

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER V.

I have said that our house was old; it was also inconvenient, with low ceilings, and small windows. Moreover, it was shaded by large trees, which, in a dark day, made it gloomy. On each side of the door were two tall Lombardy poplars, which stood straight and stiff, like tireless sentinels that never ceased their watch. There were two similar trees at the gate. I do not fancy these trees; they have neither beauty for the eye, nor shade for noontide heat; but as there was no lack of trees for the latter purpose, and as I dislike exceedingly to part with any tree, we let them remain. Sidney said he would wait until we built anew, and then let the old poplars share the fate of the house they had guarded so long. Already we began to think of them as doomed, and regarded them, as we always do those whose fate is sealed, with many thoughts of pity. Files of lumber and brick had been brought during the winter, and now lay in the yard, ready for use when the spring should open—and now, indeed, spring had come; and one day as I sat at my window, (poor Mrs. Smith's old seat,) I saw the workmen examining the earth to see if the frost was fully out, that they could lay the stone foundation. Now I should be lonely no more; I could walk with the stone masons with trowel and mortar, as they made, sure and strong the foundation of our future home, and then other men would come, strong and cheerful, who would raise the frame—the skeleton that should afterward be filled and covered, and made comely to the eye. I fancied that the noise of saw and hammer would be merry music for me in that lonely yard—and then how much pleasure I should take in seeing our ideal worked out in wood and mortar and brick! I say, for Sidney and myself had spent many evenings over the house-plot. How we had puzzled our heads with cupboards and closets, and how many laughs we had in discussing the kitchen, into which we had crowded all the conveniences imaginable. We visited the houses of our neighbors, always finding something upon which we should improve, and when by ourselves, we often wondered how people could be so stupid in building—why should they put a door there, or open it inside instead of outward; how awkwardly the staircase was arranged in one house, and how gloomy the sitting-room in another; one had sacrificed everything to a nice parlor, which they did not use more than twice a year; another had a huge kitchen, which it was impossible to warm; another so small a one, that two could not work comfortably in it at the same time. Every person who had built a house, was ready with advice, and all said, "If we should build again we should do so and so," very different from what they had done. Now, though our means were limited, we fully believed that our house would combine all the good in our neighbors', with none of the evil.

Our money was to be well laid out, and so careful were we in our estimates that we were confident it was to cost us no more than the sum we had proposed. Sidney once said, "I suppose, Mary, we ought to leave a margin for many things not put down in our estimate."

"It must be a small sum," I said, "for have not we thought of everything—even to the hooks in the presses?"

"It seems so; but others tell me that in building, the cost always exceeds the estimate."

"No doubt; but then you know we are more careful, and having once perfected our plan, we shall make no alterations; besides, we are going to learn wisdom from the blunders of others; just think of Mrs. Mason's bedroom opening only into her sitting-room; now, just see, I have put our bathing-room adjoining our sleeping apartment; and then here again I have arranged to go down into the cellar on this side of the kitchen," pointing to the plan, "and leave that nice space for an ironing-table. See what an improvement!"

Sidney looked at the paper for a moment, and then said, "But, Mary, you will have your stairs very steep; there is hardly room enough for a staircase this side of the door. It will be worse than Mrs. Smith's, which you said was mountain climbing."

"Oh, yes, sure enough; I never think to measure when I am making my alterations; I must remember."

At last our plan was perfected, our contract made, and we determined to alter nothing. What dreams I had in those days! Night dreams and day-dreams visions of cosy little parlors, and bright kitchens replete with nice cookery, of a parlour of our own, where Sidney should enjoy his paper, and I my sewing, without being disturbed by the ghost of the poor, jealous wife. I had become more and more sure that she haunted the house, that I heard her sighing in the dusk of the evening; but I never said anything to Sidney on the subject, for he was not superstitious at all, and I dreaded to have him think me so, therefore I consoled myself with thinking that before another winter the old house would vanish, and I was firm in the belief that Mrs. Smith would not like the new house; it would be altogether too cheerful for such a gloomy spirit!

besides, ghosts never feel at home in new houses; they prefer the perfumes of mould and decay to the smell of new paint. It was not often that I was disturbed, and I tried to forget it in thoughts of our future home, and now that the workmen were gone, I hoped the noise would draw her wholly away.

The spring opened early. Warm rays warmed the hard earth, and gave fresh verdure to hills and fields. None but the residents of our northern climes can tell the life-giving, invigorating influence of opening spring; body and soul rejoice in it, and we feel to leap as the hart, and break forth into singing, and, in the language of the Psalmist, we call upon the trees to clap their hands, and the hills to skip like lambs.

Life had never seemed so bright before, for Sidney was feeling strong and well. Aunt Posey said that was a good sign, for "consumptive folks always felt weak and faint, like the first spring-days," but she still insisted upon the use of certain herbs at this time of the year, sassafras tea in particular; and packages of it nicely cleaned were sent to us, with bottles of distilled mint and wintergreen.

Aunt Posey and I had become very good friends, an intimacy which seemed to please Fanny, who often accompanied me in my walks there. I was sorry to see that the little water-color painting had been removed to give place to the great fruit-basket which now rejoiced in its gilded frame. I had taken such a fancy to the more delicate sketch that I proposed to myself to change with Aunt Posey, giving her instead a school-girl performance of my own, being nothing less than a vase of flowers on white velvet, which all my companions pronounced "magnificent." When I completed it, and I will remember the triumph I felt when I carried it home from school to display to my father; it was incredible, the amount of gamboge, carmine, Prussian blue, and chrome yellow I had lavished upon it. Years had sobered my estimates of its beauty, and it now hung in a little back chamber, the admiration of the daisies who assisted me in my household affairs occasionally. Aunt Posey had pronounced it "gorgeous," and a "little beyond" the fruit-basket. I should have proposed a bargain at once for the water-color; but really, my conscience was too tender; I should have given the vase to the father of the genuine "sable," of the value of which he is ignorant.

But one day, when Fanny was flying like a bird all over the house, hunting up something for a bird-leaz, she spied this picture and brought it down, highly delighted with its gorgeous coloring. We were amusing ourselves with it, when I happened to think of my meditated exchange, and spoke of it, praising, as I thought it deserved, the little water-color. "It must have been given to your mother, Fanny, for in one corner are the words, 'Agnes to Flora.'"

"Oh, yes," said she, suddenly lowering her voice and looking sad; "that was my Aunt Agnes, one of the most beautiful beings that ever lived, I suppose I have not seen her since I was a little girl, too young to remember her, but I know my mother must have loved her very much. I can't tell why it is, but nobody ever speaks of her, and when I ask Aunt Posey about her, she says, 'Oh, yes, honey, Miss Agnes was the delight of our eyes; but Miss Flora was my darling—and now they're both gone—both, and Posey is left alone; but it is your mother, oh! I want to talk about, and you need not ask me nothing about Agnes, because she was not my pet, you know.' I never heard father mention her name, though I knew she spent some years with my mother. I once asked Aunt Hannah if she remembered her, and she replied, 'To be sure; don't I know everybody that has lived in this house for twenty years?'"

"Was she handsome, Aunt Hannah?"

"No, not what I call handsome, but some folks that I know were mightily taken with her. She did not suit me with her Southern ways and her high notions; and I was not sorry when she went back to the South; and I have never heard a word from her since your father returned from there about two years after your mother's death." Aunt Posey tells me that she had a miniature of her, and a sweet face it was; but one day father gave me a miniature of my mother, and I looked him or Uncle Sidney to put that in the gold locket, instead of Aunt Agnes, and I have never seen auntie's since. It was very careless in me to lose it so."

"I am sorry, Fanny, for I have a strange interest in the painter of that sketch! I wish I could get it."

"I would not like to ask Aunt Posey for it. She is very generous; but any relic of my mother's family is most sorely cherished by her, and she looks so grave when I talk about Aunt Agnes, that I have thought best to say nothing to her about old times. I think our family are fated to sorrow."

"Nonsense, Fanny; don't talk about 'fate.' We make our own fate, and are not miserable unless we make ourselves so."

Fanny shook her head. "I have a notion, auntie, and it is so fixed that it would be difficult to eradicate, that our family are doomed to misfortune. You are so quiet and even in your temperament that you can hardly understand the volcanic disposition of my Southern ancestors, and I have a fancy that they must have done something very wrong in years that are past; perhaps in the days of the old Spanish Knights (for my mother was Spanish by descent) some deed of violence was committed for which we must atone."

I laughed heartily. My little Fanny was really getting into a romantic and unhealthy mood.

"Come, now, Fanny, let us get out of these low

dark rooms, and go out and watch the workmen? Isn't it delightful to see our home progressing? What merry times we'll have at the housewarming!"

Fanny followed me, but the shade on her brow did not clear till we had been some time out in the sun-bath, listening to the chat of workmen, who were as merry as they were busy.

I began to waver in my rejection of all presentments the next day, for Fanny received a letter from her father, requesting her to be ready in a week to go to Bethlehem to school, where he had made arrangements for her remaining a year. My husband also received a letter, wishing him to accompany her, pay her bills, &c.

Now this was indeed a great misfortune to us all—it meant all the family save Aunt Hannah. She said it was just the thing for Fanny; they were well-guarded and thoroughly taught there, and Mr. Perry had shown his good sense in the selection of a school.

Now I had no objection to Bethlehem: I approved of the system and mild firm government of the Morain sisters; but Fanny was to be four hundred miles from us—a long distance in those days; we had just learned to love each other, and I had no other intimate friend. She had already laid our plans for study, and had hoped to persuade her father to let her remain with us for the present. But his word was law, and Fanny was ready at the time appointed, though she was as sad as myself at the departure. It was hard to have Sidney go with her, and see for himself that into whose care she was to be entrusted.

The old house was lonely enough while he was absent; but I kept myself as busy as possible with my little domestic assistant in the regular spring cleaning, which Yankee housekeepers understand so well, as making more than any week of spring a season of labor and care. It was the last time the old house was to receive this yearly ablution, the last sacrifice it would witness to the household duty—cleanliness! I had never been pleased with the low rooms any longer, dark blotchy, and it seemed suddenly to possess a new and strange interest for me. Here the young mother had pressed to her heart for the first time her little child; here, too, had she laid him in the coffin, and felt all the bitterness of that bereavement which makes earth so dark; here the old maid had laid aside his pilgrim staff, and the work-out earthly body, which, like the old house itself, could afford him his sooty comfort or protection. Blessed for him if, in the words of the poet, like the house, new light from heaven had been let in upon his soul "through oblique that time had made."

It was said, too, that in this house a sweet young girl had been wooed and won by a brave sailor who, on the morning after the bridal, had left for a long voyage. The ship was not heard from, and it was supposed that it foundered at sea the very night of its departure, and in sight of land. The bride would not believe in the death of her husband, even though her friends persuaded her to wear the sad garments of mourning; but year after year she waited with sweet patience and hope—hope that never forsook her, till it met its full reward at the end of ten years. She was sitting on the door-step knitting one summer eve near twilight, when a hand lifted the gate-latch and she saw the long lost one coming up the pathway. Her first words were: "George, I was looking for you. I knew you would come!" He had indeed been shipwrecked, and was for many years a wanderer, but now with money and a heart still true, had returned to the patient waiter.

When I thought of this I used to say, "Dear old house, such faith and love has sanctified it!" Then again would come the dark shadow of the poor, jealous wife moving about wearily, sadly, with bitterness in her heart and without a smile on the lip. Common report said that her husband, once a gay, cheerful man, had become a misanthrope, shunning all society, especially that of women. A gossiping neighbor had told me this, on one of my house-cleaning days, and had asked me if I had never found any of her papers, "for," said she, "she was an incessant writer, finding her only amusement in that occupation."

She was no sooner out of the house than I instituted a search, directing myself first to the old garret, where reposed the debris of many generations, the old remains which, like the fossils of the geologic age, had a distinct character. I could classify them almost as distinctly, telling the character of the various families by the broken remains.

I remembered in one corner an old box of loose papers, old receipts, books, almanacs, tattered testaments, spelling books, &c. Before many minutes I had them all upon the floor, and wrapped in a shawl with my hair protected from the dust, I sat down to an examination. Three hours I was absorbed in my work, but rewarded, as I believed, at last, by finding a writing-book, such as were made for children many years ago, filled, not by a child's strokes and pot-hooks, but by a cramped and not well-formed lady's hand. It seemed to be a diary or journal, and though there was no name to indicate the owner, the dates corresponded to the years which I knew Mrs. Smith had occupied the house. I laid it aside, suppressing my curiosity, which was not at all lessened by seeing the name "Perry" on a number of the pages as I turned them hastily. But I had other work to do then, and I waited for the lonely evening.

