

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERVED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XI.

"Thou hast made my life like music,
In its melody of tone;
Thou hast thrown around my spirit
All the beauty of thine own."

It was as Threissa predicted. Beatrice did become a general favorite with both teachers and scholars. Her rare beauty insensibly attracted them to her, while the noble qualities of her mind and heart served but to deepen the impression. She, however, attached herself to none, but treated all with that uniform kindness and gentle courtesy which were her particular characteristics.

Somewhat to the surprise of both of the girls, Miss Stanley seated them together. In her classes, the orphan still retained her place in advance of all the rest, while those who ranked not far below her found in her companion a formidable rival.

It was pleasant to watch Miss Austin's grim face lose its stern expression and soften into a smile, as she listened to the recitations of these two. She never experienced any vexation with them, by reason of ridiculous blundering and imperfect lessons. There she found intellects, which, in strength and keenness, were something akin to her own.

The weeks were lost in months, and Miss Stanley noticed, with decided satisfaction, that the scholars had altered much in their deportment toward Threissa. She always joined them in their walks now, and was generally the life of the party. This change the teacher traced, in a great measure, to the influence and example of Beatrice, and she could but admire the nobility of soul which the brave girl had displayed in persisting in drawing into their circle the despised foundling, in spite of the jeers, sarcasms and indignant protestations of the small community. She judged, and rightly, too, that the struggle must have been long and severe before matters assumed their present amicable appearance. At first they absolutely refused to associate with the orphan at all, but finding that their favorite was as resolute as they, and that no argument or entreaty could shake her determination of holding herself entirely aloof from their company until they had recalled the sentence whereby they banished her seat-mate, they at last complied with her demands.

The subject of this dispute, however, remained entirely unconscious of the mighty battle that had been fought, and the great victory achieved in her behalf, but finding herself treated with friendly consideration, concluded that the girls were imitating her companion's courteous kindness, and from feelings of gratitude to her, she laid aside her hard, bitter manner, and emerged from the scornful critic into the agreeable, fascinating friend—a change which was delightful to witness, and which soon won the hearts of the majority, a few only continuing sullen and morose.

As the days passed, Threissa began to long for an expression of that love and affection which she had once so rudely repulsed, but here she found a pride equal to her own. Beatrice was as gentle and polite to her as to all the rest, but no fondness glowed in the large, velvety eyes, and the musical voice was cool and steady when it addressed her, never vibrating with the sweet tenderness that so thrilled her at first. Gradually she realized that as her hand had raised the barrier between them, she alone must throw it down. To do this, she must take back the harsh, insulting words that she had used on that memorable day, acknowledging that she had been unjust; but through this valley of humiliation her still haughty spirit refused to pass.

One morning, as she was about entering the school-room, a confused murmur of voices struck upon her ear, and catching her own name uttered in a tone of disdain, she paused with her hand upon the latch.

"I declare I won't go to walk, if Threissa is to accompany us," Virginia Ware was saying, passionately. "For pity's sake, Beatrice, could you possibly stir out once without having her tagging at your heels? Your friendship for that low-born creature is certainly wonderful."

"Just my mind, exactly," chimed in Louise Sawyer. "My dear Miss Lasselle, you can't imagine what a viper you are taking into your heart. She is liable to sting you at any moment. You do not know her as well as we do. Why, when I think of her treacherous doings, and the awful tricks that she has played upon some of us, it fairly makes me shudder."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" laughed Ellen Green. "She has only enjoyed a few innocent jokes at our expense, and then her victims were only those who had treated her badly. I ought to know, for she made me look like a fright on the night of the exhibition, and I so blissfully unconscious, too! You had better believe that I was mad, when I did discover it; but after thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that it was no more than I deserved."

"Three cheers for Nelly!" cried a voice. They were given heartily. As soon as the noise subsided, Laura Gardner exclaimed:

"I would not have pocketed such an insult as that so calmly. For shame, girls, to feel a spark of admiration for the cringing spirit that could."

"Three groans for Laura and her clique!" said one. There was an immediate response, amid shouts of laughter.

"Beatrice, why don't you speak in defence of your particular favorite?" inquired Edith Weston. "Because, thanks to the justice that was aroused in your hearts, there has been no need of it. Besides, I consider her so far above them and their malice, that I do not deem it necessary."

Threissa waited to hear no more, but fled with all possible speed to her room, where she flung herself upon the bed in an agony of tears. The angry feelings that her arrogant, puerile, proud mates had excited, were now swallowed up by the deep contrition that filled her soul as she thought of her injustice to Beatrice.

"How they are changed," she murmured; "and it is all owing to her. I declare, this is heaping coals of fire upon my head with a vengeance, and they feel decidedly uncomfortable, too. If she had only treated me badly once or twice, the remembrance of my harsh, unkind words would not weigh upon my heart so. The fact is, I can fortify myself against coldness and scorn, but gentle tones and friendly deeds quite unnerve me."

At that moment a light step sounded in the corridor; there came a rap at the door, and a voice, whose sweet cadence thrilled her, said:

"Come, Threissa, are you not ready? We shall not have time for much of a walk if we do not start soon."

She was almost tempted to keep silent, but knowing that she would ultimately be discovered she at last replied:

"I have concluded not to go this morning. I am not well."

"Ah!"—and the tone was full of concern—"may I come in?"

"If you wish." But as Beatrice entered, she buried her face in the pillow.

"What is the matter? Have you one of your troublesome headaches?"

"Yes. And a headache, too," she added, mentally.

"Wouldn't you like to have me bathe your temples?"

"No; I shall soon be well, if I am left alone."

She was sorry as soon as the words had passed her lips, they sounded so very ungracious, even to her own ears.

"Tell her how your feelings have changed with regard to her," whispered Repentance; "then this dreadful oppression will be gone, and you will be at rest again."

"What! give her an opportunity to triumph over you in that style?" said Pride. "Oh, I would not."

"Perhaps this is a way she has taken to revenge herself upon you," chimed in Distrust, "and when she has humbled you into the very dust, by wringing an acknowledgment from you, then, depend upon it, she will laugh in her sleeve, and immediately give you the cold shoulder."

So the fearful eyes remained hidden, all unconscious of the deep tenderness that was mirrored in the sweet face that bent above. Beatrice stood irresolute for an instant, opening her lips as if about to speak, and then turned away, more mystified than ever by the girl's strange conduct.

A fortnight after this occurrence, Beatrice ran hastily into the schoolroom one recess, and found Threissa sitting at her desk, silent and alone.

"What is the matter? Why are you not out in the yard?" she said, gaily. "We are having a fine game, but the company is not complete without you, so the girls sent me to hunt you up. Come, do not stay moping here."

"Believe me, I should be delighted to oblige you," she replied, with a comical look, "but as it happens that I am in disgrace, I do not see but what you will have to dispense with my society."

"In disgrace! I should like to know what for?" "Why, you see, I carried my French exercise up to Madame this morning, never mistrusting but what it was all right every way, when lo and behold, she discovered that it was sadly blotted! Sure enough, it was, though how or when I did it, I can't imagine. Well, she gave me a long, severe lecture upon the sin of carelessness, which, she informed me, was one of my greatest faults, and then she sentenced me to copy the offending article over again, and also said that I must remain at the internmissions, both morning and afternoon, for a week."

A variety of expressions had flitted over her listener's countenance while she was speaking, and now she eagerly exclaimed:

"Please let me see your exercise, will you?"

"I have not written it again. I suppose I ought to have been about it now; but the merry shouts in the play-ground, and the desire to be out there with you quite distracted my mind."

"I mean the old one. I hope you have not destroyed it."

"Oh, no! here it is."

Beatrice took it, glanced over it, and then said, deprecatingly:

"I am extremely sorry that this has happened. Shall you be very angry with me when I tell you that I am the cause of your present confinement?"

"You?" and Threissa looked incredulous.

"Yes, me; I split over my ink yesterday, and I was aware, at the time, that some of it splattered upon a paper that lay at your end of the desk. Of course, I did not examine it, so did not know whether it was a blank sheet, or otherwise. I intended to have immediately informed you of the mischief that I had done, but something prevented, and I have forgotten what, and after that I was confined to my room with a sick headache, so that finally it slipped from my mind entirely. I will remedy the matter, though, directly," and she started for the door.

A light flashed up in her companion's eyes, flooding her face with almost matchless beauty, as she called:

"Come back here, Beatrice, and tell me what you intend to do!"

Thus summoned, she returned, saying, with a touch of scorn in her voice:

"That is a needless question to ask, I should think. What would any honorable person do under the circumstances? I shall find Madame D'Orsay, state the facts of the case to her, and insist upon taking the same punishment that she has inflicted upon you; thereby releasing you from a captivity which, to one of your peculiar temperament, must be decidedly disagreeable."

"Now I particularly desire that you should do no such thing," replied Threissa, in a tone of entreaty. "I am so much accustomed to being reprimanded, both publicly and privately, that I do not care a farthing for this little affair. A week will soon be over, so really, it does not seem worth while to stir in the matter at all. Besides," she added, with a laugh, "Madame will reason in this style: that if I have been censured once when I did not merit it, that it is of no consequence, as it will help to balance the times when I richly deserved it, and yet, most wonderful to relate, have had the good fortune to escape. So promise me now that you will let it all pass. If I am contented surely you might be."

"It is possible that you think that I will ever allow others to suffer for a fault of mine?" was the indignant response. "I should almost deem your proposal an insult, did I not understand the generous feelings that prompt it; and while I fully appreciate the kindness that would shield me from all blame, I assure you that I cannot accept of it. Why, the sense of justice in my own soul would condemn me if I did, and I should continually fear that its cry might be heard by others; and shame would cause my eyelids to droop, lest in looking up I might see contempt written on every face. Do you think that I should want such a burden as that dragging me down? Indeed, I do not. Oh! I tell you, Threissa, it is a great deal worse to despise yourself than to have the world scorn you," so saying, she turned quickly away, as if to avoid further discussion.

The door closed, and the orphan was alone.

"I wonder how she knows that?" she muttered, giving her books an impatient push. "She can't certainly speak from experience, as I can. Dear me, I suppose it was absurd in me to imagine for an instant that she would let me abide the consequences of her act; but still I was really hoping that she would. I see that she is determined that I shall not release myself from the obligations under which she has placed me, and so I must live on, day after day, with the pensive consciousness that I have wantonly insulted a person, who, in return, has done nothing but bless me," and with a sigh, she bent forward, resting her head upon her hands.

Presently a cheerful voice sounded in her ear:

"It is all right, Threissa; I am the culprit now, and you can go out and take a breath of fresh air, if you wish, before the bell rings. Where is your exercise? I must copy that. I do not expect that it will look as nice as the original did before my heedlessness spoiled it; but I will promise to do my very best. Depend upon it I shall make great progress during this week's internmissions, and if Virginia Ware, Laura Gardner and Edith Weston are not extremely careful to improve every moment, they will be left, entirely in the background," and life again that rippled over her lips was merry and sweet as a chime of bells.

Her playfulness failed to elicit any response from her companion, who still maintained her old position. Suddenly something in her attitude attracted the attention of Beatrice, and going to her she placed her arm around her waist, saying, in the tender caressing tone that she knew so well how to assume:

"What! in tears, Threissa? I surely have not pained you in this matter?" The girl raised her head, and though her eyes were wet, a little of the old mirth flashed through them as she replied:

"Ah, but you have. You see I do not relish being killed with kindness, especially when I am sensible that I do not deserve it. Shall I tell you how very sorry, and how much ashamed I am that I passed my judgment upon you so unkindly and prematurely? There has scarcely been a day since then that I have not most bitterly regretted it. Still I was too sad a coward to tell you, so I have gone on, hungering and thirsting for the love I once so scornfully rejected."

She had spoken hurriedly, as if fearing that her courage might fail her, and now she scarcely dared to look up to meet her friend's gaze. She was reassured, however, when the melodious voice said:

"I thank you very much for this acknowledgment. I felt sure that sometime you would make it. Now let every unpleasant reminiscence be forgotten. Henceforth may nothing occur to mar our friendship; and bending down, she pressed a kiss upon the red lips, which was returned with fervor.

Just then the bell rang, and the teachers entered, followed by the scholars.

Weeks passed. Threissa's face was radiant with happiness. Life was not to her the long and bitter draught it once had been. Ah, no! The friendship of Beatrice had flooded her heart with golden light; it had given her an aim, a purpose, and roused her keen, vigorous intellect to greater effort, while an inward harmony seemed to pervade her whole being, manifesting itself in the silvery cadence of her voice, in the joy that looked forth from the great, luminous eyes, and in the peaceful sweetness that clothed the rosy mouth.

Ah, we cannot realize how much we lighten each other's burdens in this our wearisome journey of life! God help those who sigh for love and find it not.

CHAPTER XII.

"I dreamed; and thought that life was beauty.
I woke; and found that life was duty."

Winter fled; for the fragrant breezes of the South penetrated even his ice-cold fastnesses.

Spring came with smiles and blushes, crowned with bridal flowers. Then, she, too, floated down the stream of Time, and her warm-hearted sister, Summer, reigned.

Now all was mirth and joy in Madame D'Orsay's seminary. The girls laughed and chatted together with happy hearts, and the birds trilled no gladder melodies than they, for lo! their song is of the coming vacation.

"I don't know that I ever knew a term to pass so quickly," said Virginia Ware, one morning. "Only think, in three weeks we shall bid farewell to books for a little time, at least."

"And I can't say that I'm sorry," replied Edith Weston. "In fact, I am tired of studying so hard. Try all I could, I could not prevent Beatrice from going above me yesterday."

"Well, I should not care for that," rejoined Laura Gardner. "You know I had to give in to her last week. She is so industrious she carries all before her."

"I expect Threissa helps her," remarked one.

There was a general laugh at that, and Alice Brown exclaimed:

"She would not have any one's assistance. She worked over a problem a fortnight, rather than have either of the teachers help her. So you need not think, Eliza, because you have to go to Threissa, that everybody else does."

"Bravo, little one!" said Louise Sawyer, patting her head. "I guess Eliza has received an extinguisher now."

That day—a sleepy-looking maiden of fourteen—tossed her head disdainfully, as she replied:

"I ain't so fond of puzzling my brains as some people, and as long as we have such awful lessons, I shall ask somebody to explain them to me; not but what I could study them out alone if I took the trouble; but that I do not choose to do, and I guess I ain't the only one, either. Oh, by the way, girls, I wish you would call me by both of my given names when you speak to me; they sound so much more genteel together!"

"What are they?" inquired Jessie Lee, her blue eyes dancing with mirth.

She was rewarded with a stare of astonishment.

"Is it possible that you do not know? Well, that is queer. I was christened Eliza Wilhelmina. Oh, dear!"—with a yawn—"how I wish I wasn't coming back to school next term; but pa, he won't let me stay to home; he thinks that I'm the genius of the family, and that one of these days I shall be known as the famous Miss Colton. You see, the way he happened to get that idea, one of those phrenological men came along to our house last summer, and he said I'd got a dreadful smart head, and was bound to make my mark in the world. Well, that tickled pa and ma almost to death, and nothing must do but I must come right off to this 'ere academy; and I've been in purgatory ever since, for I do hate study so. There's my sister, Josephine Araminta, she has fine times going to balls and parties and all such like. Now I do not care particular about them things, but I'm certain of one thing, and that is, I'll never have any books or papers anywhere around when I get to be a lady."

"Oh, well, it will be a great while before that wonderful event happens," said Threissa, with a sly wink at her companions. "I can tell you though, Miss Eliza Wilhelmina, what will constitute your paradise on earth."

"What?" inquired the girl, in open-mouthed wonder.

"Sleeping all day, and eating plum-cake all night."

There was a shout of laughter from the listeners, and in the midst of it the bell summoned them to the school-room.

"Threissa," said Edith Weston, the next afternoon, "I should be very much gratified, if you would promise to spend this summer's vacation with me. I don't ask you now from pity, as I did at Christmas; but understanding you better, I have learned to love you; and now, I assure you, that it would give me real pleasure to know that I was to have your society through the holidays. You may be sure that my mother and sisters will give you a cordial welcome; and I will do my utmost to make your visit pass agreeably."

