

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE TWO LOOMS.

BY FRED. W. WEDDER.

THIS POEM WAS SUGGESTED BY ONE ENTITLED, "WEAVE A SHROUD," PUBLISHED IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT, OF JANUARY 10TH, 1864.

In that dark loom where cold, pale Death
Fast weaves the web of fate,
Oh! put a warp of human breath,
And weave a shroud for hate—
For angry word, for cutting jeer,
For sinful cause of every tear;
For unkind thought, or selfish deed,
For envy, malice, sloth and greed;
For all by kindness disallowed—
Weave a shroud! weave a shroud!

In that great loom where day and night
The angels gladly weave,
Place strands of silken warp, so white
That snow might look and grieve;
Then ply the shuttle to and fro,
And toil with eagerness
Upon the dainty web, for lo!
You weave a spirit's dress!

Acts of kindness, deeds of love,
Words which deep heart-throbbings prove,
Kindly comfort to the grieving,
Help to those who need relieving,
Charity for those who err,
Pity for the prisoner,
Hate for wrong, in all its features,
Love for all our fellow-creatures;
All the things which God can bless,
Weave into a spirit's dress!

Charlestown, Jan. 14, 1864.

THE PROPHECY, AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Written for the Banner of Light
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

"Would I might die! I were as well,
Ay, better, at my home in hell!"
J. R. LOWELL.

"Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls!"
"Ha! you are in my power, Eliza Bonn!" and a
smile of malicious triumph distorted features which
were regular and once attractive; and the woman
struck her clenched hand upon her knee. She looked
around the meagerly furnished apartment, and lis-
tened to the hoarse whisperings of the wind, with a
look of mingled rage and triumph; then crumpled the
paper in her hand with a fierce laugh of exultation.
"Ha! Eliza Bonn, or Hoyt, or whatever you call
yourself; I think I see you Mrs. Travers! No, no, my
lady, not so fast! You robbed me of my husband—he
was my husband. You say he was not, because we
never were married? Ha! ha! How much better was
you, I wonder? This is a wonderful little paper I
hold in my hand. Would not you like it a moment?
Wouldn't it go into the fire in a hurry? But we
won't put it there, I guess. Oh no! I'll make a
present of it to the sheriff. He'll appreciate it; and
then where'll you be, Eliza? Ha! ha! I think
you're going to be married all so fast to my Nathan
Travers—but we'll see how we do it. You won't live
in just the house you expect to. I see your future
home—a great dark building, and the windows have
grates, and the doors have great padlocks on them! I
couldn't tell your fortune with a rattle now, Eliza
Hoyt? Oh! I hate, hate, hate you, because you took
him away from me with all your arts and wiles, and
sung it in my face, too, with your own face full of
hate and triumph! Won't the scales be turned now,
I wonder?"

Did n't I manage well to get this letter into my pos-
session? She thought she had destroyed it. Oh, Mr.
and Mrs. Hoyt were excellent people, to be sure!
Very pious, respectable people! We'll see. Won't
there be a commotion when this little paper goes on
its way? Murder will out! I wonder if Shakespeare
wrote that; he wrote most everything; but I never
read any, so I don't know. But murder will out,
that's a fact. Here is this letter all in black and
white, and in Eliza Bonn's own handwriting—she
don't write much better than I do, either—and here
she tells Mr. Hoyt that she has just bought the arsenic
herself in D—, ('to poison rats with,' she told the
apothecary) tells him to be sure and give enough to
make quick work of it, and ends with all this slobber,
sentimental stuff, that disgusts even me, low as I am.
And then this threat that if he chooses to let his wife
live he must take the consequences, for she will surely
revenge everything. Ah, yes! I see. The man was led
on by her, that is very evident. This letter will con-
vict her of murder, and I will have my revenge!"
The woman, putting on a shawl and bonnet, sallied
out, holding the letter tightly in her hand.

Mrs. Hoyt, formerly Mrs. Bonn, sat busily sewing.
Her third marriage was to take place in a few days,
and she was in a turmoil of excitement and prepara-
tion. Her wicked passion for Mr. Hoyt had long since
been transferred to Mr. Travers, a man as devoid of
principle as he, and much lower in social position.
She heard a step in the yard. "It is that contempt-
ible Judith Nott!" she said with a sneer, as she looked
up. The person walked with quick, uncertain steps,
and her motions were nervous. With a great show of
cordiality Mrs. Hoyt ushered her in. "I am so glad
to see you, Judith. I wish you'd come oftener."
"There's another person coming, maybe you'll be
glad to see," said Judith, with a peculiar intonation.
"Who's that?"
"Oh, nobody, only a friend of yours, to take you to

a different home from what you're expecting. Two
der if you'll like it as well! and I reckon you'll
never be Mrs. Travers!"

"What do you mean, Judith Nott? I won't have
you coming here insulting me in this way. Speak so
I can understand you, if you've anything to say; if
not, you may go as soon as you please!"
"Oh, well, I'll tell you in good plain English. It's
only a small affair. You won't mind it. Nothing
only Mr. Smith, the constable, is almost here, to take
you up for murder. You thought you destroyed that
letter to Mr. Hoyt about the arsenic, my lady; but
it's come to light, and so—"

Mrs. Hoyt sprang toward the other with a terrible
threat; but she escaped from her into the street.
Mrs. Hoyt looked out and saw Mr. Smith in the
yard. With a horrid imprecation she darted into the
kitchen, and catching up a sharp knife, buried it so
deeply in her throat that the carotid artery was cut.
Another moment, and her guilty soul sped on to its
own place.
Mr. Smith entered just in season to see her fall, as
the door stood open; so there was no question as to
the manner of her death. To the crime of murder she
had added that of suicide.

We will turn to Lela, who with her aunt sat sewing.
The servant came in, saying:
"There's an Irish girl down stairs, who wants to see
Miss Hoyt."
"Tell her to come up here," said Mrs. Reynolds.

A moment later the girl entered. Lela recognized
her at once, having seen her at her father's house at
the time of his death.
Lela asked her to sit down, saying:
"You wished to speak with me?"
"Yis'm; but shure an' I did n't know there was af-
ther bein' another lady here thin yerself."
"Never mind," said Lela. "You can speak before
her just the same."

"Well, thin, Miss, I've a thing to tell yees that's
almost a killin' me. It's a great secret that I can't
kape from yees at all at all."
"Well," said Lela kindly, as the girl panted—"go
on."
"It's like a murderin' meself I'm fallin', wid the
horrid owd secret at me heart! Well, thin, do yees
see, I was afther livin' at Miss Hoyt's about a month,
an' she was as crass as a baste to me the whole time,
an' I was as afraid of her as if she'd been a black cat
wid the devil himself in him! An' thin, do yees see,
Mr. Hoyt tuk sick, an' Miss Hoyt was crass to him,
an' an' accordin', an' frettin' at him the whole blasted
time. Thin the doother himself tuk sick wid the fever,
an' that day I said to Miss Hoyt, sez I, 'Ye'll be af-
ther sendin' for another doother, shure, won't yees?'
An' she strook me, an' told me to mind me oyn
business. I minded that she looked kinder queer, so
I jist minded iverything she did an' said. Afther a
while she went to the closet an' tuk down a little box.
Thin she tuk out something that looked like a kind of
powdher and put it into a glass, an' I minded she
looked round kinder scairt, but she did n't see me
niver a bit; an' thin she went right to Mr. Hoyt's
room. Well, do yees see, I wait in a minute afther,
an' he'd drunk it all up; an' she was jist afther takin'
the glass away from his lips—the owd murderin' baste
that she was! I thought to meself 'masse't was pizen,
an' I trembled jist like a lily. Thin it was meself
that thought I'd find out whither she pizen'd him or
no. So afther a while I went to the cupboard to git a
dish that was on a high shelf, an' there was this little
box; so I tuk it down, an' feigned it to Miss Hoyt—
an' she was out in the kitchen—an' I sez to her, sez I,
'Miss Hoyt, only see the luck that I'm in! I'm mes-
self that's found this salutarin in the closet yonder,
an' we're jist out of the crathur.' An' that owd
murderin' baste sprung at me as if she'd tear me eyes
out, an' sez she, 'Yees owd fool! that's arsenic! I
bought it last week to pizen the rats wid!' an' she
gave me a box on the ear. An' thin Mr. Hoyt groined
wuss and wuss, an' thin before night yees came home
yerself, Miss Hoyt. I was minded to tell yees what I
see, but shure he was dead so quick it warn't no use at
all, an' thin yees seemed so kinder sorry-like that I
couldn't find it in me heart to tell yees. But I'm
most bust wid the secret, Miss, an' the owd murderin'
woman's dead an' gone, an' I couldn't elape
nights wid thinkin' on't, an' so I came and told
yees all about it."

"Why did n't you tell some one at once what you
saw, so that his life might have been saved perhaps?"
asked Lela, with a trembling voice.
"An' shure, Miss, she'd a killed me dead! I was
as afraid of her as of the devil himself, an' she'd a
killed me dead if I'd a told!"
Lela had sat pale and still while this new page in
the dark chapter of crime was opened to her. She
asked some questions, and learned that her father had
indeed suffered from the cruel treatment of his wife.
She also learned more particulars of the suicide of
Mrs. Hoyt, which had taken place about a week pre-
vious. The girl went home with a lightened heart.
When she was gone, Lela threw herself upon the car-
pet, and burying her face in her aunt's lap, wept long
and bitterly.

So near, and yet apart! Breathing the same air,
fanned by the same breeze, treading the same streets,
mingling in the same crowd, seeing the same sights,
hearing the same sounds, feeling the same influences—
yet apart! Separated by an impassable gulf, over
which no bridge spanned, as arches over Jordan's tide!
Death would not have separated them thus unkindly.
Then they would have been near to each other, blest
in each other's undying affection; but now, a destiny,
cruel, inexorable, held them apart, while the distance
between them grew wider ever.

Thus it seemed to Lela, as for the third time she
caught a glimpse of form and features dear to her,
linked with her every thought, dwelling constantly in
the holiest recesses of her woman's heart. Once,
twice, thrice she had seen him thus, in the crowd,
on the busy street—once so near that for an instant her
dress touched him, and yet he remained wholly un-
conscious of her near presence.
Once more she saw him. She was with her uncle at
a lecture, and the building was filled to overflowing.
On glancing up into the galleries, her eyes were fast-
ened, as if by magic, on those dear, familiar features.

She could not take her gaze away. Then, by that
mysterious power which often attends a fixed look,
seeming like a soul-seeking and a soul-recognition, he
looked down to meet that gaze which had touched his
soul. A look of glad surprise irradiated his face, and
a bow and smile of recognition passed between them.
Lela, however, could no longer glance that way, for
she was sure to meet his earnest gaze which would
bring a warm flush to her face and quicken the throbb-
ings of her heart.

At last the lecture closed. Lela looked up at Mr.
Hamilton. He made a slight motion indicating his
desire to speak with her, and at the same time pushed
through the crowd as fast as possible.

"Uncle, will you wait a few moments?" she asked.
"I see a friend in the gallery who wishes to speak
with me."

"Certainly," said he. "He will find us if we re-
main where we are."
Mr. Hamilton was soon with them, looking down
into Lela's face with his wonted tenderness of expres-
sion, and holding her hand in the same warm, linger-
ing pressure. She drew it away a little quickly, for it
was agony to feel the touch of his hand and to know
that she must drop it, and go forth into the unlighted
future—alone!

Individuals are so differently constituted that what
is pleasure and comfort to one, is pain and agony to
another. Some find a sad consolation in looking upon
the features, listening to the tones, grasping the hand,
and living if only for a short time in the presence of
the beloved, while yet destiny marks out for each a
different path in life. Others cannot endure this.
The presence of the beloved one only deepens the des-
pair hidden in the heart, only makes it feel the more
intensely its need of that presence constantly, and
without it its own loneliness and anguish. The dark-
ness which follows the bright flash is darker, deeper
by contrast!

Thus it was with Lela. Mr. Hamilton little im-
agined how her heart quivered in its anguish. There
were no tokens of it in her calm manner, her beaming
smile and gentle tones.

"May I call on you to-morrow evening?" he asked,
after a few moments of conversation, and added, "I
have a mystery for you to fathom. I hope you will be
both able and willing to unravel it for me."

Lela hesitated a moment, then answered, smiling:
"Certainly, if it is in my power. Although, as I
am not clairvoyant, I shall hardly take upon myself
the office of seeress."

"Well, we will see. I believe I will let you take,
to-night, the mysterious message which has perplexed
me so much, and made me so anxious to see you. I
think you are a believer in Spiritualism, so it will not
surprise you so much. And if it is incorrect, you will
pardon me, Lela," he added, in a low tone, "re-
membering that my hope was revived by this, because I
could not forget!"

Tears rushed to Lela's eyes, and her hand trembled
as she took the paper and deposited it in her pocket
memorandum-book; and they bade each other "good-
night."

Although their ride home was a short one, the mo-
ments seemed cruelly long to Lela, who yearned to
learn the contents of the mysterious communication.
On reaching home she hastened to her own room, and
lighting the gas, read the paper at once.

The joy, the thankfulness, the new, strange happi-
ness which welled up in her soul was still, from its very
intensity. Kneeling, she raised her soul, too grateful
for words, in silent, pure adoration to the Infinite
One! It was long that night before she slept; for Joy,
a new guest in her heart, led her ever away from the
land of dreams.

The following day was a bright oasis in the desert of
her life. It was a day replete with happiness, on
whose walls every hour hung her brightest pictures!

The next evening Lloyd Hamilton and Lela were
seated in the parlor.

"Lela, will you tell me what kind of a looking
man your father was?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"This will tell you," said Lela, taking from the
table an ambrotype.

"The description was very correct," he said. "I
can just detect the scar on his cheek."

"Yes, it was a singular scar, in the shape of a tri-
angle. It was caused by an injury received in his
childhood."

"Did he have any personal peculiarities, Lela?
You will excuse my inquisitiveness, I trust, for I am
testing the truth of the spirits, you will observe."

"Yes," said Lela. "He sat, when absorbed in
thought, generally in this way, throwing his head
back and nearly closing his eyes, with his hands in
this position."

"That is exactly as described," said Mr. Hamilton.
"I shall begin to think pretty well of the spirits,
after all; if everything else proves as correct. And
now, Lela, little magician, interpreter of dreams,
reader of veiled mysteries, propound, if you please,
the meaning of this strange communication."

The assumed playfulness with which Mr. Hamilton
spoke but half concealed the depth and earnestness of
his feelings.

Lela smiled sadly.
"It is a sad task for me, Mr. Hamilton, and yet one
which I am thankful that I am permitted to fulfill, as
it will clear my conduct toward you of its mystery.
Yet it is hard to exonerate ourselves at the expense of
those dear to us. It is hard for a child to confess a
father's crime!"

Lloyd Hamilton started. At the same time a pang
of agony shot through Lela's heart:
—a forewarning.

A blast from the winter to be."

She continued:
"A tragedy was enacted many years ago in my
father's family, of which I have never spoken to any
one; but my unreserved confidence is due to you, and I
give it. My mother—words cannot tell how dear she
was to me, how pure and angelic she was even in her
earthly life—my mother died suddenly, mysteriously.
By accident I discovered that my father, led on by the
wiles and snares of a person in woman's form and
garb, caused her death by poison. My poor father was
beside himself—a slave to the will of that bad, power-
ful woman. He bound me by a promise never to re-
veal his crime. I would not deceive you. My con-
duct is explained."

Lloyd Hamilton started from his seat. He walked
rapidly back and forth across the room. He held in
his hand when he arose some flowers which he had
brought to Lela. He dropped them, but heeded it
not. He crushed them as he stepped unconsciously
upon them. Just so he was trampling on the bless-
ings of hope and happiness which had sprung up in
Lela's heart! The moments passed slowly, solemnly,
as he continued his rapid tramp, while Lela sat mo-
tionless, her eyes, as if by fascination, following his
motions. At last he paused before Lela, and for the
first time looked upon her. An expression of pain
convulsed his features for a moment. Then he said—
and his deep tones were deeper for his conflicting emo-
tions:

"Forgive me, Lela. Know that this confession,
showing as it does your own love of truth and purity
of soul, raises you even higher in my esteem than be-
fore. But I will not wrong so pure and noble a nature
as yours by a show of tenderness, which, although
I still feel it, must, by the will-power that is mine,
tear out from my heart. Henceforth I walk alone in
life. I shall never seek another to love. My memory
shall hold you sacred, Lela, in its purest, deepest re-
cesses. I bid you farewell, with my best wishes for
your welfare and happiness. May you be happier than
I can ever be!"

He took her hand. Lela arose, calm, pale, with her
head thrown slightly back; her lips curled a little for
the first time with a consciousness of superiority to
him, and said, calmly:

"Good-by, Mr. Hamilton. It is well for us to part.
Life needs us in separate vocations. My best wishes
go with you."

There was one more clasp of the hand, one more
glance into Lela's eyes, which met his, clear, firm, un-
shrinking and tearless, and Mr. Hamilton was gone!

And Lela? When, a short time afterward, Mrs.
Reynolds entered the room, she found Lela seated on
the sofa, looking forward into vacancy with a strange,
calm gaze. She went to her anxiously.

"Lela, darling, what is the matter?"
There was no reply. Lela seemed unconscious of her
presence.

"Are you sick, darling? Tell me, Lela, are you
sick?"

"I think not; I don't know," dropped passively
from her lips.

Mrs. Reynolds took her hand; it was almost icy
cold. She placed her hand on her forehead; it burned
with a fearful heat. She was alarmed.

The doctor was just passing out through the hall,
and she called to him. She knew the alarm he felt,
although he spoke not a word, as he took Lela's wrist
in one hand, while he placed the other over her throbb-
ing temples. Taking her up, unresisting, in his
strong arms, he carried her up to her own room.

And there, in the weeks which came afterward, fol-
lowed that mysterious strife between life and death—
a human soul breaking almost from its tenement of
clay, standing with one hand on its earthly existence,
the other pushing open the portals of the Unseen
Land, and gazing into those shining realms of beauty,
with wondering, earth-weary eyes; then listening to
the command of the Holy One, pointing it back, back
to its earth home!

In those days of physical exhaustion, Lela's soul
wandered very near to the spirit land, so that she
caught glimpses of celestial glories, and echoes from
angels' harps. They faded and died away as her steps
again turned earthward, in obedience to the Divine
command. "Return!"

CHAPTER VII.
Still onward wended the weary way:
I with it, for I long to prove
No lapse of years can cancel Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say."

Was earth more discordant, because of the heavenly
echoes Lela had listened to? Not so; for she heard
now that deep, inner strain of divinity made reveal-
ing the will and the purpose of the Infinite One—that
holy, hidden melody, which only those can hear who
have heard the voice of Jehovah speaking to their
own souls!

Was earth more dim for the celestial brightness
which had greeted her vision? Nay. There rested
now even upon its darkest scenes a holy light reflected
from the Divine Countenance, whose glance is only
Love!

