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Literary Department.

A SPLENDID NOVELLETTE,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER IX.

"She is active, stirring, all fire,
Cannot rest, cannot thro—
To a stone, she had given life." BROWNING.

Twelve years, with their strange vicissitudes of weal and woe, have glided into the dim cloisters of the shadowy Past since the events narrated in the last chapter.

Time, in his swiftly revolving chariot, has not been unkind of us, dear reader. The perfumed groves and warmly tinted sky of the South have receded from our view, and we now feel the keen wintry blast, and behold the snow-clad hills of the North.

It is at the close of a bright day in December. All is bustle and excitement among the young ladies of Madame D'Orsay's Seminary; for in a few hours the great reception rooms below will be crowded by their admiring friends, to witness a display of their varied talents and powers, and to rejoice in their triumphs. To-morrow they will disperse to their different homes, and the building will wear a deserted look, and stairs and galleries be strangely silent.

For months this all-important evening has been anticipated with eagerness. The studious have applied themselves to their books with more than usual diligence, while the dull and the idle, inwardly protesting against being distanced in the race, have been stimulated to unwonted exertion, as they thought of the grand exhibition.

No wonder, then, that, as they stand gathered together in groups, gaily discussing the joys of the coming Christmas holidays, and the pleasure of the reunion beyond, there are hearts that are beating high with hope, and bright eyes beaming, and soft cheeks flushing, as they think of the smiles of commendation bestowed, and prizes won.

A young girl stood a little apart from the rest, apparently absorbed in her own meditations. She was leaning against the window, at the end of the long corridor, a living personation of calmness and serenity, amid all the tumult and agitation about her. The moonlight fell upon her dark, expressive face, revealing a broad, intellectual brow, and black eyes, with smothered flames that needed but a word to blaze.

"Why, young ladies! is it possible that you are not dressed yet?" exclaimed Miss Stanley, one of the under teachers, as she suddenly appeared in their midst. "Madame will be very much displeased, if you are not all ready when the bell rings."

"Much good will it do her to have one of her mad fits to-night," retorted a saucy little sprite, with yellow hair.

"Oh, she won't scold very hard, you can depend upon that," remarked a tall, haughty-looking maiden of fifteen. "She is too wise to be in any mood but a particularly gracious one at this time; if she were otherwise, you know, she might stand a chance of missing some of us next term."

The others laughed, but in spite of this assurance, they seemed to stand in some awe of the principal, for they quickly dispersed to their several rooms, while the last speaker, walking up to the girl, who was still gazing from the window, said, in a low, insinuating tone:

"Threissas, dear, you would oblige me ever so much if you would be so kind as to plant my hair in that elegant style that you were showing us the other day. You are so quick and skillful, it will not take you long; besides, your toilet is all prepared for the evening."

"Why, Virginia Ware! have you so far forgotten your patriotic descent as to stoop to solicit a favor from me?" returned the other, mockingly. "No! I will not take advantage of your momentary vanity. To-morrow your cheek would burn with the recollection that your beautiful, abundant tresses had been contaminated by passing through my plebeian fingers. Go; I will spare your proud spirit the humiliation of that thought; and with a smile of derision, she again resumed her post of observation.

Presently a hand was laid upon her arm, and with an expression of impatience, she turned to meet the gentle glance of Miss Stanley.

"What is the matter between you and Miss Ware? She complains of your being cross and disobliging."

The girl laughed lightly.

"I grant that I am all that when I come in contact with her. Somehow she seems to be a sort of magnet, that draws that part of my nature upmost. Now I expect that she is a little vexed because she cannot order me around, as she does the slaves on her father's plantation. Yesterday she refused to allow me to join in a game in the hall, saying that it was beneath her dignity to play with a charity scholar, or words to the same effect. Of course, the other girls followed her lead, and I was shut out. Just now she came and asked me to arrange her hair, and I assured her that it would never do for my hands to touch her aristocratic head. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways."

The teacher looked grave.

"I am sorry that you are placed in such a trying position," she said; "but my dear child, you have yet to learn that you can only win affection by love, kindness, and that forbearing patience

that suffereth long. This returning evil for evil, as you are so prone to do, only causes your mates to dislike you."

"Well, I can bear it," she retorted, proudly, the color mounting to her temples. "Nature never intended me for one of your model girls. It is impossible for me to be sweet and amiable while under provocation. I can't crouch and fawn, and kiss the hand that strikes me, and I despise the character that can. Don't shake your head so sadly. I am aware that I am no saint, and I tell you it is real fun to pay my tormentors in their own coin sometimes. It is all that relieves the monotony of my existence."

At this instant a door on the right opened, and a pleading voice called:

"Oh! Threissas, do come here a minute, please!" Miss Stanley turned away with a sigh, while her companion hastened to obey the summons.

"Well, what is wanting, Nelly?" she inquired, as she presented herself before a round-faced girl with flaxen hair, and eyes like blue glass beads.

"Oh, I am sorry that I disturbed you, but you see I wanted some one's opinion on these colors. Fanny dressed herself a long time ago, and went down to the school-room to rehearse a dialogue, so that I could not ask her, and then I had rather have your taste, it is so exquisite. Don't you think that the pink ribbons will be the most becoming?"

"Decidedly," was the emphatic reply, while the black eyes danced with merriment; but Ellen Green was all unkind of it, as she complacently sent her friend before the mirror, comb and brush in hand.

A sudden fit of kindness seemed to seize the oracle, and, lifting one of the long, light braids, she said:

"I saw a new way of wearing the hair the other day, and I think that yours would look splendidly done up in that style. Would you like to have me arrange it for you?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much! I can't bear to plant it in such a job. I was wishing that you would offer to do it. I did not like to make the request though, for fear that you might be offended."

"Nonsense! I had just as soon fix it as not." Ten minutes later, when the unsuspecting victim, looking in the glass, beheld every individual hair drawn away from her face, leaving it standing alone in its moon-like proportions, she had an idea that somehow she seemed plainer than usual; but having full confidence in her companion's taste, she thanked her with many expressions of gratitude. Threissas waited until she saw her place a huge pink bow upon her head, and then she hastily withdrew. Rushing into her own room, she flung herself upon the bed, and gave way to her convulsive mirth in smothered peals of laughter.

"Oh, dear, was there ever anything so ridiculous?" she soliloquized, as soon as she had recovered from the first outbreak. "She never suspects how like a fright she looks, and that satisfied air of hers almost killed me! Strange that she can't see that that French blue ribbon that lay on the table is the very thing for her complexion. I remembered who drew that caricature on the board last week, and who precipitated the pail of water over me; so, thanks to those little affairs, Miss Nelly Green, you will not be remarkable for your beauty to-night. I suppose Miss Stanley would be shocked if she knew of my retaliation; but, really, I could not possibly resist such a capital opportunity to wipe off old scores. Hark! I wonder what that is?" and she sprang up and listened eagerly. "I do believe that little Alice Brown is crying," and darting into the hall, she rapped at the next door.

"What's the matter, child?" she said, as she entered the room in response to the low "Come in."

"Oh, is it you Threissas? How bright and nice you look. Everything goes wrong with me. I have been glancing over some of my lessons that I was afraid that I should miss in, and then I had a long hunt after my locket and chain, when suddenly I recollected that I had lent them to Madge Wildfire, so I went to her and got them, although she frightened me terribly at first, by saying she had lost them. Then when I came to get my dress, I found that I had forgotten to sew my lace in, and I broke my needle, and pricked my finger, and the next I know the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and I was wishing that there was a n't any such thing as an exhibition."

"Oh, you are only tired and nervous. You'll feel better presently. In the meantime, give me your work while you bathe your face and smooth those brown curls. By and by, when I see you going up to Madame's desk, all smiles and blushes, to receive a prize, I shall never imagine that you are the small creature that I found sitting here so forlorn and desolate."

"Oh, do you really think that I shall gain one?" and the violet eyes beamed with delight, while the red lips quivered with joy. "Mamma and brother Herbert will be so glad!" she went on without pausing for a reply, "and I shall be so happy to be able to show grandpapa on Christmas day how industrious I have been."

A pause ensued; each were busy with their own thoughts.

Soon Alice was attired in her white robe, all ready to descend, and as her friend turned away, she sprang forward, and, throwing her arms around her neck, kissed her repeatedly, saying:

"Oh, Threissas, you are so good and kind!"

"Much obliged to you," was the laughing reply; "depend upon it, that you are the first to discover those extraordinary traits in my character. Be sure and not report me under that head, for no one would believe you," and with an arch smile, that kindled a strange beauty in her face, she passed out.

In the corridor she met two of the teachers.

"We have been searching for you," said one. "The hour has arrived for the exercises to commence, and Madame is very much vexed that you are not in your position."

"I did not think it was so late," she carelessly returned, and gliding down the broad stairs, she wended her way through the crowded rooms, and took her seat at the piano.

What wondrous sounds of harmony crept out from beneath the white fingers! Like a benediction they floated on the silent air, thrilling every heart with their magic power.

As the music-call echoed through the house, the young ladies, with glad, happy faces, came tripping lightly in, and took their respective places.

When all was still again, Threissas came forward, and made a short and pithy address, in which she extended a cordial welcome to the audience, begging of them to be charitable in their judgments concerning the humble efforts of her companions and herself, and to remember that they possessed not the wisdom of older heads; and then bowing with the graceful ease that characterized all her movements, she left the platform amid the cheers of the spectators.

The minutes flew on swift wings. Classes were called up, questioned and dismissed. Pale cheeks grew rosy with joyous excitement, and faint hearts throbbled with proud exultation as some dreaded recitation was passed through in triumph. Parents smiled and nodded with pleasure, and expressed themselves as highly gratified with the progress of their children.

At last a short intermission was allowed, and nearly every scholar rushed to the embrace of friends.

"Louise, darling," exclaimed one lady, laying her delicately gloved hand upon her daughter's arm, "do tell me who that young girl is that plays so sweetly. Can't you induce her to accompany us home? Why, she would be a perfect treasure in our musical soirees. She is certainly a genius of the highest order."

"Oh, spare your enthusiasm, mother mine," replied the maiden, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders; "never waste it on a creature like Threissas D'Artois. A pretty figure she would cut in our drawing-room! She is nothing but a charity scholar—a protégée of Madame's, who is endeavoring to fit her for a teacher."

"Is it possible! Well, I never! I really thought she belonged to some aristocratic family. Her manners are perfectly faultless. Dear me! appearances are very deceitful. Of course I need not caution you, my dear, against associating with her."

"Me? No indeed! I never notice her. There is scarcely a girl in school that likes her; but she is as proud as Lucifer, and do not seem to care one bit."

Presently the bell rang, but not before it was very generally known throughout the rooms that the young and talented scholar who had awakened such an immense amount of interest among the audience, was—"nobody."

Oh, significant term of reproach!

After that, although the parts assigned to her were performed with even greater superiority than in the first of the evening, they elicited but faint applause, and no surprise was felt that those next before her were made the joyful recipients of the prizes.

That Threissas's lofty spirit was not oblivious of all this, was betokened by the bitter smile that curled her lip and the light that flashed from the depths of her eyes.

Finally the exhibition was over, and she stood friendless and alone amid the multitude. Even little Alice Brown, in her delight at having gained two medals, had quite forgotten the kindness that had cheered and assisted her a few hours before.

A number of girls, all bonneted and cloaked, ready for departure, were laughing and chatting gaily at the end of the room.

"I hope we shall all meet again next term," remarked one. "I am sure we have enjoyed ourselves very much here, or at least I have, all but the past few weeks, and those were haunted by the thought of this evening; but anticipation, in this case, has proved more terrible than reality. Madame is highly elated with the manner in which the exhibition has passed off, and says she never knew a more successful one."

"Oh, I expect that that is a stereotyped phrase with her," was the reply. "Each, in her eyes, is more brilliant than the one that preceded it. Now as we are in a particularly good humor to-night, by reason of our various victories, we can afford to be just, and acknowledge that had it not been for Threissas, whom we all profess to despise, we never should have appeared as well as we did. She is a fine leader, and admirably covers up all our defects, when the mood is on her."

"Granted," rejoined the first speaker; "but don't let pity's sake carry your condescension so far as to return her a vote of thanks, for she acts as badly as if she considered us beneath her company."

"Now that's too bad, Laura," exclaimed one who had been silent hitherto. "I do not think that we understand her. We let her too severely alone, and she is too proud, to allow us to see how much we pain her by our conduct. I suppose she has feelings, as well as the rest of us."

"Girls, can you tarry long enough to hear a sermon?" inquired the other with a sneer, "for if you can, our immaculate Edith here has one all cut and dried that she is heling to deliver. Attention, all!"

"She is mistaken," returned her companion quietly, although the taunt had reddened her cheek with a deeper crimson. "My treatise is already uttered. I have nothing more to say, except that I believe I will invite Threissas to go home with me. It will be very dull for her to remain here all through the holidays."

"Yes, that it will," said another. "Still, I very much doubt whether you will be able to induce her to go."

"I can try, at all events."

"Well, I am sure I would not give her royal highness a chance to listen to such a request, much less to refuse it," remarked Laura.

Edith made no reply as she walked away. Af-

ter a time, she found the object of her search standing in the corridor, at her favorite window. She turned sharply at her approach, and the kind-hearted girl was almost certain that there were tear-stains upon her cheek.

"Threissas," she said, "I have come to ask you to go home with me."

"Why do you invite me?" was the abrupt question.

A pause ensued. Edith felt embarrassed, and wished herself down stairs again. Those black eyes seemed to read her very soul.

"Perhaps you have not analyzed your motive?" and there was a touch of irony in her voice. "I can tell you, though, if you cannot answer me. It is because you pity me; and while I thank you for the kindness that prompted the invitation, it is utterly impossible for me to accept it. I should not enjoy the visit, neither would you. If you loved me, it would be different. Now let me say that I had rather any one would hate than pity me." And with the air of a tragedy queen, she moved away.

"What a strange girl she is!" mused the bewildered Edith. "She is right. It would be unpleasant for both of us. I do not like her, that's a fact; and yet there is something about her that I admire. I am almost glad that she refused to go, and yet I'm not sorry that I asked her."

CHAPTER X.

"The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no wise man grieves to live—
These are the mainstays, after all."

The vacation passed more pleasantly with Threissas than she had anticipated. The soothing quiet that reigned throughout the house, acted like an opiate upon her nervous system, and although Madame D'Orsay took this opportunity to make a visit to some friends, leaving the household in charge of Miss Starkins—one of the under teachers, who was her particular abhorrence—it did not now disturb her equanimity; and as that lady was busy about her own affairs, for once, they did not happen to conflict.

When in doors, the young girl confined herself almost exclusively to the school-room, where she sewed, studied, read or wrote, as fancy dictated. Sometimes when the weather permitted, she took long rambles over the adjacent country. In her Nature ever found an ardent admirer. She loved peaceful, smiling skies, and the brooding hush of long summer days, when the still air is laden with aromatic odors, and the birds sing their soft lullabies; but it was not the fierce exultation that fired her being when the heavens were darkened by the coming of the storm spirits. She revelled in wintry gales and blinding gusts of rain and sleet, and as the war-horse scents the battle from afar, so did this strange, wild creature, by the leaping, dancing blood in her veins, realize that the mighty tempest was at hand.

At last she lost her relish for the excessive stillness, and began to feverishly long for her companions to return. About the middle of the second week, Madame D'Orsay arrived, and, somewhat to her surprise, received a cordial welcome from her protégée, who was not generally very demonstrative in her feelings toward her, and she was still more astonished that Miss Starkins was able to report so favorably concerning that young lady's behaviour during her absence.

The next afternoon, as Threissas sat reading, she was summoned to appear in the parlor. Glad of anything to relieve the monotony, she flung down her book with an expression of delight and hastened to obey, inwardly wondering, though, what extraordinary occasion could have given rise to such an unusual request.

Upon entering the room, Madame led her forward, and presented her to a gentleman whom she called Dr. Lascelle, and he in turn introduced her to his daughter, Beatrice, a young girl apparently about her own age.

"My dear, I sent for you that you might take the new scholar out and show her over the house, so that she may begin to feel a little more at home, while her father and I finish our business transactions. I shall look to you to make the time pass pleasantly to her, until the other girls arrive; and with a wave of the hand, the stately lady dismissed them from her presence.

"Oh my! is n't she handsome?" thought Threissas, as she surveyed the stranger with admiring eyes, noting the luxuriant lengths of black, curling hair, smooth and glossy as a raven's wing, and the cheeks and lips glowing like the coral that grows far down in ocean depths. "Why, Virginia Ware will actually grow green with jealousy when she sees her. She has always considered herself the beauty of the school, but she will have to yield up that title now."

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Beatrice.

"Not a very polite question, as considering that I do not intend to tell you," was the grave response.

"Ah! Excuse my curiosity, then. But do you know which of these rooms I am to have?"

"Well, I am not supposed to be informed with regard to Madame's affairs very much, but I should judge that this one was designed for you. Is n't that your trunk?"

"Oh yes. Now I wonder who is to be my mate."

"I am unable to enlighten you upon that point. Probably some new-comer, like yourself."

"I wish that it were you."

"Me?" and she laughed scornfully.

"Yes. Why not. Perhaps, though, that you do not like to change."

"That is neither here nor there. Miss Lascelle, let me give you a little advice. Never try to say pleasant things at the expense of the truth."

"Thank you. It is a very good motto, and well worth remembering. But really I must confess that I cannot see its application in my case."

"Of course not. Fibbing is easy, I expect."

And with this thrust Threissas walked away, while

her companion looked after her with a thoughtful face. Presently she called:

"Will you be so kind as to show me to the battle-field?—or, in other words, to the school-room?"

There was something in that remark that caught the fancy of the wayward girl, and she unbent a little in her ungacious mood, as she escorted her hither.

"Now, please describe the teachers to me. I understood the principal to say that there were three besides herself."

"Yes; there are. First upon the list is Miss Stanley. I prophesy you will love her ever so much. She has not got quite spirit enough for me. Somehow she seems out of her element here on earth; and I always feel, when I look at her, as if she had wandered out of heaven by mistake."

"Quite an idea. What a pity that we haven't more of such characters in the world; but go on with your delineations; I am very much interested."

"Next comes Miss Austin. Picture to yourself a strict disciplinarian, who may be compared to an iceberg, for all the warmth that is ever expressed in her looks and manner; whose erudition is unsurpassed; who ever opens her lips to blame, but very rarely to praise—and you have her, to a charm."

"A graphic painting, certainly; and one that would not propound many in her favor. Now tell me why you like her."