All day long, as I went up stairs and down, in garret or cellar, chamber or parlor, ever as my side was the poor, sad wife, who died at last broken-hearted, died, too, in my sitting-room; near where I always sat; the last light of earth to her came

through the elm-shaded window, flickered amid the swaying foliage, and rested on the pale face and folded hands of the weary woman in her last rest. In that room I sat down when the labors of the day were over, to read the old, worn manuscript, on which tears had evidently fallen, and where the bitter words had welled up from a sad heart to a trembling hand. It was a gloomy night, for a rain storm had set in—one of those long, tedious spring rains, when the clouds are so persistent and tireless, not sending down their waters in brisk, refreshing showers, as if they would do their work quick and well, but a steady, continuous, slow pour, like the even, firm march of a regiment that means to conquer, not by sudden onslaught but wearing out the enemy by the force of strength and numbers. My tired handmaid had gone to bed, and I sat alone reading the manuscript, at first rather listlessly, for it seemed to be a sentimental tirade against married life—how sad for poor woman to be subjected to the will of the tyrant man. One page ran on as follows:

"Sunday.—Mr. Smith has gone to church, he urged me to go with him, but how hypocritical for me to walk arm-in-arm with him, and sit by his side as if I loved and were beloved, when I know all the time his thoughts are on another. He shows it, too, by his looks, for his eyes are constantly wandering, even during the service, to Miss Reed's pew. Well, he may go alone and look as much as he pleases; I'll not trouble myself about going, and then be made miserable all the time. He said he bought me that new bonnet last week, hoping to induce me to go with him to-day, but I am too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. Did he think that I could not see that it was trimmed exactly like Miss Reed's? But I suppose he has looked at that so much that he thinks it is the only way ribbon can be put on. I'm sure I shall not wear it till the trimming is changed. He gave me a severe reproof last evening for refusing to see Mrs. Perry when she called, and leaving him to entertain her, as if that was not just what he wanted. Did not I see her come into the gate the other day when he was in the garden, and trip round so daintily, holding up her dress to show her little feet, and chatting and laughing with Mr. Smith, and bending down over this plant and that, and admiring his favorites, and offering him alms and roots from her conservatory? and then did not he make a most delicate bouquet of roses and heliotropes, and geraniums, and give her? She received it with smiles and thanks, and a nice time they had of it, as he walked clear to the gate, opening it for her, and bowing as if he worshipped the ground beneath her feet. Good reason why I did not wish to see her when she came here! There, sure enough, he is this minute walking home from church with her, and holding an umbrella to protect her from the shower. Why did not she carry an umbrella for herself?—she must know that showers are common here in April. Well, he may eat his dinner alone; he'll not want my society, after having that of such a beautiful and accomplished lady as Mrs. Perry."

Wednesday evening.—My little daughter has been very sick, and her father was much alarmed and anxious about her. (Wish he'd be as attentive to me.) For my part, I felt as if it might be as well for her perhaps to die now, for woman's lot is on her; it will be hers to suffer. If her fate is to be like mine, better far, the silent grave and the sleep that knows no waking! Mrs. Perry came in and offered to assist me in taking care of Emma, but I refused; (I knew what she wanted.) But the child cried so for her that I had to give my consent. So I went and laid down for a little rest, and when I awoke, some three hours afterwards, I found Mr. Smith with her, both watching, and Emma's hand was holding Mrs. Perry's and the child begged her not to leave her, and her father said, "No darling, the lady will not leave you if you'll try to sleep. There now, lie still and she'll sing to you." And she did sing, very low and soft, and the child's eyes were fixed upon her face, till at last sleep came, and then her father arranged the bed clothes, but I saw tears in his eyes as he thanked Mrs. Perry, and said: "It's the first sleep she has had for two days. The doctor said, if she could only sleep, she would recover; but he was afraid of using opiates, as they affect her head unpleasantly." "I'll come in again in a few hours," said Mrs. Perry, as if she really had a right to the child. I'm glad she'll have a child of her own, soon, and then she'll not monopolize all that I have. Oh, dear! I wish I loved flowers and could sing, but I'm nobody—at least, my husband seems to think so. Mrs. Perry is preparing for a great party. She was already for it last week, but would not have it because Emma was sick, so I suppose I'll have to go, but I'd rather spend the time in the county jail. Mr. Smith wants me to wear my light silk, and has brought me home a fashionable lace cape to wear with it; but black is the only color suitable for me—garments of mourning and a spirit of heaviness go together. A great party for Burnside. My husband laughs, and says: "Mr. Perry is a candidate for Judge, and that his wife will aid him more than any ten of his gentlemen friends." She was dressed very simply herself, as if she had no desire to outshine others; but Mr. Smith thinks she looked prettier than ever in her simple white dress and flowers. But he'd admire her if she were in coarse serge. Miss Reed was there, and was having a fine chat with my husband, which I interrupted suddenly by sending word that I wished to go home. I guessed he was going back for the coffee had not been sent round, and he has a great penchant for Mrs. Perry's Mocha; but I had one of my turns of heart's complaint, and of course he would not leave me. I went to bed at last,

and he sat up and read his paper. He was dreadfully disappointed, I know, but such trials are good for men; they need discipline. Then how wrong for us, poor, sinful beings, to like such gay and festive scenes—we creatures of a day, that are to be so soon devoured by worms—dancing, laughing, and making merry. Far better for us to be thinking of our sins, and death and judgment. I made a feeble effort to solemnize Mr. Smith's mind by reminding him of these things, but he said it was not good for me to talk when I had palpitation of the heart, and that he wished to read Mr. Clay's last speech in the Senate, on Internal Improvement. So I was left to my own sad thoughts, only remarking that I thought he would find a better essay on internal improvement in Ecclesiastes.

Sunday.—Mr. Smith is out of town, and I therefore took Emma and went to church, hoping to enjoy the services unmolested. Our good minister, Mr. Harmon, preached upon this text: "Be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, is going about as a roaring lion, seeking to devour you." He gave the various devices of the devil to devour and destroy the Church. It seems he assumes many disguises to draw poor souls to perdition. Among others he mentions the fascinations of worldly society. I then began to wish Mr. Smith was there, that he might see his great danger. Miss Reed sat as if she really enjoyed it all, and did not take one word of it home; and as for Mrs. Perry, the tears ran down her cheeks when Mr. Harmon described Paradise, and the blessed state of Adam and Eve before the Serpent entered the garden. "The perfect happiness of two holy beings," he said, "united in marriage, cannot be conceived by us now, when thorns and briars take the place of flowers, and anger, jealousy and passion dwell where love and peace hovered like angels. Adam," he added, "was majestic in his primeval beauty, and Eve fairer than any of her daughters; why then should she have listened to the charmer? or, rather, why should she have wandered from her husband's side—whose greater knowledge might have taught her wisdom? and then, alas! why should she use her beauty and the sweet language of tongue and eye, to bring such unutterable woe upon him? Oh, woman, great is thy power! Thou canst lend a soul to hell, or win a lost spirit from the shadow of death; thou canst fight against the armies of God like a painted Jael, or wash the Redeemer's feet with thy tears." Poor little Mrs. Perry wet her lace trimmed handkerchief through and through, so that I wanted to wring it out for her. I hope they were tears of repentance, and that she would henceforth be more careful how she used her powers of fascination on weak men. I suppose she has tried it on her Adam in vain, and wants some one else for experiment. Squire Perry was there himself to-day. He never goes to church excepting when a couple are to be published. As he is town clerk, he has to be there and read the banns. John Blake and Ann Brice were published to-day. (Poor things, if they knew the toll and sorrow in store for them, they would stop where they are.) Dear me! nothing opens our eyes but experience. But as I was going to say, Squire Perry said a man to be easily influenced by a woman; he is always grave and dignified, and never descends to much laughter, or small talk. People think his wife worships him, and perhaps she does, but I guess she is afraid of him, for she always watches him when present, as if anxious for his approval. I think she is too chatty and lively for so dignified a man as the Squire. I hope he will succeed in gaining his promotion, for he is just my ideal of a Judge.

Great arrival to-day at the Perrys'. Agnes, "my darling sister," as Mrs. Perry says, has come from Florida. I can see her now on Sunset Parole. She is a picture, surely, as she stands there in white, her hair falling in curls to her shoulders. The Squire is reading the paper, his wife is sitting near him, but she seems to be watching her sister eagerly, while the latter stoops to pat Rover, Sidney Perry's greyhound. There comes his master; they are never far apart. See Mrs. Perry is introducing Sidney to Miss Agnes; they look well together. I always did like Sidney's figure, and there, now he has taken off his hat—his high forehead and wavy black hair show well, as the light from the West falls upon them. There is something about him different from all the other young gentlemen in Burnside; so courteous and yet so grave; he always bows as politely to me as to the prettiest girl in town. How delicate he is, and lately he looks pale; will die young, perhaps, like his father, who was consumptive, though it's a long-lived family on the mother's side. It's just as well to go soon; there's nothing but trouble in this world; and if Sidney Perry is to be inveigled into matrimony by his sister-in-law, he might as well die at once. He's just the kind of man for an artful woman to work upon, unsuspecting, kind, retiring, and very reserved; but he bites when Mrs. Perry angles with her prettiness. She can't cheat heaven of its angels, though, and he will be one before many years, or I am no judge of disease. Alas! I know too well, and have watched too many going the same path.

"Oh dear!" I cried, glancing at the old manuscript to the further end of the room, and covering my face with my hands, burst into tears. "Aunt Posey! have this terrible fear ever before me? Aunt Posey's sad looks, Fanny's strange syllabic expressions, and now from the dark, gloomy past looms up this ghastly form and dead woman's words to wound me like a dagger's point. Oh, Sidney, come home—come quick, let me not lose one moment, if—if—I could not in thought finish the sentence, but I sang myself on the couch and wept till exhausted nature sought relief in sleep; but it was a sleep so troubled,

that I awoke at dawn, worked and worn, longing only for my husband's return. He came that day, looking so fresh and happy that I forgot my sad night, and felt as if the sun was shining and the sky blue after a long tempest. The manuscript was picked up and thrown into a drawer, where it remained untouched for a long time, the very thought of it giving me much pain.

The bright, sunny days were come, the grass in the yard was springing fresh, the hyacinths and English violets were yielding their fragrance lovingly, and the dandelions flinging their golden treasures over the hills. I never saw my husband so happy as then. The world never seemed so beautiful before, he said, and he set out trees, and planted shrubbery, and overlooked the workmen, watching every stone and plank, so that some words of his, some plan or new suggestion was associated with every part of the building. But strange to say, the old house became dearer to us as the new one approached completion, and when the workmen proposed to take down a huge chimney that stood in the back part, that they might fill in the new walls with brick, I felt as if it were almost sacrilegious. Whatever scenes had been enacted there, who at least had known only the purest happiness which it is given to mortals to know. Love had sanctified it, and I even went so far as to make the remark that I did not expect to be any happier in the new house than in the old.

Sidney smiled, and asked "If I thought a new house made happiness; and yet," he added, quickly, not giving me time to answer the question, "It is very inconvenient living in this old shell, and it is not healthy either, with its low ceiling, small windows, and deep shade. I shall be happier thinking of you as sitting in our large, light, airy sitting-room, and enjoying the pretty kitchen, with its abundant water and large pantry. I do not mean to have any sickly sentimentality about pulling down this poor, decayed old thing. I wish we could do it this summer, and fill up the old cellar, and add to the garden; but we cannot move into the new house until October, and must then wait till another Spring for my garden improvements."

Then we discussed our plans for the future, what fruits and flowers we would raise, and how delightful it would be to see the work of our own hands. The two acres which surrounded the house should be made to blossom and bear fruit abundantly. Here we would live and here die.

"I am satisfied with Burnside," said Sidney, "and have no roving propensities. Here, when I am old, I desire to sit under the shade of my own vines and apple trees, and in yonder quiet burying-ground sleep at last in peace. How beautifully it looks now," he added, "as the evening sun strikes the eastern slope."

I turned my eyes, and caught the white gleam of a monument—his father's grave. Then I remembered Mrs. Smith's Journal, and a shudder ran through my whole frame.

"Come, let us walk," said my husband, "I want your opinion about settling out some currant and gooseberry bushes."

We lingered long, that evening, out of doors, planning little arbors and garden paths, and then we sat on a pile of boards, in the new house, discussing how best to furnish it.

"Let us have nothing for show," said Sidney, "but all for comfort and use."

"I was never happier than when I laid my head on my pillow that night. Life seemed very bright, nor did the morning bring any sad reality to chase away the sweet dreams of the evening, rather were they confirmed, for Sidney says:

"I can't account for it, Mary, but my cough has left me suddenly, and I feel as buoyant and vigorous as a boy."

For weeks my home was an Elysium to me. I was busy all day, and wished the days were longer, that I might accomplish more. It was the same with my husband; his business occupied a large share of his time, and the remainder he spent on his garden and the house; but in the latter occupation we were much together, and found such congeniality of taste, that we desired no other society.

I cannot now recall any alloy to the happiness of that summer; life has some such serene spots on which memory loves to dwell. I had little society, for we had no near neighbors save Aunt Hannah, and she was having the mansion to herself, cleaning, sweeping, scrubbing to her heart's content. She was a thorough housekeeper, merciless toward all dust and litter, and her tongue had learned a lesson from her broom, for toward all idle or easy women, she did not spend their days in cleaning, it was a lesson of destruction.

Aunt Posey had been at the mountains for some weeks, but was coming home the first of September. I missed the good woman, though had she been here I could not have taken my usual walks, for my exercise was limited to my garden.

I called and was called upon by the ladies of Burnside village, but our intercourse was limited to these calls, save an occasional tea-party, from which Sidney excused himself as much as possible, and therefore I did not enjoy them very much, as it was not agreeable to think of him alone at home.

Our minister called at rare intervals, and these visits were highly prized. He was a quiet, grave man, called reserved in genial society; but I found him genial and more than usually conversant with general literature. I always felt, after an interview with him, as if I had ascended the Delectable mountain, and viewed the fair and goodly land of promise. His wife called, when I first came to Burnside—a tall, pale woman, in deep mourning. She said little, and supposing that she was oppressed by some great affliction, I had a certain awe, mingled with pity, which I could not yet overcome. I had returned her call, and sat a few minutes in a large parlor rather scantily furnished and much darkened. She said but little, and I feeling oppressed found few words to say, and this had been the extent of our intercourse.

The parsonage was two miles from the village, in a lovely and retired spot. Mr. Harmon was a man of refinement and taste, and had adorned his home with trees and flowers, which were the delight of all visitors. I used to think that when time had some what alleviated the deep sadness of the pastor's wife, the place would be a most agreeable resort. At present I would not intrude upon her.

Thus the reader will see that my home was my world, and now that Maurice and Fanny were gone, I had few visitors. The former used to be in daily, and Fanny of course belonged to us. Her letters came regularly—genuine, four-paged, school-girl letters—in which Frank's name came in frequently, but as yet she had not a letter from him. But about mid summer came one to Sidney, with a letter

enclosed to Fanny. How delighted I was to see it! I remember that I left Sidney in the garden, where I was helping him tie up the grape vines, and ran directly to the writing-desk, and wrote hastily, that I might send by the first mail.

