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DREAM-LIFE.

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
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Author of "Agnes, the Step-Mother; or, The Castle of the Sea," "Daisy Nesbitt; or, Romance of Real Life," "Adolph, or, The Power of Conscience," "Cecilia Wayne; or, With and Without," "The Disciple of Life," "Felicity Almy; or, Crime and Retribution," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Dark Side of Human Nature.

"Beneath the passage of recording time,
I stood beneath the shadow of a crime."—C. W.

Those who assert that the narrations of fiction exceed the possibilities of real life, speak from a very limited experience. A writer of vivid imagination may exaggerate in the grouping of incidents, sometimes in the delineation of extreme characters, but the truth and romance, and joy and terror of life, have never been exceeded by the wildest portraiture of fiction.

Soul-weary of the torturing needle, an advertisement met my eye, desiring the services of a lady to take charge of a boy of seven, in delicate health, the applicant to be a person of refinement and gentleness, and to be treated in all respects as an equal, and to receive a liberal salary. My daily wounded self-esteem arose joyously elate at this, and I lost no time in securing the situation.

My little Chico, Maravilla's pet dog, most fortunately for him as for me, had died the first week of my arrival North. It was as if the last visible link uniting me to the past had to be rent asunder. My faithful dog friend was buried in the shelter of a scanty garden, and I do not hesitate to own that with the tears I shed for the loved ones, mingled many a one for Chico.

But it was best, for in my wandering and changeable life, my poor dog would have been subjected only to neglect. I could not have dared to have taken him with me on my rounds of toil, for American housekeepers have in general a decided antipathy to dogs.

My appearance and manners seemed to please Mrs. Thornton, (I give fictitious names in connection with this family,) and I was at once engaged.

Have you ever met with persons whose conflicting magnetism attracted and repelled at the same time? So I felt in presence of Mrs. Thornton, a tall, handsome woman, with piercing jet-black eyes, and hair of the same hue. She was majestic as a queen, yet gentle and silvery in her speech; her delicate white hands were loaded with rings, her attire was faultless, diamond pendants in her ears, and a breastpin flashing rainbows from amid the folds of lace that adorned her shapely neck. Gracious and affable, without a shade of unbecoming pride, why was I half attracted, half repelled?

"You will not find your duties arduous, Miss Sheldon," the lady said. "We shall exact of you only the watchful care of an older sister for our afflicted little charge. You will not take upon yourself any menial offices; we have all the necessary servants; You will be one with the family, sharing our table and our pleasures. I have long been looking for just such a person as yourself—not a prim, middle-aged governess, but a genial, companionable lady. I hope you will be happy here."

I expressed my most grateful thanks. In a long time I had not been addressed so cordially. And yet—inexplicable contradiction—my heart contracted with a sense of pain.

"You said your afflicted little charge. May I inquire, madam—"

"Oh certainly; ask any questions you like with perfect freedom. I will send for Gusty," and the lady touched a silver bell. "The advertisement prepared you for the fact of his delicate health; but from that you are not to fear that you are to be troubled with a helplessly sick child. Gusty enjoys good health, though he is not strong, and cannot bear much excitement; and as we did not care to make his misfortune public, we did not mention that he is deformed. That is what ails him."

"I am sincerely grieved, and hope I may do my duty. I will do my very best, madam," I said, earnestly. "Have you other children?" I asked, with tears of pity in my eyes.

"I never had any," she replied, with a sigh. "Gusty is my sister's child, an orphan."

A strange expression flitted over her face, and at that moment a servant entered, leading Gusty Howard by the hand.

My heart, so long starved for affection, turned its full tide of love toward this most beautiful, this cherishing child. Unaccustomed to the wiles, caresses and companionship of children, the latent and holy feeling of maternity, that is woman's virginal as well as wifely power, awoke into life at the sight of the delicate arial creature before me, who, but for one sad world-mark, would have realized the vision of an angel.

Blue eyes,apphire deep and lustrous, wide open with the confident love and wonder-working faculty of childhood, a face pure as the lily, on which the rose-hues flitted as the waves advance upon and recede from the shore, ripe, coral lips, tremulous with unuttered feeling, a wide, high brow, surmounted by curling hair of richest gold, spirituality, sensibility, impressed on every lineament, in stature small for his age, with hands and feet that corresponded to the beauty of face and limb, but alas! between the shoulders uprose an unsightly hump.

Despite of my long-cultivated self-control, my tears burst forth. Glancing at the face of Mrs. Thornton, I deemed it strangely impassive.

"Are you the lady that's going to take care of Gusty—take him out, and sleep in his room?" The sweet voice thrilled me with renewed emotion. I took him up and kissed him.

"You're good, you are; Aunt Malvina is n't," he said, in a positive but not at all angry tone. Mrs. Thornton smiled. "You will find him a crotchety little fellow, Miss Sheldon, but not intractable," and she whispered in my ear, "We fear his mind is not quite bright; our physician has hinted as much."

Gusty, who had slipped from my lap and was standing in the remotest corner, where he could not possibly have heard, replied, as positively as before:

"That is n't so; do n't you believe it."

Mrs. Thornton colored, and said:

"We think sometimes the child is uncanny, as the Scotch have it; but it is a peculiarity of his disease; the mental is affected by the drain upon the physical; he cannot live to manhood, though his appetite and sleep are unimpaired. That is the opinion of our physician."

I know not why, but the lady's voice had in its rich cadences a ring of insincerity. The child looked at her with a mocking gleam, totally at variance with his age, in his bright blue eyes. Mrs. Thornton moved uneasily in her chair.

"Maria, show Miss Sheldon the nursery, Master Gusty's room, and her own; and if she wishes any alterations, attend to her orders."

I passed from her presence as from under a relentless and undefinable pressure, and was led through the magnificently furnished rooms to the three appropriated to my use and Gusty Howard's. A sense of peace and thankfulness stole over the unquiet, storm-tossed heart. I seemed to have gained a haven of blissful repose. More than the accustomed luxury surrounded me. I was released from wearing toil, promoted in the social scale.

Every article of use and pleasure that could benefit and interest the infant mind, and tend to physical comfort, was assembled in the nursery. Costly toys, a self-propelling carriage, a horse with machinery that aptly imitated the motions of life, the adornments, books and pictures adapted to his comprehension, all bespoke the care and tenderness with which the orphan was surrounded.

Next to the nursery was a cosy little bed-chamber, containing all the appurtenances of luxury in a diminutive form. Rose-colored curtains, looped back with silver cord and tassels, and overhung with lace, decked the windows, the bed, and draped the door that led into my chamber. There, hangings of orange-hued silk were relieved with festoons of purple, a rich and Oriental fancy that just suited me. Silver and crystal glistened from the toilet. Pictures and mirrors greeted me from marble-white walls. Porphyry and cornelian, coral and amber, gleamed from vases and inlaid tables. It was as if I had been transported from the realities of toil to the long-wished-for Dream-land of Rest.

Very strange was the innocent prattle of little Gusty: "Do you know, aunty," he commenced—"I shall call you aunty, 'cause I like you, I always call her ma'am—my mother is in heaven, and I see her sometimes every night, and she tells me all about the angels, and says my name up there is Angel Caline, but they call me Gusty here, and some folks say I was a little storm; that's 'cause mother died when I was born, and papa never came back from the big seas; but little Gusty is rich, aunty; I shan't call you Miss Sheldon, and when I grow up to be a man, you shall have some of my money, that you shall! They want it all; but I shall do as I please when I grow up. All these pretty things are bought with my money, aunty."

Was it the mere babbling of a child's fancy, or was there truth in his assertions? A feeling of mystery environed me. Was the boy in reality half-witted? As if in reply to my mental question, he went on:

"They want people to think me a fool; but I see what they can't; I see mother in heaven, and papa—they think he is dead in the sea, never coming back to Gusty. Sometimes dear mother calls me, and I want to be with her; then papa says: 'wait for me, my child,' and I want to be a man before I go away."

"Go away where, dear?" I questioned, as I looked with surprise akin to awe in the child's expressive face, over which the roseate waves were speeding and receding.

"I mean to heaven; mother tells me never to say die. All is beautiful where she is; so bright, all things in her house are ten thousand times more beautiful than all this; pointing to the luxuries around. "Do you know, aunty, that I see some days, all these things here covered with black, and a red cloud moving from room to room, and then I am so frightened, and my heart beats—oh! the child gasped for breath, and looked unutterable terror."

I took him in my arms, kissed his velvet cheek, and soothed him into quiet. "That's just the way mother strokes my hair," he whispered. "Oh, aunty, she tells me that God is all love, and that I shall go to her, no matter when I go; and they here, ma'am and Mr. Thornton, tell me about a great ugly, fearful devil, oh, I'm so afraid!" Again he covered in a paroxysm of dread; with blanched cheek and trembling limbs, he clung to me; I understood that the sensitive, delicately organized mind had been subjected to the tortures of the popular belief. I did my best to reason him into calm; and soon the color returned to his cheeks, the happy smile to his lips.

That afternoon, at the dinner table, I met Mr. Thornton, a man of gentlemanly presence, with a sinister face. He greeted me courteously, and paid me such attentions during the meal as would be shown toward a guest, not a salaried dependent. I would have preferred to have taken my meals alone, with Gusty; but was dissuaded, in the kindest manner, never commanded. I could not complain of the treatment I received, and

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's manner to the child was kind, though never tender; yet he most unaccountably disliked them both.

Occasionally a brother's family visited the Thorntons; on the lady's side there were no relatives left, as she told me. My employers lived in style, and went out much to parties, and saw much company. From the great dinner parties, and from attending them to places of amusement, I almost always excused myself, preferring Gusty's society. Occasionally the physician called, and gave some directions with regard to his physical condition, but I never once heard him express a fear that Gusty would not live to manhood.

Six months elapsed, and we were on the point of removal into the country for the Summer months. One night—I never shall forget it—I had left Gusty sleeping sweetly, and impelled by some strange restlessness, I wandered through the house, to drop at last into my favorite seat by the bay window in the drawing-rooms, and there to fall into a doze. From it I was awakened with a start, to hear familiar voices; I was hushed behind the folds of silken drapery. My heart beat loud as I became a listener; after the first words it became impossible to reveal myself.

