duty and do it.

We perceive that our questioner has chosen a

Bible standpoint, as he understands the Bible. He argues from a certain standpoint assumed by certain religious teachers thousands of years ago. We do not blame him; it is not our province to say that he is wholly wrong. The condition is doubtless a good one, but not adapted to your wants at the present time. Now that it is our duty to overcome all evil with good, rather than resist it, it is certainly our duty to first remove all evil from our own hearts, that we draw to ourselves as much wisdom as possible. Suppose an evil presents itself to us in any form? Would it be wise for us to stand and contend with it, thus using up the energies of our being for naught, when, if we were to analyze our own efforts, we should find that they were useless? But it is not useless to seek to inaugurate a system of good in defiance of the evil; it is not useless so to live as to create for ourselves a condition of good, that evil ones, seeing that condition, shall be induced to perceive that there is goodness to be found in the hearts of God's children, and by this perception in our antagonism, we are to overcome this condition of evil in others.

Suppose, for instance, we propose to reform some of the fallen ones of earth. Shall we wage war against their deluge? Shall we follow in their track with threats and reproaches? Shall we set ourselves up in defiance to them? If we do, we shall become as low as those we are trying to reform. But if we would become real benefactors, if we would lift up those fallen ones from evil, we should not stop to contend with them, but immediately inaugurate a system of good by creating a condition of good for ourselves; and humanity has never yet been so depraved that she cannot see goodness when it is presented to her in this way. It is of very little use to preach Christianity and morality to the beggar, very little use for us to talk of reform to the ignorant and fallen ones of earth, when there is no possible way within the range of their vision by which they can become honest and virtuous members of society; very little use for us to point the way of right to the weak of earth, who if disposed to walk in it have not the strength to do so. What shall we do then? Why, give of your strength, of your means, whether they be spiritual or material. First, seek to give them an idea of that happiness which shall be theirs if they are strong enough to walk directly over evil and come out into the broad sunlight of God's truth and righteousness.

It is very little use for you to contend with your Southern brethren who are arrayed in arms against you; very little use to go to war with the expectation that you are to conquer and subdue them by committing a still greater wrong yourselves, and in your own souls you have but little hope of success, and we could not prophesy peace in the end for you if it were not for the aid and intervention of the angel hosts in your behalf. Your Good Book tells you you should overcome evil with good, and the book of Nature writes this truth in glowing letters upon all things, and yet the races have mistaken the meaning of Nature, and through their ignorance of Nature's laws have wandered from the right. But shall we declare, because our fellow creatures have risen in enmity against us, that they are outlaws in the sight of God? No; rather let us say, with the spirit of Love, who, when nailed upon the cross, could still find it in his heart to say of his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If Church and State would seek to bring about a reform, the evil would soon disappear from your midst. They should first seek to do away with evil by one grand and thorough inauguration of a system of good. Let the good of your natures rise supreme, and believe us there will be no need of your resorting to arms, no need to resist evil, for you have but to show yourselves in a condition of goodness and purity to your enemies, and it cannot be otherwise than that the evil fall down and worship you. Your President has recently taken the initiatory steps in this matter of reform, by giving to the world his Emancipation Proclamation. And he has done in this the only act that has been productive of any good results during this civil war, and that has in the least respect tended to bring you peace. He has taken the first step to enter the temple of reform; he has thrown out the first real ray of sunshine that the nation has known for long months, and, like Noah's dove, it will find an abiding place in the hearts of the people, and it will do much more than the sword toward conquering the evil that has so long found a dwelling place in your country, and in bringing you to a condition of peace. Believe us, it is useless to contend with evil, and worse than useless to fight with the powers of darkness. Rather rise on the wings of light and fly over them, and let those powers behold you in divine wisdom and goodness; and, believe us, the conditions of this system of evil and death will soon merge into those of good, and you will learn war no more.

Quize—Please give the philosophy of conviction and conversion, as experienced in Orthodox revivals.

Ans.—The philosophy of conviction and conversion as experienced in Orthodox revivals, it is purely a psychological, if we may so speak, or in other words, the speaker has psychologized those portions of his audience that are the most impressionable, and through that subtle force they have become convicted, and oftentimes converted. They have experienced a change of heart, or in other words, there comes over their entire spiritual nature a change, a something they have not experienced before, because no one has ever succeeded in opening the chambers of their heart and revealing its hidden mysteries to their gaze. The psychology power of the speaker, or minister, may be retained for a long time—sometimes is kept up for years, and it may be during life, but that depends very much upon the susceptibility of individuals, and their power to retain what is given them. In the science of psychology there may be found the key to all religious excitement—conviction and conversion; and believe us, sacreligious as this may seem, it is a truth which, if you seek to, you may demonstrate by the simplest law of Nature.