Oh dear! how disappointed I was when ten days after a letter came from Fanny, saying that her father had given directions that no letters were to be handed her but such as passed through her teacher's hands; that my letter, appearing double, had been opened, and Frank's retained. Poor Fanny! this was a hard trial for a school-girl, and as I was ignorant of the contents of Frank's letter, I could not communicate much information. We only knew that Frank was in Florida, in Gen. —'s army, and would write to us again in a few weeks. It would be of no use to write to him, as he might be in the everglades of the territory, where post offices were an unknown institution.

Thus we were left in suspense, and Fanny to pursue her studies, if she could, while the letter which would have given her so much pleasure was either looked in her school-teacher's desk, or transferred to her father. This was the only cloud of my happy summer-time. And now, in four weeks, we were to move into our new home; not a great moving, surely, only the other side of the garden, but, in our quiet lives, a great event.

"I shall be glad," said Sidney, "when it is over, for I am weary, and need rest."

The last few weeks he had been active from early morn till midnight, but the long quiet winter would bring us rest. Our weariness was not of the spirit; no—brighter, fresher than ever were our hearts, and the future had a new joy in store for us. We waited in hope and peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light. SUNSET.

BY E. CASE, JR.

The hour of rest, the peaceful hour, Steals o'er the earth and sky, And the great night's majesty shades Reclaims heaven's canopy— While sinks the sun, an endless sea Of boundless blue tranquility O'erhangs the deepening West, While island clouds are lingering there, Such as the homes of spirits are In Paradisean rest.

Who has not gazed on such a sky All lost in raptur'd thought, And felt his startled soul uprise From earthly sorrow caught, Till he seemed as 'twere to soar away Through those blue realms to endless day, All freed from meaner things, Feeling no pang, no fretting kiss, Emanate the soul for bliss, As Enoch passed away?

Look at the purple sunset now, Shade deepening still on shade— Look at the veins of liquid gold The radiant light has made! Look at those clouds; they're "living things;" See them unfold their "fleecey wings;" To sweep through heaven away, Ready to bear the unprisoned soul, When earth no longer can control, Thus struggling worn of clay.

The stars come twinkling, one by one, As the clouds slow disappear, Lost in the deeps that reach away Where mortals may not peer, But O, the mysteries that lie In the embraces of that sky, My soul has longed to know; Then come, thou Genius of Repose, Unvex me of these fruitless throes, I long with thee to go.

So let me fade from earthly things, As those fair clouds fade, By dawning worlds inspired to rise, By death all undimmed. On that far-famed, majestic shore, With eager feet, let me explore The lands of deathless flowers, And rest, if I shall weary be, In amaranthine bowers.

Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide.

- 1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings upon damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.
2. Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading romances. Going to theatres, parties, and balls, in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold, dark evening.
3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small unventilated bed-room.
4. Surfing on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and excitement of the evening.
5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through obnoxious and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors; by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.
6. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.
7. Keeping children quiet by giving them paragonic and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.
8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.
9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nothings, when the stomach says No, and by forcing food when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.
10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.
11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.
12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

TO CURB DRIZZLES.—Take a new ax, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the ax and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

Original Essays.

MISTAKES RESPECTING THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. C. KNOWLTON.

"The Word of our God shall stand forever."—Isa. 40: 8.

Every theological student finds in his books and among his acquaintances various and conflicting opinions respecting the Bible. Some of these opinions are the result of careful and candid investigations, some are the legacy of ancient tradition, and some the repulsive offspring of ignorance. All of them cannot of course be correct; and the false ones cannot conduce to man's moral, intellectual, nor spiritual welfare. A portion of these erroneous notions are so glaringly absurd as to be comparatively harmless; but others are so venerable with age, and so intermingled with truth that they sometimes mislead even ripe scholars. All error is pernicious; but mistakes respecting the Bible, the "rule of faith and guide to practice," are exceedingly injurious. They tend to injure the very foundation on which rest the best things in earth.

I propose in this paper to examine and try to expose some of these mistakes. My views may not be entirely correct; but I will state them frankly, and be ready and willing to receive more light. May truth triumph, though it annihilate my creed and all existing theories.

1. It is a mistake to suppose that criticizing the Bible is wrong or even impolitic.

We cheerfully admit that the Sacred Volume should be treated reverently and prized highly. It contains valuable history, sublime poetry, living truth, wise admonitions, and inspiring revelations. It long has been and long will be a light, guide, and strong consolation to millions of good people. We would not diminish but increase its value and power. We would not damage this "pearl of great price," but merely remove the repulsive accretions gathered during long dark ages, that the divine gem may display its pristine brilliancy. And doing this, seems to us not a sacrilegious but a saintly task.

The Bible does not forbid free discussion respecting its origin and contents. In no passage can be found the warning, "Hands off," "procur, O procur, este profani." In no single instance is it even hinted that it is wicked to inquire into its authenticity and authority. On the contrary, the volume is remarkably unassuming and unpretending. It seems to have been written and published without a wish or thought respecting its fate. No copyright is secured, no preface intercedes for public favor, and no outside authority is appealed to in attestation of its worth. Its readers may question its age, reputed authorship, style, meaning, internal harmony, and truthfulness, without fear of rebuke from prophet or apostle. You may reject a large portion of it as uninspired, interpolated, and unworthy of attention, and no chapter nor verse will condemn you! Its writers were zealous for what they considered truth and right, and not for the popularity or perpetuity of their works. They are willing we should handle the book without gloves and without fear.

Candid, manly, scholarly criticism cannot harm the Bible. If it be the Word of God, it will stand forever. If between the lines is contained the Word of God, that portion of it cannot be destroyed nor rendered powerless; and we need not be particular what becomes of the remainder. One might as well attempt to extinguish the sun as to extinguish a Divine Revelation. That which God wants men to know, he will find means to make known to them. When he speaks to us, we cannot be deaf to his voice, nor misunderstand his words. When he writes to us, we shall get his letters; for he employs none but trusty messengers. Without the intervention of words, he can put his truth into our minds, and engrave his law upon our hearts. If the Bible, or any part of the Bible is Divine, it will exert a Divine influence in protecting itself unimpaired; but if the whole or any part thereof is a mere human production, let it stand on its intrinsic merits and pass for what it is worth, or pass away. It has stood the wear and tear of many centuries, and the fierce assaults of many enemies, unharmed. It has taken care of itself, and will take care of itself; and all anxiety about its fate is entirely needless.

But its ordeal is not fully passed. Infidels and Christians, the ignorant and the learned, are still continually inquiring about its origin, inspiration, and reliability. The Oriental world is ransacked for information. Chaldean ruins and Egyptian hieroglyphics are pressed into the service. Traveling, searching, comparing ancient versions and manuscripts, studying ancient languages and literature, go bravely on throughout Christendom. And no earthly power can stay the mighty current of investigation. The figurative style of the Bible involves uncertainty, and its astonishing statements provoke doubt. To us, while in the body, all spiritual affairs are mysterious, and all superhuman transactions are incomprehensible. Uncertainty, difference in opinion and discussion in relation to the Bible, will long continue.

And its friends should be as well armed and as valiant as its enemies. Unbelief cannot be frowned down. Skepticism and heresy cannot be anathematized out of existence. Infidelity boasts of having good scholars, deep thinkers, and able logicians. We must make better arguments than they, or be content with fewer adherents. We must demonstrate to the world that we know more and can reason better than our opponents, or be justly adjudged only their equals. If they assail the Scriptures, we must show the fallacy of their arguments, or acknowledge the Bible cause to be hopeless. Especially is it the duty of the better informed to furnish the common people and the young inquirer, all the principal arguments for and against the Bible. The person who does not know that a whale's throat is entirely too small to admit a man's body, is poorly qualified to repel the attacks of infidelity. But remind him that the "Lord prepared a great fish" to swallow Jonah, and he will be able to foil his opponent. Better suppose a slight mistake made by some old Hebrew transcriber, whereby Samson is affirmed to have employed foxes instead of dry sheaves in kindling a fire to run through the fields of his enemies—better suppose the whole story an allegory or a myth, than to attempt the hopeless task of explaining how even a strong man could catch three hundred very spry wild animals, and keep them quiet while firebrands were being attached to them. If a statement hard to credit, as the standing still of the sun and moon at the command of Joshua, can in any fair way be softened and explained, let it be done. Let Christians familiarize

themselves with all the main objections to the Bible, and with the best replies thereto; in other words, give criticism free scope and fair play, and the Thomas Paine school of infidels would soon vanish from the world.

We must come to this at last. All books and statements are addressed to the intellect, and challenge investigation. Reason must decide whether the true Revelation is contained in the sacred books of the Chinese, the Persians, the Arabians, or the Hebrews. Having given our verdict in favor of the Jewish writings, reason must then try to ascertain which of their books contain the Word of God, whether any changes have been made in the original composition, whether the translation is correct, and what is the exact meaning of every sentence and word. Every reader actually does investigate to some extent, but the whole work has not yet been done.

There is still a great task to be performed in the field of Biblical criticism. And the Bible will not be our master—all its sayings will not be authoritative—doubt respecting the literal correctness of some of its statements will not be criminal, until investigation demonstrates exactly what is the Word of God and what its every passage means. Till then, it will be only a light and helper. Till then, its every page will be exposed to free discussion; and as a liberal denomination, occupying an advance position in the Christian army, it is our manifest duty to examine the Bible thoroughly.

2. It is a mistake to suppose that every part of the Bible is equally interesting and profitable to modern readers.

The most studious and learned men have not yet fully ascertained the meaning of all the obscure passages in the volume, and the majority of common people do not feel sure that they understand one-half of it. The language, opinions, laws, habits, general appearance and natural productions of the country in which it was written, are so unlike our own, that it is often exceedingly difficult for the best scholars to perceive the point and force of its many metaphors, allusions and illustrations. Its less informed students are continually at fault. Of course that which is not understood can be neither profitable nor interesting. Those who pretend to love and prize the entire book, while they do not comprehend the meaning of some of its paragraphs, stultify themselves and deceive others. Those passages and words which we do not understand are of no value to us; and, for aught we know to the contrary, they might as well be expunged from the canon as to remain. Nothing is valuable that is not useful.

But there are large portions of the Bible which are easily enough understood that are not very interesting and profitable reading. To most persons, the dry details of the Mosaic ritual and the "endless genealogies" are exceedingly dull and tiresome. Except as a pious task like sin-forgiveness by an ancient monk, no one reads Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy a second time. The historical and biographical portions of the Old Testament, though generally interesting, do not always make the reader more devoted and spiritually minded. Canticles and portions of Ezekiel are of doubtful tendency on those not strongly inclined to piety. But nearly all the other poetical books and the entire New Testament, except Revelation and a few obscure passages in the Epistles, are ever fresh, charming, purifying and elevating. Job is a rich literary treat. The Psalms inspire devotion. Ecclesiastes and Proverbs abound in wise admonitions. The Gospels soften our hearts, and the Epistles lift us up toward heaven.

Now to pretend that every book, chapter and verse of the Bible is equally valuable and important, and that no sentence, phrase or word can be expunged without spoiling the entire volume, is unwise, unmanly and injurious to the cause of truth. The tendency of such a pretension is, to bring the entire book into disrepute. A judicious discrimination is far better. We pity the man whose dull soul cannot appreciate the sublime beauties of the Bible; but we almost despise the stupid bigot who pretends to prize the account of Noah's intoxication as highly as Paul's arguments and John's living letters. Every candid, sensible man likes the New Testament better than the Old, and the words of Jesus best of all. Denying this is liable to bring contempt upon ourselves and our cause. Let us be fair and consistent. As we regard mainly the superstructure of a house, and prefer to abide in its upper rooms that we may enjoy its fine prospect and luxurious furniture, and do not care often to visit the dark cellar beneath to examine the deep, damp foundations, so let us admire and enjoy the precious promise and bright revelations of the Gospel, and not be too particular and inquisitive about the poor and rocky Judean subsoil whence they seem to have originated. Truth is good and falsehood is evil, irrespective of the land or manner of their birth. Let us hold fast the good, and be willing for the evil to perish. If the critics pare off a few unimportant verses, let us still prize the good remaining.

3. It is a mistake to suppose that all the Word of God must be contained in the Bible.

The lapse of ages and the revolutions of empire have made and havoc with literature. Many valuable ancient books have not come down to us; and possibly some that contained Divine revelations may have shared the fiery fate of Solomon's Temple and the Alexandrian Library. There have been many prophets by whom the Father has instructed his children; and we are by no means sure that all their inspired utterances are in the Bible. We have nothing from the pens of Agabus, Anna, Iddo, Elishah, Elisha, Saul, Balaam, nor the school of prophets established by Samuel. De Wette gives a list of twenty books mentioned in the Old Testament and probably current among the ancient Hebrews, not one of which are now extant. Do we know that none of these were inspired? Possibly our Bible contains only the fragments of large and rich volumes by Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah and Jeremiah, that were long ago lost. Who knows? It is absolutely certain that we have not all the teachings of Jesus, nor of those disciples that were "filled with the Holy Spirit." In a half day one can easily read all the sayings of Christ recorded in the four Gospels, yet he taught for thirty years. It cannot be that we have a full report of all he said. In the "Apocryphal New Testament," there is a catalogue of more than seventy-five books devoted to the elucidation of Christianity extant during the first four centuries of our era, not one of which now remains. Some of these bore the names and perhaps were the production of eminent apostles. Were they all, as professed, and uninspired? Are we sure that the Council of Nice gathered all the wheat and left out of the garner only the chaff? There is certainly ample room for doubt.

