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Literary Department.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

DESERTED;

OR, THE

HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"She had hair as dark as
As the cloud of thunder,
She had brows as beautiful,
And dark eyes flashing under."

MARY HOWITT.

It was the winter of 18—, a season of unusual gaiety had dawned upon London. Pleasure held high carnival, and fashion reigned supreme, leading her votaries in one continual round of dissipation. At last, when the brilliant world had become sated in a degree, and with vitiated taste to feverishly long for something new and startling, it was wrought into a state of exciting anticipation by the announcement that a debutante was to make her appearance at the Theatre. Many and various were the reports circulated in regard to her beauty and merits.

The eventful evening at last arrived. The house was thronged at an early hour. It seemed as if the whole city had gathered there to behold the glory of the star that was destined to arise that night. It was a new play in which she was to appear. The first one or two acts were extremely dull, and elicited no applause. On the contrary, the audience looked coldly on, and murmurs of disapprobation were plainly to be heard. But in the third scene, when Bianca Terressini in all her wondrous beauty stood before them, with the fire of inspiration lighting her dark eye, and the proud lip curved haughtily, they gazed in mute admiration. When she spoke, they hung breathlessly upon every word the rich musical voice uttered. The part that she enacted was that of a loving, betrayed and forsaken woman. The story itself displayed no great talent upon the part of the author; but Bianca stamped her own intellect upon it, and raised it to the heights of fame. She flung such power and pathos, such depth of feeling and wild intensity of language into it, that she made it grand. Her acting was impassioned, vehement; her attitudes faultless. She excited her hearers. Her magic influence held them spell-bound. She thrilled them with horror, melted them to tears, and roused them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

After she had left the stage, the vast audience sat mute and motionless for an instant, and then the building rang with one long, continuous burst of applause, and cries for her re-appearance were echoed from every part of the house. The manager led her out. Garlands, choice bouquets, and even rich jewels, greeted her. She had taken their hearts by storm, and never did an actress in Theatre receive a greater ovation. While she was gracefully bowing in acknowledgment of their homage, a wreath, composed of white immortelles and green leaves, was thrown by a skillful hand, and rested lightly upon the classic head, with its magnificent sweep of ebony hair.

A murmur of admiration swelled into a shout from the crowd, as they beheld this elegant tribute bestowed upon their favorite, while Bianca, turning her soul-speaking eyes to a box on the right, beheld a young man bending eagerly forward, his face betraying that his heart, as well as hand, had crowned her queen. A smile played for an instant about her perfectly chiseled lips, and then she again withdrew. Six times was she summoned forth by the enraptured throng, and then the author was called for. In response to this request, a gentleman with a pale, careworn countenance came forward, and in a few brief words acknowledged the favor of the public. He was proud and grateful, he said, and yet he must admit that the success of the play was all owing to the genius of the Signora Terressini, and to her, therefore, belonged all praise. He had but feebly expressed his idea, but she had fathomed his feelings, and most forbiddingly portrayed them, to his great wonder and delight; and reiterating his thanks for their appreciative kindness, he retired.

There were many that now left the theatre, not choosing to remain to the afterpiece, and among these was the person who had signified his approbation of the artist's performance by placing the flowers upon her brow.

He was a fine specimen of manly beauty—tall and well-proportioned, with dark chestnut locks curling around a fair, open brow, laughing hazel eyes that danced merrily at some remark of his companion's, and a chin that betokened considerable force of character; but the mouth—which every physiognomist loves to scan—was concealed by a heavy moustache.

"Well, Mortimer," exclaimed his friend, as they reached the street, "I am eternally obliged to you for persisting in dragging me to the play, in spite of all my remonstrances. I would not have missed such a treat for the world. She is certainly destined to become a second Mrs. Siddons. Heaven! isn't she beautiful?"

"More than that, Hamilton. She's divine!" "Hail! hail! Reginald, you are really quite enthusiastic. By the way, that was a capital bit of yours—crowning her. Strange that I could not have thought of it, but you always were a lucky dog—forever doing some curious thing in a cool, off-hand way, leaving us poor fellows in the lurch. It is that, I believe, that makes you so very popular with the ladies."

"Very likely," was the laughing reply. "My confidence amuses them; they do not like bashful men, you know. But jesting aside, Arthur, with

regard to the wreath, I did that on the impulse of the moment. She was every inch a queen, and bore herself right royally."

"Take care, my boy; you are treading on dangerous ground. Just imagine how Miss Clarendon would arch her pretty eyebrows if she heard you extolling an actress in that style."

"Nonsense, Arthur. Where's the harm in my speaking a few words in praise of the charming Bianca? As to the lady you refer to, I can't conceive as it can make any possible difference to her, anyway."

"Why, Reginald, I am astonished! Is it possible that you mean to say that you are not in earnest in your attentions to that quarter? Why, Mrs. Grundy has talked as though it was a settled thing."

"Well, she's a meddlesome old woman, and do not know any better than to trouble herself about other people's business. As for Mary Clarendon, I have enjoyed her society as a friend, but the thought of making her my wife never entered my head; nor do I think she has ever viewed herself in any such light. With all my faults, I am not so conceited as to believe that every lady that smiles upon me is desperately in love with Reginald Mortimer. Miss Clarendon is agreeable, entertaining, and all that, but I do not fancy blondes."

"More! do hear the boy talk! Why, only last week you could not endure brunettes. I see how it is: that lovely, bewitching actress has really turned your brain."

"Do be reasonable, Hamilton. Your remarks are very ill-timed. Is it so essential that I should be smitten by some one? Why do not you say that Cupid shot one of his arrows from the eyes of that little flower-girl that we met this morning? It would about equal your other absurdities."

"Well, well, old boy, I meant no offence; but when you are so marked in your expressions of admiration, why, what's a fellow to think, I should like to know? By the way, have you heard from home lately?"

"Yes, I had a letter from my sister this morning. She says that there are gay times in Richmond this winter. She also complains that you are exceedingly negligent about writing, and adds that she shall begin to think that your heart has swerved from its old allegiance, if she does not hear from you soon. In revenge for your talk to-night, I have a great mind to inform her of the numberless flirtations that you are carrying on. A pretty record it would make for your betrothed to scan, I'm thinking."

"Oh, may the gods appease your wrath, and turn aside your vengeance! You know I would not lose Eva for the world. In all our travels I have never met her equal, and I say, God speed the day that makes her my wife; but I do so hate to write. It is perfect martyrdom for me to hold a pen; but I'll send her a letter to-morrow, although I very much fear that I shall not survive the operation. But I have an engagement in here, so I'll bid you good-night, as I suppose you will be in the land of dreams ere I see you again. I hope you will enjoy yourself!"

And with a parting salutation the young man turned away, leaving Reginald to pursue his walk to the hotel alone.

"Pshaw! What a fool I am, to be so captivated by that face," muttered the latter, as he sat in his room half an hour later. "Hamilton little thinks how true his surmises are. But it will never do. I must throw off the spell that she has cast over me. What! shall I be said that a Mortimer wedded an actress?—that the mistress of Moss-Side played in a theatre? Never! Oh, but she is glorious! Those dark, slumberous eyes of hers have struck a fire in my heart that none ever had the power to kindle there before; but I must smother it. Never did such a radiant vision cross my path, and I have beheld beautiful women of every clime. Was it decreed that I should meet my destiny in the person of Bianca Terressini? No! what nonsense for me to talk in this strain. Probably she is already betrothed. I shall begin to think that Arthur was right, and that she has indeed turned my brain. Hail! hail! that is a good joke! Reginald Mortimer love-crazed! Why, I shall forget her in a week. And with these words, he turned off the gas and sought his couch.

Bianca Terressini was the fashion now. Night after night—Theatre was crowded by an enraptured throng, to witness her matchless acting. With each play she rose in power and sublimity, surpassing all her former grandeur. Who shall say that her audience were not enraptured by the influence she cast over them, when she painted heroism, truth, devotedness and lofty self-abnegation in such vivid colors?

In the meantime, Reginald Mortimer—in spite of his determination to the contrary—had sought and obtained an introduction to the actress, and every evening he sat an eager listener, drinking in the music of her tones. Soon the proud heart beat faster at his approach, and a new light shone in the dark, fathomless eyes. At last he became her inspiration, for amid the vast sea of faces before her, only his met her gaze. His praise was sweeter to her ear than the applause of millions. She loved with all the wild abandon of her passionate Italian nature, and the handsome young American forgot his aristocratic family, his haughty, unyielding father, his cold, stately mother, and his proud, beautiful sister, as he basked in the sunshine of her smile. Ah, then and there he planted the seeds, the fruit of which was to embitter his whole life.

CHAPTER II.

"Be sure you look before you leap,
For as you sow, you're like to reap."

DITTES.

Arthur Hamilton noted his friend's devotion to the beautiful actress with ill-concealed anxiety; but knowing by experience that his proud, passionate nature would brook no interference in his plans and purposes, he made no comments, trusting that after a time some new object would captivate his wayward fancy; but one day, considera-

bly nettled by some fresh bit of scandal, he forgot his resolves, and started for Reginald's room, determined to remonstrate with him.

He found that individual deeply engaged in perusing the play in which Bianca had appeared, with her usual brilliant success, on the previous evening.

"Ah, come in old boy. So you were not at the theatre last night?" was the greeting that he received. "You can't think what you lost. Signora Terressini surpassed herself. Some of the royal household were present, and I understand they expressed themselves as highly delighted with the entertainment."

"I should really like to know if, sleeping or waking, your mind ever reverts to anything besides that girl," replied Arthur, in imminent danger of losing his temper.

His friend flushed angrily, but said, with forced calmness:

"My thoughts are my own, and it is perfectly immaterial to others what object inspires them. Remember that in future, if you please."

"Come, come, Reginald, you can't bluff me off in that style. I don't intend to quarrel; but I came in to have a serious talk with you. The fact is you do not know what you're about."

"Indeed! and how long is it since you arrived at that sage conclusion, if I may be allowed to inquire?"

"Ever since you became so desperately enamored with a low-born actress, as to have eyes and ears for no one else," was the cool response.

"Arthur!" exclaimed his companion, almost choking with rage, "you presume too much upon our friendship. Dare to make another such remark as that, and I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"Only speak for your good, Reginald, and you but betray your weakness if you cannot listen calmly to whatever I may say. If you have a spark of honor in your composition, or any respect for the lady in question, who, by your thoughtlessness, is made the subject of so many scandalous remarks, cease to follow her with your attentions."

"What! do they dare to speak in derision of one who is as pure as an angel? Show me the villain, and I'll make him at his words; or, perhaps it is some dainty, petted, darling of society who thus draws her garments shudderingly aside. What does she know of temptation? I tell you, Arthur, that Bianca walks through a fiery furnace, and her white robes are not even singed."

"Then you constitute yourself her champion, do you? What am I to understand by that?"

"Anything you please. I should like to inquire, however, who made you my keeper? My patience is nearly exhausted."

"Reginald, dear old hum, my head is clearer than yours at this moment, and I must show you the dangerous position in which you are placed. After doing so, and using all the arguments in my power to induce you to retrace your steps, if you then still insist upon pursuing your headlong course, why, I promise you that I will trouble you no longer with my interference."

"Well, drive ahead, my boy. I can't see, though, for the life of me, what you are aiming at. Some meddlesome old gossip has prepared a dose that you, good, innocent soul, have been just fool enough to swallow, I suppose. So spit it out, and relieve your mind, if possible."

"I heartily wish it were only one of Mrs. Grundy's reports. Are you really in earnest in your attentions to Bianca Terressini? Has a Mortimer so far forgot himself as to sue for the hand of an actress? By your own acknowledgment, she will never be anything to you unless you do give her your name; but I beg of you to pause and reflect before you take that important step. You very well know, that did you contract such an alliance as that, your father's rage would be terrible. Pride would conquer love, and you would be disinherited immediately. Could you bear to know that your ancestral halls had passed into the hands of another?—that beautiful Moss-Side was yours no longer? No; you could not endure it, and you will be Bianca's portion if she does accept you. I understand you better than you understand yourself. Now in your wild infatuation, money and all that sort of thing weighs very lightly in the balance against your love for her; but poverty is a hard master, especially to a person of your fastidious tastes and luxurious habits, and after a time you would tire of her, and question whether she were worth the sacrifice you had been obliged to make in order to possess her. What do you know of the realities of life, nursed as you have been in the lap of wealth? Then take the advice of an old friend before it is too late. Pause now, before you become inextricably entangled. She is beautiful and talented, and did she occupy the station that Nature designed her to fill, any man might be proud to call her wife; but now it is madness for you to even desire, much less to try, to win her."

Reginald's face had flushed with indignation, and grown white with rage while his companion was speaking, but now he said, with a sneer:

"Well, Arthur, I'm astonished. If you have not talked five consecutive minutes without pausing. Wonders never will cease; henceforth I shall make up my mind not to be amazed at anything. I can't understand the secret of your eloquence, though; have you tipped the bottle lately? Perhaps you have turned Methodist, and concluded to become a preacher, and so decided to practice a little upon me."

Arthur Hamilton's face burned now, but he said, deprecatingly:

"Don't jest, Reginald. It is a matter of vital importance to me, if not to you. Have we not been just like brothers these many years? Then the thought of Eva would not let me sit tamely by and see you ruin your prospects for life, and make no attempt to save you," and the honest fellow's eyes actually filled with tears in his earnestness; but the hot-headed youth before him was regardless of this, as he exclaimed:

"And it is on her account, Hamilton, that I have resisted the impulse to knock your words down your throat, and restrained myself from assisting you out of the room with the toe of my boot. Heavens! do you think there is another person in the wide world that could read me such a lecture as that with impunity? No; and I should advise you not to attempt it again. Am I not possessed of sufficient judgment, think you, to take care of myself? Upon my soul, I can't but help exclaiming, 'Consistency thou art indeed a jewel,' when I remember your countless flirtations, and then think of your terrible concern with regard to my harmless admiration of the bewitching actress. Can't I enjoy the society of a pretty woman without desiring to possess her? I am sure I would not hurt a hair of her head, and as for taking her to Virginia, and introducing her to my aristocratic relations as my wife, why, of course, that idea is not to be entertained for an instant, even if I could descend so low in the social scale as to do that. So, old boy, spare that tender heart of yours any further pangs on my account. Never fear but what Reginald Mortimer understands the proprieties of life."

Oh, Bianca Terressini! better, far better had it been for you and him if your spirit could have been clairvoyant at that moment, and listened to those words. Pride would have smothered love then, and fiercely trampled on every spark of tenderness which that handsome face had kindled; and after a time Pence, like a white dove, might have folded its wings again in thy heart—but it was not so to be.

"Well," responded Arthur, with an appearance of relief, "I am glad that my fears were groundless. I was extremely anxious, though. Somehow the fair creatures do circumvent us wonderfully at times; but I might have known that you were altogether too wise to get caught in such a matrimonial noose at that. By the way, I begin to want to see Eva and the rest of the folks. We've been wanderers now for two years. What do you say to taking the next steamer for home?"

"Hail! I see how it is. You want to return like the prodigal son, and have the fatted calf killed, and felicitate yourself that in the merry-making consequent, Eva, at your earnest entreaties and the pleadings of her own heart, will consent to exchange her maiden name for the more euphonious one of Hamilton. Ah, you are blushing like a school-girl. I see I've hit the nail on the head. You can go if you want to, but really, I am very comfortable here, and I don't see the necessity of change on my part."

"Why, Reginald, do you think that I would sail without you? When we left home, did we not promise that we would never desert each other in whatever position we were placed? I confess that I have been indulging in some such dream as you painted, but I am not so selfish as to wish to leave you here alone."

"My dear fellow, I will not permit any such sacrifice on my account. First, let me tell you a secret that will explain my aversion to returning now. When I was ten or eleven years of age, and Ida Cleveland an infant in her nurse's arms, our fathers—like obstinate, self-willed governors that they were—conceived the absurd idea of uniting their fortunes together in us; so, in imitation of the English style, we were betrothed. The consequence was that we grew up with a mutual dislike. It is six years since I saw her. She was then a young girl in pantalettes. Pretty and amiable enough, for aught I know; but bah!—this having your voice picked out for you without your having any voice whatever in the matter, may do for some folks, but it won't for me. Now you see that I know very well that my father will not give me a minute's peace after I get home, until I have fulfilled that contract."

"Ah, perhaps Ida may object also; oh, Reginald!"

"No danger of that, I guess," and the young man cast a complacent glance at himself in the mirror.

"Oh, dear! what a bundle of conceit," laughed Arthur. "Now I'll wager a dozen bottles of Champagne, that you'll fall desperately in love with her the first time that you see her."

"I accept. It is a very foolish bet, though; you are certain to lose."

"I'm not so sure of that; time will tell. But jesting aside, I don't wonder that you dislike such an arrangement. I'd rebel against any such interference in my affairs. I should think that Mr. Cleveland and your father must have been addicted to novel reading at that time, or they would never have been so romantic as to start such a ridiculous scheme. Did your mother like it?"

"Oh, yes; she has not neglected her part in forwarding the plan. So now you see why I do not care to leave Europe at present. Probably I shall be disinherited if I refuse to marry her; but I'll put off the evil day as long as possible. I will not stand in the way of your happiness, however; so I hope you will go, if you desire to."

"Thank you; then I guess I will, for I am really longing for a sight of the familiar faces across the ocean. I should enjoy your company first; but I do not blame you for not wanting to go. Well, I suppose I must begin to pack up my trunks. The steamer sails to-morrow."

Arthur Hamilton—good, simple soul—might not have been so well pleased had he seen the gleam of satisfaction that lit his friend's face as he passed out, or heard his muttered exclamation as the door closed after him.

"Hallelujah! Was ever anything so fortunate?" was Reginald's exultant thought. "I could shout for joy. Here I've been racking my brains to think how I could possibly get rid of him, and he proposes to leave of his own accord. He has not the shadow of a suspicion but what I have been as frank and open as the day with him. Well, I shall breathe more freely when he has gone. He is the only spy over my movements. Good-fellow enough in his way, but I do not think he'd hesitate an instant to report me to father, if

he thought it was his duty. Hail! I never once thought that I should succeed so admirably in throwing dust into his eyes. I could but smile at his pretended knowledge of myself. He does not understand me well enough to know when once I have determined upon a course, opposition cannot change me. I love Bianca, and no power on earth shall prevent my making her my wife. After all, what are the distinctions of rank but the foolish pride of us vain mortals? Is she not as noble as the highest lady in the land? Where can I find her equal in graces of person, mind, or heart? My darling will consent to a secret marriage I feel confident, for I cannot brave my father's wrath, my mother's scorn, and my sister's reproaches at present. When the proper time comes, how proudly will I acknowledge her before the world!"

CHAPTER III.

"There is a fire within—I feel it now—
A smouldering mass of strong imaginations,
That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,
And vent their blazing lava on my tongue."

Tennyson.

Completely blinded by his friend's plausible explanation, Arthur Hamilton sailed at the appointed time without the slightest misgiving, and Reginald, freed from the restraint of his presence, revelled in his new-found liberty, giving himself wholly up to the delirium that possessed him. His dark, handsome face, winning manner, and captivating smile, made him a conqueror, wherever he went; who can wonder, then, that Bianca, moved by his pleadings, and loving him as only natures like hers can love, disregarded the warning voices of reason and prudence, and consented to a secret marriage—the ceremony to be performed at the conclusion of her present engagement.