Nov. 13.

Eliphalet Roberts.

Humph! I have got the privilege of speaking, not because I can talk well, but because I wanted to come and am disposed to tell the truth. I have been dead, as they call it, or you call it, since 1858. I died rather hard, lived rather hard, but I am satisfied of one thing, which is, if I'd seen any way to get out of hell here on earth, I should have been pretty likely to have taken advantage of it.

I have got connections living in the State of Maine who are Christians. They say they are, and I don't dispute it, you understand, but I'm going to look at them a little, that's all. There's no harm in my doing that, you know.

When I was quite a young man I got in the habit of drinking. It was brought on by the use of ardent spirits that had been prescribed to me while I was sick with a fever. The habit fastened itself upon me after my return to health, and I grew worse from year to year, until I got to be a drunkard. I sometimes followed the sea, that is to say, I went to sea because I could live better there, and was n't in so much temptation, and could at times do pretty well in a pecuniary way.

Now, after putting me on my feet again two or three times, my connections turned their backs upon me, and would n't have anything more to do with me; so when I was sure that they had entirely cast me off, I left my native place and came to this city, and I generally called Boston my home. And every body said, he's down, and he'll never get up again, cause he can't—he's a drunkard, and there's no use in trying to reform him. So I did stay down, and I died, I suppose, of rum. I'd been away on a pretty long voyage—five months, I think it was, and when I got on shore, I thought as most sailors do, that I must have a little spree. I spiced it a little too hard, had several times, and died in one of them.

Well, I made many attempts to reform, and think I had been assisted by some of my relatives. I might have done so. But they all seemed to turn a cold shoulder to me, and those that had expected me before I was unfortunate enough to acquire the habit of drinking, no longer did so. I was not what I was then, consequently they no longer felt any interest in me, and left me to complete my own ruin.

Now my folks thought they were doing God service in shunning me as they did. When I died there was a letter found on my person that gave the folks I stopped with a clue to some of my relatives, to they wrote to them that I was dead, you understand, but I wasn't; and the answer they sent back was, like this: "We don't want you to send his body to us. Bury it where it is, at the city's expense, if you're a mind to, for we don't care." He has been dead to us for so many years." &c. When I found out what they had written, I said to myself that I had done wrong, but, my God! I think I was conscious that they had not done any less. What do you think, stranger? [It looks rather dark, I must confess.]

Now they think I'm dead and out of the way, and they do n't believe anything in spirits coming back; and I've made up my mind to return to them, but whether I can do them any good or not, is another thing; though if I could make them any better, I'd be glad to do so. I would really like to do what I can for them, and to overcome evil by good. I'd like to do it. I'd like to be able to overthrow all their old ideas that ain't worth, I was going to say, a row of tobacco to them, and show them the way of right, and that was more than was over done for me. Now I don't want to say to them that they must receive me; but this I'm going to say: I shall keep coming in some way or other to them, until I succeed in convincing them of my presence, and of my desire to serve them. I've been unhappy enough since coming to the spirit-world, both on their account and my own, but that's nothing here nor there. If they failed in doing their duty toward me, they are alone accountable to God for it, and it's no reason why I should feel hard against them, and come back here and swear war against them. Not I. I'm not going to do any such thing.

I, in my youth, received a very fair education, for the times; nothing to boast of, perhaps, but nevertheless a very good one for the times. I've no doubt but that I should have lived and died a worthy and temperate man, if it had not been for that fit of sickness which I had in my youth. I don't know as I had anything to do with making myself what I afterwards became—a drunkard—either.

Now my folks live in Augusta, Maine. My name was Eliphalet Roberts. I was commonly called Eliph Roberts by those who knew me. If I'd been a rich man, a soter man, and an influential man, it would have been Eliphalet Roberts, Esq.; but as I was the reverse of all that, it was old Eliph Roberts. That's the way the world goes. It's so.