If in ancient times God spoke to the Jews in any particular way, he was abundantly able to speak to other nations in a similar way. If he spoke to men three thousand years ago, he can speak to men now. Surely, there is need enough of "line upon line and precept upon precept" to keep mankind within due bounds. God has not lost the ability to speak, and there is no necessity for his remaining silent. No law forbids him and no recorded resolution within our knowledge restrains him. He has not informed us that he has uttered all he means to communicate, and that henceforth he shall never again speak one word to man, nor inspire a single human being, to the latest generation.

It is true that in the last chapter of the Bible, a fearful malediction is pronounced against any one who shall "add unto these things or shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy." But this is an admonition to man, not to God; and it applies only to the little book of Revelation. At the time when this was written, no such book as the New Testament was in existence, and even the Old Testament was merely a collection of separate rolls of parchment. St. John, or the Being that inspired him, simply wished to have his work remain just as it came from his pen; but he does not denounce the writing of other sacred books.

The Bible does not claim to be all the Holy Scriptures in the world, nor affirm that the age of inspiration has forever passed. For aught it says to the contrary, and for aught we know, it may be only the imperfect beginning, the brief introduction to a far more full and glorious Revelation that shall, in some golden hereafter, flood the world with heavenly light; and draw out every sin and falsity. Indeed, the prophet Joel predicted that in the last days there would be an outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh, and a consequent vast increase of clairvoyant power. Old men would have oracular dreams, and young men heavenly visions. Even servants (slaves?), male and female, would be gifted with a prophetic spirit.

This began to be fulfilled in the apostolic age, on the memorable day of Pentecost; but it was not then completed. So far as we know, the Spirit was not then poured upon all flesh, nor has it been since. But the promise is still good, and it may even now be in process of fulfillment. Men and women in our day and land, may be speaking and writing as they are moved upon by the Holy Spirit. And there may be a good time coming when inspiration shall be universal, when all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest, and when every person shall understand his duty and destiny, without the aid of prophet, apostle, priest or Bible.

The Sacred Volume itself plainly teaches that it is neither the only Word of God, nor even his principal word. St. John says, "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory." Christ was the embodied Word of God, bound in human flesh; and wherever his Spirit exists, there is a Divine Revelation. He promised to be with his disciples "always, even unto the end of the world," and his presence is worth more to them—he can give them more wisdom and strength—than a score of Bibles. In reality, he, and not a book, is the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; not through the letter that killeth, but by the Spirit that giveth life.

Not is this all. God speaks by his words. His wisdom, power and goodness are manifest throughout his creation. He causeth the heavens to declare his glory. He maketh the day utter speech, and the night disclose knowledge. Our best books are but the imperfect alphabet of celestial literature. The entire earth, with all its living hosts, is only one small paragraph in Divine Revelation. Stellar systems, with their million worlds, are merely chapters. Nothing short of the boundless universe, with all its forms, laws, beauty and life, is worthy to be called the Book of God. Our Bible has much truth, but not all. Let us hold it dear, and read it well; but let us neither refuse, nor neglect to study the older, greater, better Volume.

4. It is a mistake to suppose that our English Bible is an inspired book.

At best, it is only a translation of inspired writings; and translations never fully express their originals. The words and idiomatic phrases of one language do not exactly correspond to those of another, and hence circumlocution and approximate expressions must be employed in translating, and none but inspired men can be expected to give a perfect rendering. And further, all the shades of meaning of every word in "an ancient dead language, cannot be easily ascertained. There are words in the Hebrew Old Testament that puzzle our best philologists. In our large Bibles, there are numerous marginal notes intended to elucidate the meaning of the text; yet every good linguist acknowledges that the ideas of the sacred writers are not distinctly enunciated in our common version. A dubious obscurity clouds many a passage, and every person not familiar with Greek and Hebrew, feels that a thick veil hangs between him and the ancient word of God. In reading it, he sees as through a glass darkly.

As a whole, the Bible does not assume to be an inspired production. Not a single one of its many authors pretends to be a medium through which the Holy Spirit writes, nor even hints that he is influenced from above to pen one sentence. If they were inspired, if the words or ideas they wrote were breathed into them, it is very doubtful whether they were aware of the fact. No one can tell where came any of his thoughts. True, it is affirmed that "holy men of old spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Spirit," and also that "God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, and in these last days by his Son," on whom the Divine effluvia was poured without measure; but the record does not state who those holy men and prophets were, nor affirm that one of them ever wrote a single word. Jesus did not write, except on the sand, and on the public mind. Occasionally, the prophets introduce a paragraph with a "thus saith the Lord"; but this is quotation, not inspiration. The inference also is fair that the paragraphs not thus prefaced, are not the sayings of the Lord. Moses was commanded to write the law given on Sinai, and St. John to write an account of the things seen and heard while "in the isle of Patmos"; but these are not instances of inspiration. The Hebrew Chief, wrote by dictation the Beloved Disciple from observation. The one was an amanuensis, the other a historian. If St. Paul means what he is made to affirm in 2 Tim. 3: 16, that "all Scripture (writing) is given by inspiration," we bow to his decision, and admit that the Holy Spirit alone closed the Bible. The Bible, the Bible, the Bible, and the Bible, are all inspired. But if we may affirm, as Dr. Clark says, that "every writing is

ively inspired is probable. We agree with him, and only regret that he did not furnish a catalogue of the inspired books then extant.

On examining the volume in search of incidental proofs of its super-human origin, we discover that large portions of it appear very much like the imperfect work of fallible though honest men.

It is a mistake to suppose that God ever spoke an untruth, or uttered an unimportant word. If any one finds in the Bible trifling matters, mistakes, conflicting statements or falsehoods, he may rest assured either that they are not the word of God, or that he does not get the true meaning.

Perhaps no one at the present time fully understands all the dark sayings in the Bible. By violent and learned twisting of texts, by imagining similes, metaphors and allegories, by resorting to spiritualizing and a double sense theory, commentators do manage to squeeze some meaning out of every sentence; but unluckily the commentators do not agree among themselves.

To most persons the prophetic books seem to abound in unintelligible mysteries. Ezekiel's wheels, Daniel's beasts, and John's panoramic Revelation, are difficult to interpret. Extreme age dimms and wrinkles even the most durable pages of literature.

For it is a mistake to suppose that no apparent discrepancies nor interpolations can be found in the Bible. There are many.

Moses, the reputed author of the Pentateuch, could not have written the account of his own death, as recorded in the last chapter of Deuteronomy. The account is manifestly an interpolation, or rather barbaresc addendum by a later and unknown hand.

Manifest discrepancies may be found in the Bible. Gen. 21:1—'God did tempt Abraham.' James 1:13—'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man.' These two statements do not harmonize, and hence one of them must be incorrect.

It would be easy to point out many other discrepancies, but these are sufficient for our purpose. They prove either that all the Bible was not written by inspiration, or that the Inspiring Power made mistakes, or that our version is not a genuine transcript of the original.

The sublimity of its eloquent poetry, the pathos of its exquisitely tender scenes, the purity of its ethics, its encouraging advice to the discouraged and doubting, and above all, the light it flashes on and beyond the Dark Vale, will preserve it in honor and affection as long as man has a heart to feel or a mind to reason.

obtained their ideas by intuition and personal observation. They do not attempt to manufacture arguments and to sustain their statements by quoting the opinions of renowned men. They do not beg your attention and entreat you to be patient and candid, as if they were struggling to obtain a hearing, and expected rough treatment.

Again, it commends itself by its earnestness. It contains no levity, no wit, no sarcasm, no indifference. Its perusal never provokes a smile nor excites glee. It treats only of momentous matters, and holds its readers steadily to the point.

The inspired prophets and apostles felt themselves to be God's messengers to man, and they had better die than be faithless to their employer. His word was a burden which they must carry and deliver, or sink under it.

When men talk thus in earnest, though their words are incoherent and their ideas absurd, we respectfully listen. But when, as in the Bible, we find in addition to the earnestness, the most important questions under discussion, and feel the pulse of the ocean of eternity throbbing in every sentence, our attention is fixed. We cannot turn away in different. Man will read and meditate upon the great and glorious themes of the Bible, till faith is lost in sight.

Keene, N. H., Sept. 1862.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

TO AUNT MYRA: My Dear Aunt—I was surprised and pleased to see your name in the papers as a writer, and much interested in reading your articles. As you seem to be seeking the truth in regard to that most knotty subject, Marriage, I have thought to give expression to some of my ideas, with that freedom that you love so well in your nephews and nieces.

And the same law governs in this as in all bargains that it takes two to make. I hold that honor and honesty both bind man and woman to do as they agree to—if it be possible.

Marriage is somewhat like a note on time: 'For value received, and to be received, I promise to pay love and service till the date of my death or yours.' 'Tis a thing of time, and not of eternity, though some so pretend; but it seems to me they are only 'fancy matches.' But, you will ask, has love nothing to do with Marriage? I answer, no, for love is like God—without limit, and without divisibility, consequently if we really love one we love all, and can't help it; for love is not voluntary, and does not know time, space, or any condition.

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me Nature is wiser than her children, for they seem to be compelled to do so against their wills, and although it may not be for the quiet of the parents, 'tis for the good of the offspring, I think. Breeding 'in and in' does not seem to be great Nature's plan in this case. Can we think she is wrong?

It seems to me if our young people were taught to be ambitious to maintain themselves, and to bring to their conjugal companions well developed, healthful and sweet bodies, rather than fine clothes and flashy accomplishments; and taught not to expect to find perfect happiness in or through any one person in the universe, it could do them no harm.

There, my dear Aunt, are some of my earnest thoughts. Do not answer them till you have pondered them well. Think not I would degrade Marriage—far from it; I would lift it up on to the pedestal of truth; I would spiritualize it to the utmost degree; teaching the sacredness of the body as well as the soul, and rendering it the vehicle of joy and bliss almost divine.

And in order to fit ourselves for true conjugal companions, let us cultivate Charity, and strive to get rid of Pride and Selfishness. I am as ever your affectionate niece, MARY BEALS.

Baldwinsville, Oct. 1, 1862.

THE SUN.

The most recent theory or hypothesis relative to the heat and light of the sun, ascribes it to a purely mechanical origin.

The investigation of astronomers show that the sun is surrounded by a zone of nebulous or meteoric matter, having a somewhat discoidal form, the largest polar diameter, if the mass be circular, corresponding with the axis of the sun. It is inferred, for certain reasons, that the rotation of this mass of meteoric matter around the sun is not sufficiently rapid to prevent it from gradually condensing around that body; or, in other words, the velocity of its orbital rotation is being constantly diminished, so that meteoric matter is being continually projected into the atmosphere of the sun, where, by its intense friction, due to a rapid velocity, it develops a continual supply of light and heat.

Recent discoveries in astronomy also demonstrate the existence of a mass or log of meteoric matter around the earth, as yet beyond the sensible limits of the earth's atmosphere, though probably quite near the remote portions of the atmosphere. If this belt of meteoric matter which surrounds the earth is found to have its orbital velocity gradually diminished by any cause, a time will come when it will be brought within the sensible limits of the atmosphere, when, by its friction on the atmosphere, it will develop heat and light.

The writer, who, a few weeks ago in the BANNER, referred the meteoric belt surrounding the earth to spiritual causes, or associated it with spiritual conditions, evidently disregards the apparently established fact, that spirits, and whatever pertains to them materially, are not susceptible of a sensible appreciation, except under conditions which are not constant, and which depend upon entirely different laws from those which relate to matter on a purely physical plane.

Accepting this interpretation, there cannot very well be a just reference of the meteoric belt which surrounds the earth to spiritual conditions, without accepting the material phase, which is given above, together with the inferences drawn in relation thereto. EOS N.

MEDIUMS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

It would be an interesting work if some competent person would give us brief biographical histories of the mediums who have shone with more or less brilliancy in wide or narrow circles about their respective localities, with the long or short periods of their respective brilliancy, and the points of entry and exit of each in the sidereal heavens of our spiritual armament. Such history would give us some data on which to base our conclusions in regard to the real value of mediumship, and serve as a guide-board to direct many who will journey on that road with no knowledge of the forks and crossings in the highway of mediumship.

To one who has seen and known as much of them as I have, it seems almost impossible to stay here and endure life without them. It would be a starless and cheerless night-life to me, were I shut off from these light-bearers who stand on our social horizon, even though I have some capacity in myself of reasoning, or being reached by the spiritual world. I am not surprised that many turn away and refuse the proffered gifts of angels, after seeing, or hearing of the many who have attempted to cross the social and religious breakers that dash around the border of our sandy world, and hide the 'New Atlantis' from all but the spiritual seer.

Others have been shipwrecked on the islands of our perverted and isolated social system, and are lost to the world, and brought to a dead halt in their voyage of spiritual progress, retired to the mossy, or granite, or thorny bed of domestic life, where the celestial spark is soon quenched by the plentiful showers of cares and trials, and burdens of life. Others, feeling the ardent and increasing love of the soul reaching out for kindred natures, are met with passion in the garb of affection, or lust in the garments of love, and deceived by the wily and seductive trapper of the confiding in our social system, in which our sectarian religion educates our children for deceivers, and are drawn through their quickened natures into some hidden and thorny by-way of life, where the soul and body are lacerated and torn with wounds that are long and tardy in healing when the poor deluded traveler returns again to the angel guardian's care, and the bosoms of true and loving friends. A few only of the many who start, sail boldly and safely through the breakers, and reach the calm waters of well and fully developed mediumship, where they can look forward to the green and flowery shore, with the pearly sands and luaid ripples that invite the landing of all who behold them; and who can look calmly back and reach out a hand, or a wand, to those who are struggling in the breakers, or standing on this mortal shore gazing and longing for a note or word from the 'Island of the blessed, the land of the hereafter.' Such can give words of encouragement and bid the voyager be true, be honest, be faithful, and steer the bark by reason, by nature, by affection, taking council of angels, and living true to the highest light.

Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 29, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WEARY! WEARY!

BY ANNIE EMER.

I am tired of the world, Cousin Benja. For it starves me and freezes me, too. Have you ever watched its pretensions? To friendship, and proved them untrue? Have you linked hands with strangers and found them Cool-headed, cool-hearted and wise. Over-reaching your thoughtless affection With their far-seeing, practical eyes?

Have you turned with disgust from their pitying. When you learned their lessons like me— That each friend (?) sought his own selfish pleasures. And paid for them mercifully? There! the thought is unworthy and cruel. I will not accept it for truth; Nor have I for such wicked prudence Bartered all the bright sunshine of youth.

But if there's peace in your wee Thatchwood Cottage— If strife and contentions ne'er come To mar with unmusical discords The charm of that pleasant word Home— Say, may I not pause, Cousin Benja, World-wearied, heart-sick and soul-weak, To rest for an hour by its heartstone, And list to the strong words you speak?

Spiritualists and the Indians.

The following is offered as reasons why Spiritualists should, as a body, make a special effort in behalf of the Indians:

1. Spiritualism gives a better idea of the condition and of the capacity of the Indian, and of the proper means for his improvement, than the teachings of any of the churches.

2. The Indians being the elder brethren of Spiritualists in a common faith, and having done so much by their magnetism in healing the sick, and in developing mediums, have a first claim on the sympathy of all in their ranks.

3. The Indians have been the longest stoned against by our people, and some of the tribes are now in the greatest peril of extermination by civil war, and by the aggressions of lawless men. Therefore justice demands that the first national sin (wrong to the Indians) should be blotted out by immediate redress of existing grievances and full protection of the remnants of all the tribes under the control of our Government.

To this end let public speakers present the claims of the Indian before every audience, and let Indians in the form, as well as their spirits through mediums, be invited to plead for themselves; and, let all who can, see to it that his representative in Congress and in the Senate of the United States be fully informed relative to this matter.

Let the demand be for ample domains in suitable locations, for every tribe to subsist in perfect freedom from all interference by those whose presence among them they do not desire. Let everything be done to create a correct public sentiment, so as to reverse the atheistic and murderous sentiment, which affirms 'the Indian's destiny to be to perish before the march of our civilization.' Let all this be done, not merely to save the Indians, but as the most proper and the most speedy measure for saving ourselves.

There can be no mistake in affirming that injustice has brought ruin and desolation upon our nation, and that nothing can stay its wide-spread ravages but prompt obedience to the demands of absolute right for all mankind.

If Spiritualists have indeed got a dispensation which is truthful and powerful to save, surely now is the time to put it forth. JOHN BRADSON. 15 Light street, New York, Oct. 4, 1862.

AN EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.—A foreign journal in an article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details: 'When, at the end of the last century, the terrible machine of Dr. Guillotin made its appearance, it gave rise to great controversy among the faculty throughout Europe. The inventor pretended and believed that death by his instrument was easier than by any other means, and that the rupture of the vertebra, the nerves and all the organs of the head, killed the whole body at once, and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some poisoners were to be executed, and several medical men, who had already disputed the correctness of the statement of Dr. Guillotin, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during the execution, and when a head was cut off it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when the tongue was pricked with a pin, when it was drawn in and the face made a grimace indicative of pain. The second was that of a woman. The eyes were open, and their suppliant looks were accompanied by many tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution, the eyes turned toward the side from whence the woman's name was called. A third head was that of the most guilty of the criminals. A slap was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible on the neck being touched.'

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FRIENDS, I am constrained to address you in behalf of our cause—the cause of humanity. Our country is passing through a terrible crisis, a physical revolution, and a moral overthrow, which is to mark the present era as the most remarkable in the annals of history. We, as a people, have been measurably prepared for this, for we have seen the signs in the heavens, and warning voices from the world beyond have come back to us, and we have hearkened to them, and in some degree understood their import.

No class can be more, if as much, interested in passing and coming events as we are. We commenced the work—set about it by the spirit-world. We opened the war, with principles for our weapons, and humanity for our cause. We have fought against slavery everywhere, and in every form. We have claimed the right of every one to rule himself, or herself, and besieged the fortresses of moral power that set up authority over us all. In this crusade we have made great advances—making breaches in the strong walls of religious bigotry, so that the people have been able to a large extent to see through and witness the bonds, cunningly wrought, with which it was hoped to make captives of us all.

With the light of truth, radiated by principles comprehensible even by the commonest mind, we have opened the way onward and upward, extending the vision to realms hitherto unexplored, unwilling to the world so much of interior wealth and glory that the crude conceptions and moral lights that have been set forth to light mankind onward in the past, have grown dim to the eyes, and unsatisfying to the mind.

The war which we inaugurated in the moral, or religious world, has broken out and already made great progress in the political and physical strata of the world's great layers of conditions. Here, in the sphere of the physical senses, the human mind is principally attracted at the present time; but the true Spiritualist sees in these elements of the revolution, the fires that consume the grosser materials, preparing the ground for the seedling and a future harvest. We are the sowers of the seed, and on us depends the fullness of the coming harvest.

Measurably, we have been left calmly to look out upon the raging storm, and to a great extent, it is to be feared we have done so listlessly, forgetting for the time the work which is before us to do. Now is the time for us to concentrate our forces, examine our strength, and see that we are fully prepared for coming events. We have yet an important part to play in the struggle for the right. The time is coming, and now is, when we shall be charged with the cause of the discomfited of those who sought power through human oppression. Then will the shafts of malice and deadly hatred be hurled against us, and we shall need all our forces to resist the onslaught.

We have hitherto left our work principally with God and the angels, trusting in them to shape events, while we looked on content to watch their coming. While the war was of a purely moral or spiritual character, it was well for us, perhaps, to wait for guidance; but when in the progress of events we come to the contest with the material or physical reaction, then as men and women, we will have to put our strong arms forth, and beat back the oppressor, or die the death of the martyr.

Believing, as I do, that a systematic crusade will be waged against us in time, and at no distant day, as the instigators and abettors of abolition and church reforms, it seems to me that rational prudence should lead us to the adoption of some general system of organization and cooperation. The Government, so far as the President has power, has taken a mighty step forward for human freedom in the emancipation policy, which will very likely open a new contest and render the national strife still more bitter and create divisions and perhaps a fratricidal warfare in the North. Improbable as it may seem to some, none can deny but that the last year has witnessed events that would have been counted quite as improbable in times previous. We are now a disintegrated people, from which not only our moral but physical power is mostly lost. We are counted nowhere in the great struggle which we have done much to develop, and the events of which by right we should have a voice in shaping. It may be that our united votes will be required to decide the balance of power in the great cause for human freedom against the pro-slavery opponents of the Government. At all events, it is not proper for us as a people to come forward in this hour of the nation's peril and declare our principles, and let the world see that we have been seekers after truth, and sympathy with the oppressed, and that our voices are unqualified for freedom and natural rights. To this end would it not be well that steps be taken for the selection of representative minds from each State to meet together in convention and adopt measures for a national organization. There will be little doubt, I apprehend, but that a united council may be effected upon the great issues of this time, which will serve still further in the future to seal the bonds of union and cooperation upon other issues which have heretofore held us measurably discovered from each other.

What think you, friends, of this proposition? I will not at this time attempt to discuss the manifold benefits that present themselves to my mind which might accrue from such a step. The suggestion is here left for your consideration. Cleveland, Ohio. C. D. GRISWOLD.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.—Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called itch is illustrated by an engraving, half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the oyster, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the gull at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that, on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal. TORRENT.—In our nature there is a provision, alike marvelous and meretricious, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.

HEALING BY SPIRIT-POWER.

BY H. A. STORER.

Modern Spiritualism presents the same class of phenomena that characterized the advent of Christianity. Its practical bearings upon life, health and comfort, in the present condition of existence, is calculated to attract the attention of most persons, and to enter very largely into their estimates of its value.

To cure the maladies that flesh is heir to, has always been deemed among the most beneficent works in which man could engage. Science, from its earliest dawn to the present time, has devoted more of man's time to the work of discovering and removing the causes of disease, than to any other one department of knowledge.

And if it be true that the spirit's health depends in a great degree upon the body's vigor, what more important theme of revelation can be presented from the spirit-world? What more important occupation can employ the time of its angel ministers, than to restore the harmonious action of the bodily functions—the integrity of the physical system.

Hence we find spiritual revelations and developments referring very extensively to the laws of health, the care of the body, and the restoration of the sick. Clairvoyants have given almost exclusive attention to this subject, and benevolent physicians who loved their profession, and dignified it when on earth, now glorify it still more from their spirit-homes, as through adapted mediums they still continue their researches for the ultimate causes of disease, or prescribe remedies for its immediate effects.

There is, however, one system of treatment that seems peculiarly to distinguish the interference of spirits in behalf of mortals. It is the communication, by direct influx, of vital magnetism to the debilitated and diseased sufferer. Healing mediums, as they are called, have rapidly multiplied within the ten years last past, whose peculiar work it seems to be to impart animal electricity from their own bodies to those of their patients, under the direction and control of an energizing power that acts upon them from the spirit-world.

Without attempting minutely to describe this process, we may here intimate our belief, that the sublimated aura which pervades the brain and nervous system, is the connecting medium employed by spirits, through which the energizing process is communicated to the bodily functions.

Spirits connect themselves with mortals, through the instrumentality of this refined aura, and by it the will-power of the spirit acts upon the animal electricity of the body, producing all the chemical changes that occur in the living organism. This chemical process in its turn sets free an increased quantity of animal electricity, which either pervades the body in which it is generated, or passes off and is communicated to other bodies.

Healing mediums are therefore persons in whom the chemical changes that generate animal electricity rapidly take place, and from whom this electricity can be detached and imparted to other persons.

The difference between an ordinary magnetic operator and a healing medium is simply this: the magnetizer increases his own will-power by voluntary effort, and the healing medium is subject to the will-power and activity of other spirits than his own.

The process is the same in both cases—first, the spirit assumes itself to the accomplishment of a purpose; it then acts through the subtle aura of the brain and nervous system upon the animal electricity of the body—this increased action involves more rapid chemical changes—these changes generate an increased quantity of animal electricity, which is then subject to the disposal of the spirit.

Now if a negative or diseased subject be put in communication with this positively charged body, the surplus animal electricity will pass to it and there begin a similar work of chemical change, &c.

posed to be thankful that his other side was all right. The entire left side of the body sympathized with the shoulder, and frequent pains darted through it, sometimes the hip becoming so stiff and sore that he was unable to sit down for days together. The shoulder was always cold, evincing the stoppage of the circulation, and could only be rendered comfortable by the application of the other hand.

On the 17th of September, 1859, a little more than ten years after the accident, Bro. Douty being at home, and in his own sitting-room alone, suddenly became aware of a presence, whom, though he could not see, he realized as distinctly as though the form had been visible, and at the same time an impression came, upon him, with the distinctness of a command, to rise and shut the doors and darken the room, and to sit by the table. He immediately complied, and sat down again by the table. Suddenly he felt a shock, as though an electrical discharge had struck the top of his head, and ran like lightning through his body to the ends of his toes. This was followed by a flush of heat, apparently some two inches wide, that ran down the outside of the left arm from the shoulder, and occurred along the outside of the leg upon the same side. The left foot was put in violent motion, and immediately after, the right hand, under the control of an irresistible power, also commenced shaking violently, and was soon applied to the left shoulder, which it continued to rub with rapid motion, the foot also keeping time with the hand incessantly for an hour and a half, the hand being removed only three times and laid upon the table, for not more than a minute and a half at either time.

During this process his mind was in an unwonted condition of joy and peace altogether indescribable. He seemed exalted to a heavenly condition of spirit, and realized what it is to be baptized in the pure love of ministering spirits. As the influence left him, both hands were lifted easily and naturally to his head, over which they made a few passes, and then, without the least exhaustion, although he had perspired profusely, he was left to contemplate the wonderful cure that had been performed upon himself, and with his family and neighbors to feel renewed reasons for gratitude to that Providence "who maketh his angels spirits."

The influence continued to be exerted from day to day, the result being manifested in the growth of muscle, increasing strength, and restored circulation, so that a permanent cure has been performed by the establishment of organic wholeness and the regular processes of nature.

In the course of a few months Bro. Douty was controlled, and directed to apply his hands to other diseased bodies, with astonishing results. None could deny the wonderful power manifested, nor were the sick any more disposed to refuse aid from him than were the sick Jews to refuse help from the wonderful prophet of Nazareth. Time and space will not permit a record of the cures performed through his agency, but it may be interesting to some afflicted ones to know that Bro. Douty has moved to Boston, that he is willing to devote his whole time to curing the sick, in the way which the spirits have pointed out to him, and in which they give their powerful aid. His present residence is at No. 30 Pleasant street, Boston.

Those who apply to healing mediums should remember that there is nothing miraculous in the nature of their powers, but that subject to law, and guided by the experience of advanced minds, spiritual power may be directed to the cure of almost every disease. There are cases incurable by the very nature of the malady, and no physician, belonging to whatever school he may, practicing by whatever system, or inspired by whatever intelligence, can cure every case.

The Eighth Massachusetts Battery.

The Journal's correspondent, "Scout," writing from the battle-field, speaks in high terms of praise of this battery. He adds: "The conduct of Capt. Cook's Battery is exceedingly creditable to the Captain and most of his men, in proof of which it is only necessary to refer to Gen. Wilcox's official report, in which a high compliment is paid to this battery. It was placed in a very exposed position, and for a time two guns were under the command of the rebel infantry on account of the failure of our infantry support to be stationed in the proper place at the onset; but Capt. Cook, Lieut. Coffin, and others of the company, remained by the guns under a hot fire, and as soon as was possible the guns were again doing good service."