The night of her last appearance arrived. Never was Theatre so densely crowded. It seemed as if all London had flocked to behold their favorite for the last time.

The orchestra commenced the overture, which was decidedly fine, but the audience was apparently deaf to its merits. At last a welcoming burst of applause announced that Bianca had appeared. Her beauty seemed almost superhuman; as she stood there in her floating robes of white, with the weird light flashing in her eyes. The play was a new one, and most singularly appropriate. The heroine, a famous actress, is beloved by a nobleman, and at his solicitation, consents to a secret marriage. She leaves the stage, and for a time, in her luxurious home, she knows the bliss of heaven. At last the husband woos of his low-born bride, and absents himself for months together. Grief and sorrow do their work, and the beautiful features become prematurely faded. Soon Rumor, with her poisonous tongue, whispers in the ear of the forsaken wife that her hidden one is paying attention to a lady in his own rank in life. It is her death-blow; but with something of her old fire, she rouses her falling energies, and disguising herself, goes forth to prove the truth of the report. She sees them together; beholds the love-light in his eye, brighter than any that she ever kindled; marks the tender, rapt look on his companion's face, and then, with her pallid lips framing a curse, she totters away; but her heart is broken, and her life ebbs away in the crimson stream that gushes from her mouth.

During the first few scenes Bianca was calm and tranquil. What love and tenderness she lavished on her chosen one. Then with what thrilling intensity she spoke, as doubt and distrust shot their barbed arrows into her heart. "I was faithful to watch the dying struggle of her woman's faith and trust, to see the proud, passionate nature wrecked upon the rocks of despair. Good God! can this be art? See the wild illumination in her eye; mark the blanched cheek, the quivering lip, and the faltering voice. Was ever anything so natural? How the hectic burns in her cheek; see her lips move; she is pronouncing the fearful malediction. Now she gropes blindly in the darkness, totters, sinks; rallies once again, and throwing her arms wildly in the air, falls, and blood trickles from her mouth."

"Heavens! she is dying!" cried Reginald.

"The crowd, pale and breathless the instant before, and thrilled with horror at what they considered perfect acting, now rushed tumultuously upon the stage."

She did indeed look like the bride of Death, with her pallid face and rigid form; her splendid hair, gleaming with jewels, falling in wild disorder about her. "Twas a strange scene, that left its impress on many a heart."

They conveyed her to the green-room, and a physician present offering his services, they were accepted.

Presently the manager appeared, and announced to the anxious throng, that Signora Terressini had ruptured a small blood-vessel, but was not considered in any immediate danger.

Ah! did a shadow from the Unseen smite her heart? Did the blazing torch of prophecy illuminate the future for one instant? Who can tell?

A week passed, during which all persons were strictly excluded from Bianca's sick room, with the exception of the physician and nurse.

In the meantime Reginald wandered about in a state bordering on frenzy. At last he was admitted into the loved presence. He found his betrothed reclining in an easy chair. She smiled languidly as he entered, and then a quick shiver passed through her frame. How wan and delicate she looked. The rose-colored robe, thought, relieved in a measure the almost painful pallor of her complexion. The large eyes were singularly bright, while pain had left its traces in the curve of the exquisite mouth. "Reginald flung himself down by her side with almost boyish abandon, and taking the hand that she extended, pressed it passionately to his lips."

"My darling! my sweet love!" he said fondly, "at last I behold you again. I scarcely know how

I have survived the week. You are much better now, are you not?"

"Oh yes. I am still feeble, but I hope to gain each day, and soon I trust to look and seem like my real self once more."

"You need the fresh country air. That will be the best cordial. I will strengthen you, and bring the bloom of health to that pale cheek. Oh, dearest, I shudder when I think how near I came to losing you. To think that you were ill, suffering, and I might not come to you—it was very hard. Soon, very soon, there will be none to dispute my right to watch over you. Is it not as blissful a thought to you as to me? Speak, Bianca. Why look at me so strangely?"

The shadow of a nameless terror lay in the gaze that she had riveted upon him, and now she said, in a low, impassioned voice:

"Oh, Reginald, do not deceive yourself or me. Is your love of the soul strong, high and mighty, steadfast as the stars, and as enduring as eternity? Will the waves of Time, in their ceaseless roll, never change it? Or is it a mere passing fancy, based on no surer foundation than this transient beauty?"

Awestruck by her manner, he was silent for an instant, then soothingly replied:

"My precious one, does not your own heart answer those questions? You are agitated now. Let me read you some poem that shall quiet these trembling nerves."

"No! no!" she almost shrieked, "do not beguile me by meaningless words. I must know where I stand. Are my feet on the solid rock, or is the ground that looks so fair and smooth but a treacherous swamp? Will the hour ever come when you will curse your folly in marrying me? Probe yourself, and if there is weakness or vacillation hidden in some dark recess, drag it to the light; for though I should be like a reed shaken in the stormy blast, I could give you up now, and survive the shock, but after I have laid my head upon your bosom as your wife, it would kill me to have you desert me."

"Bianca, dearest, you are inflicting needless suffering upon yourself by your remarks, besides cruelly wronging me. Can you not trust me, my jewel? I cannot conceive how I could ever exist without you; and as to loving any one else, that would be impossible. You are my soul's magnet; and other women are pleasing in my sight only as they resemble you. Now, my sweet, jealous one, are you satisfied? My heart hails you alone as its queen."

"Oh, how his voice thrilled her! Every modulation was a caress."

"Oh, my life! my king! I do believe you. Forgive my doubts. I think I am not quite myself; but I will brush away the mists that have clouded my brain. I think it must have been the play that affected me. Strange, but somehow I seemed to merge my own individuality in that of the heroine. I forgot where I was. My brain burned, my heart was wrung. Step by step I followed her in her pilgrimage, endured the same torment, and shed like scalding tears of agony. Oh God! 'twas awful! I am not naturally superstitious, and when I try to shake off the deadly fears that oppress me, and say that it was only the wild fantasies of my brain, then it seems as if a cold hand clutched at my heart-strings. Oh Reginald! Reginald! tell me again that you will never change, that another shall never be dearer to you. If you do trample on my love and life, I, like her, shall go mad, and my dying curse will follow you."

He shivered involuntarily, and the lips he pressed to hers were cold, but he said gently:

"My poor, sick dove, you have overtaxed yourself, and are now paying the penalty. Such continued excitement as you have undergone for the past two months, to say nothing of the strain upon your mental powers, has been too much for you. If it were not so, dearest, I should chide you for your want of confidence in me."

"I know that I am very foolish," she said, wearily; "but oh, it was so fearfully real! Do you know?"—sinking her voice to a whisper—"that the commencement was like us?"

"Pshaw! That's nothing! It was only a coincidence, darling. I never gave it a second thought. Neither would you, if your mind had possessed its usual healthy, vigorous tone. How can such a sad lot be yours? Why, you will ever be the most precious thing on earth to me. I never knew what it was to love until I beheld you; and your image, instead of fading from my heart, will grow brighter and brighter as the years pass. Then cheer up, darling, or I shall begin to question your affection for me. How do I know but what you wish to make this an excuse to get rid of me?"

"Oh, what a world of reproach looked from the sad eyes as she replied, in her thrilling voice:

"Oh, Reginald, I have staked my soul on your truth and loyalty, and what am I, then, if I love? If God does lay that terrible cross upon me, it will be because I have set up for myself an idol of clay. I shudder when I think what a wild, tempestuous love you have charmed into life. By its very intensity I know what hatred would be; but oh heavens! I had rather see you dead at my feet now, than think that that time will ever come. The wild beast of the forest then would not be more dangerous than I."

Then noticing his clouded brow, she said more gently:

"Bear with me, darling. I will trust you. God would not have called me from nonentity, bid me live to know this exquisite delight, and then leave me a shattered wreck upon the bench. Better, far better, to sink now into the ocean of oblivion."

"Your affection, however great, is not the perfect love that casteth out fear, it seems," he gravely rejoined.

She gave him a glance of passionate devotion, and then said, simply:

"I am only a woman, whose nature has not yet ripened into the angelic."

"I am content to take you as you are," he smilingly replied. "But now another thought suggests itself. Am I wronging you in taking you from that sphere that you are so well calculated to adorn? Will you be content with the homage of one heart? You, who have received the admiring plaudits of thousands? Do you prefer orange blossoms to the choice wreath that Fame would twine?"

How her whole countenance changed as he spoke. The hard look melted from her eyes, and a soft radiance shone in their lustrous depths. Joy painted a delicate rosette on the pale cheek, and smiles rippled over the sweet lips. Her face glowed like the dawn.

"Did you think that I cared for the praise of the idle throng?" she said, and her voice was like the musical chime of bells. "Oh, you did not understand me then. I never deceived myself as to the estimation in which I was held. I know that when they cheered me they were only venting their delight to think that I had amused them so well. I was a creature, a machine, in their eyes, whose only use was to while away an idle hour. I wrapped a mantle of cold reserve about me, and held myself proudly aloof until I knew you. Then all was changed. I became a new being. I gloried in my beauty, genius and talents, but only because they rendered me more acceptable in your

sight. I shrink now from presenting myself before the multitude, for was I not a vestal temple dedicated to you? I wished that I had been brought up in seclusion, and that no eye had ever beheld me until you, my husband, my other heart, came to claim me. Feeling so, you can imagine how insulted and degraded I felt when any rude gaze was leveled at me. Shame wrote itself in scarlet letters on my brow, whenever my name was taken upon their scoffing lips; but it was for you, not for myself, that I blushed, for I was strong in my own integrity."

Here she paused, and raised her head from his shoulder, where it had fallen in sweet confusion while she was speaking. Oh, how meek and humble that proud nature was to him!

He kissed her fondly on lip and brow, and then said, half reproachfully:

"Then why could you doubt me so, darling?"

She raised her hand, deprecatingly:

"I am in the glorious sunshine now, and it has dispelled the dismal feelings and dark forebodings. Do not cast their shadows over my heart again."

"Then you're my own Bianca once more? I am glad of it; I do not know you in that strange mood. One day you will laugh at the absurd fears that you have entertained; for, darling"—gathering her tenderly in his arms—"I swear, by my hopes of heaven, that your gloomy prophecies shall never be fulfilled. If I ever wrong you, may that wrong be visited upon me tenfold!" he paused abruptly. A shiver ran through his frame. He gazed vacantly into space, while the look of agony upon his white, fixed face, was awful.

"Reginald! Reginald! What ails you?" cried Bianca, in alarm.

"Nothing, dearest!" he replied, passing his hand over his brow. "It was only a slight spasm; I am better now. Why, poor child! you tremble like a leaf. You've had agitation enough for one day, I guess; and if I don't want to have a storm of reproaches poured upon my defenceless head by that cross nurse of yours, I had better leave. So goodbye, my sweet love."

Oh, Reginald Mortimer! did the shadow fall over your spirit also? Or did a sense of your unworthiness to mate with that great soul press upon you with crushing force in that dread instant?

CHAPTER IV.

"Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,
A bond, enduring through long-distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering;
Or when thine eye is wet with bitter tears.
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
It must be questioned in eternity."

A month passed, and one night a scene of solemn import was enacted in the little church of a quiet village. Then, and there, Reginald Mortimer and Bianca Terresini took upon themselves the marriage vows.

"Twas a strange bridal. The chapel so dimly lighted; the deep, thrilling voice of the clergyman; his wife and daughter—the necessary witnesses—standing silently in the background, and the two kneeling figures at the altar.

Outside, the sky was draped with clouds of inky blackness, rent occasionally by vivid flashes of lightning; the thunder beat its muffled drums; the wind wailed and moaned like some lost spirit, and great deluges of rain fell.

All this visibly affected the bride, and it was a ghastly face that she hid on her husband's shoulder, as they arose from the altar. He spoke a few words of endearment in her ear, then turned, and slipping a gold piece into the hands of each of their companions, thanked them courteously for their kindness, and withdrew.

They saw him lift his almost fainting wife into the carriage, spring in after her, give some order in a low, rapid tone to the coachman, and then the vehicle whirled furiously away into the darkness, leaving them to wonder and speculate over the marriage so singularly solemnized; question as to the secrecy, and shake their heads dubiously for ever after, when they thought of the pale, beautiful bride, and the dark, taciturn groom.

Oh, Reginald Mortimer! what were you, that you should stamp your image upon that mighty, struggling soul, that in its pure strivings after the high and lofty, should stay its flight with such as you?

"Twas Spring—bright, gladsome Spring—with its softly smiling skies, fragrant zephyrs, and delicate-hued flowers.

Bianca's days now seemed flooded with happiness; and if sometimes the soul almost trembled as it stood on the giddy heights of bliss, 'twas quickly strengthened by the elixir of hope and faith.

"Oh, Reginald!" she said one morning, "I almost wish to die. Everything fills me with such rapture, that it is akin to pain, and the old haunting thought will intrude, that it cannot last, and I would pass on now, while the sunshine is so glorious, rather than behold the darkening cloud."

"Nonsense, darling!" he rejoined, kissing the lids down over the darkly splendid eyes; "why will you not enjoy life as you go along, and let the future take care of itself. It will laugh in your face one of these days. Would you go to the arms of Death, my sweet one, and leave me desolate?"

"No; I did not intend to go alone," she returned, with one of her beaming glances.

He laughed.

"Well, I've no desire to mingle with the pale throng at present, so we'll dismiss the subject and talk of something a little less ghostly. To-morrow we start upon our travels, and oh, with how much greater zest shall I enjoy them with you by my side, than when I wandered there with Hamilton. How I shall delight to watch your cheek glow, and your eye flash, and listen to the wild enthusiasm that will leap in words of thrilling eloquence to your lips. 'Twill be then that your rich, poetic nature will drink its fill."

He was right. Her soul did bow in adoration; but it realized that it stood in the presence of the Unseen, and as language is finite, she had no speech.

She felt the awful sublimity of the Alpine peaks, as they towered their majestic, ice-crowned forms heavenward. She gazed with dazzled eyes upon the deadly glaciers shining height; knelt, hushed and breathless, by a tranquil mountain-lake, listening to the anthem of the stars; beheld purple crags, like giant sentinels, and dashing cataracts with their white crests; rambled with reverent feet amid the moss-grown ruins on the Rhine; listened with eager interest to the legends the peasants loved to tell; with throbbing heart and kindling eye, she read of deeds heroic on sculptured marble. Ah! her spirit beheld beauty everywhere, whether in glowing landscapes, heaving sea, the chime of diamond fountains, or forest depths shaken by storms. At last, with clasped hands and tears of delight in her upturned eyes, she stood on Italy's shore—green, classic Italy—the land of her birth, with its beautiful bending sky, bright arch of hope and faith. Venice received them first. They floated through her streets at the vesper hour; saw gorgeous palaces, splendid towers, and glittering spires flash back the dying rays of day. Then music stole forth from her enchanted bowers and wove her magic spell. At last, Night gathered all things in her close embrace.

They went to Rome—Rome on her "seven hills, once mistress of the world," and now weeping over the ashes of her departed greatness. They wandered amid cathedrals and gray old ruins, where the luxuriant ivy twined in mocking contrast to decaying art; gazed on miracles of architecture achieved by the cunning hand of man; beheld forms of beauty that had sprung like magic from cold marble, and looked on canvas immortalized by souls inspired.

Then they passed to Naples; and as Bianca scanned the blue, o'er-arching heavens; felt the soft and fragrant zephyrs fan her cheek; walked in groves where Flora held her court; listened to the music of crystal rills, and marked the gaily-plumaged birds that flashed their bright hues in the sunlight, she remembered the saying, "Look on Naples and die."

Here they tarried many months. Everything that wealth and exquisite taste could produce, was lavished upon their home, until it seemed typical of paradise.

Never was Bianca so charming. The cloud had passed from her brow, and sunshine forever shone in her face.

In the meantime the theatrical world mourned the setting of the brilliant star that had shone so gloriously for a time, and soon they spoke of her with hushed tones and saddened looks, for it was rumored that she had dawned again in the bright effulgence of Eternity.

One day Bianca brought a paper to her husband, and playfully pointed to the announcement of her death.

"How do you suppose such a mistake ever happened to occur?" she inquired. "I shall begin to doubt my own identity next, for they positively affirm that I am dead and buried. How funny to be reading one's own memoirs. See what a eulogy they have pronounced upon me. I don't believe that you were aware that you had got such a remarkable prize for a wife."

"Oh, I did not need that to inform me of your many virtues," he gallily replied, as he finished reading the notice. "Rather a singular affair, truly; but I'm inclined to think that it is just as well. You have laid off your old life, and, butterfly-like, emerged into a new one. So now the last link is broken that connects you with the past; henceforth you are to know no existence but the present. Shall it not be so?"

She looked up in his face with a satisfied smile. "Your wish is my law; let it be as you desire, it is perfectly immaterial to me. I experience now the fullness of content—'tis all I ask."

"Ah!" he thought, exultingly, "she does not mistrust that I started the report. It was a wise idea, and will serve to allay suspicion, if any exists, in the minds of my friends. I scarcely deemed that the story would be so easily credited, though; but it has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Now I feel comparatively easy."

Singularly enough, at the same moment that they were discussing the subject, Arthur Hamilton's eye had fallen upon the announcement.

"Well, although I didn't wish the girl any harm," he mused, "I must say that I'm glad Reginald is delivered from her fascinations. I don't know but it was all a whim of mine, thinking that he loved her, yet anyway I shall feel better about it now."

Bianca's heart knew no want. Life's most nectarous cup was pressed to her lips, and the days flashed their golden wings by unheeded. Her husband, though, possessed no plummet where-with to sound the depths of her nature. There were rare and priceless treasures there, to which the wealth of India was as dust. Her meek, subservient and passionate devotion, were fostering the buds of selfishness in his soul, until they were almost ready to blossom.

She never ventured outside the grounds that surrounded their villa, as he had especially requested her to confine her walks within those limits. She never thought of questioning his commands, only yielded a sweet obedience, rather lifting for him to place restrictions upon her, that she might testify her love for him by her cheerful compliance with his demands.

Gradually, however, he grew weary of the monotony of his life. He had gained his coveted possession, and now he sighed for more worlds to conquer. So, after a time, he absented himself for whole days.

He was the soul of the gay company in which he mingled, and he was not slow to discover the eagerness with which he was welcomed, nor how bright eyes grew softer and pale cheeks bloomed at his approach.

Sometimes his conscience smote him, as with tender words and looks he fed the dangerous flame in lovely maidens' hearts, but he endeavored to quiet it, by saying:

"Hang it all! I must have some amusement. I don't care a snap for any of these girls, and I wouldn't exchange my Bianca for the whole lot; but then that needn't hinder my having a little fun. I can't settle down into a stupid dolt, just because I'm a married man. I'm in a terrible awkward situation, anyway, and I don't see how I'm ever going to get out of it. I actually shake in my boots every time that I get a letter from home, for fear that they have got wind of the affair, somehow. What if Arthur should be right, and I have done a foolish thing?"

He often returned very moody and irritable, but his wife never reproached him, only trying in a thousand winning ways to cheer and comfort him.

One evening she said:

"Reginald, here is a note that was left for you this morning."

He took it, opened it, ran his eye over its contents, and then placed it in his desk without comment.

"What is it?" she inquired, contrary to her usual custom.

"Only an invitation to a fete on the grounds of a neighboring villa."

"Am I not included?"

He arched his eyebrows.

"You? Of course not. The lady would not be apt to mention you."

"Indeed! and may I inquire why not?" she retorted, stung by his manner.