"I do not doubt it in the least," she replied, turning toward her with glancing eyes; "and I thank you very much, but I have already received invitations from Nelly Green, Jessie Lee and Alice Brown, and I cannot accept of your kindness any more than I could of theirs, for, with Madame D'Orsay's permission, I engaged to go home with Beatrice as much as two months ago."

"Well, I had no idea of their all stealing a march upon me," was the laughing rejoinder; "but do not be monopolized by one entirely. Can't you divide the time around?"

"I hardly think that that would be worth while," returned Threissa, smiling; "especially as you live so far apart."

"Well, I do not know that it would be, so I suppose I must give up the idea of seeing you at 'The Cedars' at all. But stop, though, you can come next Christmas; that will be better even than now. Will you promise?"

"Really, Edith, you are laying your plans a great while beforehand. You must excuse me if I refuse to bind myself to any such agreement now. We do not know what may happen in the next six months; something, perhaps, that will make such an arrangement entirely out of the question," so saying, she glanced up into her companion's face, but started with alarm, as she beheld her white cheeks and quivering lips.

Springing forward, she placed her arm around her waist, and the girl's head fluttered down upon her shoulder, followed by the sound of weeping.

"What is the matter, darling? Are you in pain?" and Threissa passed her hand caressingly over the glossy hair, that was just the hue of the chestnut's brown shell.

She made no answer, only sobbed passionately for a few moments, and then looking up, said:

"I suppose you will laugh, when I tell you that I do not really know what I have been crying for; but somehow your words made me shiver, and struck an icy chill to my heart. If I believed in omens, I should say that I was going to die before next Christmas," and again the great drops rolled down her cheeks, while her eyes resembled violets steeped in dew.

"Why, Edith, what an idea," began Threissa; but here her voice failed her, and when she spoke again, every particle of bloom had left her face. "You have studied too hard lately, and are weak and nervous; I will ask Miss Stanley if you can't rest this evening, and to-morrow."

"Thank you, but I can't spend the time; I have already lost two places in my class. Beatrice went above me yesterday, and Louise Sawyer to-day; and if I am not very careful I shall find myself below Jessie Lee and Laura Gardner."

"Oh, that is the secret of your low spirits, I guess. You were very much disappointed at not keeping your standing, so that has made you blue. But cheer up; you must expect such ups and downs in school-life. Perhaps before the term closes you may regain your place by the side of Beatrice. I won't try to make you believe that you will get above her, for I do not think you will. She is so indefatigably persevering, and so tranquilly patient, besides being possessed of such great natural abilities, that it is not surprising that she should progress as she does. Why, I should not be astonished if she entered the lists with me yet, and came off conqueror," and Threissa laughed with forced gaiety.

Gradually Edith became composed, and soon the smiles stole back to her lips. At last she said:

"I guess I had better go and bathe my face. I do not want anybody else to see me with this woe-begone look."

"I should think not," replied her companion. "They might be frightened, you know; or else overwhelm you with an avalanche of questions, which would be worse. Come, I will go with you, so as to keep the way clear," and they went out together, arm in arm.

Half an hour later their eyes were as bright, and their voices as joyous, as any in the play-ground. To the eager, impatient girls, longing to be once more amid the dear, familiar home scenes, the days seemed to pass by in a slow and solemn procession. At last it wanted but a week of the joyful "breaking-up" time.

"Do you know, Beatrice, that I can scarcely realize that I am going to the great and wonderful city of New York?" exclaimed Threissa one morning, as she entered the school-room, and found her friend seated at her desk busily writing.

"I imagine that it will be real enough, when you find yourself rattling over the pavements," was the smiling reply.

"I doubt it; I shall believe, even then, that it is all a dream. I am in a perfect flutter of glad anticipation; and no wonder, for only think, I have not been out of Lebanon since I came here, and that is almost seven years ago. You see I am as ignorant of the world outside as a baby."

"I should think you would be. It is time, certainly, that you traveled a little. Any change must be delightful."

"I guess you would think so, if you were in my place, and more than all, the going home with you. The Fates were surely propitious that threw us together. I don't think that any one need be surprised at my extravagant emotions, when they contemplate the prospect before me. I have been like a wild bird caged, and now I am to try my wings!" and the merry-hearted girl began to skip around the room, singing, "Oh, that will be joyful!"

Beatrice laid down her pen with a laugh.

"Really, Threissa, your liveliness is contagious, and I feel very much like joining in your dance; but as I am confident that my exercise would not progress if I did, I do not see but what I shall be obliged to forego that pleasure."

"Ah! I understand. That is a gentle hint that my company can be dispensed with. Can't you write in a noise? I certainly thought that you had so much self-concentration that you could confine yourself to one particular thing under whatever circumstances."

"Then I must undecide you. You give me credit for a great many wonderful powers that I do not possess."

"I think not; but, darling, how can you be so calm and studious, when all the rest of us—teachers not excepted—are in such a flutter of excitement?"

"Because I was early taught the lesson of self-control. But I am not really so tranquil as I appear; for at the thought of being clasped in the dear, protecting arms of my father, and of gazing upon the sweet face of my gentle mother, the blood leaps more quickly through my veins, while my pulse throbs joyously; but then that need not interfere with the daily routine of my studies, although I shall be as glad as you when the hour comes when I can shut up my books, and depart for a season from these classic shades."

"You may be happy, but I do not think that you will experience the delight that I shall. Hark! there seems to be considerable of a commotion in the hall. I wonder what has happened," and she started for the door, followed by Beatrice.

On the threshold they met Miss Stanley.

"Anything unusual occurred?" eagerly inquired Threissa.

"Yes; Madame has met with a sad accident. According to a previous arrangement her friend, Mrs. Graves called this morning to take her out to ride. When near the railroad track, the sudden appearance of the cars frightened the horse to such an extent that he became unmanageable, and ran, throwing both ladies from the carriage. Mrs. Graves was uninjured, with the exception of a few slight bruises; but her companion was less fortunate, as her ankle is broken, and she also received a severe blow upon the head."

"Shocking! Awful! I wonder they won't killed! And so near vacation, too!" were a few of the remarks that fell from the anxious group that had gathered around the speaker.

The next few days were very quiet. At each visit the physician found himself beset by eager questionings, and the sober, pitying faces grew glad, as the reports became more and more favorable.

Finally the night arrived that was to usher in the morning of freedom to the weary, restless pupils. That afternoon they had been as gay and hilarious as of old, and now their merry voices rang forth, clear and sweet, upon the soft, summer air.

Standing at her favorite window in the upper corridor was Thelma, and so absorbed was she in her own meditations, that she did not hear the light step of Beatrice, and until that damsel turned her around, was she aware of her approach.

"What! star-gazing?" said the new-comer, as she imparted a kiss upon the blooming cheek.

"No, I can't say that I was. In fact, my mind was not occupied with the scene before me."

"Ah! well, I think I can imagine what did engross it. We had better retire early, for we must be up with the larks. To-morrow evening we shall be at dear, lovely Ferndale."

"You will, probably, but I shall not."

Beatrice recoiled in amazement.

"What do you mean, Thelma? I don't understand that speech at all. Have I vexed or offended you in any way?"

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind. I assure you it was not without a struggle that I relinquished the idea of accompanying you home. Inclination said 'go,' while duty bade me stay. I have at last concluded to obey the voice of the latter."

"You talk in enigmas. What necessity is there of your remaining here? Madame is out of danger, now, you know."

"Therefore she needs me all the more. Think how tiresome it will be for a person of her native temperament to be in such a helpless condition. She will need numberless little attentions that a servant would never dream of rendering. I will bring flowers to speak to her of the world outside. If she wishes to be amused, I shall have some entertaining book at hand, and if sad or in pain, I will cheer and charm her by the potent spell of music. If I went with you all my enjoyment would be embittered by the thought of her, sick and desolate, here at home; and when do we ever experience any real gratification if we go contrary to the promptings of the inward monitor? I have stated my reasons, now, for choosing to forego the pleasure of visiting you. Do you not approve of them?"

"Fully, fully! my darling!" was the earnest reply. "I should be unworthy of your friendship, did I not."

"Pardon me, girls," exclaimed Miss Stanley, suddenly approaching them, "I could not help overhearing a part of your conversation as I came through the hall, and I am almost glad that I did, as now I can make a proposition that will, I hope, preclude the necessity of your being separated during the vacations. I will remain with Madame, myself. Will not that do?"

Beatrice looked anxiously, almost hopefully at her friend, while Thelma caught the teacher's hand in both of hers, and pressing it fondly, said: "I do not doubt your ability to make a better nurse, and a much more agreeable companion than myself; still I should be very selfish did I accept of such a sacrifice upon your part. Do not I know how eagerly that feeble mother and that patient, deformed sister of yours have looked forward to the rising of to-morrow's sun, that was to bring you to their arms? I would not be the means of disappointing them for worlds, and although I thank you for your kind offer, excuse me if I say that your duty lays there, mine here."

Miss Stanley's reply was to bend and kiss the glowing cheek, and then she turned away.

"The spirit is strong, but the flesh is weak," therefore it was with a sad face that Thelma beheld her friends depart the next morning, and truth compels us to say that she indulged in a few tears as she sought the parlor.

"Why, child! I thought you had gone home with Miss Lancelotti," was Madame D'Orsay's greeting, as she entered her room.

"Such was my intention, but I finally decided to remain with you."

"I should not have allowed it, my dear, had I known it. Betty could have attended to me very well."

Nothing more was said, but as the days passed the invalid could not help thinking whether there was ever a lighter, quicker step, or gentler and more skillful fingers than those of her self-installed nurse, and one afternoon, after she had been unusually fretful and Thelma more than usually patient, she surprised her by drawing her to her, and kissing her with considerable warmth, as she said:

"You are a good child, and must not mind my cross words. I assure you that I appreciate the sacrifice that you have made for me, and though perhaps I have not been as kind to you in the past as I might, have been, I will try to give you no cause to complain in the future."

The grateful tears sprang to the girl's eyes, and she turned away, thinking that, after all, Duty brought her subjects a rich reward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ANGEL'S FIRST LESSON.

I awoke from my slumbers at midnight, And restlessly tossed on my bed; I watched the pale phantoms of moonlight, As they danced to the throbs of my head.

When the deep reigning stillness was broken, With a cadence sweet, gentle and mild, I caught the soft-whispered love-token That came from the lips of my child.

"My Father," she said, in her dreaming, Then the silence was hushed as before, O'er her features the moon was still gleaming, And I breathlessly listened for more.

When again the sound broke her sweet slumbers, The words found response in my breast; "My Father," she lisped, in soft numbers, Then tranquilly turned in her rest.

Thus I pondered those words and their meaning: 'Tis no vision of mine and my love, But the angels their first lesson teaching The name of her Father above.

She walks in the star-lighted pathway, She drinks from the clear crystal streams; Of the life-giving waters of Heaven, In the beautiful land of her dreams.

Oh! ever in deep adoration May her soul in humility bend; By that altar where true consolation In love, truth and purity blend.

May her earth-life be chastened and strengthened By such visions of God and his love, Till the hour when her pilgrimage lengthens, She whispers, "My Father," above.

Children's Department.

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

"We think that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
We may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Henry.)

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

For several days after the arrival of May and Lucy, they with Will were so busy thinking of Christmas, and all they had to do to prepare for the holidays, that they had no time for further conversation; perhaps they wished to forget the thought of Will's leaving them, sure it was they chatted with him about every gay thing they could think of. They dragged his arm-chair into the parlor, and placed him in it before the fine blazing fire in the large fireplace, and then they consulted as to what they should do to make the day happy.

"We shall have a tree for Christmas Eve, of course," said Will, "but that is a small part of Christmas. It is then we shall do all we can to make each other happy; but I've been thinking so much about the pictures on my spirit, that I want to put some beautiful ones there to make the unlovely ones fade out. You know, May, in the Golden Fountain that a beautiful light seemed to go forth from good, kind deeds, that made all that was unlovely fade away; but here I am shut up, and I can do nothing. It makes me saddest of all to think I can do nothing."

"But we can do for you," said May; "there is Lulu with her kindly hands, and here are my strong limbs to walk or run as you will."

"Well," said Will, brushing away his tears, "one thing is very certain, when I had strength I spent it foolishly, so, perhaps, I miss nothing by being so helpless, for now I have a ready heart. You see I wish, before I start on my journey, to do what I can to repair all the mischief I have done. I want you girls to ask all the boys that I know to call and see me, and then, perhaps, I can find out what they need, and show them by some kindness that I wish to help them to be better."

"But, Will," said Lulu, "they won't come here, you know they won't. They think you are proud when at home, and they are afraid of May and I. Now we will go and call at their homes, and find out all about them, and then you shall help us plan all that we will do."

"Let's go now," said May, "and let's prepare a beautiful picture for Will, so that the light shall shine forever and ever."

"But there's one thing that is sure," said Will, "you will not be working for me alone; for every good thing done to help another is reflected on oneself. If you help me do some good, it will be all the same as if you had done it."

It was quite dark before the girls returned.

"Oh!" said May, "we have had the grandest time you ever knew. As good luck would have it, we met Tim just out here, and we told him that we had started to form a picture-gallery for Christmas for you. He looked as glad as the sunshine when it touches the hawthorne tree. Do you know I think Tim the handsomest fellow I ever saw?"

May blushed as Will looked questioningly into her face.

"A fine story you are telling, May," said Lucy, "about our adventures, stopping to criticize people's beauty; let me tell. Tim took us in his sleigh, and said he was our obedient servant; so we ordered him to stop at Ed. Jones's mother's cottage, and there was a poor baby sick, and a mother looking tired; and we found out that Ed. wanted to learn a trade, but had no money to start with, or buy him a decent jacket to go to town with. Then we went to Sam Raymond's, but his mother was so cross that we thought we should learn nothing. After awhile she told us that Sam was a sorry boy—I suppose she meant a bad boy—but he said that if he could go to school, it was all he needed; and if he couldn't, what was the use of trying to do anything; if he had some books he'd study, but as he had n't, he'd have a good time hunting up mischief."

"And then," said May, "if you could have seen us as we called at old Mr. Derby's! He's rich and a miser, you know, and he lives in the meanest way. We inquired for Frank, his only boy, and he said he'd sent him out to get some wood, and he had n't got home. Then I thought to myself, what shall we do with this old fellow to make him treat Frank better; for he told us after a time, how he flogged him—it did him good he said, and how he sent him to bed at dark every night."

"Yes, and he climbs out of the window, and is in all sorts of mischief until daybreak sometimes," said Will.

"Oh!" said Lucy, "you ought to have heard May talk! you'd thought a dozen blackbirds were there. She talked about our school, and about books, and about Christmas, and finally, do you think, she told him all about the Golden Fountain that she saw when she was a little girl. He opened his eyes at first, but soon I saw him look down, and I'm quite sure that when he pretended to cough, that he brushed some tears away. Then I said how happy he must feel because he could do so much good if he pleased."

"You ought to have seen him then!" said May, "he looked at first as if he would eat her up; but I stopped in an instant, 'Why, yes, Mr. Derby, for only think how much good the books you gave to the library did us all. I am sure, I have thanked you always for giving me the opportunity of reading Prescott's works. That must be always a beautiful picture on your spirit; and then there's Frank,' I said, with my heart all in a tremble, for I was afraid he'd be angry; 'you are getting old, and Frank will be able to take your place soon, and if you make his spirit bright and beautiful he'll be all the time blessing you, and then you'll be as happy as a king who has the power of a kingdom in his hands.' He looked at me, and said, 'Girls, what did you come here for? If you want my money you won't get it, and if you want Frank to go to a party, he won't go; so there's the end of it.' Then Lucy stepped up with such a gentle air, and said: 'Oh, no, Mr. Derby, we only wanted Frank to come to dine with us Christmas day, for Will is going away.' He said, 'he'd had enough of Will; Will led Frank into many a mischief.' Then Lulu cried, and he said, 'Well, Will is sick and he may go; and I'll tell you what I'll do if you'll let me come, too: I'll promise to do most anything you wish!'"

"Then I put on my prettiest smile," said Lulu, "and said, 'oh, we thank you, sir; we will try and make the day very pleasant to you.' What do you suppose he wanted to come for? He'll spoil all our fun and Frank's, too!"

"Perhaps not," said Will; "we will see. My opinion is, that what you told him about the pictures on the fountain moved his heart. But truly

we have business enough to do in these few days. But did you forget Charlie and Tom?"

