

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

{ \$2.50 PER YEAR }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }  
Five Cents.

NO. 19.

## Literary Department.

### THE PROPHECY, AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Written for the Banner of Light  
BY GRACE LELAND.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I felt it when I sorrowed most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,  
That every cloud that spreads above  
And veils love itself is love."

TENNISON.

The summer months had passed. A beautiful sunset had been followed by the softest of twilights, which had gradually given place to the thick shades of evening. Still Lela sat by the window, looking up to the silent, twinkling stars, and watching the meteors which now and then with seeming lawlessness shot athwart the sky. That early autumn was one of peculiar beauty, but all its loveliness was fraught with pain for Lela. How could it be otherwise? She knew that Lloyd Hamilton loved her. Doubt had given place to certainty, but to a certainty so replete with anguish, that her face had taken on an expression of deeper sadness, and her heart, already so familiar with sorrow, was conscious of a pain which knew no respite.

As she sat in the shadows of that September evening, she thought of her last meeting with Lloyd Hamilton. The light that came into his eyes and overspread his face as he saw her, the beaming tenderness of expression which lighted it as he looked down into her eyes, the warm, lingering pressure of her hand, the low, tender tones of his voice when he addressed her—she saw, and heard, and felt it all again. Then that rose again before her which had opened to her the most precious gift a woman can receive, at the same time that it had planted a deeper anguish in her heart. She recalled the trembling tones, the repressed earnestness of his speech, and those dear words which had offered to her his deep affection, the devotion of his life. And then how strangely calm she had been, as she gently stepped away from him, saying, "I love you, Lloyd Hamilton, but I cannot be your wife. I am bound by a promise which must separate us throughout this life. I cannot explain it. Strive to forget me, or remember me only as a friend."

"But, Lela, if you indeed love me," he had said in reply, "may I not hope? Surely nothing can separate hearts that are true to each other?"

"No; my answer is final, Mr. Hamilton."

And with a face from which the light had suddenly gone out into utter darkness, he left her without an other word, and they had never met again. She remembered standing where he had left her, and that a terrible pain shot through her heart. Then there was a blank, and when consciousness returned, she found herself lying upon the carpet, where she had fallen. She was alone, and no one knew of her swoon, or the agony which had caused it.

Then she had written to her father, praying him to release her from her promise. But in reply he had written her these words:

"I cannot let you inform Mr. Hamilton. Remember your promise. If not, you may be sure your father's curse will follow you forever. You are very foolish to think you must tell him everything. It can do no harm to marry him, and still have a secret or two from him. You always were fussy about such things, Lela; and, if you refuse him, it is all your own work. Your happiness is in your own hands, not mine. I would do anything else in my power for you, but this I cannot do."

This evening, as her thoughts wandered back to the past, and clung so tenderly around the beloved one whose life she had clouded and embittered, she was unusually calm. She was sad; she could not be cheerful; but she felt that he who knew the end from the beginning, was leading them both in wisdom, and in love none the less so that it was hidden.

At last, overcome with weariness, she slept. Suddenly she became conscious of a presence, which brought a thrill of purest happiness. Her mother, radiant, shining, angelic, stood before her. She said to her in low, earnest tones, "Go, dear child. Your father calls you. Go quickly."

Lela, startled by the apparition, and still more by the words, saw the vision quickly fade away, and opened her eyes. The room was filled with a strange, beautiful light. She closed her eyes, and again opened them, to ascertain if she were really awake. The light remained a few moments, bright, almost dazzling, and wholly undimmed, then gradually faded, and the darkness of night was again around her. A drowsiness which she could not resist remained upon her, and she retired to rest.

The next morning the memory of her vision of the evening before was very vivid in Lela's mind. She felt impelled to obey the summons, but she hesitated, fearing to be deceived. She said to herself, "It may be but the imaginations of a fevered brain. My mind is so unsettled of late, it would not be strange if I had both optical illusions and mental delusions. It was probably nothing more."

Still Lela could not shake off the influence which seemed impelling her toward her old home. She wrote a note to her father, asking if he were well, and if he needed her. After leaving it at the post-office, she felt no consequent relief, and so the hours passed on. That afternoon Mr. Grover's son called at the school house door.

"Here is a letter for you, Miss Lela," he said. "I saw the 'Please forward immediately,' so thought I would bring it to you, instead of waiting for you to come home."

"Thank you."

Before entering the school-room Lela broke open the envelope, and glanced at the contents. The letter ran thus:

"W—, 17th Sept., 1853—

Miss Hoyt—Your father is very sick, and is delirious most of the time. I called to see him early this morning, and found his mind clearer than it had been

for several days. He said to me, 'Doctor, I want you should write to Lela. I must see her before I die. Tell her to come immediately, if she would see her father alive.' I promised to do so, and herewith send you this. I fear he cannot live but a few days. Still, as he has a good constitution, he may recover, and be pretty well again. Yours in haste,

G. RAND.

School was dismissed at once, and an hour later Lela was in Mr. Grover's wagon, on her way to the nearest station, whence she could take a train east. Before sunset she was in a rail-car, speeding rapidly homeward.

No event marked her journey. At its close she entered her father's house with the hope that her presence might bring to him peace and happiness and renewed health, and that she might be released from the promise which had already brought to her so much misery.

She entered the house with a sigh. How cheerless everything looked! How stifling the air seemed! How hateful to her the presence of the woman who was his wife! The latter came forward, and with much officiousness of manner offered her assistance in laying aside Lela's hat and cloak, saying:

"I'll get you something to eat right off."

"No," said Lela; "I only wish to see my father."

"He does not know a thing, Lela. He's been out of his head ever since he was taken sick."

Lela said nothing, but went quickly toward her father's room. The other followed her. "I'm dreadfully worried!" she said. "Dr. Rand was taken sick himself yesterday, and has not seen Mr. Hoyt since yesterday morning."

"You have another physician, of course?" Lela demanded, quickly.

"Why, no. There isn't any doctor 'round that I've any confidence in, excepting Dr. Rand. I thought he'd be able, perhaps, to come by to-night."

"I shall send for Dr. Grey immediately," said Lela. They entered her father's room. He lay there cold and still, his life fast ebbing away.

"He is dying!" Lela exclaimed, in a tone of anguish; and going to him she wiped the death-damp from his forehead, and kissed him, saying:

"Oh, my father! Speak to your child once more!"

He turned and looked upon her wistfully, anxiously. "Lela, I'm glad you've come! I'm going fast!"

"I want—"

A slight spasm fluttered over his face, his last breath floated out upon the air, his last wish was lost in the silence of death!

And then hope died in Lela's heart!

Two days later Lela returned from her father's grave well nigh exhausted in body and mind. Her spirit will alone prevented her from being seriously ill. She felt the need of constant exertion, and took upon herself the task of arranging her father's papers. She felt it was both a duty and a privilege which belonged to his daughter alone. She had a hope, too, faint though it was, that she might find some note addressed to herself, releasing her from her promise. She spent most of the day following that of the funeral in this manner; and when at last all were properly arranged and disposed of, the last ray of hope which had revived a little, had gone out in utter darkness.

Lela soon returned to her western home. The calmness of despair had settled down upon her. She was but partially conscious of things transpiring around her. Even the sense of danger failed to arouse her, when one of those scenes took place incident to travel, which make the stoutest heart to quail with fear, and when the alarm is over, to turn with wonder and gratitude to Him whose providence is over all. When she at last arrived in B—, she was as one walking in a dream. She would not, however, suffer herself to give way either to physical or mental weakness and weariness, but, after a day or two of rest, again opened her school.

The autumn passed, and was succeeded by winter, whose keen blasts and pelting snows and frozen tears were more than ever welcome to Lela. "Such is my life—a winter scene!" she thought. "The blasts within are not colder and fiercer than those that rage without. My hopes lie buried beneath drearier snows than those piled around in Nature's domain. The fancies which cling to the trees are only like the tears congealed around my heart. Winter without, and winter within! Yet the spring will follow. The snows will melt away, the icy pendants disappear in the warm rays of the returning sun, the winds will give place to balmy breezes, and the earth will be glad again with flowers and birds, and unfettered rills and laughing sunshine. But will the spring and summer enter my heart? Will there be room for them there? Oh, Father, divine! by thy grace, by thy tender pitying love break thou the bands which imprison my soul; that it may go forth, even through the wintry darkness which surrounds it, into the broader, warmer sunlight of faith and hope. Lead me, that I falter not; help me, that I trust Thee more!"

Thus seeking divine assistance, her prayers were answered. Her soul grew strong to endure, and brave to meet her destiny. And the tender, womanly nature in her grew ever in beauty. She loved and was beloved. And though an impassable gulf yawned between her and her lost love, she felt that it was good that they had met. She knew that she was a truer woman for having known and loved Lloyd Hamilton. Life had become more sacred to her because he, too, lived; and never did she breathe a prayer for herself but she breathed the same for him.

The flowers he loved held in their soft chalice tiny whisp'ring unheard before; in the birds' sweet notes she heard ever a melody which only love had awakened her soul to listen to; and the sunshine dropped a purer light because it fell on him! The books and the pictures he had loved were dearer to her than ever before; the songs which they had sung together were oftener on her lips, and her soul in its tenderness went out ever toward him, if perchance it might meet his!

Early in the spring Lela received a letter from her uncle, Dr. Reynolds, who had removed from Savannah to Boston, where he was engaged in the practice of his profession. He and his wife both wrote, urging Lela to come and make her home with them, and to be to them as a daughter. She gratefully accepted their invitation, waiting only the close of her school, which was near at hand.

When she was at last released from her school duties, it was with a feeling of satisfaction at the thought of positive good achieved. She knew that some young minds would go forth into life better fortified for its varied experiences for the teachings she had given them; and in the consciousness of duty well performed she could not be wholly unhappy. Farewells followed, and the heartfelt good wishes of many attended Lela to her new home, for she had endeared herself to those who knew her, by her self-sacrificing spirit and her kind demeanor toward all. A few days later she was in her new home—a home made beautiful by all that wealth and a cultivated taste could effect, and still more by the tender love which hallowed it.

#### CHAPTER V.

"A little hint to solace woe,  
A hint, a whisper breathing low,  
I may not speak of what I know."

"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice," I cried.  
"A hidden hope," the voice replied."

TENNISON.

Lloyd Hamilton sat leaning on his counter. It was a drizzly day without, and few customers came in. He had laid aside the morning paper, and sat absorbed in thought. That his thoughts were not pleasant ones you could easily divine by the track of their footsteps on his face. There is a hard, distrustful expression there which we did not see a year ago. Lela Hoyt is in his thoughts, and distrust follows her memory ever; and yet—so strange, so mysterious is love—his deep, unabated tenderness clings to her as closely, as constantly.

The door opens. An elderly gentleman enters.

"Ah, Hamilton, how are you?"

"Frank Hoyt! How are you, old fellow? Where did you drop from? You were far enough from my thoughts."

"Which proves I am not identical with that personage who shall be nameless, who is always so inconveniently near whenever spoken of. But, Hamilton, what's the matter? You are growing old. Is business dull or driving?"

"Business is well enough. This is a miserable life, anyhow. We fight for our dollars, as children scramble for the spilled pennies. We are nothing but overgrown children. But here, take a better seat, Hoyt. I'm right glad to see your old face again. How do you and the world get along now-a-days?"

"First rate. The world and I are excellent friends yet."

Lloyd Hamilton gave an indifferently sort of whistle.

"When did you leave Boston?"

"Last week. I had just got home from Cuba, where I've been the past year. I came out here just at this time to attend a wedding here in town, which took place last evening."

"Ah! You must be fond of seeing fools harnessed for life?"

"Is that you, Hamilton, that make such a remark as that?"

"Never mind the remark. Who are the fond couple?"

"Hal Moreland, a lawyer in Cambridge, who came out with me, and my niece, Miss May Hapwell, of this city."

"I have seen her. When do you return?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon? Well, come up and spend this evening with me, won't you?"

"A previous appointment will prevent. But I shall be most glad to have you share it with me."

"What is it? Another wedding?"

"No; a few friends are invited to spend the evening at Dr. Thayer's. A circle is to be held there, and a writing medium will be present."

"Wh—w! Have you got befuddled with that fanaticism, Hoyt? I expected better things of you."

"Never mind; will you go?"

"No, I believe not—yes, I will, too. I'll see how she does it."

"Why do you say she? How do you know it is a lady?"

"Of course it is a lady. There never was any mischief in the world yet, but there was a woman at the bottom of it. Of course this jugglery is carried on by a feminine."

"Well, come and prove the whole thing false, if you can. It is always ready for the strictest investigation."

"Well, I'll come. 'Twill help pass off one evening. By the way, Hoyt, I'm about pulling up stakes here to go East; am going to settle down in Boston. There is a good opening there of the right kind, and I want a change," he added, with a yawn.

"Ah! I'm glad if you are coming back into Yankeeedom. But don't bring that long face with you. We don't allow such in New England."

"You are getting to be complimentary in your old age, Hoyt; but you always were a privileged character."

Customers came in, and when they left the conversation turned on politics.

A select company were seated around a large table in Dr. Thayer's pleasant parlor that evening. Some of them were already believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, others were investigating the subject, a few others were unbelievers. There was one present who had always regarded the subject with the deepest contempt, who had ridiculed its claim, and who regarded Spiritualists as men and women of weak intellects and bewildered imaginations. He accounted for the whole phenomena, when imposition was not consciously practiced, on the ground of mesmeric influence; and was this evening determined to receive a message from his aunt, who was still living in New York. He was very sure that if he received any message, it would be from her, giving certain particulars of her name, age, and the time of her residence in spirit land, with certain sentimental flourishes of undying affection for him and watchful care over him. He sat at the right of the medium at his own request, that he might the better detect any imposition that might be practiced.

He was resolved to glean some amusement from the folly and credulity of others, and was ready for the sport.

A message was given to the company assembled

from the spirit of a clergyman, well known to several of them. Then followed one from a young man to his widowed mother present, which she received with tears of mingled joy and sorrow. In both cases the medium, who was gifted with spirit sight, described the personal appearance of the spirits who wrote the messages. There was a pause. Miss Carver, the medium, broke the brief silence, by saying:

"I see a gentleman of perhaps sixty-five years of age. He is below the medium height, with dark hair a little gray, and heavy, dark-brown beard. There is one peculiarity about his beard, which is quite long, and that is, there is a spot on his chin which is almost entirely white, while the rest of his whiskers are hardly tinged with gray. He has dark-gray eyes of a peculiar expression, which is not pleasing. He has, I should think, rather a wide mouth; and, although I can't see its expression because of the beard which conceals it, I think that his face generally expresses a great amount of firmness and decision. There is a look of selfishness and sensuality, too, very apparent. There is a peculiar scar on his left cheek, from some injury received a long time ago, I should think. It is in the shape of a triangle. He sits down now, and places his hands together in a very peculiar manner—the little finger of his right hand and the forefinger of his left hand meeting at their tips, and his thumbs working nervously together. With his head thrown back and his eyes nearly closed, he seems to sit and think. Now he has risen, and stands behind the gentleman at my right. He lays one hand on his shoulder. He seems very unhappy. He wishes to write."

The medium's hand grew rigid, and soon grasped the pencil. The following was written in a quick, nervous manner:

"I must speak to my child. Seek her, and tell her that I release her from her promise. I shall never be at rest till I see her happy. You distrust her. That is wrong; for Lela is in every way worthy of your confidence. The misery which has come to her and one other was caused by my sin alone. Seek her without delay, for I have sadly wronged my poor Lela. She is free from her promise. If I could only see her happy I would bear my sufferings in patience, for they are deserved. I lived in W—, Massachusetts, and have been in the spirit-land eight months."

The paper was pushed toward the gentleman at her right, whom you have doubtless recognized as Mr. Hamilton. He took it and read it, while his expression of amazed incredulity gave place to one of surprise and interest. Yet with an air of assumed indifference he laid it back upon the table, saying:

"I never knew a man by the name of Jarvis Hoyt."

"Hoyt?" asked Mr. Hoyt. "I formerly knew a gentleman of that name in W—, Massachusetts; but I don't know but he is living yet. The acquaintance between us was very slight, however. His first wife was a very beautiful woman; and his daughter I became slightly acquainted with a short time before her mother's death. Her name was Lela."

Here were two points in the communication already tested; but Mr. Hamilton was obstinate.

"If I have any friends in the spirit-world," he said, "it is rather singular that they should send a stranger along to talk to me."

"It is perhaps intended as a test," said Mr. Hoyt. Remember the peculiarities specified, and perhaps you may be able sometime to ascertain the truth or falsity of the matter."

"Well, of course, some friend of mine can say a word as well as this stranger."

But there was nothing more for Mr. Hamilton. He felt a deeper interest in the communication he had received than he chose to make apparent, and only took the message into his own possession when the medium handed it to him, remarking, "Wouldn't it be well to keep it, so as to test the truth of it? You may wish to refer to it sometime."

"Thank you; it will do no harm," said he.

After a pause the medium continued—

"I see a very bright, beautiful spirit, a young lady. I should think about twenty years of age. Her eyes and hair are of a chestnut brown color, her complexion clear, her features irregular, but very expressive. She is very graceful in her motions. She is dressed in flowing robes of white, fastened by the most beautiful flowers I ever saw, and wears on her head a splendid wreath of the same. She stands near Mr. Hoyt, and is holding a wreath of the same flowers over his head. She smiles upon him beautifully."

Miss Carver's hand was then influenced, and the following was written and handed to Mr. Hoyt.

"Still, oh, my Beloved! you walk the earth-paths, shedding ever around you the brightness of a soul that loves truth and goodness. But you are not alone. You feel the presence of dear, departed ones, and you know that I am ever near. I will never leave you, Frank; and I will be the first to welcome you to this blessed shore. I sometimes have felt impatient to welcome you to our glorious home—but I am wiser now, and I know that our Father will call you at the right time; I wait his will in patience. You have more work on earth to do. There are sad hearts that need you there, and you will do them good. Falter not, Beloved. Trust in our Father always. I am with you ever."

Yours own Anna.

On their way home Mr. Hoyt remarked, "Something will come of all this, Hamilton. My acquaintance with Mr. Hoyt was too slight for me to know anything of his personal peculiarities, but the description given of his looks was very correct. I recollect his beard very well; it was, as described, very peculiar. First we must ascertain whether he has gone to the spirit world; and if so, we may sometime meet some one who can give us the desired information."

"I have not seen his daughter for many years. She was an interesting girl, but I always felt that a sad life was before her. She had one of those deep, earnest natures, with feelings intense and fine, which always suffer passing through this rough, hard world. To such it too often becomes a vale of tears."