"Well, in the first place, she is one who prides herself upon her strict morality, and"—casting a curious glance at her—"I fancy that she thinks you have no right to bear my name."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at her feet, she would not have been more astonished. The hot, indignant blood rushed in great waves over her face, while her eyes shot forth vivid lightnings.

"Oh, Reginald! and you allow her to labor under such an impression as that, and make no attempt to correct it? Think of the implied stain upon your character, to say nothing of the obloquy and reproach cast upon me."

"Oh, well, my dear, it isn't worth while to distress yourself about anything of that sort. As long as our consciences approve our conduct, we should be entirely indifferent to the remarks of the world."

"But you will certainly not accept the invitation?"

"I do not know," he replied, with provoking nonchalance. "They are excellent people, and give

splendid parties. I may saunter over there for a little while on that day. Everything will be done on a grand scale, I can assure you; but we'll talk no more about that now. It is a very trifling affair to what this is." And he tossed an open letter into her lap. Mechanically she took it up and glanced her eye over it. It ran thus:

"MOSS-SIDE, SEPT. 18T, 18—

MY DEAR SON, REGINALD:

I particularly desire that you will return home immediately on the receipt of this. Have you no love, no affection for us, my boy, that you tarry abroad so long? Surely, your childhood's scenes possess some charms for you; if not, then obey the call of duty. I am growing old and feeble, and am liable to be called hence at any time, and it is the dearest wish of my heart to see you by my side once more. It was a grievous disappointment to both your mother and myself that you were not present at your sister's wedding. Ida Cleveland was first bridesmaid, and if I am not much mistaken, she felt as badly as we did that her partner was not forthcoming. Eva was very much vexed that all her nicely arranged plans should be frustrated on your account. The young couple have not yet returned from their bridal tour through the Northern States. You can imagine, therefore, how sad and lonely we are, bereft of both our children. Hasten, then, thou transient, to show thy smiling face in the old homestead, and thus make glad the heart of

Thy loving father, ALVIN MORTIMER."

"Well, what's a fellow to do, I should like to know?" exclaimed Reginald, impatiently, as his wife laid the missive down without speaking; "come, don't be sulky, birdie, over that other small matter."

"Am I over?" she said, reproachfully, as she came and seated herself upon his knee.

"No, darling! I was a brute to tell you what I did; but, you see, that confounded thing tormented me almost to death, and I wanted something to vent my spleen on."

"Well, please don't make me the object again. Those cruel words were worse than a dagger-stroke."

"Oh, you little, foolish thing! they were not worth minding. But come, what do you advise me to do with regard to this doleful letter?"

"Oh, I don't wonder that the poor old man wants to see you, dear! His only son, too! it must be very hard. Your mother, also, how her heart must yearn over you. Really, I can't conceive any other way than to acknowledge our marriage."

"Botheration! that's just as much wit as your sex have got!" he petulantly exclaimed, pushing her from him. "You want to go to work in regular woman fashion and kick the dish over the first thing. That would be a nice mess, wouldn't it? I thought you had more sense than to suggest anything of that kind. Might as well cut our throats, right off, and done with it. No; I tell you, Bianca, he would disinherite me instantly. Let me see; I guess I can contrive some plausible excuse that will pacify him."

"But the sword will continue to be suspended over our heads," she bitterly returned. "I am tired of all this subterfuge. When will it end?"

"I am sure, that is more than I can tell," was the gloomy response. "You should have thought to ask that question before you became Mrs. Mortimer."

"Oh, Reginald! I did! and you solemnly assured me, that, although your father would be very angry at first, he would soon become reconciled."

"I know I did," he said, half laughing with the recollection. "You see, dearest, I believed that any stratagem was fair in love, and as there was only one obstacle that prevented my capturing my prize, why of course I took care to remove it, or, at least, to represent that I had done so, which answered the same purpose."

"But was it honorable?" she rejoined, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, I never stopped to consider that," he lightly replied. "I obtained my jewel, and placed it in a brilliant setting, and now, if we are only cool and cautious, all will be well. I am generally so fortunate, that I feel confident something will transpire to extricate me from this scrape."

"And in the meantime we must act as though we were ashamed to show our faces," she said scornfully. "Oh, to think that I have come to this! I feel that I am a living lie! I, who ever prided myself on my truthfulness and candor. Oh, Reginald! it will eat into my heart! Let us fling fear to the winds, and go to your parents. I will trample my pride under my feet, and oh my benighted knees plead for a place in their affections. Love will inspire my tongue with more than mortal eloquence, and they cannot refuse to grant my prayer."

"Bianca! what madness is this? You do not know them, child. When their plans are thwarted, marble is not colder nor harder than their hearts."

"Well, then, meet your fate. Let them cast you off, if they choose. Are you a slave, that you should hug your chains?"

"My darling, you are talking of what you do not understand. Have you not heard the old saying, that as poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window? Well, that would prove true in our case. I am naturally a lazy dog, and can no more exist without luxuries than a fish can live without water."

She laughed.

"Well, Reginald, you should have everything that you desired, and these hands should procure them for you. I could give lessons in music, or teach painting and drawing, and I presume we should get along very nicely. It would be far better than living as we now do, anyway."

"Bianca, if you love me, never insult me by making another such proposal as that!" exclaimed her husband, starting up and pacing the floor with rapid strides. "Did you think that I would demean myself by consenting to such a wild scheme? No; a Mortimer will never descend so low as that! Don't trouble yourself any more. I guess I can manage it. I shall write home as though I'd never received this letter."

His wife sighed, but made no reply. Lo! the cloud had appeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO RIGHT.

Though earthly interests take flight,
Or job upon the sod;
Still dare thou ever to "do right,"
And leave the rest to God.
Do what thy duty calls each day,
Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers thy frenzied foes
Roll on thee like a flood,
And weave a subtle web of woes—
They cannot harm the good;
The clouds and shadows here, you have,
Project a glory to the grave.

Do right! and bravely bear each blow;
A blessing will be given;
If not in this bleak world below,
In yonder smiling Heaven.
Walk in the way by virtue trod,
Do right and leave the rest to God."

"PNEUMA."

Written for the Banner of Light.

GALLIEE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Jesus! thy saints have waited long
For rounded sky and wrath divine,
When thou shalt come with angel throng,
And in the pomp of glory shine.
But holler than such cloud, throne,
Thy watch and wait, beside the sea,
When midnight stars in beauty shone
On the still waves of Galliee.

The ministers of pride and power
Have marked the change in human things;
And seen, in some propitious hour,
Thy kingdom patronized by kings.
But nearer to thy heart was laid
The humble learner at thy knee,
Drinking the gracious words that made
The night divine on Galliee.

Grandly the skill of Art may show,
In pictured wall and chanted hymn;
Where high, barbaric windows throw
Strange light into the chancel dim.
A scene of simpler art was thine—
The song of maidens by the sea,
And fishers' nets, in bended line,
Along the shore of Galliee.

The foxes find a sure retreat
In holes upon the mountain's crest;
Where the green olive branches meet,
The birds have built their sheltered nest.
The cows and sheep, since night began,
Homeward from woods and hills have sped,
And left them to the Son of Man,
Who has not where to lay his head.

Oh Christ! whatever men may say,
They, not thyself, in pride have grown;
And let them not expect the day
When they shall see thee on a throne;
Nor wish for wonder and for sign,
But thy approving glance to see,
From eyes whose light of love divine
Outshines the stars on Galliee!
Onwego, N. Y., 1864.

Original Essays.

TRI-UNITY; OR THE HARMONIAL MAN.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

That conception of the Divine which comes simply from the religious in man, will not and cannot satisfy us, fashioned in the image of the All-Beautiful. Nor, on the other hand, can any single sight of man himself fill the complement of his own full-orbed perception of what he himself is. Nay, we will not rest satisfied with the as yet incomplete representation of Him Infinite. To intellectually and philosophically affirm that the Divine is the Great First Cause, is well; to declare, religiously, that he is a Father, is well; to say that the All-Useful is, in a practical sense, an Infinite Architect or an Almighty Actor, is well—but do we stop here? Let us go back on our own tracks somewhat. And though we understand, at the start, that the Infinite Esse is *secedo*—not simply a Masculine Spirit of Fatherhood, but, likewise, a feminine form in Nature of Motherhood—we will not be content. A finer analysis and a deeper and truer presentment may open to the searching view. There are alternate internal and external aspects to be had both of man and God.

Why did not Jesus, once the Christ of Love, but now the Christ of Love, Wisdom and Truth, these three, affirm, when in the physical form, of God the Motherhood, first of all? So essentially feminine and maternal himself, he could easily have grasped that fact. But the age of forceful man would not let him. Besides which, he extended an individual relationship of himself with the Christ-Angel and relative individual God over this planet, and who in every prime sense of characteristic was his psychologically fashioning, as he was his spiritual, Father, into a Universality of acceptance. Or, if he did not see it, others after him did it for him. Now see—scientifically, and so by necessity at last religiously, centers are first, and finer and feminine; circumstances next, and not so fine and masculine. Centers are attractive, like beautiful women; circumstances forceful, like strong men. Therefore, in the more interior, in the subtler and more essential sense, God is Mother first, next Father. Let us pray, then, to God the Infinite Mother, very tender, overbrooding, drawing us to Her, filling us, interpenetratingly, with the sweet magnetism of Her life, as well as next to Him, the Great Method, who regulates and coordinates and distributes the everlasting flow. Thus, in the internal sense, woman is first and more potential; but in the external sense man is chief.

Hence, then, the soul of the child Human, a celestial magnetic and principled Unit as it is—being both feminine and masculine—is feminine first. All souls are alike—dual and equal. It is position, I think, in the spiritual matrix, attractive and receptive of it at the seventh embryonic month, that determines, along with the bias of sex conferred by parents, the masculinity or femininity of after individuality.

But, back on to the Divine again, before forward on to the Human—what still exhibits? A dynamic mathematics arrests us. Men did not manufacture Numbers; they only discovered them. So, I say the Naught (0), out of which, as from an infinite circle, comes all numerical expression, and which in one sense is not anything, but in another sense is all things, expresses the Divine Personality. God

THE BOSTON DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM, BETWEEN REV. JOSEPH T. CURRY, SECOND AD- VENTIST, AND MOSES HULL, LATE CONVERT FROM ADVENTISM TO SPIRITUALISM.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

This long-expected and exciting oral controversy commenced in East Hall on Tuesday evening, March 8th, and continued through the three following evenings. Mr. Hull for ten years having been known as a most zealous and popular Advent minister, with a wide reputation as a controversialist, having held several public discussions with Orthodox clergymen, with Infidels, and likewise Spiritualists; and Mr. Curry being well known as one of the ablest Advent ministers in Boston—the public anticipated a discussion of unusual interest. In August, 1862, while Mr. Hull and another Advent minister were traveling with the great Advent tent in Michigan, and holding protracted meetings in Ionia, he came in contact with Uriah Clark, who was then itinerating in that State. The Spiritualists of Ionia invited Mr. Hull to meet Mr. Clark. The preliminaries were arranged for a discussion three evenings in the great tent. The disputants had never met till they were introduced to each other on the platform at the opening of the discussion. A warm season ensued, and nearly two thousand people were in attendance. How far Mr. Hull felt himself overborne by the weight of argument and evidence Mr. Clark poured down on him and the audience, the reporter is not prepared to say; but Mr. Clark told him on the following day that he would soon find himself on the wrong track, and be switched off by invisible hands. Mr. Hull after this held but one more discussion against Spiritualism, and that was with W. F. Jamieson, at Paw Paw, Mich., during which the celestial influxes came down on him with such irresistible convictions that he grew pale with alarm, and soon, like Saul of Tarsus, found it useless to attempt any resistance to the punctures of conscience. In arming himself for the overthrow of Spiritualism, he found himself overthrown by overwhelming evidence.

This discussion with Mr. Curry was the first in which Mr. Hull had engaged since his spiritual conversion. In age, the disputants seemed well matched, both being about thirty years old. But in temperament, there was a striking difference. Mr. Curry is rather fair-complexioned, with fine, spiritual features, but excitable and not self-commanding. Mr. Hull has a stern, bilious, positive, unchangeable, good-natured, enthusiastic, engine sort of a look, as much as to say, "Look out! I'm on the track, loaded full, under motion, do n't want to hurt anybody—but get off the track!"

The disputants having selected Dr. H. F. Gardner as Chairman, he announced the

QUESTION: *Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communing with the inhabitants of earth?*

Mr. Hull affirmed, and Mr. Curry denied the question. On the first evening, the speakers each spoke twice, half an hour each time. On the three other, each spoke three times, giving only twenty minute speeches.

FIRST SPEECH OF MOSES HULL.

He began hoping that his Bro. Curry, as well as himself, entered this discussion feeling the great issues involved, and resolving to manifest none other than the most fraternal spirit, and dispassionate desire to elicit nothing but truth. He hoped the audience would allow him and Mr. Curry to conduct the debate as they had agreed, and he would have none interrupt or interfere, or manifest any applause on either side. It was the first time he had ever discussed in defence of Spiritualism, but he felt himself sustained by invisible hosts as he had never felt before on entering the controversial arena. He could now invoke celestial aid, and feel assured of direct inspirations from the highest sources of angelic wisdom, truth and love. The question before them was the great question of immortality, one on which hang all our hopes and interests as intelligent beings. Is man immortal? Adventism says no; Spiritualism, yes. Prove the affirmative of this question, and Spiritualism is virtually proved, and Adventism, and all other opposingisms, go by the board. He should first base the immortality of man on the paternity of God and the brotherhood of the race. Acts xvii: 24, etc., was cited, wherein Paul quotes from Hebraean poets in confirmation of the Christian hypothesis that man is the "offspring" of Deity, and all are of one "blood," one kindred, one family. If God is immortal, immortality is inherent to his "offspring." Mat. ii: 10 was quoted: "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" It was maintained that God was "father" and "creator" of man in a sense peculiarly significant; he was never called father of the brute creation. Eph. iv: 4, etc.: "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. No language could be more palpable than this, in support of the spiritual and immortal relationship and likeness of Deity and his intelligent creation. Num. xvi: 22: "God of the spirits of all flesh." Language similar to this is frequently found in the Bible, and is explicit in indicating the eternal relation of man. Heb. xii: 9, God is called "the Father of spirits." I. Tim. i: 17, God is called the "king, eternal, immortal," etc. I. Tim. vi: 16, "King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality," etc. Immortality being the central and essential attribute of the great Father, the same attribute belongs to his offspring. An immortal Father of necessity can beget none other than an immortal offspring.

The second proposition of Mr. Hull was that there could be no future unless immortality was inherent in man. How can the dead be raised unless man has within him the elements of the resurrection, or the elements of immortal life? Luke, x: xxvii, etc., was quoted to show that in the resurrection, or in the spirit-world, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For God is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him." Here is conclusive evidence of an unbroken relationship between God and man. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were long before gone from earth, yet God was called their God; God could be God of only what existed; since he was still their God, they must still be in existence; he was the God of all, therefore all must exist forever; all live in him. The expression, "are raised" proves, not a future, general, simultaneous resurrection, but present and continuous.

FIRST SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He hoped the discussion would be conducted in the spirit of charity. He responded cheerfully to introductory remarks of Mr. Hull. In his own strength, he felt himself, but poorly able to do jus-

tice to the great question involved; nor should he look to finite, human spirits for aid; he should look direct to God, and call on him, and expect the help of his holy spirit. He would not deny the interposition of celestial beings; he fully believed in spiritual aids and influences, but not as Spiritualists believed. There might be some difference of opinion between him and some of his Advent brethren. The ground he occupied was independent, but he should seek to be guided by the spirit of God.

The fact that man was called the "offspring" of God, afforded no proof of immortality. In one sense, God is the father of all things, but that does not prove that all things are immortal. Because he is said to be the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," we have no evidence in favor of the affirmation. The word spirit, or spirits, does not imply immortality; the primary meaning of the word spirit warrants nothing positive in proof of indestructible existence. Various passages were cited in illustration of this position. Admitting God was father of Adam and all the human race, and what then? The first man, Adam, was the earth, earthy; the second man was the Lord from heaven. Eternal life and immortality came only through Christ. This was the drift of the whole New Testament; no life out of Christ. Faith in Jesus and in his resurrection were essential. "I am the way, the truth and the life." God sent his son into the world that all who would believe might live and have eternal life. Primarily, immortality belonged to God alone, as had been quoted from Timothy. That immortality would be transmitted to man only through Jesus Christ. Those who would inherit immortality, must seek it. Rom. 2: vii, Christ to the Sadducees on the resurrection, Luke 20: xxvii, etc., did not allude to all men; the language used did imply a present, continuous resurrection; the phrase, "are raised" might refer to the future as well as the present.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He should not attempt a full reply to all Mr. Curry had said; some irrelevant matter had been introduced. It was a strange hypothesis, to hang immortality on the contingency of mere faith. Men cannot always control their faith; they must believe in accordance with the weight of evidence presented them, and in accordance with the needs and conditions of their own nature. Spiritualists do not rest on mere faith. I know Spiritualism to be true; I have the evidences in my own soul, and the evidences are all around me in unmistakable demonstration. He was free to admit that the word spirit did not always primarily imply immortality. But there were striking passages which rendered this signification beyond all doubt. "God is a spirit." This is the primary element of his being, and none can doubt that the immortality of Deity is here implied if not distinctly assumed. As he is the great Father Spirit of all flesh, of all spirits, nothing can be more direct or conclusive than that man is likewise immortal. There is no proof that immortality was to be transmitted exclusively through Christ, and if such proof could be adduced, it would not militate against universal immortality. All are sons or children of God in a sense akin to that in accordance with which Jesus was called the Son of God. Mr. Curry said that angelic natures were not essentially immortal. Mr. Hull again referred to Luke 20: xxvii, etc., where it was declared that in the spirit-world "they are equal to the angels—neither can they die any more." Implying that angels cannot die, or are immortal. The resurrection of the celestial, material body, was here combated by Mr. Hull, giving a running comment on 1 Cor. 16. He urged that the resurrection was spiritual. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He quoted from Luther Lee, and gave scientific facts, showing the utter impossibility of a literal resurrection of all the material bodies of every human being who had lived on earth.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He insisted that whatever Paul might teach touching the resurrection in 1 Cor. 15, he referred only to saints, Christians, believers. He was writing to the Corinthian Church. It was wholly unwarrantable to assume that Paul meant to include all mankind. But the speaker said he did not come into this discussion for the purpose of discussing the doctrine of a literal resurrection. The question under debate was here recalled. He hoped Mr. Hull would stand up to the question, and not fly off. When the present question was disposed of, he was prepared to discuss something else. He said he had already shown that neither the word "soul," nor "spirit," as used in the Bible, implied immortality. A number of Scripture phrases were cited in illustration of this. He argued that all men were under the penalty of death, and none could live forever, unless by faith and the right kind of a life here on earth they earned or merited it, or received it as a gift of God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Here several passages of Scripture were quoted to show that the wicked all "perish," are "lost" and "destroyed," they become annihilated; there is nothing in them that can be saved; no immortal principle. In no sense is man the immortal "offspring" of God, any more than are the brutes destined to perish.