Threissas elevated her black eyebrows, and regarded her companion earnestly.

"Well, you are a queer girl. I did not declare any affection for her, did I?"

"No; that is n't your way; yet I detected a certain something in your tone, that led me to think that she had inspired you with a sort of fondness."

"I verily believe that you are a witch."

"I am right, then?"

"Yes; I do feel a kind of tender compassion for her, but she does not suspect it. On the contrary, I should not be surprised if she believed that we all hated her. I can't help thinking that coldness and neglect chilled her in youth, until she learned to repress the warm emotions that fertilized her heart, and after a time encased herself in the icy barrier of reserve which she now wears."

"And does your own history furnish you with a key to hers?"

The question was unexpected. Her self-control gave way, and with a low cry, she covered her face with her hands. Instantly a pair of arms encircled her neck.

"Threissas, dear, I did not intend to pain you so. Won't you let me be your friend?"

The girl raised her tear-stained face, and pushed her fiercely from her, saying:

"No! I can't endure you. I wish you would get out of my sight."

Beatrice made no reply to this ebullition, but seating herself at a desk, took up a book and began to read. Just then a summons came from the parlor that her presence was desired there, as her father was about to take his departure. She changed color at these words, and hastily withdrew.

"Ha!" muttered Threissas, as the door closed after her. "I guess she begins to feel a little homesick already. Well, I do not care. Perhaps she'll know how wretched I am then," and leaning her head upon the table, she gave vent to her feelings in convulsive sobs. For a few minutes she wept without restraint, and then wiping her eyes, said:

"There, there! I did not dream that I was such a baby. If crying would bring me the sweet boon of friendship, there might be some sense in it; but as it can't, I won't be such a fool as to indulge in it any longer. When I find myself getting into such a mood as this again, I must think that 'what can't be cured must be endured.' As for that girl, she had better keep her distance. I understand her game. She wants to find out my weak point, and then make fun of me when the rest of the amiable crew arrive, but she can't come it. I've been with Madame long enough to get my eye-teeth cut, thanks to the tuition I have received," and with a bitter laugh she walked out of the room.

She did not see the stranger again that evening. They were both invited to the parlor, however, but Threissas declined to appear, pleading a headache, which was true. In the morning they went out for a short walk.

"By the way," said Beatrice, who seemed determined to force her taciturn companion into a conversation, "you did not give me a description of the third teacher, yesterday. What is she like?"

"Oh, she is the concentrated essence of galls and vinegar. At her appearance we grow strangely dumb, and smiles flee awfully from our faces. Nothing escapes her Argus eyes; and the unlucky scholar that falls beneath the ban of her displeasure, is pursued with unrelenting hatred. She rejoices in the euphonious name of Seraphina Starkins."

Her listener laughed merrily.

"A beautiful appellation, truly, for such a character," she said; "but probably the poor creature has some redeeming qualities."

"Perhaps; although I was never so fortunate as to discover them; but it may be that you will be more successful," and there was a lurking sneer in her tone. But her companion took no notice of it, as she replied:

"I am afraid not; for although I have been taught that there are none so low and vile but what have some latent spark of goodness in their hearts, yet if the bad predominates, I am apt to overlook all else."

"Well, in so doing you are only following the example of the multitude," was the somewhat bitter rejoinder.

"A pattern that it is not always safe, or best, to imitate," gravely responded Beatrice.

Threissas stole a glance at her face,

"I wonder if she expects to blind me with her

"fine talk," was her scornful thought. Suddenly she exclaimed: "How old are you?"

"I shall be thirteen in the spring."

"Just my age. Have you ever been away to school before?"

"No; nor I didn't want to come now."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I dreaded the change. You see my life has passed very peacefully and pleasantly with my parents and governess, and now everything will be so different."

"I should think so; but still, I guess you will like it after a while. I thought that you had never mixed with young people much, because you talk so unlike other girls."

"Do I? I was not aware of it. Please tell me in what respect?"

"I can't, exactly. Your whole conversation is tinged with a nameless something, which puzzles me. You are what we call 'queer.'"

"Ah, indeed! An amused smile played around her lips. "Then I shall be criticized, shall I?"

"Yes, to a certain extent; but you need not fear for the result. I predict that you will become quite a favorite. Remarks, that would be ridiculed if uttered by me, will be loudly applauded if spoken by you."

"Why?" inquired her companion, with a bewildered look.

"Because I am a founding—a charity scholar, dependent upon Madame D'Orsay's bounty, while you are the daughter of the rich Dr. Lascelle."

"Oh, Theresia! your tone is very bitter."

"And why should it be?" she retorted, fiercely. "Have I not had experience enough to make it natural. I assure you that it isn't very improving to my temper to be continually trampled under foot by those who are not a whit better, but who, having money and friends, are elevated above me in the social scale. Was it my fault, that my parents cursed me by bringing me into existence? Could I stay the hand of Death, as it took from me my adopted father and mother? No! Then why should they revile and persecute me so?"

"It is hard, truly; but did you never think that that quick, proud spirit of yours is ever on the lookout for insult, and that it sometimes imagines slights where none were intended?"

She laughed ironically.

"They have always been too palpable, for even the most stupid to mistake them."

"Ah! that is so? Then you have quite a miniature aristocracy here, it seems. That is entirely different from any preconceived ideas of school-girls. I thought that they were just and generous, utterly disregarding the prejudices of society."

Theresia shrugged her shoulders, as she replied:

"A very pretty painting, but not true to the life; as you will find out after you have been here a few weeks."

"Oh, I hope not. I can't but believe that you are blinded in some way."

"You doubt my statements, then?"

"Not exactly; only I think you attribute their dislike to you to what is not the principal cause."

"Indeed! and may I inquire what the difficulty is, then?"

"Pardon me. I do not wish to hurt your feelings."

"Speak on; I am accustomed to that sort of thing."

"Well, then, I will say, frankly, that I do not believe that you ever seek to win their love by gentleness and kindness, and those pleasant, agreeable ways, which I feel confident you can assume if you choose. On the contrary, are you not apt to repulse them, by always showing the thorny side of your character?"

"Oh, Beatrice Lascelle! you fill me with wonder and admiration," was the sarcastic response. "How noble and good you are thus to condemn me, even before you have an opportunity to see me in the position that you describe. Such even-handed justice astonishes me."

"Excuse me if I have wronged you, and believe me, that such was not my intention. I have based my conclusions upon your treatment of me."

"Have you anything to complain of in that respect?" she said, sullenly.

"Yes, I think I have. You will not receive my friendly advances; and at times you are scarcely civil to me. Why is it?"

She turned upon her with flashing eyes.

"Don't pretend ignorance; for you know, as well as I do, that it is because I distrust you. You are trying to amuse yourself at my expense—endeavoring to teach me to love you; but I am not an apt scholar, and shan't learn the lesson; so you'll only have your labor for your pains. I see that you are like all the rest; you associate with me now, because there is no one else here. I suppose your motto is, 'that poor company is better than none.' When the other girls arrive, precious little of your society I shall have; but you need not flatter yourself that it will pain me any. I can dispense with it willingly, thanks to the precaution I was wise enough to take—that of stealing my heart against you."

Wonder, pride and wounded feeling had flung out their different signs in her companion's face while she spoke, but now she gently replied:

"I might be vexed at your words, Theresia, if my conscience did not acquit me of the charge of hypocrisy, which you have in such unmeasured terms laid at my door. I will not attempt a plea, trusting that time will exonerate me by proving, even to your skeptical soul, that I am always sincere in my professions. I will bid you good-morning, now, for of course I should not enjoy to prolong my walk with one who considers me such an arch deceiver;" so saying, she turned away, and began to retrace her steps to the academy.

The orphan gazed after her, with something very much akin to admiration shining in her great black eyes.

"She's proud, there's no mistake about that," she mused. "It's written on that white brow and those ruby lips. I wonder if she will report me to Madame. No; that's too mean a thing for her to do. Well, well, if she does prove different from the rest, I shall have been in the wrong, that's all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cooper Institute.

From a very readable article in Harper's Monthly, written by Rev. Dr. Osgood, on the occasion of the Golden Wedding of Peter Cooper of New York, we gather many valuable facts respecting the famous Cooper Institute of that city—an institution at which the people are being educated after the most liberal and practical methods. The day classes are of course not so large as those at evening. At the latter time, it is interesting to the last degree to walk through the different apartments and watch the eagerness with which the wise ones—men and women alike—of the laboring classes, are availing themselves of this munificent offer of liberal education. Since this institution has been opened, some ten thousand pupils have enjoyed its privileges of instruction; out of this large number, all must

certainly have received certain benefit, but there must be not a few who have found the whole course of their lives changed from drudging poverty to skilled and well-paid service. A problem will in due time be solved, as to how much advantage it is possible for such as begin to study late in life, to reap from their opportunities. We make the following brief extract from Dr. Osgood's article:

"We are much impressed with the generous provision made for the instruction of women. All the lectures, as on mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, music, political economy, &c., are open to them, and special provision is made for a school of design for women, in which drawing, painting, and engraving are taught. It is a rare sight that is presented in this school, with its various rooms and departments. Here the first principles of drawing are taught; there a busy company are at work for the wood engravers; here a dozen or two of girls are sketching from flowers and various other objects; and there about as many are painting the portrait of one of their number, who is seated on a dais, and who looks like a picture herself, and a very fair picture, too. I was foolish enough to expect to see the same view of the face in all the sketches, but a glance showed that difference of aspect must give as many views as there were points of view, and it was startling to find such variety ranging from profile to full front. So it is that impressions differ with our stand-point; and we ought to learn from the pencils of these busy and skillful girls, the wisdom of making allowance for position, and being willing to look at a matter on all sides."

THE SPIRITS' SONG.

BY E. M. HICKOK.

For many years,
Mid this vale of tears,
I wandered sad and alone;
Scarce a cheering word
My spirit stirred,
Or a friendly, uttered tone.

I was sorrow's child,
And a requiem wail
Was sung at my fated birth;
I was doomed to mourn,
And to sorrow alone,
As I traversed your lovely earth.

Cold sorrow's night,
With its chilling blight,
Had swept my spirit o'er;
Not a ray of light,
With its welcome bright,
That glimmered along your shore.

On the sea of life,
Mid its storm and strife,
I suffered, but could not die,
Though each foaming wave
Seemed an angry grave,
As it dashed in madness by.

Yet my bitter grief
Could find no relief,
No friendly voice was near,
No influence calm,
Like a soothing balm,
No welcome words of cheer.

But a life of woe
Is sad to know—
I will not trace it here;
E'en now it seems
Like fearful dreams,
For the soul is free—the brain is clear.

The shadowy past
Is receding fast,
And the glorious future in view;
Though vapory mist
Do still envelop,
Bright rays are shimmering through.

To the scenes of woe
I endured below,
With rapture I bid adieu;
No tender ties
Caused tears and sighs,
For my earthly friends were few.

Sang a spirit band,
From the Summer-Land,
"Never more alone thou'lt be;"
And they bore away,
From its mortal clay,
A spirit joyfully free.

Oh, the pure delight,
And the rapture bright,
That through my being thrilled,
At the welcome dear,
And the words of cheer,
To a heart by sorrow chilled.

My every thought
Was sorrow-fraught,
When I dwelt on the earthly shore;
Now in blissful rest
My soul is blessed,
For my weary wand'rings are o'er.

Oh, mortals here,
Have never a fear
Of the wrath of an "angry God,"
But live aright,
By the guiding light
That His power sheds abroad.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SAILOR IN THE STORM.

BY R. THAYER.

Thoughts suggested by the terrible storm of Saturday night, April 24, 1864.

The sailor on the stormy sea,
Keeps his sad watch to-night,
And fears the deep his grave may be
Before the morning light.

He thinks of loved ones far away,
Whom he no more may see;
And, anxious, waits for break of day,
To learn where he may be.

To heaven he lifts his heart in prayer,
That God the winds would still!
Oh, who can tell the anguish there,
While tears his eyes do fill.

Oh, may the sailor trust in Him
Who rules on sea and land;
"Who holds the raging waters in
The hollow of his hand!"

And when the storm shall be allayed,
And seas are calm again—
May he then pay the vows he made
Upon the raging main.

May he the remnant of his days
Devote, O Lord, to thee!
Then join with angels in their praise,
Where storms no more shall be!

Boston.

PROFANE BUT FUNNY.—"Did you ever hear of Jesus, who died to save sinners?" said an army chaplain to a teamster who was swearing dreadfully at his team while stuck in Virginia mud. "Go 'way now with your conundrums; I've got something else to tend to," was the reply of the profane fellow.

The Lecture Room.

NOTES OF A SERMON

DELIVERED THROUGH

H. T. CHILD, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

AT THE

First Spiritual Church, Thompson Street, below Front, on Sunday, March 6, 1864.

(Photographically Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Soon after the announcement was made that I would speak to you this afternoon, there came to me a venerable looking spirit—though not long a resident of spirit-life—and said, "I would like to preach to the friends in your church." I replied that I would make no objection if he could impress me. He said, my text is:

"By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?"

Friends and brethren, well do I remember with what fierce and bitter denunciation I, with others, assailed that bold innovator and eminent preacher in the Society of Friends, Elias Hicks, for having said that many of the most instructive parts of the Sacred Writings were so because they were allegorical, and typical of man's spiritual nature. I could not then realize, as I now do, the depth and beauty of the meaning conveyed in the idea.

I knew that much of the Scripture could not be taken literally without being useless and often absurd; but my education had led me to think that this was the only way in which it could be taken without sacrilege. I had not learned the great truth, that all that is spiritual, all that relates to the soul of man, must be expressed, if expressed at all, figuratively—metaphorically and by allegory. I knew that the teachings of the Master abounded in these; that often he spoke not save in parables, and that these abounded in deep spiritual significance, which can only be comprehended by the soul as it is awakened and unfolded.

Let us analyze our text, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" The apostle declared, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." On the external plane the law of physical development and growth is based upon the fact of dying not only daily, but hourly, and even momentarily. Atoms which have fulfilled their functions in the physical system die, and are thrown off to give place to others which shall perform the functions anew. Mentally, through pain and suffering, comes growth. Spiritually, trials, persecutions; death are the means appointed for the soul's baptism, purification and elevation. It is through these that it finds its place in the kingdom of heaven.

Who was Jacob? There were two sons of Israel, Jacob and Esau. The former represents the spiritual, and the latter the animal nature in man. The spiritual is connected with the animal in earth-life; they are brothers, and dependent upon each other for their conditions. The spiritual cannot rise unless the animal is in a proper condition. Let us go back a little further in this oriental allegory, and inquire who was Adam? Let us put the question directly: "Adam, where art thou?" This was not only the great question of that age, but is, and ever will be the great question to every human soul, "Adam, where art thou?" When we are called upon to read a book of modern date, we do it fearlessly and critically; we desire to know what authority the writer has for his declarations. Let us do the same with this ancient story; take off its sacred covering, and try to give a plain common sense meaning to it. It is said God planted a garden eastward in Eden. Eastward means the morning—Eden, pleasure, delight. And he placed in that garden every living thing. Did you ever think how large a garden it would take to hold "every living thing?" and if it were cold enough for the Polar bear and the Arctic animals, how would the lions and the other animals of the Torrid Zone get along? What sort of an aquaria of fresh and salt water would it require for all the fish of the rivers and of the sea? The writer of this allegory never thought that anybody would take it literally. The Oriental garden of Eden was man. Every one feels instinctively that man is a garden. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse," said Solomon. The teachings of philosophy, and the most profound and elaborate investigations of science point to the one great fact, that man physically is the globe in miniature, a microcosm of the external world, and spiritually the type and essence of all the spiritual realms. Our experience proves to us that we neither see, feel, nor in any manner realize anything without us that has not its correspondence within us.

If any believe in an outward garden of Eden, in which was to be found all the plants and animals that God had created, I have no controversy with them; though, to me, it is an impossibility from the very nature of things. Plants and animals have always been adapted to peculiar localities and conditions. Whatever may be our interest in external things, it is the garden within us that is most important and interesting to us. In that garden the vegetable kingdom exists. There is a period in the embryotic condition of man's life when he is a simple cell, undistinguishable from the vegetable; and all through man's life there are functions analogous to those of plants, called by the physiologist, vegetative functions. Absorption and nutrition differ only in degree in man and in the plant.

Passing along a little further in the ante-natal existence of man, he presents the types of the reptile, the fish, the bird and the mammal, and lastly of humanity, having passed through stages analogous to each, and retaining so full a consciousness of these as to be able to give names to them. We do not suppose that Adam gave literal names to any of these, for there was no alphabet formed for thousands of years after this. What is the meaning of giving names to things? It means a recognition. He felt these plants and animals, acting, living within himself. This is the only way in which any one can give a name to anything. Try if you can give a name to pain, or any sensation until you have felt it, and you will find yourselves powerless. Adam felt all the trees and all the animals, in his nature; and by this means he recognized them, or, as the account has it, "he named them."

Now, this Adam, which means the earth nature, was not Jacob, or the spiritual nature, but it was Esau, or the animal nature. The spiritual did exist, for there was a yearning after something more; this is evident from the fact that there was an unsatisfied want, or, as the book says, "There was no help meet for man." What does the story say God did? "He caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." He put him into a trance. There are thousands of persons to-day who have to be thrown into "a deep sleep," a trance condition, before they can discover that they have a soul or a spiritual nature.

When Adam came out of the trance, he saw the woman—the Eve—the mother of all life. And what is this woman but the spiritual nature. We are all rapidly coming to the conclusion that we

life springs from an interior and spiritual source. Adam discovered that he had a spiritual nature, after he came out of that trance; he knew very well he had an animal nature before that, for he had named it. Now he had discovered something new—a spiritual nature—and it is quite natural that he should suppose that God had just made it. He felt as every one feels when they discover that they have a spiritual nature—that it is grand and beautiful—and they become enamored with it. He was going to leave everything, now, and cleave to this. Adam was not the only man who has thought this, and been mistaken, too.

Adam was curious to know where the woman came from. He had not been to college and studied modern theology, and did not know that God made the "world out of nothing." Poor man! in his ignorance he did not even think that God could make a woman "out of nothing," and it is very probable he had a pain in his side. Mediums often have pains when they wake out of a trance condition—especially the first time—before they have become accustomed to it, and hence the idea was very natural, that God had done something to his side, perhaps taken a rib out; though if he did, he must have put another in the place, for there are just as many on one side as the other, and in man as in woman. Adam was not the only man who felt that woman was made out of something very near his heart, and I hope he will not be the last.