"I would like to know whether Miss Hoyt is living or not; whether she is the best, presiding genius of some happy home, as she ought to be, or whether she walks alone, and weary, with all the tenderness of her woman's heart shut back upon itself!"

"Well, Hoyt, I may as well be honest with an honest old fellow like you. I know Lela Hoyt very well. I know that she has made my life miserable. I may as well tell you, though there is n't another per-

son to whom I would speak so freely. She flirted with me awhile, and then refused me, which was n't particularly agreeable, as you can imagine. However, it has given me a lesson concerning woman-kind that I shall not forget. It came late in life, to be sure. I was too old to be made such a fool of—by a woman, too!"

"Hamilton, I see how it is. Mr. Hoyt influenced his daughter, and now he repents of it, and is anxious to atone for the past by making you both happy. In justice to Miss Hoyt, you should seek her at once, and show her this communication."

"And make a fool of myself a second time!"

"No; you would only be a fool by neglecting to do so. Besides, I know of nothing yet which implies that you have been a fool. I am sure any man would be very excusable for loving a true, noble woman, such as I believe Lela Hoyt must be. No disgrace attaches to an honorable love, even though it be unrequited. Only a few weeks ago a lady remarked to me, 'It is a mystery to me that a gentleman should feel disgraced in any way by being refused by a lady. I honor a man all the more,' said she, 'that he has loved, even though it be hopelessly, a woman worthy of his esteem and affection.'"

"Well, there is no denying the fact that a man does feel the disgrace, whether there is any reason for it or not. But I do not know where Miss Hoyt is. I have no opportunity of hearing anything of her now, as her friends in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, have gone South."

"Well, when I return to Boston I'll make some inquiries in regard to her, among my old friends in W—, and may learn something of her. If so, I will let you know."

"Thank you. I'll see you again in the morning. Good night."

"Good-night."

They shook hands and separated.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

### DISENCHANTMENT.

BY CORA WILBURN.

It awaits upon our every step of life, as long as we are yet undisciplined, yet unlearned in wisdom. Whenever impulse rules in place of unerring intuition, we shall make mistakes, and stumble over obstacles that impede self-harmonization. We shall accept the semblance for the reality, and call more thorns than flowers on our way. We should simply regret our own ignorance in place of bewailing the disappointments of life; we should strive for a clearer vision, a nobler insight, a higher guidance of our faculties, not spend time in shedding useless tears over past follies and errors of judgment. Neither should we grow misanthropic because of others' shortcomings; our embodied ideals may sadly fail in realizing our fond and fervent hopes; but this only points us to further effort in the heart and soul-search for goodness, fidelity, love and friendship. The pure and lofty ideals are still our own; by the failure of full or even partial realization here, we become attracted heavenward, more upward, we rise in soul-stature, and dare to see on the Paradisean valleys and the eternal heights for the fruition of our cherished hopes and plans.

And the spirit-world's imperishable beauty, wealth and joy is reflected on the loving hearts and manifested in the deeds of fraternal sympathy wherever this life is best, even amid its darkest scenes of bloodshed and violence, in darkest hours, when benign Truth struggles in the grasp of Error. If you have nobly felt the stirrings of holy thought, seeking for expression in acts of beneficent bestowal, rest assured that somewhere in the countless worlds before you the perfect accomplishment of your purposes awaits you. And here, in the probationary sphere, thousands of linked souls respond to every heart-throb for humanity, and invisible hands, stronger than adamant chains, bind together in everlasting fellowship of love all those who "feel another's woe."

Rejoice, and weep not, for the inevitable disenchantments of life. They are the bitter tones of the spirit, whose effect is strengthening to the soul. The false love that cost you so many bitter tears, smothered days and nights of sorrow, was but a fleeting, salutary pain, whose mission was to teach, to lead you to the summits of serene thought and a clearer understanding of the spirit's needs. Give thanks for the anguish of a few short months or years; your whole earthly life might have been embittered by the falsehood that darkened only its threshold.

With maturer years and some portion of worldly wisdom, you will find yourself the prey of the designing and rapacious. You give all your hopes, joys, future plans, every thought of your being almost into the outstretched hands of a friendship, proffered with so much seeming warmth and earnestness. And you find yourself betrayed and laughed to scorn by the very lips that uttered such glowing sentiments, that named you "brother" or "sister of the soul!" You are stunned, bewildered for awhile with the magnitude of this new stroke of fate; and you imagine, because that idolized one failed in truth and honesty, that there is no truth in friends, no honest meaning in protestations of affection, no good in man or woman. Do not be so foolish as to cast all goodness out of human hearts because of the dereliction of one, or a few, but accept the experience as one needed by your yet unregulated mind and heart. Believe not mere words, but strive for the calm intuition that reveals the spirit they contain; rely not on terms of endearment and fondest promises; look to unselfish deeds, and whether the self-sacrificing beauty of friendship is possessed by your friend; place no faith in the philanthropic efforts that content themselves with words; trust not the charity that begins not in the home-circle, and beware of the smallest lurkings of deceit, for where entire truthfulness is lacking, there can be no safe foundation for the upbuilding of an eternal friendship. Be pure and true and steadfast yourself, and let no misfortune overcome you. Live in the joy and hope of friendship's full fruition, in the perfection of most sacred love. Arise out of the dim valleys of Disenchantment into the blissfully serene atmosphere wherein dwell the attributes, divine and eternal, of Godlike manhood and womanhood.



LETTER TO HON. D. S. DICKINSON.  
THE FREEDMAN AND CITIZENSHIP.

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON:

Sir—Having witnessed your ardent zeal and untiring efforts, both as a citizen of the Republic and Chief Law-Officer of the Empire State, for two years, in aid of the National Government to suppress the Rebellion in every way within your power, I feel warranted to take the liberty to address to you some of my views concerning the Freedman and Citizenship.

The Proclamation of the President of the United States of January last, liberating the slaves of those in rebellion, has introduced into the popular elements new conditions and relations which must substantially affect the affairs of the nation. The pen and sword of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States have been potent instruments in his hands to the downfall of a system of wrong and oppression, for the allowance and practice of which this people are to day suffering the high penalties which offended Deity has connected with his violated laws. Its crumbling edifice, whose foundations rested on so many States, is now a fragmentary heap of ruins, which Time is fast hastening to dust, and which the prosperous winds will soon scatter to the ends of the earth, no more to annoy forever. There has been more than magic power in the pen and sword of the Chief Magistrate, else there would not have sprung forth, at his behest, from among its prostrate pillars and shattered towers, an edon soldiery strong and mighty in muscle, armed and ready to battle bravely with Slavery and Treason. The sword has pierced the very vitals of Slavery, and it is perishing away—the pen has proclaimed its subject population free, and bid the emancipated masses go forth to enjoy the blessings of manhood—already is begun the grand exodus in the highways of Freedom. Through from the servile millions emerge from the fallen House of Bondage and go abroad to join the ranks of Freemen. Henceforth the Freedman must have position in the land—his political status must be settled—shall it be citizen as well as soldier?

[We have leave of Dr. D. to cut down his manuscript to such extent, as will accord with our limits. We must quit something—hence we leave out here, with much regret, many important paragraphs.]—En.

I have thus given an outline glance at not only the declarations of the fathers in respect to man's rights and privileges, but at their doings also in the premises, as framers of the constitution—it seemed necessary for the purposes of this examination.

It is plain that the constitution falls far short of the high mark made by them, for man in his relations to his fellow and his Creator. They forget, it would seem, to extend to the slaves in the land, the enjoyment of the natural rights—those superior gifts which they claimed may never be alienated by any man, and if so, which may not be taken away or withheld by any man—namely, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is an unfortunate historical fact evinced by the constitution itself, that the inhabitants of the land, at the time of its adoption, were, (1.) those denominated *free persons*, and (2.) those termed, *all other persons*, clearly meaning those not free. (Con. Art. I. Sec. 3.) It is impossible that the language can be received otherwise than that if some of the inhabitants were not free persons, then some disability must attach to them. It is well known that apprenticeship was a temporary, and slavery a perpetual disability. Is it too much to claim in the argument, that the citizenship contemplated by the constitution, is limited to the class called free persons? Certainly not does it contemplate that citizen and inhabitant are synonymous terms: nor are they convertible—all inhabitants are not citizens, but all citizens are inhabitants. Citizenship seems to be the qualifying element or property in a person, to enable him to hold office in the government. Is it not a condition which is required of a person to enable him to give or confer office, that is, to exercise the elective franchise? It would so seem, else why the grant to Congress "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States?" It is from those inhabitants only who are citizens, that representatives in Congress are chosen—before being eligible to such office, a person must have "been seven years a citizen of the United States." No one can be Senator in Congress till he has "been nine years a citizen of the United States." No person except a natural (native) born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the constitution, can be eligible to the office of President. The constitution intends citizens only, to participate in the administration of the affairs of the government—and further, that free persons only shall be citizens. It takes into account, in the matter of citizenship, freedom and nativity or allegiance of birth, not property or complexion. It is condition, not color, which is foundational to citizenship.

All free native born inhabitants in this nation are citizens thereof. So are all aliens naturalized under the acts of Congress, passed in pursuance of the constitutional grant to that body, of power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization. Any different rule adopted by a State, will not confer on the alien, federal or national citizenship—State naturalization is worthless in every respect—it confers no privileges which may not be abrogated. The constitution and the laws of Congress in that behalf are controlling, any thing in the constitution or laws of a State to the contrary notwithstanding. Birth in this country, and naturalization according to the laws of Congress, give to free persons the rights of national citizenship. Much confusion has arisen in not regarding this rule. Collision of claims and conflict of alleged rights are common in these days, for lack of understanding how to exercise the limitations of federal citizenship. These collisions and conflicts have called out from their hitherto hidden retreats, the strong and mighty antagonisms which the fathers of the constitution bound as firmly as they were able by the ligaments of fraternal regard, but which are now filling the land with civil commotion and war—a war not of the roses but of the races. In this asylum of the oppressed of all nations and tribes and kindreds and tongues under the whole heaven, can it longer be that man generically and universally, shall not be alike entitled to full freedom—to citizenship? May the strife never cease till the rights of man shall be recognized by all and established for all.

If I have not erred in these views, it follows that the rights of federal citizenship must prevail in all the States, notwithstanding local laws and the decrees of local judicial tribunals—that the rights of State citizenship can prevail only in the State—that some of these rights are concurrent and co-ordinate and prevail alike, as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—that upon the inauguration of this government under the Constitution, none but persons free at the time, by birth or manumission, became citizens of the United States; all others became subjects—that all persons held to service or labor under mastership during life, remained as aforetime, slaves of the parties to whom such service or labor was due; slaves, in fact, to their masters, but subjects of the Commonwealth; amenable to the master as property—amenable to the Government politically, as persons and its subjects.

It is safe to say that when the Constitution went into operation, whatever rights and privileges he longed to a free inhabitant of the land, at Common Law, continued to exist and remained for his enjoyment ever afterward, unless in some way abridged by the language of the Constitution, in the allowance to the States of certain reservations. But whatever things national citizenship vested in an inhabitant, might never be taken away by State laws or constitutions, whether such citizenship be derived from birth, naturalization, or proclamation.

State laws and constitutions as municipal regulations may limit and prescribe the duties and privileges of the dwellers in a State, and the people therein may for the purposes of its corporate relations and internal police, do many things independently of the General Government, but all their doings, however, must harmonize with its movements. If the citizenship of the United States gives to a person a right irrespective of property or color, that person in the exercise of such right, cannot be restrained by the law or Constitution of a State. If a citizen of the United States of proper age, according to the Constitution, may cast his vote in an election for President of the United States, may a State by its laws and constitution, limit the right because of color or lack of property? May a State, on account of color, refuse domicile to a citizen of the United States? I answer no, and I repeat the reference to the Constitution: "The citizens [of the United States] of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens [of the United States] in the several States." The interpolations which I use in the passage will the more readily show the sense intended to be conveyed to the reader. Without such interpretation, I venture to affirm, the section has no sense—is only nonsense!

Who shall hinder me from holding land in any State I may choose to dwell in, if I am able to purchase it? Citizenship of the United States being without respect to color, and the right to have and to hold land anywhere in the national domain, being one of the rights of citizenship of the United States, how is it that because a man is black, or colored more or less, being a citizen of the United States, he may not have domicile in the State of Illinois? Were I a black man and wanted a home there, I would in the particular fact of ownership of a bit of land, be as big as President Lincoln, or I would demonstrate to the world that:

"There is no force in the decrees of Venice." I have said that State naturalization is in conflict with that provided by Congress under the Constitution and was worthless. A State cannot make a citizen by statute or constitution. A person born free in a State, becomes citizen by birth, not of the State alone, but of the United States. Born elsewhere, abroad, the uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States, demanded by the Constitution, bars the State of any action in that behalf, and a person must become citizen by law of Congress—and hence there can be no citizenship but United States' citizenship.

By the Roman law, at an early period slaves were made freemen in three ways:—(1.) as when the slave by the consent or order of his master had his name enrolled by the Censor—(2.) as when the master having taken his slave to the Praetor or Consul, said, "I desire that this man be free according to the custom of the Romans"—and the Praetor replied, "I say that this man is free after the manner of the Romans"—(3.) as when a master gave his slave his liberty by will. Freedom received in either of these methods, was styled *libertas*. In later days liberty was given to the slave in various ways—by letter, among friends, besides many other methods; but these did not bring to the slave perfect freedom. They did not break the bonds of private ownership—such methods did not entitle him to the privileges of citizenship. But anciently the condition of all freedmen was the same—they received the freedom of the city with their liberty, according to the institution of Servius Tullius. In short, became Roman citizens. Such is the record of history in respect to the methods of transition from slavery to freedom, and in respect to the extent and fullness of liberation in the land of the Caesars.

But it remained for this age of the world to witness millions of bondmen brought, at once, by proclamation proceeding from the Executive Department of the American Government, into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of Freedom—to witness the birth, at once, of a nation of slaves from bondage to liberty. Abraham Lincoln, by his edict of January last, has given to his name a place "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." God bless him and the freedmen forever more!

The proclamation is a law of the land, constitutional and obligatory, quite as fully as any rescript of Congress. Military necessity is its proper warrant. The peril of the national life, and the preservation of the Constitution, by which alone that life is sustained, called for its commands. The President is sworn to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution,"—to do this, it was necessary, as a war measure, to strike the real foe which was at war with its declared principles as seen in its comprehensive preamble. It is true Slavery found lodgment in its sanctuary—its reptile breath had for eighty years poisoned the atmosphere, and the nation was suffering from the foul effluence—its serpent coil had well nigh strangled Liberty in her Temple. The President, in fulfillment of his oath, and in accordance with divine injunction, Hercules-like, smote the monster with irremediable wounds. His partisan enemies say he violated rather than protected the Constitution. But "if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee—for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." There was no other alternative—death to the body politic, or amputation. The offensive thing—Slavery, is rank, and smells to heaven," but the patient is not quite "past all surgery," and the President, skillful operator, severs the right hand whose "little finger had become thicker than the father's loins," and it falls to the ground, and none but bloodhounds and vultures visit the pulseless member.

The freedman is in the field—he is fighting fearlessly the battles which his old enemy and foe to liberty have instigated his quondam master to wage against the freemen of the land. He has become soldier, and shrinks not to meet death if need be. By operation of law, he has become citizen, if native born; and shall the rights and privileges of citizenship be denied him? So long as the Constitution for which, in the very infancy of his freedom, he is perilling his life, shall, in *limine*, declare its object to be to establish justice, he will have just claim to enjoy whatever it bestows upon the free. Shall pagan Rome be more magnanimous to her slaves, giving them the freedom of the Eternal City—another name for citizenship—than Christian America with the added centuries of civilization and teaching of the Nazarene?

The indications of this in the exercise of power, are favorable in this behalf. The practice, I am told, obtains in the Department of State, to give to all free native born and naturalized persons, irrespective of color or complexion, when about to depart on their travels in Great Britain and Continental Europe, letters patent of their American citizenship, in form of pass ports, for their national protection while abroad. And besides, an able letter not long since emanating from the pen of the Attorney General, at the solicitation of the philanthropic Secretary of the Treasury Department, attests to the same liberal views of citizenship.

Another evidence of the regard which is manifested by the Government in behalf of those emancipated by proclamation, and those still remaining in servitude, may be seen in the movement already inaugurated by one branch of the present Congress; namely, the establishment of a Bureau of Emancipation—a provision which will be of incalculable advantage to all concerned in the liberation and elevation of the slave. This Government has only to establish justice in all its various relations, domestic and foreign, to secure for itself stability, prosperity and perpetuity. To every citizen of the United States, let me commend the advice of Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell:

"Be just and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy Country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's." HORACE DRESSER,  
Yours, etc.,  
Doctor of Civil and Canon Law,  
Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
'TIS ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY A. F. M'COMBS.

Though darkness and dangers may encompass thy path,  
Around thee the waves of the angry sea dash,  
And the storm burst upon thee in fury and wrath,  
And the tempest howl fierce, and red lightnings flash;  
Though about thee may break the wild thunders of Jove,

The sky black and scowling from east to the west,  
Still the sun shines as brightly as ever above—  
Then never complain, for 't is all for the best.

From cradle to coffin, the whole journey of life  
Is seen as we picture it in our own minds:  
A toll and a struggle, and a wearisome strife,  
Or pleasant duties, rightful bond of mankind.  
Look! infancy's helpless, how narrow its ken,  
How minor its joys, but with tears how oppress,  
Yet we must be infants ere we can be men—  
Then never complain, for 't is all for the best.

Though the chill blasts of Winter sweep over the land,  
The plain of its verdure is shorn by its breath,  
And barrenness spreads, at the touch of his hand,  
Earth's music seems hushed in the stillness of death.  
In kindness and wisdom Winter 's sent on before,  
To give Mother Nature her much needed rest,  
So that Summer may blossom; again yield her store—  
Then never complain, for 't is all for the best.

Who from his experiences would sever a part?  
Though he may have been slandered, wronged and abused,  
He knows they have chastened and strengthened his heart;  
Yet had he foreknown them, he'd as lief been excused.

The arm at the anvil by its labor grows strong;  
Our sorrows and pains give our pleasures a zest,  
And the lessons of life, sure they've never been wrong—  
Then never complain, for 't is all for the best.