That light streamed in upon her soul; that music
gushed in purest strains thence to the Great Al-
father! And not only so, but her heart took in every
creature of His and blessed it with her love.

Did she love Lloyd Hamilton still?
Does the sun forget to shine and bless the waiting
earth? to deck the early east and the evening west
with robes of gold and crimson? to kiss the tiny
flower that looks up asking for his smile, and the
waving grain that nods to a plentiful harvest? to
dash its smile on peaceful lake and flowing river and
dancing rill? to baptize the moon and stars in its own
pure light? to enter with its holy whisperings the
weariest human soul?

Does the dew forget to fill the tiny chalices the
flowers hold up for them? to revive the parched earth
with their tiny, invisible drops? to kiss the gentle
breeze forget to fan the brow of poverty and toil,
the brow of sickness, suffering and want?

Does music forget to breathe its spirit out in nature's
vast domain? Does beauty forget to smile throughout
the universe of God?

Does the heart forget to beat? the pulse to answer
throb for throb?

Does the mind forget to think?
No more does the human soul forget its own pure
love!

Lela loved Lloyd Hamilton still—the more deeply,
that her soul had been fathomed to a greater depth,
the more purely, that her spirit walked ever in the
purity of the Divine Presence! It was a love pure,
unchangeable, as it had been from the first—but sanc-
tified through suffering and pain and anguish, through
wanderings near to the celestial spheres, through
dwelling ever in the light and life of God!

And Lloyd Hamilton—has his love for Lela proved
itself false? Shall love be found false, a dim, bitter
mockery? a fleeting emotion, which is born, and lives,
and dies, on the dim shores of time? Love is eternal!

and no true affection is born on earth; but carries its
brightness into the eternal mansion, and takes on for-
ever there a light more glorious, because nearer to the
Great Soul of Love and Wisdom!

The sorrows of the past year, and, more the strug-
gles and the darkness of the past few months since
that evening when he tore himself so harshly from
Lela—have left their traces on his face. New wrinkles
are planted there, and a few gray hairs have blossomed
on his head, the outgrowth of the fierce strife within.
Oh! it is painful sometimes to see what struggles arise
between love and pride, each so deeply rooted in the
nature—this fastened securely there by birth, that the
outgrowth of many years, weaving itself into the
fibers of the soul. Which shall give place to the other?
Which is the stronger? Which is eternal?

Lloyd Hamilton's acquaintance, whom he chanced
to meet, thought he was growing old rapidly, that his
health was failing, that the sea-breezes had not suited
him. Frank Hovey, however, looked deeper than
they, and saw the hidden conflict below. With a
soul intent on doing good, he often sought his com-
pany, and in a quiet, indirect way, strove to strengthen
the good in him and give to his thoughts and pur-
poses the right direction. With such perfect adapta-
tion and unconsciousness did he exert his influence
upon his friend that Lloyd Hamilton not once suspect-
ed it.

Frank Hovey now and then also passed an hour
with Mr. Reynolds' family, and his presence always
cheered and strengthened Lela. He saw his prophecy
of several years before fulfilled in Lela's life. He
caught bright glimpses of the high beauty of her soul,
the outgrowth of her life-discipline, the rich blossom
of the tears and pains of weary years!

We will see Lloyd Hamilton. It is midnight, and
we find him with pen in hand, which moves rapidly
over the sheet before him. I am sure we shall be par-
doned if we look over his shoulder.

"Lela—I did not know three months ago when I
tore myself from your presence, that the pride in my
nature could ever be rooted out—could ever give place
even to the holier emotion of love which was striving
and struggling there. I knew that I loved you, but I
thought I could put aside, though painfully, my affec-
tion for you, and make it yield to the principle of
pride implanted by birth in my character. I was mis-
taken. My pride has crumbled to atoms, nothing of it
remains; and I come to you once more, a humbled,
repentant man, whose strong affection for you has out-
lived a strong natural pride, who bows before the
spell which you in your high and beautiful womanhood
have unconsciously thrown around me, and offer again
to you the tried, tested affection of a heart that cannot
forget, that cannot tear from its most sacred recesses
your image which has haunted it so long."

"Lela, am I forgiven? Know that I now feel that
Lela, though walking under the shadow of a father's
crime, is in no wise a partaker of the stigma resting
on him. Your high purity and nobleness of soul are
not dimmed by another's sin; and I now know that a
union with you, could it be mine, would reflect only
honor on one too unworthy of it. Yet I once more
ask you, will you be my wife? Can you forgive the
past in view of the present?"

"If you refuse me, I will strive to bear my fate
manfully, knowing that I deserve it, and shall be, I
trust, a better, though a sadder man for having known
and loved you."

LLOYD HAMILTON.

The next day Lela sat with her aunt in their pleas-
ant sitting-room. You would have recognized her,
notwithstanding her beautiful luxuriant hair is gone,
and in its place a wealth of short curls which give her
face a more childlike look than it has worn for many
years. She is still pale, and somewhat thin, and as
she sits she now and then lays down her work weari-
ly, and you perhaps detect a sigh. Yet there is a
peaceful expression on her face, which you know is the
reflection of a light not of earth, but Heaven. Her
uncle and aunt know now all the trials through which
she has passed, and in their tender love and care she
rests like a little child.

Her uncle enters, with a bright, beaming face.
Going back of Lela's chair, he bends over her with
a smile, drawing her face up in his hands, and drop-
ping a kiss on her lips.

"I wonder if our Lela is feeling strong to-day;
strong enough to bear some good news, some very good
news?" he asked, scanning her countenance anxiously.

A slight flush warmed either cheek. "Tell me,
uncle, please!"

"Will you promise to be a good girl, and not com-
mit a swoon, or a fit of paralysis or hysteria, or
another fever, or any of the ills that human flesh is
heir to?"

"Yes, uncle. You shall see how well I will be-
have."

"Well, I have a letter for you; but first I'll just tell
you that I met with an old friend of yours this morn-
ing. I thought from his looks I'd got another patient,
but found that his complaint is quite beyond my skill,
and that the medicine he needs is only such as this lit-
tle lady herself can administer."

"Oh, let me read it!" cried Lela.

"Not if you tremble so, my child. I promise you
it contains what you most wish to have it. There, be
calm. Now you shall read it."

Lela read the letter twice, then rising, went to her
aunt, and laying her face in her lap wept blessed tears
of joy and gratitude.

Evening came, and with it at an early hour came
Lloyd Hamilton. No one witnessed the meeting of
those tried, faithful hearts. Their words were few be-
cause their hearts were full. Then followed explana-
tions, and assurances of affection, and many sweet,
precious things which you can imagine, reader, better
than I can relate.

Their diverging paths, winding back through dark
labyrinths of suffering, through dim, damp valleys, over
which the night brooded sullenly, were united, and
smiled in the glad sunshine of true wedded affection,
which knew no distrust, no falling, no change.
Looking back they saw their Father's guiding hand
through all, his infinite presence cheering all, his un-
fathomable tenderness keeping them through all, and,
at last, writing in their hearts and their lives the
word—*Reunion!*
Reunion! Do you know, reader, all the deep, hidden
soundings of the word? Only the line and plummet

which has reached far down into the depths of loneliness and sorrow, can sound the smiling, placid depths of this simple word! A world of beauty lies within it, a haven of rest, a life of music blending sweetly with the echoes of angels' harps, which even now vibrate against the walls of Time. It lies in the broad presence of the Holy of Holies, catching from thence a light more of Heaven than earth.

Thus it was with Lela and Lloyd Hamilton. United, they went forward into the future, meeting its trial and cares with calm, brave, patient hearts, caring little for the burdens which each could share and lighten, taking unto themselves the beauty and the harmony of life, and ever blending together in a more perfect, more blessed union.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GRANDFATHER.

Grandfather! How I remembered that name in my boyhood days. Grandfather was then of another race and age to my imagination. I would run to meet him as though an angel was coming, and he was an angel to me. I never ceased wondering when I saw his white hair float on the passing wind, and at the deep wrinkles in his face. How old he looked! Was it possible I ever should look so white and aged? Never! I then thought it a vast interval of time before I reached manhood! How slow, slow we climb the ascent of life; how swift we rush down its decline! A day, and the child becomes a child again! Grandfather was far passed the threescore and ten, assigned to mortal life. He had almost outlived a century. All the companions of his youth were gone. Like autumn leaves they had been scattered. Disease had claimed some, others had met violent deaths, others calmly lived their appointed time. Some had died amid the quiet of home, others in foreign lands. I might almost repeat the same of his many children. They were scattered from one side of the continent to the other. One built his ranch on the golden Pacific slope, others lived in the great Mississippi valley, others dwelt on the Atlantic, and many had passed to a brighter clime, where we all in the end are gathered. Grandfather had outlived them all. He lived with his best beloved child, and was well cared for; but he was restless, and ever seemed desiring the companionship of those who were departed. Everything he wanted he had, and his wants were many. He had the warmest corner in the house—between the stove and the great chimney—a great arm chair, with a high cushion, for he was rheumatic, and had to have a high seat. His cane leaned against the wall in reach. He drank tea, two cups at each meal. You could not make him believe any of your "new-fangled notions" about his injurious effects. "He drank it eighty years, and it always done him good." Tea was a necessity; for in it he softened his bread-crust, his crackers, and often his cake. He by necessity, often in his latest years, in this manner made many dishes unknown to cookery, but which his declining taste seemed to relish.

When we were young, and before he became very old, he always had presents for us. A dime into his pockets was sure to reveal nuts or candies or toys. He had a faculty of accumulating such. But as we grew older, grandfather grew very old, and became confined to the house. We needed toys no longer, and he gave us none. He then inquired of us how we succeeded in study or labor; if we studied "Daball's," and if we had reached the "Rule of Three"; if we could "reckon interest," etc., and often gave us what he considered puzzles to "work out." Grandfather was very anxious about us, especially when we went skating. He "feared we would break through." He remembered "of a great many boys getting drowned by the ice breaking;" and "air holes" were his especial trouble. He always cautioned us against them when we sallied out.

In the winter we never dressed warm enough to please him. If we were going out to a party, "Oh," he would say, "You'll surely freeze!" But he would reflectively remark, "Young folks are not like old." Everybody was young, in his estimation. He never for a moment considered himself old, or his faculties impaired. He would say, "When I was young," but he did not mean to have anybody consider himself old, by no means. "Just see," he would say, holding out his trembling hand, "how steady my hand is."

He forgot the occurrences of yesterday, but events a half century ago were fresh and green in his memory. He would repeat them to us, and they were as marvelous as Arabian tales.

This reminds me of his stories. He told stories to us children—before he became so very old. How he would frighten us with "Fee, fio, fum," and "if all the trees in the world were in one tree," bringing out the final "splash," so vehemently that we would all jump! Then grandfather would laugh. "Red Ridinghood," "The Boy and Bean," and "sailor stories"—for he had once been a sailor—furnished never-exhausted themes.

But grandfather became too old to tell stories. He sat in his chair and read. He placed his "spectacles" away out on his nose, and held his book at arm's length, or else laid it on his knees and leaned back in his chair. He almost always read in the Bible—a large one, with coarse type. He often would read a page, drop to sleep a moment, awake and read it again, and so for half a day, forgetting that he had read it. One time he had been reading in Matthew. Father asked him what he had been reading about. He replied, "About the hand-writing on the wall."

Grandfather's body had lost all its strength. He could just sit in his chair. His mind had lost its vigor; it could not remember an hour the occurrences of the preceding hour. He found it so difficult to move, he ate from a little stand by his side, and he drank his tea very hot.

With our support he tottered to his bed. One day about noon we assisted him for the last time. He did not recognize us any more, but after a while sank into a profound slumber, from which he never awoke. I did not see him, but some one said he stopped breathing, there was a convulsive struggle, very slight, he breathed again, then stopped, a quiver, and he did not breathe any more.

As we gathered around his narrow house, and gazed on the physical wreck of a hundred years, the deep lines of care, the wasted face and wrinkled brow, over which floated a few silvery hairs, I think there was a dry eye or a heart that did not sorrow.

And we asked, is this all? Did his mind go out with the death of his body? It appeared to. It flickered and grew dim, dimmer, until seemingly it expired. Nay, we cannot think thus.

I had a vision that night. I saw grandfather on the shining shore of the immortal land. Far beyond spread green fields, and in the distance purple mountains, from which silver streams flowed down. He appeared of middle age, in perfect health, and a radiance of joy beamed from his countenance. He was no longer bent and stooping, but stood perfectly erect. He held his staff in his hand, but did not use it. I forgot that he was dead, and exclaimed, "Why, grandfather, you have renewed your age. You appear young again!"

"Yes," he answered, "I have taken a wonderful medicine. It is the real elixir of life. See," he said, "I need a cane no longer," and threw his staff far away.

I looked again, and the companions of his early days were around him; the children gone before, and the wife of his youth, were all with him. They had all drank of the fountain of eternal youth—Death had filled the goblet, and placed it to their lips.

Walnut Grove.

Original Essays.

WHAT IS CLAIRVOYANCE?

BY M. C. DUNN.

Hearing much said and seeing but little written upon the above subject, I pen a few ideas for insertion in the columns of your excellent paper.

In discussing this subject, the first proposition presenting itself is, "What is Clairvoyance?" We can only answer in accordance with the common acceptance of the term: clear seeing, or seeing with the spirit-eye. Being a clairvoyant (or what I suppose to be such) from birth, it is a subject of much interest to me. And in traveling through the country, and coming into companionship with an almost innumerable number of mediums, I find they nearly all claim to be independent clairvoyants. With what experience I have had with seers and seeresses, I have divided them into three classes: independent, dependent and psychological. The first having these powers at all times and under all circumstances, and whose vision distance upon this earth presents no barrier thereto. He can behold his friend upon the opposite side of the Atlantic, as clearly as though he were but one yard distant. His vision can penetrate the walls of old Tadmor, or behold the contents of the miser's rat chest. In fact, his vision cannot be obstructed. Put out his eyes, and still he sees with the same distinctness.

The dependent is one who is obliged to rely upon conditions, both physical and mental. He can only use his powers by awaiting the action of some spirit guide, or controlling influence. The psychological condition is in reality no clairvoyance at all, but the imagination's picturing of a positive mind acting upon the so-called clairvoyant. We very frequently hear mediums speak of seeing spirits so transparent that they can behold objects beyond them. This is but a psychological presentation, and is not true with the independent clairvoyant. Neither can it be true in accordance with natural law. It would be just as consistent to say that the physical eye can see through a physical man, as that the spirit-eye can see through the spirit-man. The sight of man is governed by law, and the laws which govern the physical hold good with the spiritual, only advanced in the same ratio as the vision is unfolded; the one being upon the material, the other upon the spiritual plane.

The ignorance relative to true and false clairvoyance is the prime cause of so much conflicting evidence as given in regard to spirit, spirit-scenery, and the things seen only by those possessing these powers. Man kind, at the present day, are too apt to swallow everything that comes from spirits and mediums, without giving it one moment's candid thought. I find many claiming that in the elimination of the spirit from the body it becomes disorganized, passing out in an unorganized condition, and is again re-formed just above the body. I once thought this true; but from frequent observation find it not so.

The first spirit I saw leave the body, seemed to receive its form from a misty vapor, or cloud, just above the old organization, which I mistook for the unorganized spirit. But I found, on subsequent examinations, that this vaporish cloud was but a dense atmosphere, formed around the dying man by his spirit-friends, in which the new-born spirit was received; and as this atmosphere cleared away, or was dispersed, I saw the spirit, though dimly at first.

The reasoner will see at once that it is an absurd idea that a spirit is necessitated to disorganize in order to leave the body; spirits pass and re-pass the walls of our apartments without this process of disorganization; and are they not as dense as the walls of flesh and blood that surround the spirit-man? And again, by what power does it reorganize again, after being once disorganized? We well understand that in order to separate particle matter there must be some repellant force; and when an organization is destroyed, there is no power in itself to reestablish its former functional condition again. There is no such law. Is the child, when born into this world, obliged to disorganize, or become particle? Not so; stop one function, and all is lost. All the powers of earth cannot again reestablish functional process as a life-perpetuating oneness. It seems to me necessary for man to look upon all subjects, whether advanced by spirit or mortal, with an eye of reason, as governed by laws, the fixed and established laws of Nature. For this is the physical and mental universe governed, and deviations therefrom are positively impossible. Reason should be to man what the crucible is to the chemist. By it all theories must be tested, and all mental and moral equations balanced and demonstrated; for it is the crowning glory of man, and the divinest of all heaven's blessings.

Rockford, Ill.

THE PRINCIPLE OF WORSHIP.

BY E. S. BROWN, M. D.

It is said there was an age of STONE, when people did not know the use of BRONZE, and they worshiped hideous, slimy reptiles, and sacrificed themselves and children to appease an angry God who made such monsters.

It is said there was an age of BRONZE, when people did not know the use of IRON, and they worshiped animals and their imaginary images, and sacrificed themselves, their children and property to gain the favor of a loving, jealous, revengeful God.

There is an age of IRON, and people do not understand the use of GOLD, and they worship Wealth, and will sacrifice themselves, their families, and every goodness and virtue to obtain it, believing that their sins will be pardoned, and they be made happy by the atoning blood of a son of God, who, they say, allowed himself to be murdered for that purpose. So sure are they of this, and that good works will not be of any advantage to them, that they refuse to adopt laws consistent with his first and great commands, and have sated some of his murders.

Who will join a society to establish an age of GOLD, and try to induce people to worship GOD with all their might, mind and strength, and be ready to sacrifice every wrong and error to obtain knowledge and truth, and establish the rule of Justice in the land?

GOD stands for a person who has never been seen by man, or his spirit, in heaven or earth, and is an abbreviation of GOD, which means the principles by which DEITY is known, felt and understood, so far as we can understand him. Theologians have defined GOD as a person not material, a spirit without matter; that is, a person made of nothing, a form without substance, sitting on a throne in the heavens, and at the same time is everywhere present. When they get people to believe this jumble of contradictions, they are prepared to believe themselves shaped like GOD, and that one man was so perfect in form and pure in purpose as to be the very GOD. So they continue the idol worship that was commenced among the most ignorant people in the earliest ages that we have any account of.

I prefer the word GOD for worship; not only because it represents a principle, and prevents people from adopting some animal, stone, or man formed like it, and thus stops idolatry, but also because Christians have told me that they could love GOD with all their might and mind, but could not love GOD so. This shows that people can comprehend and practice goodness but not Godness, and that we must take his principles that are understood for worship; because principles

are greater than persons, and will bear rule over them in time and eternity. They are fixed and unchangeable, and if DEITY talks to us at all, it is by his laws, or principles; his angel-messengers, or brother spirits, tell us so, and the experience of all the ages of mankind confirm their testimony.