Let us look a little longer at Adam and Eve, or man as an animal and spiritual being. Jesus said, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." This animal nature is ambitious, aspiring, always wants to have its own way, will rule if it can. This animal nature, which is also called "the old Adam" was not ready at once to abdicate its throne. There are persons living now who have been in a very similar condition to that, who did not find their animal nature quite ready to give up its rule. The story about "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, that stood in the midst of the garden," when divested of its Orientalism, means simply man's reason and judgment. The animal nature desired to assume the power of judging what was good and evil for the entire man; whereas the law is that each faculty must be judge and ruler in its own appropriate sphere.

The story says Adam fell. So does every man fall in whom the animal nature assumes the control and direction of the spiritual. But let us return to our text: "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" Jacob had fallen, just as Adam and every other man has fallen. And how had he fallen? He got in a tight place, the spiritual nature was tired, so that he felt that he was about to starve, so he said to Esau, "It is no use; give me something to eat, or I shall die." And Esau said, as he says to everybody, "Sell me your birthright. Go and do some mean thing. Let me tell you what you shall do, and I will give you a mess of pottage." Poor Jacob ate his pottage, and then he felt badly, as every man does when he has done a mean thing, and let his animal ride over his spiritual nature—its impulses over his better judgment. After enjoying a temporary gratification in a mess of pottage, he feels badly about it. And this is the way that every Jacob in the world has fallen.

The important question of our text is, "By whom shall Jacob arise?" We have seen how and by whom he fell. The Church says he can get up if he will only lean upon Jesus Christ, and have faith that he died for him, etc.; but there are many persons who do not think it is much advantage to be up, if you have to lean on somebody or something all the time. We desire to see this Jacob, this spiritual nature in man, rise up in its own true dignity, so that man shall stand forth harmoniously in all the nobility of his divinity, not whining or leaning or laying the blame on any one else, especially the most innocent and sinless person in the world. Now that is not manly or noble, it is cowardly and mean, and takes away a man's dignity and self-respect.

Well, what are you going to do to get Jacob up? When an animal is down, and you want to get him up, you punch him and whip him, stir him up, and get him angry, and then he will get up. That is what the Church does. They find Jacob down in a man, and they raise the devil, and whip him with hell-fire till they get him frightened, and he gets up, and they think they have got Jacob up; but as soon as they put their hands on him and feel him, they find it is old Esau. He is all hairy. And now what is to be done? They have awakened up the wrong passenger, and you all know this makes bad work. It is one of the most sad pictures that we can find anywhere—a religious animal. It is the most wicked and diabolical being that ever existed, like the old Behemoth of Job—another Oriental allegory, representing the animal nature of man. (See Job xl: 15.) "He eateth grass as an ox;" afterward, "he maketh the deep to boil like a pot," and "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear."

But even out of this, Jacob shall arise. Let us see by whom. We have seen that it was through the activity of the animal nature that he has fallen; we need not, therefore, look for him to arise through this, or through any means which shall stimulate it. It was declared to the serpent, "upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." This is the condition of man's animal nature. It cannot get away from the earth. All man's ingenuity has never enabled man to get far from the earth, and then he was always in great danger.

We have seen that the highest law of man's being is expressed in this, that each faculty is sole and appropriate judge and ruler within its own sphere of action. This, and this alone, can make man truly harmonious and happy. The ancient declaration that man—meaning the central and divine nature in humanity—is to have dominion over all animated nature is a truth, and will be realized as such when all the faculties come to "sit under their own vines and fig trees," and have none to make them afraid. This is the grand design of God, the end and aim of life; and when this harmonious condition is realized, "Jacob will rise, and, taking the royal sceptre in his hand, will establish his kingdom in man, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be fulfilled, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders.'" "Of the increase of his kingdom and government there shall be no end;" "to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever." This is a figure representing the establishment of that divine power, the spiritual nature in man, restraining the wild and wandering impulses of his being, and directing the will in the channel which is calculated to produce heaven in man now and here.

What are impulses? They are the spontaneous action of single faculties, not controlled or regulated by others. They are vague and uncertain in their results. What is will power? It is the

*The remainder of the fortieth and forty-first chapters of Job give a magnificent picture of man's animal nature, in figures and emblems.

combined action of two or more faculties of the human mind cooperating with each other for the production of a common result. Impulse is a mob, guided by no wisdom, restrained by no prudence. Will is a well-trained army, filling right and left under the command of its officers. The former may be right, but it often leaves desolation in its pathway. The other is a power in the earth. When the forces of the human soul are arranged in the form of a well-trained and disciplined Will, under the command of officers who are fitted for their positions, they become invincible, and the allegory of the old poet is realized, of "coming up out of the wilderness, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

The material universe is right, and everything is good; but some things are out of their places. For instance, the dirt that has accumulated in your streets to-day is cause of much complaint. It is a grievous evil to many persons, especially to the ladies, who walk forth with their long skirts.

Now that dirt is all right; put it out on the farms around your city, and the corn, and the cabbage, and the fruit and grain will thank you for it. And the material of the lady's skirt is all right, only that she has forgotten that there are hundreds of little children who need clothing, and she has enough for herself and some of these, too; and because she has forgotten this, and the clothing is not in its proper place, when she walks your streets and gathers the dirt upon her garments, she feels badly, and it is only because the things are not quite in their proper places.

I remember the story of a minister that will illustrate my position here. He was going to attend a funeral, and he called upon one of the members of his Church—a lady—and she had been making sausages. She insisted on his taking some home to his wife; and though he objected—as ministers usually do—she put it into a napkin, and buried it in one of his side coat-pockets. When he got to the place where the funeral was to be, he was considerably annoyed by a dog who was following around and smelling at his pocket. You know dogs often have a very nice sense of the proper places for things—very often they are more reliable in protecting property on this account than human beings. This must have been an old-fashioned, democratic dog, for he was quite willing to "take the responsibility of removing the deposits" out of our friend's pocket, but he did not succeed. The service at the house being over, they passed on to the church, and the minister felt quite relieved. He had just entered the pulpit when a worthy deacon, remembering a notice that was to be given out, stepped up and caught hold of the coat near where the sausage was deposited. The minister, without looking, put out his foot, and said: "Go away, you dog!" This was all the result of things being out of their places.

Man everywhere knows and feels that he falls far short of the grand and beautiful ideal that is ever before him. Even on the animal or physical plane, man is conscious of his imperfections, and is ever seeking for that which shall make him stronger and better. It is true that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Mankind labor far more earnestly for the supply of their physical needs and comforts than they do in the other departments of their being. Mentally, man feels the necessity to make strenuous efforts to cultivate his faculties, if he would assume and maintain the position to which he aspires and for which he is fitted. So also the moral or spiritual nature falls short of the divine and eternal beauty—the unutterable glory which belongs to its best condition.

There are grades and degrees of action for every faculty of man—from the lowest and most sensual, up to the highest and purest—and it is for us so to direct these that the gross and sensual may pass away and give place to the pure and holy. We all desire to realize the prediction of Isaiah: "I will make a man more precious than the gold; even a man more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir." Then will we exclaim: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! In the valleys they are spread forth as gardens; by the river-side as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters." "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Jacob, or the spiritual nature having thus risen within man, he will "look upon Zion the city of our solemnities; his eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

From Michigan.

I discover that my term expires with No. 23 of the present volume. In order to keep the spiritual engine moving, I enclose two dollars and a half for the next year, in season to prevent a discontinuance. You will probably count me a life-member, as well you may, not only as a BANNER subscriber, but of the Spiritual Fraternity and Brotherhood. We have an organization at Grand Rapids, and another at Laphamville; and have various other speaking points in this region of Michigan, which have been filled of late by such minds as A. B. Whiting, W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. Heath, of Lockport, N. Y., and Mrs. Kutz, of home notoriety; and it begins to look as if the new Gospel was designed to be a perpetual institution, founded on the basis principle of constant change and perpetual growth in nature's mysterious unfoldings. But in his own good time, the Lord hath raised up another Moses to lead us through the wilderness of sin, without any impediment of speech, but who, I hope, will find an innumerable band of brothers to stay his hands. I see by the BANNER that he is visiting the wise men of the East. Drink freely of the wine, but pass the glass around, as we are anxious once more to see his tent pitched upon Michigan soil. Smite the rock, Brother Moses, wherever you go, and let the waters gush out and overflow the land. We are fond of manna, but care less for the quails.

I see that the Advent resurrection is being literally fulfilled of late, in Buffalo; but the laws of gravitation invariably prevent their rising above the ceiling of the room from whence they ascended, returning, perhaps, to await the necessary change, as flesh and blood is rather of a cumbrous article, calculated to check the speed of the spirit in its explorations of the summer-land.

Time was when I stood nearly alone on the new gospel rock; but now believers in a living inspiration are abundant throughout the land. We want more laborers and more converts, with a faith grounded upon substantial evidence.

Yours,

Austerlitz, Mich., March 6th, 1864.]

D. HINE.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Buffalo Manifestations Reviewed by Mr. Hacker.

Sometime ago I published a little paper—the "Pleasure Boat"—and then, by my exchange, I received more papers than I could read. When the "Boat" stopped, of course my exchanges stopped coming, and being robbed of my little all of material funds, I have not been able to subscribe for any paper; but the other day, a kind friend loaned me three numbers of the BANNER, which I have read attentively. I have nothing to say about the good I have or have not found in them, for that will take care of itself; but I do feel bound and pressed to say a few words about an article which I am surprised to see in the BANNER. I refer to the article in No. 22, Feb. 20, headed, "Spirit Doings in Buffalo—Powerful, Tangible Demonstrations," &c., in which spirits are represented as having taken material things from one room to another, when the doors were closed and fastened, and as stealing a clock from a store, and bringing it into a room; fetching a whistle from a drover's pocket, three miles distant, and after using it to amuse or convince the circle, returned it the three miles to the same pocket by a shake or a toss, &c., &c.

Now, friend BANNER, I have had some, perhaps I might say not a little knowledge of what I regard as spirits, not only since what is called "Modern Spiritualism" came about, but for years before the "Rochester Rappings" were ever heard of. I traveled, more or less, from the twentieth year of my age, holding meetings and speaking under the influence of spirits, and had the same spiritual operations within me many years before I gave up to manifest them outwardly. Near twenty years ago I commenced the publication of the Boat, for the purpose of giving the world some of my experiences on spiritual things; but the minds of the people generally were too much outward to receive them, and I labored to turn the mind within, and thus prepare people for spiritual things; and occasionally, as I felt a mind here and another there, in a forward state, articles were published to meet the inner needs of such. Thus I labored on for years, trying to turn people away from the outside priests, who are only blind guides to the priest, prophet and king, that all have the privilege of finding and engaging within themselves.

After "Modern Spiritualism" came along, with its rappings and tipplings, I undertook to investigate that, at the same time keeping near to the same sure guide that had been leading and instructing me so many years. I fancied in these new manifestations some things that were pure and real, many that were only the fruits of fanaticism, many that were merely imaginary, and a great many more that were downright willful imposture, practiced solely to deceive and make money.

And, after all my experience, I will make this offer, viz.: As I have no money to offer—not so much as a single dollar—I will hereby bind myself to labor one year at any kind of manual employment I am capable of, for any person that will prove, before competent judges, that spirits, in or out of the flesh, can carry a clock, or any other material thing, from one room to another, and out of one house into another, without an open door, window, or some other aperture large enough to admit the material to pass through. All that pretend that this can or has been done, are under a delusion of some sort. I can sit here and send my thoughts to Boston, New York, or Asia, through closed doors, and mediums and spirits can travel the same; but I cannot get my material body to those places without material exertion any more nor any less than spirits can move material things without some material medium through whom to do it.

To a person, or a circle, who are in the resurrection light and life, a spirit may bring the picture of a clock, and hold it up to their spiritual vision. They can see the clock and hear it tick with the spiritual eye and ear, and may even be in a state in which the clock is seen and heard so distinctly that they may not know at the time that they are wide awake, and really see and hear the material clock with the material eye and ear; but if they can find the clock the next morning, and return it to the owner, and he is not in the resurrection, he sees no clock—sees nothing but an insane, or what appears to him an insane person holding his empty hands, and talking about a clock that he has not. If he is really returning a material clock instead of its picture, then he has been imposed upon—a mischievous spirit in the flesh must have brought the clock, and must have got it in an open door or window in the dark, notwithstanding the circle thought that the doors and windows were all safe. So of the whistle, so of other material things. Spirits can bring the pictures to those in the right state of mind; can give the sounds of instruments to the spiritual ear; but the material instruments are not touched. I have heard Gabriel's trumpet, with the spiritual ear, as loudly and distinctly as I ever heard a material trumpet; and the first time I heard it, I could have affirmed that I believed it was a material trumpet, provided there had been some one behind me, or in a dark room with me with a trumpet; but being where I knew no one could possibly be with or without a trumpet, or any other instrument, for I was all alone in the house, by daylight, with the doors fastened, and the sound not being in the street, but in the room, and close to the ear, I was forced to believe. Thus even in a right frame of spirit we may mistake spirit sounds for material ones, especially if we are in the dark, and have the instruments with us.

I have spoken of Gabriel's trumpet. I have often heard it. Gabriel is seen standing with one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the land, and declares that time shall be no longer, and every hour some are dying to themselves, and living anew to God; or, in figurative language, are bidding adieu to time, and entering an eternity, here in the body; for time ends and eternity begins to each soul as it enters into the resurrection life; and this resurrection life we need not wait for till the body dies, for now, even to-day, is the Kingdom of heaven here on earth, as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

I have said Gabriel is now standing one foot on the sea, the other on the land. The land—firmness—represents the true Church, made up of those persons scattered here and there, who are in the resurrection life; the waters—unstable and shifting—represent the world and the churches of the world—all, every individual everywhere, whether of a visible church or not, who is not in the resurrection life. Look at the world and blind churches in this unholy war—all floating, all surging, swelling, tumbling, dashing and splashing like the waters of a troubled sea. Heaven have mercy on the blind leaders, and the blind whom they lead; they are all in the ditch, where water usually is; and the ditch, now, has become a broad sea by reason of iniquity.

I intended, when I commenced, to say something more of Gabriel, of the resurrection, of the burial of Lazarus and his resurrection, of the many others who have been and are almost daily

being buried as Lazarus was when in a trance state, and who never have the good fortune to be raised from the grave, as he was; and of the extreme liability (in our hasty mode of getting rid of the dead) to bury still more than ever in a trance state, in the battles that are coming, for we are yet to have a war of spirits, which this outside war is a figure of; but it will make my article too long, and therefore I defer these subjects to a future time.

And now, friend BANNER, if you will give this article a place, or return it to me soon, just which you choose to do, I will close by subscribing myself a well-wisher to every honest inquirer after truth.

JEREMIAH HACKER.
P. S.—I am now arranging my affairs, with the intention of going forth to hold meetings with those who are inquiring for truth. I send out no advertisement, offering to lecture here, there, or anywhere at the call of curiosity and the shake of a purse; but when I am ready, and the means at hand, I go where I feel the hungry and thirsty draw the hardest. Yet invitations may be sent, if any choose to send, for they sometimes open a door.
J. H.

Portland, April 1, 1864.

Jennie Lord in the West.

Having lately become quite interested in Spiritualism, I take your able paper for the general information it extends to those who have as yet become but insufficiently informed in regard to this new dispensation. It is now with the greatest pleasure I look for its arrival, and feel disappointed whenever, from some cause, the mail is delayed.

Spiritualism, in this city, I should judge, is about manifesting some little advancement. Friends have told me there may be about two or three hundred here, and many, who, though partially convinced of its wonderful light, dare not come out with a free expression of their views. It is to be hoped, however, when we become more numerous, we shall be able to hold meetings for the advancement of the cause. We have two liberal churches here, the Universalist and the Swedenborgian. The Universalist Church in particular, is well attended, gathering in minds for the refreshment of souls who have been racking in doubt and fear for the future. Should we be able to have meetings ourselves, how much light and cheer could we render the benighted. To the skeptic and infidel we could give a helping hand. We must expect but little sympathy and encouragement from other denominations, for they will not leave their old habits, to mingle with us; yet there will be, now and then, a come-outer like a lost sheep returning to the fold—the true fold of God and his children.

We have had with us for the past few weeks, Miss Jennie Lord, a medium of considerable power. She has a very gentle and delicate appearance, and hardly appears to be able to undergo so much fatigue as her manifestations require. She gave some three or four sittings a week, at private houses. She goes into a trance, and, for the period of an hour or more the most wonderful manifestations are given. Her presiding spirit is an Indian named Black Hawk. Instruments are played upon, bells rung, and most astonishing feats performed. An enormous bass viol is taken from the floor and carried over the heads of the circle and deposited upon the table. The medium herself is taken up, chair and all, turned round from her sitting at the table, and then deposited squarely and firmly upon it. A tumbler of water is passed around the circle and put to individual lips. During the whole performance, every person but the musician is in the circle, and he is accounted for by his employment on the violin. All join hands, and most artful would be the juggler or musician who could perform in darkness what I have never seen done by him in light; and, by the by, those who have studied magic as a trade, are generally of the male sex and not innocent and gentle women, whose fragile forms would barely admit any voluntary attempts at feats of strength. That the manifestations are an illusion, as styled by some, is most readily upset by the fact that with the same senses I am appreciating these wonderful performances I hear the town clock strike nine and a familiar voice in an adjoining room. Surely the science of sound is the same when emanating in darkness as in the light. There is no illusion, and the wonderful manifestations through Miss Lord's mediumship is a strong test for the skeptic. I hope yet to be able to announce to you a great increase among us.
Peoria, Ill., March 6.

Found the Light.

As I am the happiest man living to-day, I wish the whole world to know why I am so. Hear, oh heavens! give ear, oh earth! and "the rest of mankind" hear! hear! hear!

Never, until a few days past, have I been satisfied of immortality. Mr. John McQueen, of Hillsdale, Mich., has been with us—a medium for very wonderful manifestations of spirit power. No one here doubts his honesty as a medium, not even one of the hundreds that have been present at his circle, night after night. From two to sixteen bells have been heard to keep perfect time with a violin all at once, and the bells placed on the heads of those in the circle very gently. Loud concussions were heard in the inner circle, which startled all present. The medium was carried above the heads of both the inner and outer circles.