"I tell you, Malvina, it must be done! Each day the matter is put off, but renders it more dangerous. Only that child's life between the possession of the wealth we need."

"But, oh, he is my sister's child!" wailed the wife. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton had just returned from a party. Only the moonlight breaking through storm portending clouds fell into specks of shifting light into the apartment. They deemed themselves alone with night and their own plans. I was concealed in deepest shadow.

"That should be an incentive, not a hindrance," answered the cold tones of the husband. "That sister thwarted you in all your life's schemes. Her child must ever be a bane in your sight; remove it; no suspicion can ever rest upon us. It is merciful, even; for with his misfortune nothing but disappointment can await him. Do not let a sickly fear deter you."

"But how—I dread—in what way?"

My heart beat to suffocation, as I strained my every sense to grasp the enormity they meditated.

"I told you once; no one will harbor a suspicion; all will be fair and natural; by playing on his superstitious fears. He must be frightened into heaven."

I shuddered with the undefined horror that those words conveyed. I determined to guard my precious little charge; to watch over him with sleepless eyes. To his departed mother, I vowed a second mother's guardianship. Alas! I knew not how closely the coils of evil had been woven around the innocent!

He slept in my room of late; in my arms often. I would keep a rebounded watch. I would flee with, and toil for him. A number of plans of escape confusedly suggested themselves amid the throbbings of my heart and brain. A sense of personal insecurity filled me with alarm. "When?" I heard the quivering tones of Mrs. Thornton inquire.

"Soon, or later, as the best opportunity affords. I will tell you now. Let us go to rest now." And their retreating footsteps lifted a mountain's weight from off my heart. I fled to my chamber, and sat watching the peaceful slumbers of the child until the dawn. Then I closed my eyes in fitful slumber.

What to do? I invoked the aid of heaven; but no light came. What would the accusation of a friendless stranger prove against the powerful through wealth? My words would be received as the ravings of insanity. Amid the whirl of thought, I resolved on the last resource—to pray for little Gusty's life on bended knee; to appeal to all that was human, all that was divine in their natures; to offer to take the child away, where they should never see him more; and to promise most sacredly the renunciation of the wealth they coveted. No matter at what consequences to myself, this was the course resolved upon, and I determined to carry it into effect at once.

On the plea of indisposition, I had been permitted to keep my room all day. My food was sent away untasted, until with a kindness that made me doubt the evidence of my own hearing on the previous night, Mrs. Thornton urged me to take food and drink. I did so, sparingly; and with a purpose enkindled in my soul, I begged for a private interview in her own room.

"I will send Maria to arrange your hair, and help you change your dress. Then come to me, and if you have any troubles, confide in me, and I will prove a friend. Good-bye, Gusty." That strange contradictory woman, her touch upon my head sent ice-thrills of repulsion through me; and yet her voice was sweet and persuasive in its kindness. The child, playing in a corner, nodded his head; and when she had left the room ran to me, and half smothered me with kisses.

That is all I distinctly remember; all the rest is dreamy and uncertain, and I cannot disentangle phantasms from reality. Sometime in the night I was awakened by a piercing scream, and the night-lamp revealed the pale and convulsed face of the innocent by my side. I was lying on my own bed; and, as I lived behind the window opposite, there appeared an indescribably hideous face, with demon-glaring eyes. This apparition had worked its spell of evil; the tender chords that bound the spirit to the delicately organized body, snapped asunder; but not ere the Supreme God regained its way. The mortal terror and the anguish passed, and a heavenly smile lit up the pallid face; the arms thrown upward, the blue eyes lighted with ecstatic recognition, he uttered, feebly, "Mother!" and the casket, bereft of soul, lay in my arms.

Looking calmly into the sinister face, into the wildly gleaming eyes of husband and wife, I said, in tones that made them quail:

"I know all, God will judge you. Let me go hence!"

In a year from that time, the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Thornton became the inmate of a lunatic asylum; and from his hands the princely fortune was speeding fast, in gambling saloons and drinking hells. For me, I returned to my life of toil, long haunted by the terrible scene I had witnessed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Spirit's Call.

"From the full street of human life,
In jostling gains and paltry strife,
Wherewith man's meanness all is rife."

"I hurry up heaven's viewless stairs,
And casting off earth's weary cares,
Open the pearly gate of prayer."—FROM TITAN.

One day there came to me, in the midst of sadness and despondency, a thought, heralded as an inspiration, then cast aside with human doubt, and then again resumed at the mandate of overwatching angels. An interior voice said: "Write; exchange the needle for the pen; give your own life-experiences and that which God shall yet add to them, to the world. Write poems for the people, that, assuming no proportions of grandeur, shall still be enabled to stir the founts of feeling to the depths. Write of Immortality, its bountiful compensations; enhance the worth of Truth and Love. Arise, and join the army of Thinkers; lay aside the implement of hand-toil, for the instrument that is more potent than the sword." And I obeyed, in self-distrust and trembling.

In the investigation of the phenomenal phases of the great Truth called Spiritualism, I met with a gentleman who stood high and favored in the literary world. He gave me a brother's helping hand; through his aid and friendship, my first articles for the press beheld the light; and his liberality enabled me, in its pure disinterestedness, to carry out my favorite project. I rented a room in the third story of a quiet house in a respectable street, and furnished it; and there, by the aid of pen and needle combined, I managed to live, comparatively happy. By-and-by, I became known and externally appreciated; but I worked hard, from early dawn to midnight, to keep the demon of want from the door.

Then came the time when fortune so far favored me that I laid aside the needle altogether, and devoted myself assiduously to the pen. I visited the friends whose heartiest wishes my given inspirations had gladdened. I abode then in the city of Brotherly Love; I enjoyed the hospitality of renowned Boston; I dreamed beside the ocean beauty of Lynn; I drank deep of the legendary lore and the spirit-flood well, at Dungeon Rock. And, finally, for a change of climate and of inspiration, I sought a quiet town in Virginia, at a short distance from that Richmond, that, in after years, stood the affront of being named the Rebel Capital.

There, in occasional intercourse with equal and superior minds, I grew in the faith and knowledge of Spiritualism; and relying on my faithful pen, deemed that henceforth my life would flow on calmly; least of all that it would be troubled by the ironies of affection. I was an old maid, according to the world's standard.

So I labored on at a most congenial employment, turning neither to the right nor left, and so occupied with the glories and bountiful revelations of the future—for I had become an impressionable writer—that I overlooked the social wrongs, and the perpetrations of a masked sensuality.

Out of the fullness of most sorrowful experiences, do I now speak to you, my sisters! I unveil the heart that bled in its agony of disenchantment; I humble myself before you, that you may learn wisdom; that you may grow strong to repel sophistry, and to practice renunciation; that, heedless of the conservatism that threatens, and the heedless ultrism that confounds freedom with lawlessness, you dare to be true to your higher nature; to follow that voice of God within that exhorts you to refrain, to suffer, to endure, for Purity's sweet sake. With a solemn preparation of interior prayer, I place before you the momentous chapters of my life, wherein temptation concealed its serpent form beneath the banner of love, and the heart waged warfare with eternal principles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The World-Old Serpent.

"The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightening happiness, my soul hath known,
And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings—take back, take back thine own!"
FELICIA HEMANS.

In that rural Southern city, environed by the granitic mountains that bore the oracles of inspiration to the soul intent upon spiritual things, there came to me a new revelation of life and duty. Like most of God's messengers, it came unheralded of outward signs. The great eras of life are marked, not by man's distribution of time and events, but by the deep experiences of the soul.

I lived in a commodious, roomy house, occupied by a good German family. I had my own rooms in the upper portion of the building, that commanded a fine view of the encircling mountains, and a portion of the picturesque town. My eye rested upon the shady retreat of the forest, the blooming gardens, the ambrosia-scented orchards. On the soil still cursed by slavery, I felt prophetically the nearness of that Emancipation now realized, thank God! I spoke kind and hopeful words to those yet smoldering under the uplifted lash—it was all that I could do. And I did dare to speak brave and bold words in defence of the inalienable rights of man to freedom, in the very face of slaveholders. I was safe there in the utterances of my "fanatical Northern sentiments," for I was a woman, and as such, deemed harmless; and the anathemas I hurled against the patriarchal institution, were regarded as the ebullitions of a child. John Brown's invasion of the noble State was then undreamt of; so no notice was taken of my protests against slavery.

Yet I did touch, for a moment, with the barbed

arrow of shame, the soul of a German, who followed the nefarious trade of buying and selling human beings. He had fled from the despotism of his petty ruler; from the curse of titled aristocracy that lay heavy upon his Fatherland; and yet, upon American soil, the refugee from oppression became, in his turn, the oppressor of the weak!

I saw men with silent desperation on their faces; women with the mother agony depleted on each feature; children with the appealing, beseeching look of orphanhood in their sad eyes. And still higher in my soul rose the tide of indignation against the mockery that emblazoned a lie amid the star clusters of the American Flag! that on its own soil fastening a giant shroud, dared to invite beneath the black banner of slavery the oppressor of other lands!

Most fervently I prayed that mine eyes might behold, my soul rejoice in, the freedom of the enslaved. I did not deem it possible that the prayer of thousands, abroad and at home, would be answered so soon.

The ludicrous forever holds its place close by the sublime. From pondering the grave questions of the day, I have turned to the laughable blunders of my German friends, in the translation of their Mother tongue into our vernacular.

"Oh Minna," said the good Johannes, to his wife, one day, "I make such a paragon for half-a-dozen spool cotton out of der store, mit a liddle cotton stuff, I gets tree large, fine, splendid gooses!"

"Dear me!" says the pretty Minna, with a toss of the head, indicating her superior knowledge, "you never learn to talk English! gooses, indeed! What kind of talk you call that?"

"Vell, my dear, vat must I say den?"

"Geesees, to be sure! You ask Miss Sheltan."

And Miss Sheldon set them right.

Rescued from the worst phases of poverty and toil, it was a charmed life I led there that summer, teeming with experiences. By the exercise of right economy I managed to live comfortably on the proceeds of my pen.