[Are you happy now?] I'm just beginning to know what happiness is. [Do you remember where you died?] Well, I died down here on North street, Oh, I know it is n't a very good place, but rum took me there, I suppose. Rum and I traveled together for a long time. Sometimes I was ahead of him, and sometimes he was ahead of me, and sometimes we were both down together. [Do you remember where you were last?] Yes, I'm quite sure the last place I was in, was Jim Miller's, in Ann street, or North street. I don't know which you call it. [Was he a tall man?] Not very, if I remember right. [His name was William, I guess. Did he come from Bath?] I don't know, sir. Jim, I called him. I may be mistaken, though. [What became of your body?] Well, I'll tell you. My body took a trip to the dead-house, over to, west end. Well, it was dealt rather sharply with, [referring to surgeon's scalpel.] I can tell you, for nobody wanted it to home. [Did you follow it to the college?] Yes, I followed it for awhile, and then I got tired of the business.

Now you see my business here is to get inside of the Chinese walls that surround my folks, in some way, and preach the Gospel to them. That's what I'm determined to do. They're not so far benighted on that what they'll receive it too; I'll bet all I hope for on that. Now this is my first step. I can't go any further at present. I'll thank you for your kindness, and it's very evident that I'll thank God, for I shall do about as he tells me to. Good-by.

Nov. 13.

I have got a father in New Orleans, and his name is Christopher Kendall. My name, Annie V. Kendall. I was eighteen years of age at the time of my death. I died of cholera. I have been here in the spirit-world four years. I was taken sick in the morning, and before twelve at noon I was in the spirit world.

My mother died when I was seven years of age; and my father has many times expressed a wish that he could know if there was a place of souls beyond the tomb. Now that he is sick, and ready to receive truth and light, they say it is well for me to come. My father has been engaged in war, and has become ill in consequence of war, and now he thinks he must die, and more than ever he feels the necessity of knowing something of the place he must go to. He is not going to die now, they say. He will live to receive light, and enjoy much more than he ever has in a spiritual way.

Please say to him that as soon as I can find a way to reach him privately, I will come to him; and my mother also. She will come and give him more faith than I could possibly convey to him. Two days since my father was reading a reform work, and I was there, or within the sphere of his influence, so close, that I knew what he was transferring to his mind. And it was then that I gained the power, or strength to come here.

Nov. 13.

Jack Emmons.

Ha, Captain, what's the countersign? [Tell the truth as high as you can give it.] The truth is it? Well, I am Jack Emmons, of the New York Zouaves, and have got business here, like all others. I was killed in one of the battles before Richmond. Killed, did I say? Got marching orders in a new style, that's it. Dead! So's God dead just as much as I am. Captain, I profess to be alive, but folks do n't know that I am. I've had a mighty hard scratch getting here, though. I've got a wife in New York city I would like to talk with, and relatives there and friends, that belong to the middle class of society, who might be glad to hear from me.

Now I heard before I died all about spirits coming back and talking through mediums, and I want my friends to pick out some one of the many to be found in the city of New York, and give me a chance to talk with them. I've got many things to tell them about the place I live in. It's a fine place, this spirit-world, although it requires some little time to get used to it, as it does a civilian. As you used to the say so's of war. But when you're used to it, you can drive the stage as though you'd been born to it. Captain, they said "you'd give us a pass here whenever we wanted it."

Now I don't know what word to send to my friends. Well, it's necessary for me to give you my wife's name, inasmuch as I want to reach her. Able is my wife's name. We were married a little short of two years before I went away. [Can't you think of some incident by which your wife will recognize you?] Some incident to be recognized by, you want? Well, look here in my last letter home. I sent a ring; that's the ring I playfully took off my wife's finger before I went to war. I meant to give it back to her again, but I went away and forgot to do so, and in a letter she sent to me, she says, "Jack, you'll lose that ring of mine, and you know Mother gave it to me, and I would n't lose it for anything." I sent that ring in the last letter I wrote to her, and I know she got it, because I received an answer to it, saying: "Jack, the ring has come all right." But I never wrote again, or received another letter from her. [Have you never tried to go home?] Yes, I've gone in spirit, but I was a green one at that kind of business, and what I want, in the first place, is to get in talking trim, for there's some folks in New York, I tell you, say I've got pretty hard things to go. Well, they tell us to walk over evil to good. [Do n't matter how we become good, I suppose.] But it's my opinion that some folks need hard lead, instead of soft words. I want to say to you, that I'm not afraid of a spank up and let you know this, and not be afraid of dead folks, for they ain't half so likely to harm you as those who are walking round here in a body.

Nov. 13.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured binding edge, possibly made of leather or a similar material. The right side of the strip is a white, textured surface, likely the paper of the document. The overall appearance is that of a close-up, vertical view of a book's edge or a similar bound volume.

Pearls.

—elegies.
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.

A BETTER LIFE.