"No," we learned that they had been sent for to go to their uncle's, who would send them to a fine school if they could provide themselves with books and clothing, and their mother was afraid they couldn't."

"And then," said Lucy, "we stopped with Tim at his house, and had such a nice supper of brown bread, toasted before the fire, and honey; and we managed, through Tim's sister, who never suspects anything, to find out that Tim had been working half the summer to lay by money enough to get him some mathematical instruments, and that an old friend came along the other day, poor and ill, and Tim gave every cent to him."

"Well," said Will, "you have been like good angels, going about finding out people's needs; but angels always have to find people that are ready to assist them, and if you represent the angels, I must try and represent the one that the angels act through. Now I receive an impression that you are both tired."

"False, false; we were never more rested."

"Well, then, I am impressed that you want to play a game of backgammon."

"False again."

"Tell, then, what you both sit so quietly for, looking at me?"

"We are wishing, Will, you would tell us about your journey," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes; I had almost forgotten, or thought perhaps you understood about it. I told you what a life I spent, and how I felt about it, and how I became so ill. I am growing worse every day. I know it, and I made the doctor tell me all about my illness. He says I cannot stay here much longer, and so you see I must go away. When I found I must go, I began to think when I would go, and you see I wanted to go to the most beautiful place in the universe, and I found out that there was no place so beautiful as heaven; and so I felt willing and glad to go there. Don't cry, Lulu; you know that it will be just the pleasantest journey that I could take. At first I wanted to get well, and I fretted about it, and felt very miserable; but Tim talked so lovingly to me about the beautiful way that we all had to travel, and that those who took the shortest route were able to reach their place first, and then to help others, that I became quite willing to go. Tim says there are many mansions in heaven just fitted for us, and that some one has been preparing one for me. Now, May, please stop crying; just as likely as not your dear mother has been helping get ready for me, and she will be able to love me and care for me until you can come. You see I've laid awake nights, and thought so much about going, that now I really feel anxious to go. I've felt sometimes such beautiful air breathing over my face, and such calm rest, that I am sure that I shall be much happier when my tired limbs don't ache, and when my head don't burn so. I should never have known so much about the place I am going to if it had not been for what Tim told me about the Golden Fountain. For if my spirit is pure, and has only pictures of beauty upon it, I am sure to be happy anywhere. It troubled me to think I had put so many unlovely pictures on it, and so I have been trying to make them fade out; but I had to wait for you to help me. The doctor says I can stay here a few weeks only, but I know that my work will not be done then; for if the angel came back to talk with May, I can come back and bless you all. It isn't a long journey that I am going, and then how good it will be to be thinking that you are all coming to the same place, though by a longer route."

May and Lucy could not speak, but hid their faces on the arms of the chair.

A knock at the door roused them. It was Tim, whose face looked so glad and happy that they were sure he had some good news to tell.

"I've come over to tell you, Will, that he's agreed to do it if we will pay ten dollars. Do you think we can? I've only two."

"We must; and what we must we shall do."

"But how?" said Tim.

"What is it?" said Lucy. "You never think girls know what to do. You just called us angels, and now you treat us like poor mortals."

"Well, angel number one, here are ten dollars wanted—no, only eight. I give you two minutes to produce them."

"But angels never work in the dark, and without knowing what they are to work for."

"Angels are supposed to know, without being told. But this is the story. When I was wildest, a poor boy came here and worked on the farm, and I found it easy to lead him into all sorts of mischief, until he lost his place and was sent away. I kept thinking about him, and wondered where he was; but I heard nothing, and last week one of my good angels, by the name of Tim, came and whispered in my ear that he was in jail for stealing a man's bridle. I first taught him to rob hen's nests and peach orchards, and I knew he must have gone from step to step because of my bad influence. So the good angel Tim went and saw the man, who said he would decide what to do, and write to Tim, and he has agreed to let him out of jail for ten dollars, and Tim is to take him to work on his farm, and teach him honesty and goodness."

May and Lucy slipped quietly out of the room. They soon found that by taking half their money laid by for Christmas they could supply the sum.

"Here are your angels, with the sum required. No thanks; angels accept no praise, only loving thoughts."

Will's face lighted up with real delight.

"This is so much better than to have been obliged to have told any one else the sad story; and now, you see, I do not have to break up the other plans I had made. You'll have him here by Christmas, Tim. Can't you go to town to-morrow and get him?"

"I'd go to-night, and on foot, to bless you, Will."

"Now, Tim, if you are not very tired, just take me in your strong arms and let me rest a little, and I will tell you what I dreamed to-day, while you were all gone. I thought I had reached my journey's end, and had found the home that I had thought of so much. It was a beautiful place. There was a dwelling and a garden and trees, and everything that I love to see here, only more beautiful. More than all else, I rejoiced in the flowers, and as I looked at them they all seemed connected with me. Then I asked some one what it meant that every flower seemed to be drawing life from me. 'Oh,' said the person who led me, 'these flowers are your good thoughts; see how they bloom, and how their fragrance fills the whole air.' Then I saw a great many other things of beauty and use, and when I asked about them, they told me that some were my good deeds, some were my kind wishes, and some were my holy prayers. Then I thought that was very strange, and I said so, when some one told me that all my thoughts had life in them and could not die, and that what had spiritual life became spiritual forms. Now, Tim, I don't understand it all, but I suppose it means that my spirit-home will be beautiful according to my love and goodness."

"Yes," said Tim, "we must all have heaven in

ourselves before we can find it anywhere else. The dream showed you how everything you had loved and enjoyed would bless you hereafter. I am glad you told me of it, Will, for now I know that you will go to a place where there are real flowers and trees and birds, and that you will have a pleasant home there; and, Will, you'll be helping prepare a pleasant place for us, will you not?"

"That's what makes me sorry, Tim, to think I must go away from you, so that you cannot know all about me, and tell me things about yourself."

"But you forget, Will, that you will need no telling then, for you will see me just as I am, and know all I think and feel, and how much I love you. Now let me sing to you. Come, May, play that sweet air on the melodeon, and let us all sing together."

They all sang:

"Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away,
Yet unto my spirit's eye,
Light is breaking gloriously,

When for me the light of day
Shall forever fade away,
Then the light divine shall glow,
That no dimness e'er can know.

Soon the flowers of earth shall pale,
And their breath of sweetness fall;
But the flowers of love shall bloom
Where can come no winter's gloom."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Letters Received.

EMILY R. B., MAQUOKETA, JACKSON CO., IOWA.—Thanks for your pleasant words. May all that is beautiful and good flow into your life. Above all things, may love govern you, so that you can learn in your own spirit of heaven and its loving angels.

ELLA F. D., CHELSEA, MASS.—It was pleasant to read your cheering words. We can all do much to make the world happier and better. Let us all try to find the kingdom of heaven, and to walk with pure spirits, by cherishing love and goodwill to all.

COSMO, LYNN.—Your amusing criticism is quite to the point. That enigma was inserted without revision; but the other mistakes have occurred after the manuscript left the hand of the editor of the Children's Department. Perhaps they are unavoidable; however we will try and devise some plan to prevent in the future many blunders. Remember in charity the indistinct chirography of many contributors.

TO THE WRITERS OF ENIGMAS.—For the future we shall accept only such enigmas as are distinctly written, with the answer affixed, and the solution of each part given, as for example: My first, third and fifth gives life to the world. *Ans.*—Sun, etc. It will be easy then for the proof-reader to correct any errors that may occur. Take time to write clearly, and to fully express every idea.

CONUNDRUMS.—Always send the answer accompanying the conundrum. X. E. W. X. please notice.

Rebus.

I dwell amid the clearest light,
Also amid the darkest night;
I'm seen in every angel band,
In every song in summer-land;
I'm always seen in noonday light,
And in the darkest, dreariest night;
I wish this cruel war was done,
Though but for me they'd fire no gun;
I help sustain the good old flag,
Though always seen with General Bragg;
I mix in company number eight,
And I go first in every gate;
I do not like to go alone,
But if I'm there, then one is gone;
The ploughboy trifles with my name,
Though I think he is not much to blame;
He sometimes seems to be quite mad,
But I always make the lad look glad;
For all kinds of gossip I go in,
But with slanderers I am never seen;
In every danger I am seen;
I serve the king, but not the queen;
Children, I live in glory high—
And now pray tell me, Who am I?
Lynn, March 30, 1864. COSMO.

Enigma.

I am composed of 68 letters.
My 27, 10, 16, 23, 59, 51, 4, 14, 52, 13, 64, 5, 25, 46, 30, 26, 61, 50, 6, 33, 63, 39 is one whom all delight to honor.
My 53, 34, 13, 63, 17, 43, 2, 32 is one of the battles of the present war.
My 1, 44, 19, 62, 54, 23, 66 is one of the battles of the present war.
My 12, 31, 22, 18, 65, 45, 47, 3, 49, 18, 60, 42, 24, 68, 40, 26 are the names of two brave Generals, formerly attached to the army of the Potomac.
My 67, 33, 56, 9, 32, 7, 41, 53 is the name of a Union General.
My 15, 1, 8, 54, 42, 48, 18, 37, 57, 4 is the name of a Union General.
My 32, 55, 21, 28, 41, 11, 68, 52, 30, 26, 61, 20, 54, 5, 60, 35, 12 is the name of a Union General.
My whole is condemned by many, but eagerly sought after by others.

A SOLDIER, 1st Reg. N. J. Vols.

ANSWER TO THE PENNY PUZZLE IN OUR LAST. By Leonard M. R., Camp Randall.

1. Temple (of the forehead).

2. Lock (of hair).

3. Pear (pair of lips).

4. Hair (hair of the head).

5. Bee (B, the letter).

6. Tulp (two lips).

7. Tea (T, the letter).

8. Band (around the crown on the head).

9. Ark (arc, part of circle formed by the band).

10. Crown.

11. Ell (L, the letter).

12. Liberty.

13. Crown.

14. Ball (of the eye).

15. Y, used as turning-table on railroads (letter Y).

16. Charm (string of beads).

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN THE BANNER OF MARCH 19th.

N-O-T is quite a naughty way to spell a knot of wood.

It seems to me, but then to some it may be just as good.

A-N-A seems a new way to spell a female name, If it is not, then 'tis "all right," and no one is to blame;

My dictionary gives to me quite another feature, But it may be so, for aught I know, in the *Arctana* of Nature.

COSMO.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Gerrit Smith, Peterboro, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REPLY TO MRS. F. O. HYZER.

BY M. S. TOWNSEND.

Dear sister, many, many thanks,
For kindly sympathy expressed
Upon our glorious "BANNER'S" page,
To my poor human heart distressed.
'Tis true I could not, could not say,
When writhing 'neath the rod,
My heart with blood-drops covered o'er,
Thy will be done, oh God!

For I was weak, and faint, and sick;
Mine eyes were dimmed with tears;
I could not see the "silver side,"
Through all my gloom and fears.

And faith almost sank down to die
Within my troubled breast;
It seemed no ear could hear my cry,
No power could bring me rest.

But now, although the cloud is dark,
My way I cannot, cannot see,
My soul looks up in trust to God,
And whispers, 'It is well with me.'

And though bright earthly hopes are crushed,
And pain and woe are mine,
Thou lovest whom thou chastenest,
Thy will is all divine.

Our sufferings are compliments,
I sometimes have been told,
For God must choose the strongest ones,
With spirits true and bold.

To bear the heaviest burdens here,
To meet the stern decree
That lifts the soul from death and sin,
To make it ever free.

I know life's furnace-heat is good,
And we are born through pain
To higher spheres of usefulness,
Again, and yet again.

And when we look with wisdom's eye,
Although we stand alone,
'Tis then in truth that we can say,
'Thy will, oh God, be done!'

The Lecture Room.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

A Discourse Delivered by Rev. Moses Hull, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, February 14, 1864.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob."—*Isaiah, ciii. 21.*

I have not chosen this text on account of any relation it sustains to the subject to which I design to call your attention, more than any other, but simply as a motto. My design is to merely try to set forth, in as plain a manner as possible, some of the reasons for my change of opinion on the subject of Immortality. This the public demands. When a person who has taken a conspicuous part in politics or religion changes the opinion which he has thrown out before the world, it is but just that the public demand the reason of the change; and in this case, so far as time will permit, it shall be cheerfully given.

I

be a new mind, and not a renewal of the old one, for that is extinct. Much mind must date its existence from the new creation. It can never be linked with some other mind which once existed, but long since ceased. But, says the objector, "the identity consists in a reorganization of the same particles of matter." To this we reply, that if it were possible for the same particles of matter to be organized into a thinking man six thousand years afterward, as must be the case with Abel, it could not be the same mind, for identity does not lie in the particles of matter of which man is composed, but in the conscious mind; and this new mind cannot, by memory or consciousness, identify itself with the mind which existed six thousand years before. Again, if identity consists in matter, I am not the same man now that I was ten years ago, for it is a physiological fact that the matter of which this body is composed is not the same as that of which it was composed ten years ago. Let this should be denied, let us prove it. Yesterday you trimmed your finger-nails. Did you realize then that a part of your very being was gone? The day before you went to the barber's shop. Did you realize as the barber was trimming your hair and beard, that a part of your very being, your identity, was being lost? When you awoke this morning, you found yourself suffering extremely with the toothache. Did you realize, when you called upon the dentist to extract the tooth, that he was taking away a part of your very existence? On the way to the dentist, you were afflicted with the toothache, in six weeks, you lost twenty-five pounds of flesh. After your recovery, however, in a short time you regained that twenty-five pounds, with three or four more. But is the flesh thus gained composed of the same particles as that which was lost? Not by any means. Young man, the body you now inhabit was last year, part of it grown in your father's wheat-field or potato-patch. Other portions of it were growing in the tea-fields of China, the rice-fields of the South, the coffee-fields of other portions of the South, while still other portions were floating in the great ocean, in the shape of codfish and mackerel.

These being facts, it follows that "Father Abraham" could not have had less than twenty-five different bodies. If identity consists in matter, is it possible that he could have preserved his identity all the way through? But supposing this difficulty be obviated, which one of Abraham's twenty-five bodies shall have the preference in the resurrection? or will all of them come up? If so, certainly there will be "ghosts in those days."

Let us take another illustration. Some of the martyrs were burned at the stake, and their ashes scattered upon the waters of the rivers and ocean, so as to prevent their having a resurrection, as the persecutors supposed. The theory we oppose says that mind is merely a function of the brain. Now where is the mind of these martyrs? It had no existence since the body was burned. Where is the body? The fluid parts exist in the form of water. It may have an hundred times ascended in vapor, and fallen in the form of rain and dew. It may have floated in the clouds, flown from the fountain, or run in the stream. It may have mingled with the waters of the ocean a thousand times, as often formed the sap of trees and plants, and been drunk by man and beast. As to the solids of the body thus burned, the ashes may have been washed from place to place by ten thousand waters, and driven by as many winds. Yes, the body of this poor martyr may have fattened the soil, been absorbed in vegetation, and an hundred times entered into the composition of other animal bodies. Now we ask, How is it possible for these various particles to get together and identify themselves as the veritable martyr burned at the stake? Jesus of Nazareth was correct, when he undertook to refute the Sadducees upon the resurrection by proving the immortality of the soul to them from their own Scriptures. When the Sadducees came to him with questions and difficulties concerning the resurrection, he answered, "Now the day after tomorrow, even Moses showed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, for he is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him."—Luke xx: 37-38. Who wonders that the Sadducees were silenced? He used their own Scriptures to convince them that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were alive, and hence their identity was preserved, notwithstanding the long sleep of their bodies in the dust.

As before remarked, I fail to find evidence that the physical body ever will be raised. Indeed, the Bible in more than one place says emphatically that it will not. The resurrection body is the "spiritual" body, not the animal. Paul says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Or, as the Greek reads, "There is a *soma psuchikon*, and there is a *soma pneumatikon*—a better rendering of which might be, there is an animal body, and there is a spiritual body." That the spiritual body is not the one composed of flesh and blood is evident from verse 50: "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." Who dare dispute him? I cannot.