One day a stranger called to see me. I met him with no presentiment troubling the calm waters of my being. He was a tall and gentlemanly personage, some ten years my senior, with the whitening frosts beginning to touch his dark hair; with finely chiseled features and hazel eyes—that eye that is said to be so true! I felt no strong attraction, neither was I repelled at my first meeting with Alwyn Hastings. He was a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, unfortunate in being the only one in his family who had accepted its consoling truths, for wife and children were creed-bound and deemed him almost a lost soul. He lived in a neighboring town, but traveled much on business. Having read some of my writings, and hearing of my whereabouts, he had called to discuss with me some of the questions pertaining to our happiness here and hereafter.

I found him deeply imbued with a philosophic tendency, charitable toward others, benevolent, spiritual, rendering homage to intellect and truth. But when at the close of a long and interesting conversation, he bade me farewell, I only made use of the common courtesy in inviting him to call again. But I did not miss him when he was gone.

From afar and near I received letters from strangers in the flesh, kindred to me in the spirit, who thanked me for my humble efforts of the pen, assuring me that I had brought hope and consolation to their hearts. The June roses twined in odoriferous clusters round my casement; the skies gleamed azure, calm and golden, and the wealth of summer spread in floral beauty and in promise of autumn treasure, far as the eye could reach. I was calm in the pursuance of my duties, earnest in the investigation of the spiritual laws that govern life.

The fervid July heavens smiled above the tributary offerings of the earth, when Alwyn Hastings returned, and, calling often, revealed rare stores of intellect and of heart; discussing with me loftiest themes; praising, but with no undue flattery, my prose and poetic writings. The chain of what I deemed a pure and intellectual friendship was cemented. With the freedom that our true faith given, I laid aside the reserve I manifested toward strangers with regard to my past life and sorrow. I told him all, and he manifested sincerest pity for my trials.

The August sun flamed life-giving in the heavens; all earth was flushed with brightest hues; the pulses of all living things beat high with the intensity of life's fullness. I had learned to look for its coming every week; sometimes he even tarried in the town, and at sunset would the welcome footstep fall like music on my ear; the welcome presence tarry with me till far into the moonlight or the starry night.

This was imprudent, but I knew it not. Remember, that to the sorrow-disciplined spirit of the woman I joined the unphilosophical nature of the child. I felt no wrong, therefore I did not shun appearances. The new life germinating at my heart sent a healthful glow to my cheeks; my eyes, gazing on the beautiful as love alone can magnify and illumine, were brilliant with the added lustre of the soul. An unusual lightness upbore my feet; earth was resplendent, and heaven with its glories was so near! It is ever thus that sinless love exalts the spirit.

One day at parting he held my hand in a long, lingering clasp, looked in my face with a mute questioning, and kissed my lips. Not even then did I awaken, but with a full and grateful heart I murmured: "Dear Brother!"

I had found a friend for life—I, who owned not one tie on earth. I would become, as he had assured me I should, his spiritual guide, while he, too, led me on and upward, I would compensate him in truest friendship and sisterly affection for the heart-voids in his household; perhaps it would be given to me to reconcile the aparted hearts, to lead the wife into the knowledge of that saving faith that knows no fear. I would be to him indeed an Olive branch of peace.

But at last the clamoring voices of affection and truth forced on me the revelation that I loved this man supremely! that his presence, his voice, his tender hand-clasp and his parting kiss had become to me non-necessaries; that he was to me the magnetic fountain from which I drank deeply the magic waters that sustained me in renovated youth and mental power. And yet with this conviction came home to my soul no thought of danger. The love I entertained, whose coming had been so unawares, whose growth had been so gradual, did not frighten me, for fervent, deep, irradicable as it was, interwoven with my very heart-strings as it seemed, it was yet all passionless and pure. He was married; very kindly did I think of his wife, lovingly of his children; I had no wish to usurp her place, to dispossess them. Content with the love given and received, I could have lived on throughout eternity. And thus the days sped on.

We had never argued much upon the social relations, for other topics of absorbing interests had occupied our time. I remembered he had said it was possible for a man to love several women at the same time with equal fervor, but I had passed over that expression as meant in jest.

One evening in the still hour when the last bird-song still issued its farewell from the leafy homes, when the flowers swung their censurs of perfume in adoration of the Soul that called them into life, I stood within my cosy sitting-room with Alwyn Hastings' arm around me, with the blissful sense of found rest and shelter. In that direct, manly way of his he had asked me if I loved him, and gladly, freely as the waters leap to the sunlight, I had answered. Then fell upon my ear the three most sacred words, alas, so oft profaned on earth! whose cabalistic charm has forever exalted the earthly to the divine, "I love you!"

Still with no restraining sense of wrong, I kissed the forehead of that kindly face, and whispered not irreverently, "Thank God!"

Oh, sisters, if the spiritual life has truly gained the ascendancy, if in the waters of true and pure love your souls have loved so long as to be purified from all stain and remnant of passion, if you can love the spirit of your found mate, nor desire the earthly consummation, oh, then be blest, be free, be happy in the bestowal of such love, in the renunciation of all earthly hope! But see to it that your treasures are not poured vainly out to the feet of some false idol. Beware of the hasty, premature embodiment of your beautiful ideals of love.

"Olive, do you not believe that we grow through love?"

"Undoubtedly. All the finer, nobler qualities of our nature are quickened by its blessed influence. I am better, purer, wiser in loving you. Have you gained in your estimates of life here and beyond?"

"I have, immeasurably. We have done each other good. Though it may be only for a time, both will be benefited; for the exercise of the affections is life, their dormancy is death to all aspiration and effort."

"Why do you say, for a time? Is not love eternal?" I queried anxiously.

"Yes, the principle is; but its manifestations vary," he replied.

"Its manifestations will be in accordance with the conditions that call them forth. Unstable souls, hearts not arrived at the knowledge of their own requirements, will change in feeble fancies. True love is eternal as are the abiding attributes of God! and in them there is no change."

"It may be so, Olive; but I lack the proof. My love for you is deep and strong; but how do I know that it will be lasting?"

This doubt pierced my heart with the first sensation of pain I had experienced since knowing him.

"I know it by the promise of my own soul," I replied. "Only unworthiness can change the heart of love; sometimes even love survives that."

"But often we meet on equal planes, intellectually, spiritually; then our paths diverge, and we submit to the inevitable necessity of change. The one individual's affection and influence has fulfilled its mission toward us; we have received all they have to bestow; we have given all we possessed. We part in mutual good will, and other affections and influences take their place. Have you not left friends by the wayside, as others have left you, feeling your mission of friendship, help, or consolation was fulfilled, and that you had no further use of each other? Does not this experience come to all?" said Alwyn.

"You apply the minor changes to the loftier purposes of life," I said. "I fear that you, too, like many others, have been led into wrong thinking by sophistries that will not bear the tests of truth. Truly, if I have ministered by a sick bed, my ministry of soothing and healing ends with the restoration of my patient to health. If I succeed in succoring the needy and restoring them to comfort and remunerative labor, my object is attained. For a time my influence may be beneficial to a brother or sister wayfarer; all are not necessary to each other for a life-time. I have formed surface friendships, whose links were easily dissolved. I have met persons who have exercised a beneficial authority over the undeveloped portions of my nature, yet I did not desire their lifelong companionship. All mankind are my brothers and sisters. I strive for charity toward all, for love to the lovable comes naturally. But my soul-friendships are few, and I deem them lasting. And Love cannot be applied to the ordinary necessities or occasions of life, for it is the highest spiritual function of the soul. It is eternal as Light and Truth, and exclusive as are all things divinely pure. The mother loves her own child best, and for its sake all childhood; but the unborn, highest, sweetest mother-love is for the child, part of her own spirit. In the conjugal relations, the deepest, purest, divinest love is for the chosen one, while fraternally, and taking its rise from that central fountain, it sets toward all that live. Promiscuity, in the affectional relations, is to me a desecration of love's sanctity. And I hold that love, well understood, and honored as an angel guest, is capable of the choicest self-abnegations, in which it counts its victories!"

Something within me, as I ceased speaking, whispered, "You are in the right!"

"I do not know that I understand you, Olive. You may be right with regard to the eternity of love; but I doubt it. Do we love at twenty as we do at seventeen or earlier? Does not the man or woman of thirty discard the foolish loves of the past? At forty, with heart more matured and fancy cooled, do we not again feel differently? At what period of life, then, can we cease to change, that is, to grow?"

"We shall never cease to grow while we have faculties to expand and virtues to cultivate, and inherited and acquired evils to overcome. But all change is not necessarily growth. Some spirits ripen early, as we count years, into the fullness of as much wisdom as can be attained to on earth. Others advance slowly, with many stumblings and haltings on the way. The safest plan for humanity in the present, is not to choose for life, not to enter into the conjugal relation, until the heart and judgment are matured, and the soul, not the

house, will decide. On equal moral and spiritual planes, no matter whether the man or the woman's intellect be in the ascendant, no mistakes can occur. Morally equal, spiritually adapted, this covers the entire ground; for the soul, endowed with clear-sighted intuition, is a safe guide. And, as the higher enfolds and comprises all beneath it, there will be found the physical adaptability so much talked about; and temperamental harmony wherever the soul-love has chosen, independent of the color of the hair or eyes, or all such outward tokens. As far as is given to mortals, I believe the central goal of Conjugal Love can be reached on earth by those who have grown to its knowledge; and that marriages for eternity may be commenced in this beautiful world."

"But, Olive, what provision would you make for the unhappily married? for the mistaken ones who drag out miserable existences in worldly bonds?"