A better life I—O, first a better heart!
Weed out the gall, the passion and the pride.
Grasp the vile chain with which thy soul is tied,
And tear its iron manacles apart.
Son thy sad spirit in the nether mart;
Learn, first the agony of other souls;
And, as the great year's wheel majestic rolls,
Mark how the heart-strings of the people smart.
Be just, be brave, be active and be calm.
Thy better life must act as well as feel.
From thy heart's stony barred depths must steal
To thy poor brother sympathy's sweet balm.
Bless all earth's love! Rebuke all earthly strife,
This, O aspiring soul! this is thy BETTER LIFE!

—[J. Bunting.]

There are many that despise half the world; but if
there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because
others despise them.

BEAUTY AND LIBERTY.

Bound in Love's oppressive chain,
Beauty, captive, groined with pain.
Hoary Time at length drew nigh,
Saw her weep, and heard her sigh;
Then, with his all-conquering hand,
Beveiled every golden band—
Beauties joyful—beauty free—
Tasted now sweet Liberty.
Love on purple pinions came,
Held a glass before the dame,
Whispering, "Mark, thy charms are lost,
Dearly hath thy freedom cost."

—[From the Italian of De Rossi.]

The grand essentials to happiness in this world are:
something to do, something to love, and something to
hope for.

TRUTH.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.

—[Lovel.]

It requires less strength of character to do a brave
act in secret than not to brag of it afterwards.

WISDOM.

Better to sweat in fields for health unbought,
Than feed the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for cure on exercise depend—
God never made His work for man to mend.

—[Dryden.]

THE WANTS OF THE TIMES.

A Lecture by J. S. Loveland, before the Society of
Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston,
Sunday, December 7, 1892.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The lecturer commenced by saying that on a certain occasion Jesus addressed his critical interrogators substantially as follows: "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The signs of the times are those indications of the actual condition of society, at any particular period, which reveal the wants—the necessities of that period. Our theme, founded on this text, will be "The Wants of the Times." But in the elucidation of the subject, we do not intend to devote any special attention to the peculiarities of our present national condition. The civil war of to-day is only one of the incidents of the onward progress of the race. In order to define the wants of any particular portion of time, that is, the wants of the society of the time, it becomes necessary to carefully note the special characteristics of that generation as distinguished from all others. What are the special characteristics of the present time? Time is reckoned by eras. An era is not, strictly speaking, the day or year when some great event occurs, or some sublime idea is born; but it includes the whole lapse of duration during which the idea incarnates itself in the consciousness and social structure of mankind, embracing all stages of its manifestations.

The Christian era is not the birth of Christ, but it is the Christian age, or the development of the Christian idea, or life, in human history. In the vast universe of Materialism the law of periodicity rules supreme. Nor less is its potency in the revolutions or eras of human growth. All periods are alike in the great outline of method, as all springs, summers, autumns and winters are alike, yet always unlike in the mere incidentals pertaining thereto.

This periodicity includes a tripartite of division. Man has youth, manhood and age. So, also, has time. The first triplet of an era is initiative, the second experimental, while the third is resultant, or demonstrative. The first is preparative, formative. Constitutions, creeds and institutions have to be formed on the basis of the new-born thought, or idea. This triplet is also characterized by a lofty patriotism, and a spiritual growth so sublime that all merely earthly good and grandeur become more than insignificant, they are lost and dross to the burning fervor of the spiritual man, who overtares, for Christ, or truth's sake. The spiritual man goes triumphantly to the stake, the patriot to death on the gory field of strife. The second triplet is developing, or growing. It is also one of great enthusiasm and activity. Men are extremely egotistic. Their constitution is the best ever known among men—their government the most perfect the world ever saw. Their religion is direct from heaven, consequently there is no law, no defect—it is immaculate. Hence, he becomes a missionary. Proselytism becomes the embodiment of all the specialities of this part of the era. The third triplet is one of doubt, of evil and indecision. Men are unsettled, wavering. They cannot rely upon the correctness of any past creeds, or principles. That which had been venerated as the acme of perfection is seen to be sadly lacking in many respects. As faith in spiritual life grows dim and feeble, material good and splendor absorb more and more the attention of men. Mammon is the real deity worshipped, though the temples may be ostensibly dedicated to some other God. Selfish externalism bears mighty sway in this period.