## Original Essays.

## REMUNERATION OF SPIRITUAL LECTURERS.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

This is a matter on which something has been said and written, but which ought to receive still more attention. I believe I hazard nothing when I say that none in public life are so devoted and self-sacrificing, and so poorly paid, as the SPIRITUAL LECTURERS. Why is this? It cannot be said that there are too many lecturers and too few Spiritualists. There is a constant demand for lecturers to visit different localities. There are not enough in the lecturing field to meet the demand. It is not because Spiritualists are too poor to remunerate speakers. There is, perhaps, as much wealth among them as among the Methodists, or Baptists, or most other denominations. The reason why lecturers are not sustained as they should be, is attributable, mainly, to a prevailing superstition among the great body of the Spiritualists that spiritual gifts and "material aid" are incompatible—that the essential ingredient of an unadulterated gospel, or pure inspiration, is poverty. More especially do the mediums get the benefit of this superstition. "They should keep themselves unspotted from the filthy lucre of this world." This affords us an instance of the "latency" preaching to the "clergy"; and, as is usual with preachers, it is found easier to preach than to practice. They expect of lecturers what they are unwilling to practice themselves. Golden Rules are nowhere. Such people will say, "You mediums are not obliged to study, or prepare your lectures; you take no thought what ye shall speak; you have 'spiritual gifts'—they come to you free—they cost you nothing; freely ye have received, freely give." without money and without price." As Paul seems to be a witness in this case, we will have him cross examined. "For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." "Spiritual gifts" alone will not buy bread and butter, or clothing, or pay railroad fare, or educate children. Spiritual mediums do bestow their gifts freely, without money and without price." All they ask is a fair compensation for the time devoted to the good of others in dispensing these "spiritual things." It is impossible for mediums to follow the common avocations of everyday life, to devote their physical energies and mental powers, to give their individual attention to secular pursuits for the purpose of obtaining means whereby they may sustain families and educate offspring, and be in a proper condition to receive freely a spiritual influx.

It certainly does require of most men an undivided attention to business, a steady perseverance and constant industry, in order to be successful in their different callings, and not be "worse than infidels." Yet in the face of these facts it has been proposed by some stinging Spiritualists, who have been intent on "sponging" the spiritual food, that lecturers perform sufficient physical or mental labor to procure a livelihood, and give the balance of their time to the advocacy of Spiritualism. The worst wish that they can make for such people is, that they were obliged to try their own plan for three or six months, and thus do penance by eating their own pills. If a dose of three months would cure them, it would prove an infallible remedy!

A lecturer who is presumptuous enough to ask ten dollars a Sunday for his services, is looked upon by the "gospel spongers" as a very unspiritual sort of person, "anxious only to make money." (!) and thus making merchandise of his gifts. This morbid sentiment which would compel lecturers to live from hand to mouth, has been of too great prevalence among Spiritualists whose hearts are in the right place, but who have been misled with regard to their duty to them by their false notions of a liberal gospel. Persons thus blinded have oscillated from the one extreme of a princely support of Orthodox mummeries to a beggarly sustenance of the promulgation of soul-expanding thoughts.

It is a lamentable fact that this state of things among Spiritualists has driven some of the best talent from the lecturing field, leaving it, in many parts of the country, entirely destitute of public spiritual teachers. In some places that I have visited, where this state of things exist, some of the most influential Spiritualists have attended, regularly, Orthodox meetings, paying liberally for the support of the same, owning or hiring pews in the church, in which to seat their families, averring as a reason for such a manifestly inconsistent course, that Orthodox meetings were preferable to no meetings at all, and that by attending them they could see and mingle with their acquaintances and friends, confessing, at the same time, that they were almost starved for the want of spiritual food—that the preaching which they endured was stale and husky. I am almost tempted to say it served them right. The means they worse than squandered in supporting a system of theology full of "irredeemable lies," might have been invested in spiritual publications, which could have been circulated for the benefit and enlightenment of the community; and in time, lecturers could be procured.

In other places Spiritualists have united with Universalists in the support of Universalist preaching. Thirteen dollars per Sunday was paid a Universalist clergyman to read hymns, Scripture, sermons, and preach "Christ and him crucified." The Spiritualists

of this same place, who united with the Universalists in hiring a Universalist clergyman, complained of the difficulty encountered in paying a spiritual lecturer, who had addressed them the year before to their entire satisfaction, the paltry sum of five dollars a Sunday! It seemed to him as though he had thrown away his time, after so faithfully laboring for the highest spiritual good of a people who, in this course, seemed to take a step backward. Their excuse for not engaging one of our most worthy lecturers who was recommended to them by their former speaker, was that they would be able to convert their Universalist friends to the beauties of Spiritualism. It leaked out that the Universalists expected to convert the Spiritualists to the more popular Universalist faith: Result: Spiritualists hunger.

It seems but fair that Spiritualists should sustain their own lecturers, who have "borne the heat and burden of the day;" who have proclaimed the glad tidings of spirit-communication, through good and evil report, ridiculed, abused and slandered by foes, in and out of the ranks of Spiritualists, instead of engaging in a wild goose chase after popularity. If the doctrines advocated by Spiritualists will not make Spiritualism popular, then they had far better be content with unpopular truths, than "sell out" to any sect, no matter how liberal or popular the sect may be. It is a duty that the spiritual public owe to themselves, as well as to their speakers, to give them a hearty pecuniary support beside the encouragement and sympathy which they receive. If Spiritualists will devote one-tenth of the energy and business tact to the advancement of the Spiritual Philosophy that they do to the physical man, lecturers will be well sustained in every community wherever a dozen Spiritualists can be found.

## THE FOUNDATION STONE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY J. M. A.

There was a time in the history of Spiritualism when the first blow at the gigantic evils of modern Socialism had not been struck. The world had not received the impress of the destructionary element of the new Gospel. Old forms remained of bigotry, intolerance, and illiberality. Virtue was based upon adherence to creedism. Life was filled with animal tendencies, unenlightened and unspiritualized. The labor of Spiritualism, thus in its incipency, has been, first, by incontestable proofs to establish the fact of spirit-communication; guidance, and control; second, to destroy the idols of "wood and stone" which the Christian world has been so long worshipping—to tear down the structure of false conceptions of Virtue, Religion, Duty, and Destiny, which have been befitting, marring, and hardening the human soul for so many long centuries. This work, viz: the destruction of the false, (as well as the establishment of the true) is still going on. Men are still found without faith in the reality of spirit intercourse, and gigantic evils still remain. The foundations, it is true, of false Theology and false Socialism, are appalled, and the vast edifice is swaying to and fro, blown by the restless winds of the coming Dispensation. It must soon fall, and great shall be the fall thereof. The crackling timbers shall bend and break. The shapeless mass of ruins, scarred and blackened by the blows and purifying fire of aggressive Truth, shall be a monument significant and truthful of the mortality of Error.

Then shall come the builders, and the ruins shall be cleared away, and the foundations be laid for a new and beautiful Temple. In this temple shall all mankind worship; and its foundations shall be enduring; and its walls shall be strong; and its dome shall pierce the heavens. Eternal Truth shall be its name. Wisdom, Love, Purity, Fidelity, shall reside in its walls. Nature and Science shall cement the foundation. Progression shall fill the resplendent dome with iridescent glory. The teeming millions, whose aspirations shall flow out within its benign shades, filled with the charity of the angels, shall worship the Great Spirit without fear. Oh! the bliss of the coming ages—when men shall have learned to love Truth rather than Creeds, Humanity rather than self, Scientific Naturalism rather than arbitrary unbelief! Man shall walk hand in hand with the angels, acknowledging the great All-Father as the controller, in love, of human destinies and the celestial hosts as intermediate instruments. Then shall Virtue be no longer a myth, Vice a prevalent entity, illiberality the characteristic of thinkers, and Bigotry the true synonym of religiousness.

Nature shall be consulted in all the forms of learning. The schools shall be permeated with a generous progressiveness, which shall lead them into new and fertile fields of investigation. Life shall be sweet, because filled with the elements of happiness.

The chief cornerstone of reconstruction must be the very basis of all human attainments. Underlying and supporting the immense structure erected upon it, it must needs be firm, symmetrical, homogeneous. No flaw must inhere, no foreign substance. It must be true to the purpose required of it. Resting upon the inherent needs of the human soul, it must, *per se*, else the structure will topple sooner or later and fall. Such a momentous work, therefore, as the heaving out of the chief cornerstone of the grand temple of Eternal Truth, which the Spiritualism of to-day and the near future is to erect, and the selection of the same, must be done with care and wisdom.

What is that which lies at the basis of human attainments in civilized lands? What, in a plan of reconstruction, must be fixed upon as first in order of position? What, resting upon human needs, must be supplied first? These are questions which must soon be answered. The builders will soon be ready. Where are the corner-stones and the layers thereof? Are they at hand? Are they prepared? From the four corners of the earth—from the assembled wisdom of the Spiritual Congress—from the depths of the human soul, there comes a response. Deep-laden with the lessons of the centuries it comes: "Man is a unit." All mankind are brothers and sisters. Human needs are the same everywhere. Nature requires singleness of system in soul-culture. Each nation, though distinct from every other in the present undevelopedness of the human race, is yet made up of individuals whose natures are *inherently the same*. Give to all natural methods of development. Allow the nations to become unified and harmonized by furnishing some universal bond of union. Let the Alphabet in use by the various nations be the same. Let it be founded in Nature—representing accurately and philosophically all the elementary sounds of human speech. Provide a Universal Alphabet for a common humanity. O! ye who would lay the foundation-stone of the new Temple of Truth, be assured this must lie at the basis! This must be first in order of position! This must be supplied first! The grand man will thus have a bond of union.

Thus will the foundation be laid for universal oneness of nationality, a common brotherhood of humanity, a common language, common interests, Peace, Harmony and Good-Will. Justice will reign; Freedom prevail; Culture become universal; Ignorance disappear; Crime vanish; Envy, Bigotry and Uncharitableness be known no more; Universal Prosperity, Happiness and True Piety bless and elevate humanity, and the true end and aim of human life be attained.

Thus comes the response. Oh, ye Spiritualists, laboring in the cause of Truth and Humanity, prepare to receive with kindly hands and loving, appreciative hearts, the new workers which the soon-coming peace is to usher into the field. The reconstructionary labors of the next few years will tell upon society's conditions as none of us now realize. Be ready to accept new

truths, however striking, novel, or untruth they may appear; Spiritualism has something more to do than to establish itself—something more than to destroy existing error. There is a labor for it grander, nobler, more beneficent. It must apply itself, with a wisdom, to human needs, and uphold positive institutions for the development of the human soul according to the demands of Nature. This work is worthy of the greatest minds of earth and heaven, and will engage the attention of such, until man has risen to his true position.

East Bridgewater, Mass., Dec. 27, 1863.

Original.

## BEAUTIFUL SLEEP.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Beautiful sleep!  
We call you, we implore you,  
Come to us now;  
Help us to rest the weary head,  
From which the strength and power have fled,  
And soothe the aching brow.

Beautiful sleep!  
We kneel in prayer before you.  
We pray you keep  
Your watch around the bed of one  
Whose work in life is scarce begun;  
Oh, bid her not to weep.

Beautiful sleep!  
Wonder not that we adore you;  
For thou dost make  
For mortals such sweet dreams,  
That brighter each thing seems,  
Than in the hour they wake.

Beautiful sleep!  
We pray you, we adjure you,  
To bring your balm,  
And round this soul thy mantle cast,  
Till all the midnight hours are past,  
Oh shield us from all harm,  
Beautiful sleep!

## LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD OUTRAGE—No. 9.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

January 10th.—"And do you really want me to go home with you and spend the night?"

"Yes, William, I certainly do," said I.

The speaker was none other than Bill Rivers, the notorious rowdy, so-called. We had met at the little Methodist prayer meeting, and knowing him to be poor and friendless, but possessing a kind, generous heart, I invited him home with me that I might once more touch the harp-strings of his soul, that had, alas! been disordered to me such sweet music whenever I had a chance to nestle him in my affections; so taking him by the arm, we chatted merrily homeward.

"And now, Benja, sit down and tell me what you have all these ornaments and pictures here in your chamber for? I thought these kind of things belonged to the parlor!"

"So they do," I replied, "when they are kept for exhibition; but I keep them because they help me to be good; being emblems of truth and purity, they guard me against evil thoughts, and help to strengthen my good resolutions. The little figure in the attitude of prayer, reminds me of the young child, Samuel, putting his trust in the Infinite Father, and receiving the blessing. The cross by the little window speaks to me of one who gave up his life as a sacrifice for truth and goodness; while the sweet face peeping out so lovingly from the wreath of dried grasses, brings to mind a gentle spirit-friend that is waiting for me in the home up yonder."

"This," said I, "is my sanctuary; here is where I come to look over my little life-bundle that I have carried through the day; and, if I have done wrong, these silent preachers announce the fact; but being representatives of Love and Charity, they condemn me not, but help me to make out a better programme for the morrow."

I saw the tears glistening in his eyes, and looking up, he replied:

"You ought to be very good, Benja, for you have everything to make you so, and can walk in the sunlight of respectability; while I have everything to make me wicked and reckless, consequently I am an outcast and a rowdy!"

I felt the truth of his remark, and putting my arm around his neck, I said:

"In the sight of God and the angels there is not so much difference, perhaps, as men think; for goodness is measured by temptations resisted. I have ever been surrounded by the atmosphere of love, with friends ever ready to prop my weakness; therefore, I have made but few sacrifices, through which cometh heaven's richest rewards; while your surroundings have caused you to drink from the cup of Vice and Degradation, and you have fallen. But the divine spark is not all extinguished; there is enough left to make you a good man, and a respectable citizen. The echo in your own soul tells you this! Then make one more resolve to live aright and in harmony with Nature, and though men pass you by on the other side, the angel of Hope, that ever stands near thee, will touch the strings of her golden harp, and its music shall warm up thy soul into new life and higher beauty; and that which has caused thee so much misery and sorrow, may yet become a ladder of wisdom; whereon thy spirit shall ascend heavenward!"

"I know it," he replied; "and have often wished that I could do better; but I have no friends except those of my kind—society is against me, and respectable people don't like to be seen in my company. Oh, if I only had some one to love and care for me!"

Poor brother! how I wanted to warm him in my heart, as we wept together over the miseries that weighed so heavily upon us.

Since that memorable day I have gone down step by step into the heart of my neighbor, Deacon Joel; and the further I reach down, the more of the naughty spirit I find; while the further I reach down into the heart of Bill Rivers, the rowdy, the more I find that is commendable!

Alas, for the wrong that society is doing to human hearts! With her unjust laws and false customs— with her perverted religion and cold charity—she brands the poor unfortunate sinner with the name of criminal, and shuts him up in her penitentiaries; while to the fashionable libertine, and wine-bibber, that dresses in broadcloth and fine linen, she pays a thousand pounds yearly to sit in her council chambers and halls of legislation.

Oh, ye wicked extortioners, who crush your fallen brothers with your iron hand! remember the end is not yet; for there is a little angel of Beauty dwelling down deep in the soul-chambers of those poor unfortunate ones; and when the kingdom of God shall come on earth, as it is in heaven, their mission may be to clear away the poisonous weeds from your heart gardens, to warm up the cold, clayey soil with the dew-drops of affection, and plant morning-glory seeds!

THE MOON.—Professor Phillips has succeeded in obtaining drawings of the moon seen through a new telescope with a six inch object glass. They exhibit many new and striking features, showing a volcanic action of which we of this world have no conception. What would we think if our whole continent was a collection of craters, with hills rising out of their midst and divided by radiating ravines of awful depth? The only approach to any such scenery in our world, is to be found in the Cordilleras of our gold regions.







## Gospel of Charity.

On Monday evening, Jan. 18th, the subject discussed was—"To deal justly and generously with all."

Dr. CHILD.—Justice is equity in the dealings of men, in weights and measures. In the exchange of physical things it is a great deal better than dishonesty. In religion, in morals and in social life, we may lawfully leave justice, and come to generosity. Justice is only for our physical life, generosity is for our social, moral and religious life. Justice is for cold, inanimate things—generosity for beating, living, feeling, impulsive hearts, that are moved to virtue and to vice, to morality and immorality, to reason and religion. If justice be carried to a use beyond the limits of weights and measures, where it only legitimately belongs, to the measureless limits of human affections and impulses, where it does not belong, it inevitably brings the phantasm of "vindictive retribution"—"a God of vengeance"—a future hell for the unjust. Leave justice with inanimate matter, and take generosity for life and feeling. Justice is the measuring stick for the productions of the cold earth—generosity is the elastic cord that measures the productions of human life.

Dr. GARDNER was called for, and said that Dr. Child in his remarks had so muddled his brain that he could not speak on this subject.

Mr. GILKS.—Justice pertains not only to the material but also to the spiritual world. It moves in the instincts, and in the sentiments, affections and emotions. It is the essence of law, and secures the harmony of the universe. To deal justly is to deal equitably, giving to each his due. In the precept the word *generously* may be considered as indicating the disposition with which one deals justly. Dealing justly and generously is opposed to dealing justly and perversely. A man may do justly, and do it grudgingly. The precept requires one to do it nobly and from a full soul. Thereby one exercises and develops his higher nature. It is easy to abide on the plane of our lower nature. Effort is necessary to ascend. Low thoughts, mean actions, degrade men. In trade, every dollar unfairly taken, or sordidly retained, is a poison that withers the purer and stronger the baser nature. In this life we are on the short end of the lever of our existence. By as much as we unduly elevate the short end we depress very much more the long end, that is, our life in the spirit-world.

"Rivers to the ocean run,  
Fire ascending seeks the sun."

Mr. ENSON.—Justice consists in giving to others what is their due. We may pay for material things in giving material things, but we can hardly pay the debts of gratitude we owe for favors beyond these things that are ever opening upon us. Justice is good. I love to trade with men who have ever been just to the statute laws of the State. To be just in the best sense of the word we must be somewhat generous. According to my experience in life, a generous man is more successful than an ungenerous man.

Mr. DIAMOND.—I like the bundle of precepts of this Gospel of Charity. It is a basketful of fine things, but if you take the basket up the bottom falls out. The effort to define justice is and will be a failure. Mr. Enson thinks that to keep the State laws may be justice. I am a little inclined to deviate from such a standard of justice, though I cannot tell what the standard is. I think man's spiritual relations are entirely different from his human.

Mr. TRAYNER loved this subject, because it involved the Golden Rule. If we adhere to this rule, we must exercise it toward the just and the unjust, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the black and the white, the bond and the free.

Mr. PARKER.—Some one has said, "Of all curses ingratitude is the worst." Another has said, "Every traitor man gets, becomes a part of his manhood." Generosity is simply the outgrowth of justice—it is the blooming virtue of justice. Sympathy is the child of generosity, and suffering is the mother of love. Let me be just to myself, and justice becomes a part of my manhood. Let me be generous to all, for it is the wisdom of Christ.

Mr. BAKER.—The agitation of this subject will make men more just and more generous. There is a great want of both justice and generosity in the world. A man is unjust, in the true sense of the word, when he holds more money than his neighbor, or when he holds more than another of anything that money will buy. When the hearts of men shall grow larger, there shall be a more equal distribution of the good things of this world, and equity and justice shall be more generally practiced among men. Riches, held in useless piles, make poverty and need; this is not equity or justice among men. Let us practice justice everywhere, and we shall become generous in consequence of the effort.