All this was done in a dark room, but no one here doubts its reality. I know none have been more skeptical than myself. The medium was unconscious, but was made to speak while above the heads of the circle. He also breathed very loud while being carried round on his side upon a chair. Lights were also seen overhead in the room. These are facts, and no man in Kendallville dares dispute me.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I have openly opposed Spiritualism, (thinking I was doing God's service,) I wish to take all back, and now promise to the world ever hereafter to advocate what I know to be truth. I have now done what I promised to do, dear BANNER. God bless you.
AMOS D. COSMIR.

Kendallville, Ind., March 15, 1864.

Saw a Spirit.

Last Saturday, in the town of Virgil, in this county, a man whose name was Henry Whitmarsh, died after a short illness of one week. One night last December, just after retiring to bed, he said he saw his son Lewis, who died in the army last year, in the room, approaching his bed. He said Lewis asked him if he knew him. He replied that he did. His son then told him he would not live long, and advised him to settle up his business and arrange his affairs as soon as he could. He was confident he was not asleep. The room appeared to him to be illuminated.

This made a deep impression on his mind. He told his wife what he had seen and heard, remarking that he should live but a short time. He settled-up his business matters, and gave directions how to have his property divided among his children. When he was taken sick, he said he should not live. The day before he died, he repeated what his son had said to him.
J. P. B.
Blackberry Station, Kane Co., Ill., March 28, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WELCOME

TO THE GALLANT SONS OF THE RETURNED NEW HAMPSHIRE SIXTH.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

Welcome, brave veterans, to thy homes among thy native hills,
Oh! welcome to the Granite State, and to her lakes and rills;
New Hampshire's loyal sons rise up their greetings to accord,
And crown thee with their gratitude—thy just, well-earned reward!

Her charming daughters, too, will not be backward to proclaim
Their welcome to the gallant boys who've won such noble fame;
Their sunny smiles shall greet your eyes, and fill your hearts with joy—
The sweetest tributes that can bless the brave New Hampshire boy!

Ah! in remembrance deep is shrouded that sad, eventful hour,
When forth from peaceful homes you went to test the foeman's power;
To vindicate the majesty of our insulted laws,
Our Constitution's blessed life, and Freedom's sacred cause!

With streaming eyes and bleeding hearts we benedictions breathed,
And round your youthful patriot brows our holiest kisses wreathed;
With many "God-speeds" bade you march into the battle-field,
With Right and Freedom for thy sword, and Justice for thy shield.

Two years 'since then have passed away, and you've returned once more
To press your war-worn, weary feet upon your native shore;
To mingle in the scenes of home—the hallowed joys of life—
The pleasant smiles of parents dear—of brother, sister, wife!

But ah! thy decimated ranks too plainly to us tell,
That all who sallied forth with thee, rebellious power to quell,
Have not returned to glad the hearts of anxious ones at home,
And vainly, vainly will they look for their beloved to come.

They sleep within their sacred beds upon some Southern plain,
And Israel deeply, sorely weeps for her most beautiful slain;
On Bull Run's blood-unsanguined field, by Rappahannock's waves,
In other consecrated spots they fill most honored graves.

Farewell, beloved of many hearts, thou dear and saintly dead!
Oh! not for thee, but for ourselves the bitter tear we'll shed;
With resignation we will strive to kiss the chastening rod,
And smile to think thy patriot souls are marching on to God!

Life's battles here with thee are fought—the triumph has been won—
Behind the shadow-hills of Death has set thy mortal sun;
But in that cloudless land above, beyond the realm of pain,
Once more we'll greet thee, golden links of earth's discovered chain.

Ere long, brave boys, you'll meet again the foemen of the South,
Will listen to the clash of steel, and face the cannon's mouth;
Yet, from thy glorious past, we know we safely may declare,
That, in the old New Hampshire Sixth, are found no cowards there!

Thy regiment plainly shows, that war's destructive darts
Have not put out the patriot fires which burn within thy hearts;
It proves that you're resolved to crush Rebelion's poisoned fang,
And capture all Jeff Davis' crew, and every leader hang!

Then bravely forward march, dear boys, thy native land to free,
A nation's grateful prayers and tears will surely follow thee;
And, living, thou shalt wear the weed of pure and just renown,
And, dying, from immortal hands receive the victor's crown!

Dr. A. B. Child's Answer to "W. S. W." in last week's Banner.

I thank my good friend W. S. W. for the very sensible request he made in the last BANNER, asking me to reconcile the apparent inconsistency of the assertion, *Whatever is, is right*, with the command, *Resist not evil*.

No one will deny that there is in the world what the world calls evil. Whatever is opposed to virtue, morality, prosperity and early good and happiness, has been called evil, because there was no use and goodness to be seen flowing therefrom, but much injury to man's earthly well-being has been recognized by all.

No man can show that evil is a curse beyond the limits of earthly love.

The doctrine, whatever is, is right, clearly perceives a spiritual use and goodness in that which the world has heretofore called wrong and evil. This use and goodness is not for the physical man or for any physical attributes, but for the benefit of man's spirit, for the soul of man. The experiences called evil break the ties of man's earthly love, whereby his love is sooner set on spiritual things. It may be said that all earthly pain and sorrow come of evil and wrong in the world—and all this is useful for the soul, in its future. Humility is developed out of disappointment and sorrow—sympathy and compassion out of painful experiences—kindness, love and peace all grow vigorously out of the dead ashes of cruelty, hatred, bondage and war. These evils have been necessary to the condition of the souls of men that have passed their ordeals, and from these experiences their souls shall sometime come forth manly, charitable, noble, generous. From this view, evil is called good—whatever is, is called right. Evil may be called evil, and still be right.

This all right doctrine, in the present condition of the world, would not reject the use of the word evil, because it signifies what the world hates; but it claims that what the world hates and calls evil, is emphatically and intrinsically good for man, spiritually. Whatever is, is right, to a spiritual view, and whatever is wrong to a purely sensual view. Evil is the *wrongest* to a man who has experienced the least, and the *rightest* to the man

who has experienced the most. I mean, the man who has experienced no evil sees no uses in it, while the man who has experienced great evil sees real use in it. I do not mean that it is necessary for a man to commit *devilish deeds* in order to pass the experiences of evil. Man passes the experiences of evil in a thousand ways.

I understand the word evil to mean the acting power of this earth that breaks and dissolves earthly glories, the senses of the flesh, earthly love and earthly selfishness. And I understand all this work of evil to be done by the government of wisdom for the purposes of freeing the soul of its earthly trammels—of calling its affections from earth to heaven, from the senses of the flesh to the senses of the soul—of drawing man from the dissolving glories of this uncertain world to the eternal glories of the spiritual world. With this meaning of the word evil, which is incontrovertibly true, evil is of great use to the soul of man—and thus it is that the doctrine, whatever is, is right, calls evil good.

We wish to avoid the necessity of enduring the experiences we hate. If we have power *not to resist* these hateful experiences, (which experiences the world calls evil,) we have our wish granted, for then we do not need to pass the ordeal of resisting evil, or of being chastised by enduring the experiences we hate.

Christ saw the condition into which the world shall come when evil and its consequences—I mean hate and hateful experiences—are no longer useful, when love supersedes all hatred, and attraction all opposition, and he was led to utter these words of holy and awful import, *Resist not evil*—words true to the soul's future, but almost unlawful for man, while he needs to pass the painful ordeals that come from the resistance and exercises of evil.

The gate that opens the soul to the view of the usefulness of evil and to the non-resistance of evil, is the accepted doctrine, whatever is, is right.

Evil, so-called, is right; wrong, so-called, is right. Both evil and wrong are right, and all that is, is right, and also the non-resistance of evil, in its time, shall be grand and glorious, for the soul that does not need to endure the curses of its resistance. God speed the time when man shall see God's goodness everywhere and evil nowhere—when his hatred shall cease to be, and his love become universal—when it shall be no longer necessary for man to resist evil, and when the doctrine of Optimism shall be a holy comfort to the chastened souls of all men.

(Original.)

THE FAIRY PALACE.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Away in the darkness where the blue waters roll,
There stands a Fairy Palace, beyond the world's control,
Where dwells each human being that is sunk beneath the sea;
Far down amid the ocean they roam in liberty.

Then never fear the billow that takes the good ship down;
Then never fear the storm-cloud with such an angry frown;
They do but take the loved ones to fairy homes of light;
Although it seems like darkness, yet there it is no night.

The Sea-god rules triumphant, and bids the darkness flee;
The sea-nymphs' eyes are starry, they light the deep blue sea;
A thousand shells of beauty are resting in its caves,
And pearls and shining coral lie deep beneath the waves.

Wonder not the waves are hungry, and howl like wolves for prey,
Wonder not the Sea-god murmurs, when the ships are long away,
For they've built a fairy grotto where mortals find a home;
So every voice keeps whispering, "Come hither! hither come!"

Correspondence.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

In looking over a Methodist paper the other day, I found an article in which one signing himself "Wolverine" urges upon young Methodist ministers the importance of taking their Quarterly, by saying that he considers it "indispensable to every ordinary intelligence concerning the world of Methodist religion"—that it will save in finance, by its "timely warning against trashy, obsolete and worthless books," for "if they ask not counsel," they will be in danger of placing "Renan's *Life of Jesus* beside their Fleetwood and Neander." And the writer further says, "You cannot do without the Quarterly. You will never be fully intelligent, equipped or respectable, independent of its help."

The above needs no comment, yet it is well to place it before the people, that they may see in what bondage to authority even the teachers of those who claim to be "free in Christ Jesus" are held.

I have just paid a flying visit to Waukegan, and find that, after a long season of repose, they are beginning to wake up, or, as Judge Boardman would say, "they have completed the circle," have passed through the night of rest, and again the morning dawns. They are holding Sunday meetings, finding, for the most part, speakers among themselves, but I understood that Mrs. C. M. Stowe was to speak there.

Dr. Parker, of Manchester notoriety, has just given a course of six lectures in the Whitney neighborhood, some ten miles west of Waukegan, and I am told he has done a good work, the people having never been more thoroughly awakened. Mrs. S. Knox Ames has labored in this vicinity, as it is near the home where she now rests in widowhood; for at the very time that those italicized names came out, she had just learned the fate of the husband who went up from Chickamauga's field of death. Had the "reliable correspondent" known this, he would surely have spared her the double load. Poor, bleeding heart! widowed in her second marriage, and worse than widowed in the first; but God's bruised reeds are not so easily broken, for their afflictions are for a purpose. The quartz mill crushes the rock that contains the gold.

By the way, speaking of Judge Boardman, reminds me of the pleasure I experienced while at his house, in listening to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," penned by him in the solitude of his chamber. The Judge was formerly very active in the cause of progress, but now, though seemingly passive, he is not idle. It seems to be the fate of the reformer "to be, to do, and to suffer"; but it is not true that we are often doing the most when we are simply being and suffering? I have often listened, with both pleasure and profit, to the Judge's thoughts, as he has read

them to me from his manuscripts from time to time, but never has logical eloquence thrilled me so entirely as his last lecture on "Faith and Mystery." It seems to me that even the "Trib" would pause to listen, could it have the privilege.

Yesterday, in Bryan Hall, the largest hall in the city, I had the pleasure of listening for the first time to Warren Chase, and verily I thought, as I looked upon the sea of upturned faces, he is no longer a "lone one."

Having an acquaintance in the Methodist printing office here, I called there the other day, and learned that there were no women setting type in Chicago, because the printers—hundreds in number—fearing that prices would be deteriorated thereby, have combined to say that women shall not have access to their field of labor. "Oh shame, where is thy blush?" No wonder that houses of refuge are needed for "erring women," when her brothers thus combine to crush her. Would to God that these men had been noble enough to combine to protect her against unequal compensation in this field, instead of shutting her out of it. In so doing, they would have enrolled themselves among the heroes of the age. May they yet see their error, and retrace their steps.

I am pleased to see the report from Kappa. I spent a Sabbath there last spring, and under unfavorable circumstances and in very poor health endeavored to say something for the cause of truth. At the close of the evening lecture, Bro. Stone arose, and made an appointment for himself. I knew from his manner that he was in earnest, and would do something; and it seems that, with the sustaining love of his excellent wife to aid him, he has done a good work.

Thus God's eternal mercy dotheth
Onward in bending tide;
Sometimes in the sunshine loweth,
Sometimes in the shadow hides;

And eternal mercy, combined with eternal wisdom, is sure to do all things well.
Chicago, Ill., Feb. 8th, 1864.

How the Cause Progresses in Cincinnati.

You have by this time been made aware, by the Hon. Judge Carter, of our organization, (under the statute laws of Ohio) to be "known and read of all men," and as I fondly hope, for all time, as the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists. For three years past, the most of those calling themselves Spiritualists in this city, dwindled into quiet retirement, visiting occasionally the sectarian churches, and becoming psychologized with their spirit of gossip and fault-finding, losing the small amount of charity they seemed to possess. Thus the rumor prevailed that Spiritualism was dead in Cincinnati. The few that stood firm in the confidence of their faith, sent up their aspirations to the angel-world for the opening of a brighter day. All grateful praise to them, for their auspicious aid in directing the way and preparing us for the dawn of a brighter and happier era in the great Queen City. Our brother, L. Judd Pardee, against whom there was much misconceived prejudice, was chosen by the higher intelligences to break the ice of prejudice. He gave thirteen lectures. At first they were sparsely attended; but they gradually increased in interest, when, toward their close, our hall was well filled. Bro. Pardee was well sustained in his subjects, "Intellectuality and Intuition," and "The Magnetism of Love," were master-pieces of noble thought and intelligence.

He goes to Chicago, and from thence to Washington, where the pure wishes of the kindly hearted and progressive minds will follow him.

On Sunday, March 20th, Mrs. Laura Cuppy attracted an audience, morning and evening, as large as the hall would occupy contained. The subject of her first lecture was, "The general designs of the Spiritual Congress with reference to the future of our country, as foreshadowed by occurring events; and the second, 'The tendency of Reformers to one idea,' was listened to with great interest, yesterday, 27th. The weather being favorable, and her previous lectures, awakening an interest in her favor, drew a larger audience, especially in the evening, when the ante-room and the entrance way to the hall were crowded to their utmost capacity. The morning's lecture was, "Earth-life, and its relations and its significance to the coming future." "Mediumship, its many phases and its adaptation to the various wants of humanity," was the subject of the evening's discourse.

For two hours the large audience listened with breathless attention—many of them standing patiently during the lecture—to the prompt replies of the medium to questions propounded from the audience. A slight interruption, however, occurred before the meeting closed: Miss Mary Amblett was controlled, and after a few preliminary remarks, was influenced to lay her hands on Mrs. Cuppy's head, and while in the entranced state, consecrated her to the Spiritual Gospel ministry, (under the charter which places us on equality with other Religious Societies) and setting her apart as one qualified to perform the office of marriage, &c. Uncharitable minds will, no doubt, condemn the act; but to me, it was affecting, solemn and spiritually interesting.

Yesterday morning it was a pleasure to the true friends of our harmonious cause, to greet our friend and thine, dear BANNER, N. Frank White, who is expected to lecture for us next Sunday, April 3rd in our new hall—the Metropolitan. He is here temporarily on military business, and the warm greetings he received gave evidence that the hearts of the true Progressive Spiritualists are in the right place. We shall keep you advised from time to time, of the progress of the cause in this place. I cannot close, without making one honest, earnest request to every reader of the BANNER—Be charitable.

Yours in the spirit of truth, wisdom and love,
DAVID H. SHAFFER.
Cincinnati, March 28, 1864.

Moving Onward.

Our usually quiet but Orthodox village has recently been thrown into convulsions by Mr. Leo Miller, who came uninvited, and after a considerable coaxing, got permission to deliver a lecture on the war in the M. E. Church. The congregation was small on account of the short notice; but some were so happily disappointed, that he was invited to repeat it. Before he came back to fulfill the engagement, some of the (far-seeing) ones of the Church were fearful he might turn out to be a Spiritualist. Consequently, it was decided that the traveling was too bad to have it in the church, but thought the Presbyterians might open their house. The same excuse was just as good for them, and there was no alternative but to go to Merchant's Hall, which was filled at the appointed time, and many and hearty were the cheers given. Before the congregation dispersed, the speaker announced that on the next evening he would speak on the "Ministry of Angels," and show a likeness of his spirit-sister, and relate the peculiar circumstances under which it was received. Then the suspicions of the far-seeing—who dare not venture out—were confirmed. But curi-

only, if nothing more, brought a great many out, and the house was pretty well filled.

Mr. Miller has given a course of six lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, which has somewhat disturbed the dark waters of ignorance and superstition.

Last Monday evening the Lyceum met at the same place, which was filled with all classes of people—even the ministry dared to venture out there, but took no part. The subject for discussion was:

Resolved, That modern Spiritualism, though strange and mysterious in its developments, does not justify a positive belief that it is founded in any reality.

A lively debate ensued, which lasted until near midnight. The chairman, though an unbeliever, decided in favor of the negative.

The good work has begun. Will not Brother Miller give us another call before long, or some other co-worker? What is wanted here most now is a good text medium. We think of sending for a lecturer, before long, if the good spirits do not get the start of us. It was ten years the 24 day of February, since we had the first circle at our house. Nine years we have taken a spiritual paper, and would almost sooner do without our daily food than it. Enclosed you will find two dollars and fifty cents for the dear BANNER the coming year.

M. B.
Dryden, Tomkins Co., N. Y., March 22, 1864.

Correspondence in Brief.

Spirit Recognition.

Franklin Thorpe, of Springfield, Ill., writes us a note, in which he says he recognizes a spirit that manifested some time since at one of our free circles, who gave his name as "James King of Wms." Our correspondent says James King, who was a distant relative of his family, went to California several years ago, became editor of a paper published there, and was killed; that he invariably signed his name "James King of Wms."

Mr. Thorpe says he is surprised that some of the Pacific Spiritualists, who must have recognized the spirit message, have not written us an acknowledgment of the same. He then very justly rebukes the backwardness of persons who recognize spirits through these messages in sending to the BANNER whatever facts they may be acquainted with which a spirit gives to identify itself by, as much good would be accomplished thereby in spreading the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy.

[We earnestly hope our friends will not show such indifference in this matter, but will furnish us with the desired information. Many, no doubt, refrain from doing so from an unwillingness to have their names published; but that need not hinder them, for if they make the request, we will willingly withhold their names from any verification we may publish.—ED. OF BANNER.]

The Value of Spiritual Light.