Before I proceed to the more positive evidence of man's immortality, I will examine some of the evidences brought forward to prove the opposite. The strongest proof-test of our opponents is found in Psalms, cxlvi: 3, 4: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the strength of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish. How permit me to say that it is possible for us to be so literal in our interpretations of such poetic effusions as the one just read. Poets do not confine themselves to such plain matter-of-fact statements as the price current or the multiplication table. A latitude is given to poets. Who of us that so often sing:

"Had I the plumes of a dove,
I'd to those regions fly,"

would think of starting to the "celestial land" on dove's wings? Nay, would not regard it as an insult for anyone to interpret our song in that way?

"We often sing,
"With milk and honey flow,"

Yet even those who expect to see rocks and hills, and brooks and vales there, do not expect to find them literally flowing with milk and honey. May not the same rules apply to Bible poetry? Let us see. Go with me to Isaiah, xli: 4: "Who shall cover thee with his feathers, as a dove, when thou shalt be terrified? Who shall be thy shield, and thy buckler?" Who thinks of quoting this to prove that God is a great bird, big enough to take all of his children under his wings and feathers? Yet such an interpretation of this text would be as rational as any interpretation of the other that would prove man unconscious in death. Supposing we apply the literal principles in interpreting to this text, and thus prove man totally unconscious in death, we will apply the same rules to another, and prove that he will eternally remain in such a state. In Job, vii: 9, we read, "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Now where is your hope of another existence? One text has the word, "shall," the other, "will," and the other has them so dead that they can "come up no more." But the writer of this last poem is not satisfied with the above strong expression. He adds, "He shall return no more to his house; neither shall his place know him any more."—Verse 10.

We now ask the question: "Does man's thoughts perish at death, in the sense that Advaitists believe?" We answer, No. An argument is generally made in connection with this text, upon the philosophy of mind.

Mind is supposed to be a function of the brain, but it is not. The brain is only a medium through which the mind acts. If a man on the head hard enough to fracture the skull and press it down upon the brain, and we say man ceases to think. Still we cannot prove it. The brain being the only organ through which the thoughts are manifested to the external world, man cannot, when that is impaired, manifest his thoughts; but shall we then conclude that he has quit thinking? As soon would we suppose that a man quits thinking in his sleeping hours, because he is not awake when he awakes tomorrow. How often have we heard persons heard to talk in their sleep, who, upon awaking, could not remember a thing they had dreamed. Thus we prove that the mind is active, although it is unable to take cognizance of its own actions.

Let us now see if the text itself will not bear a different interpretation from that put upon it by Advaitists. Suppose, to illustrate this, that Mr. A. being a man of wealth, goes into some speculation from which he expects in the distant future to realize a great profit. He employs B. to work for him, promising him a rich reward as soon as

his plan shall have been perfected. It works with all imaginable zeal and energy, until A. sickens and dies, at which time his estate passes into the hands of his executors and administrators. Where now are the hopes of Mr. B? Mr. A's thoughts, designs, intentions or purposes toward B have perished; he cannot carry them out, from the fact that "his breath" has gone forth. This is not only true, in fact, but the Bible will justify that interpretation of the term "thoughts." For instance, Isaiah says, "Let the wicked man forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," etc. Who believes that "the unrighteous man" is required to quit thinking? No one! How much more rational is the interpretation that the unrighteous man is entreated to forsake his unrighteous plans and purposes. But upon this matter there is no room for guessing. Job said, "I will not put my hand beyond dispute; hear him: Job xlii: 11, "My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart." How were his "purposes" or "thoughts" broken off? Evidently by his sons; his property and everything being taken from him, he says he escaped with the "skin of his teeth." His plans were frustrated. So with the text, "his thoughts perish;" that is, his plans are thwarted.

Would that I had more time: every text supposed to teach the unconsciousness of the dead should pass under review; but I have not. I will only ask the congregation to listen to a brief extract from one of our more recent seers, the "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?" Where is the proof of unconsciousness in this text? Is it in the form of the questions? If so, then verily the text is against the resurrection; for one question is, "Shall the dead arise and praise thee?" I might answer no, and refer to Job vii: 9; xix: 12; Proverbs xxi: 16; Jeremiah li: 39; and Isaiah xxvi: 14, as proofs.

I now propose to prove that death is a departure. No one doubts that Paul was speaking of death when he said, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Timothy iv: 6. In 2 Peter i: 13: 15: "I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this, my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me: moreover I will endeavor that after my decease you may have these things always in remembrance." Here Peter is in the tabernacle, and going to put off the tabernacle. "But," says the objector, "don't you see there is to be a *decease* of that which puts off the tabernacle?" This objection once had some weight upon my mind, but when I examined the Greek, what was my surprise to find that the word rendered *decease* was *exodos*. Every one knows the meaning of that word; it is to "move out," to depart, &c. Here, then, death is a departure from the "tabernacle" or body. What can be plainer?

Now turn to Phil. i: 21: 24: "For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain; but if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor; yet what I shall choose I wot not, for I am in a strait between two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for me. This word rendered "depart" is not *exodos*, as in 2 Peter i: 15, but *anabasis*; signifying not to go off bodily, without tasting death, to be with Christ, but a separation, dissolution, or breaking up. It may signify the moving out of an old house on account of its dilapidated condition. I have read this text merely to prove that death is a departure; but from what does it do so? It does not do so. The next sentence will tell. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

Why speak of abiding in the flesh, if it were not possible for him to abide out of it? Some speak of the flesh being taken up to be with Christ, but Paul's contrast is between going to be with Christ and remaining in the flesh.

Paul is here in the flesh, and he is speaking of the flesh being taken up to be with Christ, but Paul's contrast is between going to be with Christ and remaining in the flesh. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven; if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord.

Now, I am led to ask, what does all this mean? What, in other words, does it mean, to be clothed upon? How can he be absent from the body? What means the expression "if this tabernacle were dissolved?" More, what sense has this passage if it be not true that death removes the man from the *soma psuchikon* soma to the *pneumatikon*.

Once more go to Genesis, xxxv: 18: "And it came to pass as her soul was departing (for she died) that she called his name Benoni; but his father called him Benjamin." Who can read this without deciding that death is a departure of the soul from the body? Am I deceived upon this point? Then, verily, has the Bible deceived me, and I am almost tempted to use the language of the "weeping prophet": "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived!"—Jeremiah xxi: 7. Permit me here to leave the subject until this evening.

The Wrongs of the Indians.

Our friend, John Beeson, whose devotion to the red men is quite as earnest and consistent as that of many other humanitarians to a race of a darker color, comes out in the columns of the Sunday Times of Washington with a plain charge against Gen. Sibley and Sully, that they have been guilty of greatly wronging the Indians of the North-west, the latter being first provoked to commit their ravages by the conduct of our agents and military commanders toward them. Father Beeson arraigns these two generals before the court of Conscience, boldly specifying the charges. We give room to his particulars, as he brings them into this searching court for evidence:

"It is in evidence by the published reports of General Sibley that with his branch of the army he followed the retreating Indians far into their own country, and so near did he come to them that for the last twenty miles of his pursuit the route was covered with their scattered property, consisting of blankets and provisions, all of which were destroyed by the troops, besides a large number of stragglers who were too feeble to make their escape. It is in evidence from other reports that subsequently General Sully entered the Indian country from another direction, and that he, with his forces, overtook and surrounded an encampment of Indians in a ravine, estimated to number 2,000 souls, inclusive of squaws and ponies. He then ordered the property, consisting of camp equipment and ponies and dogs; that he caused one of his regiments to approach within thirty yards of this conglomerate mass of human and animal life, and to fire volley after volley upon them until night; and that during the darkness, all the Indians who were able fled through fear of a renewal of their massacre in the morning, leaving three hundred of their number killed, besides a vast number of wounded and dying scattered along their route. Their camps and ponies were destroyed by the troops, and we learn from another report that there is now one thousand three hundred Indians of the Sioux nation, nearly all of whom are women and children, kept near one of the forts of the upper Missouri, while it is supposed their husbands and fathers have been starved or hunted to death, to accomplish which a military order is published in the St. Paul Press, of October 15th, 1863, offering to independent scouts \$200 for every Indian warrior they can kill; and in a subsequent number of the Press, General Sully advises the settlers in Dakota Territory to keep their arms in readiness, and to be ready to kill any Indians who come within the Territory, and to kill all their ponies, so that they must either starve."

Mr. Beeson says he is aware that it will be said in defence of these authorized acts, that all this cruelty was inflicted for the raids and ravages previously committed by the Indians; and insists that the demands of actual justice had been met previous to these horrid transactions of Sibley

and Sully—thirty-eight of the red men having been publicly hanged, others having been shot, and some three hundred more sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor. After the ring leaders in the massacres of 1863 had been taken, and paid the forfeit of their crimes, the rest of them were cruelly driven from their habitations which the government had once guaranteed to their possession, and abominations committed against them at which the blood runs cold in the mere recital. Not in this way can a government become great and strong, nor a people preserve their prosperity. Because the Indians were powerless to resist the advance of our armies, therefore no mercy was shown them; this is wrong and wicked; such crimes never fail to return and curse their perpetrators. Although we have cheated and crowded the red man, we have, nevertheless, punished him when he sinned against our laws; but we cannot be defended in persecuting and destroying him, merely because he has not the power to help himself.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MAIDEN'S VISION.

BY S. M. R.

I dreamed of a noble spirit—
It came, oh, so close to me;
I looked far into depths of beauty
As the sun looks into the sea.

I listened to gushing music,
That murmured, and rose, and fell,
Till my soul was full of gladness,
Of joy that no words can tell.

For life seemed to have a newness
It never before had known;
And I said to myself, "Oh, never
Will my spirit feel alone!"

Then I lifted my own poor spirit
Up to this noble one,
As lovingly as the spring-bud
Lifts itself up to the sun.

I thought to speak to the vision—
To ask, "Would it always stay?"
But alas! it suddenly vanished—
Passed in silence away.

And then I sat by the window,
And nothing saw or heard,
Save the sigh of the passing breezes,
And the song of a fleeing bird.

But so long as I live in the earth-life,
Or as spirit in heaven above,
I will bless the hour and the vision
Of Beauty, of Light and Love.

Watertown, N. Y.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Davenport Brothers in Baltimore.

During the past three or four weeks the Davenport Brothers have been in Baltimore, and their sances, both public and private, have been attended by many hundreds of our citizens. Mere curiosity has given place to intelligent interest, and many who came to the hall to laugh at the tricks of jugglers, have gone to their homes to reflect and ponder over the wonders they have witnessed.

In order to give full force to what I am about to state in regard to these young men, and the manifestations of spirit-power presented through their mediumship, it will be proper for me to mention that previous to my personal investigation I was skeptical in regard to the truth and honesty of the mediums, and had no faith in the genuineness of the manifestations. I was so much opposed to the exhibition of what I deemed a fraud in the guise of Spiritualism, that I expressed to a friend of the Davenports my regret that they should think of coming to Baltimore.

Spiritualism is my religion, and all trickery or falsehood assuming that name will ever meet my active hostility.

Being in New York when the first three or four exhibitions were given in our city, I was surprised and chagrined, on my return, to hear some of our most reliable and intelligent Spiritualists express a conviction of the reality of the manifestations. I insisted that they had been duped, and regretted that they had countenanced an imposture by their presence.

My opinion was based upon what I had read in the reports of the New York Conference some years ago, and was strengthened and confirmed by the statements of a friend in Philadelphia, for whose integrity and intelligence I have the highest respect. I thought it impossible that there could be any mistake in the matter, and upon such testimony I not only pronounced the manifestations fraudulent, but refused even to witness them.

But, Mr. Editor, I have a dear friend to whose voice I always listen with filial love and respect—one who has guided me through many pleasant paths, and whose counsels ever blend wisdom with affection. He, my dear spirit-father, said to me:

"Washington, my child, we, your spirit-friends, desire that you should not denounce without full and fair investigation. Attend these exhibitions. Scrutinize what may be presented. We are not in the direct sphere of these young men, therefore we cannot speak from our own knowledge of the character of the alleged manifestations; but while you are in contact with them we will be with you. While you examine with critical minuteness whatever may occur, we will quicken your vision, and if fraud is attempted, will assist you to detect it."

With this counsel and promise aid, I went to the Davenport exhibition on the following Monday. During the ensuing three weeks I attended fifteen public exhibitions, and sat with them in eight private circles. The result of this extended and careful investigation I desire now to present as concisely as possible to your readers.

At my first visit the mediums were securely tied, with hands behind them; the cords, passing through the seats of the cabinet in which they sat, were tightly wrapped and tied around their ankles. While thus fastened, I saw a hand—no once or twice, but ten or more times—strike one of the committee who was standing near the door of the cabinet.

In this case, the theory which some persons entertain in regard to this manifestation will not hold good. The rope was not merely twisted between the wrists, so as to resemble a knot, from which twist the hand could be drawn and dexterously thrust back again. The hand was larger than Mr. Davenport's, and the door of the cabinet was not closed, but wide open, and the light full upon it.

When I entered the cabinet, I placed one hand upon each of the mediums. My cravat was taken off, my coat and vest unbuttoned, and the guitar, violin and tambourine thrummed or beaten, and carried; at the same time, to any part of the cabinet which I directed. While this was being done, I felt hands touching my face. This, I assert, could not have been accomplished without my detecting some movement on the part of the Davenports.

On one occasion, Mr. Berry, a rigger by profession, brought his own rope and marlin-spike to the hall, having previously laid a wager that he could secure the mediums so that it would be impossible to loosen them. He went artistically to work, tying and splicing, and when he had finished, so confident was he of success, that he promised the audience to believe in the spiritual theory, if the mediums were released. In much less time than Mr. Berry had used in tying him, Mr. Wm. Davenport was freed, and walked out upon the platform, to the astonishment of Mr. Berry, who, if a man of his word, must now be a good Spiritualist.

Upon another evening, Mr. R. D. Morrison, a lawyer and gentleman of good standing, who had previously attended a private circle, was selected as one of the Committee. He also had imbibed the notion that the rope was not tied, but only twisted between the wrists. He therefore desired this opportunity to test the matter. After tying three knots between the wrists, and using a large quantity of rope to secure the body, legs, and feet of the medium, he declared himself satisfied; but a gentleman in the audience then proposed to him to tie the arms, also. This suggestion was at once adopted, and with another piece of rope, the arms were tied between the elbow and the shoulder. Whilst thus, securely fastened—feet, legs and body, with three knots between the wrists, and ropes tied around his arms—the coat of Ira Davenport was drawn from his body, leaving the fastenings just as Mr. Morrison had placed them.

On another occasion, at a public exhibition, I sat just eleven feet from the cabinet, and I saw a hand, to which no arm was attached, three times strike the committee man. This occurred while a full light was thrown upon the cabinet. The same evening I saw a hand at the aperture after the doors of the cabinet were closed, which, I think, was smaller; and I also saw another hand that I knew was larger than either of the Davenports' hands. I also saw at that aperture a female face. The young men wear beards. This face was smooth and fair, and thrice I saw it.

In a private circle, just at the moment when a light had been called for, I requested that the coat might be removed from the medium. Both requests were complied with. The light was struck, and, at the same moment, the coat flew, as it were, over the head of the medium, in view of the entire circle; while an immediate examination proved that he was still securely tied.

In a room made perfectly dark, where no ray of light could or did penetrate, I had an apple brought to my lips with as much accuracy and delicacy of touch as I could have used in placing it there. It was held until I ate about half of it, when the remainder was taken across the room to my wife, and held to her lips while she consumed it. During the time the apple was with me, I used my feet to ascertain if any one stood near me, but could not touch any material substance.

It would only weary your readers should I enumerate all the manifestations of spirit-power which were presented to me through the mediumship of these young men; therefore I will not extend the list, but will only add, that during my extended investigation, I did not, in a single instance, detect any attempt at imposture, nor perceive the slightest tendency toward trickery.

Though strongly prejudiced against the mediums personally, as well as against the character of their manifestations previous to meeting them, I now endorse, without hesitation, their mediumship; and deem it a pleasure, as well as an act of justice, thus publicly to express the respect and esteem which three weeks' close observation of their public and private life has caused me to feel for them. Instead of objecting to their presence in Baltimore, I shall welcome them hereafter with the affection of a brother, not forgetting to extend also a most kindly greeting to the invisible band who accompany and labor with them to extend to the masses a better knowledge of the life beyond the grave.