With these means for measuring and testing, to which of the triplets shall we assign the present age? Beyond all controversy, we live in the midst of the most gorgeous display of material grandeur and power which the earth has ever seen. No age ever signified itself as more consecrated to gold, and

what it buys, than ours. Even the pursuit of science and culture is not undertaken for the sake of mental and spiritual growth, but to better able to unlock the iron gates of wealth and material aggrandizement. The immortal soul is made a machine for merely gaining and using the pelf of earth. Behold, also, the doubt which sweeps the Church like the icy breath of death—the indecision and fearfulness which make the knees of kings and rulers quake like those of Persia's sovereign, when he saw the handwriting on the wall. See how they strive to maintain their loosening hold on power by material means. Governments build iron-mailed ships, cast monstrous guns and collect myriads of men in serried ranks, to save the dying constitutions of former days. The Church, with frantic zeal, builds larger and more magnificent structures—adorns them more and more gorgeously—with pretentious phariseism increases vastly the salaries of her hireling teachers, as though by revelling in purple and fine linen, and prodigally endowing their priesthood with wealth, God's favor could be bought and heaven secured. But, in the midst of this seething sea of selfish externalism, we notice earnest men and women who are grappling with the great problems of destiny, and slowly, yet surely, eliminating the laws of higher social and religious life. To them, the external world no longer presents superlative beauty. Spiritual things are open to their inner gaze, and the exceeding glory thereof shrouds in deep eclipse the vaunted gorgeousness of material power. In these, and other particulars not necessary to repeat, we find the marks of the first and third triplets of the era. Our time, then, is a transitional one. We are passing over from one era to another. The signs of death as to one era are multiplying, while those of the birth and establishment of a new one are equally apparent.

What then are the wants of the transitional condition? In the first place, we want a more profound and complete philosophy of human nature. This age is preeminently scientific. Science pertains to materiality. Philosophy belongs to the higher domain of soul and spirit. In a material age philosophy will be ignored and despised. This age thus treats it. It conceives philosophy as dealing with shadows of intangibilities. Science it can and does in a degree appreciate, for science deals with what can be seen, handled, measured, weighed—in other words, the senses are workers therein. Philosophy, on the contrary, dealing only with the soul, and the mighty problems of eternity, is cast out and spit upon by the age, excepting what has come down from antiquity in the fossil creeds of the Church. This, to be sure, is materialized in the conceptions of the age. The central, fundamental affirmation of this philosophy, is that man is a devil, or has the Devil in him—is devilish. Demology is the appropriate name of the world's philosophy. All nations, all religions are essentially alike. The Old Serpent—the Devil, is their symbol, creed and banner. Nor can an exception be allowed to those few who claim to be liberals. You say you do not believe in the Devil. Very good. You have indeed laid aside the more vulgar notion of a Devil with hoofs and horns, whose pastime is to pitch, with a three-pronged trident, lost souls into the lake of fire and brimstone; but the devil is not cast out yet. You condemn your fellow-man. You say his sinful acts spring from a sinful soul. He is spiritually an unholy being—in other words he is devilish. Whoever condemns and denounces man as wicked, is still in the gall and bitterness of the old devilism of the Church. To allow that man as a spiritual being, is vile, corrupt, sinful, is to admit in principle, the whole system of devilism and depravity. If sin can be predicated of the spirit, then is sin a spirit-substance, and action; and, therefore, sin and suffering must be eternal, for spirit is immortal. But who does not condemn his fellow-man, or woman? In the constitutions and laws of States—in the creeds and songs; assemblies and preachings of churches—in the places where men do congregate and women meet and talk, I find this hydra-headed devil. The snaky hiss of burning and remorseless condemnation comes out from all these sources, forming one awful chorus, which constitutes the bell through which we toil and strive for a better life. In this time of change, when the old is dying and the new is being born, the devil should be cast out. Now is come the period when the Apocalyptic prophecy should be fulfilled: "Batan was to be cast out of Heaven upon the earth. This is the true method. Sin belongs to the semi-animal, or earthly nature of man. It may obscure, but it cannot defile the spirit—it cannot touch it. Clouds may obscure, they cannot dim the glory, or quench the burning fire of the sun. But the human spirit is more inaccessible to sin than is the sun, to clouds. Sin is selfishness. The animal nature in itself is naturally, necessarily and wholly selfish. Man, as to his earthly part, is semi-animal, and, therefore, is selfish, or sinful as such. But it is confined there, it cannot touch the innermost soul—the spirit. Until this casting out is fully done, no thorough progress is possible. If, in the present reconstruction, the devil is allowed to form a component part, the future social and religious structure will be only one wing of the vast Pantheon of mythologic demonism. Sin must be located, in our philosophy, where it is, in the earth, and not where it is not—in the spiritual. All the past ages have misrepresented man, by making him a sinner as to his spirit. This we must correct, or one great and fatal mistake will be committed, and another age will grow under the incubus of a false philosophy, and perverting religion.