SECOND EVENING.—FIRST SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He began by reviewing the argument based on the paternity of God. Like father, like son. Admit God the Father, immortal, and the same must be admitted of all his children. Man is said by the Bible to be created in the "image," the likeness of, and "after the similitude of God." In what respect? Is man, as a physical being, made in the "image" of God? Then God has a form like the human. It is evident that man is made in the image of God, as a spiritual, moral and an immortal being, and in no other sense. It would not answer to restrict the application of certain Scriptural passages to Christians or believers alone. The Fatherhood of God embraced all; there was no limitation. It was altogether an assumption to maintain that Paul meant none but saints in writing the Corinthian epistles; he charges those same Corinthians with crimes equal to those sometimes attributed to modern Spiritualists. Does he include none but Christians in 1 Cor. 15? He says, "As in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive." He is writing on the "resurrection of the DEAD"; he does not say part of the "dead," or the "sainted dead" alone, but the "DEAD"—all. Since all human beings are more or less imperfect, and fall vastly short of the Infinite Standard, we cannot reasonably base immortal issues on the comparatively slight differences existing between the characters or the deserts of those whom we call good and bad, saints and sinners. Paul, Rom. 7: speaking of himself while in a struggling condition, says there was a conflict between the "flesh" and the "spirit"—"mind," evidently then recognizing an immortal principle in his nature. In his vision, 2 Cor. 12: he says he knew not whether he was in the body or out of it. What could he have meant, unless he referred to something immortal in him-

self, capable of being out of the body? And that something was the man himself, as he calls it Job, 32: 8: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." This can refer to none other than an eternal principle. 1 Cor. 2: 11: speaking of "the spirit" in man, distinguishing between the spiritual and the material or outer. In Eph. 6: 12: we read of "spiritual wickedness in high places," an allusion to powers outside of the material. That the word "soul" sometimes signifies an immortal principle, is evident from Jas. 1: 10, where the Lord is represented as using the phrase, "My soul," &c. If Mr. Curry insists on using the terms "perish," "lost," "destroy," &c., as proof of non-immortality, or of the utter annihilation of the wicked, he will prove too much. It is said, "The righteous perish," &c. The same word is used here as in the case of the wicked, and as in the expression, the "beasts perish." The prodigal son was said to be "lost," "perishing," &c., while in a strange land.

FIRST SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He contended that all were the offspring of Deity by creation, but not by generation, and therefore none were naturally immortal. God alone "hath immortality." That declaration of Paul was conclusive and unanswerable in negation of the question under discussion. The inspired word of God through Paul could not be controverted. Paul to the Romans, already quoted, made it necessary for man to "seek immortality;" and unless he sought, and sought in the right way, through Jesus Christ, he would never realize it. 2 Tim. 1: 10, declares "life and immortality brought to light" by Jesus Christ. If "life and immortality" were inherent in man, what need was there of Christ's coming for the purpose named? Jesus never taught immortality for all. 1 Cor. 15: "This mortal shall put on immortality." Man was made in the "image" of God, only as an intelligent being. Man was the only "express image" of God. Man was Adamic and mortal in his nature. John, 17, teaches that Jesus was to bestow immortality only on those who were given to him as his disciples. It is only as we seek the divine spirit, or the spirit of Jesus, that we live and have eternal life. The terms, soul and spirit, never of themselves, signify immortality.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He was surprised to hear Mr. Curry say that everything God made, in one sense, was his offspring. Suppose he, Mr. Hull, should make a sled; would that in any sense be called his offspring? But he had a little girl at home, and there was no question about her being his offspring. If Mr. Curry's position be true, that literally none but God had immortality, neither Jesus nor angels nor any other being beside God could live forever. In such a case, Paul is made to contradict himself. The passage in Romans, suggesting the need to "seek immortality," was susceptible of a different rendering. The word "immortality" might be rendered "sincerity," and did not literally mean immortality. The fact that Christ "brought immortality to light," does not imply that he gave immortality or made men immortal, but that immortality existed, and he demonstrated it in his own person by reappearing after his death. What Jesus said to the Sadducees, "Now that the dead are raised," might be cited again, as proof. 2 Cor. 5: 1, etc., shows that Paul recognized a two-fold nature, a dual existence, the spiritual and the material. "We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He longed to be absent from the body, that he might be "present with Christ." Mr. Hull said he never could reconcile this passage with his Advent theory of non-immortality; it always used to trouble him; but in the light of Spiritualism it was now clear and beautiful, as were hundreds of other texts which were once wrapt in darkness. Mr. Hull repeated the argument based on man's being made in the image of God, and insisted in his implying immortal intelligence. Mr. Curry had said that God could not put Himself into anything He had made. Mr. Hull asked if a man could not put himself into a house which he had made. Mr. Curry very frankly withdrew his remark on that point.

Mr. Hull then went on to show that if Christ was to bestow immortality on all who were his, then all would become immortal. He cited John vi, 37: "Palm it, and xxii, and other passages, claiming all human beings as belonging to Christ, and all destined to the same glorious end. He then resumed the direct argument in favor of the affirmative. Death was described in the Bible as a departure, a going out from the body, implying an immortal spirit going out into another sphere of existence. Paul says, "The time of my departure is at hand." Peter speaks of "putting off his tabernacle" of flesh; 2 Peter 1: 14. Gen. xxxv, 8: speaks of one dying as her "soul departing her." 1 Kings xvii, alluding to the boy returned to life by the prophet, speaks of his "soul coming unto him." Eccl. xii, at death describes the transition thus: "Then shall dust return to dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

In the phrase "Seek for immortality," the word immortality is doubtless rendered rightly; "Sincerity" may be its tropical meaning, but we have no authority to insist on the tropical sense of a word where the literal sense is most obvious, as in this case. Christ brought immortality to light in the gospel, by illustrating in his resurrection the process of obtaining immortality. Without Jesus there would be no hope. All the texts Mr. Hull had quoted to prove the ultimate salvation of the whole human family, applied only to the called, the chosen of Christ, the people of God. None out of Christ can be immortal. Paul, in speaking of death as "gain," only meant that by dying he should be released from the trials and labors of his mission on earth; while in a selfish state of mind, he felt as though it would be a great gain for him to leave this world of care and trouble. The "earthly house" of which he spoke, was his physical organization, and "the house not made with hands," was what God had prepared for him in another world, not what he had within. Mr. Curry again insisted that man's being created in the image of God, meant nothing more than his being made an intelligent being a little lower than the angels, not equal to angels or God. Paul, in speaking of the offspring of God, was not addressing Epicureans, etc. So in writing the Corinthian epistles; it was evident that he did not apply the promises of the resurrection to all alike; all could not alike appreciate. The passage in Job, "There is a spirit in man," had reference only to the fact that man had mind, not immortality. "Spiritual wickedness in high places," was altogether irrelevant to the question.

THIRD SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

It makes no difference whether the "Spiritual wickedness in high places" refers to spiritual agencies in or out of the form; this passage recognizes something spiritual among the wicked, show-

ing that the elements of the spiritual and immortal are not confined to saints. He argued that "sincerity" was the most appropriate rendering of the word which stood for immortality in the passage, "seek for immortality."

Mr. Curry wants to know the use of Christ's bringing immortality to light, if it already existed. You might just as well ask the use of bringing to light the treasures found in California, if those treasures really exist. The resurrection spoken of in the New Testament is the result of immortality, and not the cause. There would be no resurrection unless man were immortal. Mr. Hull did not wonder that Mr. Curry did not propose to discuss a literal resurrection. Here Mr. Curry interposed, and said, after the present question was disposed of, he was prepared to take up the resurrection or any other appropriate subject, and discuss as long as Mr. Hull was willing. Mr. Hull resumed. Peter speaks of preaching the "gospel to the dead." Does not this imply that even the dead have some redeeming, immortal elements? Mr. Curry had conceded that all who belonged to Christ should have immortality. Mr. Hull quoted from Eph. i, Phil. ii, and Col. i, to prove that all belonged to Christ—all in heaven and all on earth. He wanted no evidence stronger, clearer, or more positive, The Bible afforded conclusive testimony affirming that all human beings, from Adam down to the last of the race, were sons of God in some sense akin to that in accordance with which Jesus was the son of God; and though no book should be accepted as absolute authority, Mr. Hull was willing to abide by the decision of the Bible.

THIRD SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He wanted to know why Mr. Hull quoted the Bible, if he did not accept it as final and infallible authority. Here he had been spending two evenings quoting from the Bible, and now he denies its authority. Mr. Curry considered Mr. Hull's course outrageously inconsistent; he could not understand it. But they must come back to the question. Mr. Hull had proved nothing, as yet. He had not adduced one particle of proof from the Bible in demonstration of the proposition that man had an immortal principle, and no such proof could be adduced; it was not to be found in the Bible. The Bible is explicit against such an assumption. The term "My soul" as applied to Deity in Isaiah, means only "myself." Paul's speaking about his being "in the body or out," only refers to different states or conditions, and affords no proof of an immortal principle within. Mr. Hull says there can be no future unless man has immortality within. Then it is just as obvious that man can have no immortality within him now unless he has always existed—has always been immortal and never had any beginning. Mr. Curry labored to make a strong impression here. Paul's speaking of his "departure" implies nothing direct to the point. Man is not immortal by nature, nor can Mr. Hull adduce any evidence to prove he is. Christians are admitted to be immortal now, in a sense, yet their hopes hang on Christ. Out of him there is no life. The "spirit that returns to God," Eccl. xii, refers only to the natural element of life which departs at death, the same in man as in the brutes that perish. Thus closed the two first evenings of this animating discussion.

Toward the close of the second evening, the interest became quite intensified, and it was evident that Mr. Curry began to feel himself under a tremendous pressure of arguments and evidences. The rapidity of Mr. Hull's speech, his versatility in reasoning from analogy, his numerous illustrations and comparisons, his park of scriptural artillery incessantly firing off volleys of texts, his repartees, his imperturbable good humor—all these seemed more than the Christian fortitude of Mr. Curry could face, without creating some little irritating trepidation. So at the opening on the third evening, the Reverend Adventist began to manifest anything but a forbearing spirit. It was evident that he felt as though forbearance was no longer a virtue. As Mr. Hull resumed his argument, and began again to quote Scripture, the martyr spirit of Mr. Curry rose up in rampant protestation, and he violently insisted that Mr. Hull must stop right there, and quote no more Bible, since he, Mr. Hull, had said, the night before, that he did not accept the Bible as authority in any orthodox sense. The imperturbable Moses from Michigan, however, did not seem at all alarmed or disarmed, but went right on firing off his park of Spiritual artillery, regardless of the wrath and the dismay of his Advent antagonist, who evidently had good reasons for protesting against such an array of Bible weapons.

During the third and fourth evenings, the discussion was continued with increasing interest. Mr. Hull quoting Bible facts and presenting the spiritual phenomena of to-day, while Mr. Curry labored earnestly to parry off the arguments and evidences. In one of his speeches, the latter remarked that he came there to "prove nothing," whereupon Mr. Hull replied that Mr. Curry had "succeeded admirably, thus far." The latter gentleman, during the discussion, had said he was willing to discuss the Bible-authority question with Mr. Hull.

Toward the close of the last evening, Jacob Edson arose, and moved that Messrs. Curry and Hull be requested to hold a public discussion on that subject. The audience voted a unanimous request in that direction. Mr. Curry, however, openly declined the discussion, offering a reason about as conclusive as much that he had attempted to offer during the four evenings of the debate.

The Spiritualists and impartial hearers in the audience were well satisfied with the result of the whole controversy.

[From Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal of Feb. 29th, 1864.]

DR. J. P. BRYANT—HIS SUCCESS IN GENERAL MEDICINE.—We take pleasure in placing before our readers an account of the success of our distinguished friend, Dr. Bryant. It will be remembered that during four months of last season the Doctor practiced his novel method of treatment at the Sherman House in this city, operating upon the lame, blind and deaf, to the number of 3,500, using no medicines or appliances, but his plant hands and impulsive will. Since that time the Doctor has visited Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Oswego, Binghamton and Rochester, with unparalleled success. The press and people everywhere speak highly of him and his method of practice. Since July 17th, 1862, he has registered 13,000 operations.

The Doctor commenced his labors at Rochester, Oct. 22d, 1863, and to-day terminates his engagement there. Having operated upon nearly 4,000 people within that time, he is much exhausted from his arduous labors, and returns to his residence, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., to recuperate his flagging strength. On the 1st of April he will open rooms at the "St. James Hotel," Buffalo, remaining there till August. We wish the doctor continued success, and believe his method of treatment not only effectual but speedy, although novel and somewhat peculiar to himself. We recommend the Doctor to all afflicted with long-standing chronic difficulties, believing him not only pleasant and affable, but perfectly reliable.

The Banner in Washington, D. C.

Our friends in Washington, D. C., are informed that they can procure copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT, each week, at the BOOKSTORE of C. H. ANDERSON, 458 7th street, where all reform books and papers can also be had on short notice.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Volume Fifteen—A Review of the Past Seven Years—New Dress—The Banner.

We should be either less or more than human, if we were not moved with a strange contrariety of feelings on beginning the Fifteenth Volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT. We suffer our thoughts to slip back pleasantly over our past, recalling the labors and anxieties, the efforts and disappointments, the trials and the compensating friendships which have made our way just what it has been, and no suggestion rises in our mind, on the review, save that it has all been "very good." We would have had it no different if we could. The trials have all been given us for the best reason—the disappointments, too; and we should have passed through the whole to no purpose, if we were not willing to confess, and to do it gladly, too, that our spiritual compensations have been richer and more abundant than all.

The biography of the BANNER is a matter of the deepest interest to us, of course, as it is of more or less interest to all who have shared by sympathy in its fortunes from the first. It was launched into existence at the suggestion of our invisible friends, who still felt a profound sympathy in earth affairs, and were eager to establish some fit medium for the transmission of intelligence steadily to mortals. They pledged their earnest and unflinching cooperation in the enterprise from the first; promised that so long as we continued faithful to the exalted trust to which they solemnly called us, we should not be left alone in our labors; impressed us most profoundly with the greatness of the work which they asked us to assume; and sketched some of those far-reaching results from our labors, which neither we nor they can pretend to see the ultimates of, for long periods of time to come.

It was no ordinary task to undertake, at the time we introduced the BANNER OF LIGHT to the reading world. So much had to be taken entirely upon faith, and so much patience and steadfastness had to be cherished at the very start. There were friends in plenty, and they were good friends, too; some, however, did not then know what it costs to wait, and work while they waited—and some grew naturally impatient at the uprising of hindrances and delays for which there seemed no earthly need; but they have held out bravely through the intervening experiences, and their noble example has hardly been of less efficiency to the spread of a rational Spiritual Philosophy than all their work and preaching together.

As soon as it was fairly understood what was the design and purpose of the overruling powers in the establishment of the BANNER, and as soon as its position and influence were assured by the gathering of its friends about it and the willingness of inquiring souls to read and reflect upon its teachings, there sprung up, as was to be expected, a combined opposition of credulists, pharisees, sneerers and materialistic infidels—bigots and fanatics all, because they could not investigate themselves nor suffer others to do so—which at one time really expected to accomplish great things in overthrowing what it loftily styled the last delusion of the human mind. If faith in spirit communion be a delusion, then all forms of religion are such, and so, in fact, is religion itself. For no one dares dispute that mortals approach the Father only through intervening intelligences and aids—through angels, media or messengers, whose special office it is to establish such a relationship; and that must be any other than a devout religious mind, which hotly and conceitedly rejects the proffers of such ever-present help, for no profounder reason than that "the minister" preaches nothing of the sort from his pulpit.

But we did not set out to argue this or any other matter: it is a day for review and reflection—for looking backward over the ground we have traveled, and gathering the courage needed now more than ever for the future which is so big with promises. Of all the organized opposition which either the cause of Spiritualism or the BANNER as the expounder and defender of that cause had the fortune to meet with, that from Harvard College was the most remarkable, both in its character and results. The history of that passage in our experience it is not necessary to more than allude to. It is too fresh in the memory of our readers and of the community. In what plight the Professors retired from their self-elected conflict with spirit-power and spirit-influence, none need to be reminded. The very man who fell upon us, and upon the great cause to whose advocacy our life is devoted, with such vehemence and so overbearing a temper, showing that he had more of the mind of a monk than a disciple, and believed rather in the "sword of Gideon" than in the "still, small voice" of the spirit—we mean the late President of Harvard College—has returned, since passing through the veil which hangs so thinly at best between this life and the future one, and openly confessed the shortness of his sight in spending his energies so needlessly for the obstruction and demolition of truth. Such testimonies, too, abound to encourage and strengthen us, on every hand.

There have been wonderful changes in the public mind and heart since those days, so little time ago as they passed. We have since then been too happy to receive the frankest and freest admissions from ministers of the gospel, as preached by the sects, in favor of the dawning of the new light over their souls. For it happily is one of the necessities of all believers in Spiritualism, that no sooner do they see than they confess. There remains no vestige of pride or policy, after the angels are once admitted with their heavenly voices into a human heart. We are to-day shaken by the hand by men who, but so little time ago, would not have dared even to dream of acknowledging the great truths of which we are humble advocates. We are in correspondence with the nobles of Europe, as well as of America, who make haste gladly to confess the power of truth in their hearts and lives, and to impart of their individual

experiences. On all sides we are bidden "God-speed." Even a great many, who are willing only to style themselves inquirers yet, write us letters which are overflowing with rich and profound spiritual experiences. It excites in us the deepest gratitude, to think that we are thus made instruments of great good to the world over, and that our influence is acknowledged wherever men live to search themselves and to find out the mysteries of God their Father.

Shall we for a moment think of faltering in such a work, and at so critical a period of its progress?—when it is making itself felt more profoundly than ever, and souls are awakening to the dawning of bright Truth, and Heaven is let down nearer and still nearer to the earth, and the very revolutions are proceeding among the nations which are to prepare the way for the more perfect spiritual rule afterward? And are the friends of this great truth, or the friends of ourselves who are dedicated to its promulgation and demonstration, prepared to relax by so much as a single fibre in their sustenance of what they have been assured by invisible beings is sure to prevail? Is it within the limit of belief that this genuine inspiration of open and receptive souls from above makes no more lasting impression, and takes hold no more strongly, than those bold and profitless tenets which excite but the intellect of man, and do not stir the soul, nor fill the life full, nor feed that hunger which nothing but immortal food will satisfy? We cannot believe it. We should be willing to believe the deceitfulness of truth itself as soon.

Humble and merely human instruments as we are in this work of the Immortals, we are nevertheless persuaded that we shall be aided to the full extent of our needs in carrying forward the work to its ultimate results. On that score we entertain no fears of any sort. If we labor, and all our friends labor, with one thousandth part of the ceaseless zeal with which the example of the invisible powers themselves regales us, there need be no cause to question the result. The ends to be reached are not so very far off as that we may fear lest we shall never reach them. True, it is a great task, that of establishing a spiritual government on the earth in lieu of one of force and fraud, of violence and corruption; but it can be done, if we are willing to work with and for the Immortals. They possess greater power over men than men themselves admit; but we who do know it, and who accept it as one of the laws of the universe, can avail ourselves of that knowledge to the very best advantage. The world is to-day in commotion. Old things are becoming new. The prejudices of the centuries are wearing off. The iron limitations set to free thought are broken forever. Religion is becoming regarded rather an experience than a theory. Men are certainly in a more receptive state than ever before, whether they know it or not; the spirit power is more ready with its influences, and therefore it is indeed true that "the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

We join our congratulations to those which we are very certain our thousands of friends will offer us on this occasion, that we are able to present the BANNER in a dress of new and beautiful type, which imparts a feeling of freshness to the reader quite in harmony with the character of the work to which it is devoted. It may be accepted, at this time, as another of the numerous proofs of the kind watchfulness and care which is continually exercised over our undertaking, and as a new earnest, however slight an one, that those who were with us at the beginning are still all about us at this stage of the journey. We extend a welcome to all on this opening of our eighth year.