The courteous demeanor of Mr. G. S. Lacy, their business agent, has won for him many friends.

With sentiments of regard I remain yours truly,
WASH. A. DANKSIN.

Baltimore, Md., April 8, 1864.

Correspondence.

Jottings in and around Washington.

Permit me through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to give its many readers a sort of shorthand history of my visit to this metropolis.

Spiritualism here is advancing with wonderfully rapid strides. Thanks to A. E. Newton, the philosophy is now sought for, as well as the phenomena. Charles H. Foster and the Davenports have convinced many a skeptical mind, and paved the way for a broader philosophy. Since being here, I have chatted with the President, visited hospitals, crossed over on to the "sacred soil," been admitted into the tents of the soldiers, spent two half-days in and around the Navy Yard, and very many hours in viewing the beautiful and grand works of art in the interior of the Capitol. And it may be interesting to some to learn that I yesterday counted no less than six Senators eagerly devouring the contents of the BANNER, while in their respective seats. "T was like a bow of promise to me; for surely, with progressive minds at the helm of national affairs, we need fear no evil. Long may our glorious BANNER continue to give us Light and Liberty."

I have visited the freedmen's evening school, taught by A. E. Newton, Alfred Horton, G. A. Bacon, and others whose names I have forgotten; and here let me say that if any one wishes to see the love-principle which Christ taught made manifest, they have but to step into that school and witness the patience, perseverance and love, displayed by those men; and that, too, after the fatigue of their day's labor, and without any hope of recompense. The pupils are of all ages, and are making rapid progress, though some of them are so old that they may never be able, in this world, to read their "title clear." Their eagerness to learn is only excelled by the deep religious element which pervades their being. Passing out of the school, under the escort of Mr. H., we stepped into a colored church, where a revival meeting was in full operation; the melody was exquisite. No words of mine can describe the scenes spiritual which greeted us there.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, on Seventh street, keep spiritual books and papers for sale, and are themselves earnest workers in the cause.

Not only is Washington a recipient of these truths, but from her shores they radiate to all parts of the world; and in this respect a mighty work is being done here.

I spend next Sabbath with the Quaker Friends in Wilmington, Del., and from thence pass into Pennsylvania, returning home in a few weeks; and would be happy to make engagements in New England for the summer months. I return again to this section next winter, and shall look forward with much pleasure to the meeting of those faces which have not only become familiar, but dear to

me—among whom Mrs. Ward and family will be remembered with gratitude for the kindness which prompted them to take a stranger into their house, and for five weeks treat me in every respect as one of the family. Blessings attend them and every other worker.

May the BANNER continue to unfurl its folds in every department of governmental and private life, in the earnest wish of a lover of truth and progress.
SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON.
Washington, D. C., April 6th.

Cincinnati Spiritual Organization.

I have been directed by the members of our Society to forward you a condensed account of the formation of a Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists. I have copied our charter, and enclose it.

After a hard struggle with the prejudices of a certain class of our citizens, we have at last obtained the victory, and secured a firm foothold, with support enough from influential members of society, to enable us to keep our position and increase rapidly in power. We are now incorporated as a religious society, under the laws of Ohio, and, as such, have all the privileges that other religious societies or congregations have. We have secured a commodious hall, on the corner of Winter and Walnut streets, (Metropolitan Hall) and will fill it without trouble, with earnest seekers after truth.

We will be pleased to have any of our "progressive" friends (who contemplate passing through our city) stop here, and we will endeavor to give them a cordial greeting. A spirit has whispered to us that the Great Convention of Spiritualists will be held in Cincinnati. What do you think of the plan? It would certainly awaken the citizens of this place to an amazing degree; not that the people are lacking in liberal feeling, but they have not been thoroughly aroused to the beauties of the "Harmonical Philosophy."

We are preparing a copy of our constitution and by-laws for publication, and, when published, will not fail to forward you a copy.

CHAS. EDW. BENNETT,

Sec. Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

At a meeting held in the city of Cincinnati, on the 23rd day of March, 1864, by a number of persons desirous to spread the cause of Spiritualism, and for that purpose to form themselves into a Religious Society, and to be incorporated as such, under the laws of the state of Ohio, Judge A. G. W. Carter was duly elected president of the meeting, and Charles Edw. Bennett was appointed secretary.

Whereupon the president stated the object of the meeting to be the organization of a Religious Society of Spiritualists, for the purpose of incorporation under the laws of Ohio.

Resolved.—That we who are now assembled, being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and of unfolding and elevating the minds of humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Duty, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common paternity and brotherhood, unite ourselves into a society, by the name and style of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and direct the officers of this meeting to have our Society incorporated as such under the laws of Ohio.

Whereupon a constitution and articles of association for the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists were unanimously adopted, and the following officers, agreeably to said constitution and articles of association, were duly elected; to wit: Ira Adkins, President; Joseph Walter, Vice President; Charles E. Bennett, Secretary; C. Datterfield, Treasurer; A. M. Hiff, L. Bricker, David H. Shaffer, Trustees; A. C. Bagley, Collector.

It was unanimously resolved that all those persons who have signed and will sign the constitution and articles of association, shall be taken, and considered as members of this Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists. It was also resolved that the constitution and articles of association be printed, and published in pamphlet form for the use of the members and the public.

The newly-elected officers of the said Society were then inducted into office, and the Society was fully organized.

On motion, the meeting was adjourned.
A. G. W. CARTER, President.

CHARLES EDW. BENNETT, Secretary.

Missouri.

For the past seven years, during our residence in St. Louis, we received the BANNER from the newsdealers in that city; but having removed to the country, we can no longer obtain it from that source. Enclosed find \$2.50 for a year's subscription. As we look upon it as a necessary appendage to our stock of literature, as well as the inculcation of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, we cannot well do without it. We find few sympathizers here; but as the car of progress rolls on, I trust she will ere long reach this benighted land.

Towns are few and far between, and the country, as a general thing, thinly populated; but as universal emancipation is now regarded as a fixed fact, I can see the evidence of increased prosperity.

We have never suffered from guerrillas or bush-whackers, a very large majority of our inhabitants being unconditional Union men; but in Caloway County, on the opposite side of the river, it is exactly the reverse. At the breaking out of the rebellion, they were secessionists almost to a man, but they are now regarded as copperheads, or, as they please to style themselves, conservative Union men. Negroes are now regarded by them as very precarious property, there being a great inclination for them to travel off. Masters are making the best terms they can with their slaves, to induce them to remain, but the intelligent portion, especially the bone and sinew, are fast leaving, some to join the Union army, others to seek a home where they can get a fair remuneration for their services. May they keep moving on, until our country is what it purports to be, a land of liberty.
EDWARD UNDERHILL.

Medora, Osage Co., Mo.

Progress in the West.

Please notice in the BANNER that the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity are fully alive.

Arrangements are now being made to hold a three days' meeting, to be called the Grand River Valley Spiritual Convention, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 24th, 25th and 26th. A notice will be sent to you as soon as speakers are heard from. "Moses Hull"—once my worthy opponent in debate—is expected; also A. B. Whiting, Mrs. Kutz, H. P. Fairfield, E. Whipple, and one or two others. I will be content with simply reporting the eloquence of my co-laborers, for the BANNER. In spiritual communities, where spiritual papers are well patronized, lecturers are better appreciated and sustained.

Please change my address from "Paw Paw" to Albion; and insert my appointments for the months of April, May and June, as follows: Will speak at St. Johns, one-half the Sundays of each month; at Lyons, the first Sunday of April, and the first and last Sundays of May.
W. F. JAMESON.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 1st, 1864.

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

Banner of Light.

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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 life in the spirit world, and, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, 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 Laboring Women.

From our standpoint, we are bound to regard the spiritual as well as the material wants of the sewing-women, and laboring women generally of the country. We would see them not merely put in the way of securing an independent living by their own exertions, but we would see them placed in such a position socially, that is to say, relatively to the other sex, that they would feel that the day of their redemption had at last dawned. They have certainly been patient waiters for such a change; and we have never yet found the instance where such waiting was not duly rewarded in the end.

On the subject of wages for the working women of the country, bearing the fact continually in mind that the prices of living have advanced so alarmingly, and considering, too, the companion fact that male laborers in every walk obtain rates of wages very much enhanced from what they formerly were, we think the weaker sex are wronged as masters at the South would not wrong even their slaves. It is a crime, appalling to contemplate; and must be expiated by the nation either by hastening to do justice or by sufferings not now thought of.

The sewing-women of New York receive wages whose mere mention, in these times of high cost, is enough to make one's blood curdle with indignation at any man or system which will offer nothing more than such a starving pittance in return for long-protracted, confining and exhausting labor. No people can thrive on such a basis of tyranny. There can be no pure sentiment, no sound opinion, no public virtue, if the noticeable men, and the rich men, and the ambitious men of a nation are willing to build themselves up at the expense of woman. Modern civilization has established one doctrine beyond reach of cavil, that in proportion to the care which is bestowed upon woman, and the opportunities which are thrown open to secure her independence, and the freedom she enjoys to make herself a position and an influence in society, does the community progress in refinement and advance in general culture. When, however, we turn about and, as in the case of sewing-women, tell them that they shall work, and work with all their might, too, for wages which would hardly find dogs in good meaty bones, we at once attempt to reverse the natural order, and beget a confusion for which we have the very worst to fear.

At the meeting which was held not very long since in New York, none but working women being present and participating in the proceedings, a statement was made concerning the prices received for work, which will make a decent man's blood run cold. One woman made drawers, of white cotton drilling, sewing with a machine eighteen hundred stitches, finishing with buckles, button-holes, straps and strings; she worked all the time from seven o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, stopping only long enough to eat a piece of bread and drink a cup of tea; and by this means she could manage to make four pairs a day. For every pair she made she received four cents and one sixth, or sixteen and two-thirds cents per day! Another woman had three children who looked to her only for subsistence, and made drawers for her living, receiving five cents and a half per pair. She was able to make two pairs each day. She found her own thread! A third supported a sick husband and four children; and earned, by working ten hours a day on haversack-pockets, eleven cents a day. A fourth, being sixty years old, made army shirts, and earned thirty-nine cents a week!

The statements made at the meeting in question show that for making shirts, which are now selling at three dollars and fifty cents each, the sewing-woman gets sixteen cents. For making coarse shirts, she gets eight cents a piece. She can make two of the former, or three of the latter, with a sewing-machine, in a long working day of twelve hours. She finds her own thread in both cases. Ladies' collars and cuffs, containing seventeen hundred fine sewing-machine stitches, the outer edges ornamented with an insertion of various colored trimmings, are made for twenty-one cents a dozen sets—each set consisting of a collar and pair of cuffs. These sets cost the manufacturer two dollars and fifty-eight cents a dozen. The retail price is seventy-five cents a set; the wholesale price about five dollars a dozen.

These few items, taken from the mass of statements which were made at that meeting, are enough to let us into a clearer view of this most terrible state of things. They cannot go on, if we would become a pure and progressive nation. Such a report as this is a disclosure of a state of things from which honest minds revolt with indignation and horror. We cannot afford to pay the attention we do in what is styled society, to the man who owes all he is and has to this cruel grinding of the faces of the poor. Every dollar of his riches is wet with the sweat of unfortunate and impotent poverty; shall that be the reason why we will feast and toast, tondy and flatter him?

There are philanthropic movements enough on foot at the present time, but they leave out this most necessary plan for the protection of woman—for keeping off harpies from the honest wages which her exhausting labor more than earns. The sick soldiers are taken care of, as they certainly deserve to be; so are the contrabands; and there are schemes set on foot for the elevation of the entire black race of the Continent. While these things go on, shall we have it said of us that they are accomplished at the expense of woman's sacred freedom, and at the cost of her character? There ought to be at least some sort of a society whose business it should be to do nothing but from down the task-masters who thus coin money from the heart's blood of woman; who should give up their whole time to the most scathing denunciations of a system which is thus silently tolerated in the midst of plenty and boasted refinement.

The Currency Question.

The question of paper and gold, of a paper currency indefinitely inflated and a currency restricted by considerations of value, is at length fairly before the nation, and is being discussed in the various journals of the country. Long ago we were told by the invisibles that the financial question, involving both the rights and relations of labor and capital, would soon come up before the people in its huge proportions, and that its discussion and laborious adjustment would lay under tribute the best talent and the highest spiritual energies of the nation. That the question presses hard upon us even now, it is not necessary for us to assert; every intelligent man already knows it for himself. The fear to-day is, from an inflated paper currency—a currency that has no basis of value at all, does not rest on gold and silver, is not redeemable and does not represent anything more than a promise to pay, and which can be manufactured *ad infinitum*. How far can we go with such a currency, is the question, and not begin to feel our weakness. We all know that a redundant currency of paper begets a spirit of speculation, and at once forces up the prices of all sorts of commodities. We understand that this is the same spirit that works woe for the social state in all ways, by leading men into extravagance, by corrupting public morals, by engendering pride and vanity, and by making the family of simple and sweet virtues appear as nothing. It is a great question to open—this of the national finances, but a multitude of interests lie buried under it, as bugs and beetles lie hidden under a stone long imbedded in the grass. We shall have more to say upon the whole of it in a future number of this paper.

Cant and Hypocrisy.

We have been reading a silly, shallow article in a Washington paper, (the "Daily Times"), on the "Observance of the Sabbath." The writer evidently believes he has got the law and gospel both in his hands, if not in his heart and life. He goes on to vent a trade against Spiritualists for deserting the Sabbath at the Federal capital; affecting to think that, out of all the other forms of iniquity for which Washington is celebrated, not less on Sundays than on other days, there is not one which surpasses for guilt and horror the use to which Spiritualists are putting the Sabbath in that righteous city. "We allude," says the Times, "more especially to that class of people who are known as 'Spiritualists.' He don't like it, that they should take the Sabbath to preach their religious views and opinions. He speaks of a dreadfully wicked thing called a 'Circle,' which was held at somebody's house in the evening. Evidently there was one form of wickedness with which the Saints that dwell in Washington were not till then acquainted. The country had never before thought to give them credit for so much as that. He proceeds thereupon to quote the terrors of the olden Scripture against those persons who attend such circles, and tells the medium how it has been said of old, 'A wizard thou shalt not suffer to live.' No doubt he would like to put a stop to the whole 'business,' by hanging, drawing and quartering every believer he can lay his hands on; and that is one good reason why these circles ought to be held with regularity near his dwelling. He winds up in this style, which is enough to make a cat laugh: 'It is bad, and very bad to neglect Divine service on the Lord's day, but it is ten-fold worse to desecrate the Sabbath by deeds which are strictly prohibited by Divine law.'

Thoughts on Taxation.

The people would not be so loth to insist on heavy taxation if they knew how it was going to work. They have an indistinct idea that if Congress imposes heavier taxes than now, they alone will have to bear the weight of them; whereas it is all the other way. The people now pay high prices in consequence of the cheapness of paper money; that kind of money is cheap because we are borrowing instead of getting in larger revenues by taxation. The more we borrow, the more we shall have to borrow: the currency expands to correspond, which makes gold cost more, and puts up the prices of all the commodities of life. But if we insisted on heavier taxation, we should be paying our expenses as they occur, to a certain extent, and there would be less need of expanding the currency. By taxing, we should of course get more ready money; and with more of that, we should borrow less; and with less borrowing, we should have a lower price for gold, and therefore for everything else. These principles are within the grasp of the lowest comprehension. It is the man of means who pays the taxes, or at least the bulk of them: it is the laboring man who has to pay the high prices, and the man who can most poorly afford it, too. He pays the taxes in the shape of increased prices: in his advanced rent, in his higher priced provisions, in his beef and pork, his sugar and tea. The rich man can afford to do it, but the poor man cannot. He has nothing but his labor for his capital, and that may not always be in demand. Even when advanced, as now, it is never in proportion to the rise in general prices.

The Czar's New Proclamation.