The Captain received an order on Friday night to go to Washington to change their guns, and the next morning they were on their way. They are to have ten-pound Parrotts, in exchange for their comparatively inferior pieces. This is a great compliment for Capt. Cook and his command, who have proved themselves good soldiers, as well as efficient artillerymen.

Announcements.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Emma Harding in Marblehead; Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon in Taunton; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier in Quincy; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Foxboro; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Portland, Me.; Miss B. Anna Ryder in Milford, N. H.; H. B. Storer in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Somers, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Belfast, Me.; Chas. A. Hayden in Exeter, Me.

We are pleased to learn that our co-laborer, Bro. Stephen Fellows, is still in the field, piloting the beclouded to the haven of light and life. His address is Fall River, Mass.

A SUFFERING SOLDIER.—Nicholas Hall, aged 19, says the Transcript, while kneeling to load at the battle of Fair Oaks, received a bullet in his abdomen, which passed through and lodged in his spine, and has not yet been extracted. He now lies at his mother's house, corner of Village and Castle streets, and the writer, who has visited him some twenty times, can testify to his acute sufferings and his heroic endurance. From long lying in one position his back has become quite sore, and the hunk mattress on which he lies ought to be substituted for a hair mattress of the size for a single bed. Has any benevolent person such an article to spare? Mrs. Hall is in quite humble circumstances. She was only able to bring her son home by procuring his discharge from the army, although the army surgeon pronounced him mortally wounded. In doing this she had to sacrifice both State and United States aid. Maternal tenderness did not allow her to hesitate. Dr. Gay, the well-known surgeon, will conform our assurances as to the facts of the case, and the worthiness of the family.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather.

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Banner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, IRAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Self-Government.

What is it? We talk much about it; what do we really know about it? If a man thinks it such an easy matter to keep the "higher law," let him try it faithfully for but a single day. Outside, or external government, are likened by a thoughtful writer to the surgeon's tourniquets or bandages. They may avail to check certain evils, or to alleviate them, but in themselves they are anything but blessings. The plain fact is, that this external government is made to stand and suffice for self-government, the very thing we all want; and it may be admitted that it does prepare the way for it, though the road is a long one that leads to voluntary obedience to Reason, which constitutes the true Freedom.

The writer of the "Honest Man's Book of Politics" illustrates the same idea in this way: He says that, "as the true end of all learning is to qualify men to think for themselves, so the true end of external government is, to prepare men to go right and do right of their own free will." And he proceeds: "Self-government should not be confounded with self-gratification. To live under the domination of one's own self-will, or appetites, may be freedom for the appetites, but it is slavery for the man. Man is free in proportion as his wish, or will, has God's power for it, and not against it; that is, so far as he and his desires are in harmony with the Governing Power of the Universe, or with the laws of Nature or Divine Order; for, when such is the case perfectly, every fulfillment of the laws of Nature is a triumph for all whose delight it is to see those laws or volitions fulfilled. Thus, while the spirit of self-gratification subjugates all things to the ruling passion pro tem, without regard to their nobleness or to its own villainess, self-government subordinates all the desires and powers of the soul according to their relative worth, making the heart a seat of order, a kingdom of righteousness, with the Will of God for its life, and the Triumph of Right for its constant aim and glory. Self-government, therefore, is nothing less than a process of self-humanization; a march from the Egypt of the animal senses and instincts to the Holy Land of Reason; an emancipation of the soul from its thraldom to matter, and an opening of the senses of the spirit to spiritual things."

The whole matter could not be better stated, or more clearly reasoned. We all know in how low the true desire for self-government predominates, or, in fact, exists except in a low and latent state; yet it may be made to develop itself with great rapidity. External objects and obstacles try our energies and suffice to bring them forth, and thus the spirit is taught gradually to operate upon and control its teacher, the external things and circumstances themselves. Our lives are kindled by external action and pressure. The power of the reason is built up slowly, and hence cannot take the reins for a long while; for it is the reason that discerns the true spirit of things, the senses touching only their grossness. Reason searches only for meaning, and cares nothing about the mere shows themselves.

We cannot learn the art of governing ourselves all at once. It is an acquired power, an energy that comes with use and growth, a wisdom that has to be learnt. And whenever—says our author friend—more than the employment of reason according to the measure of its growth is attempted, the result is self-conceit merely; an abortion, which usurps the place and sucks out the life of Reason, employing the soul's powers to its own misgovernment, and to the prevention of its progress. The man of reason has no conceit; he is always modest and honest; he has no need of temper, for the clear eye of reason suffices to show him the way and to lead him on in it. Passion vanishes as fast as the light of Reason dawns, and perfect self-government harmonizes all the traits and qualities of the nature.

Physical and Mental Aid.

It behooves all good loyal citizens, at this hour of the Nation's anguish, to put forth their physical and mental strength to the utmost in support of the Chief Magistrate. Those who are too far advanced in age to take the field, can do much by allowing their aspirations to ascend to spirit-life, for, by the combined magnetisms of mortals and spirits only, can the great events now transpiring be made to subserve the mighty end sought to be attained, viz. the perpetuity of this great country intact, which is destined to become the home of the oppressed of all nations. When UNIVERSAL FREEDOM shall be emblazoned in living letters of light upon its glorious flag, then shall we be free indeed, and bless the good Father for the chastening rod that ultimately so benefited a result. Then, indeed, shall the cap of Liberty, with no blemish to mar its beauty, crown through all coming time the flagstaff of our national emblem. Then war shall be known no more in the land; justice will prevail; the right will conquer. But that time is not yet. Strive, then, with all your hearts and souls, citizens of the Free States, to crush out the rebellion by rendering all the aid in your power to the legally constituted authorities of the nation. Otherwise, a longer time will intervene than you are aware of now, before the nation comes safely out of the struggle in which she is engaged. But the good old Ship of State will weather all gales, and the result we have predicted surely come.

The Departed.

They are not before our eyes—they are not with us in the form—but oh! how much more do they influence us than if we could see them right at our side! The invisible influences are ever the strongest. Why is it so?—and yet why should it not be so? The spiritual vision is far clearer and stronger than the bodily, even as the soul is superior to sense. When the soul receives its impression, the individual is moved; but that which appeals to outward sense alone, does not always reach the springs of the soul. And when can we banish the thoughts of those who have gone behind the veil? and, if never, then how closely and continually we draw them to our sides, as angels, and ministering spirits!

Farming Corporation near Kidder, Me.

This enterprise, started last spring, by a dozen or more enterprising New England men, is now begun, and bids fair for the most successful results. Nearly one-half of the shares, numbering thirty-two in all, notwithstanding the unpropitious times, are sold to exactly the right kind of men—men liberal, just, and generous. The Corporation has built a large store, the handsomest on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, in Kidder; and on the ground of the Corporation, one beautiful dwelling-house. Another is to be erected this fall. Over fifty acres of corn, northern sugar-cane, potatoes, and almost every kind of garden vegetables, have been raised this year on the "farm." Over sixty acres is substantially fenced, and broken, and is ready for a good crop next year. The Corporation Farm is admirably adapted for stock raising, which business will be commenced the coming spring.

The Corporation is beginning in the right way at first, in a small, careful, sure manner. Mr. H. D. Huston, who has been the agent of the Corporation there since its inauguration, has returned to East Somerville, Mass., where he may be addressed for particulars for the coming winter.

Mr. M. E. Congar, one of our most worthy brothers, formerly of Whitewater, Wis., has just embarked in this enterprise, and has moved his family on to the ground of the Corporation, and will act as agent of the Corporation there during the coming winter.

Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Charlestown, Mass., than whom there is not a more worthy man living, has been on the ground all summer, and will move his family there next winter.

Franklin Newhall is also there. He intends to erect a house for himself next summer. Another Mr. Taylor is also there.

Some half a dozen or more gentlemen intend taking shares and moving on to this Corporation Farm this fall, or early next spring.

All who have taken shares are true Spiritualists, and they are Spiritualists, too, that are of the noble, generous, trustworthy stamp.

The houses are being built, and the whole plan, as presented by Dr. Child, is being slowly and steadfastly carried into effect. It is the work of time to carry this plan out, and we have confidence that it will succeed, for we should be slow to doubt the success of any project in which Dr. Child throws his energies. We have full confidence in him, as an honorable, just man, and also, as a business man. The people in that region are perfectly loyal, and property is believed to be as safe there, if not safer, than in Massachusetts. The country in every respect is fine and healthy beyond description. Strengthened who went from Boston last spring have been in perfect health all summer.

We gather the above statements from an interview with Mr. Huston, and present them for consideration at this time, because we know that many of our readers have a deep interest in the success of a movement of this kind.

New Publication.

We spoke briefly, last week, of a handsome 8vo. volume, just issued by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, which contains a minute and detailed narrative of the trial of George O. Hersey, for the murder of Betsey Frances Tirrel, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. It was a case that excited extraordinary interest for its particulars, not merely with the public at large, but among members of the legal profession and medical faculty. The details are all given, from beginning to end. While the trial itself is made to command the deepest attention, and interest of the reader, as it is reported, the whole series of incidents and points form as tragical a story as could well be written. This is the first case of known poisoning by strychnine in the country, and a very strange instance of a confession by the prisoner finally corroborating the purely circumstantial testimony on the strength of which he was convicted. The points both of medicine and chemistry involved in it, are of the first interest to professional men. Hersey was executed not until after two years following the death of his victim. A more fiendish case of homicide rarely comes under public notice, in what we agree to style civilized society. The whole matter has been phonographically reported by Mr. Yerrinton; and all who wish to peruse, and even study a case that presents such a multitude of striking and startling points, not less in law than in medicine, nor in atrocious cruelty than in either, will find this volume just the one for purchasing.

A Dollar that Pays Well.

One of the best seasonable enterprises now before the public, is that of the publisher of the American Agriculturist. He has secured for his subscribers fine-colored editions of two splendid maps of localities of great interest. One of these, covering a space of more than ten square feet, shows the entire State of Virginia so completely that every county, town, city, village, river, brook, mountain, hill, and principal road, is readily found. It also embraces the principal parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The other map, covering about fifteen square feet, gives all the Southern or Slave States, including Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and all south of them. Though not so minute as the map of Virginia, this shows all the counties, principal towns, rivers, etc., of the Southern States. Any person subscribing now for the Agriculturist, is presented with a choice of the above two maps. In addition to this, every new subscriber for 1863 (Vol. 23), receives the Agriculturist for the rest of this year without charge. We have long received the Agriculturist, and can testify to its real merits. Every number is well illustrated, and contains a very large amount of really useful, practical, reliable information for the farm, the garden, and the household, including a very interesting department for the little ones. No one can fail to get many dollars worth of useful hints from a volume of the Agriculturist, while the maps now are so much extra. We have sent for two copies of the paper so as to get both maps. Send for the paper on our recommendation, or, if you prefer, send a dime for a single copy, and examine it for yourself. The address of the publisher is Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York.

Miss Emma Houston.

It will be seen by announcement elsewhere that this young lady, whose reputation as a trance-speaker is most excellent, is to speak before the Lyceum Church on Sunday next, in Lyceum Hall. These free meetings are attracting large audiences every Sunday, which is sufficient evidence to us that the great truths of Spiritualism there elucidated are beginning to have their legitimate effect upon community generally.

The Old Boy.

Few men indeed live to see one hundred years, and, if they do, they are so far gone generally as not to be aware of it. But we have a centenarian in New York State now, the venerable Daniel Waldo, a preacher, who has just been paying a visit from his home to Albany, where he was the guest of Rev. Dr. Sprague, preaching in his pulpit on the next Sunday after his arrival. Previous to leaving home, however, he sat down in what were manifestly exuberant spirits, and penned the following letter to Dr. Sprague. It shows what a happy sort of fellow the old man is:

SYRACUSE, Sept. 10, 1862. Dear Boy:—I take pen in hand, according to your request, to inform you that, after tossing some hours last night upon my bed, and thinking over the deplorable condition of our country, I cast my cares upon my Master, according to orders; and I had sufficient time to rest before sunrise, and to reflect that I was one hundred years old; had had thirty-six thousand five hundred rights to rest in, not two hundred of which had been disturbed by pain or anxiety.

Not long ago, the inquiry was made in England, in what particulars very aged men agreed in their habits. The result was that the only thing in which they all agreed was that they all slept well. I have observed that a very large proportion of very old persons die by accident, and not by old age or disease. There is a tradition that Charles the First invited old Thomas Parr, on account of his age, (one hundred and fifty-two,) to his court, and they gave him a repast at which he ate so much that he died of indigestion. Dr. Harvey is said to have dissected his body, and to have found the viscera perfectly sound; and the cartilage unossified. I hope I shall not fall a victim to my appetite, as he did.

My granddaughter thanks you for your invitation; and as it is inconvenient for her to comply with it now, she will remember it for a future time. Providence permitting, I shall take the ten o'clock train for Albany on Friday. My health is as usual. Please to scatter my affectionate regards among your household, and believe me, Truly yours, DANIEL WALDO.

The Artists.

These are the true summer tourists, after all. On looking around, we discover that they are beginning to get back again from their several jaunts by the sea-shore, by the rivers, and among the mountains, laden with the rich fruits of their season's experiences. How little do the money-getters of State and Wall streets know of the pure and lasting delights of these men—these true children of nature. Innes, Ordway, and Williams are in the neighborhood of Medway, engaged on works begun elsewhere. G. L. Brown has been out near Medford all summer, sketching the scenery there. Champney Ungers at North Conway, where his home is. Griggs has likewise been there through the summer. Pope and Gerry have just returned from Bethel, a fine summer resort on the Grand Trunk road, with portfolios stuffed. Hodgdon and Russ are in Vermont. Broder is in New York State, and Bradford is on the coast of Maine. The artists' collection at the Studio Building is accumulating rapidly, and deserves general patronage. Some two hundred pictures are already there, and all of them are for sale to such as may chance to fancy them.