"I would have all mistakes retrieved; I would have an amendment of the marriage laws that would remove all feeling of bondage. I would ever have marriage sacred, acknowledged to the world; but I would not bind in arbitrary decree two souls chafing at their condition. As we dissolve all irksome ties of business or of friendship, I would make separation easy, and acknowledged, by the laws of the land. Not as now, involving character, and time, and means. The objection is, I well know it, that if we render divorces easy, there will be an overwhelming number of them, and men will seize the pretext to leave their wives upon the slightest provocation; and whimsical women, in a fit of spite or rage, will abandon home and children. But this would only give external evidence of existing and hitherto hidden evils. The man who can desert a loving wife, who for him fulfills her duty, is unworthy of her affection; and to be held by the chains of the law, in place of the golden cords of conjugal attraction, is humiliating to the mind of every true woman. Better to give free, than to hold in forced allegiance. The fancy that will stray, does so despite of the restrictions of wedlock; and the unfeeling wife and unnatural mother who can forsake husband and children, is not worthy of maintaining her place. She does not hold it from principle, but from fear of public opinion. And our laws should provide for the children in all cases where a separation is needed. Please let me finish my lecture, Alwyn. While praying and hoping for the abolition of all injustices, and the advent of better laws, I think very much can be done by individual effort to ameliorate unhappy marriage states. With mutual forbearance much can be achieved; where intolerance is not too strident, where uncongeniality has not culminated in repulsion, where there is a hallowed remembrance of past love, of present uses, a hope of future blessedness, much inharmonious can be overcome. Habit becomes a necessity; and to the conscientious soul, the person they have lived with for years becomes sacred, though no more beloved. Some instances there are where a false conjugal relation has been changed to a true fraternal one. Strange that I should say these things to you, in the relation we hold toward each other. But I deem you justified in your reasons, that have never been complaints. I would not lead you from but to your duty; therefore I hold my position as an unconventional, but surely not a sinful one."

"But, Olive, in the time that must elapse before the amendment of the laws, what shall we do? Even you and I?"

"Live in patience, and in hope of the certain compensations of immortality! There all chains shall fall from off the spirit. Do our duty here, however painful, and love in all the strength of purity."

"Has not my presence, my affection become a necessity to you, as yours to me? Will you cut it from you, and so starve your spirit, or, taking all that your nature demands, secure your spiritual growth?"

"Your presence and affection have indeed become a part of my soul's life; but I forfeit neither self-respect nor take from that which belongs to another; it is for this reason that my spirit is strengthened in the sunshine of affection."

"You take a part, but you discard the whole. Love demands the entire fullness of its manifestations. Would you thwart Nature for foolish scruples, and deny yourself inalienable rights because of some lingering conservatism?"

Ah, serpent disguised in angel garb of Love! Why shall I continue the narration of the sophistries that were less passionate pleadings than subtly woven arguments?—fimsy philosophies, that the sternly watching Truth with one touch rent in twain? This was not the method of the common libertine; no honeyed phrases fell softly persuasive on my ears; no vows of eternal fidelity gave a seeming of permanence to the guilty bond he meditated.

He appealed to my reasoning faculties, to the demands of my lonely womanhood for affection, to the higher law by which I lived. He desired me to enter with him upon a secret, dishonorable alliance, an "experiment," he called it, in the audacity of his cowardice! I, Olive Sheldon, was to descend from the pedestal of my purity and love, to minister to the supposed needs of a refined sensuality!

This man knew not of love apart from earth desire. The kisses he had showered upon me were forged in the fires of Gehenna, not from the altar of Love in Heaven! He could not understand the love I bore him, but let me to reflect upon his views and decide my future course.

[To be continued in our next.]

He comes! The tardy Winter comes! I hear his footsteps through the night! I hear his vanguard from the heights March through the pines with muffled drums!

His naked feet are on the mead; The grass blades stiffen in his path; No tear for child of earth he hath! No pity for her tender seed!

The bare oak shudders at his breath; A moment by the stream he stays— Its melody is mute! A glaze Creeps o'er its dingles, as of death!

From fettered stream and blackened moor, Who calls, "The walls he silent nears; The mansions of the rich he fears! He storms the cabins of the poor!"

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth, The frost-bitten Graybeard's power dely; He curses as he hurries by— And strikes the beggar, dead, to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares, A hundred heartless hovels hold Hearts pulsing, cry with ice and cold, Watched by a hundred grim Despairs!

The forests grow by his command Who calls, "He lendeth to the Lord Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard Is ill! yestowards of the land!

Here is your mission! you who feed Your lavish fies: Not afar, But at your doors, your fountains are! God's poor—your creditors! Take heed! The path is long to Pagan shores! Their slaves are sunny; God's God's all! The winter's dead—your creditors! All Around you! Deal your Master's stores!

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Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
102 WEST 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER I. Tinny's Babyhood.

The soft summer sunlight of morning stole into the little window close by where little Tinny lay sleeping as sweetly as if all of heaven were in her little breast. And perhaps it was, for sweet smiles crept over her baby face, such as they say answer to the whispers of angels, and her little fingers opened and closed themselves with the joy of the spirit within. "Dear little soul," thought Tinny's mother, "if only thy blue eyes could open to the delight thou art dreaming of," and this wish seemed to have been some loving thing, and to have touched Tinny's cheek, for she opened her eyes softly and looked into her mother's pale face, as if to say "where is there a heaven, if not in a loving mother's heart?"

"Breakfast not ready yet!" broke in a harsh voice upon this heaven; "did n't I take you down to the Corner last week, and give you two dollars for spending money, and now I can't have my meals ready. I tell you folks had better hurry themselves, if they know what's good for 'em."

Tinny's little eyes opened wider at the sound of this voice, but the smiles left her face as if heaven had gone further off, and the pale-faced mother, taking her little baby on her arms, with a sigh went into the kitchen. This was a delightful place to Tinny. She looked at the great rafters all brown with smoke, and thought them very curious, and she turned her blue eyes here and there, searching for something that she could see gleaming in the morning light, or perhaps she missed some one she was accustomed to see.

"Bress is little heartie," said the pleasant voice of black Milly, as she came with her bucket of fresh water from the spring. "De Lord has kep her all safe, that's sure; bress him for dat same," and Milly stopped to pat the dimpled chin, and the same sweet smile that welcomed the morning light, welcomed the homely black face, for the bright light of love shone like the sunlight from that face; and little baby Tinny did not mind that the face was black and homely, but only felt its love and tenderness.

"Oh, Milly, please hurry the breakfast," said Mrs. Perkins pleasantly, "is n't it late?"

"Lor's yes, missus, but 'pears like eberything going topsy down, 'cept the sun; dat allers knows jist whar de heavenly path lies, an' neber goes wrong, an' I tink de Lord are teachin' all ob us by dat sign; an' der's baby Tinny, bress her, ef de Lord don't speak out of her eyes, den der's no use trying to have him."

"But, Milly, please hurry," repeated Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes, missus, ole Milly hurry; but 'pears like it's jist like de sun up dere; tings take der own course, an' ef all de masters in de world war in a fruster, de sun wold n't gw'ay toder jay, an' so tings here, 'pears de gwine der own course. Now der's de gwine dat's allers at de barn a watin', she was way off de oder side ob de branch; den der's de oder cows, dey all off de oder side; den der's de axe that allers stands by de locust-tree, der, dat ax war off de oder side de barn, an' I tell ye, missus, der is a real providence in it; bress ye, de Lord look so sorry, Milly'll take all de blame, honey dear, de n't ye fret, but jist ten dat bressed chile, for de Lord gives ye that to do, an' de Lord gives Milly de cakes to bake, and if anyt'ing happens, he gives Milly to bear for it."

Tinny seemed to listen to every word that Milly said, for she crowded and laughed, and shook her little hands, and watched the turning of the corn cakes, as if they were all coming to her dear little mouth, and when they were all done and the breakfast was served, she went to Milly's strong, loving arms, as if it was a place almost as dear as her mother's.

"Bress ye, honey darlin', ole Milly never min' de kicks and cuffs from young massa, long as ye sigle dat ways on dis ole brack face. Whar's de boot dat can hurt Milly so dat smile can't cure it right away? Bress de darlin'!"

Little Tinny was hugged and kissed, and patted and jumped up and down till breakfast was over, and all the time her little sunny heart kept speaking its love by sweet smiles and little baby speeches of "da, da."

Tinny's father was a very ill-tempered man, and was so selfish that he thought everything must be just as he said and wished, and he made his wife a very sad and unhappy woman. But little Tinny had come to her Virginia home, and her fresh, sweet life, had brought some joy to her mother's sorrowful heart, for she was like a little sunbeam all day, and made ill-tempered Mr. Perkins sometimes smile at her winning ways.

To Milly, the old faithful servant that had carried Tom Perkins from his babyhood in her arms until he was old enough to care for himself, and had worked for him by day and night, to do as he wished, and had taken his cuffs and kicks patiently, for the great love she had borne him, when he was a baby to Milly, Tinny had come to pay for all the love and care, and suffering, and she thought that the Lord had surely sent this baby's life to bless her old faithful heart.

When Mr. Perkins was ready for his morning ride, he called Milly to saddle the horse, and baby Tinny went again to the arms of her mother, and put her little hand upon her cheek, and curled her head into her bosom, as if telling her the sweetest of stories about the dear Lord and his beautiful heaven, where the love is all as great and yet as tender as that in Tinny's baby heart.

As Milly brought up the horse, Mr. Perkins stepped out and mounted. He had in his hand his riding whip. He said:

"We'll see how late breakfast will be to-morrow morning; take this as a reminder," and he raised his whip, but Mrs. Perkins hearing the first word, ran with Tinny in her arms and thrust her up before her father's face, and Milly slipped into the kitchen.

"That child," said Mr. Perkins, "comes between me and my purpose every day. You think she can save everybody, but we'll see, yes, we will."

Tinny, delighted with the horse and the whip, lifted her little hands in an ecstasy of pleasure, and she laid them softly on her father's, and the harsh look went out of his face and he smiled upon her and patted her head, and then rode away.

"Pease like," said Milly, looking out of a crack of the kitchen door, "thar's de chile am like de Lord of Glory; she jist saves folks from all der troubles. Now, massa, did n't I know it, but de light of heaven shone out of her dear eyes, an' he

forgot to strike Milly. Lord love him, he jist know about de faithful Milly somedays, and 'pears like he live to ask her to bress him and comfort him."

Tom Perkins had from his boyhood loved himself before everything else, and so when he became a man he thought every wish must be gratified, no matter how much trouble it might give to others. He thought, too, that a man or woman with a white skin was much dearer to God than those with a black skin, and that it was perfectly right that he should ill-treat poor faithful Milly, the only remaining servant of his father's, who formerly numbered his fifty.