Mr. CLARK told an interesting story about Oliver Goldsmith's prodigality and generosity, which

Mr. WETTERBERG added to, making much merriment.

Mr. SPENCE.—Justice, as the world practices it, is simply a pretence. One man is hung for justice's sake, another is sent to prison, another is enslaved. Such justice does not exist in Nature—it is simply a man-made rule for human action. Justice may be a rule of action for a nation, or for individuals, in weights and measures; and weights and measures limit, as Dr. Child has said, the sphere of justice. If we carry justice into our moral, social and religious life, we beget the elements of war, inharmonious and confusion. The ignorance of men has carried justice into the Church to measure and rectify the morality and the beliefs of its members by, and incalculable mischief has been the consequence.

## Two Thousand Persons Burned to Death.

Intelligence has been received in this country that the Cathedral in Santiago, Chili, caught fire on the 14th of December, when it was densely crowded with human beings. The doors were soon closed by the rush and press of people against them, thus preventing escape; and as the building was decorated with light, inflammable ornaments, the flames spread rapidly. The roof, being of wood, soon fell, burying the mass of human beings under it. Some nineteen hundred and fifty dead bodies, mostly women and children, had been recovered from the ruins. By another and later arrival, the above intelligence is confirmed, but the killed is mentioned as being over two thousand. The church contained twenty thousand lights, from some of which fire was communicated to the drapery of the gigantic image of the Virgin, and the pasteboard devices. In an instant, a sheet of flame rushed along the festoon of lights to the roof, and directly spread to all parts of the building. A few minutes elapsed ere the lights suspended so plentifully from the roof, poured a rain of liquid fire on the people below, and in less than fifteen minutes over two thousand were blackened corpses.

The scene, as described by eye witnesses, was of the most appalling character. By a very unwise police ordinance citizens are not allowed to enter or approach very near a building on fire, and in this instance the police were most violent in driving back citizens who came to the rescue, even bayoneting many who insisted on rescuing the victims—thus many hundreds perished who might otherwise have been rescued.

## Quarterly Meeting at Greensboro', Ind.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Seth Hinchaw's Free Hall, on the 5th, 6th and 7th of February next, at Greensboro', Ind. Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, Ohio, and Dr. James Cooper, of Ohio, will be present as speakers. A general invitation is extended.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

## The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

but Thave a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

## Our Free Circles.

These circles for spiritual manifestations, free to the public, are held at 158 Washington street, (Room No. 3), on the AFTERNOONS of MONDAY, TUESDAY, and THURSDAY of each week. No public circles are held at this office at any other time. We make this statement for the information of those who reside in the country, as many have visited us for the express purpose of attending our circles, but, coming on the wrong days, have consequently gone away much disappointed.

The circle room is open to visitors, on the days above named, at two o'clock; services commence at three o'clock precisely.

## The Advent of Truth.

Since before Christ's time, all new religious truths, as well as religious dogmas, have been started with the humbler classes of society, with the simple minded and sincere, and worked their way upward by the force of their own intrinsic merits or power. In other words, the hearts of the lowly are those which are ever ready to receive the seed of new truths, while those of the rich and the proud are shut to their approach. There is a law for this phenomenon, or it would not be found so regularly occurring. There must be a reason, and an excellent and profound reason, too, why the educated classes in a community are always the last to open their minds and hearts to newer and larger views of things. We naturally think it should be exactly otherwise; and still, this is the very way it most naturally should be.

One reason to be stated for the apparent inconsistency is the very fact of the previous education and training. That of itself renders it almost impossible for educated men to investigate new truth, or new views of truth. For they are, in the first place, trained to different modes and channels of thought; they do not readily apprehend different views from those which they have been accustomed to apprehend; they are already committed and pledged, too, to the defence of what they have acquired already, and are unwilling that anything should disturb the foundations of their present faith. In other words, their minds are preoccupied in such a way as to present new thoughts, or theories, or views of truth, from entering in by the old doors, and it is necessary for them to enter, if they do at all, by ways of their own forcing. And hence the conversion of the world around them does force them when they finally receive better views, and they can rarely say that they have gained by reason or by patient investigation. It is generally done against their will.

We may find in this reason enough for the strenuous opposition which has been made by men of education to the spread and progress of Spiritualism. It conflicts at too many points with their pride. They find no warrant for it in their book-learning. They always prefer to ignore what they cannot fathom or explain by the aid of their learning, or what conflicts with their prejudices and established habits of thought. It does not follow that because men are intellectually cultivated they are of spiritual culture also. The two are a great deal more distinct than even they dream of. Hence, whenever they come in contact with a man who is disposed to make progress, who is not afraid of ideas, who hungers for new combinations and untried possibilities, they either vote such a person a lunatic, or utterly refuse to listen to him, to extend their sympathy to him, or to have anything to do with him.

On this principle, it is perfectly easy to account for the opposition which Spiritualism has encountered from the *science* of our day. They have found themselves unable to explain its mystery or what they are pleased to term its machinery, and therefore they vote it a delusion, and not to be seriously thought of in connection with an explanation. When the late Professor Hare, a well known man of science himself, exercised the native independence of his soul sufficiently to acknowledge openly, after a patient and thorough investigation of the increasing phenomena, the great truth of Spiritualism—that those whom we had loved in their fleshly tabernacle, and who now dwell in the realms of peace, could yet return to their friends and counsel and comfort them—his fellow *sciences* forthwith declared that he had lost his wits, and was raving about a matter of which he knew nothing and could know nothing. If he saved himself from the assumed contempt of his scientific friends, it was by virtue of his profound and varied attainments. They would not have hesitated to disgrace him, had they really felt that it lay in their power to consummate such meanness and villainy. He was, no doubt, thought to have died *non compos*, as it was; but neither he nor any of the rest of us need have any fears of leaving his fame to the calmer and more enlightened judgment of posterity.

It has been the same way with every new discovery, or new truth, which has made its appearance among men. When Phenology was first presented as a new science to the public mind, it is notorious that the greatest doubters, if not the most sarcastic ones, were the *men of education*. They were not willing even to look at it, to look into it. Because it had not been a science in the past, for them it could have no possible existence in the future. Had its progress depended upon either acknowledgment of it, or their disposition to develop and advance it, we should have heard little or no more about it. But it had interest, as a new topic, for the common mind, and the common mind took it up and carried it forward to the utmost limit of careful investigation; and now it is a member of the family of sciences, as much as Chemistry, or Botany, or Astronomy. Had it been left to the tender mercies of the "literati," nothing more would have been heard of it. But after they saw it was based on actual principles, which were run through certain laws, they were slowly willing to receive it.

It was exactly so with Mesmerism and Clairvoyance; and we expect, as human nature is constituted, that it will be so to the end of time. There is a moral deeply hidden in so unbecoming a fact, which is, that unless

this world-wisdom were continually tripped up by mere children in knowledge, it would become rather an offense and a tyranny than a benefactor and handmaid to the world. We need not, therefore, feel in any way disheartened by what we see around us in respect of matters of this kind; for it is only thus that Truth is permitted to come into the world. Nature invites us all alike to become learners, but never to place the obstruction of our accumulations in the way of the further progress of the world. We may go forward if we will, but we shall not be allowed to impede others by hanging back ourselves. All these splendid discoveries are ours if we will continue to search for them; but we have no private right of shutting out their enjoyment from other souls, because we are puffed up with what we have already attained that we will not consent to investigate any further.

The greatest praise, and the greatest proof of genuineness, which can be advanced for Spiritual Truth, is that it first dawned on the souls of humble men and women. Their souls were receptive, and therefore the new truth found its way there more readily. There was room for it there. Had they been warped by education, or puffed up with the pride of learning, or their faculties been paralyzed by pedantry, the truth would never have found its way into their hearts or out of them either. Fortunately for the world, it is *soul*, and not *brain*, to which it is indebted for its larger light. Through the humblest media have the grandest truths been promulgated. The humble things of this world have always been chosen to confound the wise. And we can say, and say with profoundest satisfaction, of our faith, that it is the production of no human brain, however wonderful; that it is no scheme which is the result of the ingenuity of science or learning; but that it has come as gently as the rays of light themselves, falling where there were souls open to receive and welcome them from the Heaven whence they came.

## Inside and Out.

In the haste we employ in making up our judgments, it is very natural sometimes that we should confuse the external and the internal, and hardly know how to tell the one from the other. We look with envy on the rich man, thinking that his wealth and comfortable surroundings proclaim him a superior person; while the beggar at his gate is set down by us, and just because he is a beggar, too, as far, very far below him in the traits of a man. There is nothing in life about which we can be so much mistaken as about the external and internal of human beings. True, we ought not to expect to judge accurately until we have gained insight; yet judgment is passed, and passed very freely, with no other aids and lights than those which appear on the surface. We must not presume, therefore, to look with contempt upon the man of poverty, or with a feeling of scorn upon the beggar; it is possible his spirit may be so bright that even you may not be able to look upon it.

If we are to fall into the habit of finding fault with people, we would better charge God with the faults, if faults they be, to begin with. If we have a friend, or an acquaintance, who is full of faults to-day, do we not find them changed to-morrow?—and are they not likely to be as free in the future as we hope to be ourselves, so free as to be scarcely recognizable by those who think they know them now? Nature prepares the way for all these things. We have no reason to wonder at anything we see. It is our plain duty to forgive our neighbor for all the faults we may see, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We know nothing of the possibilities for spiritual growth and development that stretch before them; and hence are entirely lost when we set them down as being certainly thus-and-thus, when no one can presume to say, not even to themselves, what they will be at the expiration of uncounted time. We might well tremble, when we think seriously of our presumption in judging a human spirit—we can, at the most, actually know so little about it, and the future is so dark to our vision, besides. We cannot tell what germs are wrapped up in that spirit, which it will take nothing but time and circumstance to develop to the uttermost possibility of beauty and good.

## Variety of Calling.

Census disclosures are always interesting to a reflective mind. We find that in Massachusetts, for instance, there are, among the reported occupations of the people, eight "loafers," five "Jack-all-trades," two "misers," two "philanthropists," one "poet," one "practical Christian," one "ruler," and one "scholar." The summary gives us much surprise. We certainly supposed that there was more than one "practical Christian" in the State, and more than one "poet." Beginning with Longfellow, for instance, we are by no means inclined to stop there; for we have Lizzie Doten, as well as James Russell Lowell, and a score of others. It is comforting to know that we have but two misers in the State. The people have in times past suffered so much from that class of tight-fisted fellows, it is really a satisfaction to know we have got them pretty well whittled down. One "scholar," and one "ruler." We wonder who they are? Does the "ruler" flatter himself that he rules because he carries about the trappings of office with him? It is a mistake to suppose that he who is invested with the insignia of office necessarily rules. The mind in the closet rules, and not the one who carries the scepter.

## The Danish-German Question.

Palmerston hit the nail on the head when he said that the torch in Poland had long threatened to involve Europe in flames, but that, after all, the spark in Denmark was likely to start the conflagration. England has put in a protest against the infraction of Danish integrity by Germany, and it is likely that Napoleon takes precisely the same view, and is willing to reap the same advantage. Denmark is firm, and spunky, and the German federation appears no less so. The latest foreign advice make it out that throughout Germany there is a feeling of intense bitterness on this question, and that they will no more yield than Denmark. Where it will end, none of us can foresee. It is best to watch very closely the progress of European events. England has at last committed herself on Continental affairs. Italy and Hungary mean to take care of Austria, while Germany expects to divide the attention of both Austria and Prussia. Poland gives Russia all the business it at present cares to attend to. Europe is well stirred up just at this present time, and it would excite no surprise if war should break out there very shortly, and become general.

## The Free Plantations.

The tenure by which landed property in the rebellious States is at present held is so slight, that one may say the whole social system there, which, in fact, is based on such property, is changing as fast as possible. Once get the rebel slaveholders out, and throw open land and the prospect of living labor, and a new class of active and energetic settlers will flock in, stimulated to the utmost by the almost fabulous prices of cotton, and eager to reap the golden reward of labor well and valiantly performed. The sum and substance of it, therefore, is that the social system of the South is getting thoroughly plowed and harrowed by the terribly sharp share and teeth of the war, and that a new element will be injected into its veins; which will speedily develop new forms of industry, better views of manhood, larger ideas respecting life and growth, and a style of patriotism that will be national and not merely local and periodical.

## Another Criticism.

We have been both entertained and instructed to see the criticisms and notices published on Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life," by the press of the country. We had a few candid remarks to make on the Springfield Republican, recently; we come now to the Boston Post. The one beam that sticks in the eyes of these critics of the popular press is, that they are afraid of Mrs. Grundy. If Spiritualism only had the prestige and protection of *fashion*, it could be easily made all right. And still these same writers make pretty sentimentally, sometimes, about the Christian religion having spread from fishermen, and sailmakers, and receivers of the public customs, and aver that all truth begins its natural dissemination in that way, the rich and proud refusing to take it up and spread it and thus leaving it to be loved for its own sake. The Post says of Miss Doten and her Poems—"If she would throw away that witchcraft and delusion of Spiritualism, and write as one of us poor weak common mortals, we should say 'there be some good lines here'; but her incoherent folly of inspiration spoils all." Miss Doten has the literary fever and fervor: it is the direction she gives it that destroys its uses." Poor critic! What a chance there would be left for the world to grow, and especially to grow better, if all were like you! It is well, then, to be literary, but it will not do to give the literary faculty and facility the "direction" toward Spiritualism! See what sort of literature we should soon have to feed on, were the *knack*, the art, the *chasingmies*, all that is left of it! This same critic, too, is of opinion that literature is spoiled by "the incoherent folly of inspiration"! He is going out by the back door of the times entirely. Dr. Bushnell, speaking for the Orthodox clergy, feels that this whole question of "inspiration" must soon be revised, so that it shall be a real *life* to the souls of men, and no longer a dry and bald superstition; he, and others with him, believe that the longer we thrust out from man the fullest possible recognition of the doctrine of inspiration, we thrust out power. And it is so indeed. But the writer of the Post, aiming, no doubt, to spread the butter on his bread as thickly as possible, comes out upon the whole system of inspiration, and declares it "spoils all"! Again we say, how fortunate it is for us that there are *souls* in the world, over and above the little rattle-box of a mind which this pennyworth critic manifests! Let him read "Poems from the Inner Life" over again. It may save him.

## Marvelous Incident.

We copy the following with the above caption from the Vermont Watchman and Freeman:

In the course of our reading we remember to have met with a few cases where, at the moment of death, a vision of the dead has appeared to friends at a great distance from the place of death, as if to give notice of the event; but these instances were in Europe, and occurred a long time ago, so one might doubt their authenticity, or at least be excused for not accepting them as verities, and all the more since nothing of the kind was ever heard of in his own region. We have now a case which is free from these objections, and is quite as extraordinary as any that have been recorded. A friend (whose name we do not give, simply because we did not happen to ask his authority for publication) recently called on us, who has lost a son in the army, an officer of good promise, serving under Gen. Banks. We alluded to the great loss of our friend, and in conversation upon that subject, he said a very remarkable thing had happened to him in connection with it. When he had no reason to doubt the well being of his son, and had no anxiety for him beyond what was usual, and was sleeping calmly, he was suddenly awakened by a shock as if he had been shot through the head. His first thought was that he had been shot, or to use his own expression, "this is death." But the next instant a vision of his son appeared to him, and the impression was that his son and not himself was killed. He had never believed in ghosts or spiritual manifestations; nor did he at the occurrence of the vision, nor does he now undertake to account for it or call it a spiritual manifestation. He did not record the date or hour, but he did in the morning relate the circumstance to two of his friends. They did not record the date, but when, about three weeks afterward, intelligence was received of the death of the son by a shot through the head at Port Hudson, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the recollection of one of them was that the vision and the death were on the same day, and of the other that the vision was on the same day or the next day after the death of the son. Such was the account given to us, and we have no doubt of its truth. Our friend would not tifle on a matter which to him was not only the solemnity of the grave, but it also touches his keenest affections.

The editor attests to the reliability of his informant, and takes particular pains to impress upon his readers that the gentleman is not a Spiritualist. This is well. Had he been a believer in the phenomena, the Watchman would not have probably taken any notice of the affair. This is another link in the chain of evidence we are continually receiving that our spirit-friends can and do return, even to those who are unbelievers in what are denominated dreams, or visions, or impressions upon the minds of their relatives the manner of their death. We could cite hundreds of similar incidents that have occurred in the families of professed Spiritualists. We will relate only a single case now.

Some time since the spirit of Mrs. J. H. Conant's father passed from its earth-form at Portsmouth, N. H. A few moments after the spirit was separated from the body, she suddenly awoke from a sound sleep (in Boston), and informed her husband that her father was dead; she was sure of it, for she had seen and conversed with him. The husband doubted; but she insisted that such was the fact, and assured him that he would receive a telegraphic despatch to that effect in the morning. But up to eleven o'clock no such despatch came, and he was therefore positive she was mistaken. At twelve o'clock, however, a message was sent by telegraph announcing his death early that morning.

## Our Duty as Spiritualists.

It is to blend our strivings for the ideal with the practical observance of the minutest duties of every-day life; it is to live the discipline life of love, fraternal recognition, meek endurance of injuries. Those who imagine that the life of the true Spiritualist is one devoid of weighty cares and unceasing efforts, prove conclusively only their lack of a knowledge of our ennobling philosophy. For, to us, no humanitarian aim is too high, no labor of love too low; we consider ourselves linked with angels, and with the most abject of our Father's children. We are bound to seek knowledge, that we may impart its golden lessons; we are pledged to the requirements of purity and justice, that we may elevate, and morally benefit, not ourselves only, but by the potent force of example, our fellow beings also. We are to strive by unceasing self-watchfulness, and the untiring prayer of good endeavours, to overcome the inherited and acquired evil tendencies within. We are taught to reprove in love, and with the Nazarene spirit of gentleness. We are to denounce with righteous indignation, the sins of slavery, pride, monopoly, and luxuriousness, that curse our world; but we are to deal charitably, as do the angels-teachers, with our erring, misguided, passion-blinded brothers and sisters.

The supreme duty of the Spiritualist is Christ-like self-abnegation; not a weak rendering up of the judgment to the dictate of spirits disembodied, or those in the form; not a careless disregard of the business requirements of life; not a culpable neglect of homely, or even irksome duties, but an abnegation of the arrogant human self-will, in obedience to the overruling Power and Love divine. Self-sacrifice for friend and foe—for the needy and the friendless—the despairing and the toll-worn—uplifting of the world's outcast, not from a cold, stern sense of duty; not with Pharisaical assumption, or repellent aspect; but with fraternal human affection, claiming kinship with that im-

perishable spark of soul, that is the eternal heritage of all. This is the mission, God enjoined, and angel-prompted of the gospel of love and charity denominated Spiritualism.