On the 15th of March, by virtue of a recent ukase of the Czar of Russia, every living serf in Russian Poland was set free forever from bondage. This generous proclamation of emancipation will quench the fires of revolt in Poland, and draw that nation of people to the heart of Russia with cords that are stronger than steel. It is a movement of such grand proportions, we are hardly prepared on the instant, to take it in with all its results. The Polish serf is henceforth to own his own cabin and plot of ground, and feel the risings of an individual manhood. He is to become a self-governing citizen. He is to elect his own village officials, his mayor, and sheriff, and justice of the peace—a privilege which it is said not even the enlightened government of Prussia has yet extended to its subjects. Millions of human beings are thus made freemen, having lived in bondage heretofore, by the mere stroke of a pen. There is no middle class in Poland; the only classes are the aristocracy and the serfs; the mercantile class is chiefly composed of foreigners. Men have nowhere struggled more heroically for a nationality than the brave aristocracy of Poland; but, unlike the Hungarians in their revolution, this controlling and superior class never based their movement on the emancipation of the serfs. There has been no popular leader to give shape and character to the movement; it has been rather the flight of a secret Committee against a monarch, than of a people struggling to be free against a tyrant and despot. The Czar has, by a single bold stroke, changed the entire character of the Polish movement.

R. R. Tickets at Reduced Prices to the Convention in New York.

Persons desiring tickets at reduced prices from Boston to New York, and back the week of the Convention, must send in their names immediately. Address Dr. H. F. Gardner, care of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Springfield.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that this wonderful restorer to health by the "laying on of hands," is now at work for the good of humanity in the western part of our State, where he is meeting with great success. He has been practicing in Springfield for the last three weeks, and has operated on over twenty-seven hundred persons, with complete success in most cases. His power has so increased, that he now heals quicker than ever before.

The following are the diseases that most readily yield to the healing powers, viz: Female diseases of every nature, spinal disease, heart and liver disease, weak lungs, dyspepsia, St. Vitus' dance, diseases of the nerves, loss of voice, diabetes, rheumatism, ulcers, tumors, weak and inflamed eyes, etc. The cures are performed without pain or medicine.

We give the following list of some of the cures he has effected during his visit there:

H. R. Foster, Paper Mill Village, N. H. Speechless over one year; cured instantly.
G. W. Thayer, Cedar street, Springfield. Lame arm two years; cured in ten minutes.
Mrs. C. H. Fassau, 13 Wilcox street, Springfield. Cancer, with great pain; cured.
Mrs. John W. Clark, Springfield. Neuralgia, very bad; cured.
Amelia S. Phelps, Wilbraham. Spinal disease four years; cured in a few minutes, and walked two miles.

Mrs. Leverett Smith, State street, Tunior; cured. Mrs. Lottie Carrier, Conway, Mass. Lame and stiff knee; cured instantly.

Miss Caroline Nador, 3 Congress street, Springfield. Weak and inflamed eye; cured.

Miss Amanda Hathorn, No. 149 Central street, Springfield. Spinal disease and female weakness, very sick, not expected to live; cured in a few minutes on the evening of March 21st, so that she arose from her bed, dressed herself, and went to a neighboring house and notified the lady who was to watch with her that her services were not needed. The next morning she walked three miles, since which she devotes her time to bringing the sick and afflicted to be healed.

Mrs. Sarah P. Cook, Hadley, Mass. Ovarian tumor twenty-two years; cured.

Mrs. George Bosworth, Palmer, Mass. Tumor in breast; cured instantly.

Miss Sybil B. Clapp, Montague, Mass. Spasms twenty years; cured.

Miss Arabella C. Gibbs, Albany, N. Y. Spinal disease, and lame; cured.

Mrs. Henrietta Davis, 34 Mulbury street, Springfield. Swelled liver, not expected to live; cured.

Mrs. L. L. Stedman, Chicopee, Mass. Lame; came with two crutches; in a few minutes walked off well, and left her crutches.

Mrs. John Fisher, 25 West Union street. Hernia; cured.

Mrs. Caroline Pomroy, Becket, Mass. Deafness seven years; cured.

Mrs. Ellen Wood, corner of Union and Main streets. St. Vitus' dance and dropsy; cured with one treatment.

Mrs. Julia S. Chapin, Chicopee. General weakness; unable to walk without crutches; after one treatment, reported herself perfectly cured.

Mrs. Benjamin Purington, Williamstown, Conn. Consumptive three years; failing fast; perfectly cured.

Mrs. George Taylor, Granby, Mass. Sick twenty-one years, for seven years unable to walk; brought twelve miles on a bed; cured in five minutes, and made to walk perfectly well.

Mr. Josiah T. Hunt, Cummington, Mass. Paralysis entire left side, the leg entirely useless, could not feel a pin stuck into it; cured in a few minutes, walked off well, and left his crutches. His mother, who had been paralyzed five years, was cured at the same time.

Mrs. Clara D. Gardner, Chicopee, Mass. Spinal disease twenty-two years; cured.

Miss Carrie Jenks, twelve years old, daughter of Allen Jenks, Esq., of Mulbury street, Springfield. Spine disease, and withered limb; came on crutches; was perfectly cured in a few minutes, ran and jumped as well as any one. Her limbs are now of natural size. An eminent physician of Springfield, hearing that she was to be carried to Dr. Newton, declared it was all mesmerism, and that he could do it as well as any one. He made the attempt to cure her, but without success. He then said, "If he can cure her, I will think there is something in it."

Mrs. Winthrop P. Houston, North Amherst, Mass. General debility, unable to walk for eighteen months; cured with one treatment; since reported herself perfectly well.

The doctor extends a cordial invitation to all who cannot afford to pay to come and be healed free of expense.

Our readers will be amused at the following logic by the editor of the Springfield Republican, which we clip from that paper of the date of March 26th. It is entitled:

MIRACLES WORKING IN SPRINGFIELD.—Extraordinary things are going on at the Union House in this city. A venerable and patriarchal-looking man with gray hair and beard and agreeable presence, occupies one of the parlors, and from fifty to a hundred and fifty cripples and invalids visit him daily, most of whom go away thinking they have been cured by some invisible power at command of the spiritual physician. Some leave behind them the crutches and canes they have for years leaned upon; others, long helpless and carried either in the arms of their friends, suddenly resume their former vigor and rise up and walk; rheumatic pains and contractions and the sharp pangs of sciatica mysteriously disappear at a touch; tumors that have been growing for years vanish in a few minutes under the hand of the miracle worker, and whatever ailment seems most chronic and incurable, yields to this strange influence, after having obstinately resisted all the assaults of the *materia medica*.

But do these marvels really and truly occur? They seem to; the spiritual doctor thinks so, and his patients think so, and some of them express the utmost delight and gratitude for relief from ailments which they had feared would carry them to their graves. If they are not cured, or at least temporarily relieved, then Dr. Newton has a power over the imagination quite as miraculous as the power to remove disease. Indeed there are some instances of apparent cure which cannot be explained by any power of imagination, such as that of a child in this city, bent over with spinal complaint for several years, suddenly straightened up and made strong, and cases, of which the doctor has evidence, of cures of persons miles distant from him, who began to mend from the moment he spoke the word, "These things can't be true."

Perhaps not; nobody has a right to believe them without sufficient evidence. Go and see, and test the powers of this modern miracle-worker.

But how does he do these things? This is an easier asked than answered. Perhaps "ould clootie" helps him. Perhaps "the spirits" have some hand in it. Or it may be "animal magnetism," if any body knows what that is. We asked the doctor how these things are done, and he answered gravely and with every appearance of sincerity, laying his hand on the holy book, "Verily, verily, I say unto you. He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." But quoting Scripture proves nothing; the devil can do that with the best of them; besides, the age of miracles is long past. Who told you so? The Bible does not say it. Dr. Newton has his theory, however; he thinks that what he does is in accordance with natural law; he does not work miracles in the theological sense, but in the popular sense. He supposes that he is in some way charged with

an excess of vitality, which he can impart to those who are deficient, and so enable them to throw off disease. This is a power which has been recognized by many scientific physicians, but not to the degree which Dr. Newton seems to possess it. How he gets it he does not appear to know, but sometimes when dealing with hard cases he utters a prayer for help, which indicates that he has some idea of divine interposition.

No matter about the theory. Facts are the important things; theories are of slow growth, if they are worth anything, and facts can often be ascertained for by a variety of theories, from which no human wisdom can select the only true one. What the people most care to know is: Does this man, Dr. Newton, actually cure the diseased in some way? If he does it is rather convenient to have such a man about. If he merely makes people think they are cured, and they hold of that mind any length of time, even that is worth something. But if what he claims and his patients attest as to his achievements can be proved true, and the fullest and freest scrutiny is invited—then Dr. Newton is a marvelous miracle-worker. Since he invites the poor (counting all poor who are not worth a thousand dollars) to be healed without money and without price, there is no reason why those who need his help should not seek it. They may get laughed at for being humbugged; but they can afford to be, if they are relieved of neuralgia, sciatica, or any other vexation of the flesh. If the experiment falls there is no harm done.

New Publications.

THE FRACTIONAL FAMILY: Being the First Part of Spirit-Mathematics—Matter. By Arthur Young. New York: Walter Low.

This elegantly printed book, with its royal looking pages, forms a fractional part of a work which goes to show that man has established, at best, no more than a "Fractional Family." It is purely scientific in its scope and method. Its aim is to show by irrefragable demonstration, that the fractional, or practically irreligious family, "is the family as it exists in the actual, or inverse phase of destiny; and the fractional must be socially and industrially coordinated into the integral, or affective and practically religious, in order that humanity may achieve its destiny of harmony and good." The table of contents is full of suggestiveness, and the illustrations furnished in the course of the argument help to show very vividly that we are but parts of an integral family, whose whole will never be established on earth until all the qualities are made to vibrate in harmony with the original design. We cannot undertake, in our columns, to follow out any further the author's plan; his book must be read and studied to be apprehended and appreciated. We can only say that it is a profound essay on the theme selected for treatment, and commend it to the thoughtful acquaintance of others.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT; or, the History of the Great Rebellion, By Horace Greeley. Published in Hartford by O. D. Case & Co.

We have had before us for some time specimen pages of this new History of the Rebellion, from the pen of Mr. Greeley. It is not necessary to say that it is readable, whether the treatment of the subject jumps with the views of all readers or not. The author's style is racy and vigorous, direct and clear. He opens the history with a comprehensive statement of the condition of the country for a long time prior to the war, showing the tendency of events, and arguing from those results which he accounts sure and permanent. Mr. Greeley thinks rapidly, and generally strongly; and although he may be intensely one-sided in some of his views, instead of catholic, calm and liberal, yet he is intense and eager only on the side of what is free and true, and means nothing but the advancement of what is noble and good. No matter what views people will take hereafter concerning the causes of this rebellion, a history of it from the pen of so prominent an actor in its earlier and later stages, so earnest a disputant, so impassioned a declaimer, and so sincere an advocate as Horace Greeley, will not fail to be read by thousands and tens of thousands. His work will, in fact, become a part of the drama of the times. It will be the views and sentiments, the logic, the description, the narrative of a man who saw the storm coming, and who lived through the gale. We cannot but commend the careful investigation which he has shown in the preparation of his pages, and the patient labor he has manifestly given to what he must have believed would be a very striking history of the times by one of the most striking men who live in it. The typography of the specimen pages which have been forwarded us by the publishers, is excellent. The first volume will soon be ready, and the whole work will be disposed of in two large and stout octavo volumes. We can speak more thoroughly and understandingly of the work when it has all been placed in our hands.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for May, has been placed on our table by A. Williams & Co. Its leading article, "Life with the Esquimaux," is splendidly illustrated, and the same can be said of the "Psyche," and "A Visit to the Convent of Our Lady." In short the entire contents are in keeping with the usual excellent monthly feast served up by Harper. This is the last number of Volume twenty-eight, and now is a good time to send in subscriptions for the first number of the new volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Youth's History of the Rebellion; from Walker, Wise & Co. Alice's Dream, a Gift for Christmas Times, from the same firm. Life Among the Angels, from Messrs. Dunn & Durham, Duquoin, Ill. Intellectual Freedom, or the Emancipation from Mental and Physical Bondage, by Charles S. Woodruff, M.D. From Sinclair Tousey, New York. Woman and her Era, from A. J. Davis & Co., New York.

Free Emigration Project.

Secretary Seward has proposed to the consideration of the House Special Committee on Emigration a plan for bringing out a body of serviceable emigrants from Europe to supply the vacancies in all departments of labor which have been created by this war. It may be estimated that the war has taken out of their accustomed employments, in which by their productive activity they were constantly adding to the wealth of the country, at least a million and a half of men; and to this number may be added another million, who have been kept at work providing for those in the field. This would take out of their rightful places in life some two and a half millions of men. How shall their places be supplied? Who can be summoned to take them? More than all, where are they to come from? Certain parties interested in manufactures, have sent out to Europe, and offered inducements to the artisans abroad to come over and earn the very generous wages which they are all ready and willing to receive. Acting on a hint, Mr. Seward proposes that the government shall set on foot a project very similar, by which the manufacturing, mining, and other industrial districts of the old world, at present crowded with a population not able to sustain itself, may be induced to give of their abundance to us, thereby benefiting themselves and us at the same time. The government is to pay their expenses at first, but to take measures to secure the repayment of the same in due time.

Something New—The Spiritual Sunday School Manual.

Spiritualists will be glad to learn that the demand for some suitable book to aid in forming and conducting Spiritual Sunday Schools, has been anticipated by the author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," in his "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," a book of one hundred and forty-four compact pages, got up in neat, convenient pocket size, and just published by Wm. White & Co. We owe our readers an apology for not having noticed this volume at an earlier date. All who have perused this Manual pronounce it to be the exact book now needed among every family of children and in every place where it is possible to collect the young together for Sunday Schools. The volume contains "Rules, Lessons, Readings, Responses, Invocations, Questions, Answers, and Hints, Songs and Hymns," &c., not only adapted "to the formation and management of schools, and the home culture of the young," but likewise to conferences, public meetings, and to the old as well as young. The "Readings and Responses" for opening and closing schools, are choicely expurgated, and selected from Harris, David, Jesus, Paul, Seneca, Pope, Tupper and Davis. Then follows a great variety of "Questions, and Answers and Hints," on "Sunday and Sunday Schools," "The Golden Rule," the "Ten Commandments," the "Commandment of Love," the "Christian Sects," "Spiritualists and Spiritualism." The questions and answers are separated, and are not in the old catechism style. Pupils are not dictated, and no dogmatism or sectarianism is taught. Many of the questions are left without answers. A large collection of "Gems of Wisdom," with questions, renders the book still more valuable, and then follows a series of beautiful and touching "Little Spiritual Stories," which cannot fail to elicit intense interest; then "Infant Lessons and Questions," and the volume closes with a choice collection of "Songs and Hymns" with familiar tunes, among which are parodies on "Lilly Dale," "Long, Long Ago," "When this Cruel War is Over," "Beautiful Land," "Shining Shore," "Marching Along," "Light in the Window," etc.

Now that Spiritualists have in this Manual just the book needed for homes and Sunday Schools, we trust that no family will be without it, no children be left unprovided, and no place will dispense with a Sunday gathering of the young. As Spring opens, now is the time to begin. We hope public lecturers and mediums will cooperate with the people in awakening interest in behalf of the culture of the young. We can assure our readers that the "Spiritual Sunday School Manual" will prove just what it claims to be, and we bespeak for it a general circulation. Mailed free; 30 cents single copies. To schools and the trade, a liberal discount. Address the BANNER office.

Moses Hull.

This gentleman closes his present course of addresses in this city next Sunday, April 24th. After speaking the first Sunday in May, in Portland, he will start on his journey home, to Michigan, lecturing at various points on the route. He will be at the Spiritual Convention in New York, May 11th, 12th and 13th.

We advise all those who have not heard this able and earnest co-laborer in the spiritual field, to avail themselves of this last opportunity, for the present, of doing so, feeling sure if they take our advice they will thank us for having given it.

His discourses on Sunday, the 10th, were on the Past, Present and Future of our country, and his reasons for desiring and believing Spiritualism to be true. Both lectures suited the audiences very much. His comparisons of the earlier periods of our country with the present day, were instructive, amusing and almost astounding. He gave a concise history of the growth of the evils which have ultimated in the present rebellion; closing his address with a fervid picture of the future of our beloved country. As he traced along the rapid growth and expansion of liberal institutions under the broad banner of Freedom from all kinds of slavery, either of body or mind, his words seemed to glow with the fire of prophetic inspiration.

In this week's BANNER will be found a report of his first lecture in Boston, giving some of his reasons for change of opinion on the subject of Immortality.