When Tom married and became Mr. Perkins, he expected the pretty Virginian, his wife, to do just as he wished, and as it was not easy for her to forget the love of her dear father and mother she became sick, from that worst of all maladies, a broken heart. But, as we said, baby Tinny had come, with so much of heaven in her little heart, that a great deal of it had come back to her mother; but still her face grew no less pale, and her step seemed weary.

Tinny was born in a little cottage, bright with its coat of whitewash, and with large, low rooms, from the windows of which her blue eyes could see to the south the great forests, and to the north the far-off mountains. Grand locusts shaded its front piazza, and cherry trees and persimmons were close by. A hedge of cedar reached along the road in front of the house, and apple trees shaded the long path up to the door.

This beautiful summer's day baby Tinny had listened to the bells of the teamsters and to the growling of the cocks and the quacking of the ducks, as if they were something quite new and marvelous, although each day she had been carried by Milly down the avenue to see every approaching team, and every cock that had come to pick crumbs about the door had heard her say, "Now honey, see dare; doodle-doo, cock-a-loo. Tinny scare 'em away. Shoo! shoo! doodle-doo."

Then Tinny would lift up her little hands in great excitement, and Milly would laugh, and the cocks would strut about, as if they understood just what was expected of them. So Tinny was not lonesome, although her mother was so tired and heart-sick that she could not sit up much of the day. She seemed to think that Milly was the very best of company, and she sat on the kitchen floor and tried to catch the flies that buzzed about, and put all the gravel stones and bits of chips in her month, and kept Milly running from her ironing to see that she got into no serious mischief.

So when Mr. Perkins came home, Tinny was in the very best of humor, and crowded and good, and shook her little hands, and smiled sweet smiles, as if the Lord, when he sent her into this world, had told her just what to do and she understood perfectly and intended to do it in the very best way possible.

"I say, wife," said he, "it seems to me you are always in bed. No wonder you get sick. If I was to lie in bed I should be dead in a week. I say, get up. I can't have folks lying about all day. I must have you go out; walking will be good for you. Just go over the Branch to neighbor Pinkham's, and see about that fleece of wool."

Milly, who was always on the alert when she expected trouble, seized Tinny from the floor and rubbed off her face with a bit of rag, and said to her:

"Now honey, darlin', your mother's no more fit to go out a walkin' than you are; but she'll go, jist to please massa; and now you jist put in your little head to think up suttin' for a 'version for massa, so he'll tink of suttin' else. You jist go long and do it, honey, and Milly'll git you a big piece of hoe cake and the prettiest apple on the tree dare."

Tinny apparently understood all that Milly wished, for she set up a great cry, as if a pin was being thrust into her, and her mamma ran to quiet her, and the dog barked, which made the horse tied at the door start, and Mr. Perkins, in his care of him, forgot about his wife's walk.

"I knew," said Milly to Tinny, "that you'd do jist what I tole you to, you honey. Bress you, de Lord has you for his own, and you're come to save us all."

This was one of baby Tinny's days: it was full of smiles and sweetness, and full of good to the world? Was it any wonder, as baby Tinny grew older, that she should love Milly very much, and kiss and hug her as if her face was as white as snow? Was it any wonder that she should not care to hear her father's step, and should hide her head in her mother's lap when he snapped his whip, or said what he would do? The first word she tried to speak was mamma, and the next that she lisped was Milly. Only three summers had passed away when she knew that Milly and her mother both expected her to go, with her sweet, loving ways, between them and her father's ill temper. He often came home with his breath hot with whiskey, and then he always had blows for Milly and cruel words for his wife. It was Tinny's part, at such times, to say all her little nursery rhymes to him, to crowd like the cock, and whirl around for a cheese, until she made her father laugh and forget his cruel purpose.

He had never been unkind to Tinny herself, and so she was never afraid of what he would do to her; but when she was three years old, and the bright summer had come, he returned home one day with his brow heavy and his voice rough. Tinny tried to please him, but all in vain. Her little voice rang out merrily, and she repeated a new verse that Milly had taught her:

"When I get on my golden slippers,
I'm not coming back any more,
I'm not coming back any more,
For I shall touch the heavenly shore,
And I'm not coming back any more,
When I have on my golden slippers."

And Milly had taught her to put up her little bare foot as she said golden slippers. But Tinny had not practiced much, and she tripped and fell.

"Do that again," said her father, "and we'll see what will happen."

Tinny was frightened at his harsh tone; her little form trembled, and she fell again. Her father seized her, and with his strong hand struck several blows on her bare arm.

This was Tinny's first punishment, and it was not deserved. Her little heart had never known anything but love before, but now something like hate came into it.

As soon as she was released from her father, she crept under the bed in the little north room, and laid there sobbing, partly with grief and partly with anger. As soon as Milly could go unobserved to her, she called her out with tender words, and Tinny told her her first lesson in anger.

"Bad papa!" said she; "Tinny was good, but papa is bad. I'll sing now more, I'll dance now more. Papa may go way off; Tinny send papa 'way."

"Honey dear," said Milly, "de Lord gave Tinny her papa, and Tinny can't send him off." And then stopping to think, she added, "Tinny won't have him any more, but go 'way off and get 'nother," and she went away.

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He also put to herself the question of taking what God gives and making the best of it.

Did like other little children, Tinny soon forgot her grief, for Milly, not being able to show her why it was God had given her such a papa, gave her a bit of taffy, and held her up to see one of the bell-teams that was coming down the road, on its way to the city for its store of goods. But although Tinny forgot her grief, her little heart did not cease to feel the effect of the hate-awakened there. The next time that Tinny did something that did not please her, she struck her on the arm, just where her father struck her. Milly was really grieved at this first unkind act, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks. Tinny looked at them, and saw them drop on her checked apron, and then she ran away and hid. But she felt in her little heart all the pain of unkindness. She crept softly back, and laid her head in Milly's lap, and said, "Tinny sorry!"—little charmed words that children and grown people do not like to speak, but which take such great burdens off of grieving hearts. Milly's face shone so with pleasure that one could hardly see that it was black. Thus Tinny had learned her first lesson in unkindness, and the blessed one of repentance.

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY LOVED ONE, IN HEAVEN!

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

I

Original Essay.

THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM:
ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY K. GRAVES.

The Millennial Revolution to be both Moral and Physical.

It is now our province to show that the various religious systems of the antique mythological ages, in addition to several coincidences already enumerated, were alike also in the anticipation and prediction of a stupendous revolution of the physical universe, involving a total subversion of the entire system of nature to accompany or precede the introduction of the Millennial Age—the succedaneum to which is to be the moral renovation of the whole human race, followed by the descent from heaven of "the New Jerusalem," or "A new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth—or is to dwell—righteousness," which will constitute the grand epoch or epilogue of the solemn and awful melo-drama. After presenting the views of the Jewish and Christian orders of this subject, we shall exhibit the proof that they are substantially identical with those propagated in the Pagan world more than four thousand years ago.

Isaiah puts into the mouth of the Lord the declaration, "For behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth."—(Isa. lvi. 17.) And the character of the contemplated new Elysian homes for the righteous may be inferred from the following rapturous exultations or exclamations of this same arch seer—"This chief prophet of the Jews. 'No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust be the serpent's meat; they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.'—(Isa. lvi. 25.) 'Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.' 'And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'—(Isa. xxxv. 9, 10.) And we now observe some of the other prophets indulging in similar ecstatic outbursts of prophetic yearnings for the golden future.

Joel exclaims, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountain shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with water."—(Joel iii. 18.) Ezekiel expanding prophesies that, "By the river, upon the bank thereof, upon this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed."—(Ezek. xlvii. 12.) And numerous other passages of a similar tenor might be cited from the other prophets.

The Jewish Talmud, which was for many ages cherished and adored by both Jews and Christians, as "Holy messages from God to man," descends to particulars, if not to punctiliousness, in attempts to portray the dream-born astounding revolutionary changes which are to take place by the inauguration and installation of the great and grand millennial crisis. This Holy Book foretells some stupendous improvements with respect to the size and quality of both animals and vegetables; besides in the second birth renovation of the *homo genus*, or order, some wonderful strides are made no less extravagant. One species of bird to be hatched, or created for the occasion, says the Talmud, is to possess corporeal dimensions sufficiently elaborate, and so nearly approximating to ubiquity, as to have the effect, when its wings are extended, of intercepting the light of the sun from the whole earth, and thus produce a total eclipse of that vast luminary. Another species of the feathered tribe is to possess an altitude of such towering height, that it can wade the deepest streams without having its body immersed in the water, or even wetting its legs higher up than the knees. And the earth, by spontaneous production, is to yield bodily nutriment, ready cut out, made up, and hung upon the bushes, or elsewhere, in which the saints are to habituate themselves, preparatory to their ascent to the clouds to "meet their Lord in the air." And bread and biscuits by "the baker's dozen" for the accommodation of those saints who may "begin to feel, as well they might, the keen demands of appetite," will be found ready made and ready baked, that they may "pitch in" and "break and bless" before laying aside their earthly tenements, and winging their way to a cloud-built Paradise.

And all these—and many other unbecoming stories of a similar kind—are found in a book venerated and adored by the so-called "people of God," as emanations from the fountain of a pure, celestial inspiration, being considered and claimed by Josephus and the early Jews, and many of the early Christians, also, as "Revelations of God's fathomless truth to the world," of equal validity and equal importance with that of the Old, if not the New Testament, of the canonical Bible. And why should they not be; seeing that the Talmud was written by the same nation or tribe of people, descended through the same channel, and evidently had the same origin as that of the Old Testament. Why is it not, then, of equal credence and equally reliable?

We will now cite a few of the multitude of texts found in the New Testament, in support of our fifth proposition, that the great doomsday millennium was to be accompanied and characterized by a revolution both physical and moral, and was "nigh at hand" then. St. Peter tells us that "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth, also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."—(II. Peter iii. 12.)