EVENING LECTURE.

After briefly recapitulating the positions of the afternoon discourse, the lecturer proceeded to say, that though he had limited the sphere of science to the sensuous, or material realm, he did not intend to undervalue its importance; for the next great want of the age is a more general and thorough scientific culture. Especially is this true of Spiritualists. There are scientific men and women who are believers in Spirit Manifestations, but they are not among the active teachers employed by Spiritualists. With few, if any exceptions, we are mere superficial smatterers in science. No people talk so much or so loud respecting science as we. And yet but a few, even of the teachers, know the meaning of the word science. Much less do they thoroughly comprehend the vast arena of science itself. To particularize: How many are familiar with the varied agencies of Electricity in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human worlds? Where are those who comprehend the vast field of beauty opened to us in Chemistry—its affinities—its definite proportions—attractions and repulsions—its divisions and unions, and almost infinitesimal of permutation? How large is the number who have ranged

among the stellar orbs, and seen and adored the Omnipotence of that power which whirls them on through space in their tireless journey; or glowed with unworldly ecstasy while contemplating the perfect harmony of their wondrous motions? Or, to come to ourselves, who among us has thoroughly learned what may be learned of the mechanism of our own frames? Of the wondrous tide of crimson life which ebbs and flows through multitudinous channels in our systems? Of the wondrous brain, and the double system of nerves; and, also, the duality of the encephalic and spinal system, with the resultant philosophy of sensation and motion? Then, think of this as only the means by which the regal soul, born from the heart of God, unfolds itself, to self-conscious personality, and who of us does comprehend the rationale of this great miracle? We need thoroughness. Disciplined minds only are adequate to the task of reconstructing the dying institutions of to-day. Spiritualists claim to have a religion whose basis is found in science. Alas for us, if we are found unable to expound our own system—to show how, from the lowest formations to the highest manifestations, one unbending analogy runs entire. We are pledged to science. Shall we redeem the pledge?

In the third place, we want courage. The times demand it. We are a race of cowards. Not but we can find thousands who are willing to face the cannon's mouth, the bayonet's point, or the sabre's edge. There is plenty of this form of courage. But who dares speak his thought? All over the land are buried pearls, diamonds, rarest jewels of thought, but no tongues are found daring to give them voice. No Christ bids them come forth; for such is the din kept up by the demon of fear, that the holy voice within is unheeded. Wealth of untold value we possess, but it is buried within us, and the cankerous rust of the buried treasure creates a moral gangrene in our social nature, while the world is poor for want of what we vainly strive to hoard. Custom, hoary-headed faith, sootily so darkly that we sink along the thoroughfares of life as though we were driving idiots, or slaves, when God's most precious wealth is burning in our minds and hearts. Let those who have no thought keep still, but serve will be the stripes on those who hide, and thereby steal the precious gold of God—Truth—intended to enrich and bless the world. Alas, how contemptible will seem the aspen-fear of to-day, in the revealing light of the coming years! In the custom of this world, the coward on the field of strife, dies for his recreancy to duty; so the moral coward dies to all those deep and lofty joys which spring from courageous utterance and acting of the truth of life within him. We need courage.

But, lastly, we need, in this time, a stern and unbending honesty. If the man or woman who holds the truth he knows is a coward, if an ineffable meanness covers him like a garment, what shall we say of those who not only conceal the light within, but pretend to be something else—avow the contrary of what they know? They add to meanness the darker stain of infamy. When Christ is abused, and we make no sign, it reveals the coward; but when with our tongue and swearing we deny all knowledge of the man, we stand upon the very pinnacle of infamy. But this transition age is distinguished for its dishonesty. Not merely in the outer or material aspect, where gigantic fraud and peculation are rampant and "respectable," but more especially in the realm of thought and truth. Dishonesty must be expected in the third triplet of any era, for, as we have shown, it is essentially materialistic. This feature is very conspicuous in the transition, and manifests itself not only in the ordinary and extraordinary chicaneries of the outer life, but preeminently so in the realm of thought. Grand and glorious visions of truth, unknown before, come to men in the various walks of life. For the moment they are entranced, ravished with the beauty, and thrilled with unutterable joy. The next moment comes the thought, I must tell this to the world—I must publish my discovery. "What will people say?" is blessed, the next moment, in the ear. Then comes war and tumult. A paltry few speak. A multitude conceal, and still more, dishonestly deny that God has spoken to them at all, or that they even know the man of Nazareth. They are ready even to crucify the few who speak their own inmost thought. See now the pressing want of honesty. The old is passing away—is dying. The new is struggling in birth. New symbols of religious faith and life are demanded, and must be formed. New constitutions and laws must be made. All the treasures of thought and experience should be emptied into the great storehouse of human consciousness, so that the constructive minds of the time may have all the material possible for the grand reconstruction now going forward. Every man or woman capable of a new thought, possesses what is necessary for the new structure. To neglect its presentation is a fraud; to deny its existence and swear it is something else is a robbery. Individual minds may grasp the bold outlines of the coming era, and rejoice in the light of its approach, but by as much as the truth is fearfully concealed, or dishonestly denied, is the complete establishment of the new age delayed.