A Good Suggestion.

It is suggested by one of the morning New York journals, that this is the proper time for our government to present its serious protest to the government of Great Britain, against that power's letting the privateers, which have been fitted out in its own ports, touch at any of its colonial stations for the future, either to refit or procure fresh supplies. England is well aware now of the real character of these vessels, and their object in sailing the seas; and she knows, too, that so surely as they are kept out of her coaling and provisioning stations in the distant quarters of the globe, they are powerless for harm in the future. Now, therefore, is the time for us to set the matter before that Government in its true light; and unless she evinces a readiness to do justice, we shall at least have the refusal to quote against her when she is in trouble herself, and she can raise no complaint if we fit and supply privateers in any of our own harbors to prey on her rich commerce and break her supremacy on the seas.

The Proposal for Denmark.

While the enemy are on her soil, and even while fighting is actually going on, England deliberately asks Denmark to stop fighting and to come and join a "conference meeting," to be composed of herself and some other powers, the object of which is the making of some sort of an arrangement that will bear to be called by the name of peace. Of course Denmark agrees to no such thing; and we should think the English Government would be put to shame by so sturdy a refusal from this little nation of two million people. The idea of asking a nation to pause in the midst of an assault upon her, and talk about peace while her enemy is still pounding away at her gates, is more preposterous than anything we have for some time heard of. England may consider herself fairly rebuked by Denmark's action.

Spring-Time.

We shall have all the charms of a now Spring about us soon; dandelions, freed brooks, sprouting grass, blue birds, swollen buds, and croaking frogs in the marshy meadows. Welcome the new season; it is the pledge of ever-returning youth to every human soul. We know from this that we may go through wintry trials and adversities without name or number, but the blue-skied Spring always comes round again. The leafy woods are just beyond in the picture. So are mossy slopes and meadows, with the beds of butter-cups and violets; and the song of the robin at morning and evening; and the bleat of calves, and twinkle of water; an awakening of all things. Welcome, Spring, firstling of the year!

Spiritualism in California.

Miss Emma Harding's cogent lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy in California are making thousands of converts wherever she is heard; and the spirit communications through Mr. J. V. Mansfield's instrumentality are also awakening the hitherto dormant faculties of the credulous, who are flocking to our standard daily. God bless these noble pioneers in our cause, who are thus laboring for the good of humanity on the far-off shores of the Pacific.

Mrs. Spence's Course of Lectures.

In Lyceum Hall, in this city, closed on Sunday, March 20th, with two able addresses, which were well appreciated by the audiences. She speaks with a fluency so pleasing that she has become quite popular all over New England.

YOUNG EARTH.

BY JOHN R. ADAMS.

In ages past, when Earth was young with life,
Our God did take it like a new-born child,
And look into its eye to see if aught
Of his own goodness in its offspring dwelt,
And danced it on his knee with wild delight.
A merry sprite, from planet far remote,
Came bounding down the azure path of sky
To see the father's pride, and the young stranger guest.
'T was bright Aurora, daughter of the Morn.
Quickly she grasped a galaxy of stars,
And made a wreath so beautiful and fair,
The child sprang forth to take it.
Then God said, "Hush," and softly whispered "Wait,"
And mapped before the child its coming fate.
Long Night should intervene ere it could wear
Such wreath of jewels—much had it to bear
Of sorrow and of suffering, but, when done,
Oh, it should be as brighter than the sun
As that is brighter than the glowworm's light.
At this the child did cry—a little sob
Burst from its infant heart. The father took
More closely to himself the weeping one,
And said, "Thou yet art mine, and thou shalt rest
In safety in my arms—upon my breast.
And when 't is dark, know thou, dear child of mine,
'T is but the shadow of thy parent's form
That falleth on thee, and when thou art strong
And fully grown I'll place thee on thy feet,
And thou shalt stand in Day's bright light.
But now, an infant thou, weak and unknown,
Rest thou here and feel how well we come,
Even in the dark, thou art well shadowed come,
Because thou art so near thy father's arm."
The sighing ceased.

Sweet Sleep, an angel guest,
Closed up its eyelids, and it slumbered there,
Waiting its father's time to put it forth
A being of perfection, love, and truth.

Free Meetings in New York.

We briefly mentioned last week, that Rev. F. L. H. Willis had inaugurated a plan for a course of free lectures in Clinton Hall, New York. We are pleased to learn that these meetings are likely to prove a permanent success. Several influential gentlemen have taken hold of the matter in earnest, and engaged to defray all the expenses for one year. This is a progressive step in the right direction, and in the right place; for if there is any city in the union where there is need of free spiritual meetings, it is New York; and with such an able and eloquent speaker as Mr. Willis to address the audiences, the experiment cannot but be successful. Mr. W. is a bright light that is destined to illumine the pathway of many who are now groping in spiritual darkness—notwithstanding the energetic efforts of a few bigoted Professors in Harvard University to conceal that light under a bushel. He has already won his way to the hearts of thousands who hold him in high estimation. The Herald of Progress, in alluding to these meetings, says: "Many of the readers of the HERALD are familiar with the inspirations of Brother Willis, and we are sure they will join with us in giving a hearty God-speed to this effort. Let us all endeavor to concentrate our energies, and by forming centers of influence, from which shall go out the life-giving light, obey one of the great laws of the universe of matter and of spirit." To which we respond a hearty amen.

Gen. Grant.

Everybody likes the modesty, energy, industry, and simple directness of this man. He has achieved a great reputation since coming on the stage as a military man, but we hope it is not to be lost now, when his responsibilities are greater than ever, and his capacity as a captain is to be tried to the utmost. He wastes no time in attending parades and levees, while his business is war. He is not given to compliments. He took his new title of Lieutenant General and the commission on which it rests, thanked the President, conferred with the War authorities at Washington, left for the Army of the Potomac, returned to the capital in haste, stayed but a few hours, and left again for the West. He is hereafter to command all the armies of the Union, and his headquarters are to be in the field. He believes in concentration, rather than scattering for the military forces, and means to press the rebels on all sides during the coming season. May he be as successful this year as he was last.

The Democracy.

Tammany Hall, which is the ancient home and abiding place of Democracy in this country, as a party at least, has been thrust bodily out of the Albany Convention, as many of our readers may know, and now steps forth and lays down a platform of principles for itself. The Tammany Democracy go for the war, believing that peace can be secured on a permanent basis in no other way; and they profess their belief, too, that "slavery, as a subject of political agitation, has passed from the politics of the country; and that there should be but one party of the patriotic men of the land, devoted wholly to the restoration of the Union and the supremacy of the Constitution." This is a long step, but we are all of us compelled to take it. What is written, is written. There would have been but little to show as the results of this war, could we not point with satisfaction to progress of this sort.

Children in New York.

These little angels, or Messiahs to men and women, as Theodore Parker used to call them, stand a poor chance for life in New York. What with sickly mothers who are rarely able to nurse them, and poisoned milk, labeled "Pure Orange County Milk," but which is just turned out from the distilleries, the unhappy little punies hardly enter the world before they leave it again, as if they were not welcome. Certainly, a world that takes no better care of its children than this, deserves to become entirely childless and desolate some day. Nearly two hundred children die in New York every week in the summer! It is awful to think of. Well may the Tribune say that that city seems to be the Tartarus of children, and ask in all seriousness if it would not be better to be born to poverty in the country than to competence in the city.

Meeting in Behalf of the Indians.

On the 9th inst., (a correspondent informs us) a "grand good meeting" was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, in behalf of the suffering and much abused North American Indians. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by gentlemen of note, and resolutions adopted. A committee was appointed, with instructions to memorialize the President and members of Congress in behalf of the Indian races on this continent.

We shall publish a report of the proceedings in our next.

To the Philanthropist.

We propose to establish a fund for bread-tickets—i.e., to supply the destitute with tickets to enable them to procure bread at a baker's—and we ask assistance from any one who may be disposed to give it in that direction. We have already, through the aid of friends, distributed gratuitously several hundred loaves to destitute persons in this city. Let the good work go on.

H. B. Storer makes a Correction.

In justice to myself, and the facts in the case, Mr. Editor, permit me to correct the report of what I said at the late Convention in reference to the spiritual papers. Your reporter makes me set forth the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT upon Spiritualists, "as now the only large paper uncompromisingly and openly devoted to Spiritualism as the great gospel of the century." Oh! no! I did not say that at all. I did not forget the existence of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, but especially alluded to it by name. What I did say was, that I wished Spiritualists had more of that sense of duty which we used to find among many members of the old churches, which would prompt them to sustain, for the sake of others, those papers which are engaged in disseminating the facts and principles of our glorious gospel. I alluded especially to the BANNER OF LIGHT as containing a continuous series of test facts in the form of messages from the spirit-world, which I esteem as of inestimable value in a scientific point of view, as demonstrating the ability of spirits to manifest their predominant characteristics after the death of the body.

I urged upon the members of the Convention the duty of circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT among the people, that the public might be better informed of the real nature and mission of Spiritualism—even though it should cost them some pecuniary sacrifice.

"And," I expressly added, "what I say of the BANNER, I say of the HERALD OF PROGRESS; for it is not my object to discriminate in favor of any particular paper." I do not, in making this correction, and fault with your reporter. I only wonder that with his multifarious duties he has done as well as he has. Speakers have no right, perhaps, to expect an exact report of their language, but they naturally desire an approximation to the sentiments uttered by them, if they are reported at all. Critically yours, H. B. STORER.

Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists have recently held a large convention in Mercantile Hall, Boston, on Feb. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. They are gaining ground rapidly. They are very jubilant over their great success. Their ranks are fast filling up with those who hold the first positions in the social and political world—men and women of intelligence. They have become disgusted with the fashionable, popular religion of the day, and have been driven to a semi-infidelity, thence into Spiritualism; from which but few, we fear, will ever be delivered.—World's Crisis.

The Crisis concludes its summing up of Spiritualism in this wise: "It is making rapid progress in all lands. Those who hold to the natural inability of man to find it hard to resist its onward march. We have great reason to thank the Lord for the bright light now shines upon his word. Let us walk in it, and let it shine."

All we have to say in reply is: SO NOTE IT BE!

A Slaveholder on Slavery.

At a Union meeting, held at Gallatin, Tenn., the last week of February, Mr. John Bowen, of Smith County, in that State, who has always been a slaveholder, spoke as follows:

"He thought that it might be that they could do much better in Tennessee without slavery than with it. Its benefit, if it ever had any, had been confined to a few. It had only served to build up an aristocratic minority. He had spent his life in the State, and he regretted the vast majority as having lived almost as completely subjugated and enslaved as the negro. Disfranchised by the law of society from the higher offices, left without the means of proper education, and forbidden the right of free speech, except upon such subjects as the dominant class might prescribe, non-slaveholders had been deceived and used by that aristocratic few. The destruction and removal of slavery emancipated that vast majority, and opened to their labor, industry and enterprise a territory rich in all the elements of prosperity and greatness."

Demand for the Banner.

The friends will no doubt be gratified when we inform them that there is a growing demand for the BANNER OF LIGHT outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Skeptics are beginning to ascertain that spirit communion is not altogether a myth. In Washington, our agent informs us that the paper is sought for with avidity by all classes, and he has been obliged to increase his orders from week to week in consequence. So in other cities. In California the demand is rapidly on the increase.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

Mr. Willis and his estimable lady made us a brief call the latter part of last week. We were much gratified to shake the friendly hand with this worthy couple, and can but hope and trust that the good Father will permit them to remain with us, in the form of flesh, for many years to come, as we feel fully impressed that they are needed, absolutely so, to aid in carrying on the great work of progress in which we are engaged.

Dr. P. B. Randolph.

We are informed that this well known lecturer, author, traveler and healer of the sick, intends to visit various parts of the country, for the purpose of lecturing before such societies as may desire his services. His wife, who is a clairvoyant medium, will remain in charge of his office in New York during his absence. The doctor will answer calls to lecture from the first of April until October. Present address, New York City.

Contagious Disease.

Those of our readers who are interested in the cause and cure of contagious disease, will find on our sixth page very interesting and instructive replies to a letter of inquiry on the subject, together with equally interesting answers to questions suggested by them.

Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak again in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. This is her last Sunday here.

Prof. Denton's address at present is Wellesley, Mass.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, a distinguished lecturer, who has been laboring in the West and the Middle States for several years past, has decided to make a tour through the New England States in answer to calls. She speaks in Chicopee during this month, and in Quine's the first Sunday in April. Her present address is Chicopee, care of Wm. H. Gilmore.

We understand that Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is expected to lecture before the Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during the month of April, and also that arrangements are being made to have L. Judd Pardee deliver a course of lectures there.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. W., LESLIE, MICH.—\$5 received; also the \$2.50 you alluded to.

W. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—Received, \$5.

L. F. B., ASHLAND.—The poem has been received; but we cannot spare the time to correct it for the press, as you request.

Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea, we learn, have leased LIBRARY HALL for one year. Dr. A. P. Pierce will give the first lecture in that hall next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock. The hall has been newly fitted up in the best manner, and will seat five hundred persons.

Specimen Copies.

Of this number of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be sent free to any address our friends may suggest.

Love in Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea give the third and last Levee of the season on Friday evening next, at City Hall. Prominent mediums are expected to be present. Dancing to commence at an early hour, and continue till two o'clock. Tickets, gentlemen and lady, \$1; lady or child, 25 cents.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

1. "Woman and her Era," will be out in a week or so. We have been favored by the publishers, Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co., New York, with advanced sheets, from which we have made copious extracts. We shall keep this interesting book for sale. Due notice will be given of price, etc., in a future issue of the BANNER.

2. Our paper is regularly advertised for sale in London, Eng. Who will say Spiritualism is not spreading?

3. In the beautiful poem which we published in the BANNER of March 5th, entitled "Light in Darkness," by Lois Wakebrook, a transposition occurred in the verses, which somewhat affects the force of the poem. The last two stanzas should have followed the fifth.

4. Miss B. Anna Ryder, trance medium, has taken a room at No. 12 Harrison Avenue, where she will be pleased to receive her friends.

5. A very interesting article, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, on the important subject of the cure of disease by "laying on of hands," intended for this number of the BANNER, is unavoidably laid over till our next.

6. Attention is called to a new advertisement, in our columns to-day. We are informed by a gentleman in whom we have full confidence, that the merits of Dr. Dodd's Nervine are not exaggerated. One clairvoyant physician in this neighborhood has recommended and sold over 1200 bottles during the last eighteen months.

7. "I WANT TO OPEN COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD," said a spirit who manifested at our free circle last Thursday. On being asked where they were, he said, "They are my relatives whom I left on earth." Even so, many who inhabit the human body are indeed dead to the glorious realities of the spirit-world, and it is no wonder that spirits look upon them in that light.

8. Dr. B. M. Lawrence is lecturing on Natural Science, Health, Hygiene, Human Harmony and Happiness, in Central New York. Letters will reach him if addressed to Utica, N. Y., care of J. W. Legar.

9. Justus D. Watson, paymaster of the Amoskeag Machine Shop in Manchester, N. H., died recently in that city, at the age of 43. He was very much esteemed.

10. The best thing out—Out of debt. The worst thing out—Out of temper.

11. Public opinion in England is running in favor of Gen. Butler just now. The London Spectator says, "Of all the men that God has sent into the world, the one he is most like—strangely like—is Frederick the Great."

12. "Gen. Banks is to take the field," says the telegraph. We thought he'd got a pretty big patch already "down South." When he takes Texas, he will probably say, "It takes us to take Texas."

13. The U. S. House Special Committee on the Bankrupt Bill have authorized Mr. Jenks to report the bill some time since proposed by him. It embroiles both the debtor and the creditor interests.

14. A young unmarried Irish woman from Lawrence put up at a prominent hotel in this city the night previous to "St. Patrick's Day," was taken sick in the morning, a doctor called, and a fine boy the result. The doctor named the "little stranger" "St. Patrick." Funny doctor, that.

15. Sin and misery are not lovers; but they walk hand in hand, just as though they were.

16. Hile and hearty conscripts who get exempted on account of "weakness in the spine," may be said to be adepts in the game of back-slamming.

17. Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he's a little bigger.

18. The Progressive Age, printed at Hopkinton, is a smart little paper, and is doing much good in the ranks of Spiritualism. We wish it success. We were amused, by the way, on reading in the last number the following paragraph: "We refer our readers, with pleasure, to the 'Scientific American' in another column." We looked the Age all over carefully, but not a "Scientific American" could we find in it.

19. It is well enough to write rhymed poetry on freedom, but to combine it with fierce denials is a great lack of moral perception.—Herald of Progress.

20. The pamphlet on "Miscegenation," the Democratic papers are making such a great fuss about, was written by a reporter on the New York World!

21. There comes a time when laughing brings And golden summer comes to be; And we put on the autumn robe, To tread the last delirium;

22. With rainy hope, Beyond the sunset we behold, Another dawn and brighter light; While watchers whisper through the night, There is a time when we grow old.

23. A Washington dispatch says that five hundred of our soldiers, prisoners at Richmond, died there during February.

24. The imports of foreign goods at New York from the 1st of July to the 1st of March, were \$130,400,000 against \$116,176,000 in the same months last year. The imports for the month of February were \$15,767,000 against \$11,851,000 in February, 1863.

25. Robin redbreast has made his appearance on the Common, denoting Spring.

26. The various Irish Societies in Boston and vicinity celebrated the birth-day of St. Patrick—the 17th—in grand style. The procession was large, orderly, patriotic with emblems, showing that men of another clime can become on free soil, with a free press, and freedom to worship God as they please.

27. There is no reliable war news worth publishing. The daily has we get by telegraph is mostly unreliable. One statement is made to-day, and contradicted to-morrow. It is enough to say that "the situation" of the Federal armies is all right, and that there will be "a fight" sometime. When the war will end, nobody knows. But one thing is known—when it does end, negro slavery ends with it. There is no power on earth or anywhere else to prevent this result.

28. Ten gentlemen in Boston have put their shoulders under the expense, for the support of a hall, to have spiritual meetings in Boston, on other order, patriotic with emblems, showing that men of another clime can become on free soil, with a free press, and freedom to worship God as they please.

29. Many people are fonder of using spectacles to behold other people's faults, than looking-glasses to survey their own.

30. Hocus—It is said that the rebel guerrillas have killed and carried off more than 50,000 hogs on the Kansas border.

SPRING.

Come swiftly on! With buds and starry flowers,
Laden with perfumes, cheer the sunny hours;
And through the forest, musical with notes,
Resounding from a thousand feathered throats,
All its wild echoes waken, whispering
How Nature's heart leaps up to thee, oh, Spring!

31. "WHERE IS THAT REPORT?"—The learned men of the world have been several years anxiously looking for that Report adverse to the truth of Spiritualism, promised by a committee of three distinguished gentlemen whom attached to Harvard College.

32. The best words and music for social meetings, seances, and the family circles of Spiritualists, will be found in the "Psalm of Life."

33. PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—Mix three gills of pineapple syrup with one pint of cream, add the juice of a large lemon, and four ounces of sugar; pour into a mold; cover it with white paper; lay a piece of brown paper over to prevent any water getting in, and set it in the ice.