Scientific men have long since discovered that DEITY never told the people a natural truth, and that they were never known until persons began to use their facts and reason to discover them. So all the assumptions that he told them, how and when the heavens and earth were made, and the time and manner that animals and man were formed and received the breath of life, is false. Christians have affirmed that the earth was a plain, but it proves to be a ball; still they have persecuted every person, to the extent of their power, for making the truth known, either in natural or spiritual philosophy; but saying all the time, that GOD never taught them natural truths. Yet for the purpose of governing mankind, they have pretended that GOD has given them all knowledge and wisdom, and have enforced their claims by instituting the slowest and most excruciating tortures that they could invent upon those who would not follow them; thus adding crime to duplicity, and covering all the centuries, since Constantine the Great, with a pall of black, and stripping it red with the warm, living blood of martyrs.

Spiritualists find the same want of truth in what is said to be GOD's spiritual instruction. Not a single word of it is considered reliable until proved by observation and reason. Because they have taken the words of men and spirits to be GOD's, and their truth must be tested by his laws, or principles, which are always the same, and the only eternal truths that we have powers to examine. If GOD has a throne, the way to it is by laying hold of these principles, as we would to a chain attached to an anchor, and drawing ourselves up to him by them; for he must be the centre and energizing essence of these, if they have any centre, or any person to give them power.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Some of your readers, (at least writers), seem to be sorely puzzled as to whether it is proper to have children taught spiritual truths in Sunday Schools. Sunday being as good as any other day, it is only a question of convenience as to the time. The question is then reduced to this: whether children ought to be taught spiritual truths.

The question, "What is truth?" is hard to answer, as the answer itself might be false; but the principal objection that I have seen urged against teaching Spiritualism to children is, that we adults are liable to get more light, and change our minds on many points, and that, therefore, our efforts will prove worse than useless. This seems reasonable; but it ought to be considered, that truth is of no importance for its own sake, but only as a means of human happiness; and that if falsehood, sincerely taught as truth, answers, provisionally, the same purpose, it is much better than that our children should run wild under the tuition of those who will teach them what they themselves know to be false and pernicious.

It shows great presumption to suppose that the world will be so much wiser ten years hence that folks can afford to let their children grow up in ignorance; and that then they, (the parents), having learned the exact truth about everything, can teach it to them. I say it is presumptuous, because the children, having had no taste for such things formed in them, will probably trample them under their feet, and turn again and read you. This plan of letting children and others go the devil in their own way, is about "played out." It has been tried at the Five Points, and a good many other points that I know of, with eminent failure.

To be sure, everything is right. Everything is in GOD—in the Universe, and there is no danger of the bottom getting knocked out, and if it did, we should all fall out together, good, bad, and indifferent; everything will be right, and for the best in the long run; and, therefore, philosophically speaking, is so now. But every man who is elevated above the beasts, has a desire to protect from immediate evil, and do immediate goods to those whom Providence has placed in his hands, not only for support, but for education. It is better than a doctrine or precept—it is instinct; and this also is right. And by the way, let me tell you, Optimist, whatever is right man I know you, for I am one of them. If you touch, with one of your fingers, the moral order of things, you will violate the whole system, and your own doctrine into the bargain.

This is, perhaps, not to the point; but a digression is often on the right track, and an episode the best part of the story. Children must and will learn something, good or bad; and those can best judge what is good for them, who have the responsibility. I have tried to figure to myself what sort of persons probably write against juvenile instruction in matters of faith—for positive knowledge is generally out of the question—and I have concluded that it must be some old bachelors—not to say males—who, not having a parent's duty and consolation, cannot know their feelings of duty in these matters. I would not be so cruel, even if it lay in my power, as to deprive such of the satisfaction of scribbling, knowing that the time must often lay heavy on their hands. But I would recommend to them when they take pen and ink, to choose some subject on which they have had a better opportunity of informing themselves.

Onequo, N. Y., Jan.

A Spiritual Thought.

The GOD that teaches all men is to be revealed in the spiritual world. Man is not right. The wrong is in man in his endeavors to find the right. There is in all nature the only true interpretations of GOD's designs for bringing man to understand his true intentions. GOD lives in every man to teach the right. The wrong is in man's misinterpretations of GOD's true laws.

There is in all nature's laws, the fulfillment of all the written and unwritten commandments of GOD's intentions toward the children of earth. Men are in communion with the GOD of Heaven when they see the right. The only life of Heaven is mind in correspondence with GOD; the only salvation that man can experience, is to know the first and last of what truly is, and must forever remain. GOD's eternal laws is GOD's eternity of immortal existences, each in his own condition, and each fulfilling his own life of right. All men are but GOD in degrees of power and omniscience. The mind of man is GOD in his spiritual improvisation of what man requires to make all things harmonize with a future spiritual condition; where all men will experience the reconstruction of GOD's world of imperfections. There is in all men a desire for life. Life is a real entity of thought and desire. Life is the immortal principle which seeks to find its own condition of happiness. Life is the true spiritual in the natural, progressing in truth, confirming in realities, hoping for the immortal and eternal.

Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 16, 1864.

We find the following sharp paragraph in one of our exchanges:

There never was a reformation among men, there never was a truth announced to the world, there never was a good cause on earth that did not suffer vastly more from the spectators' ignorance, time-servers, and charlatans in its own ranks, than from the open recognition of its acknowledged foes.

Douglass Jerrold once said a grumbler would n't allow that there was a bright side to the moon.

For the Banner of Light.

POEM.

Time is fleeting, time is flying,
All are living, all are dying,
None can hope to stay forever on this sinful, earthly shore!

Friends we loved have gone before us,
Gone to join the heavenly chorus,
Sung by angels sweet and glorious, singing praise for evermore.

From the heart that's full of sadness,
Turned by grief almost to madness,
Comes a voice of supplication, grant me mercy I implore!

And the life-fire dimly burning,
For that heavenly rest is yearning,
That is promised to the weary, on that sinless, happy shore.

Then the heart that knows contrition,
Feels a free and sure admission,
Through the heavenly gates of glory, where there's joy forevermore!

And the heart so full of sadness,
Finds relief in joy and gladness,
As it meets the kindred spirit, which the sinking heart upbore.

Once, when all around seemed dreary,
And life's burden made me weary,
Weary of myself and others, every joy seemed gone before!

Naught but darkness was around me,
Earthly love was all that bound me,
Bound me like some galling fetter to this sinful, earthly shore.

But with all this sinful dying,
Vainly, I all hope denying,
Came a hope so pure and holy, that my spirit could but soar!

To the angel-courts of heaven,
For I felt my sins forgiven,
And my soul was wrapped in glory, joy seemed mine forevermore!

Heavenly brightness gathered round me,
Earthly scenes no longer bound me,
As I gazed upon life's river, soon to leave my spirit o'er!

To that better land of gladness,
Far beyond an earth of sadness,
There to meet the pure and holy, who had crossed Death's flood before.

But again those tribulations,
That a sinful heart awakens,
Took possession of my spirit, and it could no longer soar!

To those realms of bliss and gladness,
For my joy was turned to sadness,
And my joyous, sinful spirit felt the weight of sin once more.

Thus my spirit oft grows weary,
Then all things around are dreary,
And I feel like some poor creature chained upon a prison-door!

Turn a ray of heavenly brightness,
Turn my heart almost to lightness,
Thus the scene is ever changing on this sinful, earthly shore.

"We are sisters—we are brothers—
All are one and one another's,
All are bound to cross Life's river to that bright, celestial shore—"

To the land where bliss immortal
Reigns supreme beyond the portal,
Where our spirit-friends will meet us at the portals of the door.

Father, God, we do adore thee,
And in humbleness implore thee,
Let thy light of Truth and Justice shine upon our earth once more.

Oh! from doubt and fear relieve us,
From earthly bondage free us,
That all honor, praise and glory may be thine forevermore!

HENRY.

The Lecture Boom.

THE ERRORS AND FAILURE OF POPULAR THEOLOGY.

A Discourse delivered by HEN J. B. HALL, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, October 11th, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

"The Errors of Popular Theology, and its failure to meet the demands and aspirations of humanity in the present age."

I am not in the habit of making apologies, for I always thought when a man does as well as he can in any department of industry or literature, it was a waste of breath to apologize for not doing better. Man always judges his fellows by their deeds, not by their excuses.

In justice to myself, however, I desire to say that the time for preparation of these lectures was stolen from the active duties of official life, and more than that, that public speaking has formed no part of my business through life. This is all I have to say by way of explanation.

Theology, as it comes to us from the dim past, presents a fruitful theme for inquiry and speculation. Upon it, and subjects connected with it, an endless diversity of opinion exists, although the Christian world partially agree upon some of the more prominent articles of faith involved.

The subject I have chosen—"The Errors of Popular Theology, and its failure to meet the demands and aspirations of humanity in the present age"—has commanded the most intense thought of some of the strongest intellects in the nineteenth century; and while, as I have remarked, an almost infinite diversity of opinion exists in the public mind in relation to it, still there is just enough of mystery attaching to the whole subject to make it an attractive theme to all thinking men and women.

It cannot be expected that in one short hour, more can be done than briefly to touch upon some of the more prominent points presenting themselves for our examination; and in the outset, permit me to say that the views and opinions I shall present are my own. I do not expect to present anything new, but it may be of some interest to you to know the conclusions to which a single human soul arrived in its lonely study while years ago engaged in the mills and logging swamps of Northern Maine. But I ask no one of you to think or believe as I do; I do not stand here to advocate my peculiar views with the slightest expectation or desire of making proselytes or converts, but simply to state my views, and compare notes with those who may honestly differ from me in opinion, for only in this way can the world progress and the cause of truth be subserved. If I shall give utterance to any thought that shall meet your approval, accept it; if not, reject; for the highest attribute with which GOD has endowed humanity is Reason, and he who falls to exercise it, falls to fill the place his Creator designed him to occupy. Here lies one of the errors of popular Theology. It does not teach man to rely upon himself—it does not teach him to depend upon his own reason and judgment—but rather ignores the possession of those attributes by the masses, and expects them to permit their religious teachers to do their thinking for them, as it teaches that they may enter heaven upon other than their own merits.

In the consideration of the subject, I shall first consider the claims of the book called the Bible to human belief, then glance briefly at some of the more prominent articles of faith which theologians teach us are contained in it, after which, I will try to give some reasons why I think the Theology of the Past and Present fails to satisfy the needs of humanity to-day.

In the outset, before we have hardly commenced our investigations, we are struck with the assumption that the book called the Bible, revered as divine by the civilized world, contains all of Truth that GOD intended man to know—that it is a perfect chart of life and conduct—and that within its sacred pages alone, are to be found the revelations of Divine Will to fallen, degraded man. This I conceive to be the grand fundamental error of the present system of Theology. It claims to teach man the way to heaven, and yet we find that it fails to do so. It is a den of thieves, and a place of refuge for the wicked. It is a book that we fall down and worship this book in place of Divinity, without permitting us to examine it for ourselves, to see whether it contains all truth, or whether all it contains is truth of divine origin. We have been educated by our Theologic teachers to accept the whole without comment or examination as the revealed Will of GOD, and the moment we begin to examine it, to test its claims upon our belief, we are denounced by the Church as heretics and heathen, and blasphemers. And if we find ought therein which we cannot understand, and hence cannot be-

lieve, and ought not to believe, (for we have no right to believe what we cannot understand), and we are accused at once of throwing it away, and of disbelieving GOD's Word. I long since decided that no fear of such condemnation should prevent me from examining for myself, and judging for myself, and I did not follow that I throw away a single one of the grand truths of the Bible, because I find some things recorded in its pages that I cannot receive as such. Let us accept truth and reject error wherever we may find it, and never accept error because it is in the Bible, any sooner than we would reject a truth because it is not written on its pages. I trust I make myself understood.

We often hear of New Truths. Zealous reformers, in the Church and out of it, are very fond of telling about new truths, as if there were such. There are no new truths. All truth, and all natural laws that govern the material and spiritual worlds, are co-existent with GOD—eternal and immutable—and are new to man only as he progresses to their discovery. When it was discovered that there existed a gigantic power in steam, which, obedient to the will of man, was destined to effect an entire revolution in the industrial world, who will dare assert that it was more than the discovery of the operation of laws hitherto unknown to him. The same power existed in steam before, as since man learned that it could be controlled. It was not the law, but the application of the law that was new to him.

So when Copernicus and Galileo first discovered some of the grand laws that govern the universe, they simply discovered the operation of laws that had been in force since worlds began to spring into existence at the fiat of the Almighty. There is no new truth, then, but here may be, and constantly are occurring new developments of truth—new and constantly occurring new facts, but just progressed to their discovery—just arrived at that point in his existence where he is capable of appreciating their application.

Little grains of truth are scattered all up and down the rough pathway of life, encased and enwrapped in many thicknesses of human thoughts and opinions. These thoughts and opinions are constantly changing, and the little golden grains within seem to assume new forms, but it is only seeming—Truth is immutable and never changes. The husks that surround it only assume different phases, and I apprehend that there is scarcely an error in the world, or that which men call error, that has not somewhere in its folds some little shining germ of truth. If this be true, shall man presumptuously arrogate that a book, originating among the crude, half-formed and imperfect opinions of many centuries ago, contains all of truth necessary for his spiritual welfare now?

The time has never been since man existed, that he could stand up and say that he had attained to all the knowledge of GOD's laws that are in operation in the material world, or to all which he was capable of attaining. He cannot to-day make that arrogant declaration, for the next hour may see the dawn of a new discovery of the operation of some law of Nature which has been in full force since the world began, but which has hitherto been unknown to him. What is true of physical laws, is equally true of the laws that govern and control man's spiritual nature. If it be true, that man has not yet discovered all the causes that produce effects in the material world, may it not be equally true that there are constantly new developments likely to occur in the spiritual? If it be sheer arrogance for man to assume that he knows the operation of all the laws that operate in the world of sense, how much more arrogant is it to assume that he has knowledge of all that find action in the unseen?—or, that all of Truth he would ever be capable of receiving, was given him two thousand years ago, and the book "closed forever?" No, it is not so.

Man is a progressive being, both in his material and his spiritual nature. He is constantly reaching forward to something to which he has not yet attained. What satisfied him yesterday, does not fill the measure of his needs to-day. The amount of knowledge with which he was content a hundred years ago, will not satisfy him now. What of truth he was capable of receiving and appreciating a thousand years ago, does not satisfy the cravings of his spirit to-day, because he stands far above the plane he then occupied as a race, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. As well expect to clothe the full-grown man in the swaddling clothes of infancy, as to expect human life to-day to be content with the development of truth suited to his condition a thousand years ago.

Here I wish to say that not only is man unsatisfied now with that which contented him centuries ago, but that some developments of truth which were absolutely essential to his well-being then are not now needed by him, for his condition has changed—he has progressed beyond and above them. So, too, I believe that developments of truth necessary for us to-day, will be unthought of by us, and unnecessary to the generations to follow us, as the truth itself will remain, for it is changeless and immutable. Go out into the field in early spring and as you pass along, see that tiny blade of green just making its way through the warm earth that has protected its life-principle through the chilling frosts of winter up to the glad sunshine above. Is that not the plant to-day? Is it not to-morrow you pass that blade, and it is changed, and instead of the little blade you will see two little green leaves looking up to heaven. Will you say that is all? Day after day you watch unfold, Nature in that little plant; you see leaf after leaf expanding, each differing from the last, yet, like it, necessary for its growth and maturity, until soon you see a little slender stalk springing up from among the green leaves—a little bud appears, which expands into a beautiful blossom, and every passing day adds new beauty to the little gem. But behold how wonderful! Look for the leaves that were so beautiful and so essential to the existence of the plant when it first attracted your attention, and you will not find them. They have served their purpose; they have accomplished their mission, and they have been passed away. The little plant no longer needs them; it has grown beyond their capacity, and it is clothed now with leaves totally unlike the little tender ones that nursed it into life. And as it buds and blooms and ripens its seeds, these ceaseless changes are constantly taking place. Had you a right, at any stage of the existence of that plant, to say that it was finished—that no new beauty was to be added to it, and that it was to remain in its present state, and that all of its beauty was to be passed on to you, and yet humanity is symbolized by that little plant, and with quite as much propriety can you declare that the little blade you first saw is the perfect plant, as to assume that any arbitrary revelation from GOD to man, in any age of the world, is all the race can ever expect to receive.

GOD is speaking to us every day in a thousand ways, and yet these dusty theologians would have us believe that all of his will is contained in what they call the Sacred Volume, written by human hands long centuries ago, and transmitted through many changes to the present day. If our Father had so intended to deal with his children, is it reasonable to presume that he would have left his law all over the world, or ever will give them—subject to the whims and passions of those children for long centuries, exposed as they have been through the Dark Ages to the dangers of being lost, destroyed, or mutilated by a barbarous, semi-savage people? Is it not rather much more in accordance with his ideas of Divinity to believe that GOD reveals his will to us in a Bible not made by human hands—the grand old Bible of Nature, in which Jehovah is writing his eternal truths to-day, as plainly as in Past Ages, in characters of living beauty, that puny, insignificant man can never obliterate or efface? The footprints of DEITY are all about us, teaching us always of his wisdom and goodness; but man in his willful blindness cannot, or will not, see or acknowledge their existence until the sanctity of ages gather around them. GOD is writing upon the temple walls of this generation to-day the eternal truth that his justice does not forever slumber—that to all earth's oppressed and degraded children shall come in due time the year of Jubilee—that the hand of the oppressor shall be smitten and made powerless, and the manacles shall fall from the bondmen's limbs. And yet we who are witnessing this magnificent spectacle that God is doing for the oppressed, and revealing in this gigantic drama, fail to see distinctly the "hand writing upon the wall," and it is only when we shall have passed away, and the stirring events of the present hour shall have passed into history, that men will look back through the vista of years and recognize GOD's hand visible, GOD's laws vindicated, and the grand and glorious purposes of the Divine Mind fulfilled.

Oh, Man! I will you burst the rusty, galling fetters that bind you to the dead Past, and reveal in the rich fullness of the glorious Present? When will you cease peering into the dim regions of antiquity for evidences of GOD's goodness, and open your eyes to the ever-living flood of light and love He is forever pouring out for your development? When will you recognize the grand Truth, that GOD is ever present with you—ready to show you his blue skies and his sun, and his inexhaustible fountain as you shall open your hearts to receive?

To me, I am free to confess—although I know my friends of the Church will condemn me for the confession—that the doctrine, taught by Theology, that all of GOD's Truth is contained in the Bible, is unreasonable and absurd, utterly unworthy of GOD and the advanced thought of the Age. It implies a denial of the law of Progress as applied to the race, and assumes that man was as capable of receiving Truth when the race was in its infancy, as now—that

Whilst I was in the State of Iowa I found a few fine geological specimens - Geodes, and other varieties. Some of the Geodes were found on the shore of the Wapsipinicon river, and the other varieties were taken from a quarry on the bank of the Cedar river. I shall take great pleasure in exhibiting them to any one interested in the science of geology.

I am, dear sir, yours in the cause of Truth,
N. MOULTHROP.

Ivy Cottage, Rockford, Ill., Jan., 1864.

Correspondence in Brief.