We claim to possess a philosophy more complete, a religion more divine than the world has ever known. Philosophy may be, to some extent, promulgated by words. It may be assisted by scientific culture, for thorough culture therein leads to philosophy, inasmuch as it prepares its way. But religion is a life, and no words suffice for its illustration or promulgation. Living alone can do this. If our religion be the truly divine one, our lives will be the incarnation of honesty and courage, with all other attributes of human nobleness and holiness. If our more divine religion ever takes the place of the old demonology, it will win its way by acts, not words. That is, words alone will never do it. Men are bound by their professions. "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk even as he walked," is the just remark of Saint John to his fellow Christians. If we say we possess a purer, truer faith, a better religion, and admit that "religion is life," and yet live no better lives, and more than this, do not even purpose a better one, what becomes of all our wordy pretences? We are weighed in the balances and found wanting. To deny the devil with words, while we set the devil in slander and denunciation, is no way to inaugurate the more profound and complete philosophy wanted at the present time. To prate of science in wordy and empty declamation, while the realities of science are to us an unknown realm, is not the process by which to attain a more thorough scientific culture. Nor can we hope to commend our religion, so long as we cowardly fear to speak and act, or dishonestly deny the inmost thought and life of our souls.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM CHURCH, LYCEUM HALL, TOWN HALL, (opposite head of South street). Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2, 3 and 4 P. M. Mission. Free. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 22; H. B. Storer, Jan. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Jan. 18 and 25.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON. The Spiritualists of the city meet every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 22. Foxboro'. Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged: Mrs. Mary Mendenhall Wood, Dec. 21.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged—Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.; Leo Miller, Esq., Feb. 1 and 8.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Wells' Hall, where they have so long met, to the church, corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2, 3 and 4 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Dec. 21 and 22; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Jan. 4 and 11; Mrs. A. C. Currier, Jan. 18 and 25; Mr. A. E. Simmons, Feb. 1 and 8; Mrs. E. Anna Kingsbury, Dec. 14 and 21; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 1 and 8.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been lent by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Anna M. Middlebrook, Dec. 21 and 22; Mr. Frank White, Jan. 20 and 27; Miss Lizzie Doten, during February.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the afternoon. Lectures, afternoons and evenings, at 2, 3 and 4 o'clock. Speaker for Dec. Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury for Dec.; Warren Chase for January.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Mrs. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH will speak in Boston, Dec. 21 and 22.

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Philadelphia through Dec. address, care of Banner of Light.

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in January, and will receive applications for lectures near New York City, address, Lexington Avenue, 22 door above 52d street, New York.

H. B. STORER, Inspirational speaker, will lecture in Boston, Jan. 7 and 14. He may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 80 Pleasant street, Boston.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Marblehead, Dec. 21 and 22; in Randolph, Jan. 11; in Boston, Jan. 18 and 25; in Portland, Me., in May.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Quincy, Dec. 21 and 22; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; in Putnam, Conn., during Feb.; Philadelphia in March.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec.; in Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

A. E. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his home in North Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, for a month or two, at any place within thirty or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

Miss EMMA HORTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., until Feb. 13. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings or Sundays after that date, can address her there.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CORRIE will speak in North Haverhill, Dec. 21 and 22. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss MARY L. BACKWELL, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Dec. 21 and 22; in Stamford, Conn., Jan. 4 and 11. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storer, Boston.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Kenduskeag, Me., December 21, 22 and 23. Address, in Exeter, the first Sunday in January. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me.

LEO MILLER will speak in Springfield, Mass., the four Sundays in Dec.; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays in Jan.; in Taunton, Mass., the two first Sundays in Feb. Mr. Miller will make engagements in New England for the month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. MARY MACNEIGH WOOD will lecture in Foxboro', Dec. 21; in Putnam, Conn., the last Sunday in Dec. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

ANNIE LOUISE CHAMBERLAIN, Musical medium, may be addressed at Richmond, Me. until further notice.