In Matthew it is declared, "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with angels. Then he shall reward every man according to his work."—(Matt. xvi. 27.) "I tell you of a truth there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Kingdom of God."—(Luke ix. 27.) "Till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom."—(Matt. xxi. 28.) "Be ye also patient, establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—(James v. 8.) "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump we shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed."—(I. Cor. xv. 51.) "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled."—(Luke xxi. 32.) "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch."—(I. Peter iv. 7.) "These things must shortly be done."—(Rev. xxi. 6.)

And in nearly all the gospels and epistles may be found numerous other passages of similar import, all tending to prove, abundantly beyond a doubt, that both Christ and his apostles anticipated and most confidently believed that a total revolution and transformation of the entire system of the universe, celestial and terrestrial, would take place, (Isaiah and Peter and St. John all speak of "A new heaven and a new earth," and that it

was then imminent that it would be realized in the age in which they lived, "in this generation." And in every age and generation since these predictions were at first solemnly announced and heralded to the world, Christians have been constantly looking for their practical fulfillment. But the period of their realization seems rather to recede than to approach.

Hundreds of times Christian communities, who had set it down as a fixed truth, that their Bibles could contain no false prophecy, and confident that they would not be mistaken as to the meaning of these texts, couched in as "unequivocally plain and comprehensible language as human lips can utter," and repeated, substantially and literally, scores of times, if not hundreds of times over—I say hundreds of times Christian communities, under the influence of these convictions, all the way down the stream of time which has rolled away since the inauguration of their religion and the announcement of these millennial prophecies, have been ever and anon thrown into the greatest consternation and trepidation, and often into the wildest excitement, by the occurrence of some perhaps only slightly unusual physical event, or some remarkable astronomical phenomenon, or change in the elements, or aspect of the stars, or some other natural but unfamiliar and unexpected phenomenon which was hence supposed to harbingers the near approach of the long anticipated, direful and awful event. And not a generation has rolled away since these solemn and horrible predictions rolled from the mouths of the Christian seers, which has not had its honest, devout and believing professors of the Christian faith announcing the speedy and certain fulfillment "in this generation!" ay, who could demonstrate by the most conclusive figuring and mathematical calculations, based upon the prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Christ, Paul, Peter, St. John, &c., that "the end of all things is at hand—even at the door."

If we could allow space for it, or do so without dilating the subject to an improper length, we might here present a long list of the names of prominent Christian professors and leaders in the Church, who have, during the nearly two thousand years of Christendom, figured in the world as Millennialists, and who have, from time to time, succeeded in scaring whole Christian fraternities out of their sleeping habiliments into their flying, saintly robes, and often out of their sober wits into the wildest hallucination, by exhibiting "unmistakable proofs," "demonstrations in figures that cannot lie," that the "Time is up" for Mother Nature to die in a nightmare paroxysm and give up the ghost, and the stupendous, boundless universe perish in the last throes and dying agonies of time, and thus bid farewell to existence. But the partial exhibition of this aspect of the subject in our first article we shall assume to be sufficient.

It would seem from the facts there presented that the world-burning, millennial doctrines are yet or again quite popular in some portions of the Christian ranks—a circumstance which, we think, should excite no surprise in Bible-believers; for we confess the doctrine is apparently fully endorsed in that book, and fully and unmistakably taught by Christ and his contemporary disciples; and hence we can hardly escape the conviction that he who rejects this doctrine must disown his Bible. And we are backed in this opinion by able Christian writers outside of the millennial ranks, who never espoused the doctrine or accepted it as literally true.

The author of the "Nineteenth Century," (a Christian writer), after citing some of the same texts which we have presented, remarks: "From the above quoted texts of Scripture, there seems no reason to doubt, the disciples and primitive Christians believed and continually expected the speedy occurrence of the Lord's second advent.—(181.) And the author of the Progress of Religious Ideas, (Vol. II: 328), declares in the most positive terms: 'All believed that Christ would come in person and render his Church triumphant on this earth; and all had full faith that the great event was nigh at hand.' The first author here quoted, advertising to the evil effects of the practical belief in this doctrine on its recipients, says: 'They neglected their families, ceased from all labor, gave away their property, and many became inmates of insane retreats.'—(190.)

(To be continued in our next.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

A VISION.

BY MISS E. C. ODIORNE.

Is it? It cannot be, and yet it seems
As though my soul, free from its earthly chains,
Is slowly floating midst the tinted clouds
Of that bright realm beyond the azure skies,
Where reigns most glorious Immortality.
This brilliant light, too pure for mortal eyes,
So luminous and perfect is its ray—
Whence does it emanate? and whither go?
A voice replied in tones both rich and sweet:
"From the great Source of Being doth it come,
And flows around in beatific effulgence,
This fair, bright Summer-land of happy souls;
This light is not of earth, but unto those
That strive to do their great Creator's will,
It is vouchsafed to pass unto this clime
When their hard struggle with the world is o'er.
Then, all their troubles laid aside, their woes
Like some faint memory of the fleeting past,
They here enjoy tranquility and peace,
Are recompensed for all that they have suffered,
And fly with joy on missions of true love
To those still in the narrow prison-house
Which men call life, while to this glorious change
They give the name of death. Oh! mortal man,
How blind thou art! how circumscribed thy vision,
That cannot pierce the light beyond the vale,
Nor rend the cloud that severs thee from heaven!
But ah! the time will come, when, wiser grown,
More fully comprehending thy great mission,
Thou shalt go forth with true benevolence,
To help and guide, to cheer the weak and faint,
And gather up in thy protecting arms
The tender lambs, shorn of a mother's care;
Thou shalt thou have a foretaste of the peace
The blessed of the Father most enjoy,
In doing good; and when thy time shall come
To leave this earth, then shalt thou take thy place
In this fair realm of light, with other souls
Who, like thyself, receive their just reward."
It ceased—that voice of fate-like power divine;
And, starting from the couch where I reposed,
I found 'twas but a vision, though it seemed
A fair reality, and with a sigh,
Though with a heart more light, once more I turned
Unto the hardships of this earthly life.
But oft amidst cares and duties I have paused
And mused upon that happy sphere above,
Where all the good and just shall congregate
When leave this poor earth of ours below.
1110 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Correspondence.

Thoughts from "Over the Sea."

DEAR BANNER—I have fancied that amid the wisdom and philosophy that adorn your pages, a short description of my voyage to this "Golden Land" might not be out of place, or quite unwelcome to the many dear friends who wait for tidings from the wanderer.

On the 21st of Oct., I found myself, true to the predictions of my spirit-guides, though contrary to all human conceptions of the possible, on board the new steamer "New York," bound for Aspinwall, and advertised to leave at noon. After numerous delays the signal for departure was given. The scene that followed I shall never forget; in the picture-gallery of Memory it will live forever. The pier, the sea of upturned faces, the tearful eyes watching the receding ship, the quivering lips that strove to smile, the trembling hands that waved a farewell, the voices that essayed a parting cheer that subsided into silence, broken only by an occasional sob, as slowly we left the shores—how can it ever be forgotten? My friend Mrs. H. and myself stood side by side, uttering no comment, but silently breathing our farewells to those dear ones whose "Godspeed" still lingered on our ears, the benediction of whose love and friendship will abide with us forever, and a feeling of "sadness and longing," blended with grateful thanksgiving, rested upon our hearts.

The descriptions vouchsafed us by different benevolent individuals with regard to the horrors of steamboat accommodation were not realized; our state-room was comfortable and reasonably commodious, and upon the first appearance of "white caps," we retired to its shelter, very indignant to learn that we were to be waited upon, and that our state-rooms were consigned to the charge of male waiters. A lady who had made the voyage before, dryly observed that "when it got rough, she reckoned we should not care"—a remark that was assuredly verified to the letter. Our room was shared by a lady and her daughter, and we were all consigned to the care of one of the homeliest specimens of the Emerald Isle it has ever been my ill fortune to encounter. He rejoiced in the name of "Larry," and for two days this appellation was upon our lips every half hour, uttered in the most doleful accent possible, and "Larry, for pity's sake do not forget to bring this," or "Larry, be sure to remember that," were injunctions ever recurring in entire oblivion of the indignant protest against being "waited upon by a man!" And "Larry" did ample justice to the trust reposed in him, save and except on certain occasions, when he apparently indulged in potations strong and deep, and forgot our existence for hours at a time, though never failing to assure us of his having repeatedly "come round," or found us "resting sure."

On the 10th of October, however, we bade adieu to "Larry" and the steamer New York, and spent some hours at Aspinwall, through the politeness of one of our fellow-passengers, obtaining the privilege of resting at the American Consulate, from the balcony of which we could, at our leisure, observe the novel aspect of this tropical port. Hundreds of native women thronged the streets, exhibiting their wares for sale, and recommending them in Spanish and broken English to the passers-by. "Ah, Señora, buy my oranges!" "Beautiful lady, take a fan, for it is warm—only one bit!"—the passengers laughing, gesticulating, trading for the ripe fruit freshly gathered—"Five oranges for a quarter!" greeting our ears on every side—roses in full bloom in the gardens—summer everywhere.

At last, after numerous delays that would have driven an Eastern Conductor frantic, one train, managed by natives, was declared in readiness, and we prepared, for what we had been informed by the benevolent persons before alluded to, would be the "most trying ordeal of the journey"—our transit across the Isthmus. The sun was obscured just enough to veil us from the heat; the cars were airy and commodious, and the scenery by the way baffles all description. The cocoa trees, laden with fruit, fringed the roadside, and, as one lady exclaimed, "Seemed to have souls!" and to wave us a welcome from their swaying branches; richly-colored flowers flashed upon us through the dense luxuriant foliage; birds sang us a greeting; beautiful mountains rose before us; "the glory of the tropics" stood revealed, and my heart was full of thanksgiving and the delight of living. In childhood I had "seen visions and dreamed dreams" of just such scenes of beauty, and at last the dreams were fulfilled, the visions realized, and I thanked God from the very depths of my soul. At a turning of the road we espied a native girl with a heavy burden poised upon her head, waiting the passing of the train. The beauty of her form, and grace of her attitude I have never seen surpassed. She would have served as a model for a Canova, a glorious type of her race, but seemingly unconscious of the admiration she inspired. So lovely was the landscape, so exhilarating the air, that it required all the suggestions of deadly malaria lurking amid the rich foliage, and "Panama fever," to remind me that here, also, the law of "compensation" was in full force.