FROM OREGON.—J. N. Gale, writing from Portland, Oregon, under date of Dec. 9, says:

"The cause of mental freedom is gaining very slowly on this coast; the mighty dollar takes precedence of all other considerations. Our mining fields are proving immensely rich, and almost all who are industrious and economical are saving money. I am pleased to see the ever welcome BANNER on the corner of one of our Portland news-dealers as regularly as any other paper, and it tells, too. Mr. Charles Barrett is the man who keeps it, and he also has the Herald of Progress. This fact alone demonstrates that liberality is gaining a foothold here, if not slowly. Success to the men who distribute such literature."

ANOTHER LABORER IN THE FIELD.—Mrs. Lola Walbrooker, of Waukegan, Ill., in forwarding us another of her beautiful poems, closes her note as follows:

"I have been led into the bright sunshine of Spiritualism, and hope to spend my life in advocating its principles. I have been lecturing in Northern Illinois the past autumn, with what success the future can alone determine. For first cometh the seed time, and afterward the harvest."

How SPIRITUALISM SPREADS.—From Kappa, Ill., a friend forwards us a list of new subscribers and the following encouraging account of the progress of our cause in that place. He says:

"When myself and family first came to this place, about five years ago, Spiritualism was scarcely known even by name; but the truth has in some way got out and several have been converted and many more are on the anxious seat. Some families have found it a saving of pain, time, and expense in sickness, to employ healing mediums, and will have no other. Some have been cured so suddenly as to make the neighbors cry 'Devil!'"

We have too small a population to employ traveling lecturers, so we have set ourselves to work to produce lecturers from the rough, and have some in training that will soon be known outside of our little town. Do you see Spiritualism is going down!

A LECTURER WANTED.—A subscriber writes:

"We want a good working medium and lecturer here—one that would build up the cause. We think one could be well sustained in this section of country after a while. CHARLES JOHNSON, Rural, Clermont Co., Ohio, Jan., 1864."

AWAKENED INTEREST.—A profound interest has been awakened in this city by Miss Nellie J. Temple, who is here giving a course of lectures. People like this lady's inspirational addresses, and they crowd the church to hear her speak. If some of our church-going friends would avail themselves of the opportunity to listen to her, I think they would derive much benefit thereby. J. F. Lowell, Mass., Jan. 24, 1864.

FROM NEVADA.—One of our patrons, writing from "the land where the sun goes down," says:

"The BANNER is looked for from week to week, and its contents eagerly devoured by each member of the family. We all prize the higher the reformatory principles and the deep interest it takes in woman's freedom and advancement. We know but little about spirit phenomena, but are waiting with impatience for an opportunity to learn more of it. We shall try to persuade Miss Harding to visit us on this side the Sierras, if possible. We are, on glorious BANNER, and send your rich stores of truth and freedom and deeply enlivened world. Yours for Truth and Freedom, EMILY E. GILLIS, Carson City, Nevada Territory."

A friend, writing from Madison, Ind., says:

"Your last issue, Mr. Editor, was very rich. That poem by Mrs. Walbrooker, in answer to Poe's through Miss Duten, was very poetic in tone. In fact, the whole paper was like plum-cake, packed with good things in every square inch. The variety, freshness and originality of the BANNER make it the superior."

A correspondent writes from Winslow, N. J., as follows:

"Your excellent paper comes to me regularly, and I am much pleased with it, especially with the communications from the spirit-land. I always read them the first thing, and they afford me much instruction and enjoyment. I think nothing could be better calculated to interest and benefit believers and promote the cause, than this department of your paper. I should be lost without it, and very sorry to have it given up; and as it must be a considerable expense to you, I enclose fifty cents toward that expense."

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.—We extract the following sentiment from one of our Pennsylvania correspondents:

"How strange it is, I sometimes think, that any cotillions, intelligent mind should manifest contempt and bitter prejudice for an idea so sublimely beautiful, that our friends behind the veil still mingle in the scenes of this life, lovingly guarding our footsteps. Oh, the cruel prejudice that an isolated Spiritualist has to contend with!"

THE MEETINGS IN LYNN.—Again on last Sunday evening, (Jan. 17), Mrs. Willis spoke at Amory Hall, to a large audience, some three hundred persons being in the hall. The 10th Chapter of Acts was read by the Chairman of the meeting. The spirit controlling, uttered a prayer, and selected as the subject upon which to base her remarks, a portion of the chapter read. The remarks were, in fact, well received. You perceive we are gaining ground. Here seems to be abroad in the land an earnest seeking after spiritual light; and it seems to be a fitting time when so many are being ushered into eternity by the sword, for men to pause and to seek after spiritual light. Let us open the fountain of spiritual life, and give freely to the thirsty multitude. Yours for the cause, JOHN ALLEY, 5th Lynn, Jan. 24, 1864.

WESTFIELD, MASS.—The brief account of the progress of the Spiritual Philosophy, under the signature of "E. G. Kellogg," published Dec. 12th in your columns, attracted much attention among the friends of the cause in this vicinity. As no person bearing that name openly manifests an interest in this new dispensation, there is a mystery surrounding that article that diligent inquiry fails to solve. It is a fact that Westfield, Mass., is a blue, sectarian place, and also that Miss Nellie Temple has given us two of her soul-inspiring lectures. We hope, too, to have the pleasure of listening to her teachings again soon. Three years ago, truly, there were but few Spiritualists in Westfield, and within that time little advancement was made until the first of last October. At that time about ten or twelve were associated themselves together for development. Each pledged a small sum monthly for the purpose of procuring lecturers and regularly other expenses. We have held meetings regularly once a week. We feel that our efforts have been brought with success. We now have, in the person of Mr. H. S. Phillips, a most excellent healing medium. Some very remarkable cures have been wrought through his hand instantaneously. In the face of "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," he is doing a great work in his own place. He has been for many years one of the first mechanics, which business he has been obliged to relinquish. He now devotes his time and energies exclusively to healing. Another member, Mr. E. Johnson, has been developed as an speaking and test medium. He has been susceptible to spirit influences from a child. We hope in future not to be entirely dependent upon persons from abroad, for either the healing, or inspirational teachings. Thus far we have spoken only of real development. Our buds of promise we will not disclose till truly and beautifully unfolded. Before closing, we would, through your paper, extend to our brother Kellogg, who seems to be a firm believer in Spiritualism, a cordial invitation, if he is with us in locality, to be with us in the union of spiritual efforts. In union, as ever, there is strength. Yours truly, E. C. Westfield, Mass. Jan. 12, 1864.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.—Mr. Editor—Will you please say in the BANNER that the Davenport boys are requested to visit Beardstown, Ill., as soon as they can, and oblige. Respectfully, Beardstown, Ill., Jan. 18, 1864.

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Banner of Light.

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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 I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see a great 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.

A New Labor System.

We do not expect any "miracles" to interpose in order to renovate the revolted States or the condition of their society; although wonderful things have already been done in that locality, and we believe that still more wonderful things are yet to occur. But before the social state of the South can be reformed as it must be, great changes will have to be undergone in the department of labor. Upon industrial avocations and their results rests the entire social structure. Where little or no production is going forward, and of course there is little or no energy operating, there can be no character to the social state whatever.

Perhaps as interesting a question as any other which is in the process of development by the action of war, relates to the proper manner of managing the plantations which have been abandoned by the rebels. They are rapidly in process of being reclaimed and occupied. We are aware that circumstances are settling such a question as fast as they can, yet even these ought to be made subordinate to some fixed principle, or law. Loyal men are being allowed an opportunity for working the land, and paying a revenue to the Government of the United States at the same time. We hear that in North Carolina, especially, in the neighborhood of Newbern, the scheme for the occupation of abandoned plantations is working most favorably, and that from the rent of such plantations a considerable revenue accrues to the United States. In the neighborhood of Port Royal, S. C., too, the same system is working, and working very well. But it is along on the lower Mississippi that operations are proceeding on a large scale; and there it is reasonably expected that the experiment will establish something like decisive and permanent results. There are immense plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi, on which a fine field of operations is fairly opened.

It is, as far as the experiments take us, a well assured truth that the free plantation system at the South has proved a success; and encouragement is held out for pushing forward with present experiments until that success becomes commensurate with the broad field itself. Northern men do not yet see the great field for labor, and even for money-making on a most liberal scale, which is opened to them by the possession of the cotton-fields of the Southern States. It is estimated that at least thousands of large plantations have been abandoned by their fugacious proprietors, who have thought it better to run and leave their property than to stay and take the chances. This irrational conduct serves only to throw open the country to the very immigrants from which they profess to have so much to dread. As our armies penetrate to the interior of the rich cotton-bearing country, and the men who have been used to labor from their early youth see a land capable of producing fortunes for its population every year, deserted and desolate, it is very natural that they should look with longing eyes, and instinctively fix upon favorite localities where they would be glad to establish themselves at the expiration of the war.

Some of these abandoned plantations contain thousands of acres. Now if we were to suppose them cut up into such farms as those of the North and West, measuring from eighty to two hundred acres, and afterward leased out to men who are accustomed to work and know how to till the soil themselves, it is highly reasonable to conclude that such a rapid and radical change would be wrought in the face of the country as would astonish every one who was at the trouble to give the social phenomenon the slightest attention. The face of the country will instantly undergo such changes as will act like missionaries to those who are apt to be impressed and converted rather by example than by precept. These farmers, thus leasing the lands, would at once proceed to hire the blacks, not enslave them—pay them good wages, and finally to buy the farms outright when the Government proceeds to put in force its Confiscation law. An acre of land is supposed to be able to carry, as the English say by crops, a bale of cotton. With the superior tillage system which would be introduced upon those plantations by Northern settlers, even more than that amount could readily be raised. The estimate is—and it has been made by men who are perfectly familiar with the subject and know what they are talking about—that, with hired labor of this sort, cotton can easily be raised for five cents per pound. This being so, an immense margin is left the industrious planter, beyond any profit ever yet dreamed of by our farmers of the North and West, and scarcely less tempting than the rewards held out so glitteringly before the eyes of the gold hunter.

It seems as if Providence worked this whole matter for the better peopling and more thorough cultivation of the Southern States, as well as for the elevation and gradual amelioration of the condition of the black man. We are bound to believe it is so, at any rate. By a process of this sort, an entirely new and thoroughly loyal population will speedily be introduced into that country, which, settled on small farms and thus better enabled to establish closer neighborhoods, will in due time infuse energy and thrift into the social state and work a renovation which has been long demanded. One thing is very certain, that upon the old principle of one man's holding thousands of acres and keeping at work upon it a whole hamlet of serfs and slaves who are required simply to do his will, nothing like a democratic state can exist, and free society can never be promoted. It is an anomaly in the heart of our civilization. It is the last relic of old feudalism that is left us to combat; and since it has chosen to challenge the strife for itself, it will go very hard but it will have all it bargained for in inviting such a contest.

With a new and fresh element of population thus infused into the body of the South, there is no question that we find without further difficulty the real solution of this vexed problem of African Slavery on the continent. It dissolves of itself before the warm rays of superior Northern civilization and industry. And not only that, it enters as an element into the work of reconstructing and recasting the social condition of the South. Thus will the rebellion itself be turned to

practical account in helping to adjust this great question. It will have forced upon the nation a settlement from which it naturally shrank in a time of profound peace, and gradually changed the plantation system of the South into the farming system of the North, and taking the "irrepressible conflict" straight to the doors of those who forced it upon the nation. The slaves will, by the proposed arrangement, be nominally free, and still be as much bound to work for themselves as they ever were, and to work, too, under more industrious, intelligent and enterprising masters. They will have to work for pay, or die of starvation—the same lot to which all the rest of us have to submit; and necessity will bring them up, as a race, to that point where they can do for themselves with the same eagerness and zeal with the rest of us. By this settlement of Northern men on Southern lands, aided by the stream of foreign immigration which must shortly set in, the roots of the system of Slavery will soon be dug up from the soil, and the country will rejoice in the light of entirely new institutions.

Rev. Moses Hull and the Adventists.

In a recent number of our paper we alluded to the fact that Moses Hull, one of the most influential of the advocates of the doctrines of the Adventists, had announced his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. We then gave an extract from an article of the new convert, in which he anticipated being "hailed over the coals" for having followed his convictions of truth. It required no very great gift of prophecy to anticipate such an event, for the blind who lead the blind never allow their angry passions to rise to any greater extent than when those whom they have led see the light, and discarding their old guides, walk forth in new paths as those having sight.

Well, the "hauling" has commenced. We have received a copy of the "Advent Review," published at Battle Creek, Mich., by the Adventists, containing a "statement" of a Committee, in fact, two Committees. The article is capped, in a regular sensational style, "ASTONISHING APOTHEOSIS! ELDER MOSES HULL DEPARTED FROM THE FAITH, AND WENT TO SPIRITUALISM!" The statement commences as follows:

"DEAR BROTHERS—It becomes the unpleasant duty of your committee to announce to you, through these columns, the glaring heresies and downfall of Elder Moses Hull."

Here the self-complacency of the pharisaic spirit of all church systems exhibits itself, as it invariably does on such occasions. Supposing themselves to be at the very apex of all human holiness, they cannot tolerate the thought that when one leaves their fold he can go in any other direction than "down." Hence we hear of "downfalls," "backslidings," and such like retrograde movements. True, in a great many instances of this kind they cannot see the absent one on his downward path. He continues to be as good a husband, father, and friend to the poor and suffering as before. If not a better. They do not see him on his supposed downward way—and they fail to see him at all, for their eyes are turned in the wrong direction. Were it possible for them to look up, they might catch a glimpse of him in an advanced position, and learn, if learn they would, that instead of having met with a "downfall," he had heard and obeyed a voice from heaven, which had said unto him, "Come up higher."

The statement continues: "To you who have ever looked upon this man as sound in the faith, and have been so often pleased with his preaching, this statement may seem rather startling, yet it is nevertheless but the utterance of truth. For more than five years Elder Hull has been an acknowledged preacher among this people, exercising the various functions of a Christian minister with the approval of the body, and as such he has been cheerfully sustained by the liberalities of the Church. But to-day he is a fallen man, and in the light of the sacred Scriptures, a heretic of the most obnoxious kind."

This announcement will probably be "startling" to some; we hope and trust it may be. It will startle them from their dreamy faith in the Past, and awaken them to a realization of the Present, and to a glorious looking forward to the Future. Battling no more the dry bones of an old, dead faith, they will take hold of a new and living one. A man who for five years has been, as it were, "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh"—a man to whom, with the utmost reliance, they have looked for guidance, and on account of whose soundness of faith, earnestness of purpose, and devotedness, they have sustained by their liberalities, changes his position and declares that he has found a better faith. What else can these startled ones do but "think"? They can certainly do that without incurring the charge of heresy. And they will think. They will think—Now, Elder Hull has always been true to his convictions of right. He has always advocated what he believed to be the truth, in the face of all opposition. This Spiritualism we know but little of. Elder Hull has had better opportunities than we to learn in relation to its facts and teachings, and the result is, that he announces his belief in it. We have never doubted him before; why should we now? And at this point the startled ones resolve to follow their Elder, so far as to investigate. But here is a little hesitation, for they find in the mad Bull of Excommunication which the Committees have driven upon the "heretic," this fearful sentence:

"Brethren, let it be a warning to all. Elder H. once stood firm and clear in the truth. And his fall is a striking illustration of the dangers of venturing within the influence of Spiritualism under the plea of investigation. But perhaps we shall be met with the Scriptural injunction, 'Prove all things.' Then we reply, Spiritualism has already been proved. Its diabolical nature and tendency have been fully shown; and, under such circumstances, to go off upon the Devil's ground to investigate this great deception, is about the same as it would be to go into a nest of rattlesnakes to investigate the nature of the poison which they eject from their deadly fangs."

But the thinkers do not readily leave. They have more faith in their minister and his convictions than in the Committees and their statement, and the result need not be told. The citation of the Scriptural injunction, "Prove all things," will bring to their minds of the people the words of Christ, "Why not of your own selves judge ye what is right," and not leave it to a Committee; and so, in spite of the "Devil" and a "nest of rattlesnakes," the people will investigate.

Luckily our friend Hull is well posted up on these things. He himself has been in the position of these Committees, and knows just the value of such malodorous edicts. He rejoices that he is a free man. Standing upon his fallen chains, he feels nearer heaven, and breathes a purer air, than when those chains bound him prostrate before an earthly creed and smothered the aspirations of his love in the dust of a past inspiration.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Hull will soon appear before the public in this city. His influence cannot fail to be widely felt and be productive of great good.

The Coming Convention.

Many of our readers will doubtless rejoice to see the call, in another column of the BANNER, for a Three Days' Spiritualist Convention in Boston during the last week in February. The parties signing the call, and the "speakers positively engaged to participate," are a sufficient guarantee that the meeting will be one of unusual interest, and probably the largest Spiritualist Convention ever held in Boston. Friends from a distance, who design visiting this city during the latter part of the winter or the early part of the spring, will have time to arrange their affairs in such a manner as to be able to attend, and it is presumed all Boston and vicinity will be wide awake and give a full representation.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

If we were to judge by the crowded audiences which assembled in Lyceum Hall on Sunday, Jan. 24th, (notwithstanding an admission fee was charged at the door, and making all due allowance for the popularity of the lecturer—Miss Lizzie Doten,) we should certainly say that the interest felt in the soul-sustaining philosophy of Spiritualism was largely on the increase in this city. It is very evident that there is a growing desire in the community to learn more of our beautiful philosophy, for it is being talked about and discussed in public and in private, by individuals of every grade, station and calling of life. And the more it is investigated, the keener becomes the desire to grasp and comprehend the truths it teaches. Hence the anxiety among all liberal, inquiring minds to listen to the expounders of our faith, both inspirational and normal, and also to unite in the circle, where they hope to meet their spirit-friends, as they say, "if there is any truth in their being able to come back." We have abundant proof of this latter fact, in the eagerness with which inquirers endeavor to obtain admission to our own public circles.

Another fact appears patent: that the people are anxious to hear the spiritual interpretations given to the Scriptures by our trance and inspirational speakers, for whenever a subject from that source is announced, the audiences are largest—showing conclusively that the cords which bind many thinking minds to the Church and its creeds, are so far loosened that they are continually dropping off and letting souls go free, which give them an opportunity to seek knowledge from the fountain of all truth, aided by the light of the spiritual unfoldment of the present day.

People cannot well listen to such discourses as are given by Miss Doten without deriving benefit therefrom. The two lectures by her on the above occasion were of no ordinary ability. Those who listened to her fervid eloquence while treating upon the subjects "Socrates, the Philosopher," and "Jesus, the Medium," will not be likely to soon forget the sentiments uttered. The invisible intelligence who dictated the discourse in the evening, must have possessed, when in the earth-form, a brilliant intellect, and a mind free from the shackles of creeds and dogmas, as the masterly manner in which the subject was treated fully indicated. To say that it was a critical analysis of the New Testament history of Jesus, would give but a mild idea of the argument used throughout the entire discourse.