34. PROF. LEWIS'S EXHIBITION OF GYMNASTICS.—The exhibition of gymnastics at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening, 15th inst., by the graduating class of Prof. Lewis's Institute for physical education, was attended by a very large audience, and gave much pleasure and satisfaction. The exercises with the wand, dumb-bells and rings, were accompanied with a grace, precision and ease which showed thorough training.

35. "STORY'S PAPER."—All persons who want the best news in market, can get a package containing 144 good news, with fine, modern, or round points for rapid writing, for ONE DOLLAR! Sent by mail.
130 Grand street New York.
(near Broadway.)
Feb. 27. 3m

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School Street) every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 4 1/2 P. M. Admission, free. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 27; Moses Hall, during April; Susie M. Johnson, May 1 and 8.

FRIENDS OF THE TEMPLE OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, corner of Providence street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Lizzie Doten, March 27; Mrs. E. A. Miles, April 3 and 10; E. H. Heywood, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12.

CHICPEE.—The Spiritualists of Chicopee have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 4 1/2 o'clock each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. B. Child, Chicopee, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged: Mrs. E. A. Miles, March 27; Mrs. A. P. Brown, April 3 and 10; Mrs. F. A. Allen, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. The children of Progressive Lecturers meet at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lectures are engaged to speak afternoon and evening: Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March; Charles A. Hayden, during April; E. H. Heywood, May 1; Dr. H. Hamilton, May 8; Mrs. C. P. Works, May 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during June; Mrs. A. A. Currier, July 3 and 10; Lizzie Doten, July 17 and 24; Mrs. E. A. Miles, during Oct., November and December.

CHICPEE, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Mechanics Hall, corner of Green and Canal streets. Sunday School and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 4 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. S. L. Chapman, April 10 and 17; Lizzie Doten, April 24; Lizzie Doten, May 1 and 8; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5 and 12; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 19 and 26.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 27; Mrs. E. A. Miles, April 3 and 10; Mrs. F. A. Allen, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall, every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 4 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 27; Mrs. E. A. Miles, April 3 and 10; Mrs. F. A. Allen, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12.

POXBORO.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged—H. B. Storer, April 3; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 27; Mrs. E. A. Miles, April 3 and 10; Mrs. F. A. Allen, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12.

ROXBURY, MASS.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Lecturers engaged—H. B. Storer, March 27; Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, April 3.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics Hall, corner of Green and Canal streets. Sunday School and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 4 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. S. L. Chapman, April 10 and 17; Lizzie Doten, April 24; Lizzie Doten, May 1 and 8; Mrs. E. A. Miles, May 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5 and 12; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 19 and 26.

NEW YORK.—Dodd's Nervine. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 2 o'clock. The meetings are held at Clinton Hall. Free meeting every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 11 1/2 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

36. What a Wonderful Discovery! DR. PERRY DODD'S VEGETABLE KIDNEY PILLS. It is a remedy for all the ills of the human family, but is also the sure remedy for horses with colic. It has never been known to fail in a cure of the worst cases; and for sprains, galls, etc., it never fails—try it once. Directions accompany each bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.—Kenton County (Ky.) Democrat.
Price, 35 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 2w M 19

37. FACTS FOR SOLDIERS.—Throughout the Indian and Chinese Campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scoury, and Fever, were DODD'S NERVE PILLS. A. S. HAYES, M.D., Surgeon General, Volunteer see that he is supplied with them. Price, 30 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 1w March 25.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are fifteen cents per line for the first, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Message Department.

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

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken 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 earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Commander St. M. Perry, late of the United States Navy; John Collins, to his brother, Peter Collins, of Cincinnati, O.; Nathan Willis, of Georgetown, Mass., who died at Newbern, on the evening of March 19th; Eddie Stevens, of Long Island, N. Y., to his mother.

Thursday, March 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; E. C. Gull, to friends in Buffalo, N. Y.; Rosanna Willis, to her husband, John Willis, of San Juan, Cal.

Monday, March 28.—Invocation: Spiritual Questions and Answers; Evelyn Tennyson, to her friends, in New York; Johnnie Donahoe, to his father, James Donahoe, in the Army; James Davis, to his mother, Edward Smith, to his parents, in Mecon, Ga.

Tuesday, March 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Captain Robert L. Connor, to his wife, Alice; Pat Trainor, to James Trainor, of Boston; Eddie Carney, to his mother, in New York City.

Invocation.

Fainting, weakly, heavy laden, these human hearts turn to Thee, our Father, our Friend. We know they will not turn to Thee in vain. We ask that they may be shut out from themselves the darkness and mist, the fog of the external world. May they for the moment learn to commune with Thee in spirit and in truth. We ask that whatever words we may utter, whatever thoughts we may breathe, may be redolent with the fragrance of Divine Life, springing up in the hereafter, bearing buds, blossoms, and fruit, to nourish humanity. And unto Thy name, oh, Father and Mother we will chant praises throughout eternity.

March 3.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—In compliance with your custom, we are now ready to receive questions, if the audience have any to propound.

Q.—I would like to know where children obtain that devilish disposition that makes them impose upon one another without reason?

A.—For our part, we can see nothing devilish in childhood. Doubtless, friend, you have looked upon the susceptibility of human conditions surrounding childhood, and not upon childhood itself. We might say such a disposition as you speak of, came from the father and the mother. And again we might answer with all truth, it is a combination of human circumstances. An evil disposition is a result born of human conditions. When human conditions are outlived, the effect will cease. Childhood, to us, presents more of a picture of divine life, than of the opposite.

Go on; let there be as little delay as possible in the propounding of questions.

Q.—I would like to know the condition of an eldest daughter.

A.—The answer would come better through some spirit friend of your daughter. Put that question in a sealed envelope, lay it upon the table, and doubtless you will receive an answer to it.

Q.—Do you deem it necessary to use the rod in the government of children.

A.—By no means.

Q.—When we cannot plead with them, what are we to do?

A.—Restrain them by firmness and love; never by the rod. Two evils never made one right. You only meet that which seems to be evil, or has the appearance of evil in the child, with the same element. When you meet it with the rod, you undertake to overcome it by the same power. Now we contend that you can overcome it far better by the element of love. Learn the child to love you; and ever walk yourselves in paths of equity and truth. When you conduct yourself this way before children, you will neither have any cause to use the rod, or to fear that your children will go astray.

Q.—Some have not the element of love in their nature; what is to be done in such cases?

A.—Then by all means place them under the care of those who are more fortunate than yourselves. We pity childhood that is governed without the element of love, for we know that the external of their being must become hardened and depraved.

We would recommend that you place your little ones under the care of those who are largely unfolded in love, if you have not the element in your own being. This is a duty you owe, not only to your children, but to yourselves and the world. Remember, you are forming characters out of the present that are to make their mark upon the pages of your country's history in after years. Much is depending upon you; much will be expected of you as progenitors of the rising generation. See to it that the child does not look back in after years and curse you.

Love is an element by which you can overcome all other powers, no matter what they are. There never was a criminal so steeped in crime, that you could not reach him by the element of love, if you persevered. The spark of Divine Love must ever respond to love. Jesus, the Truth-teller, perceived this, and all humanity may, if we can but enable them to look beyond the form, to the spirit of the form. Go on, friends.

Q.—You say love will conquer all powers.

S.—Yes, we did say so.

Q.—Then why does it not conquer those, who, like our Southern brethren, have resisted love?

S.—Are you sure they have resisted love? Have you met them with love? We answer, no, never. They have met you with hatred, and you have answered in the same spirit. There are exceptions, but so small are they that the generality cannot be overcome by them.

We do not blame humanity because we do not find them living under the law of love, pure and undefiled, for we know you are leaving the dark forms of the past, and are just entering upon the living forms of the present. You are just beginning, in this enlightened age, to understand spir-

it law, which Jesus taught eighteen hundred years ago. "A new commandment," he said, "I give unto you: that ye love one another." He might as well have swept away all the laws they were living under at that time; for the law of Moses was dead when Jesus came upon the stand of life. He put it beneath his feet, and sought to baptize humanity with his new order of love. Those of the present age are beginning to perceive that there can be more accomplished by the law of love, than in any other way.

Q.—Can a true Spiritualist advocate war?

A.—No, the true Spiritualist, if he be indeed true to the divine light within him, will perceive that there is in reality no need of war. If the law of love, or spiritual law, was better understood, then war would not be your chief guest, as it is to-day.

We are well aware that there are many intelligences from the Summer-land, who return, advocating war. It may be a necessity growing out of human conditions, that causes you, as a nation, to declare war against each other; yet could you but look beyond the human, could you but understand the requirements of Divine Life, these human conditions would fade away. But inasmuch as your eyes are sealed and your ears are deaf to the requirements of Divine law, let us be patient, and wait until you grow large enough to comprehend what Divine law requires of you as individuals; then you will perceive that war is only a child of human conditions. We can see no reason why you should not be made subservient to Divine law when once you understand what that law is.

Q.—Can there be a God, without a corresponding Devil?

S.—Do you allude to a personal God?

Q.—No, but to the Infinite Power of Good—or can Good exist without Evil?

A.—Evil is a result of the changing of atoms, or of the passing of forms out of one form into another; or changing life, if you please. When divinely considered, evil is not evil; but when humanly considered, it is evil. We believe in a Supreme Power of Good, ever present, and all perfect. There is no place where this Good does not dwell; there never was a time when this Good did not exist. All nature and the present prove this, therefore there is no room for a Devil.

Q.—All would be good then, if we only knew how to use it?

A.—Yes, it is only your human ignorance that makes that you call bad.

March 3.

Ellen Andrews.

I have friends I wish to speak with at Sacramento City, California. I died on J street, three days ago, of congestion of the lungs they said.

I had been in Sacramento but seven weeks. I belong—I was a native of Massachusetts—born in Cambridge. I went from Carrollton, Pennsylvania, to Sacramento.

I was twenty-two years of age. My name was Ellen Edwards before marriage, Ellen Andrews, after. I was married a little more than two years ago. My husband went to California on business for a firm in New York, found it to his advantage to remain there, and sent for me to go out to him. Ill health prevented my doing so for a time, but I grew better and went. I lived I think, not quite seven weeks after I arrived there.

I heard much said about this Spiritualism, but knew nothing of it myself. Oh, it was so hard to die! I thought if I could live just one year longer! I would be ready to die then. It's only three days since I went. I know I am here soon, but I suppose God knows best.

I wish my dear friends, all of them, would give me only one chance to speak. Let me talk as I want to, to them alone, and I will be satisfied then.

Tell Joseph, my husband, to go to that lady medium that we heard about. I don't know her name. She is there—I do not remember her name—and I'll try to come. He knows who I refer to.

There is no way for any one else to give you what I do. It would take more than three days to get intelligence from California, even by the quickest mode, such as I have given you.

I'd say more, but I have such hard work to talk. When I come again, I shall do better. March 3.

Joe Brown.

By golly, they're always ahead! I never see a woman yet that didn't manage to get ahead of a man. Look here, you're either close to me, or I am to you. Well, I thought I was going to get the first chance here, to-day. I've waited long enough to get it, at any rate, but I didn't get it. Now, you see, I was booked for this first chance, but, fortunately for the lady it's a gentleman that has charge of this thing, so he let her come first. I won't find any fault, so I felt a little disappointed at having to wait.

Well, this ere death is kind of funny, ain't it? [We haven't tried it.] You're going, to, ain't you? Can't dodge it, anyway. Sometimes in the army we can dodge shot and shell, but there's no such thing as dodging death.

Well, major-general, I'm from Wisconsin, and should like to get a bit of a piece of news through to my folks, if I can. [We'll add you all we can.] I was private in the 5th Wisconsin; always kind of wished I might die in rather high life, stranger, but couldn't come it, for I went out as private, you see.

Now look here; I'm plain Joe Brown, same as I always was; and I can't be anything else now. All I came for was to get a letter, or message, home to my wife. Well, she was my wife just a little short of two weeks before I enlisted. Now she feels kind of bad, because she thinks I'm dead; and I'd like to cheer her up a little, and tell her that I'm alive, and can come back and talk to her. Her name is Adelia. Now I want you to ask my wife, who lives in Madison, Wisconsin, to go to some of these folks that you call mediums, and let me come and talk with her, and I'll soon convince her that I'm alive and upside down, or right side up. How'll that do? [Anything that will call attention to your coming—here will answer.]

I've been some time, I know, getting round—some time; but never mind, never mind. I'm here at last. My body is down to Gettysburg, I suppose—that's where I left it—and I want you to just telegraph a little message home to my wife, to let her know that I'm not dead, but can come back and talk. And as to about the death part of it, I don't know but I went out about as easily as most people do. I didn't suffer much—I didn't have a chance to. Yes, sir; I died on the battle-field. Oh, it's a glorious death, this dying in battle. You get so wild with excitement that you don't think of death until you find yourself whopped over. It's so, Major. If you don't believe it, just shoulder a musket, and go down South and stand in the front ranks, and maybe you'll have a chance to meet death as I did.

Now, stranger, I've lugged along with me to-day a great lot of truck about money, business and friends, and all that sort of thing; but I don't care about dragging it in here, or of parading it before the public, either. But I do want to parade it in some sort of a way, because it's going to benefit them I've left. [You can send a message to have your folks meet you privately.] Yes; well, I've got a brother Charlie. He's in the army, and if I'm not mistaken, he'll soon join

me. [Is he well?] Yes; but I kind of feel, stranger, as if we were going to travel together pretty soon, my brother Charlie and me. Now if he was me, maybe he would n't mind being told this; but as he's himself, he may feel bad about it. I reckon not. I'll let it slide. I always did tell all I knew when I was living on the earth.

Well, stranger, if you treat me pretty well, when you come to the spirit-world I'll do the best I can by you.

March 3.

Ada Elliot.

My father is in Texas, my mother is in Trenton. [New Jersey?] Yes, sir. I want to send a letter to both. I've been here since the 2nd day of December, ten minutes past five in the morning. My name when I was here was Ada Elliot. I was most ten years old. My father's name is Harrison D. Elliot; my mother's name was Adeline; and I'm with my Aunt Augusta, and have been ever since I came to the spirit-world. She used to live with my mother, and died of consumption. [Was she your mother's sister?] Yes, sir; and I'm with her now. [What place did your parents reside in at the time of her death?] Trenton.

My father's an Infidel. I don't know what my mother is, but she believes people can come back. But I want to send a letter to my father most. I didn't see him before I died. I didn't have any chance to say anything to him when I went away. I want to say so much to him! I want to tell him where I live, and all about what I've seen here. His mother didn't hang herself—I'm grand-mother didn't hang herself. [How came she hanged?] She was n't hung. She didn't hang herself, she says. She was found dead in a position that would lead folks to suppose that she hung herself. She died when he was about six months old, and he's always believed that his mother committed suicide. Tisn't so; she's often told me about it since I went to the spirit-world, and she says she didn't hang herself. [Did she tell you what occasioned her death?] No, sir; she never told me that. But I want my father to know he was mistaken. She'll tell him how she came to die, if he'll let her come and talk with him. He thinks there's nothing of her. He thinks she's been gone to nothing long ago.

[What is your father doing in Texas?] He's with the army; yes, sir. [Do you remember which army?] Is he in the Federal army? Yes, sir; he's in the Federal army. He isn't a rebel; he's an officer. He's lieutenant; ain't there two? [Yes.] I don't know whether it's first or second, and he's with the army in Texas, and my mother can send my letter to him when she gets it. [Does your mother get these papers?] Yes, sir, and another one from New York; I don't remember what it is. [The Herald of Progress, probably.] And I know that that paper is that my father lost, and nobody could tell him where it was, and because he couldn't find it he lost his case in law. And I know where it is. Yes, sir; I'll tell him where it is, if he wants to know. It's—my father went into the store-closet, and there's a large crack near the shelves. He went in for something—I don't know for what—and my aunt says, in stopping down the paper slipped out of his coat pocket. He'd put it in that day, and was looking for something in the store-closet, when it fell out of his pocket and went down under the floor, in the crack under the floor. And because my father couldn't find that paper, he lost his case in Court. And he can go there and find it now, if he's a mind to. Good-by. [Did you tell your age?] Yes, sir; most ten.

March 3.

Anna Cora Wilson.

[The last spirit that manifested this afternoon, reached forth the medium's hand and took the hand of the spirit's mother, and addressed to her the following beautiful and touching poetic allusions to the last moments of her earth-life. The scene was affecting. The mother says her "darling birdie" would have been eighteen years old this month, and has been in the spirit-world over five years.]

[Pushed the voice and muffled the tread of kind friends who lingered near "Birdie's" death-bed; But they saw not the angels who entered unheard, And dipped in heaven's chalice the wings of their bird. And they whispered so soft that you heard not a sound— "Come, Birdie, your wings shall no longer be bound!" Then, quick as the eagle's eye drank in the light, Your Birdie was free from mortality's night.

And now from the heights of Eternity's plains, From the land where Death comes not and Night never reigns, Your Birdie returns, on swift pinions of love, With fresh gathered buds from her bright home above.

When the world in its sadness says, "Birdie is dead," Oh tell them, dear mother, I've only been laid, By the hands of the angels, away from the night, Away from earth's darkness to heaven's clear light.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, the Hindoo lifts his soul to thee through Christian woman; and he takes with him the thoughts of this Christian people. Some are great, and full of life; some are small, having little life. Mighty Allah, answer them all, that the hearts of these Christians may grow strong, that they may worship thee more devoutly in spirit and in truth. Mighty Allah, these, the Christians, have sent their mission-teachers to talk to the Hindoo. May the Hindoo find as much favor with the Christian as the Christian has found with the Hindoo. And when they shall lay down in death, and rise up in life, Mighty Allah, give them fresh flowers, fine fruits, clear waters and many friends.

March 7.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now invited to propound such questions as they may desire to have answered.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent—B. F. C.—sends us the following letter, enclosing an article upon the spotted fever:

MR. EDITOR.—In one of the communications published in the BANNER, I think it was stated that disease was caused by the absence or inability of the spirit to control the parts affected, and the true remedy for sickness was to aid the spirit's return, or control, of the diseased parts.

As this is a very important matter, will the spirits favor us with as full information as possible on this subject, touching the different modes of medical practice now in use, comparing them with the means used, and the success of our Saviour eighteen years ago.

Also, will the spirits please explain the cause of the epidemic spoken of in the paper enclosed (taken from the Journal of Commerce of the 3d inst.) and other similar epidemics now prevailing in different parts of this country, and their remedies?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, New York, March 4th, 1864.

THE EXTRACT.

THE SPOTTED FEVER.—We learn from a gentleman who has spent several days in Luzerne Co., Pa., some interesting particulars concerning the epidemic, popularly known as the "spotted fever," which has caused such havoc in that region. The disease made its appearance in a house situated on the highest and driest ground in Carbondale, and carried off three children of one family in a few hours. The symptoms are a fit of trembling, like a common ague, and a pain across the brow. Within an hour red spots or blotches begin to break out all over the body, and a raging fever sets in, accompanied by delirium.

The disease comes to its crisis in from six to ten hours, and in most cases terminates fatally. All classes of society and all ages are liable to it, though the worst of its ravages is among the children. In one instance an entire family of seven children fell victims to it. Various methods of treatment are resorted to; but a sure preventive, or cure, has not been discovered. The whole number of deaths are reported at nearly four hundred. At last accounts it was subsiding, and its speedy disappearance from the unfortunate county was confidently looked for.