Thomas Starr King.

They talk in California of really sending this living man to the Senate of the United States, to fill the place of Senator Latham, whose term will expire next March. It is a new thing to take a minister from the pulpit and put him to political work; and yet it has been done before, and to good advantage. In Massachusetts, the Unitarian ministers especially have had more or less experience in politics. This is what a writer, advocating Mr. King's election, says in a late number of the San Francisco Bulletin: "It is too much to say that Mr. King has done more than the press, more than all the lawyers in the State, more than the politicians, in quickening into activity the Union sentiment of California, and preserving us here from civil war? Follow citizens, elect Thomas Starr King to the Senate of the United States! Do not insult him by the offer merely of a nomination. Do not ask him to descend to the level of the men who now seek the office by button-holding politicians, bribing voters, or bargaining for favor. Elect him first—ask his acceptance of the office afterwards. Take him from his pulpit as the Romans took Cincinnatus from his plough. No legislator voting for such a Senator as he will make need ever blush for the record of that vote."

Revelation.

Why we should be asked to believe that the days of revelation are passed, we are unable to understand. Truth is revealed to us just as fast as we are ready to receive it. When we shut our eyes, how can it be expected that we are to see what is before us? and when we open them, what shall hinder our seeing? It may indeed be true that heaven has not in the past been so near to earth as it is now, or as it is to be in the immediate future; yet the ministry of spirits has ever been going on, and we have it in our power to rejoice that we have fallen upon the blessed times when communion has become so open and free. Revelation comes to the soul, rather than to the eyes and ears; and therefore it is that the soul is to be filled and expanded with the measure of its new receptions.

Do Right.

Any man that says or does ought to block the wheels of the General Government at this time is a traitor to his country, no matter what his political sentiments may be, and should be dealt with accordingly. If every man would act up to his highest conceptions of right at this juncture in our national affairs, instead of striving for place and its emoluments, the present war would speedily be brought to a close; but we fear the patriotism that inspired the fathers of the Republic is sadly lacking in their posterity of the present day, and that too many among us care not how long the conflict lasts, so that they but aggrandize themselves thereby.

Miss Hardinge's Book.

We publish in this issue a list of the contents of this interesting book of stories, with numerous extracts, in order to give the reader a slight insight into the work in question. We think she was most unfortunate in giving it the title she did—"The Wildfire Club"—as, in our opinion, the public cannot gather from it the least idea of what the work really is. Everybody should read it, especially Spiritualists. It is a large, nicely bound book, and the price she asks for it—\$1.00—is very moderate indeed. Booksellers will be supplied at the usual discount price to the trade.

Mr. C. H. Foster.

The Bangor Daily Waig and Courier publishes an account of Mr. C. H. Foster's wonderful spirit manifestations in that city, from which we take the following sentence: "Before going to the sitting, we took some names written by our daughter, and not known to us. In response to one, the following was written by the medium: 'Bear a message to my daughter that Henry Ward Beecher is not in the spirit-world, and we cannot see him. He has come to us at present.' He is doing too much good on earth to be taken away."



Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed as spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVANT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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 those columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

OUR REMEMBRANCE.—The Seances at which these communications are given are held at the BARRON OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. Guild, to his father, Theodore T. Guild, of Richmond, Virginia; Maria L. Yates, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to her mother; Henry Burbridge, to his father, in London; Mary Carney, to her father, in Boston.

Invocation. Our Father, as Night kneels at the feet of Day, and becomes wrapt in his mantle of glory, and is lost within that flood of living light, so we would be baptized in that divine light and inspiration which emanates from thy spirit and become one with thee.

Invocation. The name I was known by in Boston was Rose Murray, and if those two individuals I have spoken of have any desire to hold intercourse with an inhabitant of the spirit-world, I am ready and willing to assist them to the utmost of my power.

Matthew Grover. Humph! there's nothing like being able to report yourself. But, stranger, it is always in this uniform we come? [Yes, when you come here.] Well, if they all wear it, I must, I suppose. I'm from Missouri.

The Human Brain. Are not all the functions of the human body dependent upon the action of the brain? Is the question given us for this afternoon's consideration.

ANS.—Now, whether or no our questioner has penetrated beyond the exterior of life, we are not certain, but if allowed to give our opinion, we should say that he had not taken one step beyond the surface. Are not all the functions of the human body dependent upon the action of the brain? Certainly not.

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my father, that I should incur her lasting displeasure, and that she would be very angry with me. An aged minister, whose name was Brown, and who baptized me in infancy, once told me that I was much like my father, and that it was a great pity that a man who possessed so many talents and so kind a heart, could so suddenly forget to do his duty to God and his family, as to abandon them and take the course he did.

My mother is now an inhabitant of the spirit-world. I have lived in the spirit-world eight years. I was eighteen years of age at the time of my death. When I was fifteen years of age, my mother closed the doors of her house against me, because I departed from the fixed rule of life which she had marked out for me.

After living near three years of a life the notes of which I do not care to reproduce even in words, I was taken sick and died. The house wherein I was located at the time of my death is not far distant from this place; and two at least of those persons who stood by my death-bed, are now living, and are living lives that are not acceptable either to God or themselves.

But I have come here to seek my father. I am told—indeed, I know, as surely as I know that I am a spirit—that my father is still on earth, and I feel that he may yet be of assistance to his child, and to my mother who still clings rigidly to her faith in the Church, and who believes that I am a spirit abandoned to all eternity from the presence of God.

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On the 24 day of July last it was my misfortune to be killed in battle. I feel it to be a misfortune, inasmuch as I feel that I, for one, am no longer capable of assisting my countrymen in their struggle for right, and of relieving my country in their terrible burden resting upon her at the present time.

I am deeply impressed of the necessity of more godliness among that class from whom I have recently come, and I am sure that while there is still so much of muscle and will used to aggrandize self, your civil war will continue to rage, blood continue to flow, and your homes be desolated.

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are but different names for one thing, one grand principle of life, whether it is seen in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. War is a necessity. You have too long lived in idleness, too long slumbered in ignorance, too long lived at variance with God's laws, and it is his hand that chastens you at this hour of your nation's existence.

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Marian Moseley. I was drowned in the Delaware Water Gap five years ago, and was then five years old. My name was Marian Moseley; my father's name, David Moseley. I lived in New York, and was up there with my father and mother when I was drowned.

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ANGELS.

The following lines I found in the vest pocket belonging to my friend, George Lippard. I copy them with the hope that they will find room in your paper.

This shadowy form is hovering In the air around us apeer, And we feel their hallowed presence In the daily paths we tread; Their soft eyes are glistening Down in many golden tears; Their hands that gently scatter Heavenly roses on our dreams.

Highest gems of thought they bring us From their fair and distant home; Though they often make us sadder, We are better when they come. And they weave sweet spells of music O'er our troubled hearts to glide, And uphold hearts almost sinking Down in life's cold rapid tide.

Oh! they bring us daily visions Of a world more pure and fair, While their sweet low voices whisper: "God, and love, and home are there." They that keep a deathless vigil At the portals of the soul; They that treat the angry tempest— When the waves of trouble roll— Through the vale of gloomy shadows

Meeting of the Association of Spiritualist Teachers. Dear BANNER.—The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" held their "First Quarterly Meeting" according to notice. H. B. Storer, F. L. Wadsworth, Lizzie Doten, N. Frank White and Bertha B. Chase, members thereof, were present. Other members were kept from the meeting by engagements they were fulfilling elsewhere.

Lawrence Herman. I have hopes of reaching my friends by coming here. My name was Lawrence Herman. I was born in Peru, State of Maine, and died at Port Royal, on the fifth of August. I was twenty-seven years of age. I have a brother and four sisters on the earth, and a father and mother here in the spirit-land.

Henry T. Sanderson. Humph! 'twas my condition after I got away; but while I'm round here I don't feel very well. Confound your bodies! Mr. Chairman, can't you give us some kind of a dial, or some kind of a thing that ain't a human body? [As you've lost your body, you will be obliged to use the one we loan you.] Yes, I've lost mine, that's certain. Stranger, I've got a mother that I want you to write to.

Col. Powell T. Wyman. My friends, I feel aware that I exist in the presence of a God whose ways are mysterious, exceedingly so. Had I been told before death that I should ever return to earth in this way, I should have considered my informant as insane. When we stand divested of our mortal bodies and contemplate the grandness and mysteriousness of the existence in which we live and move, we can only say, Oh, God, how mysterious are thy ways!

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THE RELIGION OF THE TIMES.

A Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, before the Lyceum Church, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, October 5, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The Hall was crowded to overflowing, afternoon and evening, to listen to the oracles by this gifted speaker. She took for her text in the afternoon, "Behold, I create a new Heaven and a new earth," and then proceeded to give a most spirited and absorbingly interesting discourse on The Signs of the Times, and the Battle of Principles which was to be fought on the American Continent.

In the evening, after the usual exercises by the choir, Miss Hardinge read the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, giving Ezekiel's vision of the Valley of dry bones.

"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharain." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—[Daniel, chap. 5: vs. 25, 27.]

The lecture was commenced with a beautiful enunciation upon Religion, in its effects upon the world, as the inspirer of all the sweet and elevating thoughts, as the founder of the great cathedrals and the noblest form of art, in cheering the souls of martyrs, under the rack and thumb screws, in causing the suffering and helpless to endure their sufferings, oppressions and griefs with resignation and joy, and in its general prominence on all the great events in the world's history. She then proceeded:

Where, to-day, in this 19th century, is that Religion? There never was a time in the history of the world, when we had so much need to ask this question as now, amid the crash and wreck of old institutions and governments, when the people of every land are waiting for a Saviour. Echo the words in the face of every system, if we have found such a Saviour, where is he? If the Son of Man be not now in America to sustain the cause of Justice, of Liberty, and of Life—if he be not with us, what is the use of our religion? At a time when twelve hundred thousand men are in arms, struggling in conflict to decide between the right and the wrong, where is the voice that is to speak "Peace, be still?" If not those whom Christians call their teachers, if not in the teachings of Mahomet, of Zoroaster, of Confucius, we stand in the valley of dry bones; we see the sinews, the form, the Gothic arch, the gilded fan of the temple, but there is no breath there, there is no life. We have none to lead us or to save us. We look in vain to find a Saviour in the halls of legislation, in military organizations, in the church, or in the schools of science. We look to the city of the throne of the Seven Hills, which is strewn all over with the bones of the mighty ones who have lived and died by their religion, and find the people tearing each other by the throat, and no voice to say, "Peace, be still!" Go to France, to Great Britain, and in America, and what voice do we hear? Hushed is that voice from the pulpit, and evil runs riot in our jails and on our scaffolds; it is heard alone on the seventh day, as long ago, while during the six days it is forgotten and hushed. Where is it now, when most of all it is needed, at this hour, when blood is running like water, when commerce is languishing, and Justice is seeking for a place upon which to erect a standard. You say the deeds which are enacted have no reference to present things, but to immortality. If they are for immortality, we ask, where is the breath of life? We stand in the valley of dry bones, and however the revivalist may labor, we find no breath there. If the fruit be measured by the conflicting scenes enacted all over the earth to-day, of what avail is the teaching. The worship is but a form and an exercise, forgotten when the church doors close.

Since the days of the French revolution, when it was proclaimed "there is no God" infidelity has never been quenched. We hear it in the scoff at religion, the sneer at the Church. With many it is thought to be necessary to belong to some religious organization, yet the teachings, prayers and benedictions sound upon ears which are indifferent to them. We banish religion from politics, from the sciences, from everything in life, and the handwork of the Creator delight in fighting battles, and is every-where found sword in hand. From all lands the voice comes up that the systems of Religion have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Yet before we dispense with its services, we cannot but remember its offices from the earliest moments of our lives. Who cannot remember when we were taught to say, "Our Father," and how we anxiously looked up to the skies, and wondered where God was? Who has not, when he looked upon the clouds of the earth, as they covered the form of those he loved, wondered why they came no more, and where they had gone. As we saw the mad billows raging, and rolling up heavenwards, the wild flashing of the lightning, and saw the arms uplifted, and heard the wild shrieks amid the shrieks of the wilder winds, and in the morning looked and all was still, have we not wondered where the spirit had gone? We have seen the great man of the earth in his power, whose sceptre was less than that of the dancing butterfly in the summer wind. While we looked on and wondered, behold, what a change! He passed away, and we wondered where he was gone.

Within the last twenty-four months thousands of shining lamps have gone out, on the battle-field. Surely, surely, we cannot part with our religion, for how should we be reconciled to their loss. In the name of the Great Reformer, who came to make the world a valley of beauty; in the name of the great world's history; in the name of every Sabbath bell; in the name of the old pious pastor, who gave us the teaching the best he knew, and the best ever given us—we cannot part with our Religion.

The 19th century has failed to grasp and make good the mission which has devolved upon us. There is nothing short of Divinity in those three glorious terms, Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. Had this cry been taken up and fully comprehended, we should not now have stood, as we do, like sheep without a shepherd.

I propose to tell you somewhat of Religion as handed down fresh from the hands of the Maker. In the creation of the world, it was provided that those who were incapable of taking care of themselves, should be furnished artificial aid, or endowed with an instinct to provide for themselves. In the infancy of the world, we find it amply fitted for every condition of beings. The first evidences of civilization was shown in the arts of Agriculture. As the race increased, men became gregarious. Agriculture was the first effort of man to better his condition. We hear of the shepherd Kings of India, and of the shepherd's occupation as the highest and noblest employment. These shepherd kings add

workers in the soil were compelled by their occupation to take notice of times and seasons, to observe the falling of the rain and various other phenomena of Nature—things which we now call science. These ancients believed in the existence of a God; man, through the invisible effects, saw the work of a hand of intelligence and design. Thus was founded the system of metaphysics. But in order the better to apprehend these things—in order more fully to trace them out, they early set apart sages, scientific men, who lived in wild, savage places, to conduct their observations and reflections. The result of this was the establishment of a system of Astronomy. They were acquainted with the most abstruse subjects, and we soon find their students engaged in the most elaborate investigations; in observations upon vegetables as affected by astral bodies, hence Astrology; in vegetables upon health, hence Medicine; and so in other things. Those who were very wise were regarded as superhuman, and looked up to by the people as their teachers. The priests were wise, studious, and acquainted with the nature of plants, herbs, minerals, and everything that surrounded them, and do you wonder that the veneration for them grew into idolatry? The priesthood then was a royal office. They were the schoolmasters, legislators, the friends and aids of all the unlearned and dependent, and occupied the grand and sublime position of the ministers of Religion. This was their legitimate office.