After the conclusion of the lecture, another invisible power possessed of the medium, and gave the following noble and beautiful Poem—which is in keeping with and illustrative of the idea of Jesus maintained in the discourse—entitled,

THE FAMISHED HEART.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."—John xiii: 34.

Oh ye! upon whose favored shrine
Love-bath a rich libation poured—
Who even as a thing divine
Are fondly worshiped and adored—
Spare but one kindly thought for those
Who stand in loneliness apart,
Worn by that weariest of woes,
The hopeless hunger of the heart.

As deadly as the dagger's thrust,
Envenomed as a serpent's fangs,
It eats like slow, corroding rust,
And lengthens out in lingering pangs.
Think not with careless jest or smile,
To pass this wasting sorrow by;
For countless hearts attest the while,
That thus, alas! too many die.

I once was of the earth like you;
I loved and hoped and feared as well,
But on my heart the kindly dew
Of fond affection never fell.
An orphan in my early years,
Mine was a hard and cheerless lot,
For I was doomed, with prayers and tears,
To seek for love and find it not.

A bird upon a stormy sea,
A lamb without a sheltering fold,
A vine with no supporting tree,
A blossom blighted by the cold.
The warmth of kindly atmospheres
Gave to my life no quickened start;
Love's sunshine melted not to tears
The drifted sorrows of my heart.

Fresh from the innocence of youth,
I entered on the rude world's strife,
But evermore this venomous tooth
Was gnawing at the root of life.
Oh, I was but a thing of dust!
And what should save me from my fall?
The tempter whispered, "Lawless lust
Is better than no love at all!"

Then with a flinty face I turned,
Defiant of the social ban,
For my poor, famished nature yearned
For 'e'en such sympathy from man.
But no! I heard, as from above,
This truth that many learn too late,
That man's unhalloved, selfish love,
Is far more cruel than his hate.

I shrank from Passion's burning breath,
Those sensuous lips and eyes of flame,
And from that furnace fire of death,
My outraged heart unblemished came.
But darker, deeper grew the night
That closed around my suffering soul,
And Fate's black billows, flecked with white,
O'er all my being seemed to roll.

At length, within a maniac's cell,
I moaned and muttered day by day,
Till, like a loathsome thing, I fell
From human consciousness away.
That night-mare dream of life was brief,
For horror choked my struggling breath,
And my poor heart, with love and grief,
Was famished even unto death.

Unconscious of my spirit's change,
Long did I linger near the earth,
Until a being, kind, though strange,
Recalled me to my conscious worth.
From thence I seemed to be transformed,
Renewed as by redeeming grace,
And then my soul the purpose formed,
To seek "the Saviour of the race."

My aspirations served to bear
My earnest spirit swift away,
Until a heaven, serene and fair,
My onward progress seemed to stay.
I came where two immortals trod,
In friendly converse, side by side:
"Oh! lead me to the Son of God,
That I may worship him!" I cried.

One turned—and from his aspect mild,
A benison of love was shed—
"Oh! say, which do you seek, dear child?
We all are sons of God," he said.
"Oh, say!" I cried, "not such I mean!
But him who died on Calvary—
The humble-hearted Nazarene!"
He meekly answered, "I am he!"

"Oh, then! as sinful Mary knelt,
In fearful sorrow at thy feet,

So does my icy nature melt,
And her sweet reverence I repeat,
Oh God! Oh Christ! Oh Living All!
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way—
Lo! at thy feet I humbly fall—
Cast not my sinful soul away!"

"Poor bleeding heart! poor wounded dove!"
In tones of gentleness, he said:
"How hast thou famished for that love,
Which is indeed 'the living bread,'
Kneel not to me; the Power Divine,
Than I, is greater, mightier far;
His glories lesser lights outshine,
As noondays hides the brightest star."

"You died for all the world!" I cried,
"And therefore do I bend the knee."
"My friend," he answered, "at my side,
Long ere I suffered, died for me.
He drained for man the poisoned cup,
I gave my body to the cross,
But when the sum is counted up,
Great is our gain, and small our loss."

"Not thus would I be Deified,
Or claim the homage that men pay;
But he who takes me for his guide,
Makes me his Life, his Truth, his Way.
Oh! heaven shall not descend to man,
Nor man ascend to heaven above,
Till he shall see Salvation's plan
Is written in the law of love."

"Dear sister! let your fears depart—
I have no power to bid you live,
But I can feed your famished heart
Upon the love I freely give.
Mine are the hearts that men condemn,
Or crush in their ambitious strife,
And through my love, I am to them
'The Resurrection and the Life.'"

He raised me gently from his feet,
And laid my head upon his breast,
Oh God! how calm, how pure and sweet,
How more than peaceful was that rest!
I feel that blessed presence yet—
It fills me with a joy serene—
Nor have I hungered, since I met
The gentle-hearted Nazarene.

An European War.

We may continue to speculate on the chances of a general European war until we become tired of doing so; for, after all, we must look for events to bring about results for themselves, ourselves content to be merely watchful and profoundly interested. At best, it amounts to the struggle of the States of Germany to form a nationality for old Germany, strong and compact, against the interests and wishes of Austria and Prussia. Should the German nation carry their point against the Danes on this Schleswig-Holstein question, it would be equivalent to the establishment of their independence, and the first real, positive triumph of German Nationality. A German Parliament would be established forthwith, and with a view especially to force both Austria and Prussia to become subordinate to the sway of the great German nation. Arrived at this point, it is not likely that matters would stop there, but that the people would go forward with the struggle until the union of all the German States had been consummated. To this tendency Austria and Prussia are, of course, opposed, for if Germany became a first-class power Austria and Prussia would not, and could not, rank with the Great European powers. How far England will sympathize with Denmark, and if far enough to be willing to go so far as war on her account, we cannot pretend to say. She is, however, just now proposing a Congress, in the face of her refusal to go into any such arrangement on the proposal of France, and evidently hopes that the adjustment of affairs can better be effected in such a body than at the cannon's mouth. France, should the Federal Diet of Germany stand firm, either Austria and Prussia must place their armies at the disposal of that body, or else come out in opposition to the German nation. In any event, it is as certain as anything human can be, that Germany and Denmark will soon be at open war, and involve the other nations along with them.

"Blossoms of our Spring."

This volume of Poems, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, just issued, is well spoken of by the press generally. We copy the following notice of the work from the New York Herald of Progress:

"There is a pleasant sound of poetic suggestion in the very words, Hudson and Emma. We fancy the home, with its marks of taste and culture, and we think of soft airs, and hanging vines, and moss-covered seats; and we imagine the toll that is broken in upon with art and music and the voices of little children. From such a home as comes this book—from the heart of domestic life sanctified by love. It has touches of romance, too, with its glow of love—if all love is not romance. Its aim is high and true, and it does not cheat us by any assumed pretensions. It professes to be the spoken words from one heart by two voices."

We could wish that, with the inspired gift of our Brother and Sister, they had brought more offerings from that spiritual home so many are longing now to hear of.

We call attention to the spirit and desire of reform that breathes in these poems. The aspiration is less for spiritual elevation than for noble action; less for happiness than for adherence to right. This is the lesson of "Life's Passion-Story," which weaves heart-histories with noble aspirations.

"The Second Wife" ought to become the text of every one who enters that relation.

"Light" is a sweet song of home; but from a volume we cannot select separate poems. We recommend this "child of loving parents an entrance into the homes of love where it will find caresses and gentle thoughts."

Visible Changes.

What would men have thought, only three years ago, had it been told them that Maryland would so soon as this be seeking a mode of ridding herself of the institution of Slavery? Yet we see that such men as the ex-Governor of the State, and the Mayor of Baltimore are now urgently addressing their fellow-citizens on the subject, with a demonstrable certainty that it will be a bygone affair much sooner than the most sanguine anti-slavery man would have ventured to predict. When even the Conservatives of a slave State like Maryland come forward to urge the hastening of the downfall of Slavery within its limits, we may accept it for a sure omen that the real end of the institution cannot be so very far off. These changes of the opinion of public men it is very significant to be able to chronicle.

Message Tested.

Our readers will remember that we published in the BANNER of January 24, 1864, a message from Caleb M. Dyer, the head elder of the Shaker Society at Enfield, N. H., who was murdered some time since. We have now received information that the message was read before that Society a short time since, and its members were unanimous in the belief of its authenticity—that it emanated from the source it purports to—as the language used was perfectly characteristic of the man. As the spirit desires his successor to meet him in private, we have no doubt he will respond to the call.

Lecture for the Benefit of the Women's Medical College.

On Thursday evening, February 4th, Fred. L. H. Willis will lecture at Dodworth's Hall, New York, for the benefit of the New York Women's Medical College.

Musical and Other Spirit Manifestations.

On the evening of the 21st ultimo, in compliance with an invitation previously received, we found ourselves at the house of Mr. Lane, of South Malden, where we met about twenty persons of both sexes, who were assembled to witness whatever manifestations the spirits might be able to give through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain.

The room into which we were shown was about fourteen feet square, with two windows and one door. It contained two tables—one a black-walnut extension dining-table, ten feet long; the other, a small, common square one, with the leaves down, was placed against the partition, near the end of the other. Over the small table, and fastened to the wall, was a bass drum. On this table were eight small bells, some with and some without tongues; also, a guitar, a violin, a tambourine, a small (Indian) bow and arrows, and a small tin vessel, said to contain water. Pieces of sugar candy, and several other articles were also upon this table.

We had been in the room but a short time when Mrs. Chamberlain came in; and, after a few moments' pleasant conversation, she took her seat at the end of the large table, with her back to the small one, and then gave directions about seating the company, alternating them, male and female. The two ladies who were seated on either side of Mrs. C., were directed to place their chairs upon her dress, so that, had she been thus inclined, she could not have moved from her position. There were nineteen persons at the table, Mr. Wm. White being the second from the medium, and a lady between him and myself. We were then requested to join hands, and to keep them joined.

During the arranging of these preliminaries, the room had been lighted by a kerosene oil lamp; but after the singing of a familiar song by the party, the light was extinguished, at the request of the spirits; and the two ladies next to her testified that Mrs. Chamberlain's hands were constantly in contact with their own—not joined to them, but moving gently over them all the time, as well as over Mr. White's. We now began to watch for manifestations, and the first that we noticed was the sound of some one tuning a guitar. This was immediately followed by a violin being thrown on the table in the midst of the company. By this time the spirit seemed to have tuned the guitar to suit him, for he commenced playing a sweet air, and the melody was very touching and beautiful. During the time the guitar was being played upon, it was in the air, and was passed rapidly over the heads of the company. Now the playing ceased, and the guitar was dropped on the table near the center, as near as we could judge from the sound.

Next, a number of bells were raised in the air and played upon. I should think there were as many as six or eight in the air at a time, and they made good music out of them. Then came touches by the spirits, and quite a number were touched many times, and all who were so touched, expressed themselves satisfied it could not have been done by the medium.

Up to this time I had not received much attention personally from the spirits, whom I saw; but upon my saying that they had not done much for me, they instantly dropped a bell in my lap, and continued to bring me different articles, until I counted, at the close of the séance, fifteen different things in my lap. Now we have something else. Again the guitar plays in the air as before; but this time, the spirits, after ceasing to play, dropped it in the lap of the lady who sat on my left, with the bottom resting upon both her hand and mine. After similar manifestations such as we have described were again produced, the guitar was played on while in the lady's lap. At this stage of matters we were told that they could do no more, when the medium was taken from the room in an unconscious and exhausted condition, and did not recover for nearly an hour after.

We then examined what had been given us by the spirits; and at an early hour the party left for their various homes.

The only comment we desire to make in this connection is, that we have the utmost confidence in the medium's honesty, and believe the manifestations given in her presence and through her instrumentality to be genuine, and well worthy the attention of the public.

CHARLES H. CROWELL.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for February comes to us teeming with good things. Its literary contents and illustrations are fully up to any of its preceding numbers. In it we find a biographical sketch of the famous Joseph Ernest Renan—author of the "Life of Jesus," which is exercising the public mind so intensely just now—and a fine life-sized portrait. Speaking of the "Life of Jesus," Harper says, "It has made more noise in the world than any book since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' not excepting 'Les Misérables.' Its sale in France has reached nearly one hundred thousand copies. It has been translated into English, German, Italian and Dutch, and all of these versions are reported, on good authority, to have had an enormous sale. Spain, too, has had a translation; but Spanish intolerance has suppressed it."

A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, has it for sale.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—A monthly magazine of Literature and Fashion, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, has made its second appearance. Its literary contents are very creditable, and the illustrations are rather superior to those found in publications of this class. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—This old favorite monthly is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. It has entered upon its forty-fifth volume, which fact speaks loud in praise of the ability with which it is conducted. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.—No. 6 of this valuable work is for sale by A. Williams & Co., at twenty-five cents a number.

THE SPIRITUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL MANUAL. NOW READY.—This new and indispensable volume of one hundred and forty-four compact pages, by the author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," is just from the press, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. Families and Schools will find this book just what they need. Single copies sent free for 30 cents. Address this office. Liberal terms to the Trade and to Schools.

Circulating the Documents.

A complaint has been received by Gen. Foster, at Knoxville, coming from the rebel Gen. Longstreet, in effect that Union soldiers were surreptitiously circulating the President's amnesty proclamation among his troops, and demanding that documents of all sorts should pass through official hands. The fact is thus made pretty plain, that the President's proclamation is doing much good where it has found its way, and that it is finding its way among the people as rapidly as possible. Gen. Foster sent back word to Gen. Longstreet, by a flag of truce that he was not able to put a stop to the interchange of civilities of that sort, and civilly sent him by the same hand a parcel of the proclamations respecting which complaint was made. The rebel General evidently did not make much by the operation, but rather found an "elephant" suddenly laid on his hands. He will hardly stop the spread of intelligence, by the help of his most ingenious devices.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the Spirit Messages on our sixth page. Many of them are very interesting, especially as the one entitled "Spiritual Advancement."

The destitute poor are invited to call at this office and receive bread tickets gratuitously.

We shall commence in our next issue the publication of a very interesting narrative from the spirit of Henry Whittemore, giving his experiences in spirit-life.

The prosperity of the freedmen of South Carolina is a fixed fact under the impartial Government of the United States. They have, it is stated on good authority, made money rapidly of late. Only think of it! ere the war of Freedom is over, Sea Island cotton is grown by colored freedmen, many of them owners of the soil! The lands remaining unsold in February will be sold by the Government.

APPLE CREAM.—Pure and boll good, rich baking apples, till soft; rub the pulp through a hair-sieve; add the sugar while warm; when cold, stir in a sufficient quantity of sweet cream, and serve cold.

Love is the soul, the life and animating principle of truth; so far only as there is good in truth, so far only is there life in it.

California must be a grand place in which to reside, for they have green peas there in December, and potato tops are just peeping out of the ground. The climate is as warm as June.

The Age of Virtue—sixteenth paper—subject, "The Mission of Reformers"—will appear soon.

The article on "Finance, Banking and Currency," promised for this issue of the BANNER, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear in our next.

We hope the secular presses, should they copy the beautiful poem which was given by inspiration through Lizzie Doten and appears in the present number of the BANNER will not forget to acknowledge from what paper it was copied. In times past we have published several poems from the same source, which editors have transferred to their columns without giving the customary credit. This is wrong.

Wm. M. Robinson, Esq., formerly reporter on this paper—a very talented young man—has been commissioned a Lieutenant in the heavy artillery service at New Orleans. He served in the Army of the Potomac a year and a half ago, in the 8th Mass. Battery, and was promoted for bravery in battle.

An accident happened in Hildesford, Me., on Thursday afternoon last, on the Boston and Maine Railroad, which one of the employees who saw it, denominated "a funny affair." It seems that while a farmer with a one horse sled loaded with wood was passing, the team got stuck exactly on the track, owing to a heavy load and bare ground. In the meantime the Boston up train suddenly came round a curve, and the whistle sounded "brake up" as soon as the engineer saw the position of affairs; but the farmer did not seem at all frightened. Finding it impossible for the horse to draw off the load in season to escape a collision, he coolly held his horse by the head, and stood waiting to see what effect the engine would have when it "bumped." Well, it did bump pretty severely, and made the sled and wood fly in all directions; but, singular as it may seem, "man and beast" were left standing beside the track unharmed. Without uttering a word of complaint, the owner of the horse stoically led the animal off, and the train proceeded, the passengers in the meantime bidding him adieu with three hearty cheers—they feeling jubilant because no serious accident had occurred.

"Like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

The remedy of to-morrow is too late for the evil of to-day. Therefore bury evil in the grave of the past—so deep that its stench will nevermore reach you. Oh, that men and women would only remember the good deeds of human life, and eternally forget the evil! Then, indeed, would this beautiful earth be literally a paradise of harmony and love.

The weather was extremely mild and pleasant in Boston for a few days last week. Friday seemed more like a June day than any other. A gentleman informed us that he saw three large flocks of wild geese flying north, which is a very unusual occurrence at this time of year. This denotes an early spring.

It is said there is a "revival in the Army of the Potomac." Glad of it. Hope they will revive and survive till they whip our rebellious brothers at the South back into the Union again.

Trade restrictions are to be removed from Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas.

The First Mass. Infantry desire to reenlist as cavalry.

The rebellion at the South is considered a failure by the most prominent citizens there, and all who can are leaving "Dixie."

The thirtieth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary was celebrated at Music Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th. Speeches were made by Edward Quincy, Theodore Tilton, of New York, and Wendell Phillips. About \$5000 was hoped to be realized from the evening's entertainment.

Renan and his book is "catching it" hot and heavy from all parts of Roman Catholicism—just as we expected would be the case. The world moves! The wheels of Progress cannot stand still. "It's all right," as our curious friend Dr. Child would say.

Over a million tons of ice have been cut and hauled at Fresh Pond, Cambridge, this season.

There has been a "revival of religion" in Manchester, N. H. All right. By-and-by the converts will become "first-rate" Spiritualists.

Announcements.

Miss Lizzie Doten closes her engagement to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will address our Charlestown friends next Sunday. Mrs. B. is a trance speaker.

Mrs. A. P. Brown is announced to speak in Chelsea, the first two Sundays in this month.

Chas. A. Hayden, of Maine, speaks in Taunton, next Sunday.

Mrs. Mary M. Wood lectures in Philadelphia during the month of February.

The Select Spiritualist Assemblies of U. Clark, with magnetic and psychometric experiments, will be held in Island Home Hall, 35 Meridian St., East Boston, at 7 1/2 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Feb. 3d; Mercantile Hall, 21 Summer St., Boston, Wednesday evening, Feb. 10th; Armory Hall, Lynn, Friday evening the 12th; Town Hall, Wednesday evening 17th. Lectures at same place on Sunday the 14th; Foxboro, Thursday evening the 18th.

Isaac P. Greenleaf speaks in Bucksport, Maine, on Sunday next, and the following.

W. H. Johnson is engaged to deliver Sunday discourses to the friends of Spiritualism in Cherry Valley, Ill., for the ensuing six months, and will answer calls for week evening lectures in adjoining localities.