Our patriotism is to be world-wide, our philanthropy universal, our forgiveness of injuries complete, our aspirations ever heavenward, our affections disinterested. Over our homes should brood the peace-spirit of inspiration, to our hearts nestle closely the benign graces of humanity, and for the deliverance of the world from the bondage of ignorance we should labor zealously.

## Banks in Louisiana.

It is not to be disputed that Gen. Banks has always shown himself fully up to the demands of his position. One cause for it lies, of course, in his native ability and unparalleled energy; but the chief reason is because he never took hold of any duty without concentrating all his powers on the performance of it. In Louisiana, he proves himself exactly the man for the times; quick to perceive all the chances there are for reconstructing the political system in that State, and skilful to avail himself of such ready opportunities as offer. The latest dates from that far-off department of the rebellious country inform us that he has just issued a proclamation for an election for Governor, to be held on the 22d of February, (he knows how to make the most of a good anniversary,) being satisfactorily assured that much more than a tenth part of the inhabitants, as named in the President's Amnesty Proclamation, desire the earliest possible restoration of the State to the Union.

He has given out, also, that so much of the constitution and laws of the State as either recognize or relate to slavery, being inconsistent with the present condition of public affairs and plainly inapplicable to any class of persons now existing and known to exist within its limits, are inoperative and void. He has further appointed the first Monday in May next for the people of the State to assemble in convention on the subject of a revision of their Constitution, and it is alleged that arrangements will be made likewise for an early election of members of Congress. We may safely trust the management of affairs in Louisiana to so prudent and practiced a public man as Gen. Banks, merely wishing besides that there was one of equal ability and integrity to every State which is yet to be brought back to the authority of the General Government. The dawn of our long day of peace is showing itself very plainly now. Let us all work together in those more excellent works which have been foretold us as ready to occur during the progress of this new and more glorious day.

## The Chili Tragedy.

The fearful loss of life in Santiago, Chili, by the burning of the Cathedral which was packed full with human beings on the occasion of celebrating the feast of the Immaculate Conception, sends a shudder of horror through the entire community of readers and listeners. Two thousand persons, chiefly women and children, who had come out, with numerous others, to witness the indescribable display of saintly images and Romanish paraphernalia, were penned in by the wedding-up of the only entrances to the vast building, and in consequence buried in the bed of flames which was thrown over and around them from the roof and the sides of the blazing structure. They were seen to stand and writhe in the tortures of extreme fear before the fires enveloped them, and suddenly to turn into blackened and unrecognizable figures, while their fearful contortions still lasted. The scene is one of which neither pen nor brush can ever convey the most dim conception. While this unparalleled burning and roasting of defenceless human beings was going on, priests were busy pulling such pieces of their senseless images and half-dressed furniture from the cathedral as they could lay their hands on, the reported inventory of which is enough to make the heart of a human being burn with indignation, at the thought of their looking so carefully after that while such a hecatomb of innocent persons were being sacrificed to the remorseless flames. The feeling of the population against these priests was so fierce and hot, that they quietly stole away to places of safety. This catastrophe ought—but it will not—to call public attention forthwith to the criminally inadequate means of egress which are provided in the large and capacious halls of our own country, and to a reflection on the number of valuable lives which would be thrown away in case of a similar accident in any one of our larger cities. We are just as liable to be called, as communities, to general mourning from this cause as were the population of Santiago.

## The Truth all Out.

We did not exactly require the open supplementary confession of the rebel Secretary of the Navy to convince us that the eight rams which have been contracted for, and were building, in England and France—five in England and three in France—were constructed for the rebel authorities, and not for the "Emperor of China" or the "King of Egypt." The rebel Secretary comes out with the whole truth about it. Now nobody with the smallest grain of sense will question that the English authorities knew just as much about the object of the building of these rams, and about their future ownership, when the workmen were hammering on their armor, as they can know now, after this public statement of Mallory. They wished to destroy our commerce if they could, and believed that this indirect way of doing it was the best way. A nation, professing to lead in Christian civilization, and taking every possible opportunity to lecture and taunt us with the existence of the institution of slavery in our midst, deliberately conspiring with wicked revolvers and rebels to sweep from the face of the waters a commerce which has proved one of the most efficient civilizers ever known!

Such is England, or the influences by which she is governed. It is selfish interest, the whole of it; and it is nothing else that has more recently led her to change her policy to something nearer respect for ourselves. She watched our iron-clad successes, and especially the experiments in Charleston harbor with the big guns of Gillmore. Before their terrific fire she knew none of her vessels could live an hour. She saw, too, our calm, but not the less inspired determination to make an end of everything like rebellion within the national limits, and the slight doubtless impressed her with a profounder faith in our character and resources.

## Napoleon's Position.

The Emperor of France is at present the Sphinx of Europe. All the other rulers are placed where they properly belong, in the popular estimation, but he seems to wrap himself in the heart of his own mystery. He is thought by some to be quietly looking on, and waiting for the time when Italy and Hungary shall have engaged Austria, and Germany shall be closed in with Denmark, to move up his armies to the Rhine. We believe that for this long cherished purpose he would willingly sacrifice all his prospects in Mexico, and even in the East. This is the favorite dream of the Bonaparte dynasty, as the pushing of Russian power to the Mediterranean has ever been the hope and desire of the Czars. A spark may at any time set all Europe on fire, and France may be able to take territorial advantage of the confusion which follows.

## Arcana of Nature.

The second edition of Volume II of this highly interesting work by Hudson Tuttle, has just been issued from the press of Wm. White & Co. See advertisement for contents, etc.



The Invasion of Mexico.

The very latest European advices imply that Maximilian, after nearly a year's hesitation, is really going, or gone, to Paris, and is thence coming over to Mexico. Napoleon has, it is said, pledged his military reinforcements. How they manage to make it up between them on the money question, we have not as yet been advised. On reading over Napoleon's New Year's Address, we find that he expresses the belief that great advantage is yet to flow from his China and his Mexican invasions. We sincerely hope he may not be disappointed. Nor, in the Mexican case, at least, is there much fear that we shall be; for the moment this war with rebellion shall have come to an end, and the right hand of the nation shall be free to defend itself from insidious foreign assaults, the army which has now become veteran will demand either to be led or sent across into Mexico, where, joining the natives in their cause, they will drive every invader from the halls of the Montezumas to the Gulf. The fate of Napoleon's designs in Mexico is sealed long ago. As soon as it became sure that our glorious republic was to live, and to be renewed again, the doom of all such designs as this of Mexico was fixed. Napoleon may put as good a face upon it as he can, he will be obliged ere long to evacuate the country into which he never had the first right to come.

The Sewing Women.

A new project ought to be set on foot at once, to relieve the overcrowded labor-market in New York, more particularly in the sewing-women's line—and to supply the deficit in Milwaukee and the West. There are thousands of poor girls and women in our Eastern cities, too, who cannot earn money enough to keep soul and body decently together, but who are wanted in the households of the West at almost any reasonable price they may choose to ask. The Wisconsin, a paper published at Milwaukee, sensibly suggests on this subject as follows:

"The scarcity of female labor is complained of all over this State, and in other parts of the West. Why it should be so, we cannot imagine. The women do not go to the war and get killed off or disabled, as the men do, and there appears to be as many born into the world now as before. Yet there is no fact more certain than that domestic servants are difficult to be got. If the thousands of poor sewing-girls in New York and other cities, who labor assiduously from dawn till a late hour at night for the means of keeping soul and body together, or the multitude of accomplished Bridge-makers who advertise daily for 'places' through the columns of the morning papers, could be induced to come 'out West,' they might not only supply the aching void in many a Western household, but they would greatly benefit their own conditions in the bargain."

Why don't some of our rich men establish associations for the express purpose of aiding such poor sewing girls to obtain homes at the West? By appropriating some of their surplus funds for this purpose, instead of making donations to already rich colleges, as they do, they would not only render a lasting benefit to the community at large, but "lay up treasures" for themselves in the future life that would be of everlasting benefit to them.

A Truer Inspiration.

We recently quoted from one of Dr. Bushnell's sermons in reference to the prevalent notions on Inspiration, and insisted, as the Reverend Doctor himself did, that the popular faith in Inspiration must be all recast, and was being recast even now. In an article in the January number of the North American Review, we pick out the following extract from a notice of Renan's "Life of Jesus," just published on this side the Atlantic: "There must be a more clear and settled understanding of the meaning of Inspiration. Until we get that, our belief in the miraculous Messiah and his miraculous life will continue to be what it has hitherto been with such a vast proportion of men, a barren wonder." That simply confirms what we have so often insisted on. It is instructive to see the leading literary reviews and magazines adopting views which Spiritualists openly embraced long ago. "The world does move."

Spiritualism in Harrisburg, Pa.

A correspondent informs us that through the liberal exertions of Lieut. W. W. Geary, Acting Quartermaster at Harrisburg, Pa. (previously in Gen. Hunter's Department, where he was badly wounded,) a new spiritual hall has been opened in that city, and meetings are held there every Sunday afternoon and evening, which are attracting attention, as will be seen by the following extract from the Daily Telegraph:

"Our good friend, Rev. Mr. Gates, has challenged the spirits, and it is proposed to have a discussion of the business of rapping as soon as a place can be secured to accommodate an audience. Rev. Mr. Gates has the ability to assist in exploding this monstrosity."

The discussion is to come off, our correspondent informs us, in the new hall, in about two weeks. The subject for debate is the following:

That Spiritualism is not of God, but of the Devil; therefore productive of more evil than good.

The Rev. Isaac K. Gates, (Adventist,) will take the affirmative, and Dr. L. K. Coonley the negative. Dr. C. is to lecture in this hall during the month of February.

Veteran Soldiers on Furlough.

The past week has been an eventful one even for Boston. Four of Massachusetts' three years' veteran regiments, having reenlisted for another term of three years, or during the war, arrived home on a furlough of thirty days. These noble regiments (the 23d, 28d, 29th, and 3d,) have returned with thinned ranks, having participated in many battles, and encountered other hardships, which have made fearful havoc in their ranks.

The regiments were met at the depot by a military escort and thousands of citizens, and marched through the city to Faneuil Hall, where they were cordially welcomed by the Governor and other officials and distinguished citizens; after which they indulged in a beautifully prepared collation.

More veteran regiments are expected home soon on a furlough. All praise to the noble and patriotic sons of Massachusetts.

Thanks.

We return our grateful thanks to the friends who have so nobly responded to our call for aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT. Your efforts are producing the desired result, we are happy to say, as the record of the names of new subscribers daily upon our books abundantly testify. And while we thank you all, we would not forget to offer up our aspirations of praise and thanksgiving to the good Father, without whose loving care we should cease to be instrumental in carrying on the mighty work in which we are engaged.

Life of Archbishop Hughes.

Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have placed on our table a pamphlet of seventy pages, containing the life of Archbishop Hughes, embracing his services in all pursuits and vocations; also, a full account of his death and burial. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

Postage.

Our correspondents are reminded that revenue stamps—no matter of what denomination—are enclosed when placed on letters. We are in the receipt of many letters with such stamps upon them, thus subjecting us to double postage whenever they are used in lieu of the regular postal stamps.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

On Sunday, the 17th inst., Miss Lizette Doten gave two superb lectures. Her subjects were: "Tuition and Intuition," and "Time and Space." At the close of the evening lecture, the audience embraced the opportunity to ask questions relative to the subject spoken upon.

The present course of inspirational lectures from Miss Doten, judging from the four we have already had, may be classed among her best efforts.

She speaks at the same place on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

Missing Papers.

We are often annoyed, on ascertaining that after we have duly mailed our packages of Banners to the proper address, to learn that part of them are received by the subscribers to whom they are sent, while others do not get them. We are certain that the papers transmitted in one package must all be received at the post-office to which they are sent, or none. Now what becomes of the missing numbers? Can certain postmasters or their clerks, who receive our paper in sealed packages, tell? There is a screw loose somewhere—that's certain.

Blossoms of our Spring.

A correspondent, writing from Bellefontaine, Ohio, says:—

Hudson and Emma Tuttle have given us, in "Blossoms of our Spring," two of the best inspirational poems I have ever read—"America," and "Life's Passion Story." Many of the other poems are good, and the book is an entire success; but it would have been better received had two or three of the shorter poems been left out.

Dr. L. K. Coonley.

We hear good reports of this gentleman's labors at the West. He is not so eloquent a speaker as some others in our ranks, but the inspirational teachings from his lips are none the less cogent and instructive. His services are indispensable, and we hope our friends will see to it that he is fully remunerated for his arduous labors in behalf of our beautiful and soul-inspiring faith. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Dr. K. is now in Pennsylvania.

Test Mediums.

Our Washington friends are calling for test mediums. They are of the opinion that great good may be accomplished if such mediums will visit the capital of the nation at this time. We mentioned this fact to Mr. Foster, whose medium powers are well known to the public, and he has signified his intention of proceeding thither in the course of a few weeks.

The Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly, and the Continental, for February have been received from the publishers. Each one is filled with able papers from the pens of the most popular writers of the day.

Speaks Well.

A newly converted clergyman, on concluding a careful perusal of Clark's "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," wanted one hundred copies to present to various skeptical and sectarian old friends.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

- ☞ We shall publish in our forthcoming issue an article entitled "Finance, Banking and Commerce."
- ☞ A sealed letter, addressed to "Mrs. Sabrina J. Bely," in spirit-life, and an answer to the same, remains at this office subject to the order of the writer.
- ☞ Read Dr. Horace Dresser's letter to Hon. D. S. Dickinson, on "Freedman and Citizenship."
- ☞ Broad Tickets for the destitute poor can be had at this office.

A hygienic writer says that a tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog. In this connection *Digby* intimates that there are many human frogs who are continually hopping into everybody's hopper, while he wishes had remained tadpoles. And as they "love darkness rather than light," he can't see, for the life of him, why they exchanged their tails for legs.

Ladies, if you wish to make a nice raspberry custard, you have only to boil one pint of cream, dissolve half a pound of sugar in three gills of raspberry juice, mix this with the boiling cream, stir till the whole is quite thick—and you have the article ready for use.

"The Painful Polka" is a fine musical composition, and would be selected from among a hundred similar ones, for its easy movement and distinctive beauties. It is composed by Lucius H. Parish, and published by O. C. Clapp & Co., Court street, Boston.

Digby is of the opinion of the poet, who said, "an honest man's the noblest work of God;" but he thinks the edition infinitely small.

OLD FOLK'S COTILLON PARTIES.—The second of the series will take place at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, head of School street, on Friday evening of the present week.

Mr. William L. Johnson, Nassau Hall, Washington street, extracts teeth to the satisfaction of every one who needs such an operation. He excels in this branch of the dental art particularly, and it gives us pleasure to recommend him to the public.

THE RODNEY DREAM BOOK.—We have received from the publisher, Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau street, New York, this queer book. It is prepared with an explanatory key, alphabetically arranged, so that a solution of the subject most impressed on one's memory in a dream, can be had at once. The author says: "It is impossible to have any dream, the solution of which is not found in this book, while, as a source of fun in the fortune-telling line, it is wholly unsurpassed."

The Prince of Wales has presented to Harvard University a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during his visit to Nablos. The Samaritans claim that the MS. is the oldest in the world, being more than three thousand years old, and is by the grandson of Aaron.

M. Renan, author of "The Life of Jesus," has been elected President of the Antiquarian Society of France, which act does not please the Boston Journal. Progressive minds will go ahead, notwithstanding.

The Legislature of Maryland has, by a large majority, adopted a proposition, which, in regard to slavery, is the first step toward the abolition of that institution in the State.

How TRUE.—You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in, even by accident, of one or two lines not suited to their taste, and you will be sure to hear from it.

A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar; only on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it to be a diamond.

It is popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

The Hon. Gerrit Smith guarantees a town bounty of \$400 to recruits from Smithtown, N. Y., in addition to the State and Government bounties.

General Burnside visited the State House last week, and was received by the members of the Legislature with nine cheers. He made a brief speech, in which he complimented in befitting terms the Massachusetts troops who have served under him in the field.

The last poem given in New York by Poe, and published in Miss Doten's new book of Poems, "The Inner Life," should be read by every Free Mason in the country.

Neatness and its reverse among the poor are almost a certain test of their moral worth.

John B. Gong says he once showed a lady a picture of Raphael's "Holy Family," asking her opinion of it, when she exclaimed, "Lor! how cunning!"

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Kneehigh-mish. That is wrong. It is Biddid the Shuttle (Shoe height.)

Why don't they take Steppes in Tartary for establishing insane hospitals? Because there are nomad people to be found there.

Do not wait supinely for Opportunity to come to you, but go and seek her in the highways and hedges.

A terribly fatal fever is prevailing at Carbondale, Pa. It is called the black, or spotted fever, and baffles the skill of the physicians. From six to eight die per day, within a few hours after they are attacked.

Three new States will enter the Union this year, viz: Colorado, Nevada and Nebraska.

Jo Coe is anxious to know what kind of a vehicle a "Hurry" is. He hears people talk of going in a hurry, traveling in a hurry, and doing things in a hurry. Who will enlighten him? Jo ventures to suggest, that, judging from the way in which folks jump about at such times, it may, possibly, be a little buggy.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble with a wedge of gold.

EVERY SOLDIER should supply himself with a remedy to counteract all the ills, diseases, scratches and bruises that he will be subjected to on his tiresome marches, and unhealthy localities. Davis's Pain Killer is the remedy, sold by all dealers in medicines.

Prices, 25 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 2w J'n. 80

SOLDIERS' ATTENTION!—Pain, disease and exposure, with a hot climate, muddy water and bad diet will be unavoidable, but armed with HILLMAN'S PAIN-KILLING AND STRENGTHENING PILLS, you can endure all these and still retain good health. Only 25 cents per box. 1w Jan. 30.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

AN ADMIRABLE BOOK!

NEW EDITION NOW READY.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

A HAND-BOOK of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen; with Thoughts, Hints, and Anecdotes concerning Social Observances; also points of Taste and Good Manners, and the Art of making oneself Agreeable. The whole interspersed with humorous Illustrations of Social Predicaments; Remarks on Fashion, &c., &c. One large 12mo. Elegant cloth binding. Price, \$1.50.