We reached the quaint old town of Panama at sunset, and immediately embarked on the ferry-boat lying in waiting to convey us to the Pacific steamer "Colorado," out in the bay. Our first days on board were devoted to sea-sickness, which kindly departed in time to permit us to witness the grand panorama of the Mexican coast, and the range of mountains which form a portion of the Cordilleras. We arrived at Acapulco on the 17th, remaining a few hours to take on the supply of coal. Great dissatisfaction seemed to prevail among those passengers who had made the voyage before, at the occupancy of the town by the French, as the natives were prohibited on this account from coming out to the steamer with fruit, cigars, &c., &c., as had been their wont.

The Mexican General, with a large force, held, we were informed, the country surrounding Acapulco, which town presented a most desolate and forlorn appearance, as we saw it from the deck of our steamer. Some of our passengers went on shore, all too soon, as it proved, for they were immediately taken up by the authorities, and placed in "durance vile," till through the intercession of our Captain they were released. A French "man-of-war" was lying in the bay, keeping guard over the captured city, and I anticipated, in memory of "Auld Lang Syne," the flag of my native land, as in all its tri-colored beauty, it waved in the balmy tropical breeze. How many reunions did it startle from their long slumber in my soul—"In bello France," and the golden days of childhood! How much of sorrow, of suffering, of joy, had been crowded into my life, since I had seen its old flag last! While I watched it through tears of mingled pain and gratitude, all the past came, panorama like, before my vision once again, and thanksgiving grew stronger than regret.

The sun was setting in a blaze of glory when we passed out of the lonely mountain sheltered

bay of Acapulco. I had read of, and seen, sunset at sea, but this one baffled description; "a thing of beauty," it lives in my memory, "a joy forever," an ample compensation for the trials of a voyage far less agreeable than ours; indeed, persons who had made the trip before, pronounced this the most agreeable ever on record. Good humor prevailed, and general harmony was the consequence. We had conceived that "Mrs. Grundy" confined her operations to the land; we discovered, however, that she "went down to the sea in ships," and held a court on "the guarita" of the boat, semi-occasionally. There was, for instance, a young husband, who held his wife's head on his shoulder, "and he ought to be ashamed," and there was another, whose wife was sick, and he did not hold her head; and "he ought to be ashamed." Then there were ladies who talked familiarly to every one, and that "was disgusting," and the "two ladies in black," (our distinguished selves) that were "always reading books and talking to each other, were evidently trying to be exclusive; and yet, one of them was a lecturer on Spiritualism from the States!" Mrs. Grundy, having reached the climax of iniquity, rolled up her eyes, imploring protection from satanic influences, retired. Dear Mrs. Grundy, should your eye light upon this page, may it suggest to you to speak lower, when you again "sit in judgment."

On the 23rd of October, we entered the "Golden Gate," and landed a cheerful company, with a "clean bill of health." Once more on terra firma, all was life, bustle, and rejoicing; and making our way through a host of fruit vendors, we took a hack for the "Lick House," and after a few hours, were agreeably surprised by calls from some very intelligent and agreeable gentlemen, who represent Spiritualism in San Francisco. Through the politeness of a fellow passenger, they had been informed of our arrival; a fact they might not so soon have discovered, as we found ourselves recorded on the list of cabin passengers, as Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Cooper. I had submitted to being addressed on board the steamer, variously, as Mrs. "Cub," "Cobb," "Coupe," and "Cup"; but this was the "unkindest cut of all."

My new friends assisted me in the selection of rooms, and I soon found myself domiciliated in San Francisco, and feeling very much "at home." Never have I met with a more cordial reception. Miss Ada Hoyt I have not yet seen, because she is fortunately overrun with visitors, seekers after proofs of immortality; in a word, she is creating a perfect *furor*; God speed her in her good work! On the evening of my arrival, my collaborator, or old acquaintance, Mrs. Stowe, came with her dear, smiling face, to bid me welcome; not the frail, little creature I remembered, but a robust and healthy woman; her altered appearance speaking volumes in favor of the climate. All speak in praise of her mediumship and labors with this people.

I expect much opposition from the press, as Spiritualism is decidedly becoming a *poer*, on this coast, and any accessions to its ranks are regarded with a jealous eye. Several editors positively refused to announce my arrival; and one, only, grudgingly informed his readers, that "Another lecturer had arrived, who was supposed to speak under spirit influence, after the manner of Miss Hardinge." All this I regard as decidedly in our favor, and have no doubt of the success of our cause.

I lecture (this Sunday eve) to the Spiritualists, in their little hall where they hold Conference and Lyceum meetings. I appear publicly, as soon as a large hall can be procured.

I, of course, can scarcely form an opinion of San Francisco; suffice it to say, I am well pleased with what I have seen. We are blessed with all the appliances of the highest civilization. The people in the streets look like in every fibre of their being, and a cosmopolitan air pervades the whole, very charming to me. The atmosphere is exhilarating, and strange to say, I cannot realize the distance that separates me from the little children, the darling friends I love, across the sea:

"So walking here in twilight, oh, my friends,
I hear your voices, hushed by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown,
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around me, though no word is spoken.
Therefore, I hope as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought, and uninvited."

And now for a time, again adieu. Accept this printed page, dear friends, as my greeting to you all, for I have not leisure to obey the dictates of my soul, and write separately to each, at present; but in my heart are written words of love and blessing for you all. Need I add, think of me, sometimes, and believe me always your friend, and the willing servant of humanity.

LAURA CUPPY.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 23, 1865.

Children's Lyceums.

How can those who have witnessed the proceedings of our Progressive Lyceums doubt for one moment the second advent of a Saviour among the children of men? Has it not been promised that the Saviour should make his appearance in the clouds of heaven, and every eye should see? Did not Jesus say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," in speaking of children? And amid the clouds of Bigotry, Ignorance, and Superstition which have been cast over the dear little minds and hearts, do we not see the Saviour rising into light and glory?—their own pure natures, allowed to come forth according to the Divine promptings?—allowed to ask questions, and accept or deny the human answer given, as freely as the little plant absorbs certain drops of dew, and leaves others to fall to the ground, or become re-absorbed by sunbeams, to the source from whence they came? When I looked upon more than two hundred happy little faces at Philadelphia, like a cloud of witnesses, breathing out in every breath the freedom of their souls, and in every motion the freedom of their bodies, and saw Andrew Jackson Davis, with his face glowing with heaven's own happiness, I said in my heart, surely the Saviour cometh, and Jackson and Mary have been among the first angels to help in rolling the rock from the door of the sepulchre. Others have seen their good work, and gone forth to do likewise, and success crowns their efforts. The little children come crowding in to be saved from darkness and death, to be truly educated.

On Tuesday evening of this week, the Progressive Lyceum of this city gave their first exhibition in City Hall, under the directions of their earnest Conductor, Mr. A. H. Richardson; and I think, considering that only ten Sabbath days had called them together, it was a perfect success. More than one hundred and forty scholars were represented in the exercises, who performed their parts finely, with the room they had. The exercises consisted of singing, recitations, some gymnastic exercises, and a march. Other exercises were added to the entertainment by older ones, such as tableaux and dramatic scenes; so, withal, it was

a very pleasant entertainment. Who can but feel themselves richly blest who are permitted to conduct such a grand work in human progress! Such men as A. J. Davis, M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, J. B. Young, of Lowell, and, I think, L. K. Joslin, of Providence, A. H. Richardson, of this city, and other Conductors of Progressive Lyceums in the country, are surely preparing for themselves immortal crowns of glory, so far as they nobly and unselfishly perform their work.

Dear friends of Freedom and Truth, Justice and Love, I beg of you, do not rest until you have established these heaven-sent Lyceums for your dear little ones, and oh! make yourselves competent to appeal to the harmonious aspirations, the pure love-natures of your darlings, that they may not suffer what you have, and still do, from the miserable weeds of Selfishness, Jealousy and Ignorance, causing you constant misunderstandings, which are the cause of all bitterness of feeling and inharmonies. God and angels speed the day when Progressive Lyceums will be established in every district in the land, in the prayer of your sister in Truth,
M. S. TOWNSEND.
Charlestown, Mass., Nov. 17, 1865.

Notes from the West by Frank White.

I have often desired to sketch the incidents of one week's itinerancy, so that the readers of your widely circulated sheet might have some idea of the pleasures and annoyances that diversify the path of the traveling lecturer. Sitting down to-day in this far-off Western town, (I believe it has not yet attained to the dignity of a city,) resting after a walk under a glorious "Indian Summer" sky such as the West only can produce, the old desire comes up again, and I try to tell.