A Royal Heir.

The Princess of Wales is said to have hastened on "interesting event" by eagerly joining a skating party on the ice, and only arrived at Frogmore just in time. The London Times of Jan. 8th published the following official telegram from Windsor:

"FROGMORE, Jan. 8, 10 35 P. M.—The Princess of Wales was delivered of a fine boy at 9 P. M. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are both doing well."

The following bulletin was immediately issued:

"FROGMORE, Jan. 8.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was confined of a Prince at two minutes to nine this evening. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are doing perfectly well."

E. H. BIRKBECK, M. D.
HENRY BROWN, Surgeon.

The Times of Jan. 9th remarks:

"The announcement that the Princess of Wales has been safely delivered of a fine boy, and that both mother and child are going on perfectly well, will be received throughout the country with the greatest delight."

In alluding to the above, the Philadelphia Bulletin is impudent enough to say that "the future Queen of England thus early gives promise of rivaling her mother-in-law."

Information to Subscribers.

We would inform our subscribers that Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 of the present volume of the BANNER are out of print; hence we cannot fill orders. As our rule is invariably cash in advance, we suggest to those who desire to continue our sheet without interruption, that they remit the necessary amount at least two weeks previous to the expiration of the time for which they subscribed. This should be fully understood. They will see by the explanation in our prospectus on the eighth page when the time expires for which they paid.

We always send back numbers whenever we have them on hand. If those who order such numbers, do not receive them, they will understand it is because such numbers are out of print.

"The Errors and Failure of Popular Theology."

Hon. Joseph B. Hall, of Maine, delivered a lecture before the Spiritualists of this city, in October last, on the above subject, which we print in our paper this week. We hardly need call the attention of our readers to the production of so able and searching a mind as that possessed by Mr. Hall, but yet we cannot help asking a thoughtful perusal of this discourse. It will stir up fresh thought in the minds of independent thinkers.

Second Edition of Poems from the Inner Life.

We are happy to announce that a second edition of this popular book of Poems is now ready, and that the orders for the work which have laid over for some time past will be filled at once.

The Old Folks' Assembly

Takes place on Friday evening of the present week at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street.

CORRECTION.—In the BANNER of Jan. 30th, and in the fifth chapter of my story, occurs an error, which you will probably think best to correct, Mr. Editor. To the communication written by the spirit of Mr. Hoyt, I appended his name, Jarvis Hoyt. The printer has left it out, thereby wholly destroying one of the most important ones in the communication. A few lines below, Mr. Hamilton mentions his name, and one would naturally wonder how he got the name, as it does not appear in the print; and also two lines in the message given, are afterwards referred to, and this one of them is not to be found, owing to the printer's omission.

GRACE LELAND.

We are aware that "the printer" is often guilty of "omission and commission," but in the case referred to above, our authoress is sadly at fault, for she, and not the printer, omitted the name. Hence the error.

Spiritual Meetings in Milford, Me.

At a meeting held at this village on the 19th inst., for the purpose of adopting measures for the support of lectures upon the subject of Spiritualism, for the current year, at the U. V. Church, in Oldtown, the society was organized by the choice of Hon. Newell Blake, President, and Daniel Billings, Secretary; Hosea B. Emery, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary; Artemus Rigby, Silas Hanson and Daniel Billings, Committee to solicit subscriptions and collect the funds; Silas Hanson and Dr. O. Woodbury, Committee of Arrangements and Superintendents of the House, etc.

A very healthy and harmonious interest was manifested in the meeting, and there is little doubt that Sunday meetings will be well sustained through the year. If speakers can be obtained on acceptable terms. Public lectures will please take notice.

D. BILLINGS, Secretary.

Milford, Penobscot Co., Me., Jan. 20, 1864.

A Card.

Miss L. T. Whittier regrets to say that in consequence of not having entirely recovered from an injury received upon the head, in being thrown from a carriage last fall, she has been forced to refrain from all mental effort for a time, hence the non-fulfillment of her engagements in the northern part of the State. The friends will understand. She hopes soon to "be herself again."

Whitewater, Wis., Jan. 20, 1864.

Three Days' Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

A Three Days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Mercantile Hall, (Mercantile Life Association Building,) No. 21 Summer street, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24th, 25th and 26th, 1864. The object of the Convention will be to afford opportunity for the free interchange of sentiments, experiences and standpoints; the expression of freshest inspirations from the celestial world and from every plane of advance thought; to consider the demands of the present crisis as regards the civil, religious, moral, social, and every other department of life, and the claims and aims of Spiritualism as the harmonious gospel of the age; to be engaged to attend and participate are J. S. Loveland, A. M. Spencer, Rev. Moses Hull, Miss Lizzie Doten, U. Clark, Charles A. Hayden, Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, H. B. Storer, Hon. F. Robinson, Dr. A. B. Child, Dr. H. F. Gardner, J. Edson, John Wetherbee, Jr., Dr. O. H. Hamilton, H. C. Wright, and others. All public speakers, whether constant or occasional ones, who can meet on the broad, harmonious platform of Spiritualism, are invited.

The meeting will open at 10 1/2 A. M., on Wednesday the 24th, when it is desirable that all who are interested in the order of the Convention should be present, and decide as to the arrangements. Three sessions will be held each day—9 1/2 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M. JACOB EDSON, Boston, S. PRUDS, Charlestown, A. B. CHILD, M. D., J. S. DIMOND, Roxbury, Dr. W. L. JOHNSON, C. C. COLEMAN, Medford, E. F. GARDNER, M. D., J. S. DODGE, Chelsea, EMMA MARSH, L. S. RICHARDS, Quincy.

Four Days' Meeting at Bangor, Me.

The Spiritualists of Bangor and vicinity, will hold a convention at the Pioneer Chapel, commencing on Thursday, the 18th of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., to be continued through Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Able speakers are expected to be present, to whom, and all others interested, a cordial invitation is extended.

Bangor, Jan. 28, 1864.

Quarterly Meeting at Greensboro, Ind.

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

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

Price, 25 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 2w 7 1/2, 50

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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Spiritual Sunday School Manual!

For Sunday Schools, Homes, Circles, Conferences, the Church, etc., an Easy Plan for Forming and Conducting Sunday Schools.

By the author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism."

THE great demand for some book for starting and conducting Spiritual Sunday Schools, and for the use of the young at home, is at last met by this Manual. The style and plan are so plain and easy, children themselves can form schools or classes, and yet the book is entirely free from the silly and the stale, the dogmatic and the sectarian. The old as well as the young cannot fail to find this book attractive and exceedingly suggestive. Teachers and pupils are put on the same level. No tasks are imposed; no "catechism" spirit is manifested; no dogmas are taught, and yet the beautiful sentiments of Spiritualism are presented in the most simple and attractive style. The book contains a brief Introduction—How to use this Manual—a series of rich, original Readings, Responses, &c., for opening and closing schools—Lessons and Questions on every practical and important subject, the lessons and questions being separate, many of the questions with no answers—Gems of Wisdom from ancient and modern authors—Infant Lessons and Questions—a variety of Little Spiritual Stories, most touching and exquisite, and a choice, new collection of the finest Spiritual Songs and Hymns, with familiar tunes. One hundred and forty-four compact pages. Sent by mail free for 50 cents. Liberal discount to the Trade and to Sunday Schools.

Ad-ress, Publishers.

WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 108 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Feb. 6.

MUSICAL CIRCLES.

ANNE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will hold Musical Circles for a few weeks, at the residence of T. D. Lane, South Boston, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 30th, Cards of admission, admitting a gentleman and lady, one dollar each. For sale at the Banner of Light office, Circles to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Cars leave Seely's building on Tremont street at 6 and 7 o'clock.

Feb. 6.

WILL resume his Lectures on Sunday and Thursday evenings of each week, at 194 Shawmut Avenue.

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POEMS

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Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant,

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 earthly 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.

THE BANNER 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 hungering multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 153 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.

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

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

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 medium, to his friends, in Clarksville, Mo.; James McGuire, 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. Tom H. Brewer, of New York City; Alice Gennins, to her mother, Hannah Gennins, of Ulster, N. Y.; Wm. Sowle, (colored), to his sister Julia, 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, Ct.; Cordelia Vernon, to her brother William C. Koney, New Bedford, Mass.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: "Stone-wall" 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.

Infinite Father, this day seems to be a fitting emblem of our fair America. Her tears, like those of external nature, are falling fast. She weeps, for her sons have fallen by thousands. She weeps, for her fair gardens are desolated, and almost every home has been entered by the messenger of death. Blood has fallen upon every threshold, and mourning seems to ascend like incense. Darkness is upon the face of our fair country—and wherefore is it? Because she has been great and good? Is it because of the existence of her many sacred temples? Because Sabbath after Sabbath certain members of thy human family bend the knee before thee in prayer? Is it because liberty hath been a living presence with this people? Is it, our Father, because human justice hath found a dwelling-place here?—or is it because all these things have existed but in name, and there has been no spirit there? Is it because the spirit of the humble Nazarene has been far away? Oh, our Father, in viewing the condition of beautiful America, we feel subdued and melancholy. We can but take on conditions that are everywhere here in existence, and we feel like mourning. We concern with those who are far above us in wisdom in regard to this distressed nation; but, oh God, we know that as the sun, the glorious sun, beams out in all its fullness of light when the external world shall have wept enough, then its living, revivifying beams shall be felt by all the external world. So it shall be with this nation. After she has been chastened enough, and felt deeply enough her sorrow, then the spirit of Liberty shall enter the form of the fair goddess presiding over this people; then Peace shall dwell in your midst, and darkness flee away; then night shall give place to morning, and thy children once more sing glad songs unto thy name. Dec. 14.

Spiritual Advancement, Etc.

BRIEF.—We would be glad to briefly discuss any subject the friends may present.

Ques.—Will the controlling spirit please state whether it has made any progress or advance in any art or science since taking up its abode in the spirit-world? And if so, what that advance is, and whether it would not be well to communicate it for the benefit of mankind generally?

The human spirit is ever advancing in all the arts and sciences pertaining to material life. You should not suppose, as many do, that because we lay off the physical form, that henceforth we are done with all the conditions of material life. That is a mistake.

All the unfoldings of your time are known and appreciated by the disembodied spirit. For instance, the artist, in spirit-life, takes a lively interest in all unfoldments of art in the material world; and as fast as they of the spirit-world receive unfoldment, they hasten to communicate it to some susceptible mind dwelling in the physical body.

Sometimes we of the spirit-world receive ideas from your earthly plane; but this is not so often the case. But when they are received from the earthly plane, it is not necessary for us to again transmit them to earth, for that is their birth-place. But when we receive any unfoldments in the arts or sciences that are new to earth, then we transmit them readily to susceptible minds dwelling on earth. It is sometimes asked, What good will this civil conflict be to you? Why, it will give you stronger powers in art and science than you have ever had before. Conditions render it necessary for you to strain all your powers in a scientific direction. The age demands new unfoldments from science. In answer to the demands of the age, many thousands of spirits return to earth with all the light and power they have, that humanity may be benefited thereby.

Look at your records, and behold what vast improvements the last five years will offer to your view. You will find there an improvement on this and that thing. Why, science seems to be running a race at the present time, but not too fast for the human mind to grasp her and make her its servant. We do not rest idle in the spirit-world. We are ever active in the pursuit of knowledge, and giving out as fast as we receive to other minds.

Ques.—Would it not be well if the controlling spirit would communicate some new idea of art or science for the improvement of mankind?

Ans.—Would it be possible for them to do such a thing? Might not tens of thousands in physical bodies stand up and claim to be the originator of that idea?

Q.—It is said the discovery of shot-making originated in a dream. That fact shows that the mind of the person was worked upon in some strange way, or that it was the result of some other mind. Does it not?

A.—Most certainly, and that other mind would have

opposed any unjust claim of authorship upon the part of the dreamer. In this matter we have the testimony of a gentleman—disembodied—present, who tells us he received certain very tangible ideas from his guardian spirits concerning the compounding of that you know as Greek Fire. He claims that his knowledge was entirely spiritual, that he had no idea of ever compounding such an article until suggested to him by his guardian spirits. Afterwards he went into the details of composition, and having produced Greek Fire, he gave it to the world, and the result you here know something about it.

Q.—Are there spirits in the spirit-world who are natural inventors, who were inclined to invention when here?

A.—Certainly there are.

Q.—Do they not meet together and consult?

A.—Certainly they do, and the result of their consultations is often given to you of earth.

Q.—Is all that is seen and done in the spirit-world duplicated in the human?

A.—It may be duplicated in the human, though it is not always.

Q.—If, on consultation with other minds, the controlling intelligence would derive some great improvement, and announce it through this medium, as a means of converting some minds to belief in Spiritualism, it seems to me that it would be a great thing.

A.—The time is not far distant when such a thing may be accomplished with success. At present, inventive minds in the spirit-world prefer rather to shower down their ideas silently, receiving no praise, asking none. But when the world, or mind, in mortal may be fitted to receive these things in a tangible form, then it will be given them. Perhaps the human medium, like the gentleman who would withhold the source of his knowledge—perhaps our medium, like the gentleman, might claim the birth of that which did not belong to them. When the human mind is so far unselfish as to be willing to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's, then you will see brighter light.

Q.—Would it not greatly check human progress if such revelations were made?

A.—If such revelations were universal, it certainly would. The human mind is so constituted as to appreciate only that it has labored hard to gain. Therefore Nature, the great God whom we serve, the Principle of Wisdom, seems to know very well what the human mind demands, and is always ready to answer that demand. You labor, and as the result of that labor you gain joy, peace, and a certain portion of heaven. But if heaven comes to you without your striving for it, believe us, you would very soon weary of it. Dec. 14.

Andrew J. Garrett.

I am here for the purpose of answering a call from one of my friends here in the city, who is very skeptical—very much afraid that his name will be in any sense mixed up with Spiritualism.

Now I happened at his residence at a private séance a few nights ago, and made him this promise through the medium employed, who is not known in public life, a member of his family, and, therefore, so far as character is concerned, in his eyes, above reproach. He believes, so he says, in clairvoyance and mesmerism, but not in Spiritualism. So, when I presented myself through the medium for communication at his house, he asked, "Are you my friend, Andrew J. Garrett?" I said, "Certainly; I am no present willing to believe it is me?" My friend said, "Will you go to that place where spiritual circles are held? I don't now remember where it is." I said, "It's 108 Washington street." "Well," he said, "at any rate, if you'll go there and speak of coming to me, and tell what passed between us at this interview, then I'll believe in Spiritualism."

So here I am. I should have come last Thursday; then I should have been—well, as early as I could possibly have come after being at his residence. But I found it difficult to obtain admission then, so I waited until this afternoon.

Now I don't ask that friend to believe in this Spiritual Philosophy. I don't want to force truth upon any one who is not ready to receive it; I only want to believe that which seems to be truth to them. And if this dear friend of mine had not particularly requested that I would not give his name—for I really should like to give it at this time—I would certainly do so. By doing this, I should help not myself, but him; for I consider it quite as essential to identify him as myself in this matter.

Now I suppose inasmuch as my good friend feels bound to keep his promise, he'll not hesitate to declare that I, Andrew J. Garrett, his old friend, did come to him at his own house, and did come here.

Now, while I'm here, I think I'll remind another friend of mine of a promise that remains unfulfilled. It was at the time you were contending for the election of Banks as Speaker of the House. I was then just looking into this spiritual theory, but at that time was only a partial believer.

I took a gentleman, a Representative from Salem, Massachusetts, to visit this same medium, who was then holding private séances. The way I came to take my friend to her was this: He met me one day, and said, "Garrett, I hear you're investigating Spiritualism. Now if it's true, why don't the spirits tell you who our next Speaker will be? Now," he said, "if you can find any medium who can tell me that, if the prophecy proves true, I'll give them a hundred dollars." "I'll try it; meet me according to promise to-morrow," I said. He did meet me, and I jokingly said to the medium, while at her house, the gentleman says, "If you can get your attendant spirits to tell you who is to be elected Speaker of the House, he'll give me a hundred dollars. He can give it to the poor, for I don't need it." "I presume they'll tell you," the lady replied.

In a few minutes we received a visit from a gentleman calling himself Henry Clay, and he says, "N. P. Banks will be elected Speaker of the House." "Oh," says my friend, "I know better than that. It can't be true." He was very much in hopes it would not be so. "Well," the spirit says, "N. P. Banks will be elected Speaker of the House, surely," and immediately left.

Two days from that time, I was passing along the street, and heard the newsboys calling, "Banks elected speaker." "Well," I said, "I hope it's true—hope so!" but I did not exactly desire it, in a political sense. Well, it proved true. Now the gentleman's debt remains unpaid, and there are plenty of poor, and he'd better give the money to them. [Will you give the gentleman's name?] Well, I do not know as I ought to give it. However, I'll do so. His name is Andrews. I presume he'll have no objection. I do not remember his Christian name, but I'm sure his last name is Andrews. I hope he will remember that it is a duty he owes to the poor of Boston. Let him seek out two or three families who have been deprived of the means of support by this war. He can do no better service to his country than by doing what I ask. Come, friend Andrews, and pay the debt! Dec. 14.

Dennis Doyle.

I have a wife and five children in Troy I would be glad to send some word to. [Troy, New York?] Yes, I belonged to the Fifty-First New York. [Say whatever you are disposed to, and we will endeavor to send word to your family.] I was Dennis Doyle. I have been dead only a short time; I can't tell you the day, sir, I died, but it's twenty-one days since I got a clear sight of this new world; but how many days I was dreamy like, I can't tell.

I went out from Alexandria Hospital. I seen some hard service. I was in six, yes, seven, battles, taken all together. I was wounded, oh I don't know—three times pretty hard, more times just slight; but I stand by and fight as long as I could, because I'd not be called a coward.

Now since I woke up to my senses, and can see how things are going on in your world, I feel very sorry for my family. They got nothing to depend on, only to wait maybe a year for a pension; that's a small amount. It's pretty hard for the families of Uncle Sam to wait. But what I was thinking of was this, and that is, maybe Father Smith might do something for them. I do n't know; maybe he won't, though, for somebody here says our Church shuts the doors on us when we try to come back this way. Faith, I've appealed, and I'll let it go. Maybe it will do some one good.

I want—if it's so she can—my wife Ellen to go somewhere where I can talk to her as I do here. Oh, I'm smart enough. I can write. Faith, I could write as good a hand as any Yankee when here, and I've not lost all my senses. It's tough to make yourself known through another one's body, but if my wife will only give me the chance—

[What battles were you in?] I was before Richmond, and in the first Bull Run. I was in three battles. I was wounded in the third one before Richmond, in the seven days' fight; then the first Bull Run fight I was in. [Were you in the Fifty-First at that time?] No, sir; I was not. I went in the Fire Zouaves, as they were called, in that first Bull Run fight. [Did you go from New York City?] Yes, sir, in the Fifty-First, last. [Where did you join the Fifty-First?] How, sir? In New York, sir. [Can you tell what company you were in?] Company A.