Extract from Table of Contents:

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Gentlemen's Preface,    | Dinner Parties,       |
| Ladies' Preface,        | Little Dinners,       |
| Thoughts on Society,    | Ladies at Dinner,     |
| Good Society,           | Habit at Dinner,      |
| Bad Society,            | Carving, &c.          |
| The Dressing Room,      | Balls,                |
| The Ladies' Toilet,     | Dancing,              |
| Visiting,               | Managers at Supper,   |
| Receptions,             | Morning Parties,      |
| Ladies' Dress,          | Picnics,              |
| Accomplishments,        | Evening Parties,      |
| Female Accomplishments, | Private Theatricals,  |
| Man and His Wife,       | Receptions, &c.,      |
| Married Ladies,         | Marriages,            |
| Unmarried Ladies,       | Engagements,          |
| Unmarried Gentlemen,    | The Ceremony,         |
| Public Etiquette,       | Invitations,          |
| Calling Etiquette,      | Dresses,              |
| Cards,                  | Bridemaids,           |
| Visiting Etiquette,     | Present,              |
| Dinners,                | Travelling Etiquette, |
- Together with a thousand other matters of such general interest and attraction, that no person of any good taste whatever can be otherwise than delighted with the volume. It is made up of no dry, stupid rules that every one knows, but is sensible, good-humored, entertaining and readable. The best and whitest book on "Manners" ever printed, and which no one should be without.
- Sent by mail free, on receipt of price, \$1.50.
- Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

- THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD; OR, THE AGE OF THOUGHT. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Price, 75 cents.
- THE LIFE LINE OF THE LONE ONE. By Warren Chase. Price, 75 cents.
- THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH. By Andrew Jackson. Price, \$1.50.
- WOODMAN'S THREE LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM, in reply to Dr. Dwight. Price, 20 cents.
- SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS. By Adin Ballou. Price, 75 cents.
- NEW TESTAMENT MIRACLES AND MODERN MIRACLES. By J. H. Fowler. Price, 80 cents.
- The above books will be sent to order at the marked price, postage free. B. L. A. H. B. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

DR. J. B. BEMIS.

HEALING PHYSICIAN, cures Cancers, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Tumors; also, diseases and weaknesses of all kinds. Many considered incurable have yielded to his treatment. Persons wishing to be examined by letter, can do so by enclosing \$1.00, stating age and sex. The address should be plainly written. Consultation free. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. No. 18 AVON PLACE, Boston. 1w Jan. 30.

MADAME GALE.

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. No. 61 Hickory Street, foot of Knox St. near Fayette St. Boston. Terms, 50 cents and \$1. 1w Jan. 30.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE

For these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE FERNAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to pre-pay postage.

This work of 46 octavo pages also treats on CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 1w Jan. 30.

SECOND EDITION JUST PUBLISHED.

Second Volume of the Arcana of Nature. OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE, AND OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD. BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE. Heaven, the home of the immortal spirit, is originated and sustained by natural laws.

The publishers of this interesting and valuable work take pleasure in announcing to their friends and patrons and the world, that the second volume is now ready for delivery.

CONTENTS:

Chapter 1. Evidence of Man's Immortality drawn from History, Spiritualism of the Nations. Chapter 2. Proof of Immortality drawn from History concluded. Chapter 3. Evidence of Man's Immortality derived from modern Spiritualism. Chapter 4. Question of mind. Chapter 5. Chapter 6. Consideration of Spiritual Phenomena and their distinction from such as are not Spiritual, but dependent on similar laws. Chapter 7. Space Ether. Chapter 7. Philosophy of the Impermeable Agent in its relation to Spirit. Chapter 8. Philosophy of the Impermeable Agent in its relation to Spirit, concluded. Chapter 9. The Impermeable Agent as manifested in Living Bodies. Chapter 10. Spiritual Elements. Chapter 11. Animal Magnetism. Chapter 12. Animal Magnetism, its Philosophy, Laws, Application and Relation to Spiritualism. Chapter 13. Philosophy of Change and Death. Chapter 14. Philosophy of Change and Death concluded. Chapter 15. Spirit, its Origin, Reincarnation, and Power. Chapter 16. A Clairvoyant's View of the Spirit-Sphere. Chapter 17. Philosophy of the Spirit-World. Chapter 18. Spirit-Life.

Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 155 Washington street, Boston. Price, \$1; postage, 10 cents. The usual discount made to the trade. For sale at this office. May 23.

RENAN'S GREAT BOOK. ANOTHER THOUSAND NOW READY OF THIS REMARKABLE WORK.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS, Translated from the original French, BY CHARLES E. WILBOUR. One elegant 12mo., cloth bound, Price \$1.50.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS

IS beginning to make a stir in this continent such as has rarely been known in the literary world. In Paris, where it has just made its appearance, the excitement is supreme. "The French correspondent of the New York Tribune says: 'The ordinary dog-day calm in literature is broken this season by the storm that rages about Renan's *La Vie de Jesus*. The book is hardly two months out of the press, and if the booksellers' advertisement is credible,

35,000 COPIES of it are already sold. It has in its favor, with the general reader, singular charms of style, and a truly poetic though fairly, critically chastened sentiment. It is learned, deeply religious, utterly clear from skeptical sneer and polemic violence."

ITS AUTHOR. M. Ernest Renan acquired distinction at an early age as one of the first living philologists, and has recently returned from the Holy Land, where he was dispatched at the head of an exploring expedition by the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Anything from his pen is sure to attract notice, and his "Life of Jesus" is already selling by the thousand.

ITS REPUTATION. The New York Daily Times says: "The book has made too much noise to be ignored; and though many pious people regarded its publication with alarm, here, we think, Mr. Carleton has done well to bring out this readable and well executed version of the book by no means easy original."

ITS RELIGIOUS VALUE. The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "There are passages of extraordinary beauty and of the tenderest sympathy with all that was divine in the character of the Saviour, and we should not be surprised if the pulpit and the religious essayist borrowed some of its most charming imagery from the exquisite phrasing of M. Renan."

ITS BRILLIANCE. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says: "It has been extravagantly praised and extravagantly censured. For its most severe critics do not deny the wonderful power, brilliancy and ability displayed upon every page of the book; and though you may care very little for the author's theological views and theories, you cannot but admire the rare skill, power and beauty with which M. Renan relates the history of Christ. He makes it as readable as the most brilliant and entertaining romance."

ITS FASCINATIONS. The Boston Advertiser says: "Those who have dreaded its fascinations will be surprised to find in it so much reverence, tenderness, and warmth of heart, where they expected cold criticism, perhaps blasphemy. We look at it as at some marvellous but; it has been carved with tenderness and love."

ITS UNIVERSAL INTEREST. The Boston Commonwealth says: "It is a book not to be passed over lightly, nor met with indolent indifference or scorn. For it is one of the few books of the present day, on a subject of universal interest, which displays at once, clear, erudition, integrity and originality—force of thought and beauty of style, accompanying the most laborious and accurate researches, and arriving at results which cannot fail to arrest the attention, while they provoke the censure of millions."

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, in order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, has made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.50. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. An exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME,

THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM, ENTITLED, INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK

ONE ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND CLOTH-BOUND 12mo. PRICE, \$1.25.

CONTENTS:

- Chapter 1.—Early Life: I become a Medium.
- Chapter 2.—Before the World.
- Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America.
- Chapter 4.—In England.
- Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris.
- Chapter 6.—In America. The Freezing Chamber.
- Chapter 7.—1857-58—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage.
- Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England.
- Chapter 9.—The "Cornhill" and other Narratives.
- Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation. France and England.
- Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter.
- Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Hume, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with personages distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, in order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, has made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

PROF. DENTON'S NEW WORK!

THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

"Enter into the soul of things."—Wordsworth.

PART I.—Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. CHAPTER 1.—Pictures on the Bed and Brain. Pictures formed on the Bed and Brain by the Object: These Pictures Enduring: Pictures seen with closed eyes: Visions of the Blind: Visions of objects seen long before by the Sick and Healthy: All Objects once seen are permanently retained in the Brain.

CHAPTER 2.—Pictures of Surrounding Objects. Dugressian Pictures: Pictures taken in the Dark: Pictures taken on All Bodies continually, and enduring as those Bodies: All past History thus Recorded.

CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry. Dr. Buchanan's Experiments: Effects of Medicine upon persons when held in the Hand: Characters described from Union Letters.

CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Archeological, and Metallic Specimens.

CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Spectral Disunion: Apparitions: Visions.

CHAPTER 6.—Utility of Psychometry. Utility of Psychometry to the Geologist, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astronomer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist: Its employment in the cure of Diseases: Its benefit to the Artist and the Historian: Radiant Forces passing from Human Beings and Influencing Others: Influence of People on the Country in which they live: Influence of a Country on the People: Woman more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Man: Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.

CHAPTER 7.—Psychic Revivals. Fortune-Telling: Dreams: Raptures and Amulets: Hallucinations.

CHAPTER 8.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul: As the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger: Evidence of our Future Existence.

PART II.—Questions, Considerations, and Suggestions. How Objects are seen Psychometrically: Seen best in Dark-ness, and in closed eyes: Why called Spirit: Memory: I should not need to induce the necessary Sensitiveness: Where the gaze is Directed: Why the Psychometer is unable to see the Object: The Nature of the Light by which the Object is Seen: How the Psychometer Travels or appears to Travel: How account for the Hearing of Sounds: Going backward in Time: Continued Effects of Influence: Departed Spirit: Predominant Influences: Conclusion.

For sale at this office. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents. July 25.

BOOKS!

DELA MARSH, at No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reformatory Works, at publishers' prices.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 1w Dec. 12

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

JUST PUBLISHED, BY William White & Co., 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.,

A SPLENDID VOLUME!

ENTITLED, POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE!

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

Table of Contents:

PART I.

A WORD TO THE WORLD (PARAFRASE); THE PRAYER OF THE BOWROWING; THE SONG OF TRUTH; THE EMERKATION; KEPTER VISION; LOVE AND LATH; THE SONG OF THE NORTH; THE BURIAL OF WEBSTER; THE PARTING OF SWORD AND GERDA; THE MEETING OF SWORD AND GERDA.

PART II.

THE SPIRIT-CHILD, [BY "JENNIE"]; THE REVELATION; HOPE FOR THE BOWROWING; COMPENSATION; THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM; MISTRESS GLENARE, [BY MARIAN]; LITTLE JOHNNY; "BIRDIRA" SPIRIT-SONG; MY SPIRIT-HOME, [A. W. SPRAGUE]; I STILL LIVE, [A. W. SPRAGUE]; LOVE, [SHAKESPEARE]; FOR A' THAT [BURNS]; WORDS OF OTHER [BURNS]; RESURREXIT, [POPE]; THE PROPERTY OF VALA, [POPE]; THE KINGDOM, [POPE]; THE CRADLE OF COWPIN, [POPE]; THE STREETS OF BALTIMORE, [POPE]; THE MYSTERIES OF GODLINESS—A LECTURE; FAREWELL TO EARTH, [POPE].

BOOKSELLERS throughout the Loyal States and the British North American Provinces are hereby notified that the Publishers are ready to receive orders at the usual discount to the trade.

Retail price of the full gilt edition, (got up expressly for the Holidays,) \$1.75; postage free. Retail price of the edition in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 10 cents. Dec. 20.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING,

A POETIC WORK,

BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, FROM THE PRESS OF WILLIAM WHITE & CO., (155 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.) IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

Table of Contents:

AMERICA: A NATION POEM. VISION OF DEATH. THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. A VISIT TO THE OCEAN. THE SNOW. PET. LOULOU. BIDDING. WEARY. THE SECOND WIFE. HEAVEN. NUTTING. I'VE BEEN THINKING. THE DESTITUTE. SLIGHING. WEEP. STRANGE. LOVE. HOW SHEY CAME. EVERALLYN. JOAN D'ARC. COMMISSIONED. A HOPE. SPIRIT-VOICES. A DREAM. LIGHT. THE THREE PATRIOTS MEMORIES. WHY DOST THOU LOVE ME? LEONORE. AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANIES. THE OLD BACHELOR. BRIDAL MUSINGS. LELIE. THE DYING ROBIN. DEATH OF THE YEAR. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS. MY HOME. ON THE SEA. AN INVOCATION. THE UNDECEIVED. LIFE'S PASSION STORY.



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of:

*Mrs. J. H. Osgood,* while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

**THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC.** The Banner Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

**Special Notice.** The Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

*Monday, Dec. 14.*—Invocation: "Spiritual Advancement in the Arts and Sciences." Questions and Answers: Andrew J. Gavett, to his friend, Mr. Andrews, of Salem, Mass.; Dennis Davis, to his wife and children, in Troy, N.Y.; Horace Manning, to his parents, Lucy Green, to her father, John Green, at present at New Orleans, La.

*Tuesday, Dec. 15.*—Invocation: "The Vision in Judge Edmonds's Book." Questions and Answers: Archibald Lang, to his oldest son, Archibald, Wm. Smyth, to his father and mother, in St. Paul, Minn.; Lucy E. Rayner, to her father, in Concord, N.H.; Bill Kelley, to his mother, in Boston, Mass.

*Thursday, Dec. 17.*—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sam Houston, of Texas, to his friends; William Allen Crane, to Thomas Patterson, in New York State.

*Monday, Jan. 4.*—Invocation: "Imperfect Control." Questions and Answers: Thomas Harrigan, to his sons, Thomas and Richard, residing in Halifax, N.S.; Walter Adams, to his friends, in this city; Harry Goburn, to his wife, Lizzie Emerson, to her mother, in this city; Henry P. Davis, to his wife and sons.

*Tuesday, Jan. 5.*—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dr. Aaron Moore, to his family, in South Carolina; Wm. H. Smith, to his friends, in Augusta, Maine, and his brother Henry.

*Thursday, Jan. 7.*—Invocation: "The foreknowledge of God as consistent with evil." Questions and Answers: Horace L. Roberts, a motion, to his friends, in Clarksville, Mo.; James McDuffie, to his wife, in Springfield, N.Y.; Mary Smith, who died at the Catholic Institution in Worcester street, Boston, to Sister Agnes, who had charge of the Infirmary.

*Thursday, Jan. 14.*—Invocation: "The Seven Spirits of God." Questions and Answers: Alexander Finney, of Georgia, to his brother, Theodore; Michael Murray, to Mr. T. M. Brewer, of New York City; Alice Gonia, to her mother, Hannah Gonia, of Utica, N.Y.; Wm. Sowler, (colored) to his sister Collie and brother.

*Monday, Jan. 18.*—Invocation: "A Literal Resurrection." Questions and Answers: Gustavus Moody, to his mother in the vicinity of Culpepper; Thomas Harris, to his mother Hannah Harris, New Haven, Conn.; Cordelia Vernon, to her brother William G. Keaney, New Bedford, Mass.

*Tuesday, Jan. 19.*—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rosewell Jackson, to his friends; Clara A. Sargent, of Warner, New Hampshire, to her parents; John Daly, to his wife, Ellen; Edward Middleton, to his mother and sisters, in Alabama.

### Invocation.

Oh thou who art Soul of all Truth, be with us while our feet shall again tremblingly press the shores of mortal life. May all our utterances be of thee. May every word be the messenger of glad tidings to some sorrowing soul. Do thou baptize every thought anew, and then, as they go out mingling with the outer world, may they grow stronger and bear fruit to thy honor and thy glory. Teach us to read aright thy volume of Life. Teach us to meet with reverence all those forms which thou has created. May we worship each and all according to its condition. Shall we be idolatrous? Oh, no, our Father, for hast thou not made all things? Surely thou hast permeated all with thy spirit, and to worship Life in all its forms is to worship Thee. This we hope to do forever and forever.

Dec. 8.

### Questions and Answers.

**Spirit.**—What theme will the friends present for consideration?

**Ques.**—Are not order, adaptation and law evidences of conscious intelligence?

**Ans.**—Most certainly they are attributes of a Divine Intelligence.

**Q.**—Can we conceive of conscious intelligence without individuality?

**A.**—No; for conscious intelligence could not appeal to human senses were it devoid of individuality.

**Q.**—Is it unreasonable to believe that God exists individualized, and that his "sphere," or "aura," fills all space?

**A.**—No, it is not an unreasonable belief. On the contrary, it is one that will appeal perhaps nearer to human consciousness than any other.

**Q.**—Then anything that does not exist according to law, order and adaptation, cannot exist at all?

**A.**—No, certainly not; for if such were the case God could not be Omnipotent, would be robbed of his Infinity. To suppose anything happens outside of law, is to suppose that our God is finite.

**Q.**—Did man arrive at the belief in a supreme Being by means of his reflective faculties?

**A.**—No; for the soul, in its interior condition, perceives God always. Reflection comes after perception always. You must first have a spiritual, or interior perception concerning God, ere you can reflect.

**Q.**—Is it safe to trust to the natural consciousness of man to perform that which is right and advantageous to all?

**A.**—Not always; much depends upon the proper amount of order reigning in the physical machine. If the organism is harmonious—or, in other words, evenly balanced—then you may trust that principle for it can be perfectly developed. But when there is inharmoniousness between the various organs, you may expect manifestations accordingly.

**Q.**—May not all the disorders in life, or the world, be attributed to the weakness of the feeling of justice in moral and political views?

**A.**—No, we think not. Justice combined with the golden rule, would sweep away many of the evils of the present day. But justice alone, as justice is defined by humanity, could not effect this. You measure your justice too much by human law, and too little by Divine law.

**Q.**—What is the difference between existing as an individual, or existing as a person?—an individual God, or a personal God?

**A.**—There is a spiritual individuality, and a personal or material individuality. The one, the spiritual, may be referred to God the Infinite; the other may be referred to the fleeting forms of mortal life. When we speak of an individualized human being, we speak of it according to the law of human life. But when we speak of an individualized spirit, then we speak with regard to the laws of spirit-life. There is much confusion sometimes arising from persons confounding human individuality with the spiritual. Now the human soul, we believe, is never individualized, ever perfect in itself. It has no need to take on a human body that it may gather to itself individualized soul-life, but it must take upon itself a human body in order that it may gain human individuality. There is a difference, great difference between the two. The individualized God is not the personal God, for by personality you conceive of humanity. Should we declare to you that we believe in a personal God, we should

believe in an individualized, humanized God, which we do not.

**Q.**—I could not conceive of the propriety of praying to a general principle, a diffused power, but thought it reasonable to suppose that God existed as an individual.

**S.**—In one sense he may be said to exist as an individual. You and I are Gods ourselves, according to our own law. When we pray, or appeal to the powers above us, we do so that we may come into a clearer atmosphere, and grow strong by inhaling that atmosphere. We do so that we may draw to ourselves those higher influences always necessary to progress.

**Q.**—Does each individual birth involve within itself the birth of its own eternal counterpart?

**A.**—No, we think not.

**Q.**—May I ask if the influence of prayer does not operate more particularly upon our own minds?

**A.**—Certainly it does.

**Q.**—Do disembodied spirits, when they return to earth, see the forms of their friends?

**A.**—No, not always. It is sometimes the case that they see the form clearly, but oftener the case that they do not see the form, but only the spirit. And in order to see the form clearly, they must take upon themselves a form of human life.