The Spiritual National Convention.

It is an encouraging sign in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism, to learn that the committee appointed for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries for the grand National Convention to be held in the West during August next, have received numerous letters from various points in the Western States, with invitations to places suitable for holding the Convention. Among the localities from which invitations have been sent are Battle Creek, Mich., Cincinnati, O., and Chicago, Ill. The committee call for still further reports and a free expression of opinion. Let the whole country take the matter into consideration, and agitate the subject. Address the Secretary, H. B. Storor, care of this office, or the Chairman of the Committee, Dr. H. F. Gardner, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

The New York Convention.

The Spiritualist Convention to be held in Clinton Hall, New York, during the second week in May, promises to equal if not exceed the great Convention recently held in Boston. A number of speakers from the West, as well as from New York State and New England, will be in attendance. A new era seems dawning, and these conventions are significant of the issues pending.

We understand that the managers of the New York Convention in due time propose to announce some convenient stopping places in the city for the accommodation of visitors from a distance.

Spiritual Meetings in Washington.

Much interest is being manifested in these meetings at the capital. Mrs. Hutchinson, who has just closed an engagement there, was greeted with large and intelligent audiences. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer followed her, and lectures there during April, and also the first Sunday in May; then L. Judd Pardee fills the desk for the rest of the month, and the first Sunday in June, and A. E. Newton the balance of the month, and Thomas Gales Foster during July, after which the meetings will close till the next season is over, when they will be resumed again.

Newsdealers Everywhere.

Should keep a sufficient number of copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT on their counters for sale to supply the demand. We hear, of late, complaints from various quarters, that copies of the BANNER cannot be had in many places where it is kept for sale, two days after it has been placed upon the counters. The reason is, the dealers do not order enough to meet the demand, and thus it often occurs that those of our readers who desire to purchase the paper at the news agencies, in preference to subscribing, are sadly disappointed.

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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 to the time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the benefit of life thus freely to the languishing 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 earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his own. 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. 158 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.

Monday, March 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James L. Smith, to his mother, in Providence, R.I.; daughter of Col. Wm. Selby, of New Orleans, La.; Archibald Lewis, (colored) of the 5th Mass. Reg., to his sister Mary Brown, to her brother, Dennis Murphy, in Holden, Conn., New York City.

Thursday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Light-Hamilton Burgess, to his sister, Sarah, or then, Perkins; Wm. J. Craghton, of Franklin, Ky., to his mother; John Phillips, to friends in Maine; Mary L. Reid, to her husband, at New Orleans, La.

Monday, April 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Merrill, to his father, in Eastport, Me.; Lucy Lee, daughter of Gen. Lee, John Forney, to his brother, Patrick Forney, in New York City; John Berry, to his friends, in Boston, Mass.; Henry Littlefield, of the 1st Maine, Co. 1, Little Wingate, to her mother, Charlotte Wingate, of Newbury, S. V.

Tuesday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Daniel McLaughlin, to his wife, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter Mason, son of Capt. Wm. G. Mason, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Co. A; Olive Ann Lawrence, to her mother, in Cumberland, Tenn.; Ben Page, to his friends, in Washington, Vt.; Mary Graham, of St. Louis, Mo., to her brother, Thomas.

Invocation.

Lead us where the shades of error no longer fall upon the spirit. Lead us where the fountains of Truth are flowing free. Lead us where the book of Wisdom is open to all; where we may read thy Word and be satisfied; where night is lost in day; where war is overwhelmed with peace; where Reason in all its divinity, in all its glory, sits enthroned with the human. And unto thee, oh Supreme Ruler, Mighty Spirit whom we cannot see, be everlasting praises spoken.

March 22.

Answering Letters.

SPIRIT.—Seeing there are some present who do not understand the *modus operandi* of answering these letters—[letters laid upon the table at the circle room]—we think it may not be amiss to offer a few remarks concerning this subject.

At the outset we would say, it is presumed that some disembodied intelligence answers these letters. Inasmuch as the ideas contained therein are directed to some one or more dwelling beyond time and form, it were not unreasonable to suppose that the disembodied return in answer to the call.

It should be understood that these written thoughts take on certain forms, or characters, and by those characters, or forms, they are read or comprehended by the disembodied spirit—not by the writing.

Now in order to get correct answers to your letters, your questions should be clear and distinct. When you pen the question, you should strive to have your mind free from all other subjects—should endeavor to throw as much of your own magnetic life into your questions as possible, for the more life your letter contains the more satisfactory will be the answer.

It is now not a mere speculation or belief that the disembodied spirit can return and communicate its ideas to spirits in the form, but with millions it is absolute knowledge. Therefore it were folly to contend against it.

It should be understood that as much is required of the individual asking the questions, as is required of the human subject, or the operator, or medium who stands between the mortem and post-mortem batteries. Thus you should sometimes ascribe failures to yourselves. If your questions are not answered to your satisfaction, you should closely examine self, to see if the fault does not rest with you. It may be with the answering intelligence, it may be with the operator or medium. But in order to insure all that you may hope for, or success in the answering of your letters, you must obey the law governing these manifestations. Let your mind, we say, be clear, free from all other subjects at the time of writing your questions. And above all, be honest; offer no curiosity, for as sure as you do, you will attract to yourselves corresponding intelligences, who, in order to gratify that morbid curiosity that oftentimes takes possession of humanity with regard to spiritual matters, will answer your questions, perchance, incorrectly. Now any intelligence who is able to take control of the medium employed, may answer your questions. But if you are honest, and ask these questions in a spirit of investigation, desiring truth, desiring wisdom, to make yourselves better acquainted with the things pertaining to the spirit, then rest assured you will not fail to receive other than satisfactory answers to your questions—then you will have little cause to find fault.

It should be understood that no remuneration is expected in the answering of these questions, and none is required, save your good will. Remember that this, your good will, is an essential element, which we cannot well do without. Give it, and the day of recompense will surely dawn upon you.

Questions and Answers.

We are now ready to receive any questions, if the audience have any to propound.

Ques.—After I enter upon the next stage of my being, must I see all the thoughts I have had in my earth-life? If so, can I be wholly happy?

Ans.—Memory is an eternal element which belongs to the spirit. It ever treasures within its store-house all the experiences it has passed through, and under proper conditions it is able to call up those experiences, and live over again the scenes of its earthly-life. Now it is not to be supposed that the entire panorama of thoughts will be called up in casting off the mortal. The past is only called up by corresponding conditions in the present.

Q.—It is recorded in Luke that Christ said to the Jews, that they were all Gods. What did he mean?

A.—Doubtless, precisely what he said—that all

human beings were Gods in themselves. And so you are. If the soul is an offshoot from Deity, then it must be a part of Deity. It is Deity. It can be nothing else.

Q.—Does the human spirit require a whole eternity to perfect itself in?

A.—We believe that inasmuch as there is an eternity, an eternal past, present and future, it is necessary.

Q.—The phases of mediumship sometimes change suddenly—from rapping to impressional influences—then to clairvoyant conditions. Please to explain the cause?

A.—The causes are many. Sometimes the medium passes rapidly out of one sphere of mediumship into another. We can scarcely divine the cause of these different phases of mediumship. It may be that the controlling influences are of the opinion that the machine will run faster and elevate humanity on a larger scale by shutting down upon the physical and rising up in the spiritual.

And again, it may be that the controlling influences believe that the physical, or the alphabet of Spiritualism, is necessary; therefore they make use of it sometimes for long times, sometimes for only brief periods of time. And again, sometimes sickness, grief, joy, all the different elements that go to make up human nature, have much to do toward changing the character of the different phases given through mediumship.

Q.—Are there any rules by observing which we can be aided in the development of our mediumship? If so, please to impart them?

A.—Yes; support the body by that food that is best adapted to its wants. Give it the requisite amount of sleep. Keep an even mind under all circumstances, if possible. These are the only requisites to good mediumship we know of.

Q.—Why are not mediums happier in their earthly relations?

A.—Because the spiritual is not in harmony with the material or temporal. The medium, in some respects, is not a resident of earth. They have risen above the material. They are living so much in the spiritual that they may be said to exist in a spiritual atmosphere. Consequently there will ever be inharmonies manifested in their surroundings, or between their spiritual and temporal concerns. We perceive there are some persons present who desire to know whether the subject employed at these circles is conscious of what is passing around her. In reply to that unspoken question, we would say that our medium is in a semi-conscious state, and is generally clairaudient to most of the influences controlling her. She hears them speak, and writes what she is told to by them. With other influences controlling our subject, there seems to be a cutting of the connection between brain and the arm, that she may be only the mechanical agent for the expression of their thoughts.

Q.—Then the power operating must closely fill the organism of the medium.

A.—The power must ever be graduated to suit the capacity of the medium employed.

Q.—Where is the by-place of the spirit itself?

A.—In a semi-conscious state, controlled, or held subservient to the will of the spirit controlling.

Q.—Then must not the law of compression, or expansion, or both, be used according to the requirements?

A.—Neither.

Q.—Please explain.

A.—If I should give you a narcotic—opium, if you please—for the time being, you would be under the control of that powerful agent. Now it is the same with your medium. Her spirit is controlled by a superior influence—that is to say, an influence that is more powerful than itself; but that spirit is always consulted with regard to its returning into its sanctum, or taking its flight; but it is never forcibly ejected or forcibly controlled.

March 22.

Clarence Bowen.

All the way from Richmond. [Are you, indeed?] Yes, sir; pretty hard road to travel, especially when you come barefoot. I had a few corns—them's hard to get along with, you know.

Well, Major-General, I died in duress vile in Richmond. [Libby Prison?] That's the place. I didn't know but what I should be left to take my own life. You could have the privilege of doing so, if you wanted to. You could n't look out of the window—if you did, pop goes the weasel. Oh, I got treated to one of the underground apartments in Libby Prison, because I was unfortunate enough to take on the small pox—and they have very excellent accommodations for those who are afflicted with that disease. An old physician, speaking of small pox, once told me that folks never need to be pitted, if they'd only keep in a dark room. Well, I had darkness enough to have kept me from being pitted, but I didn't happen to weather it, Major-General, so I got back here under different colors from what I went out under.

I was Clarence Bowen, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and was twenty-seven, most twenty-eight years of age. I've left friends in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and in New York State, that I should be terrible glad to open correspondence with, if I could. They need n't worry any more about my getting exchanged or discharged, 'cause I've got both.

Well, the folks don't know I'm dead, so it will be likely to surprise them a little to hear of my death. They've felt that I'd turn up, they hoped right side up with care. Well, I have, but not in the way they expected me to. Now, what I want to know first is, whether I can open communication with my friends. Second, what sort of a way you propose for me to come. Third, I want to know whether there's any way to make my folks acquainted with this new telegraphing operation, and consequently pay due observance to its rules. I heard something of Spiritualism here, but I used to say, if spirits can come back and talk to me, then I'll be pretty sure to believe in Spiritualism. Now you see what a fool I was; did n't know then that with your mediums much depended upon the way they were molded; that they had been grown into this thing, attached to it from the time of their birth. I didn't know anything of the laws governing Spiritualism. I assumed to have a good deal of knowledge, as many folks do, but I come to the conclusion, after reaching the spirit-world, that I know but a very little.

I was a private in the Fourth Rhode Island; don't know as I should ever have been an officer, but it's a pretty hard life.

Now, Major-General, I'd be very glad to pay you for your kindness, but gold and silver I haven't got, any more than I've got my old body. I didn't have much when I was on the earth, and I haven't got even a greenback, nor a stamp. But I'll give you just as much help as I'm able to, under all circumstances. [What was your age?] Haven't I just said? Where's your ears? [We did not hear you give it.] Didn't you? Well, I was between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years. "Button your ears back." That's what one of the rebels said to me when he brought my grub, when I didn't let on about it. He made some remark. Said I, "What is it?" And he told me again. Said I, "What is it?" And he told me again. I asked the third time, and he said,

"Confound your impudence if you'd better button your ears back, so you can hear." I beg your pardon, sir; I meant no offence. [We didn't mean to be impudent.] Well, I didn't mean to be, either. I'm a plain-spoken sort of a fellow, stranger. I do n't mean to be ungentlemanly to any one, either; but I always did love to joke, when I was here, and I haven't shook it off, Major-General, since I came to the spirit-world.

Now it don't matter to me whether I'm over so fortunate as to get to heaven, or not. I was thinking of that city the Bible tells about, whose streets are paved with gold, and that has so many gates on all sides. Well, that fine place I've not arrived at yet, and I do n't know as I should take off my hat to my superior officer, if I should be so fortunate as to get there; and I believe I should crack a joke, if I got a chance.

Now see here, Major-General: if you'll ask Josiah Bowen to walk up to the cap't'n's office and settle, I'll thank you. No matter if I am dead, I'm good for fighting my way along still. I'll just send a shot through him that will hit all the rest. Are you going to do it? [We'll try to.] Good-by, then. Here's hoping that you'll never have to do with small pox, because you may have to go out alone, as I did. March 22.

Jennie Ainslie.

I'm Jennie Ainslie, of Danville, Louisiana, and was eleven years old. I left my mother in September, 1863. My father is in London, England. If you please, sir, I wish to send a letter to him. I wish him to know I can come back, and I wish him to know that my brother George was killed. He was—he was a member of a cavalry company. He was killed about twelve, thirteen, most fourteen days ago. [Was he in the Confederate service?] Yes, sir. [Speak as you wish; don't be afraid.]

My mother's people live at the North, in Boston, and I was with them when I was eight years old. I was here two months, nearly, in July and August. My mother cannot get to her people now, and my father is in England negotiating about cotton; and if you'll please to say this to my father, and ask him if he will go—[Do some medium?] Yes, sir, some place where I can speak—where George can speak.

[How old was George? do you remember?] Yes, sir, he was twenty—in his twenty-first year. He was my oldest brother. [Have you any brothers or sisters left on the earth?] Yes, sir, I have another brother fourteen years old, not any sister. [Do you know whether this letter will reach your father?] They said it would.

I'll tell him all about where I live if—[You'd better give the names of your mother's friends at the North, if you can.] The names are Hill. They lived in Boston. Yes, sir, my mother has a brother in the army—Federal army—and my mother has a sister in Tennessee. Her name was Todd—Rebecca Todd. She was married to Mr. Todd, it is. I was very small—and he, too, is in the army. [The Federal army?] No, sir; he's on the Confederate side; but my mother's brother is on the Federal side.

My father is not in the army—never was, never has been. [Who is he negotiating cotton for?] For himself. He has n't grown it. The land is appropriated to corn and other things. They say it don't grow well. [Corn?] No, sir; soil, they say, that's used for growing cotton, ain't good for anything else, but I heard my father say that he was compelled to do it. I thank you, sir. March 22.

Invocation.

Our Father, with the dew of our earthly experiences still glistening like great tears upon our being, we lift our souls in deepest gratitude to thee, feeling for the first time during our lives, that we are eternally allied to thy wondrous mind; feeling for the first time that soul is a part of Deity, grand and sublime. Oh, God, we praise thee for the gift of life. We praise thee, oh God, that we are able to read the book of remembrance; that over and over, upon the walls of our being, are written lessons of Life. Eternity has penned them for our use. Oh, God, we bless thee for the same. Father, Spirit, thou hast no need of our thanks—no need that we lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee, but we are thy children, and we must praise thee, feeling as we do the divine fountain of joy welling up within our hearts. Our Father, looking back upon the sands of our mortality, viewing as we are now able to, the dark shores of our mortal existence, we can but stand in wonder and ask, what next? Oh, God, the volume of Life is mighty; great indeed is the lesson which thou hast inscribed upon its pages. Oh, may thy kind angels so lead us in the way of truth and wisdom, that time earthly children shall bless us in the childhood of our coming. May they lead us in love, and hold us in their strong arms of Hope and Faith. Oh, we ask no blessing to rest upon the beloved kindred we have so recently been separated from, for we know that within their own sacred selfhood, there thou art writing blessings. Oh, in union with Nature, whom thy children worship, they will lift their souls to thee, chanting a new song of Immortality, knowing that it will be acceptable unto our Father. March 24.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—If the audience have questions to propound, they are requested to do so without delay.

QUESTION.—A correspondent sends us the following: Has God given man any laws outside of Nature whereby he may govern his faith or practice?