Well, sir, if you can do anything for me, I'll be very much obliged to you. They say you send letters all round; maybe I won't be behind others in reaching my family, after all. [Can you give your Captain's name?] Kent, I think; I'm not sure. [There is a friend here who belongs to the Fifty-First, and he says it's right.] God! I wish I was there now. Faith, I think sometimes when I get near a mortal body, I wish I could get into it and keep it. Ah, it's no use; we must settle ourselves into our spiritual condition, and make ourselves happy there. Well, I'll come again, if I don't make out this time. Dec. 14.

Horace Jennings.

Maybe you won't object to sending something home for me. [We object to no one.] I'm from the Thirtieth Georgia. You don't take me prisoner, you see. I'm here with a flag of truce. Have you correspondents in Cartersville, Georgia? [We can't say that we have.] Well, by hooky, you used to have. Well, your spirits here had. Now I want to tell you that I knew something of this Spiritualism when I was in Georgia. I wasn't no believer then, but I knew about it. Oh yes, sir, I knew about it; was no believer there myself.

Now my parents think I was taken prisoner, and don't know whether I'm killed or not. But I was killed at Gettysburg, dead killed, shot outright, wasn't taken prisoner at all, and I wait the folks to know of my death. They say they smuggle your papers through to Cartersville, and I'd like to have my parents know that I'm dead, was killed outright, wasn't taken prisoner at all, and come back here to this place to send word to them of my death.

My name was Jennings—Horace Jennings. My father's name was Joshua, my mother's name Abigail. I was nineteen years old, and never see much of your kind of life. I heard enough about your abolition devilry, but didn't know much about it. All I've got to say is, if you take the trouble to steal niggers, you ought to have 'em.

Well, do you suppose your friends down in Cartersville will send my letter to my parents, who live a few miles from there? [Can't you go there?] I—I've been there, but could n't do there as I can here. Maybe I can if I go there again. It's uphill work there; 'tain't so smooth as it is here. Here you drive your team right through without any trouble. Now, Capt'n, Major, whatever you are here, you'll print my letter; I'll take your word for it. Dec. 14.

Invocation.

Spirit of Mind and Matter, we would worship thee in beauty and holiness, not alone with words, but with kindly deeds and acts of love; not alone in temples called sacred would we build our altars, but everywhere we would rear them to thy praise. Oh God, we are thy children, thou art our Father, therefore it is that we look to thee for strength, therefore we feel that thou art the wisdom of our ignorance. We aspire to become baptized with that wisdom which is all thine own. Oh, our Father, thy children all turn to thee. Some there are of thy children who believe not in the existence of a Supreme Intelligence; but when danger is nigh, and the storms of life sweep over them, then it is that we perceive that the external does not correspond with the internal; then it is that we learn that they, too, have confidence in thee, our Father; for they turn to thee in the hour of despair, and ask for aid. Oh, our Father, will these sorrowing children, the American nation, turn to thee in despair? Will they look unto thee for succor in their hour of deep trial? Oh, we feel they will; for the angels are drawn in sympathy to this people, and the courts of heaven are besieged with messengers praying in behalf of thy sorrowing children here. Oh, we need not fear that thy American children will any longer distrust thee, or feel that thou hast not power to save, for as soon as the storm has spent, we know that the morning will come, bright and clear; then, oh then thy children, the American nation, shall behold wherefore they were scourged. Oh, our Father, we would render thee thanks for all the manifestations of life, whatever they may be. We thank thee, Father, if we find thee manifesting in hell, we will praise thee none the less because thou art there. If we find thee on earth, we will praise thee; and in heaven we shall not forget to worship thee. Our Father, we would pay tribute, not to the unknown God, but to the ever-present Spirit, from whom we are constantly receiving strength and wisdom. Dec. 15.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—If, as you say, the spirit-world cannot be described, how are we to understand the visions in Judge Edmonds's book, which are said by the communicating spirit to be true pictures of the scenery, &c., of the spirit-world?

Ans.—We have many times affirmed that it is impossible for mind encased in a fleshy tabernacle to understand fully the conditions of the spirit-world. Now with regard to the vision you speak of, we will say that it is founded upon reality, we will not deny but that it is as real as many suppose, but according to the common definition of the term reality we cannot believe—indeed we know it is not.

Q.—Who or what shall deliver us from this body of death?

S.—What is the body of death referred to?

Qn.—The human body.

S.—We presume the chemical change called Death will relieve you. Certainly nothing else can, save clairvoyance, and that temporarily.

Q.—If the spirit, when freed from mortality, is without form, how is it enabled to present itself in such form so as to be identified by its earthly friends?

A.—It is impossible for you to conceive of spirit as detached from matter. In order to understand spirit,

it must be through the medium of matter always. But with regard to the particular case spoken of where the disembodied desires to identify itself to friends, we would say the disembodied spirit is capable, by virtue of its own inherent power, to clothe itself in a form corresponding to its own earthly body at pleasure. All the conditions that went to make up that earthly body are mirrored upon the spirit. There is nothing lost. Therefore spirit has at its command positive knowledge of that power, and, as we have said, is able to take on the spiritual semblance of that form at any time.

Q.—What is the value of vaccination to the human race?

A.—We do not consider it of any value whatever.

Q.—In regard to prayer, I readily appreciate its influence, but is there any specific answer to prayer from the Deity?—and if there is an answer, what is the proof of it?

A.—The answer is embodied alone in the lifting up of the spirit of the individual who prays. It comes immediately into a higher spiritual element, and lives there for the moment. That is the answer to its prayer, and a most potent answer it is.

Q.—Then, if I understand you aright, there is no other benefit to be gained from prayer except a reflex influence upon the soul of the person who prays.

S.—You are to understand precisely that from our remarks.

Q.—If there is no difference between the soul of God and the soul of man, how can we be said to live under the law of distinct individualities?

A.—The one is the greater, the other the lesser. In other words, the one is the finite, the other the infinite.

Q.—Please explain the law by which objects once seen are permanently retained in the brain?

A.—Nature seems to be possessed of a very large organ of acoustiveness. She is constantly gathering into her storehouse, and is forced, by virtue of natural law, to yield up certain portions of that she has gathered unto herself. Yet she takes upon herself a picture, an indelible spiritual picture of all gathered into her storehouse. This is done by virtue of natural law, which law is as boundless and undefinable as Divine law. The soul is there; why it is I cannot tell you.

Q.—Will there ever be a time when a spirit shall so far progress as to be absorbed in Deity? If so, will the law by which we recognize each other become void?

A.—We believe that the human soul will ever retain its own individuality, as it ever has. Progress it may, so far as the manifestations of life are concerned, through out an endless future, but it can never lose its individuality. It has ever been an individual, human soul, and it is our opinion it will ever remain such; at all events, we know of no instance where a human soul ever lost its individuality, and we know of no time when that individuality will cease to exist.

Q.—Is there any department of knowledge the controlling spirit is better acquainted with, than with others; if so, what is that precise subject?

A.—Your speaker is for better acquainted with the science of theology, if such it may be called, than any other. Dec. 15.

Archibald Lang.

It is fourteen years since I was drowned in St. James's Dock, Liverpool. Since that time I have made various attempts to manifest myself to my family and acquaintances, but in most respects have failed, because I have not succeeded in what I wished to accomplish.

The circumstances of my death are as follows: I was going on board one of my vessels, called the Albert Edward, and I somehow missed my footing and fell. It was purely accidental. I had been afflicted for some months with a species of palsy. I suppose it was, but I was better, and felt I should soon be quite well again. But I suppose I was suddenly attacked with a shaking fit and lost my balance. I don't know as this is so, for I received such a severe shock at the time, that I hardly feel that I ought to say that was the primary cause.

I left much property; for that I'm sorry. I left also a family to whom I was strongly attached, a wife and four sons. Now if I had supposed I was going to die so suddenly, I should have made different arrangements. But we are generally taken unawares.

There are some estates that belonged to my father's family, and which were transferred to my family, that need taking care of and looking after; and I feel that it ought to be attended to, and I want my sons to see to it, that that portion of the property which was my father's be disposed of according to his desire. They will understand what I mean.

I know it's rather late in the day to attempt to repair this wrong, but there are persons suffering very much by being kept out of their rights, and we ought to do it, I suppose, what is right with regard to things of this world as well as of the spirit-world. For my part, I do n't know any difference. Right is right, and wrong is wrong, anywhere.

I do n't pretend to say that I did right when here. I did very wrong; for if I had done right, I should have taken care of the business myself, and not have waited until I had to suffer fourteen years of misery in the spirit-world, to come back here and see to it. And I hope, in God's name, my sons won't wait until they've lost their bodies, and will have nothing to work with. If they do, they'll regret it as I have, it may be, more than fourteen years.

I will hope that my oldest son, Archibald Lang—that was my name—will receive my letter; and I've a favor to ask, and that favor is, that when my letter is received, my sons, you'll let me come and speak to you, one and all; then I'll set forth to you what I do n't see fit to here. [Do you wish a paper directed to your eldest son?] He'll get it. I thank you. Dec. 15.

William Smyth.

I have a father and mother, stranger, in St. Paul, Minnesota. I—I should be glad to send them word of my death, if I could. [We will endeavor to help you.]

I was private in the 11th Minnesota. I seen some hard times since I was taken prisoner. But no matter about that now; all I want of you is to just tell the old folks I'm dead, and not to think too much of it, will you? I got no other way of sending, capt'n; can't write now, capt'n. [Not the way you once did.] No.

Capt'n, I done what some of our generals have failed to do so far—got into Richmond. No matter if I did n't go right side up with care, I got there. [Did you die in Richmond?] Yes, I did. [Give your age and some facts of your life.] Yes, sir, I was n't twenty-one when I left. I was twenty-one before I died, but when I entered the ranks I was n't twenty-one. [Where were you taken prisoner?] I was taken from Fredericksburg. I heard down there in Richmond, that you lost that battle. The story there goes, that you got whipped at every lick. [That's natural enough.] Yes, I thought it was a lie. [When did you pass away?] Well, sir, I've been here, I think it's about nine days. [Did you hear the story about Chattanooga?] I believe they claim that as a victory there. [Nothing but victory reaches the prisoners' ears on their side; nothing else allowed to reach the prisoners' ears.] [The victory was on our side.] I thought that, stranger; but then we ain't allowed to express an opinion. [It is said we took some 6000 rebel prisoners, and forty guns. You may call it either a victory or a draw game, as you please.] Well, I'm glad of it; I expected it was so. I know things could n't turn round so very quick in their fa-

vor. Well—[You'll be able to post yourself up, by-and-by, as you gain strength.] I suppose so. It's pretty hard work to travel round when you're lost your body.

Well, if you'll just report me dead, that's the most I can ask of you. [Have you given your mother's name?] No, I ain't given mine. I'd better give the old man's, had n't I—my father's? [Yes, anything, only be sure to make no mistake.] My father's name was Josiah Smyth; my mother's Elizabeth, but she says it was Betsey—that was the name she had given her at her birth. My name was William. Oh, you spell the name, Smyth, with y instead of i, because that's the way we spelled it.

Well, stranger, if you ever get round my way, I'll tell you all I know—that ain't much. I should have liked to get home again once more in my old body; but as that ain't to be so, I'll say good-by from these quarters. Dec. 15.

Lucy E. Rayner.

I—I was Lucy E. Rayner, and was nine years old. I was born in Wilton, New Hampshire, and I died in Concord. My mother died when I was five years old. My father took me and my brother and went to Concord to work in a carriage-shop. He—he is—he is—sometimes he—drinks too much. And my brother run away. He's older than me. He was thirteen years old, and he run away and went out to war as capt'n's boy, in one of the regiments. And I—I could n't run away, because I was n't old enough.

I do n't want to say much about my father. I only want him to let me tell him about where I live now, and where mother lives now, and then I think he'll stop drinking, and go to church, and do better.

I—I was n't sick but a few days. They said I had scarlet fever, but I do n't know; I was n't sick long, and I was so glad when I saw my mother, and knew I was dead, for then I knew that I'd never, never go hungry any more—never cold, nor should n't have to go and buy run any more.

My father is—a wheelwright, works in a carriage-shop, and might do well if he would n't drink rum, but he does drink, and so he do n't do well. [Do you know which shop in Concord your father works in?] No, sir; he used to work for Mr. Downing. I do n't know where he works now. Sometimes he picks up jobs. The folks would n't hire him long, steady, because he would n't keep sober.

I only want to tell him where we live now, my mother and I, and I should like to speak to him when he's sober. There are these folks there that I can speak through. They said he cried when I died. If I'd been there and seen him, and could have spoken, I'd have said it was too late to cry then, because I was gone then.

Will you write my letter like other folks? I used to get old letters from the "Eagle Hotel," but they did n't know me. Dec. 15.

Bill Kelly.

Well, I'm not one of your sober, pious kind, but I feel kind of bad coming back in this way. The last time I was here in old Boston, I was here in my own body, but now I'm here under another government altogether.

Well, major-general, does it make any difference whether a person was rich or poor, or what he was before he went out? [Not at all.] Well, I was one of the Port Hill boys—a pretty rough sort of fellow, but I could do a person a kind turn if I had a mind to, and I could tell the truth or a lie, just as I saw fit to; but I'm sworn to tell the truth here.

Now I could only get to be a private in the 85th Massachusetts, somehow or other. It was n't because I did n't look any higher, for I aspired to be commander-in-chief of the United States forces, but I fell far short of the place.

Well, I got a mother, who, had as I was when here, feels unhappy about my death. What's best to do for her? [Say what you think is best to her.] I can't tell her I've gone to hell, 'cause that ain't so. I can't tell her I've gone to heaven, 'cause that ain't so. Now what kind of an idea shall I give her?

Well, supposing I tell her I'm right here near the earth, she won't believe it. Never mind. I'll tell her I'm right here on earth, where I can talk, if I can get the right sort of a person to talk through. Now, major-general, how shall I drive that knowledge through her oration? Come, speak up! [By giving such facts as she will believe no

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

MISS LIZZIE DOWEN will speak in Boston Feb. 7; in Providence Feb. 14 and 21; in Portland April 9 and 10. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. HAYDEN will speak in Worcester Feb. 7 and 14; in Lowell during March. Address, Brandon, Vt.

J. M. PERKINS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address, as above.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Boston, during April. Address, West Killbury, Conn. She will make her fall and winter engagements immediately.

Mrs. LAURA D. GORDON will speak in Old Town and Brandon, Me., during February. Address, as above, or at Providence, R. I., care of Capt. C. H. Gordon.

MISS MARTHA L. BROWN will speak in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chelsea during April; in Springfield, during May, 6 and 13; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Brown, Boston.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Rockford, Ill., the last two Sundays in January. She may be in Danville, Vt., half the time till further notice. Address, as above.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., half the time till further notice. Address, as above.

Mrs. LAURA C. CURRY will speak in "Harmonical Hall," Dayton, Ohio, every Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Conference at the above hall every Wednesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. A. B. WHITING will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sunday after. Those desiring his services should address him at once at Albion, Mich.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will speak at the Quarterly Meeting at Greenboro', Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 6, 7, and 8; in Odell, Feb. 8 and 9. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

Mrs. HELEN, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Olisco, the second; in Laphamville, third; do. in Alpine, fourth.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 429, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., during February. Intends visiting Vermont in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

MISS NELSON J. TAYLOR will speak in Portland, Me., during February.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Willimantic, Conn., Feb. 7; in Hartford, Conn., Feb. 14; in Portland, Me., March 6 and 13; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17, and address to make engagements for the spring and summer. Address, Chelsea, Mass.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill., during February. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Rockford, N. Y., during February; in Somers, Conn., April 17 and 24; in Willimantic, Me., May 15, 22 and 29; in Little River Village, Me., June 5 and 12. Address, as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. OLGA A. FINE will speak in Palmyra, Me., the two last Sundays in February, and Feb. 7. Would like to make engagements in the vicinity the rest of the present winter. Address, Newbury, Me.

Mrs. LAURA M. HOLMES will speak in Stockton, Me., the first Sunday in each month.

DR. L. K. COOPER will speak in Harrisburg, Pa., during February. In agent for the Banner of Light, and for the sale of Spiritual and Reform publications.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Dedworth's Hall, New York, during February; in Baltimore, Md., during March. Will receive proposals to speak in the East during the summer months. Address, as above, or Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

PAOR JAMES M. and Mrs. C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Randolph, Mass., Feb. 7 and 14; in Easton, Feb. 21; in Middleboro' Feb. 28. Address, East Bridgewater, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Taunton, Mass., Feb. 7; in Foxboro', Feb. 14; in Charlestown, Feb. 21 and 28; in Worcester, the two first Sundays in March; in Randolph March 20; in Milford March 27; in Lowell during April; in Dover during June; in Old Town and Lincoln, Me., during July; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September.

WM. DARTON is desirous to deliver his Geological course of six lectures in any of the towns of New England, or neighboring States, and would engage with parties to that effect. He may be addressed to the care of this office.

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Jan. 9. if

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By HUDSON TUTTLE. Carefully revised and corrected by the author.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOYE M. WILLIS.
Address 140 West 21st street, New York City.

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

THE DISOBEDIENT BIRD.

PART I.
A little bird was nestled warm
Under the eaves of a farmer's barn;
It had a mother who had flown
To bring it home a plump, fat worm.
Now little birds can never reveal
To boys and girls all that they feel;
But they can make each other know
Of many things they wish to do.
This mother bird had made her child
Know very well, by accents mild,
That she must never go astray
When she was from the nest away;
But little birds thought she knew
As well as others what to do;
And she forgot that she would still
Be not so very wise, until
She'd older grown, and knew as well
As mothers do, the good from ill.
Her mother flew—she peeped her head,
From out her snug and downy bed,
Into the sunshine bright and warm.
"I am sure," she said, "there is no harm
In trying my strong wings alone;
My timid mother should have known
I could not stay forever here,
To be a little, silly deer,
And coo and chirp—I have some wings,
And I would see the bright glad things
Nearer than from this little nest."
So little birds that way—close by
And stretched her wings, and quickly flew
Into an apple tree that grew
Beside the barn; how very green
She seemed to feel when she could stand
Upon a twig and swing and peep.
Poor little bird! she could not keep
The gladness long. There came to fly
A cruel hawk that way—close by
The disobedient bird, and sped
Its resting place; poor little bird!
Within her nest to fly again,
But she was weak, and all in vain
She sought to lift her little form.
She gave one cry of sharp alarm:
The hawk was bold and cruel, too,
And in his heart he knew
His sharp eye gleamed, he wheeled on high,
Then circled down, as if to try
The courage of the little bird.
Who, frightened now, nor cried nor stirred.
Oh! how she wished she had not left
The downy nest, for now to be
By her misdeed, of every care,
She saw no way from out the snare.
That she herself had willing done,
By doubting of her mother's love.
If I had only heeded well
The truth I heard my mother tell,
That naughty birds that did not mind,
Would surely some great evil find.
I should have been all safe from harm,
Within my little nest to warm.
If I could only tell the hawk,
By any gentle bird-like talk,
Just how it came to pass, perchance
He'd turn his fierce and cruel glance
Away from me, and try to find
Some other dinner to his mind."
But cruel hawks are not to please
The good or bad, but like to tease
The timid birds. This hawk now came
With speedier wing and steadier aim,
And in his talons sharp and strong,
He seized the bird, and sailed along
Into the orchard, there to kill
The little one with his strong bill.