Mrs. E. A. KINGSBURY will speak in Providence, R. I., during Dec. in Lowell, Feb. 14 and 21. Address accordingly.

Mrs. LAURA DEFOREST GORDON will lecture in Portland, Me., during Dec. Address, care of box 403; in Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during Feb. Address as above.

L. K. COOMBS, trance speaker, will lecture in Cleveland, O., Dec. 21 and 22. Address in vicinity of South Main street, Cleveland, O. Address accordingly. Mrs. E. A. Coombs can be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

W. K. BIPLEY will speak in Portland, Me., during January. Address, as above, or box 505, Bangor, Me.

J. M. ALLEN, N. W. Bridgewater, Mass., Inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and adjoining counties.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

GEO. A. PARKER, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism in the vicinity of his home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania or New York. Also attend funerals, if desired. Address, care of Mrs. N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Middlebury, Bradford Co., Penn.

Mrs. E. B. WARREN will answer calls to lecture abroad two Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Berlin and Osnabruck. Post office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

Mrs. O. M. STONE will be addressed till further notice, care of E. J. Freeman, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.

CHAS. T. WILSON, of Lowell, Mass., will lecture in Lowell, Feb. 14 and 21. Address accordingly.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture. Address, box 900, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. FANNIE BURMAN FLETCHER may be addressed at Worcester, Mass., care of James Dudley.

W. WHITFIELD is lecturing on Geology and General Reform Address for the Fall and Winter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, care of Mrs. Marsh, 14 Broadfield st., Boston.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, of Lowell, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture.

F. L. WADSWORTH, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, N. Y.

DR. E. L. LYON, 3 LaGrange Place, Boston, Mass. Will answer calls to lecture on Sundays or week evenings.

J. JUD PARRIS, Boston, care of Mrs. Marsh.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 87 Spring st. E. Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. STEPHEN FALLOWS, Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. FANNIE H. BROWN, Plymouth, Mass.

M. J. HUNTER, Hopkinton, Mass.

W. E. WHITMAN, trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENHAY, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. GREENHAY, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. B. A. BROWN, Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. FURTER, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marblehead, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

J. J. LOOMIS, Greenfield, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. KENNEDY, Taunton, Mass.

F. T. LAKE, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

Rev. M. TAYLOR, Stockton, Me.

Mrs. CLYDE HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H.

FRANK CHASE, South Concord, N. H.

GEO. S. NELSON, Concord, N. H.

J. L. POTTER, Trance Speaking Medium, Montpelier, Vt.

Mrs. M. W. WOLCOTT, Rochester, Vt.

Mrs. FANNY V. KNOTT, Montpelier, Vt.

ADRIEN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt.

CLARENCE A. WILSON, Proctorville, Vt.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt.

EMMA WILLS, Chelsea, Vt.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. J. J. CHASE, care of Wm. E. Andrews, West Killingly, Ct.

Mrs. J. A. BAKER, Newtown, Conn.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE, Address, New York City.

ALBION DORRIS, Haverhill, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

DR. CHAS. B. BROWN, Elmira, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

Mrs. L. M. CHAPPELL, Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.

J. W. H. TOBERT, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Mrs. M. J. WILCOX, Hammon, N. J. care of A. C. Billis.

Mrs. FLAVIA E. WASHBURN, Windham, Bradford Co., Pa.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefonte, Pa.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. B. FRANKS, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio.

Dr. E. J. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. A. F. PATTERSON, Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. BRILLI SCOTTELL, Rockford, Ill.

Rev. HERMAN BROWN, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. L. BROTHERTON, trance speaker, Pontiac City, Mich.

J. BOUTLAND POOLE, Inspirational Medium, Pontiac Mich.

W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. KYLE, Cannon, Kent County, Mich.

ANNALS AND NEWS.

Rev. J. G. FISH, Ganges, Three Rivers, Mich.
J. W. MOORE, Hillsdale, Mich.
A. E. WHITNEY, Albion, Mich.
Mrs. J. B. STREETER, Hebron, Porter county, Ind.
Mrs. FRANCES LOUISE BOND, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Dr. P. WYMAN WRIGHT, Broadhead, Green Co., Wis.
Dr. P. BOWMAN, Richmond, Washington Co., Iowa.
Rev. H. B. MARBLE, Iowa City, Iowa.
ANDREW HARTMAN, North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal.

Miss Harding's Book.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

BY EMMA HARDING.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not