The following cheering thoughts are worthy a perusal:

Enclosed you will find two dollars and fifty cents to be placed to my credit for one year's subscription of your glorious BANNER. It is a pleasure to every lover of truth to see its hallowed light spread from earth to heaven, permeating the very portals of death, and bringing back the loved and lost to a glorious, beautiful recognition of life and eternal progress. It folds back the sable curtains of grief, it dries the mourner's tears, and dispenses to the thirsty spirit the sweet beverage of immortality already commenced, over which death has no control, except to lift from this material life its burden. I have taken the BANNER nearly two years, and have sent every number, after having read them, to skeptics; and one lady who had been a Methodist for thirty years, is now converted through its light to the precious truths of Spiritualism.

S. C. LOOMIS.
Chicago, Ill.

Spiritual Progress in Maine.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt writes to us from Lock's Mills an encouraging account of the progress of our cause in that part of the state. They hold regular meetings there and at Bryant's Pond every Sunday. Quite an interest is felt in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy. J. R. Bassett of Boston is manifesting his love for the cause of humanity and the spread of spiritual truth by building a new hall there, which he intends to devote to the use of holding spiritual meetings. They also have two good mediums there for test and physical manifestations. Thus the good cause is progressing.

Cures by the Laying on of Hands.

H. S. Phillips, of Westfield, Mass., sends us a long list of cases of disease which he has cured by the simple process of laying on of hands. We will mention a few: A case of dyspepsia and heart disease which has baffled the skill of many physicians was cured by a few operations; paralysis of the arm of a child two years of age, entirely restored by a few manipulations; a case of sore eyes cured; a case of kidney disease, and partial loss of limbs, cured in fifteen minutes; a case of consumption, which had been pronounced by the physicians as incurable, was restored by one operation, and the patient was able to attend to his business the next day, and is now well; heart disease of twenty years' standing, cured by one operation; chronic diarrhoea, on a returned soldier for eighteen months, cured in a few operations; several cases of scarlet fever, two of which were of the malignant type, were treated, and all of them were convalescent within twelve hours.

Miss Lizzie Carley.

This able lecturer, who is now in the West doing good service, in a letter under date of Brecksville, Ohio, March 27th, says:

"I came here from Richmond, where I spoke in November and December; and have seen my audiences—when I have been able to meet them—steadily increase and the interest deepen, so that to-day, Brecksville, though a small place, is well lighted by the BANNER, and in communication with the spheres of love immortal. We all here, dear BANNER, think you very attractive in your new spring attire, and neighbor talks with neighbor about you, striving to bring your light into every house and home, and heart. Do not have any fears if some do borrow you. Have you not learned that with you borrowing very soon means subscribing? Indeed, I think you are the only paper that cannot be borrowed. With you, 'tis only the John the Baptist to subscribe. I do not believe your shadow will ever be less."

Losses of the Danes.

The Denmark correspondent of the London Times, writes that the Danes have already suffered losses which their inferiority renders almost irreparable, and that, too, without having run the chances as yet of a single decisive encounter. It is estimated that not less than five hundred men were put hors du combat at the Dannewerk, that about one thousand were killed, wounded and missing in the retreat, and that no less than five or six hundred more have either fallen or been taken prisoners in the defence of Dybbol and Fredericia. Taken all together, the Danish army is weaker than it was before two thousand combatants, leaving but about twenty-eight out of the thirty thousand men who were mustered at the breaking out of the war. The Austrians and Prussians can better afford their losses.

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

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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.

The New Spring.

We offer the newly come Spring a warm welcome. It is the arrival for which we have all been waiting during the long, dull, wintry season, to bring up warmer and brighter skies, softer airs, a greener earth, and a revival of all things in nature. Spring is the real resurrection season, and that is the reason so many persons rejoice with over full hearts when it makes its approach. It is a season that puts its back on all things in the past, and keeps a full front toward the future. One feels the rising of a genuine spiritual warmth, in the Spring; the faculties are all thawing, or thawed, out from the rigorous grasp of winter; the days and nights of hibernation are ended, and the soul seems to come forth into nature and sunshine, and fill out to its proper limits. In these days, we all like to do just what the spirit itself prompts us to do, and that is to stand in the sun and silence, and draw in those pleasant, genial influences which make the new year so delightful and awaken the whole being to fresh ecstasy.

All life has a spiritual look and wearing, at this season. We greet all sounds, all sights, all scents and all motions, with a joy we cannot utter. We look about us on all sides, and are glad. It is a pleasure merely to live. The heart would not be disturbed in its delicious contemplations. The bees are driving a-field, leaving a quick, sharp hum of song behind them, like the twang of a harp-string. In the walnut-trees the squirrels are beginning their chatter and summer projects. Across the fields, by the pasture bars, young cattle are playfully butting one another with their silver horns, and the milky mothers are lowing on the hillsides for their calves left in the stalls. The industrious robins fly by from the margin of the wood-spring, their mouths filled with mud for their work of masonry. The young and tender leaves are spreading their delicate ruffles to the warming sun. The trout leap up in the swimming brooks. And all through the distances which lie between the farms, rural sounds are multiplying and filling the sweet air. Well might the good and pious George Herbert write:

"Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!"

The April rains, which come down so softly and without warning, are like no other rains of all the year; every drop is musical, and makes a distinct sound; they bring down influences that are truly heavenly; when they splash so broadly on the window-panes, they call up in the thoughts all the refreshing rains of the summer just ahead.

The material and spiritual worlds come very near together, in this Spring season of the year. Never more so, not even in the autumn. We feel exactly the same sense of revival and freshness which the earth feels, too. So closely are nature and humanity related, obediently to the divine law. Old persons are conscious of a temporary coming back of the sentiments that danced through their hearts in youth. They hear the first carol of the lively blue-bird that has returned, or the early chirrup and evening song of the robin in the apple-tree near the house—and at once the whole past comes up again before their eyes—the old loves and tenderesses return, the world which seemed old and weary to them grows suddenly green and fresh again, and the grass grows, and the waters sparkle, and the sun shines warmly upon them. It is an entire rejuvenation of the world. We are like the snakes that shed their old skins and take on new ones, or the locusts that break their parchment cases and come out in entirely new suits.

The Catholic Church has always kept Easter, as a token of a risen Christ. It appropriately comes in the Spring. The Spring, in fact, is the Easter of the world. All things start anew. The heart is awakened to fresh life and joy. There is a rich, bounding impulse in every breast—a new swell of joy in every heart. It is one of the most benevolent of all the acts of the Maker, that he has furnished us such a season, for such a purpose. Were there no change like what the Spring brings out of the tiresome monotony of the Winter—no season so filled up with hints, and symptoms, and tokens, and pledges, we should soon grow to a dead level of feeling, there would be no yearning of the spirit for new sights and objects of beauty, and life would stagnate and become wearisome as its very beginning. The Spring makes us all youthful and happy again. The sprouting grass under the walls, the brimming brooks, the singing of birds, and fresh scents of earth, and upbouding of all spiritual influences, make us think of a Spring that will never fade, and of promises that are blessed and immortal.

Kentucky.

One reasoning idea for the slowness of Kentucky in moving for the union cause, and her obstinate unwillingness to do for it what such states as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois do with alacrity, just across the border, is the fact that she is owned and kept by a landed aristocracy. They want no change whatever. If a man wants room to grow, and has not wealth and property to get a start with in Kentucky, he just crosses the Ohio and gets upon the soil which has proved so favorable to the growth of men. Such men, representatives of the people, as Lincoln, Corwin, the Andersons, and many more, are the results of this expatriating system. The poor white man has no chance; all property and power is in the hands of the landed proprietors.

The Great Fair.

The great Metropolitan Fair opened in New York last Monday, with much eclat. The preparations made for it were on a truly grand scale. As the Brooklyn fair netted some four hundred thousand dollars, it is expected that the New York fair will foot up at least a million. The New York retail merchants, in every department of trade have come forward with generous aid. The Fair will be over at the expiration of the present week. It is calling to the metropolis a crowd of men and women such as cannot be packed into hotel or any other public stowing place.

The Banner Spirit Messages.

The messages which are published weekly in the BANNER OF LIGHT, we know emanate from the source attributed to them, viz., the supermundane sphere of life. We also know that Mrs. J. H. Conant, the medium through whom they are spoken, has no knowledge of what is given at the time these messages are received. But this is not satisfactory to the skeptical world. It needs material evidence—evidence from those friends to whom the messages are directed. But as many of those friends are skeptics, they fear to come forward and acknowledge as truth what in their souls they know to be such. The reason why they fear to verify the messages received from the spirit-world, is simply this: It would, they think, compromise them among their friends, and their business would suffer thereby. Another objection is, many of them being church members, were they to publicly acknowledge they were satisfied that the information given in the Message Department of this paper emanated from none other than their relatives who have passed to spirit-life, they would be censured by the church to which they belong, and thus they are silent through fear of condemnation—or if applied to by us for information, they refuse to give it, as did Peter of old (through fear) deny any knowledge of Jesus.

Then, again, the confirmed Spiritualist—who has a full knowledge of the truth of spirit-communion—is loth, over his own signature, to publicly verify these messages, because some member of his family fears to be brought before the public in this connection. The reason assigned is, that Spiritualism is not popular, and their reputation would suffer should the facts be published. It is so with other mediums. A case of this kind came under our cognizance a few weeks ago, which is a good illustration.

A message was given through the medium Home over seven years ago, to a gentleman in this city. It was placed in a sealed envelope, not to be opened until a certain time in the future. Time passed, and at length the head of the family to whom it was addressed felt somewhat anxious to know the contents of the letter. He accordingly visited a medium for that purpose last May. A spirit relative responded, when the inquiry was made, "Shall I open the envelope at the present time?" The answer was, that it had better not be opened, as the contents were not what the inquirer would like. The question was asked again, and the second response was, "As you are so desirous to open it, you may do so." The seals were accordingly broken, and the following words found:

"Mary will be the first to leave earth. Grieve not. All will be well with her. It may be many years."

The writer of the letter to Home here remarked: "You may judge of my feelings at this announcement; and when she was taken with hemorrhage, I felt that she would be the first, although for weeks we had almost been daily feeling that John would leave us. We held her last day on Tuesday, just five days ago, and John breathes yet."

The letter from which we extract the above was written on the 17th of May. July 5th another letter was written to Home, from Boston, as follows:

"DEAR DANIEL—I have postponed writing you since John passed away. His spirit was released from the body on the 21st of May, just eleven days after Mary had left us. Strange to say, John did not ask to see his sister, as we did not tell him what a surprise was awaiting him there. George (his spirit brother) told us that he had impressed John not to think of Mary, and now John tells us that when he met his sister, he thought it must only be a vision."

Thus it will be seen that this message was fully verified after a lapse of seven years. It was a conclusive test of spirit-communion, and the writer was anxious Mr. Home should know the result, but had no idea that he would make the information public. Mr. Home, however, showed the letters to the editor of the London Spiritual Magazine, who requested them for publication. They accordingly appeared. In due time we received a copy, and considering the test an excellent one, we gave the letters into the hands of the printer for publication in the BANNER. They were put in type, but before the forms went to press, a stranger called at the office to ascertain if we intended printing the letters, at the same time taking from his pocket a copy of the Magazine containing them. We replied in the affirmative, stating that they were already in type. He then said he supposed we would copy them, as they were sent from Boston, and added, that he belonged to the family alluded to; that so far as he was concerned he had not the slightest objection to our publishing the letters, but other members of the family had, for reasons it was not necessary for him to give. He had no objection to our printing the facts in the case, providing we suppressed the names.

We replied that if the publication of the letters in the BANNER were objected to by any of the family, we would of course suppress them altogether, as we had no desire to cause trouble to any one.

We simply cite this as one of many similar cases that occur in regard to the messages we ourselves receive through Mrs. Conant's agency, why we do not often publish verifications. The result is, that many doubt their reliability, for they say, "Why do not we have more of them verified?"

And another reason often given is, the errors of date, misspelling of names, wrong locality, etc., which sometimes occur in consequence of the confused state of mind a spirit is often in when it takes possession of a physical organism not its own for the first time, and finds itself in the presence of strangers. But these are only the exceptions—not the rule. Nineteen of every twenty of the messages we have published, as given by spirits to their friends on earth, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying are mainly correct in detail. We have ourselves verified enough of them in the past seven years to warrant us in making this statement.

"Peculiar."

Epes Sargent's great Novel, "PECULIAR" is having a rapid sale in this country, the *Liberal* (Boston Post's) mean slur to the contrary notwithstanding. We are filling orders daily for this highly interesting work. It has been reprinted in England, and is eagerly sought for in that country. Pro-slavery propagandists and theological bigots, either among the aristocrats of the Old World, or the democrats of the New, can never stay the onward car of Progress. We only wish there were many more books of the same stamp as Mr. Sargent's circulated among the masses.

"Spirit Union."

The above is the title of a pretty song and chorus, published by H. M. Higgins, music dealer, Chicago. The music is by T. Martin Towne, and the words by one of our contributors, Mrs. Lois Walsbrook, whose poetic effusions have been read and appreciated by our readers. It is one of a series of "Concert Gems," published by Mr. Higgins. One verse of the song will give an idea of its tenor:

"Thy soul is conversing with mine, love,
I feel that thy presence is here;
As soft as the tones of the ring-dove,
Thy spirit-tones fall on my ear."

Spiritualism in Europe.

A knowledge of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase in Europe. As we have before stated, a new journal devoted mainly to the subject has just been started in London, and we now hear of a new Sunday paper in France. It is published at Bordeaux, and bears the name "Le Sauveur des Peuples Journal du Spiritualisme." Prominent lecturers have appeared in various parts of England and Scotland. Mr. Cooper, the proprietor of the new London paper, has lately lectured in Eastbourne, Halesham, Hurstmonceux, Hastings and Lewes. We are sorry to hear that the general ignorance of spiritual things and the intolerant spirit which such ignorance universally begets, has been prominently displayed at several of these places. At Lewes the announcement of the lecture seems to have called up a feeling more akin to the times of Queen Mary than to the present. The old idea of a ghost seemed to have haunted the audience. Those who came to the hall did so with a desire to be honestly informed, but to create a disturbance. They asked for impossibilities, and because they were not supplied, assaulted Mr. Cooper with yells, hisses, and even the explosion of fire crackers. A lot of live sparrows were let loose in the midst of the audience, and became the innocent participants in the shameful affair. The disturbance was intensified by what a writer in regard to it calls "a monstrous and utterly uncalled for onslaught on Christianity." Poor "Christianity"!—its very friends seem resolved upon crucifying it upon their cross of idolatry. The "monstrous onslaught" consisted of the following remarks:

"I say it with all reverence, that the Scripture miracles are not so well attested as these modern miracles, for this reason, the Scripture miracles are historically attested only, whereas the miracles of modern Spiritualism are attested by the most trustworthy living authority. Some think the Bible is sufficient—that it is the sole and sufficient rule of faith and practice—that it contains everything necessary for man's salvation. Such is doubtless the case, as far as those who believe in it are concerned. But what of the millions upon millions all over the continent, especially in Germany, France and Spain, to say nothing of vast numbers in our own country, who are the most confirmed and positive materialists, rejecting Christianity, and for the most part, a God. Thus, be the case after near two thousand years of Christianity, and above four thousand years of Judaism, it clearly proves some new dispensation to be necessary to bring home to the mind of man the fact of his immortality and his accountability. We have it on the authority of Professor Hare, that in his time twenty-five thousand Atheists and Deists, in America alone, had been converted by Spiritualism to Christianity."

These simple statements horrified the "sacred" feelings of those whose only arguments were yells and hisses. One man made his exit, loudly declaring that he could no longer remain to hear all religion assailed, and others went out in high dudgeon. Mr. Cooper stood up manfully and held his position, despite the storm of opposition that bent around him. The consequence of all this was not as injurious to the cause as its opponents wished. Correspondence in relation to it appeared in the public journals, and the matter was discussed far and wide, many persons sympathizing with Mr. C., not because they were believers in Spiritualism, but from a desire to see fair play awarded to all. "The Spiritual Times" remarks in regard to it:

"Through martyrdom the truth survives, and breathes a purer atmosphere; and it may be that the mobbing, yelling, and infamous conduct of these Levies disciples—not of Christ, to say that would be heresy, but of bigotry, fanaticism, ignorance and folly—will give an impetus to spiritual truth it might not so easily attain under milder methods of opposition."

The Athenaeum Debating Society of London has been recently engaged in a discussion on Spiritualism. The debate continued a fortnight, and was entered into with much spirit. The hall in which it was held, was crowded on each evening with ladies and gentlemen of intelligence and respectability, and on the last evening many had to leave, being unable to gain admission.

From the "Spiritual Times" we glean the following items of interest:

"The Spiritual question in England has assumed an important shape during the past seven years, and although it has been almost invariably pool-pooled by the Scientific and Materialistic Solons, and leaders of the Press and the Pulpit, it has gradually grown into a power."

A Dublin correspondence says: "Yesterday evening a few friends assembled here, and having formed a circle, in a few minutes the usual manifestations commenced. Questions were then asked relative to the identity of friends, both in America and Australia—all of which were correctly answered. Other questions were asked, and replies and manifestations of the most convincing nature given, gratifying to the feelings, and enabling those who heard them to go away rejoicing, and thankful, from their hearts, to that great and loving Father, who has graciously been pleased to grant to mortals tangible evidence to their spiritual senses, calculated to strengthen and support their faith in the conviction of a glorious immortality."

"The inhabitants of Egton, near Whitby, are at the present time in a state of considerable excitement in consequence of one house being nightly visited by one of those alarming intruders designated ghosts. From the facts we have been enabled to collect, it seems that a shopkeeper in the village recently died, and a newly married couple succeeded him in business. Matters went comfortably on until the wife heard mysterious noises in the house, which, of course, alarmed her, but this has increased to such an extent that she has left the house. The very furniture and crockery in the house are said to have disturbed the repose of the inmates, and the circumstances have given rise to the most incredible gossip in the village, one rumor being that the ghost returned respecting its money. To this superstitious and ridiculous statement such credence was given, that we hear the floor of the house has been excavated in order to satisfy curiosity whether there was any cash concealed in the ground."

The Music Hall Society.

Wendell Phillips recently made an address to the members of Theodore Parker's late society, or church, on the subject of keeping up that very large and spiritually powerful organization. His speech was forcible and characteristic. He was emphatically in favor of continuing the organization. He remarked that that Church, like all philosophies, had come out to success. It had done more than any ten societies to put and keep the Government on the right path in dealing with this rebellion. He believed the country required such a voice as theirs had been to give the normal tone to all the precepts and all the political arenas of the land. The conflict was no longer between slavery and freedom, but a more direful one was upon us—that between capital and labor. We have long held up the same idea in the columns of the BANNER, and we have long counted on having our own share of the work to do in a discussion of such great importance.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

This earnest worker in the spiritual field has just closed a course of ten lectures in Philadelphia, and is to speak in New York, New York, the last two Sundays of this month.