ANSWER TO FIRST QUESTION.—Disease means simply this: that the spirit has lost control of that portion of the human body that is diseased. Now it may have lost its control by one means, and it may have lost it by another. There are many thousand ways by which disease comes upon humanity, by which the spirit is forced to yield up the control of certain portions of the human body, and there are as many ways by which the spirit may be assisted in regaining control of those parts again. But the most potent and powerful of all remedies comes through the magnetic element. The spirit acts upon the animal through magnetic law. It holds its control by virtue of the magnetic fluid, and loses it, also, by virtue of the absence of that fluid. Now there are certain persons who are so fully charged with magnetic life, that they are capable of imparting this element to others, who are capable of giving of their own life and health to others that have less life and health.

It has been the custom for many years to seek a remedy for disease through Materia Medica. The stomach of the animal man has been called upon to perform a very large amount of labor. Many nauseous drugs have been introduced into the stomach, which it has been compelled to analyze, chemically change, and to send over the nervous wires that magnetism, or as much of that healing element as was introduced through the remedy.

But as the human advances in intellect and wisdom, it begins to perceive what Jesus the great healing medium understood intuitively, that disease comes silently, stealthily through the imperceptible, and that in order to meet it with sure success, you must follow its course through the same avenue. You must learn the laws governing the magnetic element, and when you have learned them, you can easily apply them to diseased physical bodies.

ANSWER TO SECOND QUESTION.—In a word, we believe that the disease spoken of as spotted fever, is but one of the many evils consequent upon war. Our atmosphere is filled with a deadly effluvia that all must inhale to a greater or less extent. This sometimes passes in currents, or veins. It should be understood that your atmosphere is made up of innumerable veins, or atmospheric wires, each governed by its own peculiar law, and each exerting its own peculiar influence.

Now in some of these currents of your atmosphere there is a peculiar affinity for death—if we may so term this poisonous effluvia in the air—consequently it is passed rapidly over these atmospheric wires, and begins to exert its deadly influence wherever there is the most affinity for it; or, in other words, wherever there is a body that is adapted to its entrance. Now it might pass through the entire length of your earth, and you be unharmed by it. But if there is a more attractive element in certain bodies than in the atmosphere, this effluvia will leave the atmosphere and enter these bodies. The result will be before you.

Now you have much to do, a very long lesson to learn with regard to the correct method of cure, or, we should say, with regard to preventing the disease taking hold upon animal life.

At present you cannot understand what condition is most adapted to taking on this peculiar disease. We cannot present you with a picture by which we could fully demonstrate such a condition to you, because we find nobody in this room that would be likely to attract the disease termed spotted fever to itself. You might take us hundreds of miles away from this place, and yet we might not find one person who, if brought within range of that deadly influence, would be sure to attract it. There are certain combinations of magnetic and electric life that attract all forms of disease that are carried in your atmosphere; and there are other conditions that repel them. Therefore, you see it would be impossible for us to recommend any general mode of treatment for the removal of spotted fever. You must learn as much as it is possible for you to learn concerning the cause, and then you will know better how to deal with the effect. You are but standing upon the threshold of evils that are but the consequence of your war. Disease—many forms of which are unknown to man—will visit you, but thanks be to God, human intellect ever keeps pace with sorrow. You will know how to deal with it when it comes.

Q.—Are the spirits of our friends cognizant of our general actions, or only when particularly drawn to us?

A.—The disembodied spirit is by no means omnipresent; therefore it cannot be cognizant of all that is taking place with their friends on earth. Whenever it is in clear rapport with earthly friends, the disembodied spirit is cognizant of the actions of those friends.

Q.—Is not some one with them constantly who understands their every thought?

A.—No, by no means. Spirits generally have better employment than that of reading human thoughts.

Q.—Is not some one with them all the time? Not every spirit-friend, but some particular one?

A.—No; there are times, we believe, when the disembodied spirit is not attended by the disembodied. There are times when you repel spirits of every grade and class, that have not forms like your own. Again, there are times when the disembodied are attracted to yourself by legions. Do you understand?

Q.—Do spirits ever progress so far, or become so perfected, as to be unable to return to the earth-sphere?

A.—The spirit is capable of so far outliving its attraction for earth and earthly things, that in that sense it becomes impossible for them to return to earth as individualized intelligences. They may transmit their desire to friends dwelling in earth-life; but after they have outlived their earthly attractions, they do not come in person to earth. Do you understand?

Q.—The intelligence in the early part of the science bade us to study the laws of magnetic power, and learn their application to diseased physical bodies. With a desire to obey the controlling intelligence, I would like to know what some of those laws are, and, as a preliminary question, would ask, whether mineral and vegetable magnetism are the same in principle as that of the human form?

A.—In principle they are the same, but in manifestation they are widely different.

Q.—What are some of the laws that you spoke of as applicable to the restoration of health in the human being?

A.—The law of communion, or interchange of thought-power between spirit and spirit, that is not projected into outer life. Thus communion

between spirit and spirit does take place, but you have no knowledge of that fact in the outer world. Now Clairvoyance, with its mighty power, may and will unfold to you all that is necessary for you to know of this mighty law. Your day and your generation has furnished you with superior clairvoyants, persons who are capable of reaching far into the future, of grasping truths therefrom, and bringing them into the outer world to you. Through the power of clairvoyance, you will learn how to make correct application of the law. Is the subject clear to you?

Q.—To a certain extent.

S.—In what have we failed to make it plain?

Q.—Please explain the difference between mineral and animal magnetism?

A.—One belongs to mineral life, to one of the lower strata of life; the other to a higher order of life, as in the animal.

Q.—Would a combination of the two be efficacious in the removal of disease from the human form?

A.—Yes, it would.

Q.—In that case, which magnetism would be subservient to the other?

A.—Sometimes one would stand out preëminent, sometimes the other.

Q.—Is this clairvoyant power one that could be obtained by everybody?

A.—No, we do not think it is; for there are certain bodies, physical machines, that cannot be used in this way. Some may seek for the gift through their entire natural lives, and never be able to obtain it. Others obtain this gift very readily, although conditions ruling at the time of their physical birth, doubtless have much to do with their clairvoyant power. Now as no one can control the conditions of their physical birth, no one can make themselves clairvoyants.

Q.—Does the clairvoyant power depend upon the volition of one's own mind, or upon the volition of disembodied spirits?

A.—Sometimes by the action of his own will a person can use it largely. Sometimes it is dependent upon the will of disembodied spirits. Sometimes it is dependent upon spirits in the body. We know of many clairvoyants who are entirely dependent upon spirits in the body, who are unable to exercise their clairvoyant power at all aside from the aid of their spirit-attendants. Again, we know of some persons who are clairvoyants by the exercise of their own spiritual capacities through outer life. Such persons are commonly called independent clairvoyants.

Q.—Is the nature of this clairvoyant power the supremacy of the soul over the body?

A.—Yes, it is. The spirit of the clairvoyant has not so strong a hold upon the physical body as others have. It is capable of letting go of all, save just enough to hold them to the machine; capable of wandering out into the outer life, and not only of sojourning there, but of taking note of whatever is passing there. A Columbus, by the exercise of his superior clairvoyant powers, saw the new world. No one had ever told him there was a western hemisphere, and yet he knew it. Clairvoyance had acquainted him with the fact, and so fully satisfied was he that such a world existed, that he was willing to make any sacrifice to prove the truth of his impression. His all, his life he threw into the scale.

Q.—Is it not just as probable to suppose that the strong impression of mind of Columbus was the result of disembodied spirits acting upon his mind, as to suppose it was the volition of his own mind? Is it not more probable?

A.—Yes; where there is one independent clairvoyant capable of acting outside of its own being, there are ten who are not capable of so doing. Columbus had the power, and it was used, with what results you and I well know.

Thomas S. Kenney.

I feel that I have scarce any claim upon your sympathy, but like many thousands I ask for it, whether I have a claim or not.

I was separated from my body in December last, in the city of St. Louis. I did not come into conscious life until last night, when, coming in contact with a medium, I was informed of my condition, and it was the first time I learned that I was dead.

Four years ago I was worth between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars, accumulated at my business as a broker. Three years ago I lost my wife and child. The effect was serious upon me. I abandoned my business and courted death in any and all forms. I gave up entirely to despair, and longed for death. I drank largely, and sometimes used opium, until I found myself a beggar, with not even enough in my pocket to purchase a meal of victuals.

When I was sober enough to do any business, I picked up a little, as every curb-stone broker can always do, if he wishes to. When absolutely compelled to obtain means, I would work in that capacity for a few weeks, then I would use what I had gained. I thought I used it for my own good, but I see now that I was mistaken; and that it is not well to try to drown our sorrow by liquor, for we are still ourselves though we sink to sleep in alcohol enough to fill up the Atlantic Ocean; sooner or later we rouse from its effects, and then comes the remorse.

I have been told that I passed on in a fit. I remember of having two, and I'm told I had the third, and died. At one time I was a correspondent for one of the Western papers, and I did much in my way against preventing the success of your spiritual cause; and whenever

Spiritualism when I was here, but I can but think that my spirit will exult in it. He knows it's true, and I think I can soon identify myself with him, if he is permitted to commune with him. My friends, I would also like to commune with him. In anything that I can do to comfort my friends, I should be pleased to do.

My father and mother were both spiritualists, and I feel that I owe you an apology for writing against you and your paper, for I did so, and am truly sorry for it now.

You will say this is for the acquaintances—I'll call them friends, for they were friends in their line—I left in St. Louis. I am, or was, Thomas S. Kenney. I generally subscribed myself T. S. Kenney. Good-day, sir. March 7.

Susie Wilkins.

"Dead in trespasses and sins." No, I ain't, I'm alive, sir; not alive in sin, any more than any one else, either.

I've been in this world, sir, as near as I can judge, about fourteen months. I died of fever in New York City. I lived most of my life with my father's sister. My parents dying when I was quite young, my father's sister adopted me. She was very rigid in her views, and thought all who did not believe as she did must certainly go to the hell that is set apart for sinners. Now my aunt was not only rigid in her religion, but was so in many other things. Well, I liked to dance—to go to parties and concerts when with her, but my aunt thought it was wicked, and she prohibited my going. So I told her I would leave her house, and I went away and supported myself. I at first earned a living by making lace sleeves and collars. At one time I worked at Genin's Bazaar on Broadway.

Well, I was taken sick and that soon used up all the money I had, and the people where I was staying sent for my aunt, and she said if I would repent of my sins, and consent to change my course of life, she would take me home with her. I said I'd nothing to repent of. I had been happy away from my aunt, and had supported myself honestly. I was sick then, I knew, and wasn't able to pay my way, but I hoped to be well soon, and then I could soon do so. But I had nothing to repent of, I should never change my course of life, and would never consent to be carried to her home again.

So my aunt left me, saying, "You're dead in trespasses and sins." Well, I didn't think so; I do not think so now, either. I died shortly after. I met my father and mother; they were overjoyed to see their child. I was very happy, and I have been happy ever since I went to the spirit-world.

I've only come here to tell my dear Aunt Angelina—that's her name—that I'm not dead, but I'm alive and happy. And I think I know just as much about God as she does, and I think a little more, and she'll find that she's made a mistake when she goes to the spirit-world—that her religion won't be worth a straw to her. It won't even serve her in passing through death. She will have a terrible time when she comes to die, for she's always frightened when she's sick the least bit—if she's sick half an hour, she's frightened almost to death, and is afraid she's going to die. Well, I wasn't afraid to die, as great a sinner as she said I was.

Now I don't come back here to-day because I have any ill feeling towards my aunt, for I forgive her; I did long ago, and I don't want her to think I come to blame her for her treatment of me. I was determined to come, as soon as I learned I could come, and if my dear aunt will go somewhere, and let me come and talk, I'll give her unmistakable proof that I'm just the person I say I am.

Yes; tell her that Susie Wilkins isn't dead. There's no ministers or churches in the spirit-world, and those folks that have lived all their lives here by leaning upon the Church and their ministers, will find themselves in a very shaky condition when they come to the spirit-world.

I wish Mrs. Denton, who knows something about these things, would be kind enough to take my letter—when it is published—in person, to my aunt. And if she is not afraid to meet one "who is dead in trespasses and sins," I should be very glad to meet her. I was twenty years old—little over twenty. Good-day, sir. March 7.

Theodore Aldrich.

I'm in hopes to send some word to my folks. I'm a good deal disappointed about this new country. It's different from what I thought it would be.

I was private in the 2d Indiana. I've got folks in Clarksville, Indiana, I'd like to talk with. I have a wife, and mother, and two children there, sir. They know I am dead; have been, ever since your second Bull Run fight, but do not know anything about coming back.

Now if you'll be kind enough to tell my folks that Theodore Aldrich can talk without his body, that he's only availed himself of the privileges offered by the great God, I'll thank you. I can't give you anything but my thanks, because, stranger, I ain't got anything else to give you. Stranger, I'm happy enough, although I'm somewhat disappointed in my conditions. Well, they're better, stranger, then I thought. I'm like a man that is introduced into pretty good company with a bad rig on. I'm a little ashamed; that's the way I feel, stranger. I thought I was going to meet with different things altogether. I find this spirit-world don't differ much from your world. It's only a step higher in the ladder; that's all. Good-day, stranger. Company A, sir.

[You'd better give your wife and children's names.] My wife's name, Hulda; my children's, Theodore and Jane. Oh, how I should like to go! I'll wait till the bed comes round, as the man did when he was drunk. Good-day. March 7.

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Nov. 15.

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.]

Mrs. A. M. TOWNSEND speaks in Boston, March 27.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPRAGUE will speak in Charlestown during May 1 in Concord, during June 1 in Lowell, and May 1 in Boston.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lynn, March 27. Address No. 87 Spring Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. HULL will speak in Providence, R. I., March 27; in Boston, Mass., during April, in Portland, Me., May 1; in Lowell, Mass., May 2; in New Bedford, Mass., May 3; in Fall River, Mass., May 4; in Taunton, Mass., May 5; in Weymouth, Mass., May 6; in Scituate, Mass., May 7; in Sandwich, Mass., May 8; in Wareham, Mass., May 9; in Bourne, Mass., May 10; in Buzzards Bay, Mass., May 11; in Mattapoisett, Mass., May 12; in Duxbury, Mass., May 13; in Abington, Mass., May 14; in Norwell, Mass., May 15; in Cohasset, Mass., May 16; in Hingham, Mass., May 17; in Weymouth, Mass., May 18; in Scituate, Mass., May 19; in Sandwich, Mass., May 20; in Wareham, Mass., May 21; in Bourne, Mass., May 22; in Buzzards Bay, Mass., May 23; in Mattapoisett, Mass., May 24; in Duxbury, Mass., May 25; in Abington, Mass., May 26; in Norwell, Mass., May 27; in Cohasset, Mass., May 28; in Hingham, Mass., May 29; in Weymouth, Mass., May 30; in Scituate, Mass., May 31; in Sandwich, Mass., June 1; in Wareham, Mass., June 2; in Bourne, Mass., June 3; in Buzzards Bay, Mass., June 4; 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Children's Department.

EDITED BY MISS LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address 140 West 21st Street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

When Mrs. Grimes saw the snowy-white eggs that May brought in her apron, a smile came to her mouth, but it did not glow all over her face; it is only a kindly heart that makes the face light up with genuine delight.

Tim thought this a favorable time for him to advance with the broken pitcher.

"You see," said he, "that a sad mishap has occurred; but it happened at a fortunate time, for I am going to town with some early apples, and I will take the eggs and buy you a new and better pitcher than that ever was."

"Who broke the pitcher?" I would like to know whose carelessness did that. But as you say, you can get a new one; and do you know how much eggs are a dozen? I should n't wonder if I had enough laid by to come to half a dollar. What a blessing hens are! And Tim, I want you to get some eggs from neighbor Smith's bantam, because you see, that small eggs bring just as much in the market, and I fancy that little hens do n't eat so much as large ones."

"Perhaps I can go to-night; and if May could go with me and hold the basket while I get over the fences, why, you see, I should be sure to keep them steady, and then you'll be sure to have a fine brood of chickens."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Grimes, "May can go; she's no use, anyhow."

When they had finished all their duties, May and Tim started on their pleasant mission. Their way lay over the fields and through green lanes. It was the beautiful time of summer's twilight, when one thinks heaven is shutting down over the earth, covering up all its sad sights and opening the beautiful pathway of stars through which one sees the glory that the day conceals. It was something like this that Tim said to May.

"But Tim," said she, "if heaven is so far away among the stars, how do you know about those that love us? I didn't see the golden fountain 'way off, but close to our garden; and you said it was an image of heaven."

"Well, May, I think that it must be in this way: if we keep our spirits beautiful and bright, why, we are in heaven's light, and if we are, we can see afar off just as well as close by; and so the beautiful angels come close to us in that light, and we dwell all the time near them. But if we have not that light within us, heaven seems to be up in the sky, or somewhere that we cannot find it or know about it."

"I guess Mrs. Grimes thinks it's in the moon, don't you? for she looks at the moon over her right shoulder, and says she shall have good luck."

"Oh, look here!" said Tim; "here's the beautiful water that flows from the meadow down to Diamond Pond. See how lovely it is in the soft light of the evening; it must look like the fountain you saw."

"Yes; only that was, oh, so bright! and a beautiful light seemed to go from it."

"You see," said Tim, "that the angel at the fountain was right, for kindness made Mrs. Grimes quite pleasant; and if you and I had tried to tell her a lie, we should have been off in the darkness so that no beautiful thing could have reached us from heaven. Just look down into the water here, and see how many pretty things are to be seen; just so you and I must make lovely pictures on our spirits. But let us have a good run now to the foot of the hill."

When they reached Mr. Smith's door, a happy face met them, and 'bade them come in. This was Lucy Smith, a little girl older than May, who had bright golden curls, and rosy cheeks, and neat, tidy garments. She seemed anxious to amuse May, and while Tim went out to do his errand, she showed her many books and pictures by the candle light in the parlor.

"Oh, this has such nice stories you may have it to read."

"I don't know how to read," said May.

"Don't know how to read? How funny! Why don't you mother teach you?"

"She's gone to heaven, and can't; and Mrs. Grimes makes butter, and don't like to read; and Tim has n't time."

"Dear me; you shall come and learn here. Can't she, mamma? I am tired of learning alone. I want somebody to talk to; and you can have my books, and I can help you. Look here, now, that's C, that's O, that's E, that's N, that spells corn. Dear me, what a stupid woman Mrs. Grimes must be. I'll go and tell papa." And away she ran, her tongue never still, and her heart as gay as a butterfly in the summer sunshine.

This visit ended with an invitation from Mrs. Smith to have May come over and study with Lucy every day.

May felt very much afraid that Mrs. Grimes would be unwilling to let her go, but Tim said they would try and see what she would do.

As May feared, she refused; she would not spare May; she wanted her to bring in wood, and to hunt eggs, and to bring water; and what was the use of reading, she said. This always trying to find out what other people have said, and bothering one's self to know what other people thought, was but idle curiosity. She never read anything but the Primer, and that said:

"In Adam's fall we sinned all,"

and what was the sense in that.

Poor May! she forgot the golden fountain, and the beautiful pictures in the water, had cried, and thought Mrs. Grimes had power to shut out all good and blessed things from her life.

Poor Tim, too! who had felt so sure that some good was coming to May; and that the angel of light meant to bless them both, was now very sorrowful; he worked hard, but no real pleasure came from his labor.

It was a week after this, and May and Tim were getting in the last load of hay. It was late in the afternoon, and the fresh breezes began to blow from the West, and the soft grass felt cool to the feet. They were both tired, for May had been raking after the cart, that Tim might get through in season to sit down and talk to her a little, before Mrs. Grimes came home from a visit she was making.