PATIENCE AND HOPE;

OR,
THE MAIDENS BY THE SEA.

CHAPTER II.

The two years that these maidens were learning of
lovers and castles, and fairies and wizards, passed
away like the dreams of Hope, and there came the
stern reality of a life altogether new. Their mother died,
and the cottage then lacked the light of its day and
the peace of its night. Even Hope waited quietly on
the beach; but she often lifted her eyes to heaven as if
she saw what no one else saw.
They no longer read books, but nursed their father,
now daily growing more and more feeble, and kept
the affairs of the household as well as they knew. Pa-
tience never wearied of preparing nice meals for her
father, and Hope traveled over the fields far and wide,
to gather the sweetest berries, and searched on the
beach for the whitest moss from which to prepare deli-
cious blanc-mange for his food, and dried in the sun
the softest seaweed for his cushions. As he grew
daily more feeble, she would sit by him and sing her
sweetest songs, and chant beautiful hymns, sometimes
from memory, and sometimes by her own thought.
One evening, at sunset, he closed his eyes, and only
a sigh told that he would wake no more. Patience
knelt by the bedside; but Hope stood with clasped
hands and lifted eyes, till the night wore on. As the
stars came up out of the sea, she whispered, softly,
"They are bringing the morning."
When the first days had worn away, and they had
become little accustomed to seeing the vacant chair,
and to the thought of their loneliness, they considered
what they were to do. The estate had become wasted;
never very profitable. Easy management had allowed
the acres to become more and more wild and unpro-
ductive, and there was little but the rough fields and
the cottage to supply their needs.
Patience proposed their waiting till some one should
be found who would be willing to help them in their
cultivation; but Hope said:
"I have seen all how it will be. Do you know I
read of a singer who sang only one beautiful song, and
the world gave her all she wished. I can sing many
beautiful songs, and the world will give me what I
need. You shall stay here with some one to help you,
and I will go and find the world and sing to it. And
do you know, Patience, I am so often thinking of that
lock of hair, and wondering who those books belong
to; and sometimes it seems as if a sweet voice was re-
peating to me, 'You shall find him—go!' But I will
not go far away from you, Patience, for I shall ever
see your sweet smile, and the thought of you patient-
ly waiting will make my life only as a dream of sum-
mer that is to end in the gentle touch of your lips."
"But, Hope, you are so young and so beautiful,
and the world will not understand you, and will treat
you ill, and then you will never find the answer to the
voice you hear. Come, darling, stay with me; next
summer we will get Tim Aker to till the fields, and
we will make yellow butter, and you shall form a shell-
basket for the Fair, and we can have all we need."
"But, Patience, I heard honest Tim say that our
land must be sold to pay the debts, and then I heard
him sigh, 'Poor girl! by-and-bye they'll have no home.'"
"Well, darling, I can never stay if you choose to
go, but I shall wait at home, and not let the heart
get cold for you; and perhaps the sweet voice of our
mother will speak to me sometimes, so that I may not
be so lonely; and I will keep the chair of our dear
father beside the hearth where he used to sit, and I
will watch for his coming; and—oh, Hope, I will keep
your room all fresh and sweet, and pray for your re-
turn."
And it was decided that Hope should go out into
the world of which she knew so little, and thought of

as only a land of flowers and sunshine and noble peo-
ple. To prepare herself for singing to this beautiful
world, she went daily to try her voice against the
waves; and she learned to mellow its roar, and to call
the birds by echoing their notes.
When she had practiced through the spring, and had
become able to imitate the notes of the birds and the
rushing of the water so exactly, that Patience was de-
ceived by her imitations, she prepared her garments,
and laid her last words of farewell.
They shed no tears as they parted; but Patience
pointed to the graves of her father and mother, and
said, "I will keep them fresh," and Hope pointed
over the sea, and said:
"It all lies there. I shall find it."
When she stood before the world a happy, glad girl,
with her black dress and golden hair, and sang a sim-
ple melody she loved, the world looked surprised, but
did not smile on her. What could it give her? One
night as she was singing in the glare of the light, the
refrain, "I shall find it all there," there fell at her
feet a white rosebud; it was the world's first offering;
it withered while she held it in her hand, but it was
to her all she asked. Other offerings came after a time
—even beautiful garlands and gems—but they were not
for her songs, only the rosebud had been for them;
they were for what she had not to give, and so she
kept them not.

Sometimes the dazzle of the light blinded her as she
stood forth alone, or as she joined in the beautiful cho-
ruses; but then she turned her eyes up, or pressed her
hand to the withered rosebud which she wore next her
heart.
"The world does not love my songs," she said,
"but something hears me always—something better
than the sea and the birds; it is the world's dream
that floats up there, and is more beautiful than the
world and gives me all I wish."
But a night came—a night of poverty, temptation,
and we—she lost the power of her voice, and she
sang only weakly; but she saw ever the stars, and
said, "They are bringing the morning."
She wrote to her sister Patience thus: "The world
has given me all I wish; but the world does not know
what I am singing, and so I am going further to learn
[any one wishes to hear my songs]."
Patience wrote:
"My darling Hope—I am waiting for the better
time. I keep the garlands fresh on our father's and
mother's graves. I listen to the sea and think of you,
and wonder if you are crossing the wonderful path to a
better life. I am just getting in our harvest, and the
yellow corn and bright apples make me think of those
blessed days when we heard papa tell of his own life,
and of the apples of gold in pictures of silver which
he found in our happiness. Be a darling, Hope, and
come home some day."
So Hope crossed the blue sea. When she reached
England, she had but one friend, who helped her find
a comfortable home, and gained her a place where she
could be heard, as she sang her simple songs. But it
chanced just then that famous singers were pleasing
the world, and Hope had but little chance of winning
attention. No one seemed to care for her, or to hear
her.

These were sad days to her, and she often said, "Oh,
why did I leave my dear home and my beloved Pa-
tience?" But then she remembered that it was some-
thing good and true that had called her forth, and she
determined to find it.
"I will go to France," she said; "there I can find
my dreams," for sometimes in the still nights she
thought she heard sweet voices repeating to her, "Be
of good cheer, thou shalt reach the green pastures."
But how could she reach France when she had been
able to earn only money enough to live on since she
crossed the ocean. She was not to be daunted, how-
ever, as long as she felt that her aim was right. She
said, "I will sing in the streets, and some one will be
glad to listen." So she took her place at the corners
of the streets, and a crowd gathered about her; but no
one spoke ill to her, and many had moist eyes when
they gave her the money that was to help her to her
purpose. It was sad work for the fair girl, but she
looked above the work to what she longed to do.
"If I do well to-day," she would say, "who knows
what will come to-morrow?"
She wrote to Patience thus:
"My beloved sister—I have not found out yet
what I am to do. I see sorrow everywhere. I thought
there could be none here; but, alas! there is sorrow I
never dreamed of. People look sick and tired, and
when I sing they weep, as if they remembered some
better time. I am not discouraged. I shall go to
beautiful France, where Lafayette, whom papa loved
so, lives. People must be good and happy there. Yes-
terday, as I sang, there came a mist over everything,
and in the midst of it I saw a bright light, not larger
than the star we used to see in the morning over the
ocean. It grew larger and larger, like a glowing ball
of fire, and after a time it seemed to open, and in it I
saw the radiant face of our mother. Oh, how beauti-
ful she looked, and what glory seemed resting on her!
I knelt down, though I was in the street, and the
vision ascended till I lost it. When I arose people
were gazing at me, and some laughed, but I did not
care. I rose for joy, and knew then that I should find
my dream soon."
Patience wrote to Hope the same day:
"I went down to the beach, my darling, to see if I
could not see something beautiful to tell you of. As I
sat listening to the sea, I seemed to fall asleep, but
still I was awake, and a gentle hand was laid on my
shoulder, just as papa used to rest his on us when we
stood beside him, and a voice said, 'Patience, thou
shalt not always wait; the morning cometh.' So, dar-
ling, I begin to expect you home. I have dried some
blushing peaches, and preserved some red cherries for
you; and I put daily a sprig of myrtle on your pillow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Enigma.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 2, 6, 5, 13, 14 is a girl's name.
My 1, 9, 10, 4, 6, 8, 7 is a boy's name.
My 1, 3, 14 is a vessel for liquids.
My 11, 8, 4, 12 is a place for cattle.
My 2, 13, 14 is a fowl.
My whole is the name of a distinguished spiritual
lecturer.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Boy Medium.

Mr. E. BROWN—Having heard much of late for and
against the mediumship of Henry Allen, a boy nearly
twelve years of age, residing with one Myron Brown-
ter, in Hyde Park, Vt., I thought it advisable to go
there and investigate the matter for myself. Accord-
ingly, I have spent, within the last three weeks, the
better part of three nights and two days at the resi-
dence of Mr. Brown, for the above-named purpose,
having with me most of the time three reliable per-
sons, not members of the family. In the dark, by
lamp-light, and in open daylight, were produced many
wonderful manifestations; and that, too, under cir-
cumstances precluding the possibility of deception.
As we designed to give our verdict to the public, we
were very scrutinizing in our observations and rigid
in our examinations.
The medium submitted with martyr-like patience to
every ordeal, and we left, fully convinced that the me-
dium, in this case especially, was strictly honest, and
the manifestations genuine.
Every member of the family appeared to be pleased
to have a thorough investigation of the whole matter,
and much credit is due them for their kindness and
hospitality.
H. C. QUINCY.
Lowell, Vt., Jan. 21, 1864.

U. Clark's Etchings.

Boston and vicinity—Northern Prosperity—Spiritual
Meetings—Incidents—Mediums—Lectures—The Com-
ing Convention.

With now and then a misguided friend blitting for
more "Etchings," I resume the pleasant task of com-
mencing once more with the thousands who float the
BANNER OF LIGHT as next to that which waves
"Over the land of the free, and the home of the brave."
Boston and vicinity give signs of unusual thrift,
vitality and advancement in every department of so-
ciety. The greatest wonder of this grandest and most
gigantic war, is the increasing prosperity found all
over the Northern States, and especially in New Eng-
land. Boston now is a greater "beehive" than it
ever was before, and the swarms of human souls har-
rying along its streets, remind me of the young woman
in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," who, on making
her first visit in London a hundred years ago, found
the streets so full of running multitudes, supposed a
procession was in progress, and felt disposed to stop
till it had passed. Amid all the civil and military in-
fluences of the nation, and all the excitement in com-
mercial and other secular departments, there is un-
common activity in every department of mind. The-
atres, concert rooms, opera houses, social assemblies,
lyceum halls, are constantly filled, and spiritual meet-
ings are increasing in number and in attendance. Bos-
ton, Charlestown, Chelsea, Quincy, Plymouth, New
Bedford, Providence, Taunton, Milford, Worcester,
Springfield, Chicopee, Stafford, Wilmamott, Lowell,
Marblehead, Old Town, Bucksport, Bangor, Portland,
Foxboro', and scores of other New England places, are
sustaining public lectures. The demand for speakers
and mediums is now increasing beyond all precedent.
There is an uncommon need of able speakers or pio-
neers in places which are not organized in a manner to
insure full pay. But few of our most efficient lecturers
are able to visit such places, because their liabilities
are such they must have a certain amount of money,
or they are compelled to leave the field. Landlords,
provision dealers, tailors, dress makers, stevedores,
coaches and railroads, have but little regard for "the
cause," and are just mercenary enough to demand
cash. After ten years of hard pioneer labor in the
lecturing line, I hope none will now complain if I
begin a little respite.

The rooms of Mr. C. H. Foster, the test medium,
have been for several weeks thronged with visitors.
His mediumship exceeds any I have ever witnessed, in
the peculiarity and rapidity of his tests. The intelli-
gence sometimes comes through rappings, sometimes
writings, sometimes spoken through the medium, and
sometimes in raised letters on the arm; and sometimes
all these phases will come together within half a minute.
While I was visiting Mr. Foster's rooms, No. 6
Suffolk place, two modest, intelligent looking men
came in, took their seats, and within a minute, before
they had taken their places at the table, the medium
spoke out the name of one of the men, and then fol-
lowed test after test in rapid succession, till both of
the visitors, joyously overwhelmed with demonstra-
tions of the identity of departed friends, began to feel
their hearts beat and to wipe away the tears gushing
from the unsealed fountains of their souls. At the
close of the seance, I was delighted and astonished to
find one of these men an old member of the church in
Lowell where I preached nearly four years. A few
days after this I met him again, as he was going away
from the rooms of the same medium, and he had with
him his wife and some other friends. Those who visit
Mr. Foster under favorable circumstances are likely to
be satisfied with his tests and pleased with him as a
gentle brother and a sunny-faced gentleman.

Spiritualist physicians seem to be doing a good work
in Boston and vicinity. There is scarcely a town, vil-
lage or city in New England without clairvoyant phy-
sicians or healing mediums. Dr. A. C. Tucker, of
Foxboro', is among the most successful workers in this
line. I was recently shown through the rooms of the
large and elegant "Invalid's Home" of Charles Main,
No. 7 Davis street, and found the wards filled with all
sorts of convalescent cases, which had been pronounced
by the faculty as stubborn, if not incurable.

Very marked changes for the better are going on
among the rank and file of Spiritualism. While there
is no tendency to anything like sectarianism on the
one hand, there is more unity of spirit not only among
speakers and mediums, but among the body of believers.
As a sign of the feeling in Boston and vicinity,
there seems to be a sort of spontaneous call for the
"Three Days' Convention" announced to be held in Feb-
ruary. Yet I do not know of a man or woman who has
any idea of projecting anything like old organizations,
or the erection of anything like old standards of
discipline.
U. CLARK.
Boston, Mass.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscript.]

C. W. M., FORT WARREN.—We do not see how we
can find room for the lines you send, as we have a vast
amount already on hand of just such matter, waiting
for a chance to see the Light.

J. M. J., NEW YORK.—The essay, "Heraclitus and his
Attributes," has been received and placed on file for
publication. Your articles are always acceptable.

W. C., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—250 received, for W. E.
Dennis's subscription.

L. J. P., MADISON, IND.—Doc. received, and placed
on file for publication. Will answer your queries in
due time.

J. B. H., AUGUSTA, ME.—Package received.

FRANK's communication is on file.

H. R. P., STONHAM, MASS.—We have no knowl-
edge of the communication to which you refer.

W. E. D., DUQUOIN, ILL.—Book received. Will
write you soon.

Departed.

From this city, January 23rd, Mary Jennie, only
child of Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, aged 16 years 7 mos.
Children—from early infancy to blooming girl-
hood—are necessary to make heaven a place of happi-
ness, even in the Summer Land; so this delicate flow-
er is thus early called to perform her part in the cele-
stial home of angels. For many months she struggled
quietly and patiently to bear up against the invasion
which that fatal disease, consumption, was making
on her frail constitution, and when her gentle spirit
could no longer hold possession of its earthly abode,
it joyfully took its flight with the attendant spirits
who were waiting to conduct her over the river, while
"Heavenly gates were round her playing,
Angel-hands her soul were staying,
And she heard a voice saying,
Come up higher—come and see!"

Of late the light of the Spiritual Philosophy had
begun to illumine her soul, and she passed on with
the hopeful assurances of a continued existence be-
yond the veil, and of her ability to return again and
watch over her dear mother.

A large assembly of friends gathered in Rev. Dr.
Miner's church to pay tribute to the memory of one
dearly loved.
C. C. D.

From Palmyra, Mo., Dec. 30th, 1863, Dr. J. B.
Kibby, aged 50 years.

Dr. K. was for several years, and to the close of his
earth-life, a firm believer and advocate of the Spiritu-
al Philosophy. He leaves a wife and three children to
mourn the temporal loss of a kind husband and affec-
tionate father.
H. M. P.

East Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 17. Passed away from
the long-dreaded body, the spirit of Miss Adelaide
Nelson, aged 23 years, to dwell with the loved little
ones gone before.
She will remain in that bright home watching over

the fond parents and remaining kindred till all are united
to part no more. May the truths of God's power, as
daily made known to them, sustain them in their af-
fliction.
Samuel Glover.
Somerville, Mass.

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ams, Cortis, Ill., 34c; A Friend at Circle Room, 10c;
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The Widows' Mitt Fund.—Ira W. Russell, Win-
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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont
street, (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, at
12 and 1 o'clock. Admission free. Lecturers en-
gaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Feb. 7; Moses Hull, Feb. 14
and 21; Fanny Davis Smith, Feb. 28; Mrs. A. M. Spence,
March 6 and 13; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

FRIENDS OF THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every
Monday evening, at Fraternity Hall, Broadfield, corner of
Providence street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admis-
sion 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 have these meetings interesting and instructive. The
public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Sarah A. Byrnes,
Feb. 7; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 21 and 28.

CHILMARK.—The Spiritualists of Chilmark have hired
Fremont Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and
evening, at 12 and 1 o'clock. All communications concerning them
should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Orandon, Chilmark, Mass.
The following speakers have been engaged:—Mrs. A. P.
Brown, Feb. 7 and 14; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Feb. 21
and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Leo Street Church.
"The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10-12 A. M.

The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and
evening:—Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.;
Mrs. C. P. Fiske last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A.
Hayden, first Sunday in March; Mrs. F. J. Finney during May; Miss Martha L. Buckwith during
June.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural
Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers
engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Hayden, 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 en-
gaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 7; Uriah Clark, Feb. 14;
Mrs. L. Cogswell, Feb. 21 and 28; Miss Martha L. Buck-
with during March.

Quincy, Mass.—Musical Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and
evening. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during
February.

Foxboro'.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers en-
gaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14; Lizzie Doten, April 17
and 24.

Milford.—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 of every month; Mrs. C. A. Hayden during April, 5;
Finney during May; Miss Martha L. Buckwith during
June.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regu-
lar meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, cor-
ner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and
free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and
evening, at 12 and 1 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—
Nellie J. Temple during February; Miss Susan M. Johnson,
March 6 and 13; Mrs. S. L. Chappell, March 20 and 27;
Lizzie Doten, April 8 and 10.

Barnes, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings
every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 12 and 1 o'clock.
Lectures evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned and
conducted by them, and capable of seating six hundred
persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from
February to last of July.

New York.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday
morning, afternoon and evening, at 10-12 and 7-9 o'clock.
Meetings are free. Mrs. A. A. Currier lectures during Feb-
ruary.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every
Sunday, in Smoot's Hall, 481 9th street.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The Spiritualists have secured the
Olympic Hall, 121 N. Main street, for their meetings, and also
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