Grand Mass Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Michigan will hold a Grand Mass Convention at Grand Rapids, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of June. The regular call will be published and names of speakers announced in a few weeks.

Spiritualism Spreading.

The *World's Christian*, in speaking of Spiritualism, "One thing is certain; this so-called 'new gospel' is spreading far more rapidly than any other system ever offered to the world." That is true. And pray why should it not rapidly spread? It is a great truth, which should have been known to the Christian Church long ago. But they have repudiated it, choosing rather to feed on dry husks; and the result is, the "new gospel" has been offered to humanity at large, outside the Church, and they have accepted it, and the glorious, scientific religion is at this moment making thousands upon thousands happy in a perfect knowledge of the immortality of the soul, giving them the assurance that, when they pass "over the river," they shall meet their own dear ones and be reunited in the bonds of love throughout all eternity. Why should not a knowledge of this mighty truth spread with rapidity, we repeat, when the phantom Fear, by which men and women have been held in slavery so many years, vanishes into empty nothingness? The light of Love has dispelled it, and on this magnetic wire telegraphic communication between the invisible and the visible worlds has been established. Come in, all, and drink at the fountain. High and low, rich and poor, bond and free—you are, every one, welcome.

The King of Greece.

They expect to have better times in Greece hereafter. The accession of the new king to power is going to make a very different state of things. The new young king goes by the name of George the First, and it is said he is fast making himself very popular. He is the son of the king of Denmark and brother of the wife of the Prince of Wales (ALBERT). He was proclaimed King in October last, and in his proclamation issued in November, he says—"I promise to consecrate my whole life to your prosperity. The aim of my ambition will be to constitute Greece a model kingdom in the East." He was only eighteen years of age when he assumed the throne. A letter recently received from Athens, says: "By the King's order the throne erected at the Cathedral for his Majesty was taken down, and all military demonstrations in the church forbidden. Last Sabbath, to the admiration of all, the King with only two friends and one servant, and in citizen's dress, presented himself at the house of God, willing to stand on a level with his people before the God of grace. He walked both ways, as he did not desire his coachman to wait outside while he ought to be inside worshipping God."

Spiritual Progress in Iowa.

The McGregor News of March 15th, speaking of Mrs. Fitch's spiritual lecture, given in that place on the previous Sunday evening, in the large and spacious hall in Helwig's Block, says "it was completely filled with a very intelligent looking and appreciative audience. It was with much difficulty that we could get standing room; in fact, it was literally a perfect jam. Mrs. Fitch is a very fine and interesting trance speaker. The subject was Ancient and Modern Theology, which was handled in a masterly manner, her reasoning close, argumentative and convincing. Notice was given that the next lecture, on Thursday evening, will be on the present war. Also that there will be a lecture on Saturday and Sunday evenings next. I would recommend to all who wish to investigate this new philosophy to be sure and attend." Rays of light are slowly but surely gleaming into all the dark places, paving the way for the triumphant entry of truth and spiritual progress.

Mr. Lincoln to the Workingmen.

A deputation of the workingmen of New York, waited on President Lincoln not long ago, and presented him with their personal compliments, closing the interview with an expression of the wish that the people would continue him another term in the presidency, to which end they were very willing to contribute. In reply to them, after disposing of the compliments, Mr. Lincoln made some excellent remarks, from which we quote only the following:

"The most notable feature of the disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be on uniting all working people of all nations, tongues and kindreds; nor should this lead to a war on property or owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable—it is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently, and build one for himself; thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Napoleon and the Confederacy.

There is a story, direct from Europe, that Sildell sent a messenger to Maximilian before he came to Paris, and tried to appoint an interview. When he arrived, he asked Napoleon's advice about granting it. Finding that he did not consent to see him, Sildell wrote the Mexican Emperor (that is to be), to know if there was to be such an interview as he had asked for. Seeing that a categorical answer was required, and finding that if, after this, he granted the interview requested, even on the basis of unofficial regard, it would to that extent be an endorsement of the rebel Confederacy and a recognition of its existence, Maximilian gave Sildell plumply to understand that he could have nothing to do with him nor his schemes.

The Boston Organ.

A funny describer of such specimens of exaggeration as our Music Hall organ, says that one sees "in the construction of this huge instrument 'not merely all the symbols of all the old religions, but many vague emblems, intended to shadow forth the liberal creed of the Music Hall Congregation.'" Running his eye over the whole grand affair, he says he sees "Cherubs from the Old Testaments, Cupids from Ovid, Hours from the Koran, Sibyls from Etruria, and sable Caratide from Fortness Munroe." Also "pinnacles to suit the Goths of Boston, arches for the Romans, Doric pillars with Corinthian trimmings to please the more fastidious Greeks, domes for the Moors, and minarets for the Turks." All a libel, of course. Still, a man has a right to his laugh.

Woman and Her Era.

Mrs. Farnham's new book with the above title, is nearly ready for the press. All orders sent to us for the work will be promptly filled. It is issued in two volumes, 12mo., containing 312 and 461 pages respectively, and published in the following styles: White paper, muslin, \$3.00; extra gilt, \$4.00. Tinted paper, muslin, \$3.50; extra gilt, \$4.50. Two volumes in one, Library sheep, \$3.50. Copies sent prepaid on receipt of the price.

Homesteads for Soldiers.

We are in receipt of a speech of Hon. George W. Julian, of Indiana, in which he gives his views in favor of the bill before Congress providing homesteads for soldiers on the lands of rebels.

THE ALCOBAN OF MOHAMMED,
TRANSLATED into English immediately from the original
Arabic. BY GEORGE SALE, GENT., to which is prefixed
The Life of Mohammed; or, the History
of that Doctrine
Which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him
in Arabia, and which has subjugated nearly as large a portion
of the globe as the religion of Jesus has set at liberty.
Price 10s; postage 16 cents. For sale at this office. 18 Sep

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 dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

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 were given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 163 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Abbie H. Kent, of Boston; Clarence Bowen, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Josiah Bowen; Jennie Anshie, to her father, in London, Eng.

Thursday, March 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, to his parents, at Washington, D. C.; Thomas Gorton, to James H. Gorton, of Charleston, S. C.; Eleanor Arnold, to friends in St. Louis, Mo.; Clara Hodgkins, to her mother, residing on Hopewell Square, Liverpool, Eng.

Monday, March 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James L. Smith, to his mother, in Princeton, Mich.; Victoria, daughter of Col. Wm. Selby, of New Orleans, La.; Archibald Lewis, (colored), of the 8th Mass. Reg., to his sister; Mary Bowline, to her brother, Dennis Murphy, in Holden Court, New York City.

Invocation.

Teach us, oh ye souls who are beyond us in wisdom, how to make the most of human life; how to fill every moment with divine thought and noble acts. Teach us how to raise the fallen; how to hold the waters of true life to lips that are thirsting; how to break the bread of the kingdom to the hungry. Teach us how to weave a mantle of charity large enough to cover the sins of the multitude. This we ask in the name of the Father, who is Life. This we ask in the name of the Son, who is the manifestation of Life. This we ask in the name of the Holy Ghost, who lives in all deeds of kindness and love. March 17.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now requested to propound whatever inquiries they may have to offer as rapidly as possible.

Q.—Why is life less a devoted object because business has got ahead, and life neglected?

A.—Are you sure that life is ever neglected? Go on, friend. Put your question in a little different form, and perhaps we shall give a little different answer. If the gentleman has no more questions to offer, we are ready to hear from any one that may have any questions to propound upon any subject.

Q.—When, and by whom, and for what purpose were the Pyramids built in Central America, that are spoken of by Stevens in his works?

A.—They were built, we believe, by a race of ancients, in commemoration of their peculiar faith in God. This is all we know of them.

Q.—Are the Indians descendants of the lost tribes of Israel?

A.—We do not think they are; on the contrary, we have every evidence that they are not.

Q.—Are spirits unconscious after death?—or, are they passing through experience?

A.—They are not unconscious, but are passing through experience.

Q.—How does that bear on dreams?

A.—Some dreams are occasioned by inharmony existing in the physical. Others are occasioned by inharmony existing in their immediate surroundings. Others are occasioned by the passage of the dreamer through the spirit-land. The spirit ever makes note of all it perceives, and sometimes a knowledge of that is carried into the external—yes, oftentimes in the form of dreams. In order to judge correctly of the cause of a person's dreaming, we must know something concerning the condition of the body at the time, and of the spirit, and the condition of the immediate surroundings of the individual. Being in possession of this knowledge we can easily determine whence the dream originates.

Q.—In a healthy sleep does the spirit travel to the spirit-land?

A.—Oftentimes it does, particularly with that class of persons who hold upon earth and earthly scenes is not strong; who have large doors through which the spirit may pass into the spirit-land, even while it is connected with physical life.

Q.—Are there any spirits that are able to foretell future events?

A.—The human spirit is ever clairvoyant, but its clairvoyance depends much upon the mental condition of the spirit, and upon the condition of its surroundings. Now if the spirit is clairvoyant at all, it has also the power to foretell future events with a certain degree of certainty. The spirit of prophecy which the human spirit possesses, is to be found not alone in organic life, but in inorganic life. Everything writes its own history, its destiny upon its external, and whose is able to read may read. Now it will depend upon your spiritual education whether you will be able to prophesy of the future. Cause and effect are bound together in one vast, immutable chain; and if we are able to discern ought of the forces of Nature, we are able also, by close study, to foresee the effect of these forces in the future.

Again, in looking at the effect we are able to trace it to its parent. Now the effects of your civil war, which are being realized by you at the present time, were foreseen many, many years in the past by those knowing what the present contained, who could prophesy concerning the future. Your civil war was in the womb of Time waiting to be born, and the metaphysical could perceive it there, and judge with a great degree of certainty concerning its birth.

Q.—Can the human spirit manifest while in the form?—or, communicate with another spirit at a distance?

A.—Yes, and that is not an unfrequent occurrence. The spirit has the power even while inhabiting a temple of flesh, to so far disengage itself from its physical tabernacle as to be able to communicate its thoughts to friends in the distance. This has been proved many, many times. It is no vain speculation, but truth founded upon Nature; therefore it ever has been, and we are to expect it ever will be.

Q.—Does the spirit pass through degrees of development during sleep?

A.—The spirit is ever passing through degrees of development. There is no point where the spirit is found standing still.

Q.—I should like, if you please, a prophecy in regard to the final close of our present civil war?

A.—Then we shall prophesy that your civil war will not close until you, as a people, are prepared to come under the rule of freedom, such as your nation has never known. We shall prophesy, also, the final overthrow of your present form of government, and the inauguration of another one better fitted to your needs.

Q.—In State, as well as in the National Government?

A.—There will be great changes in both State and National governments.

Q.—Is it meant that our present Republican form of government will give place to some other form?

A.—It matters not by what name you call it, whether Republican or Oligarchical; we say it will differ in character, in spirit, from that of your present form of government.

Q.—Will it be more assimilated with the government of Europe?

A.—No, it will not.

Q.—Will it be more liberal than the present form of government?

A.—Certainly; freedom embraces liberality in the largest sense. Your armies contend that they are fighting for the Constitution and the Union, but they are fighting for freedom, what you, as a nation, have never enjoyed. But your spirits have now grown large enough to desire liberty, and that spirit is crying unto God for liberty.

Q.—Then we are looking ahead for that of which the foundation is not laid?

A.—The foundation is already laid.

Q.—Then it is now.

A.—The corner-stone is set; the arch is only wanting.

Q.—Will the state of war continue until this end is accomplished?

A.—Yes, a thousand times yes.

Q.—Can you calculate the length of time it will last?

A.—It will depend much upon the length of human reason. We could calculate, but we desire to be certain upon all points of prophecy.

Q.—Do you see any probability of its ending within the next eighteen months?

A.—No; that would be a physical, material impossibility.

Q.—Double that time?

A.—And triple it, and then you're not there. You would not wish that the child of freedom that is to rule you be prematurely born to die in a day. No, not if you are a wise man. March 17.

Matilda Adams.

I have a brother, sir, in the army, and I should be glad, sir, to send him some word. I was an operative in the Pemberton Mills, and lost my life when the mill fell. [In Lawrence?] Yes, sir.

Matilda Adams was my name. I was born in Saco, Me. I was twenty-three years old. My brother Edmund is twenty-seven. He was wounded in one of the battles, about six months ago. He is well now, and while he was sick I went to him, and I'm sure he was able to see me. But he thought it was fancy because he was sick, and that there was no truth in it.

There's so much to be said, one can't say all they wish to in this way. Oh, I've found everything so different from what I thought to in the spirit-world, that I've longed ever since death to come back and tell the friends that everything would disappoint them there. If there is a place called Heaven, I've not got to it yet, and I've found no Hell, and no God. I expected to, and nothing that I see in the spirit-world is much different from what you see here, but everything seems to be earth on a larger scale.

If you'd be kind enough to say to my brother, in your paper, that I want him to go where I can speak with him, if he should ever have the privilege, I'll be very thankful. Say the letter is from Matilda, to Edmund Adams. March 17.

James Delevan.

"Come to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!"

By gracious! Capt'n, Capt'n! [What say?] I want to know how far it is from here to where I live? [You must tell us where you used to live first.] Oh, I must? Well, I lived in Clarkville, Missouri. [It's near a thousand miles from here. You're in Boston now.] Well, can't get there, can I? [Not with this medium.] What's the use of my going, then, at all? [You may find one there.] No you don't; they're dead there—yes, sir, unless they've got resurrected since I left.

Well, what are you going to do for me here, anyway? [What you desire us to do for you.] Well, I desire to open correspondence with my folks in Clarkville, who are dead. That's turning the tables right side up. They've been wrong side up long enough. Now I'm alive, Capt'n, and I want to hold correspondence with dead folks. [We'll request it.] Well, I've got folks in Clarkville that are dead. The folks that are in the body are nearly all of them dead. Now my folks are dead and buried, while I'm alive and all right, notwithstanding I've lost the old shell. That's a small part of life.

Now I'd like you to say this much, in some kind of a way, if you can, that James Delevan, of Clarkville, Missouri, is alive, and would like to talk—well, with his good old mother, if he could, his brother Tom, sister Margaret, and old Uncle Richard, too. He's a tough old customer. [What is the trouble?] Oh, no trouble at all; got too much money—that's all the trouble. He's got so much it's buried him up so deep you can't hardly see him. I thought I send him a call, and if I happen to be Gabriel enough to sound the trumpet loud, perhaps he'll wake up.

They'll tell you that James is dead. [But you assert to the contrary?] But I say they're dead, and I'm alive. They'll tell you that James Delevan lost his life at Pittsburg Landing, that they had positive news, and are sure he's dead. Now be kind enough to inform them that they are very much mistaken, for I'm here, not with the body I used to have, but then without any other loss. Now I'm alive, and am here talking to-day, and all I want is a good, tip-top trumpet to speak through.

Stranger, I did what I could for the Constitution and Union. The gentleman who came before me says we wasn't fighting for that. Well, we thought we was; so, no matter. I thought I was fighting for the Constitution and Union, when I lost my body, but it seems it was quite another thing, according to the gentleman's statement. Well, it's all right.

[STRANGER.—If you please, I would like to ask a question.] Go ahead. [S.—You have given the name of your father. Did you have relatives at the North?] Well, sir, I think he had. My father had relatives in Massachusetts, and had a cousin, I believe, out in Pennsylvania. [S.—Did he have any in Connecticut?] Not as I know of; might have branched off. I shouldn't be surprised if they did. I tell you what, stranger: I'll travel round there and see, and if I find you and I are related, I'll be sure to come and see you. [S.—I

should like to have you.] I put the worst fellow that ever was, and I put the best, either; but you'll always know just what ground to find me on, for I never stand on anybody's else.

Well now, Capt'n, I want to send just a few words to my old mother: "You're expecting great things, in a religious sense. You think you're going to be transported immediately to heaven when you die. Now I hope you'll get rid of that delusion before death, for unless you do, you'll be likely to regret it."

Oh, I'm just what I am, stranger, the same as I was here; can't be anybody else. [We've no fault to find.]

Now don't sit down and mourn, thinking I've gone to hell, for I'm not there; and perhaps while you're mourning over my departure to the lower regions, I may be standing right by your side, and all I want is a mighty good medium to speak through.

Now, stranger, dispatch my message over the wires as soon as circumstances will permit, and when I get a first-rate chance, I'll pay. [Your age?] Ha! my age? Thirty-four; that is, when I went out. Not dead! Don't you make me one of your dead-heads; if you do, I'll be down upon you, because I just happen to find out I'm alive. [We have to dead-head you through here, in the sense of the press.] Well, I'll submit to that. Shot! March 17.

Elvira B. Worthen.

I have a child, sir, who is in trouble, in New York city. I was told I could come here and send some word to her. Four years ago I left her. I was sick, in all, a little over five months, of consumption. We lived in Columbia Court. When I was well, we succeeded in maintaining ourselves and in keeping independent of the world. After I became sick, my child was obliged to abandon her work and take care of me; and the result was, we went deep into debt, which debts came upon my child after my death. In her sorrow, she knew not what course to take, and I grieve to say that my child felt compelled to take a course which I wish she had not taken.

Now, for the first time since death, I find power to return, and I ask that that child meet me, and let me tell her what to do. She never refused a request of mine when I was on the earth, and I ask that she'll feel that I'm just as much here as I ever was, and far more capable of advising than I was when here.

My name, Elvira B. Worthen. Please say this letter is intended for Lucy S. Worthen. March 17.

Joseph Spenser.

I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll say that Joseph Spenser, of the Third Rhode Island, Company A, desires to communicate with his friends that are on the earth. I've not got any experience in this coming back to earth-life, but I know enough to know that I can come back, and I'm not any more easy than the rest of the boys until I come back and talk with my friends.

Old Nature has furnished us with a good smart furlough, but we've got to find out ways and means to make it the most profitable to ourselves. I was in my twenty-first year. I have a mother in Portsmouth, a sister, a brother in the army, and a father with me. [Which Portsmouth?] Rhode Island, sir. March 17.

Captain William T. Thayer.