In later days, the office grew by ambition and tyranny into a despotism, and thus we find the priestly office, which gravitated to place, became hereditary, and by imposing the office without qualification, was established the system of priestcraft, and the people were imposed upon and subjected to ignorance, lest they should become as wise as their rulers. Hence, by this suicidal selfishness, we trace the fall of dynasties. In the Jewish system, and in others, were traceable this prostitution of the priestly office, and again and again were the people, through their inspired prophets, brought to go back to the life of their religion. These warnings and teachings by prophets, in the teacher of Nazareth, and of apostles, were all unheeded, and still the conflict rages of governing the people by fear, in keeping them in ignorance, in teaching in dead languages. This policy had ever been struggling, and why need it be traced. And in no period had it been more dark than among those who stand beneath the banner of Christianity.

Only we have that vital living faith which unites the soul to a reality. This powerful nation, this model Republic, is now standing engaged in the darkest and most dreadful work ever engaged in by any nation. Oh, you who have traced the laws of the Eternal, who have seen the permanence and unchanging laws in the dew-drop, when did you ever find God to repent of his work, or change his laws at the bidding of his creatures? Is there no Ezekiel, no Son of Man, to stand up in this valley of dry bones, and bid these dry bones live? Can these dry bones live? Who shall respond to the call? The legislator tries to answer it by cannon, but we hear the cry in the laugh of the babe of yesterday; we have seen it in the face of the young man on the battle-field; and we have heard it in the voice of spirits, as they cry, "No atonement—no forgiveness of sins!"

Oh, thou that trusteth in the true Religion, thou shalt not fall. We will arise and go to our Father. Our Religion must tell whence we came, and where we are bound. We cannot report our mission to our Master, unless we have knowledge of his ways. Be it ours to stand in the Valley of Decision and to prophesy. Oh, Spirits! on some of you has this mission fallen. You see where the army is needed. God's armies are the logic of events; they are pressing on your heels like war-dogs—do not run, but stand and face them. No matter how coldly friends may look upon you—stand, as Ezekiel did, and prophesy. The systems of old have all been weighed in the balance, and are found wanting. We must legislate, and re-construct on a new foundation, on the ground of principles. The fundamental laws on which the world is founded, are the laws by which the infinite one governs the universe. Fear not that in bringing these principles into politics, that you render them the less sacred. The sun glides everything it shines upon, whether it be to give color to the rose, or to bring to light the corruption which it oozes to the surface.

This is the touchstone, whether a measure is right or wrong. Men may mystify as they will, call evil good, and good evil—it matters not; you have but to ask yourself what is the result of your conduct, and you have the solution. You have no excuse for disobeying the voice that has been given you, and the power that is in you; how many are using it, you can best tell. The faithful few of those among you who prophesy, the graves cannot hold back, in the coming hour of our country's peril. He who made Religion, the ruler of the universe, is with you still. The same power which spoke in the infancy of the world, in learning, and in physics, is with you still, educating in various ways.

After the period of infancy, the wrestling with the elements, and the struggling with divers difficulties, the day of truth is at last dawning. This day is the culminating point in the success of Religion. The signs of the times indicate a shaking among the dry bones, out of which shall arise a great army. Look to it religionists, who see in religion but a form only. Ask yourselves whether you are stimulating the thinkers, or are helping the weak. If not, where is your religion? Let the church doors be thrown open, and its altars illuminated as from the Shore of eternity, that being weighed, Science shall again be restored to Religion; breath shall enter into the dry bones, and they shall live, and stand forth upon their feet as exceeding great army.

Writing Sunday School Books.

Ma. Enron—Your correspondent, S. W. Richmond, suggests that all Spiritualists, who have the ability, try their hand at writing a Sunday-school Book for children. This is a good idea, as you say, and would it not be well, too, if all such books written, be free from all antagonisms to every creed and belief; from all blame and reproach for all the deeds that others do; from all vindictive and ungenerous feelings? That instead of those characteristic attributes of most books, real love and kindness be substituted, and the gospel of charity shine forth in its resplendent, real, practical glory? May no one write a book for the tender minds of children who yet feels opposed to any belief, or who blames the acts of any human being. But may the men and the women who shall write books for youthful guidance, deeply feel the beautiful precepts of Christ that are void of blame and replete with forbearance, forgiveness and compassion.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's Western Tour. Ma. Enron—I wrote you some time since concerning the trip of my sister and self in the West, and the success which everywhere attended the lectures; but I have not told you one-half of the interest and kind hospitality which has been extended to us. In Chicago the lectures were attended by large and respectable audiences, and the different discourses presented a variety of control and evidence of identity calculated to convince the most eviling mind. The northern and southern view of the rebellion, by Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, and also the lectures of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, in answer to a call signed by many respectable citizens of Chicago, all gave great satisfaction. Of the latter, the Chicago Morning Post (Douglas organ) said: "The language, style, and manner of delivery were certainly strongly indicative of the departed statesman; but whether it was him or Mrs. Hatch, the people are satisfied, so long as the sentiments advocated are true and loyal."

An intense desire to know of Spiritualism pervades the entire mind of the West, and there our cause is represented by the most sterling and intellectual minds of all classes and professions. Sunday evening, 21st inst., the late Theodore Parker gave to the people of Chicago his views of the rebellion. The hall was crowded, and all present seemed satisfied that it was indeed he that spoke.

The 22d my sister spoke at Elkhart, Ind., the 23d at Sturgis, and 25th at Coldwater, Mich., at which latter place the cause is still thriving under the ministrations of Bro. Willis.

At Toledo, under the kind care and hospitality of Mr. Henry Bried, a well known pioneer in our cause, my sister spoke on Sunday and Tuesday evenings last. On the latter occasion several important Biblical questions were discussed by a distinguished student of divinity and the controlling influence? The question was—What are the advantages of Modern Spiritualism over Christianity? The decision rests with the audience as to the triumph of either party. The learned gentleman certainly had an opportunity of gaining much information, and doubtless profited by it.

While at Toledo my sister received an earnest invitation from several gentlemen of Chicago, in the form of a call to return to that city and give a series of Sunday discourses, urging the great demand for such lectures, and the lack of any constant supply. She has consented to accept the honor bestowed, and I am requested to state through your columns to the friends in the East who have expected her, and partly made arrangements for lectures, that she must defer the pleasure of visiting them until a later period, when she hopes to respond to all the letters received. I will therefore here announce that my sister will speak in Chicago on and after October 12th, every Sunday, until further notice. As the BANNER has heretofore published the lectures given through Mrs. H., perhaps some arrangement may be made whereby they can still be continued.

In conclusion, permit me, through the BANNER, to thank all those kind friends on our route for the hospitality extended to us, which we do not attribute to our own merits or deserts, but to the cause in which we are engaged. Truly yours, Cuba, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1862. E. T. SCOTT.

A Touching Scene.

The President's recent visit to the army was fraught with many interesting incidents, showing the goodness of heart of our worthy Chief Magistrate. After leaving General Richardson's headquarters, the President's party proceeded to a barn, which was used as a temporary hospital for rebel wounded. On entering, the sad scenes that follow battle met the eye. Mr. Lincoln, after looking around, remarked to the Confederate wounded, that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. The solemn obligations, said he, which we owe to our country and posterity compel the presentation of this war; and it follows that many on both sides must become victims, and although they are our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with as much sympathy and good feeling as if they were brothers. After a short silence those of the Confederates who could walk came forward, and each of them silently shook hands with the President. Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan went to the bedside of those who were unable to rise, and cheered them, saying that every care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their sufferings. It was a touching scene, and there was not a dry eye among the wounded.

Slavery in Maryland.

The current of public opinion is setting against Slavery in Maryland. Hear what the Baltimore American says upon the subject: "If there are any who think that slavery can exist in Maryland after this war is ended, as a system of profitable labor, the sooner they open their eyes to the inevitable future the better for them. To suppose that after so terrible a conflict as that through which the loyal portion of the country will have passed, they will ever consent to the existence of the cause of the rebellion between them and their National capital, is simply preposterous. If the emancipation proposition is rejected, all that are valuable will be spirited away, and the door shut from their recovery. Whether the slaveholders of Maryland, therefore, the great majority of whom are disloyal, wish it or not, the days of the institution 'are numbered in our State.'"

The Abolitionists from the first have seen the condition of the country in its true light, and believing the war was made to sustain slavery, they think the rational way to conduct it on our part, and sustain the Constitution and Government thus attacked by slavery, is to destroy slavery itself.

On the other side, the Democratic party, seeing their destruction as a party in the overthrow of slavery, have joined the slaveholders in its support, and have secured our timid government into a course that threatens our very existence as a nation.

The difference between the Abolitionists and their Democratic revilers is, they do not believe that slavery is a divine institution, the preservation of which is paramount to that of the country.

POPULATION OF LIBERIA.—The present number of inhabitants is about 500,000, of whom about 484,000 are aboriginal inhabitants, and 16,000 American Libians. Of the former class some 6000 are, or were till recently, African slaves, taken within a few months from slave-ships, and sent thither by our government. In the latter class may be reckoned either in person, or in their descendants, some 6000 emancipated slaves, aided in their passage thither from this country by their masters, by the Colonization Society.

Mass Meeting in North Newberry, O.

A Convention of the Friends of Progress was held at this place on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27th and 28th, in a beautiful grove well adapted for such occasions.

Mr. Samuel Phelps was chosen President. Our number on Saturday was small; on Sunday a goodly number assembled. The speakers present were Messrs: Leland, Bond, Clark, Phelps, and Mrs. Cowles.

The meeting was opened by Mr. Leland, followed by Mr. Bond, an excellent trance-speaker, who revealed to us many noble truths on the subject of the Harmonical Philosophy.

Mr. Clark delivered a very fine, stirring lecture on the political condition of the country and its tendency to a reform, leading us to feel more closely our relation as reformers to the country.

Mrs. Cowles entertained us for an hour with the inspiration of the "upper world" on the subject of "Social, Domestic and Spiritual Reform." Indeed, she spoke "like one having authority," and made every heart to feel that Spiritualism was yet alive, and glowing with all the beauty and purity of its sublime truths.

Order and harmony were preserved throughout the whole session, and at the close the audience quietly retired, and "went their way rejoicing."

Per Order of Committee, A. G. LELAND, Secretary.

Apples for the Hospitals.

We have received the subjoined from the General Secretary of the Central Office, Sanitary Commission, Washington, accompanied by a request to circulate it:—

"The inquiry being frequently made whether the Commission wishes to receive apples for the use of the wounded, it should be immediately published, as the demand is now so large that apples cannot be sent to its depots in too large quantities. Town and village Relief Societies are requested to make arrangements for paring, cutting, and drying by their members, and such volunteer assistance as they can enlist, and to notify farmers that they will receive such good fruit as they may be disposed to offer, and are unable themselves to properly prepare. Dried apples may be sent in barrels or boxes, or in strong bags, marked, 'To be kept dry.' Dried fruits of other kinds, and all good canned fruits, will be very acceptable. FRID. LAW OLMSTED.

Spirit Portraits.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT—I wish to inform those in Boston and vicinity, and New York City, who desire my services as an Artist Medium, the coming Fall and Winter, that I will, in company with my little-guardian angel (wife), visit their families, and do what we can in taking the portraits they wish, if it be their desire we should do so. We shall fill but few orders per letter at present. My health being poor, I shall take no public rooms this Winter. Those writing in regard to pictures, will please enclose two red stamps, as their letters will not be answered otherwise. The price of pictures range from \$10.00, upwards. My Post Office address is, for the present, Box 65, East Boston, Mass. Most truly thine, W. P. ANDERSON. East Boston, Mass., Oct. 2nd, 1862.

Spiritual and Reform Convention.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their Yearly Meeting at Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 17th, 18th and 19th of October next. Brother Finney, of Geneva, Ohio, will be present as one of the leading speakers, as will also Miss Mary Thomas and others. As speakers of notoriety are expected with their usual budget of good news from the spirit-spheres, come along all ye who are heavy laden and a hungered for spiritual food, and be ye filled. Come ye priests of Orthodox faith and standard creeds, and for once learn what it is to breath the free air of a free meeting, in which all can express their views, no matter what they may be, and how much they may be opposed to Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy. They shall have a patient and respectful hearing. By order of Committee, Dr. I. H. HILL. Knightstown, Ind., Sept. 5th, 1862.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LECTURE COURSE: LYON'S HALL, TOWNSEND STREET, (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 8:45 and 7:15 P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Hubbard, Oct. 19 and 20; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Dutton, Nov. 16 and 23; J. B. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings every Sunday morning at 10:15 o'clock, and 7:15 in the evening, in Bessett's Hall, Union street, corner of Lawrence. Every arrangement is made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. Spiritualists and all others interested are cordially invited. Conference in the morning—lecture in the evening. Seats free.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Boston, on Sundays, afternoons and evenings, at 10 and 8 o'clock. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 18 and 19; Miss Lizzie Dutton, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TOWNSEND.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 16, 23 and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

FOXBORO'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 10 and 17.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speaker engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

GREENBORO', MASS.—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 forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:45 and 7 o'clock.

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