**Q.**—Spirits speak of returning to familiar scenes. They tell us they recognize objects, but were not recognized in their turn. Is this so?

**A.**—Yes; you will understand that every object in life has a soul, an inner life, as well as an outer life. Now it is that inner form they see, not the outer or material form. Sometimes, as we have before stated, the disembodied are able to see the outer or crude form, but it is oftener the opposite.

Dec. 8.

### John Grant.

I should like to send a letter home, can I? [Yes.] I am from Terra Haute, Indiana. I had no chance to send a good-by home; maybe I can from here. They're—they're no believers in ghosts—afraid of 'em. I do n't—do n't claim to belong to that fraternity; I do n't—do n't, stranger, do n't feel any more ghostly since I went out of my body than I did before, stranger. [Your friends think of you as dead.] I know; but it's true.

I was private in the 7th Indiana. I—I slept; yes I did; can't say I was dead, for really I do n't feel dead at all. I went to sleep after the battle of Gettysburg, and I—I woke up shortly, to find myself in the company with folks I knew had gone to the other world before me. I—I comprehended my situation pretty quick, and was n't long in learning the way over the bridge to the earth again, either.

I was born in Massachusetts, Duxbury. My name was John Grant, and I was thirty-three years old. I have left a sister, couple of brothers and a father, I expect; we thought he was dead—but I do n't know as he is—and a step-mother.

Now I'd be very glad to tell 'em what I'd like to have done about some of my traps at home, if I could but get an opportunity to do so. I hope for a chance to go home; is it—is it to be expected that I'll get it, stranger? [Yes.] I want them to get me a medium, no matter if they ain't what they—[You must wait patiently.] I can't get one, can I, myself, for my folks? [Not very likely.] Well, I'd be glad to talk with them. If they ain't glad to hear from me, enough said. I've got one brother in the Army of the Potomac, the rest of them are in Terra Haute; been out there this most eighteen or nineteen years.

Dec. 8.

### Ann Louisa Wiggin.

I suppose it by hard work that we are to conquer the prejudices of our friends. I have been dead seven years coming January. The 21st of January, seven years ago, I left my friends in South Berwick. I have tried many ways since then to speak to those friends, but all my efforts have been useless.

I was twenty-two years of age. My name was Ann Louisa Wiggin. I left a mother, husband and one child—an infant five weeks old.

Many changes have taken place since my death. My husband has found a mother; yes—but not yet for my child. He is away serving the nation.

I would speak to the woman who stands as my representative on earth. I will tell her how to become the holy guardian of that child; and if it is wayward, I will teach her from God's volume of Life and Love, and she shall find it easy to govern this wayward child. Let her follow the dictates of her conscience, and ask her inner life if it is not right that I speak with her. If she'll lay aside all prejudices, come out from the Church, and listen to the voice of God from the highway and the hedges, she'll never regret it.

I have no more to say, sir. [Did you live in South Berwick, Maine?] Yes.

Dec. 8.

### Calvin Gibson.

Good-day, sir. [Good-day, sir; how do you do?] Will it be lawful for you to aid me? [Yes, sir.] But your military code says you shall not give comfort or assistance to rebels. [You're not an inhabitant of earth now.] Oh, but I'm a rebel just the same. The loss of the body does not change the principle, you know. [But it changes it in law here. You are not recognized as a rebel now.]

Well, then, to begin with, my name is Calvin Gibson, of Richmond. It's only a little inside of three weeks since I lost my own body. I knew something of these matters before death, this Spiritualism, so you see, I'm not exactly entirely a novice in this matter.

Now I have left a family twelve miles from Richmond, and I purpose to open communication with them if I can do so. Their present condition is an unfortunate one; for the strange fortunes of war have been rather hard with them, as with many; and I purpose to show them a way to throw off some of their responsibilities and troubles, but I do n't exactly like the idea of speaking as plain as I should be obliged to here. Now, sir, suppose I ask my wife to go to that medium whose name is Mercer, in Richmond—how 'll that do? [Very good for you.]

Well, that part of the business done, now I should like to speak, if possible, with my old partner, whose name is Crane, Richard Crane. He is violently opposed to this thing, and said to me a short time before my death, "Gibson, I would n't believe, if I could, and I'm sure I can't; I don't see anything reasonable in it."

Never mind that; I'll waive all such things; let him cast aside superstition and come and talk with me, and I'll tell him something that will be for his advantage to know.

He is slightly Union in his sentiments, but a very good fellow for all that; has suffered considerably on that account. I regret it now, and I did regret it when I was on the earth. Maybe I can show him how to better himself, if he'll give me the chance to talk with him.

[Does your wife understand these matters?] Oh yes. [Then she will readily acquiesce in our wishes.] Certainly she will, if she only knows that I want her to talk with this one named Mercer. I do not know of any other one in that locality that I could speak through, and the medium could not go to her. Therefore I want my wife to become acquainted with her, and let me come and talk with her. She can easily ascertain about her by going into Richmond. Good-day, sir.

Dec. 8.

### Invocation.

Oh ye powers of good and evil by which we are ever surrounded, we turn to thee with childlike reverence,

and call thee our Father. It matters not whether thou art dwelling in heaven, earth or hell, thou art our Father; therefore we love thee, therefore we feel attracted to thee. Oh ye powers of Life and Death, we will not endeavor to separate thee; when we do, we are lost. Oh, we would not feel that our Father did not dwell in death as in life, in hell as in heaven, or that he had forever given up a portion of his kingdom to evil. Oh no; we would rather feel that every element of life belongs to thee, our Father, that every motion that trembles upon the ocean of life is caused by thee. Oh, our Father, we find in all things time in the mortal, and eternally in the immortal. Oh, we know thou art with us. We know thou wilt sustain us, that though we wander in darkness or wheresoever our feet are led, we know that thou art our guide. Oh, for this consciousness that tells us thou art our Father, that comes streaming in through the windows of the soul, and tells us we are thy children, we praise thee. And oh, while here ministering to the wants of thy mortal children, may we be enabled to so open the windows of their internal beings that they may know thee better. Oh God, may they feel as we do, that thou art everywhere, that there is no form of life that thou hast not eliminated from thy divine heart, no idea that trembles along the wires of time and eternity that has not been begotten in thy mighty brain. Our Father, we ask for no blessing for these thy children, for the blessings of all eternity are theirs.

### Questions and Answers.

**Spirit.**—For a few moments we will be glad to answer any questions the friends may propose.

**Ques.**—Does a human soul, before it is embodied in the earth form, have a conscious separate existence?

**Ans.**—In our opinion, it does.

**Q.**—How long a time had it that pre-existence?

**A.**—The soul is not a child of Time, but of Eternity; we cannot conceive of its beginning, any more than we can of its ending.

**Q.**—When does it cease to have that recollection?

**A.**—Never.

**Q.**—Is it not a fact that most all human souls have no recollection of a pre-existence before entering the form?

**A.**—The soul is unable to project that recollection through the human senses, yet recollection is vivid with the soul, and under proper conditions will be called up into outer life, as necessarily demands.

**Q.**—Under what conditions was the previous existence of the soul?

**A.**—It would be impossible to enumerate the variety of conditions.

**Q.**—Please give us a few of them?

**A.**—And suppose we should, you could not comprehend them, for there is nothing in your time to compare them to.

**Q.**—Why was it imposed upon the ancient Jews that they should put off their clothing before entering into the inner temple?

**A.**—Certain religious rites demanded this of them, as certain religious rites now demand the same in Mormon life. Ask the Mormon: be or she will tell you.

**Q.**—Has the old doctrine of metempsychosis in regard to souls, any truth in it?

**A.**—Most certainly it has. It is founded upon truth so vast, so grand, that those who abide by its teachings can never be outside the pale of truth. Human senses are capable only of grasping the present, and, to a very limited extent, the past and future. But that past and future are only obtained through clairvoyance or certain conditions by which the soul manifests in that direction through physical senses.

**Q.**—Can we claim any thought inherent, living within ourselves?

**A.**—Yes; in one sense we can claim all that flows through our particular organic life; in another, we can claim none, for every thought is related closely to all other thoughts. There is a mighty chain endrolling the universe of mental life, binding that life together in one great whole.

**Q.**—What is thought?—of organic, or real existence?

**A.**—There are certain thoughts, or a certain phase of thoughts, that are peculiar to physical life, to the physical organization. When you have done with that, you will have done with those thoughts that pertain more particularly to physical life than spiritual. There are thoughts that pertain to the things of the spirit, and they are rarely projected into material life, for if they were, you would be thoroughly discontented with your mundane condition.

**Q.**—Is it to be understood that the human spirit never leaves the earth after death?

**A.**—We have no sympathy with such a theory. There are many spirits that are so attracted to earthly conditions that they inhabit your earth for a time, while many, upon casting off the form, enter a more sublimated condition of life.

**Q.**—Have those spirits who dwell near the earth the power over mortals that those have who dwell in the higher spheres?

**A.**—Yes, they have more power, being in direct contact with mortality.

**Q.**—That power is not so spiritualized, is it?

**A.**—No; it is not so etherealized as that power that belongs to the wisdom of higher life. Nevertheless it is a power more potent.

**Q.**—Does that condition of the disembodied who dwells on the surface of the earth depend upon the virtues or vices of the person?

**A.**—No, certainly not. Sometimes love, the highest element of Nature, is the tie that binds the disembodied to your earth. For instance, the mother has been set free from the mortal temple; and her children are left to your cold society. Is she not the mother still? Will not her spirit be strongly attracted to those little hands left on the earth? Certainly; for her spirit has no power to leave the earth. The attraction here is too strong. There is no power, else, anywhere in the universe that can draw her away from the earth for a time.

**Q.**—Then the force of human love keeps the spirit in the lower sphere.

**A.**—Sometimes it does.

**Q.**—Are spirits governed by the laws of time and space?

**A.**—No.

**Q.**—Are they above it?

**A.**—They are. For instance, the laws governing your atmospheric life have no influence upon them whatever. Fire does not burn them; water does not drown them, and cold does not freeze them; and the walls of your habitations offer no barrier to their ingress or egress, as spirits.

**Q.**—Is there any faculty of seeing into futurity?

**A.**—Yes, that of clairvoyance.

**Q.**—Then the future is actually existing?

**A.**—Most certainly it is. That which is the future to you, is the present to somebody else. And again, that which is the present to you, is the past to somebody else; and the future also. Eternity may be said to be composed of three wondrous links, all united—not at all separated—Past, Present and Future.

**Q.**—Do these spirits, to the full extent of their realization, get into upper life?

**A.**—No, certainly not; for there is no condition of life, however grand and beautiful, in the spirit-world, but what there is still a higher one above it and beyond it.

**Q.**—Are all spirits in a state of absolute freedom in the spirit-world?

**A.**—No, they are not.

**Q.**—Is it possible for them to be rational beings without freedom?

**S.**—Why should loss of freedom deprive them of their rationality, can you tell us?

**Q.**—I'm not answering questions, but asking them.

**S.**—Go with us in imagination to some parts of Africa, there you will find hundreds of souls, slaves to ignorance in various ways. But are they not rational beings? Is there not an internal life that is all harmonious even with them? Surely there is. Are they not capable of improvement? Can you not bring them under higher and diviner forms of government than that they now exist under? If you cannot, then they are not rational beings. No; the loss of freedom does not deprive them of their rationality, for so long as spirits are capable of outliving their present dark conditions, they are rational spirits.

**Q.**—Please state what freedom of human will consists in—whether it is perfect harmony with the laws of Nature, or something else?

**A.**—As the human spirit learns of the laws of Nature, or becomes acquainted with the laws of its own being, it begins to cast off the chains of slavery. Then that will, which was darkness, becomes light. Do you understand us? If you do not, put your question in another form, and we will try to make the subject plainer to you.

**Q.**—If there was no evil existing, could there be any good?

**A.**—No, certainly not. And, again, you would know nothing of light, if darkness did not exist.

**Q.**—Then if there were no foolishness, there could be no wisdom?

**A.**—No, certainly not.

**Q.**—If, then, spirits cannot err, I do not see how the loss of the rational faculty can affect them.

**S.**—It is not an impossibility, certainly not. We are aware that your Sacred Record teaches you to the contrary, but we believe it is quite possible for the disembodied spirit to err, as for the embodied spirit. What is it that errs here with you? Is it the physical form? No, certainly not. Then it must be the spirit enshrouded within the human form, the intangible, yet ever tangible spirit of man.

**Q.**—I cannot see what use the spirit has of the rational faculty.

**S.**—It is not an impossibility for the disembodied spirit to err. On the contrary, we believe that disembodied spirits are as liable to commit errors as those dwelling in the form. We speak of error according to the common definition of the term.

**Q.**—Are there any latent faculties of the human mind that will be developed in the spirit-world?

**A.**—Many, many thousand. Here you have only the infancy of human life.

**Q.**—And is it possible here to develop many of these faculties while on the earth?

**A.**—Yes, certainly it is.

**Q.**—Under what conditions may those faculties be developed here?

**A.**—By seeking to become acquainted with all the laws pertaining to physical and spirit-life, so far as you are able to. Cast aside all prejudices, and live for yourselves and by the laws of your own being. When you do this, you shall speedily develop those faculties that have for years lain dormant in your being.

**Q.**—How is it possible to distinguish between prejudice and truth?—for what is truth to one oftentimes is not such to another person.

**A.**—That is true, because the human senses are not so clearly visioned as are spirit senses. And yet you may always trust that voice which speaks to you from the internal, and tells you which course to pursue.

**Q.**—How can certain individuals of the Methodist persuasion so affect the minds of their hearers as to make them believe that the Holy Spirit is with them, and cause them to cry out, as in times of revival?

**A.**—It is the psychological power of spirit over spirit, and body over body. The speaker generates within his own body, and throws out through the medium of language, a strange and mighty influence, which acts like a fire, running over the entire system. And you call it conversion, for want of a better term, while in reality it is but the firing up of your physical lives.

**Q.**—Does that influence you speak of generally act upon the organs in the back brain at the time?

**A.**—No, we believe that the organs most powerfully acted upon are situated in the frontal portion of the brain. And again, veneration seems to be acted upon very largely, else why the spirit of prayer?

Dec. 10.

### Agnes Brown.

In 1849 I belonged to the ballet corps of the National Theatre, in Boston. I was fourteen years old. I lived in Prince street, with my mother and sister. My mother's name, Eunice Brown; my name, Agnes; my sister's, Mary.

In the spring of 1850 I died of lung fever. My sister was sick at the time, my mother also in poor health, but afterwards my sister grew better, and received a call to go to St. Louis—she was an actress—to fulfill an engagement. So my mother and herself, when I died, went away from Boston, and until quite recently my sister has been enabled to take care of herself and my mother. But again her health has failed her in a Southern city—New Orleans. My mother is at the West, sick, prostrate in body and in mind, and I thought perhaps I might do something to aid her. So I ask the managers here if I could come, and they said yes, in welcome.

My mother and sister are no believers in this Spiritualism. My mother is inclined to the Episcopal faith. Her parents were English, but she was born in America. I have thought perhaps I might approach my sister, and give her some light about this spiritual thing, and I might also tell her where to address our father—not our Father in Heaven—but the one we have on earth. He left us when I was a child, to go to England, and we supposed him dead, because he never returned. He was a seafaring man. Our father is not dead, but, on the contrary, is living in Australia now, and I am sure he could aid them, for he is able to; if they would only address a letter to him, stating their condition.

There are many circumstances that conspired to keep my father away from his family, and if they were known to my mother,



**191 Nassau St., New York, General Agent**  
**THE BANNER OF LIGHT,**  
Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in cheap Publications and Periodicals, to his ample facilities for packing and forwarding everything in



## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
Address 110 West 21st street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our heads, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
[LUTHER COLBY.]

## LETTER NO. 3.

Since writing you last I have attended an entertainment given by the children belonging to the Progressive Lyceum. It was very successful, and gave much pleasure. The entertainment consisted of tableaux, singing, and recitations. Now I have a proposition to make to you. You know how much suffering there is among the sick and wounded of our army; brave men have left their homes, and all the comforts of them, to save us from the evils of oppression; many of them are ill from exposure and wounds, in hospitals, where they need many comforts that they do not receive.

Many noble men and women are at work for them, and are holding fairs and giving entertainments to raise money for the use of those who are trying to supply our sick soldiers with comforts. Now I know the kind, generous feeling that moves the hearts of children when they hear of suffering; they would be glad to give all they have sometimes. Could you not then aid in this good work? You could have an entertainment in some large private room, and with a little aid from some older and wiser persons, you could easily arrange a succession of pieces that would give pleasure to your friends, and benefit yourselves. The tickets, to such an entertainment for such a purpose would sell for fifteen cents, and perhaps for more. You could choose your best singer to give you music, and you could easily arrange three or four tableaux. Some one who is fond of poetry, could recite a poem; and doubtless you can think of some other entertaining exhibition to add to your programme. If, in different places, you should adopt this method of raising money for the soldiers' aid societies, and in each place you only cleared five dollars, you would have quite a sum in all, and you would feel the joy of having worked for a noble purpose.

I have heard of some children in Coldwater, Mich., who engaged in this good work with fine success. Let us all remember that whatever we do for others, is so much done for ourselves, because every noble purpose that we fulfill lays up in our hearts a treasure that cannot be taken away. We often think of the beautiful angels, and perhaps say, "I want to be an angel;" but we must remember that the joy of angels consists in doing good and blessing others. They never weary in their work, but willingly give their best efforts to help the poor, the needy and suffering.

Whether you think well of this plan I have proposed to you or not, I trust you will be anxious to do everything in your power, at all times, for those whom you can bless. With loving wishes to you all, my readers, I am your friend,  
L. M. W.

## PATIENCE AND HOPE;

OR,

THE MAIDENS BY THE SEA.

When quiet was restored to our country after the hard fought contest in defence of our rights, and the assertion of our independence, all who had participated in it, gladly sought some place where they might fully enjoy what they had so dearly earned.

One of the bravest of the Continental army having been wounded, and somewhat enfeebled in the battle of the Clouds, believed that the seashore offered to him both opportunities to enjoy domestic life, and to regain his lost vigor.

Accordingly he bought an extensive tract of land along the eastern shore of Maryland, and carried thither his wife and two children, little girls born amid the clash of arms and the alarms of contest. One had been named Patience, because the despair that had settled down upon the country during the winter of her birth, seemed to the mother to call for the exercise of that virtue, to prove that the nation was under the guidance of wisdom.