I must announce myself here, sir, as Captain William T. Thayer, of the Second South Carolina, Company I. I have friends who mourn my loss in Charleston. I would be very grateful to you if you can put me in the way to commune with them. [We will do so, as far as we can. We shall publish your message, and hope it may reach them.] I have a father there, wife, an infant son, and very many friends. They know little or nothing of this spiritual theory. They only know that I am dead, and they have no expectation of holding communication with me, until they, too, shall come where I am.

Now I am here to ask, if by any possibility they should receive my letter, that they will avail themselves of the opportunities that seem to be almost everywhere, present for communion with me. I shall do all in my power to bring about this state of things. I feel I am but a child in the spirit-world, yet I have a will strong enough and large enough to overcome any obstacles in that way. My friends, sir, mourn my loss, as yours, sir, would mourn your loss. I have many things that I would be glad to say, but I do not care to speak of them in so public a place. I ask that my father or wife meet me where I can speak. Farewell. March 17.

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit, soul of all things, we would demonstrate to these incarnated intelligences, life after death. We would take them beyond form and time, in thought, and cause them to realize this is not their home, this is not their eternal dwelling place; that they are now existing among the fleeting forms of life but for a moment; the next may find them treading the immortal shores. Oh spirit of all things, we would unfold to every incarnated intelligence the truth of life, the everlasting truth that lies slumbering amid all forms of existence. Oh Spirit, who art our Father and our Mother, we lift our thoughts to thee in sacred worship, feeling that the altar of true reason is the only altar upon which we can offer our petitions. Spirit, who art a part of our divine selves, let us come into more conscious communion with thee. Let us learn of thee, daily, hourly, momentarily. Let us turn from forms that fade, to the spirit of the form that ever lives, and then commune with thee in thine own sanctuary. Father and Mother, we render unto thee all honor, all praise, all the fruits of our being, forever and ever. March 21.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—In compliance with your custom we shall hold ourselves ready to answer whatever questions the audience may desire to have answered. The friends need fear no delinquency with regard to offering questions. We shall be pleased to receive them from any source.

QUESTION.—It was stated at the last circle that the war in which we are at present engaged would be one of long continuance. Was it meant by that, that we are to have an actual strife of arms, or more a war of ideas?

ANSWER.—It is generally believed among those who have disposed of their physical bodies, that your present civil war will last longer, much longer, than you have any idea it will. There are many, very many mighty causes from which very many effects must be produced. The disembodied seeing these causes, and knowing what effects they will give birth to, have prophesied accordingly, that the war of ideas will outlive the clashing of arms, the booming of cannon, we believe. But we also believe that both the mental and the material will hold out longer in the contest than you think they will.

Q.—Could you particularize the time of the continuance of the trouble?

A.—We could, but shall decline doing so.

Q.—Do you anticipate the dissolution of the Union of the Northern States, and the formation of a number of republics?

A.—No, we do not look for such a result. On the contrary, we look for union on a firmer and more exalted foundation.

Q.—How do you account for spirit manifestations proclaiming there will be a complete dissolution of the Union? Is it the opinion of spirits?

A.—Most certainly; there is quite a great variety of opinions existing among us, as with you. We speak for ourselves, as individuals, and for that class which we represent, not for the entire spirit realm, by any means. In asking for answers to questions here, we are to suppose that you ask for our opinion, not for the opinion of the world entire.

Q.—Please explain the passage of Scripture which reads somewhat in this manner: "If the righteous scarcely can be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners appear?"

A.—The paragraph is the child of ignorance and superstition, unworthy for a moment's credence. Your Scriptures that have been called, sacred, divine, the word of the Almighty, we have little reverence for. Pardon us, we worship the Infinite God, and not the form; the Spirit, the Life, not that which represents the Life.

Q.—Is there to be a revolution in the Church as well as in the State?

A.—That has already begun. The change is not alone to be felt in the State, but in all departments of life. March 21.

J. S. B. Priest.

Good afternoon, sir. As I am something of a stranger to these scenes, perhaps you will pardon me if I ask you a few questions. [We will answer them to the best of our ability.]

I have been told by those by whom I have been recommended to come here, that there were certain conditions, certain requirements, which I was to observe as a communicant. I would like to know exactly what those requirements are? [Merely for you to give such facts as will enable you to be recognized by your friends on the earth.] You are strangers to me. I am not able to discover your audience entire, but I see no one, so far as I'm able to see, that I recognize, although I feel that I am very near friends, dear friends; friends that I'd be willing to forfeit many years of happiness if I could speak but half a dozen words with.

I have only been a spirit since the twelfth of this month, without body. I've many things to regret, very many that I ought to regret, but I am determined to spend as little time in desponding over what cannot now be recalled, and to devote the entire future to duty, to action. [A good resolution.]

A few days ago I happened to be wandering into one of the hotels—a place that I was accustomed to visit—as a spirit. After entering there, I very soon learned why I was attracted there—because of the presence of a lady medium. It is your mediums that present a luminous appearance to the disembodied spirit, and they are unconsciously attracted to them at all times. Well, after coming into the presence of the lady medium, I was told that I could possess myself of the machine and speak, if I wished. Being rather sad, not exactly content with my situation, I accepted the offer. So I speedily donned the female dress, body, and all its powers, and commenced speaking with a gentleman present, who knew something of this thing. Introduced myself to him, and told him that I was unhappy. He remarked that he understood what I wanted to do, and was disposed to help me speak with my friends if I desired it. I said I did. I would like to communicate with them, remembering at the same time that I was well acquainted with one of the clerks in the hotel, and many other friends that I'd like to speak with, also. He said nothing about my speaking there, but went on to inform me of this place. He told me there would be circles held here this week, and I could come and undoubtedly do much better here than elsewhere. Well, I have made it my business since that time to become as much acquainted with these things as possible, and the result is, I am here, talking as you see.

I inherited from my father quite a little fortune, which I did not use as I now wish I had. Instead of making good use of it, I seemed to use it for the opposite. I formed acquaintances which every person of my age can make if they only have a little money at their command. The consequence of this was, I got into bad habits, learned to drink, also learned something of attendant vices. In a word, sir, I lived very fast, and as a result of it I came to the length of my mortal chain of existence when little over twenty-seven years of age, having squandered all my property, and got, in some respects, heartily sick of life. I took a cold when in a fit of unconsciousness, induced by liquor. Brain fever followed, and that was the agent that liberated me from the body.

I heard much of these things when here. I saw something of them, yet I can't say I had any belief in them; did not know enough about them to believe. But I wish to assure my friends that I'm living still, that I'm still their friend, that I'm now in a condition to do more for them than I ever was when on the earth; for after giving myself up as I did to vice, I was illly able to be a friend to any one, to serve any one in the right way.

Now, sir, I wish to open communication, if possible, with one of the best friends I ever had, and pardon me if I say one of the best fellows God ever made—Harry W. Dyer.

If you will attach my signature, J. S. B. Priest, of Boston to that letter, and send it to 129 Washington street, to Harry W. Dyer; I'll be eternally obliged to you. Good day. March 21.

Charles L. Titus.

I'm in search of friends; folks I left here. [You must give your name, age, and facts for them to recognize you by.]

Well, I'm from Fredericktown, Pennsylvania. I was nineteen years of age. Charles L. Titus is my name. I was private in the Second Pennsylvania, Company A. I lost my arm, kind of got weak after it, took on some sickness, and died. [Where?] At Newbern, North Carolina.

I have a mother and father, an old man that's sick. I should like to let 'em know where I am, if you ain't any objection. [We have none.] Deuce take me, if I know where to mail my letter from! [Boston?] Boston, Massachusetts? Well, mail it from there, but I shan't be here when you send my letter. [True, you won't be.] But I want to mail it from where I live. [Where do you live?] That's what I don't know; ain't heard it called by any name. [The spirit-world?] Yes, sir, that's it; but that's a big place. [That's as near right as you can date it.] Might date it from Canaan, the promised land; all you folks on this side have the promise of coming where I am. [They feel sure they must go, sometime.] Might as well feel sure.

Well, you want my father's name. Abram, not Abraham. My mother's, Abigail. I do n't know what to say to 'em, mister, really. There's well, they're church folks they're pious, and

don't look for these things. [Of what belief is your mother?] Well, kind of a Methodist, I believe.

I was n't one of the pious kind. Somehow or other, I never did take a liking to such things. I was wild. They'll tell you, I suppose, that I was unruly, and prayers did n't have much effect upon me; but I don't know but I'm about as well off. I see folks since I come to the spirit-world, that was praying all the time here, who are no better off than I am. I never did anybody any harm when I was here that I know of, except I've shot a few rebels, just for way of trade, you know. But outside of that I don't think I ever injured any one. Nobody ever came to me, asking for any little favor that did n't get it. I never gave anybody a kick, when I could just as well give 'em a kind word. So I'm quite as well off, can do pretty much as I like, and am quite happy; and this ere spirit-world—

Oh! I like to forget one thing. Tell 'em that Jake's dead. [Was he your brother?] Yes; he went to California, and went— [To San Francisco?] No; he went to Pike's Diggings, and the last they heard from him he was well, and at that time, I believe, he was thinking of coming home. But he's dead, dead; got to the spirit-world, before I did, so they may be looking out for his traps that they are to have. [Are they to be sent on to them?] Yes, so he says. He's afraid to come back, for fear he'll have to stay. He don't like to be imprisoned any longer. He likes his liberty too well, he says.

[Will your parents receive much money, or only clothes?] Some, he says. They're to have all the traps he left. [Have you any other brothers or sisters?] Yes, sir, I've a sister; well, she kind of took it into her head one day to marry a circus turn-over concern. Sometimes he rides, sometimes he plays the clown in the ring. And since then the old folks haven't had anything to do with her. [You'd better give her name, in case she should want you to speak with her.] Maria. I should like to first rate. [She'll probably be more willing to receive you than the rest.] I don't doubt of that. She'd be more likely to pay attention to my letter than the other folks, I think. [Can you give your sister's husband's name?] I think his name was Donald; yes, Edward Donald, I think. I never see the chap. If ever I do meet him anywhere, I'll introduce myself.

Well, sir, if you'll be kind enough to do what you can toward sending my letter, I shall be obliged to you. [We shall have it printed.] In a book? [No, in a paper.] Oh yes; I know. [Shall we direct a copy of the paper containing your letter to your father?] Don't care; if you've a mind to send him a paper, you may. [What kind of a paper is it?] [A weekly paper.] What's it called? That's what I want to know. [It's called a spiritual paper.] Won't read it. [Perhaps they will. You may be round about that time.] Well, I'll try; I've got some friends, I know, that believe in spirits coming back. Is your paper circulated much down our way? They'd be likely to have it if they believed in it, wouldn't they? [We think so.] Well, if any of 'em get it—no matter whether you send it or not—I want them to just travel over to the old man's with it, and read it to him. He'll have to hear it, then. Well, I'll go, and thank you, till you're better paid. Got my age, ain't you? [Nineteen.] Yes, sir. March 21.

Emily K. Browning.

I would comme, sir, with one called here Andrew Browning. Four months and thirteen days ago I died in the city of New Orleans. I have hardly learned why I have been so anxious to return ever since my death, but that I am anxious, I fully realize. I have no hope of reaching my parents in this way. They are at Atlanta, Georgia. Their names, Robert and Emily Kelt, my parents.

My husband, Andrew Browning, I hope to come with. [Is he at the North?] He is in New Orleans. We were married five years ago. Four years ago—no, it's not more than three and a half since we left Georgia, in consequence of political troubles. My husband, Andrew Browning, was a Northern man, and was imbued with Northern principles. He was unwilling to take any part in the action against the Federal Government, and positively refused to lend his influence in any way in that direction. But he foresaw that he must leave that State at once, in order to release himself from conditions that were pressing him into action against the Federal Government.

Since I was separated from my own home, I have endured many hardships. Much of the time I was alone, or among strangers. I could n't well return to my friends, nor did I wish to; but the result of my hardships was death—sickness and death. I presume my parents have been notified of my death, though I'm not certain. But I earnestly desire to come into communication with my husband, Andrew Browning. I want him to visit some place where I can come and speak, where I can tell him what I've learned in the spirit-world. I'm sure I can prove myself to him: there's no reason why I should not. Since I can speak, and have full possession of all my faculties

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"We think not that we daily are
About our hearts, much that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Luther Meier.)

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you think they'll surely come to-night, mother?"

"Oh yes; they'll be here in half an hour."

"Then fix me nicely on the couch, and wrap the shawl loosely about me, and put the table before me, with the books upon it, and the paper and pencils. There; now I don't look much sick, do I? Do you think May will know, or Lulu? Am I very pale? and are you very sure that you have not told them in your letters how ill I have been? But there's the coach. Run to the door, and throw it wide open, that I may see them quickly."

"Since we left May and Lucy in our story, they have changed greatly. They are now tall, and quite young ladies, and are home on their long winter vacation at the holidays. How time has passed with them, we can judge by the characters they reveal. As they come in to greet Willie, they expect to find him the same gay fellow as of old. Lucy kisses him joyously, but May stops, and tears come to her eyes as she sees his pale face."

"Oh, May," said he, "I have such good things to tell you; and now you look ready to cry. That is a fine greeting to give me, who have been waiting these months to see you."

"But what is the matter, Will? No one has told us that you were sick, and your letters have come every week," said Lucy.

"I didn't want to spoil your pleasure, and I wanted you to come home full of gladness, to make me glad. Now come, both of you, and sit here close to me, and promise that you will not cry. I am going on a long, beautiful journey, and I shall start soon, and I was in a great hurry to have you come home, so that I could tell you all about it; and I shall be quite well when I reach the country I am going to, so you need not look so sad about it. It is all just as I say. Now go and eat your supper, and I will tell you where I am going, and all about it."

May and Lucy felt greatly comforted by these words, and insisted on eating their supper at Will's table, and they all laughed merrily, and talked of their school, and of the holidays that were coming, and of Tim, who had met them at the depot. Then they unpacked their trunks, and showed Will all their paintings and drawings and their new books.

"Oh," said May, "we've studied so hard, Will, that we might let you know all about it, and show you what girls could do, because you always said girls were not fit for anything but to sew and knit, and dress like dolls. And now you are going away, and won't care for all that we have done."

"Yes," said Lulu, "and May took the prizes, all but one, and she would not tell of it, because I got none. But you see I could not get the prizes in Latin and Algebra, if I tried ever so hard; and I wanted more than all else, to draw. So you'll not think girls are dunces any more, because I was not smart enough to bring you home prizes, too, will you?"

"Now, Lulu, I shall have to tell the great secret, to pay you for that," said May. "Lulu told me to keep it for Christmas, but I can't. She's painted for you, Will, the most beautiful picture that ever was seen. It took the model, and, besides, the artist told her that it was genius alone that performed that wonder. But I can't tell what it is, for that is really a secret until next Tuesday—for that is Christmas—and it is to come then all ramed. But, Will, tell us about your journey. Where are you going?"

"Well, make the fire burn brightly, and light the lamps, and come and sit close by me, that I may see your faces, and I will tell you all about the beautiful journey that I am going to take."

When everything was arranged as Will liked to have it, he began:

"It is now six years since you left to go to school. It seems as if we were all very little children then, and as if we were very old now. I did not know then why mother wished to have you go away, but I know now. It was because I was such a wild boy that she thought she could govern me better than any one else, and that if we all stayed together that I should do you a great deal of harm, by my wild, bad ways. But she made a mistake in sending you away, for I grew so much worse when you were gone, that she could do nothing with me. You know I used to play all sorts of pranks, as I called them; but after you went away, I was not afraid that you would know what I did, and I kept it from mother. I shall not make you feel badly by telling you of all my misdeeds; but the whole neighborhood was afraid of me. I robbed hens' nests; I stole peaches; I let cows out of pastures; I frightened horses, and ran through the tall grass that the farmers were ready to cut. When people complained to my mother, she looked so sad that I thought I would do better, but I did not try long."

There was nothing that I tried to do so constantly, by day and night, as to injure Tim. I knew he was good, and that he liked May, and that made me jealous, and I tried every way to injure him. I emptied all his buckets of sap in the spring, and I let out his pigs into his corn-field, and I drove his cows far off down the road, and I would not speak decently to him when I met him, but laughed at his boots and his hat. All this time he treated me as kindly as if he did not know who he was that gave him so much trouble. He always had a pleasant word for me, whether I spoke or not, and he patiently bore all my evil doings. He spent his evenings in study, and worked hard daytimes, and I saw every day that the people respected him more and more. When the neighbors were worn out with my mischievous tricks, they determined to stop them in some way, and went to Tim to get him to testify against me, because he knew better than all the rest, who it was that was at the bottom of all the mischief, for by this time I had made a dozen boys as bad as myself. But Tim pleaded for me as for a brother, and offered to pay for the injuries I had done, if they would only let the matter pass. He said he was sure I would do better by-and-by."

When I got tired of mischief, I tried other ways to torment Tim. When it came town-meeting day, and I found out that they were going to make him librarian, because he had grown to know so much of books, and because they wanted some one to be on hand every Saturday afternoon that would be faithful, I hired a poor drunken man to vote against him, and that vote gave the office to another fellow not half as good as Tim. When they chose him to debate in the literary society, I hired all the boys to go and hiss when he spoke.

In this way, matters went on for four years. Tim never complained of me to May when she came home, or wrote about me; I knew that by what you said; and when you were at home, I showed myself better than at other times, so that you kept on loving me, and I believe your love and Tim's kindness were all that kept me from being much worse."

Well, four years ago—I was just fourteen years old—there was a great fire in the village, and I ventured on top of a burning building very foolishly, for it could do no good. The timbers fell on one side, and I had no way of getting down. No one dared to put up a ladder and attempt to save me. I saw that all was lost, unless some one was bold enough to venture. No one did, and I fairly screamed in terror. Tim heard me from the other side of the buildings, seized a ladder, and at the peril of his own life, saved mine."

There was something in my nature that gloried in this heroic act, and if I had not been ashamed, I should have gone to him and have asked him to forgive me then for all the ill I had done him; but as it was I would not, and although I ceased to injure him, I did not try to please him in any way. After you left last summer, after your vacation, I went out one day on Diamond Lake, in my little sailing boat. It was a lovely day, and I felt as if I wished my life was as beautiful as the day. I knew that I had teased and tormented you both when you were at home; but you wrote back such loving letters that I really determined to make myself more worthy of your love. I had reached that part of the lake where May a long time ago came near being drowned, and I was so busy thinking of that day, and how Tim saved her life, that I did not notice a dark cloud that came up in the west. Before I had time to think what to do, a gale hit my sail and capsized the boat."