ANSWER.—We know of no laws outside of Nature, either pertaining to the mortal or to the material. To us Nature embraces all life, whether in the past, present or future.

Q.—Are not birds frequently employed by the spirits to give us evidence of their presence?

A.—Certainly they are. Everything in the animate, or the inanimate world, may be used as a medium between the world of spirit and the world of matter. If these inanimate objects called tables and chairs can answer to the demands of many internal beings, and become for the time being freighted with intelligence, why may not the little bird bear intelligence to the mind also? Why may it not be used as a medium between the embodied and disembodied spirit?—We see no reason why it may not.

Q.—What condition of ourselves is most favorable to produce these manifestations?

A.—That condition which is above and beyond all others may be found embodied in an even and well cultivated mind.

Q.—Is the ability of spirits to visit earth limited by the lapse of time since their departure from it?

A.—After passing through certain spiritual experiences, the spirit loses its desire to return to earth as an inhabitant of it. For a certain length of time it is attracted powerfully to earth, because it has not outlived its human life. But when it has outlived that human life, then the spirit is no longer attracted to earth as an individualized intelligence.

Q.—The powers of sympathy between separated

friends, sometimes sensibly affect each of them. Are these powers diminished by increase of distance between them?

A.—No, certainly not. Space does not affect the action of mind upon mind. You may inhabit the most distant world and yet retain your sympathy for friends dwelling on this planet. You can hold perfect correspondence with them. Thought is not dependent upon or subject to the laws of space or material law.

Q.—Does the intelligence recognize any difference between principles that underlie Nature in the spirit-world, and those principles that underlie Nature in the material world?

A.—All principles are eternally the same under all conditions; it matters not whether they exist in spirit or in material life. That which we call a principle is not compound in its nature, therefore, it must be the same with spirit as with matter.

Q.—Do these principles have visible manifestations in the spirit-world?

A.—Most certainly they do; for it is by the manifestations you come into rapport with them.

Q.—Philosophically speaking, there is then no difference?

A.—No, there is no difference. You have been told that the principle of immortality—call it the soul, spirit, or whatsoever you may choose to—is always the same; that the Bushman, the Hottentot, and the Anglo-Saxon in soul-principle are the same. This is true; as all intelligence has sprung from and revolves around the great central sun of Deity, so all must be alike; coming from Deity there can be no difference.

Q.—Does your ability to impress an individual depend upon the physical development of that individual, in the relation it bears to primal matters?

A.—Yes, there are some individuals who are exceedingly impressive in their natures, so plastic that spirit can easily stamp itself upon them. Others' natures seem to be like marble. It is almost impossible to make any impression upon them. Their own spirits find it exceedingly hard to manifest correctly through their own bodies.

Q.—Do mortals have the power of changing that condition?

A.—Yes; but the power is entirely dependent upon wisdom. As you grow in wisdom concerning yourselves and the laws of the spirit-world, you will grow in power—power to make that right which seems wrong; power to unfold that which is now imperfect and undeveloped; power to manifest those divine qualities of your interior being, that you have hitherto not had power to manifest to the world.

Q.—Will you please give me an illustration to show how spirit is compensated for the loss of earthly experience?

A.—It is compensated by its return to earth—by attracting itself to earthly bodies, from which they may gain an earthly experience; not exactly that which would have been theirs had they gained it when on the earth, but as near to it as may be. For instance, the child when separated from earthly existence, is always returned to earth by its attendant spirits. It has need of the experiences of human life. If the mother remains on the earth, it is generally brought to her, that through her assistance it may acquire the experiences of earth-life. Sometimes it is brought to the father, sometimes to strangers.

Q.—Shall I succeed on the journey I am about to take?

A.—That question could better be answered by your attendant spirits, than by us, we think. If you will place the thought upon paper, and the paper on this table, doubtless some friend will answer it. March 24.

Willie Lincoln.

I beg your pardon, sir, for troubling you again, but really I am very anxious to see my parents believing in a rational religion.

I am Willie Lincoln, son of President Lincoln. I am here for the purpose of asking my parents to visit Mr. Foster, for I do communicate there, and I can make myself known to them so that there shall be no room for doubt. I would say I did come to my mother when she was in Massachusetts. If she had laid aside all her fears, all her skepticism and scruples of right, I should have done far better.

I would ask that my parents visit Mr. Foster together. [Have they not done so already?] No, sir, not as I could wish. I am more prepared to give what I have not been prepared to give until now. I'm sure they will be satisfied, and I shall be more than gratified.

I seem to be entrusted with an especial mission to my parents; not because they occupy positions above the masses, but because there is great need of their being baptized in Truth; because there is great need of their abandoning old forms, and coming out into the living reality of the present hour. I would say that that little piece of card board which my mother has in her possession, she may look upon as a link binding her spirit to mine, and a something by which I may gain power to return to her in after years, if not in the present.

She will understand, sir, what I refer to. Although it bears but a poor representation of myself, yet my life was upon it, and through that I shall be able to do much.

I'm obliged to you, sir, for your kindness. March 24.

Thomas Gaston.

It was wisdom on the part of Deity to institute so simple a way for us to commune with our friends. Why, the whole atmosphere looks to me like one stupendous telegraph shop, with wires here, there, and everywhere, and everything seems to be an operator. But the best of all are these luminous bodies called mediums. They not only attract us to themselves, by their physical luminosity, but they give us power to attach ourselves to their bodies, and come back and work out our salvation, though it be with "fear and trembling."

It is now only two years since I went home, left one home and entered another; and I have never been fortunate enough to gain sufficient power over those bodies to speak until to-day. I lived on the earth eighty-seven years, and I think, after all, I died in childhood, for I know so little about life, that I was hardly able to go alone when I lost my body.

I am from Castleton, Delaware. I have one son who was living at the South, had lived there thirty odd years. The last time I heard from him he was under Southern surveillance, to a great extent, and was quite rabid against our Northern principles. I got my daughter to write a letter for me to him, to this effect: "You'll see the day—if you do n't before death, I think you will after—when you'll be sorry for the course you pursued. I don't disown you, but I don't like the way you're managing. Your forefathers defended the flag of the Union, and some of 'em laid down their lives that they might do so; and now you'd trample it under your feet. Oh, my son, I'm ashamed of you! I'm ashamed to own that I'm your father, when I think of the course you have taken in regard to this war."

I feel just the same now, and I can't see why a person may not come here and express himself as

well after death as before. When he has all his powers and his opinions unaltered, then why not express himself accordingly? Yes, yes, Thomas Gaston is the same, and he feels the same reverence for the old flag as ever, and he calls upon his son to return to his first love, for surely he did love the Union once.

I'm not as enfeebled in my spiritual condition as I seem to be here, to-day. I have the full possession of my faculties, the same as I had while on earth, and the power, in my spiritual condition, but here I must be what I was during my last days upon the earth—weak.

My son has lately lost his first born in war. If he wants to hear from him, let him go where God has appointed the means by which he may communicate, and he'll be sure to hear from him.

I would wish that my letter, sir, might reach Charleston, South Carolina. I would like it to reach my son, James H. Gaston of Charleston, South Carolina. Good day.

You ask, I believe, for us to give a statement concerning the disease we died of. I had no disease. I lived out the full measure of my days, and died in my bed; went to sleep, apparently as well as ever, and woke up a new man. March 24.

Eleanor Arnold.

I do not come to ask forgiveness of my friends on earth, but simply to add my mite toward proving to my friends on the earth that I'm not dead, and that I've found not such a hereafter as they have believed.

I am not here to vindicate my past life, by any means. I sincerely regret the course I was compelled to take, for it has flung a dark shadow over my spirit. And, although I'm sure I shall sooner or later cast it off, still there are very many unpleasant things to contend with just now.

I was born in Compton, New Jersey, in the year 1840. I died in St. Louis, in December, 1863. I lived in New York City four years, under circumstances which I care not to speak of here. I fled from the tyranny of my relatives with whom I resided after the death of my mother, the remembrance of whom I ever cherished as sacred. Though I was charged with disgracing her name, yet there was a sacred chamber in my soul that no one but her spirit ever entered. Had she been spared to me my life might have been a far different one. But she was taken, and I was tossed friendless upon the ocean of life, and compelled, absolutely compelled to choose wrong rather than right.

My friends in New Jersey have been informed of my death, and some of them say it were better she had died in her childhood; and others have consigned me to an endless hell; others hope that I found pardon and forgiveness before death. To each and all I have but little to say. My own soul is my own judge. I must stand acquitted or condemned before the tribunal of the God that dwells within me. No one has a right to condemn, no one has a right to acquit me, save the God of my own being. That I am condemned to a certain extent, is equally true. I would in all kindness ask my ancestors to turn within themselves and search carefully their own souls, and see if there are no deformed objects there; no rooms that need cleansing; no portions of their being that need their care. If there are none, they may try to reform others. But if there is, they had better stay at home, and do what they can toward setting their own houses in order.

To the kind friends who stood over me when I was dying, I would say, "You have my blessing and my prayers for your happiness hereafter. Give me but the opportunity to return, and you will be happier, and I shall be a thousand times repaid for all I've suffered. I'll tell you how you may safely abandon your present course of life, and how you may gain favor with your own souls, if not with others. It matters not whether we find favor with the cold and unfeeling world, so as we are at peace with ourselves.

Please say that the letter is from Eleanor Arnold to friends in St. Louis. March 24.

Clara Hodgkins, (a child.)

Oh, tell my mother the angels sing to me of Heaven, now. I don't live now where folks—where folks don't always see right. I live now where the sky is always bright, the water is always clear, and the flowers are always fresh, and there's no winter at all.

If you please, I am from Liverpool, sir, England. It was not upon those American shores that I died; and my mother is one of those folks who believes folks can come back; and I said I'd come home—just as soon as I could, and tell her about the spirit-world. But it's such a great place I can't tell her much about it now, but when I've been here longer, then I will come and tell her more about it.

My name was Hodgkins, Clara Hodgkins. I was eight years old here—eight years old. I've not been in the spirit-world but a little while, just a few weeks. I had a consumption, they said, of the blood; but it was consumption—my teachers in the spirit-world say—from a deformity that existed from birth, of the heart. The blood didn't flow correctly through the heart, and was not properly oxidized, so I died from consumption on that account, my teachers tell me to say.

I was—I lived in spirit, my mother said, beyond my years. I was n't like most of children. I lived away from other children.

Say I came, and that I'll come again. [Do you remember the street your mother lives in?] Yes, sir, Hopewell Square; it isn't a street. [Will she get a paper if we direct one to her?] She'll get it without, because she does get—because she did get it before I died. Good-by. March 24.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Obituaries.

Departed for the spiritland, from Dover, Vt., March 8, 1864, Mr. William H. Woods, aged 72 years and 8 days. He leaves a wife, father, mother and sister to survive for his early departure. He was a native of New England, and was industrious, was living with his parents and sister (an only daughter) a quiet and harmonious life until his wife's death, when he was called upon to support a family of four. He was a "vacant chair" will be a remembrance to the family, and his death will be a loss to the community. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, March 14, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Dover, Vt., on Tuesday, March 15, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

"A land where light is never dimmed by shade, Where fields are always verdant, Where flowers are always fresh, Where the loved ones are ever near." These words were the last words of the deceased, and they were the words of the living. He was a man of great faith and courage, and his death was a great loss to the community. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, March 14, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Dover, Vt., on Tuesday, March 15, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

On the 27th of March, the angel from the mortal form of the sweet spirit of Little George L. Bingham, eldest son of Lyman B. and Mary Bingham, who had been in the world for two years and two months, passed from this life to the life hereafter. He was a child of great promise, and his death was a great loss to the family. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, March 28, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Dover, Vt., on Tuesday, March 29, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

It was no common child to us, Who loved to sit in his chair, and to see him with his eyes on earth to dwell. Between our souls and heaven, Drawing us nearer to that source From whence all good things come. And now we miss that little hand That reached from him to us, And now we miss that little head That looked from him to us. Where loved ones never die. M. S. TOWNSEND.

In North Cambridge, on the 4th of April, my dear little cousin Robert D. Wood, youngest son of Frederick and Eveline B. Wood, went out from the earth, where his presence has been for seven years and six months. He was a child of great promise, and his death was a great loss to the family. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, April 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at North Cambridge, on Tuesday, April 6, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

But seven years he lingered here, And yet upon that brow Stamped the type of manliness That made his name so dear. His eyes were blue and bright, His hair was dark and fair, And now we miss that little hand That reached from him to us, And now we miss that little head That looked from him to us. Where loved ones never die. M. S. TOWNSEND.

From Oswego, Ill., March 3, 1864, Harvey W. Tooley, son of William Tooley, aged 23 years and 8 months and 24 days. He was a native of New England, and was industrious, was living with his parents and sister (an only daughter) a quiet and harmonious life until his wife's death, when he was called upon to support a family of four. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, March 4, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Oswego, Ill., on Tuesday, March 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Again the celestial visitant have decked the brow of a true and noble soldier with laurels of victory, and bore his spirit away from the human form. He was a child of great promise, and his death was a great loss to the family. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, March 4, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Oswego, Ill., on Tuesday, March 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Also, March 11th, Martha Tooley, son of William Tooley, 27 years and 6 months. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Passed to Spirit Land, April 4th, 1864, Elzaburh A. Pomeroy, aged 63 years and 6 months and 24 days. He was a native of New England, and was industrious, was living with his parents and sister (an only daughter) a quiet and harmonious life until his wife's death, when he was called upon to support a family of four. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, April 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Oswego, Ill., on Tuesday, April 6, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

He was a man of great faith and courage, and his death was a great loss to the community. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, on Monday, April 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M. He was buried in the cemetery at Oswego, Ill., on Tuesday, April 6, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

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to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."

Dr. H. P. CLARK, Pavilion, 51 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture on the subject of "The Human Mind." Miss KATHA HARRISON, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 10-12. Miss L. V. HATCH, present address, New York, Jan. 2-4. Miss R. M. JOHNSON, will answer calls to lecture, Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2-4. Mrs. J. C. CLARK, speaks upon questions of government, Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2-4. Mrs. J. C. CLARK, speaks upon questions of government, Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2-4.

Mrs. SARAH A. BURNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2-4. Mrs. SARAH A. BURNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2-4.

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New Books.

SECOND EDITION. RALPH BALE. THE BOOK OF THE AGE. CLARK'S PLAIN GUIDE.

SPRITUALISM! TEXT BOOK, REFERENCE BOOK, HAND-BOOK, COMPLETE COMPEND, THOROUGHLY REVISED FOR ALL WHO WOULD KNOW SPIRITUALISM IN ITS HUNDRED PHASES, FORMS, AND APPLICATIONS.

BY URIAH CLARK. "EXCELLENT" both the informed and uninformed should read it. - William H. Smith, London (England) Spiritualist Magazine.

No book from the spiritual press has ever elicited such universal interest and sympathy as this Guide to Spiritualism. There is no dissenting voice, either from the press or the people. The first edition sold rapidly, and the second edition has been issued in a revised and improved form. The best critics on both sides of the Atlantic are agreed in pronouncing this one of the most readable, thorough, interesting and instructive works of the kind ever published. It is an indispensable source of New Testament to this modern age, though the author erects no standards of authority or infallibility.

It is a handbook for constant use, for centre tables, conference circles, lectures, the arena of discussion and public reading, and a cornucopia of facts and illustrations of need to a text-book for believers, friends, neighbors, skeptics, infidels, and all who are interested in the work in hand. It is a complete compend for writers, speakers, seekers, an indispensable companion to lecturers and mediums, and an advocate of the cause of the oppressed and the afflicted. It is a plain guide, embracing the pros and cons, theoretical, practical, searching, frank, free, fearless, and unflinching. It is a book to be put into the hands of all; it is a book to be read, and its contents to be applied, and its principles to be followed. The author has had a large experience, and has been in the center of the spiritualist movement, having been among the earliest and most prominent spirits, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Southern States; it is the first book going out of the whole world.

Among the varied contents of this volume are numerous quotations from ancient and modern authors on spiritualism, and a full and complete history of the movement, from its origin to the present time. It is a book to be read, and its contents to be applied, and its principles to be followed. The author has had a large experience, and has been in the center of the spiritualist movement, having been among the earliest and most prominent spirits, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Southern States; it is the first book going out of the whole world.

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New Books.

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