The little girl, born, in a remarkable degree, the stamp of her mother's faith. She had no beauty to call forth admiration; but there was, even in infancy, an expression that made one think of a calm summer night; and her smile was as the moonlight, glancing through the locust leaves.

When the second little girl was born, the whole country was rejoicing in the hope Washington's career had inspired, and the little one bore the name of that virtue which is the stimulant to every victory.

Little Hope had a face as full of joyousness as her sister's was of quiet. The glance of her eye was like the sunlight on the meadow. Her voice rang out clear as the bobolink's, when the spring brings him from the rice fields. She never sat quietly listening to the songs of her mother, neither would she be lulled to rest, but she frolicked till weary, and then slept with tiny hand upon her cheek. She had no childish griefs except when her sister Patience wanted to restrain her, or lead her by the hand, for though she loved her so dearly, yet she would not submit to her guidance.

When they came to live by the seashore, they both found what satisfied them best. Patience would sit on the rocks and watch the tide coming in, and listen to the waves as they beat on the shore, while Hope would run on the sand and gather the shells and bits of seaweed to build her houses of, and try the strength of her voice against the waters. She used also to run to the edge of the receding wave, and then back, as it chased her up the beach. When the wind was blowing eastward, the spray would sometimes dash upon her, but she would only shake her golden curls and try again the wild frolic.

Patience had over a tender care of her sister, sitting quietly to see that no real harm came to her, for she almost worshipped the beautiful image that moved before her so full of grace and joy.

When winter came, and they could not as constantly be abroad, they would sit by the fire and hear their father's stories. Patience would take his hand and ask him to tell how they gained the fort when their way was cut off, and their provisions were gone; but Hope wanted to hear of the marches when the life and drum led them, and she would beat the time of the music on her knee, or seize a stick for a fife, and march around the room with the tread of a soldier.

Thus the years of their childhood were passing, and they growing up to maidenhood with no knowledge of the world, save what they gained from some passing traveler. Such knowledge came like the waifs on the ocean and changed little their thought. Hope sometimes said to her sister:

"I shall go out over the sea to that beautiful country some day."

But Patience took her hand and kissed it, and said:

"See how beautiful it is here."

One winter's day when they had finished their tasks and were watching the soft snow-fakes as they melted on the ground, they saw far off, at sea a heavy cloud.

"It will be a fearful night," said the old soldier.

"For this calm air is but coaxing on the tempest that lies in that blackness."

And so it proved. There was little rest all night in the cottage; for the roaring sea seemed as if breaking its bounds, and it sent its spray even up to the eaves above the height of their chimney; they had never

known the like. The father longed for the day of his strength, that he might go out and see if there were any that needed help; the mother lifted her eyes to heaven, and the girls hid in their bed closely clasped in each other's arms.

"Just think," said Hope, "how many shells there will be on the strand to-morrow morning. I can weave you another band all of white."

"If the storm lasts to-morrow," said Patience, "who knows what suffering there will be?"

"Hush!" said Hope, "see that star already."

In the morning the calm was as great as the storm had been terrible; no breath stirred even the smoke from their chimney; but the sea kept booming, as if it would echo forever the sound of terror.

The girls went early to the shore. The sea was high, but had evidently been much further up the beach, for landed high up was a heap of boards and of rubbish that seemed to have been once parts of a vessel; pieces of masts and cordage, with casks and broken beams, were all piled together.

The girls had grown hardy from their natural life, and they eagerly set about the task of overhauling this pile to find what might lie beneath it.

Together they lifted the beams and untangled the ropes. A chest seemed to be the only sign that human beings had suffered in the tempest, and they waited for help to bear this, the record of the storm, to their cottage.

There was no use in trying to preserve it as it was, for its soaked contents must be dried to be preserved; so they forced the lock. They unpacked first the garments of a sailor, worn and useless, and then some books; volume after volume, dog-eared and soiled, yet all of the choicest binding. They carefully lifted the pages and traced the name written in each—Joseph Immanuel.

"Well," said Hope, "we'll keep them all safely till he comes for them; but he can have no objection to our reading them."

Some of the books were in a language that they did not understand; but the most of them were in their own tongue.

In one of these volumes there was a little packet containing a lock of hair, and on it was written—Marie Immanuel, 1700.

"His mother's," said all, as they watched its unfolding. A tear fell from the mother's eye—the father did not speak. Patience said:

"How he must have kept her in memory all these years."

Hope said:

"Oh let me replace it in the book and keep it till I can give it to him again."

And now began a new life for the young girls. The books were read and re-read until the words were as familiar as the hymns they had learned at their mother's knee. All the softly flowing verses were sung by Hope on the sea-shore, and she told over and over again the stories of prince and king.

But this change in their quiet life came none too soon, for they numbered now the years of maidenhood, and what they could not live in reality, they must live in dreams.

Hope always ended her tale by making herself a heroine, encountering all sorts of adventures, and successfully overcoming all obstacles.

Patience seemed willing to give her sister the lead in all these tales, but she said:

"You know, Hope, that after all, they had to wait till the adventures came."

Hope was not content to learn by heart all the wild legends, or the songs; she began to fill up her dreams, and to write out her imaginings. She had no sad terminations to her stories, but made her heroines beautiful, and rich, and good, and always gave them the reward of their goodness.

Patience was never tired of listening to these stories which her sister wrote by day and read to her in the evening; she only added:

"But you know, sister, they could not find all that without meeting with much that was not so beautiful."

"Yes," said Hope, "but I can have as all my own way, now, and make everybody happy as well as miserable, and leave the reality till by-and-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Answer to Charlotte in our last Message.

Cross Words.

"On," said a little girl, bursting into tears upon hearing of the death of a playmate. "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy."

"The last time they were together, she had spoken crossly to her, and she thought of that last cross word, which now lay heavy on her heart."

"Speak kindly to your brothers and sisters and school-fellows, when you are speaking to them, lest it may be the last time you may have the opportunity. Cross words are very sorrowful to think of. Little children, love one another."—Clark's School Visitor.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper; if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

PROGRESS, SURELY. The Newburyport Herald notes the progress in public sentiment in the following: "The progress of this age is illustrated by two facts. Twenty years ago Frederick Douglass started from this city to go to Boston on the Eastern Railroad; when it was perceived that a negro was on the train, they could hardly keep the cars on the track. Several men might hold of him and thrust him out, tearing up the seat he occupied. This week the Freedmen's Aid Society carried some packages to that same Eastern depot, to have them transported to the suffering blacks south, when they were informed that they would be taken gratis, and the corporation would feel that honor of the most distinguished character was bestowed on it, in being allowed to do something for the wronged race."

One of the late Dr. Spencer's parishioners in Brooklyn, New York, met him hurriedly going his way down the street one day; his lip was set, and there was something strange in that gray eye. "How are you to day, Doctor?" he said pleasantly. "How are you to day, Doctor?" he said pleasantly. "I am mad!" It was a new word for a mild, true-hearted Christian; but he waited, and with a deep, earnest voice went on: "I found a widow standing by aropolis thrown in the street; she could not pay her month's rent; the landlord turned her out; and one of her children is going to die; and that man is a member of the church! I told her to take her things back again. I am on my way to see him!"

THE ST. DOMINGO REVOLT.—Intelligence as late as the 14th of December has been received from the city of St. Domingo. The negroes still hold out against the Spanish troops, and have lately won in several engagements, in one of which they captured a train of eighty mules laden with supplies for the Spanish army.

Mexico.—The Mexicans continue to annoy the French invaders on every favorable occasion. On the 23d of December, they assaulted Orizaba, and captured the entire French garrison stationed there. The French are finding fault with Mr. Corwin, the American Minister, on account of his sympathies with the Mexicans. Later accounts say that the French have been victorious, and that Juarez had fled.

Plant blessings, and blessings will blossom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring The blossom that proves what sort of thing Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

## Correspondence in Brief.

A WOOD FROM THE WEST.—We still live, notwithstanding the rumor, B. Leland has been killed, and the rumor of his death is still in the air. He was killed on the 10th inst. by a bullet from the hand of a desperado. He was a noble man, and a true friend.

"Just think," said Hope, "how many shells there will be on the strand to-morrow morning. I can weave you another band all of white."

"If the storm lasts to-morrow," said Patience, "who knows what suffering there will be?"

"Hush!" said Hope, "see that star already."

In the morning the calm was as great as the storm had been terrible; no breath stirred even the smoke from their chimney; but the sea kept booming, as if it would echo forever the sound of terror.

The girls went early to the shore. The sea was high, but had evidently been much further up the beach, for landed high up was a heap of boards and of rubbish that seemed to have been once parts of a vessel; pieces of masts and cordage, with casks and broken beams, were all piled together.

The girls had grown hardy from their natural life, and they eagerly set about the task of overhauling this pile to find what might lie beneath it.

Together they lifted the beams and untangled the ropes. A chest seemed to be the only sign that human beings had suffered in the tempest, and they waited for help to bear this, the record of the storm, to their cottage.

There was no use in trying to preserve it as it was, for its soaked contents must be dried to be preserved; so they forced the lock. They unpacked first the garments of a sailor, worn and useless, and then some books; volume after volume, dog-eared and soiled, yet all of the choicest binding. They carefully lifted the pages and traced the name written in each—Joseph Immanuel.

"Well," said Hope, "we'll keep them all safely till he comes for them; but he can have no objection to our reading them."

Some of the books were in a language that they did not understand; but the most of them were in their own tongue.

In one of these volumes there was a little packet containing a lock of hair, and on it was written—Marie Immanuel, 1700.

"His mother's," said all, as they watched its unfolding. A tear fell from the mother's eye—the father did not speak. Patience said:

"How he must have kept her in memory all these years."

Hope said:

"Oh let me replace it in the book and keep it till I can give it to him again."

And now began a new life for the young girls. The books were read and re-read until the words were as familiar as the hymns they had learned at their mother's knee. All the softly flowing verses were sung by Hope on the sea-shore, and she told over and over again the stories of prince and king.

But this change in their quiet life came none too soon, for they numbered now the years of maidenhood, and what they could not live in reality, they must live in dreams.

Hope always ended her tale by making herself a heroine, encountering all sorts of adventures, and successfully overcoming all obstacles.

Patience seemed willing to give her sister the lead in all these tales, but she said:

"You know, Hope, that after all, they had to wait till the adventures came."

Hope was not content to learn by heart all the wild legends, or the songs; she began to fill up her dreams, and to write out her imaginings. She had no sad terminations to her stories, but made her heroines beautiful, and rich, and good, and always gave them the reward of their goodness.

Patience was never tired of listening to these stories which her sister wrote by day and read to her in the evening; she only added:

"But you know, sister, they could not find all that without meeting with much that was not so beautiful."

"Yes," said Hope, "but I can have as all my own way, now, and make everybody happy as well as miserable, and leave the reality till by-and-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Answer to Charlotte in our last Message.

Cross Words.

"On," said a little girl, bursting into tears upon hearing of the death of a playmate. "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy."

"The last time they were together, she had spoken crossly to her, and she thought of that last cross word, which now lay heavy on her heart."

"Speak kindly to your brothers and sisters and school-fellows, when you are speaking to them, lest it may be the last time you may have the opportunity. Cross words are very sorrowful to think of. Little children, love one another."—Clark's School Visitor.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper; if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

PROGRESS, SURELY. The Newburyport Herald notes the progress in public sentiment in the following: "The progress of this age is illustrated by two facts. Twenty years ago Frederick Douglass started from this city to go to Boston on the Eastern Railroad; when it was perceived that a negro was on the train, they could hardly keep the cars on the track. Several men might hold of him and thrust him out, tearing up the seat he occupied. This week the Freedmen's Aid Society carried some packages to that same Eastern depot, to have them transported to the suffering blacks south, when they were informed that they would be taken gratis, and the corporation would feel that honor of the most distinguished character was bestowed on it, in being allowed to do something for the wronged race."

One of the late Dr. Spencer's parishioners in Brooklyn, New York, met him hurriedly going his way down the street one day; his lip was set, and there was something strange in that gray eye. "How are you to day, Doctor?" he said pleasantly. "How are you to day, Doctor?" he said pleasantly. "I am mad!" It was a new word for a mild, true-hearted Christian; but he waited, and with a deep, earnest voice went on: "I found a widow standing by aropolis thrown in the street; she could not pay her month's rent; the landlord turned her out; and one of her children is going to die; and that man is a member of the church! I told her to take her things back again. I am on my way to see him!"

THE ST. DOMINGO REVOLT.—Intelligence as late as the 14th of December has been received from the city of St. Domingo. The negroes still hold out against the Spanish troops, and have lately won in several engagements, in one of which they captured a train of eighty mules laden with supplies for the Spanish army.

Mexico.—The Mexicans continue to annoy the French invaders on every favorable occasion. On the 23d of December, they assaulted Orizaba, and captured the entire French garrison stationed there. The French are finding fault with Mr. Corwin, the American Minister, on account of his sympathies with the Mexicans. Later accounts say that the French have been victorious, and that Juarez had fled.

Plant blessings, and blessings will blossom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring The blossom that proves what sort of thing Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

any of them. "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them. They will not believe, though one rise from the dead."

It is in such cases as the foregoing that we behold the practical fruits of Spiritualism. It lifts the curtain from the future, and gives evidence upon which to ground faith that, as Longfellow beautifully expresses it:

"There is no death: 'what seems so in transition:  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

It introduces us to the interior nature as the real man, living but temporarily in a tenement of clay, and points to the condition of that nature as constituting our heaven or hell. It reveals the existence of friends gone before, and demonstrates their ability to communicate with mortals, and thus does it prepare mortals to die that they may live a higher life. God speed the day when all may enjoy the evidence that:

"Heaven is nearer than mortals think,  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future which stretches on  
From the silent home of the dead."

GARDNER ADAMS.

From Lempster, N. H., Nov. 24th, 1863; of Diphtheria, Apia, J., aged 14 years and 3 months; Dec. 24th, 1863, aged 14 years and 3 months, only daughter of Simon A. and Hannah M. Adams.

On the 27th of November, Apia's body was laid to rest; the services were conducted in the Congregational meeting-house. Many gathered together to sympathize with the afflicted family, and for the first time listened to the philosophy of Spiritualism. As the family gathered around the form of the dear child, to take the last farewell, I noticed the gentle Edith, who could but weep when I saw and felt her sorrow—for three times have I parted with a loved sister—I little thought so soon they would fold those hands and close those eyes; but one short month had passed and I stood in that dark again, for Edith had joined her sister. I exclaimed in agony of spirit, "what words can be spoken through my lips that will give consolation to this family?" The house was filled, and their pastor sat in their midst, and was kindly invited by the afflicted father to take a seat in the desk and take part in the exercises, but he declined. Oh, man, if you have the truth, will you refuse to speak it, even though a woman stand by your side?

Angels stood from higher life, and inspiration was given to that people which cannot many a cheek that is bedewed with tears, and we trust opened to their understanding a different view of life than they ever conceived before.

When the sun was gently sinking  
Down beneath the western sky,  
Their pure spirits left their caskets—  
But we knew they could not die.

Angels gently bore them upward,  
To those mansions bright and fair,  
Where together they will journey  
With the loved ones who are there.

S. A. WILBY.

Rockingham, Jan. 5th, 1864.

In Woburn, on the 29th of Dec., 1863, our little Harry passed through the shadows of death to the brighter spheres of life, aged twenty months, and twenty-four days—only son of Rufus P., and Abbie A. Wyman.

This little bud, though short its stay  
In scenes of earthly strife,  
Has proved to friends and parents dear,  
That death, though seeming very dear,  
Is but eternal life.

We do not mourn for him, dear friends,  
We feel his presence here;  
And though the casket is entombed,  
The sparkling gem it once enthroned  
Adorns a brighter sphere.

S. R. N.

Passed on to dwell with the angels, January 11th, the spirit of Willie S. Hutchinson, aged 22 years 3 months.

When in the bloom and vigor of manhood, that scourge, typhoid fever, sought him for its victim, when the fond mother and only remaining brother hoped that many years might be passed here together, sharing each other's society. By this bereavement another heart has been wounded and her spirit made sad.

For on him she placed her affections, hoping that soon they would be united in marriage. Now all has changed—yet the consolation that is given them of the spirit's return, calms their sadness and enables them to say, "Oh, God, thy will be done!"

SAMUEL GROVES.

Somerville, Mass.

Passed to the Summer Land, on the 24th of Dec., Mrs. Wrigley, aged 68 years 7 months 14 days.

Her last months of suffering were passed with her children, who reside in Taunton, Mass., whose loving care and kindness made much smoother the rugged way her feet must pass ere she entered the heavenly portal. Her disease was dropsy, and when last I saw her it seemed as though she could not remain much longer; but weeks before she passed she seemed to be free. She leaves nine children to mourn the loss of her mortal presence, but all cheered with the knowledge of her spiritual nearness—all comforted with the sweet memory of her amiable disposition and ever manifesting love. May God and the angels strengthen them in their spiritual faith is the prayer of

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Rutland, Vt., Jan. 2d, 1864.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite to the old street,) every Sunday, at 10 o'clock, and 7 o'clock P. M. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Jan. 31, and Feb. 7; Moses Hull, Feb. 14 and 21; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

FRANKLIN'S OF THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the corner of Franklin street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to render the meetings as pleasant and instructive as possible. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—John Wetherbee, Jr., in the afternoon, and Frederick Robinson in the evening of Jan. 31; Sarah A. Byrnes, Feb. 7; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14 and 21.

CHESAPE.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Fremont Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Mrs. Sophia L. Chapman, Jan. 31; Mary A. P. Brown, Feb. 7 and 14; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Feb. 21 and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 o'clock A. M. The following lectures are engaged to speak after noon and evening:—Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; O. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during March; Mrs. A. Hayden during April; S. J. Finney during May; Miss Nellie J. Temple during June.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Emma Houston, Jan. 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall, every Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 31 and Feb. 7; Uriah Clark, Feb. 14; Mrs. S. L. Chapman, Feb. 21 and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

FOXBORO.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24.

MILVON.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday; Charles A. Hayden, March 27.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. L. Chapman, Jan. 31; Nellie J. Temple during February; Miss Susie M. Johnson, March 6 and 13; Mrs. S. L. Chapman, March 20 and 27; Lizzie Doten, April 3 and 10.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a conference every Tuesday evening, at 7 P. M. Pioneer Church, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from February to last of July.

NEW YORK.—Doerwoud's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 o'clock and 7 o'clock. The meetings are free. Mrs. A. Currier lectures during February.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Snodgrass Hall, 481 9th street.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Spiritualists have secured the Chicago Hall, 10 o'clock and 7 o'clock. The meetings are free. Mrs. A. Currier lectures during February.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Snodgrass Hall, 481 9th street.

CHICAGO