When the last of the hay was safely housed, and the oxen were feeding in the yard, May and Tim wandered down to the beechnut grove and sat down on the green grass.

"I've been thinking what it is best to do, May, and I've been thinking for a whole week; and last night I came to this conclusion: that if there were any angels, and if they couldn't help us in our troubles, they were of no use to us; and then I

thought how they were to help us, and I concluded it was by our making them, and trying to know what they wanted us to do."

"Let's ask them real loud, then," said May.

"Oh, they understand a whisper as well as a loud voice, and a wish as well as words."

"Well, I wish to learn to read, and to go to Mrs. Smith's, and that Mrs. Grimes's butter would n't come till she lets me go."

"Just think a minute, May, if that will be trying to put a beautiful picture on Mrs. Grimes's spirit. You wish to learn to read, and that cannot harm any one, but will help you. A good wish is a prayer, so you and I will pray all the time for what we wish."

"But what do you pray for, Tim? What do you wish for? because I'll pray that, too."

"Well, May, I guess I want people to love me, and to have a better looking face—not so red and coarse."

"Why, Tim, I'm sure I love you; and I think you are good looking when you get on your new coat and smooth your hair."

"Do you, really, May? Well, it's no matter. Let us not bother the angels with but one wish at a time, and let that be for some way for May to go to school."

"But you see, Tim, you've wished, and the angels have heard, I guess; and it can't be any trouble for them to make people handsome."

"I rather think it would be a heap of trouble. Come, May, let us go; and while we work or rest, let us not forget that we are to pray for what we need."

May did not need to be told this, for one wish seemed to be in her head all the time—the wish to go to Mrs. Smith's and see Lucy's books. As she lay in her bed and heard the gentle drops of the coming shower fall on the roof that covered with its rough boards her sleeping-room, she said:

"Dear angel of the golden fountain, come."

Between the pattering rain-drops she heard soft, gentle touches, as if a little bird were treading on the roof. As she was wondering if all the birds were in their nests, a soft voice spoke to her, and said:

"Yes, darling, we hear. You shall go through love, which is the flower-path of heaven. Love is beauty."

May did not understand what this meant, and fell asleep while trying to remember it to repeat to Tim.

The next day Tim said it meant, that May must be good, which was the flower-path; and that if he loved much, he should seem handsome to those that loved him.

Now it was a hard trial for May to be loving to Mrs. Grimes, who seemed to care so little for her; and the more May tried, the more Mrs. Grimes seemed determined to make her unhappy. She never wanted May to do what she wished most to do, but whatever May disliked, that she was obliged to perform. The days seemed long and dreary, and her little heart was getting very tired. What was saddest of all to her, Mrs. Grimes said she should keep Tim no longer. Haying was over, and she and May must manage to do the work by themselves.

"There was only the cows to turn out to pasture," she said, "and to bring home at night, and to milk, and the garden to weed, and the house to keep neat, and the butter to make, and the eggs to hunt, and—all the rest of the things to do."

The way seemed darker than ever to May, and a sorrow seemed settling down on her face. When Tim came to bid her good-bye, she cried as if her heart would break; and Tim brushed the tears from his manly cheeks.

"Be patient, darling," he said, "and I will come every day and bring you some books to read, and I will coax Mrs. Grimes to let you have time; and you must not forget that a kind heaven loves you."

They had both been so sure of help from the dear angel, and it had not come, that he would not speak of it.

May resolved within herself that she would try and do right for a while, for she had not forgotten the sweet words that had been breathed into her spirit, and it seemed to her as if some gentle power was keeping her from any real harm. With the help that Tim gave her, she soon learned to read simple sentences, for he came every day and helped Mrs. Grimes with her cows, that he might be able to stay and help May with her lessons. When she was able to read simple stories, she forgot her troubles, in thinking of what she read, and of the glad time of Tim's coming to teach her.

May had become so absorbed in the efforts she made, that the presence of an angel near her seemed like a dream. She did not know that some gentle influence inspired her wish, so that she was more earnest than most children are to acquire knowledge.

When winter came and the evenings were long, Tim came and told stories of what he had read, and Mrs. Grimes, sitting with her knitting work in the corner, listened until she dropped her work and said, really if she had known that books told such things, she would have learned to read. And thus the promise given to May was being fulfilled; for May was learning, and love was helping Mrs. Grimes, and Tim was becoming really handsome, as his face lighted up with the intelligence that he was gaining for the sake of May. The beautiful pictures that were represented on their spirits were pictures of noble effort and loving endeavor.

But, as we have said, it is not easy to feel how lovingly some kind power is leading us, when we do not see our wish fulfilled precisely as we desired. May had wanted to go to Mrs. Smith's to study with Lucy, and because she had not been there, she thought that no angel-had been leading her; so she said to herself one day, "I am determined to go, whether Mrs. Grimes likes it or not. I shall run away, for I want to see Lucy and her beautiful books. I'm tired of seeing just Tim alone. I shall go, and I shall run away; for I do not dare to ask Mrs. Grimes."

When Mrs. Grimes had gone to a neighbor's, May put on her hood and shawl, and took the road that led around the hill to Mrs. Smith's. The ground was covered with snow; beautiful Diamond Lake lay shut up in its casement of ice; the forest where she and Tim had walked, was bare, save with the white mantle that a recent snow had thrown over it. As May looked on all this pleasant picture, she remembered the summer time, and all that Tim had said, and the words that had been whispered to her—

"Gentle angels keep and bless me,
All the night and all the day;
Make me good and kind and loving,
Help me by your love, I pray!"

seemed again coming to her, as if floating on the air.

May knew that she was not wishing to have that good wish answered, for she had made up her mind that she would do as she pleased; and when little girls once make up their minds, they think it much smarter to continue as they have begun—even if it is wrong—than to change to another course; so of course May went on; but as she went, she began to think what would happen if she should not be back in season; and Mrs. Grimes should get home first.

She thought to herself, "If I take my way over the lake it will save me a full half mile, and I shall then have ample time for my visit, and to return. When she came to the place in the road where the edge of the lake just bordered the path-way, she ventured on the smooth surface. A thin coating of snow covered the ice, and May half slid and half walked toward the centre of the lake. Some fishermen had cut holes, a few days before, to put down their lines, and they had frozen over with only a thin coat of ice; but the snow had covered the roughness, and May did not note anything but the beautiful expanse. To be sure, Mrs. Grimes had often told her of the danger of going on to the lake alone; but this day she did not care to remember the warnings, and ventured boldly along. A little sad thought sometimes came stealing over her as to what Tim would say, should he chance to see her, and whether her spirit really was like a fountain on which every thing she did was pictured, and whether this picture was one that the angel would see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

Come, let me whisper, little ones,
Some pleasant news to you;
It is the best I've heard this month,
And yet I know 't is true.

It comes not over iron wires,
Or by the hurrying mail;
But he who brings it unto me,
Does never, never fail.

He brings no false word to cheat,
He wants no news-boy's cry,
He has no need of mail or post,
Or "Spresso men" hurrying by.

I'll have you think, now, what it is—
The best news I can bring.
It is—it is—God gives again
The happy, merry Spring.

Enigma.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 7, 4, 8 is a graceful native of the forest.
My 1, 5, 7 is the constant cry of 8, 10, 14, 7, 8, 3.
My 6, 5, 8, 3, 7, 18 is an atom.
My 8, 7, 1, 6, 5, 8, 14, 7 follows evil doors.
My 11, 5, 6, 7 beautifies our 4, 10, 6, 7, 14.
My 3, 11, 13, 8, 7 marks the path of slanders.
My 3, 1, 10, 4, 7, 14 of the 9, 13, 3, 7 reward us for good conduct.

My 7, 11, 6, 7, 3 abound in fairy tales.
My 6, 7, 4, 14, 7, 3 occur in poetry.
My whole is the name of one who loves children.

Milwaukee, Wis. ALBERT M.

Answer to Enigma in last week's BANNER.—A-IR-CA-NA OF NATURE.

We have received an enigma signed "A young lady reader of the BANNER," which does not say what "my whole" is, therefore we will not publish it until we hear further.

Errata.—In "City Oris" please read, seventh verse, third line, "It minds not rule or jarring sounds."

The Unblamed Man and the Ruined Woman.

We make the following extracts from advance sheets of a new work soon to be published from the pen of Mrs. E. W. Farnham, entitled "Woman and Her Era."

During all the ages of its existence, human society has existed; but never yet solved the problem of the unblamed man and the condemned woman—ruined, we are apt to say, thus making ourselves the arbiters of her moral destiny. And it seems to me that the very elements of solution are beyond us, until we recognize the greater spirituality and elevation of woman and her consequent greater fall, in descending to the level of man's nature. Failing this light, our theory of the sexes includes the enigmas and cruel paradoxes of demanding from the inferior, the higher and purer conduct, and punishing her fearfully for falling short of that demand. Thus, we do not reproach man for acting from sense in himself, and addressing woman through hers. But we have scorned, despised, and driven her to despair, for being moved by such address, beyond the point of perfect prudence, when it is too dark and ignorant to see the true methods. But its roots are ways, meanwhile, strike down to a deep, eternal truth, to which it is magnetic, and which it will by-and-by infallibly bring to the surface. Thus no reasoning mind could ever, in any age, be satisfied with the disposition which society made of this question; nor could any tender, or enlightened heart, fail to be troubled by it. On the contrary, illustrating this extreme cruelty that society has ever persisted in. Yet it has been adhered to in all conditions. Let us then inquire for the hidden truth on which it must be based.

Why did men judge themselves so leniently and woman so severely? The leading elements to the answer to this question have already been stated in these pages. Broadly, they are the materiality of the Masculine, and the spirituality of the Feminine—the grossness of man and the purity of woman—the selfishness of man and the goodness of woman. But only in proportion to its development can society accept the ruling activity of the feminine qualities. In all its rudimentary stages it requires the ascendancy of the masculine traits, and enjoys it. And the earth does not yet afford an example of a social condition progressed enough to be the unquestioned and free sovereignty of womanhood. But in all stages of progress there is need of the feminine, both as inspiration and restraint, to man, and in the relation of the sexes, out of marriage, it must rule, from the beginning, or dire disorder will follow its failure. The purity of woman is the everlasting barrier against which the tides of man's sensual nature surge—to be steadily beaten back, or human welfare decays in her failure. Even in his purity, he leans, by constitution, toward the sensual and material, rather than the spiritual, and comes to be almost universally ruled by them in some form or degree. But there is no usurpation of sense so base and baleful as that under discussion here—none that so surely dooms to ignominious ruin, or temporary death, all that is sweet, grand, inspiring and heavenward in the nature. And this for two chief reasons: first, because it is a usurpation of the most external and perishable over the interior and enduring, in man himself; and second, because it is the only vice whose wide spread must necessarily involve both sexes. Other lusts of appetite, or of character, are more exclusively masculine, and like ambition, or the greed of gain, or drunkenness, may prevail very considerably in one sex, without immediately destroying or directly affecting the purity and integrity of the other.

The intellect of man contemplates restraint, repression, denial, as self-necessities, in view of his appetites, but his self-love, especially this tyrannical feature, forbids his looking to self-denial as the safeguard that is needed to self-control; he affirms that his appetites are to be satisfied, that they are, in him, respectable enough to be provided for, at any cost, not fatal to the whole of society. A portion of it he does not shrink from sacrificing thus, but testifies at the same time his high faith in and inactive respect for the unpolluted, by decreeing the widest and most fatal separation between

the two divisions. He must be cruel, even terrible to woman, that he may be indulgent to himself. And thus he is at once true to his sentiment of her exalted nature and to his love of self—after a sorely irrational fashion, truly, but better than that utter apostasy to nature, and the degradation of woman in his sentiment, as well as in his intellectual theories and practical adjustment of relations in life.

There is even a diabolical courage exhibited in this judgment of woman, and exorcism of himself, which in a better cause, could scarcely fail to command our admiration. The infinite coolness of it surpasses my power of statement. Yet when I turn to the other aspect of the question, and find beneath all the infernal assurance, a genuine recognition, however absurd and imperfect, of the real nature of woman—an actual, living faith in her utter-onceness purity—a vital conviction that her moral preservation is infinitely more important than his—a tacit confession that her sex could not come down to the level of his, without imperilling all in human existence, that reason and moral intelligence held dear and sacred, I find a certain aloof forgiveness in my heart toward this irrational judge, and a far more comforting assurance that it will be well with us in the future, because of even this incongruous, absurd, shameful and cruel acknowledgment of us. And at some future stage of our journey, we shall find those who have been sacrificed in order to maintain it, and shall vindicate our human nature by making them the divinest reparation we can offer. Then, many a woman who has passed by on the other side of the street, or who has been carefully drawn from the fearful fold—will delight to take in the arms of her compassion and pitying tenderness, the unhappy ones whose martyrdom was the price her sex paid that she and her daughters might be held, by distinction, honorable and pure. I need not return to the more painful side of this case, or suggest another one of its yet unnamed features. They have been, and must continue in all progressive conditions where masculine superiority stands undisputed, because this is the sovereignty not of Love, but of Self-Love, and it will continue to have its protective measures not upon man's cost, but upon ours. What usurper ever ruled at his own?

But further, according to his material nature man sees chastity only as a physical quality, a purely external fact, and virtually declares that its existence depends exclusively upon the outward relations; or if at all, in a very subordinate degree upon the state of the mind, and the affections. Thus, according to his standards, a woman is chaste, whatever the internal grossness and uncleanness of her thoughts and emotions, if she has never come to a certain outward experience; and she is equally as chaste as he, and that with his sanction, though every fibre and every nerve of her nature may have recoiled with loathing and abhorrence from it. But, observe, that according to the same standards, there is scarcely such a being on our earth as a virtuous man; almost literally none who is not looked down upon for being such, or sneered at for pretending to be. They are believed in, if at all, and respected, if at all, among their own kind, or by the few most exalted, and spiritual-minded men, and by the very feeble; the extremes which reach above and fall below the average development of masculine character. By this self-esteem man holds himself free, while he enslaves woman; for in the last analysis of virtue in her, according to his authority, it turns out to be the most quiet and humble sating of his ego, in the methods which comport with his convenience, pleasure and pride; the prostration of her own individuality and its most interior, sacred rights, before the demands of his appetites and the exactions of his self-esteem; these requiring her conformity for their own sake, the other for that of the world, that its laugh may be averted and he be recognized and honored as the master.

But, according to her divine nature, a true woman sees chastity as a spiritual quality primarily, and secondarily as the result of outward facts. She feels that chastity is of the soul first, and may be there, pure and strong, when the body has suffered the most revolting violation—that love makes pure to her innermost consciousness that which the sensual world calls impure; and vice versa, that no ray of outward sanctity can make wholly and divinely chaste a body which is lower and more carnal. By her large spiritual life and purer capacities, she is able to rise from the false conditions which would lead to confessed degradation in the more material nature, and so to bear herself, through years, perhaps through a life-time, not so terribly defiled in the gross relation which nature may flow comparatively without harm, the eyes of the lower life, which is nominally joined to hers, (but because they face in opposite directions, when man will not look up with her, they are only nominally joined), while her real, spiritual capacities of union, slumber within her, awaiting the day when their object shall appear, either in this or the future world. She absorbs and so removes from her consciousness all thinking small account of what man calls "vice," in doing so, because she is conscious of the movements of a higher and more heavenly spirit within her than that he praises, or often recognizes.

And when she becomes conscious that it is so—that her nature does indeed transcend and include man's, exceeding it both for good and evil, she can no longer actually accept his standards. No matter what the social or actual position, she matters what the acknowledged or the unacknowledged upon her; the old conventional responsibilities, the false moral ones, the misinterpreted natural ones, drop beneath her feet, and there descends upon her a new and brighter tissue of obligations. She may seem to wear the old, but she lives in the new; she may seem to be shackled, and may, in this, clash to the fetters she constrains herself, for reason, but a glorious, unshackled freedom is hers—freedom of vision, of thought and of action, such as the goodness, which is one in character with God's goodness, alone can give. The day when such self-understanding and illumination comes to woman, is the day of her emancipation, and no other can be. She may be enlarged in new thoughts, may grow in the strength of her convictions, may knit more firmly the tissue of repute, intention to be and to do, but all is piece-meal growth, held by tenure more or less precarious, calling for acute, often belligerent defense, till this day, when her self-consciousness fronts her, says, "You are the divine, and must be enslaved no more; trust yourself, not simply as virtuous by conflict—the masculine excellence—but as a Good by natural endowment—the highest feminine state of being. See yourself, therefore, as the leader of life, not on man's plane of achievement and self-assertion, but on a higher one—accept your appointment, and lead on to the victories that wait your advent, and will grace no onerous but yours."

When this language has had clear utterance in the case of a woman, there is never another day of slavery possible to her. And the shackles fall no less around her than from her. For, with her fine insight and acknowledged capacities for spiritual leadership, she but touches with the fire from the altar of her own soul, the soul of her sister who is yet in bondage, and there is henceforth understanding, companionship, sympathy and co-operation between them. They have a common cause and work together, in Love—not Self-Love. They have not to conquer themselves first, in order to be virtuous, but, already armed and panoplied in the natural goodness which is of their divine constitution, their conquest begins for Good, not for self, which has been, thus far, almost the only conquest we have seen in this planet.

Cheering Words—Happiness Found.

One of our subscribers, (Mrs. R. C. D.) in Indianapolis, Indiana, in remitting for a renewal of her subscription, added the following cheering note:

Since Mrs. Nellie Wilsie lectured here in Nov. and Dec., there seems a good deal of interest in the cause. And it was really encouraging to see the large, attentive audiences which filled the lecture-room, especially when the very bad weather is so common.

I remarked to a friend—an old resident and Spiritualist—"It looks promising to see such an audience here, and the night so stormy; I am surprised." "You would be still more surprised if you knew of the general prejudice which existed in the city heretofore, as I do. Nellie is a fine speaker, and a host of well-to-do men, and one of the best and holiest of women. See yourself, described her truly in her letter published in the BANNER a few months ago. We expect her to lecture here during May and June. May nothing occur to prevent her adding to the work already begun."

While here, Nellie restored to health, by the

laying on of hands, a young lady, who was pronounced incurable by physicians. I saw the restored one the other day, and the rose of health was on her cheek; her mother was by her looking so happy, that in my heart I blessed God for the healing power vouchsafed to Nellie.

Last August, one of my sisters told us for the other life; lost her body through the horrible disease, small-pox. The doctor, a Quaker, was so afraid that we were "grasping truths," that he has since come into the outer world to fight, though the power of clairvoyance, you will learn, to make correct application of the law. Is this accept with full and grateful of Spiritualism. Mother has been many years a member of the Presbyterian Church, but I have heard her say many times that her faith was weak and unsatisfying. She dreaded approaching age, and inevitable death. Now she says the sting of death is passing away, and she looks forward to the meeting in the summer-land with joy.

I was a slave to the fear of death once. Years ago this new light set me free. The future is a certainty—a joyful one now. Not all the wealth and honor of the world could purchase from me one jot of this faith. It is based on knowledge.

To you who have labored so faithfully and well, I want to send thanks and God-speed. How many hearts are made better and happier by your efforts, you may never know.

Not long since one of your correspondents told you that when tired, and weary, or disheartened, she found rest and comfort in the BANNER. I heartily endorse every word, and be sure I shall induce others, whenever I can, to provide themselves with this comfort.

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