I was clumsy, or I could have clung to her; but I seemed to have lost all my quick wit, and got my foot somehow entangled in a rope. I thought I was drowning, and all in a moment I read all my life as if it had been written out before me; or rather I saw it like a picture. I saw all my evil acts, and all the harm I had done in the world. I knew nothing more until I found myself on the bank, and Tim bending over me. How strange it seemed that he should have saved my life again! I felt ashamed to look him in the face, but he said such pleasant words, that I at last looked up, and his face was so full of love, that I thought light shone from it. "Tim," said I, "I wish you'd take me home with you; mother is away, and there's no one at home to care for me." He lifted me in his strong arms into his cart, which was near, and carried me and put me on his own bed. I soon grew better and was able to be up, but I never felt strong after that; they say I injured myself trying to get hold of the boat, and very soon I lost the use of my limbs."

"Oh, Will," said Lucy, "and you've been suffering ever since!"

"Oh, no, not a bit of it; I never was half so happy in my life. Now don't cry, May, and make me sorry I told you what a miserable fellow I have been."

"Oh, Will," said May, "you've been so patient all these weeks, and have never told us a word, but written us such cheerful letters!"

"That was because I wanted to give you such a surprise, and let you find me such a happy fellow; but you must let me tell you how the happiness came to me. When I looked around Tim's room, I found it furnished so simply that I wondered how he could live so; but I soon saw what occupied him so that he did not care for carpets and easy chairs. There were shelves all covered with books, and there were hanging maps, and a table with papers and a compass and dividers. Besides all these I saw hanging on the wall an old calico dress of a little girl, and a sun-bonnet. I could not restrain my curiosity, but asked Tim where he got all his books, and by much questioning I found out that he had worn poor clothes and eaten simple food, that he might have the means of study; and that little dress, May, was one you used to wear when you lived with Mrs. Grimes. Tim called you his inspiring angel, and said that he only needed to think of you as you looked when you told him of the golden fountain, to forget all hardships and unkindnesses, and strive alone for a noble life. Then I asked him to tell me about the golden fountain, and he said that you saw an angel, and she showed you how our spirits were like the waters of a fountain, and received pictures of all that we ever did or thought. Then I thought of what I saw when I was drowning, and I told him of all the sad pictures of my life that I saw. You should have seen Tim's face then; he was so glad that I had found out the truth of what he said, and yet was so sorry for me, because I must suffer so much for what I had done, that tears filled his eyes, while joy shone on his face. Then he told me what the angel said to you, May, that love was beauty, and I understood what made his face so beautiful, although he has such a homely nose, and such a large mouth, and such sandy hair! He seemed to me then the handsomest man in town. When I asked him what made his face glow so, he said he supposed it was because he had been trying so long to wear his crown. I found out that his crown was patience, and that the same beautiful angel had told you to tell him that he must wear his crown of patience, and all would come out right. Can you tell how I felt when I remembered all the mean things I had done to make you think ill of Tim? How I had laughed at him; and I even remembered how I had ridiculed his believing in spirits at all; and when he spoke once in meeting, and said he believed the Lord led people through the power of loving angels, I made Deacon Ames's daughter tell her father that Tim meant by that that he was a believer in spirits, and although the Deacon had not thought of it before, and did not like me, he wrote a note to Tim, requesting him never to speak again in meeting until he was invited."

When I remembered all these things—for I seemed to remember everything—I could not help crying. It was then that Tim showed his nobleness; he did not treat me as if he had conquered me, but as if he was really suffering for me. "But," said I, "Tim, you say our own spirits have pictures of all our acts upon them, and that we also put pictures on the spirits of others. Just think, then, of my spirit; there's no help for it; they are all there, for I saw them; and oh, so many of them were bad! What can I do Tim?" Then he told me that if we really wished to do right, that was a prayer, and good prayers were answered in some way; and that good acts had a real power in them, and that there went from them a real influence of good, so that they reached others, and that they were to one's own spirit like light that shone so brightly that after a time the evil faded away."

Now I am not going to tell you all that I did to show Tim that I felt every word he said to be true; I shall let you find that out yourselves, for I am in a hurry to tell you about my journey."

"Not to-night," said his mother, who had just then came in; "for I see you are tired, and the girls have had a long journey and need rest."

"Well, to-morrow, then."

"But, Will," said Lulu, "you are not to go alone; you are not well enough. May and I will go with you, and we will take such nice care of you?"

"Why, I don't think you could possibly," said Will, with a tear in his eye. "I half want to stay myself, now you have come."

"Oh, do!" said May; "we will give up our school, and Lu will paint for you, and I will study with you; but I am so glad you know about the golden fountain—for that has something to do with our Christmas secret—I was more than half afraid that you would laugh about it. But now I know you won't. Come, Lulu, let us to bed!"

May was in a hurry, fearing that Will would see the tears in her eyes; for she read in his face something besides a journey for health and pleasure, and she wished, too, to think of all that Will had said about Tim, and of his life. How beautiful seemed to her his patient, loving and noble spirit; and how blessed the thought that her beloved mother had cared for her even in the days of her childhood, and had given her lessons of truth that had blessed her and others."

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Selected.]

THE CORAL BRANCH.

I thought my branch of coral
A pretty shrub might be,
Until I learned a little worm
Had made it in the sea.

Down, down so deep,
Where dark waters sleep,
The coral insect lives;
But rests not there,
With toil and care
It upward, upward strives.

It builds its coral palaces
Than lofty hills more high,
And then the structure to complete
The little worm must die;

Thus teaching me
Most truthfully
That dying I shall leave
Some good work here,
My friends to cheer,
When for my loss they grieve.

A Penny Puzzle.

On the raised head on one side of a United States cent, coined in 1863, is represented the names of the following different items, or articles: 1, A house of worship; 2, A protection against thieves; 3, A fruit; 4, An animal; 5, An insect; 6, A flower; 7, An article of commerce; 8, An association of music; 9, A vessel described in the Bible; 10, A gold coin; 11, A linear measure; 12, Kings covet yet fear; 13, An emblem of power; 14, Pleasures a child, delights a youth, and a man enjoys; 15, Is often used on a railroad; 16, A serpent often used to obtain its food. L. M. R., Camp Randall. Co. B, 22d Reg. Wis. Vol.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 18, 3, 13, 1, 18, 21 is one of the United States.
My 16, 20, 17, 2, 19, 10 is a boy's name.
My 11, 15, 19, 18, 21 is a large fowl.
My 21, 13, 6 is worn by ladies.
My 11, 20, 4, 7, 15 is a useful animal.
My 14, 5, 21 is a metal.
My 6, 9, 12, 7, 22 is a degree of intoxication.
My 8, 22 is a pronoun.
My whole is the name and residence of a Reformer.
Delphi, N. Y.

We have received several Enigmas, which we defer publishing until the answers are sent. We also decline those on the names of those sending.
X. E. W. X.—Please send answer to conundrum.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST BY G. W. R.—"Restoration of the Union."

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE BY E. H. B.—"Ichneumon."

The Providence, R. I., Three Days' Spiritual Meeting.

LAST DAY'S REPORT.

On Thursday evening, the second day of these meetings, Pratt's Hall presented a good audience of earnest souls, in spite of the continued storm of the outer elements. J. S. Loveland opened with animating remarks. He was followed by Mr. Mowry, one of the veteran Spiritualists of Providence, who spoke earnestly and pointedly on the great reforms to be pushed forward under the banner of Spiritualism. L. K. Joslin, one of the most active movers in the spiritual cause of Providence, took part in the discussion of the evening, and he rejoiced in standing, for one, on a platform where all sorts of opinions could be expressed without endangering any bad feeling. Wm. Foster, Jr., of the Providence Press, and an able advocate of the faith, made an effective speech on the social, civil and religious reforms which Spiritualists were now called upon to agitate, and he maintained the need of some general organization throughout the country. U. Clark and Moses Hull followed on the same same subject.

Friday Morning.—Though the weather continued unfavorable, the audience was largely increased, and the interest deepened. A. B. Whiting of Albion, Mich., made his appearance, and was cordially greeted. Dr. O. H. Wellington, of the Remedial Institute, Milton, Mass., was also present. U. Clark in the chair.

J. S. Loveland spoke on the alarming condition of our present moneyed system, labor, capital, etc., demonstrating the need of a radical change and a practical application of the principles of Spiritualism to every department of life. He said that the ruling wealth of our country was in the hands of two and a half per cent. of the men of the land; or two and a half men out of one hundred, hold a supreme moneyed power over the people, and the war was only making it still worse. The great war which is to follow this civil war, is to be a social and financial war between labor and capital, between the working millions and the lordly few who are seeking to build up on this continent a feudal aristocracy like that which for ages has cursed Europe. Yet, in view of the present war and the greater war yet to come, it was appalling to witness the levity and the indifference of the masses of our people at the present hour. All over the North, places of amusement, balls, festivals, etc., are crowded; extravagance is rampant, and the people seem mad and intoxicated with frivolities. We are like Nero, literally fiddling and dancing over the awful volcano of revolution now ready to burst. The grand conflict now soon to come is one whose watershed shall be, "Independence to the working masses!"

L. K. Joslin spoke warmly on the same subject, stating that the wealth of a very few men, for years, had ruled Rhode Island. He protested against war in every form, and advocated the rule to "overcome evil with good." Mr. Hull

spoke of wealth and war; he believed in the need of fighting in this great crisis, and was ready, if called for, to mingle his blood with the thousands who had given their lives to the cause of liberty and their country. Mr. Mowry, though he said he was a peace-man, and could not go into the fight personally, contended that as there was just so much light in the people, he believed in their fighting it out, and the result would be good.

A. B. Whiting said he was happy to see how much harmony and good feeling pervaded the meeting, notwithstanding the variety of opinion. He believed this war of our country, had its uses. In spite of all its horrors, war works out the elements, purifies them, and humanity as a whole becomes advanced. The wars of ancient nations, like those of Greece and Rome, had their use. Mr. Cannon, one of the veteran Spiritualists of Providence, dwelt upon the war, advocated its need, and pointed out some of the great issues. But he questioned the introduction of certain "side issues" into spiritual meetings. U. Clark emphatically insisted that there were no "side issues" under heaven, which could be ignored by Spiritualists; we are bound to ventilate and discuss every question that concerns humanity, and no power on earth or in hell can silence free discussions and agitation. We are done with the old "let alone" policy. Dr. O. H. Wellington, by unanimous vote of the audience, was requested to address the meeting in the afternoon on Mediumship.

Thursday Afternoon.—Audience on the increase. Mr. U. Clark in the chair, and the minutes read.

A. B. Whiting was announced as the regular speaker of the afternoon. His theme was "Organization," and the subject was handled with superior, practical ability, convincing the audience, beyond all doubt, of the feasibility and the absolute necessity of something like an organization in the ranks of Spiritualism. He adverted to ancient and modern Spiritualism, and tracing the latter down to the present hour, demonstrated the need of organic action.

If Spiritualism, in fifteen years, can accomplish what it has accomplished against all obstacles, slanders and persecutions, without any organization, what may it not accomplish when its millions become organized in one grand phalanx! He would advocate no creed, no sect, nothing to fetter conscience or erect standards of discipline. Those who object to spiritual organization, must object to all organizations, all order, all government. Public lecturers and mediums need the organic cooperation of the people, in order that they may be sustained.

Mr. Whiting said he did not speak for himself; he had no complaints to make; but many others had suffered severely, and some had been starved out of the spiritual field. The present committee system did as well as could be expected, but it was imperfect, and apt to be partial in the selection of speakers, excluding many of the best, hardest-working speakers, and idolizing a pet few. The people should be consulted in these matters; an impartial platform should be established; all should be heard, and none be excluded in consequence of rumors, slanders or prejudices based on false distinctions. The speaker alluded to the flourishing organizations in St. Charles, Ill., and other places out West; the great need of the West, of Canada, and the whole country. He gave an interesting account of the organization of Spiritualists in France, with a central bureau in Paris. A. Kardec, editor of the *Spiritual Review*, Secretary; and he gave a vivid picture of the power and progress of Spiritualism in Europe. Some such organization was needed in America, and it must be effected soon. Rich men stand ready with abundant means. Our resources, spiritual and material, are boundless, and they must be concentrated.

New energies and agencies are needed. A revival of spiritual communion must sweep the whole continent and shake the globe. The Conventions, begun in Boston, to be continued in New York in May, and to culminate in a great National Convention during the coming summer, are signs of the new work now opening. With a plain statement of our principles, not in the form of a creed or sect, and with the combined effort of the millions now ready to rally at the call of the angel-world, what mighty results may be anticipated! The press is at our command, and becomes an all-important auxiliary.

The speaker here alluded to the HERALD OF PROGRESS as doing its legitimate work, and he commended the BANNER OF LIGHT as having a broad mission unparalleled in the annals of modern Spiritualism. As the spiritual cause advanced and its forces became concentrated, other demands might be made in the use of the press, and an associate editorial corps would be united in the conduct of an organ representing all the ablest writers and public workers in the great field of progress.

If sectarian organizations can do what they have done, what a mighty work for humanity may be done by a true spiritual organization. Mr. Whiting here closed with a stirring appeal, and improvised a beautiful poem on the subject of his discourse.

The want of space renders it impossible for the reporter to do justice either to the poem or speech of Mr. W.

Dr. O. H. Wellington followed, speaking on "Irregular and Disorderly Mediumship; its Effect on Mind and Body." It was in accordance with the law of God that all our departed spirit-friends should desire and seek to communicate with us. The mother could not rest in heaven absent from the young and tender child she left on earth. The Doctor cited several cases to illustrate how undeveloped spirits, for a time, unavoidably affected mediums painfully, sometimes temporarily unbalancing them in mind and body, and tending to derangement. Many who were regarded insane, were only under spiritual and psychological influences, and needed the tenderest care. Persons who are in the right condition can relieve such, by imparting spiritual and sympathetic influences. We need to bear each others' burdens, especially in all love-relations, and in marriage. Self should be forgotten. True marriage consists in serving each other. All diseases, as well as insanity, are more or less under the control of spiritual powers through human mediumship.

U. Clark arose to suggest that true Spiritualism consisted not only in opening our souls in communion with spirits out of the form, but with those in the form. We were shut up in cold formalisms, and dare not speak to each other unless we are fashionably introduced. Let our hearts open to angel love till we become truer and purer, and then we shall be freer, and be governed more by the better impulses, and not the passions of our nature; and we shall have no fear of fashions or contaminations. Some ladies in the hall had been dreadfully shocked the day before, because a woman medium had gone up to Mr. Loveland for the purpose of imparting an influence to relieve his enfeebled lung! They did not like that woman medium on account of her freedoms and eccentricities, and were so shocked they fluttered out of the hall with spiteful protestations and imprecations. Mr. Clark said he was glad of the in-

cident; it pointed a moral needed in Providence, and everywhere else. There were sensitive, primed up, high-toned, conservative, very particular sort of would-be Spiritualists, who want all spiritual manifestations, mediums, lecturers, and everybody else, to appear after the most popular, approved and conventional fashion. Such persons now and then need to be shocked, and taken down a peg or two, and have their pride humbled. It was so with old Simon: he was frightfully shocked to see a poor, common woman at the feet of Jesus, right there in his own aristocratic parlour! What would all his respectable neighbors say? Peter was shocked when he saw the great sheet, and was told to partake of what he regarded "common and unclean." Spiritualism is the great sheet of the nineteenth century; it takes in everybody, and nothing else can save the multitude. But some fancy Spiritualists are as frightfully shocked as were Simon and Peter. Such persons now and then need a startling lesson. They need to put up the prayer of the poor leproser, and have their Pharisaism rebuked. The angel-world is leveling down all stilted notions of aristocracy, false respectability and idolatry.

Just so sure as you undertake to deify or idolize anybody, any lecturer or medium, and they become inflated with self-conceit, the first you know, some scandal is afloat, or a public explosion takes place—like the late furor in a neighboring city—and down come your idols to the common level of all scandalized Spiritualists. But nobody after all may be seriously damaged. Men and women of true character are not concerned about the reputation they have among the outside world. The speaker said he had lost his reputation several times, and found it had done him good; it threw him out among the people to be tested for what he was worth, rather than by old certificates of character which he had begged his friends to give him years ago.

J. S. Loveland responded to the allusion which had been made to him in connection with the inoffensive incident of the preceding day. He had long since abandoned all concern for conventional criticism. He had been the harmless victim of the innocent and well-meant healing manipulations of the sister medium who seems to have elicited a great deal of talk in Providence. Such healing manipulations were common among Spiritualists. He did not know whether the sister medium in question was better or worse than the woman who came to Jesus, nor did he care, as far as he was concerned. He did not set himself up as better or worse than anybody, nor did he fear his nature or character could be injured by anybody. Whatever the sister may be now, one day she will be an angel in heaven. Though he feared no contamination, he would rebuke evil and error wherever found. There are parasites in the form as well as out, who are seeking to feed on us, and there are paupers who go around begging for sympathy. In true manhood we stand up strong and erect in communion with heaven, and grow younger with our years.

Friday Evening.—A large and an intelligent audience, though the weather continued persistently stormy. U. Clark in the chair. Mr. Mowry volunteered some appropriate remarks on the war and the great reformatory issues of the age.

Moses Hull was announced as the opening speaker, and he gave an eloquent discourse on the ministry of angels, with some of the most striking Biblical illustrations.

A. B. Whiting, by request, sang, with melodeon accompaniment, the touching spiritual song which he wrote and published a few months ago.

J. S. Loveland spoke with unusual impressiveness, on the practical uses of angel communion—its glorious incentives to labor in behalf of humanity, and closed with allusions to the joy that would thrill our being when in heaven we should meet the souls we had sought to bless on earth.

U. Clark returned thanks to the audience, and to the devoted friends in Providence, especially those who had called the Three Days' Meeting, and closed with a touching incident referring to the great meeting in the spirit-home.

The resolutions presented by J. S. Loveland, and the following by Wm. Foster, Jr., were then adopted:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Spiritualists throughout the country, to institute Conference Meetings to discuss not only questions growing out of the peculiar faith we have embraced, but those others which are intimately connected with reforms in the civil and social systems generally; and we would also recommend the establishment of systematic courses of lectures on scientific and practical subjects, to supersede the present miserable modes of entertainment now offered the people.

On motion of Wm. Foster, Jr., put by Vice President Mr. Mowry, a vote of thanks was tendered U. Clark for the manner in which he had presided, and to the other speakers, J. S. Loveland, Moses Hull and A. B. Whiting, for the contribution of their able and acceptable services.

U. CLARK,
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