I knew, when I finished my Troy course of lectures, that work was before me; and so that I might commence it in good season, I left the hospitable home of our good brother Starbuck while the stars were yet twinkling in the early Monday morning after the last Sunday in October, whirled over the "Hudson River Railroad" to Albany, there changed to the "Albany and Susquehanna Railroad," for Croton, Delaware Co., away down in the southern centre of the State, where I was engaged for the four coming evenings, before continuing on to my November appointment in this place. A glorious ride through the wild scenery of that region brought me to Oneonta, the present terminus of that railroad, about noon. A stranger in a strange land, I stationed myself, impervious to the applications of innumerable stage proprietors, by my plainly marked valise, and waited to be recognized, if not by my face, by my property. A short waiting brought the recognition (through the property), in the genial face of the good brother Frank M. Wheat, by whose invitation my appointment had been made. A hasty dinner at the hotel, and we were soon behind his trusty horses, winding our way up, around and over the mountains to our destination. Although the clouds lay thick and threatening above us, our ride was a grand one, and we found a warm welcome awaiting us at the pleasant farm homestead nestled so cozily down under the shadow of those noble old hills. As it was now four o'clock, and I had ridden from before the morning twilight, I appreciated and fully improved the two hours' rest before the lecture, which I was informed would be given in the "old church on the hill," in the district called "Arabia." A little handful of noble, progressive souls—Spiritualists and free thinkers, God bless their warm hearts!—had arranged that I should speak, so that they, for the first time, might hear, and at the same time those that were living "in the shadow of great darkness" (Orthodox teachings) might have a little agitation of thought, which is said to be the beginning of wisdom. Well, I think we did have considerable agitation, for a well filled church greeted my "debut" in "Arabia"; and really, I think, with the exception of that little handful of progressive souls, it would be difficult to get together in any "Arabia," in the United States at least, the same number of people so completely covered up with crust upon crust of bigotry, intolerance and superstition as we had that Monday night in the "old church on the hill." Curiously, I think, quieted them when I commenced to speak; and, I half suspect, wonder and surprise at the unparalleled audacity of such a little man taking such a big position as to radically oppose some of their prominent religious teachings, held them silent until my lecture closed; but an opportunity for questioning soon broke the spell. I knew I had stirred up the hive, and waited for the onset. It came, not so much in the shape of questions as in deprecations, protestations and exclamations of surprise, that I, within the sacred walls of a church—a church on the hill—a church on the hill in the district of Arabia—should be allowed to promulgate the horrid doctrine that the reason should and did decide upon all authorities. Conflicting feelings of pity and amusement at their amazed agitation and intolerance almost bewildered me for a moment, but I recovered sufficiently to meet an excited question, "what was this church built for?" with the non-committal answer, "I don't know." Encouraged by the weakness of the answer, one zealous "defender of the faith," as though he felt the annihilating force of the question, wished to know if I was a Universalist. By the style in which the question was put, and by the breathless silence in which the audience waited for the answer, it was evident that an answer in the affirmative would be equivalent on my part to a confession to the most heinous of sins, so I desired his interpretation of a Universalist. Judge of my surprise when he informed me that a Universalist was "one that did not believe in God, nor the devil, nor heaven, nor hell, nor nothing."

Shades of John Murray and Hosea Ballou, what a definition! What would our good, respectable Universalists in Massachusetts, who shrink from a Spiritualist as a combination of all evil, think of this? I rather conclude they could not charge upon us a more thorough system of unbelief than this. "Tell it not in Gath," publish it not in Boston, under the circumstances, I was obliged to deny being a "wicked Universalist." Well, to shorten the story, we finished the first stormy session to my satisfaction; and the three following evenings in the neighboring districts, the listeners were models of propriety, either because the audience was composed of fewer "Arabs," or because they were satisfied to attempt no more "flank movements"; I rather think a little of both. I finished my labors in that vicinity Thursday evening, with the satisfaction of knowing that some stagnant waters had been agitated. I bore away with me also the fervent "God bless you" of the warm-hearted handful that had welcomed me, with the promise to return some day again; and I knew by the impulsive hand-clasp as we parted, that my visit had not been in vain to them.

An early breakfast at three o'clock Friday morning was not quite so agreeable, but the grandness of the mountain scenery, as the moonlight stole through the flying clouds, and still later, as the morning flushes stole over hill and valley, made me almost forget the tediousness of a thirty-mile ride over a broken down plank road, to the roughness of which my aching bones yet testify. One

o'clock P. M. Friday, found me again in sight of the welcome "Iron Horse," at Hancock, on the Erie Railroad. A last hand-clasp and "Good-bye" to the good Brother Stoddy, who had brought me over, and I was soon flying westward, through the wilds of Western New York and Pennsylvania, across the fertile fields of Ohio, and over the beautiful "Oak Openings" of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, to this stirring town, which I reached Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, my flesh exceedingly tender, through excessive jolting, my bones reminding me that "the way of dilapidated Plank Roads," as well as "transgressors," is hard; and my head in full sympathetic rapport with the manifold aches of the body.

A good night's rest, and, after an absence of over four years, I was ready to meet again the well-remembered friends of Elkhart; and congratulating myself at the close of Sunday, in having given eight lectures in as many days, besides traveling nearly a thousand miles, over fifty of which were by the good, old-fashioned horse-power. That is one week's itinerancy. How do you like it—you who think lecturing just fitted for lazy people? I do not complain, for my whole soul is in the work; and I trust for many such a week, to come back next summer, to the good old New England Hills, in good, sound condition, for another trip East or West, as the case may be.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Elkhart, Ind., Nov. 13, 1865.

Our Washington Letter—Bro. Whiting—Cora Scott, etc.

Our lecture season opened on the first ultimo, with no little *clat*, by that remarkable poetical improviser and lecturer, A. B. Whiting of Albion, Mich. In the field of historical Spiritualism he is one of the most thorough and rationally convincing speakers we ever had on our platform; while his improvisations in verse, from subjects chosen by his audiences, made him famous throughout the country years ago, and while yet in his teens. As a somewhat full, appreciative and discriminating notice of his lectures here has recently appeared from the pen of our able Secretary, it precludes the necessity of my speaking of him at further length.

This month we have been—and next month we expect to be—favored by the presence of the highly gifted and wonderfully endowed Cora L. V. Scott, whose appearance in our city marks an era in the history of the spiritual movement in this part of our country. Doubtless her fame had something to do with calling out a large gathering on the occasion of her first lecture, but it does not account for the continuously increasing number of her listeners. There must be something back of and superior to her more earthly cognomen, as the power behind the throne, to satisfactorily explain this.

Her being here at this time has created great enthusiasm among her friends, and kindled an unusual interest among those who heretofore never deigned to speak of the subject, much less to attend our meetings. Just now it would be very proper to have the Eddy brothers or some other good and reliable medium of a physical character visit us, to continue and deepen the interest so recently developed, and perchance to satisfy those who seem to need such manifestations.

As is customary elsewhere, so here, for the morning services the controlling intelligences choose their own topics, while in the evening, the audience select the subject, and at the close of the lecture, ask questions relative to what is advanced by the speaker. Her ability to triumphantly carry herself through this severe ordeal, to the discomfiture of the carping critic, thousands of your readers—with other thousands who never read—well know, from their having personally witnessed the fact. Yet without meteculousness of any sort, she has more than sustained the high position that was accorded to her in the beginning of her ministry.

Through misunderstanding, skepticism, reproach and calumny it is rationally impossible for a naturally timid, true and innocent nature—for she was but a child when first she encountered the public criticism—to so long and so successfully "face a frowning world," and in spite of its accumulated opposition from bigotry, prejudice and malice, to so overcome it, as to receive its approval and for more than a decade of years to command its respect and its homage without the possession of extraordinary gifts, even a vicegerent of the angels. For graceful poise, dignified deportment, subdued, distinct, yet thrilling enunciation, for beauty and perspicuity of expression, with heart and soul eloquence, she has no superior if an equal in all the land.

Timely and fortunate will it be for the society here, for the host of strangers who are now flocking to the Capital, and I believe for the country generally, if she, postponing her contemplated trip to California, remains with us during the ensuing month. It has been repeatedly intimated in our hearing, by the friendly Indian spirit who in private circles usually controls our sister, that she would soon have something to say for the special benefit of those who sit in the big Council fires of the Nation—to which if they are wise they will give considerate heed. It is greatly to be desired that our Congressmen, for earth and heaven know they need it, should have a favorable opportunity to learn politics from a standpoint entirely new to most of them; should have political predictions presented, based upon irrefragable internal and external evidences of their truthfulness, which shall set them to thinking and to acting in real earnest—presented in a manner and with a power of authority, as though of a verity it was being proclaimed from the dead! For it is indeed felt all over the land that the approaching Congress is to be the most eventful and memorable since the Continental Congress was convened, for it is to consider and decide issues which shall fully and peculiarly test the strength of our Republican institutions. The political trimming, sickening sycophancy and unscrupulous toadyism which characterizes the weak-kneed and crooked backed politicians who through our city with their baleful presence; the treason of words and acts not only to the Government, but what is infinitely worse and sadder of all, to humanity and to God, which grows so rank in our Washington atmosphere—too of alas! nourished by executive ease and patronage—must in the might and majesty of God, be soon brought low.

All signs portend that we are upon the eve of events which are again to "try men's souls," ay, and women's too, as never before. The real fight is yet to come. The rebellion for the present has been transferred from the battle-field to the place of Politics in the halls of Congress. The contending armies are being manipulated and marshaled, by unseen powers as well as by earthly minds, for the final contest to the end that Error shall be vanquished and Truth and Justice reign supreme.

Perhaps I cannot do better, in concluding this hasty note, than by appending the following improvised poem, given through Miss Scott, in a state of entrancement, in the presence of some

twenty-five ladies and gentlemen last Wednesday evening, at the residence of the writer:

Mortals, we greet your souls to-night,
From the land of myrtle shadows—
From the land of glorious shadows—
Tinted with God's endless light,
Toned and tinted with the light
Which falls from the great fount of love,
Beyond the spirit's sight.

And we would weave a chain around—
From your own souls shall be the golden
Links, with which the chain so golden,
And so spiral, shall be wound,
Spiral like a wave of sound,
Rising to the great dome of heaven,
And circling God around.

Mortals, there is a wondrous land,
Dreamy—shadowed—but eternal,
Shadowed by the mind eternal,
Hidden by his mighty hand,
Which, uplifted like a wand,
Controls and guides all souls and worlds,
As with an iron band.

Above you stand the living souls,
Pure souls arrayed in shining glory,
Arrayed in their own bright glory;
There the tide of wisdom rolls,
From the spirit's shining goals,
Like created waves of rolling thought,
Around earth's darkened shoals.

Mortals, adown the stream of time—
Time's turbid and unquiet river—
Time's surging and unquiet river—
We send the pennons of our clime,
So grand, so swift and so sublime,
That they encompass all your souls,
As God surroundeth Time.

Yes, just above the world to-night
There hovers an enchanting spirit,
There hovers and hovers a pure spirit,
With flashing plumes of great might,
Flashing beneath Truth's endless light,
Blushing with Love's pure beams
Your dark and shadowed night.

And all the world shall feel its breath,
Its breath, like chained and forked lightning,
Forked and flashing, like the lightning
Which strikes, with burning tongue, pale Death,
Stings the pale worms, Fear and Death,
And fills Creation's living soul
With Love's eternal breath.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, 1865. G. A. B.

The Currency Question.

I cannot suppose, Mr. Editor, that you would willingly have the readers of the Banner led astray by anything in its columns, though that seems to me to be the tendency of a short article on prices, in your last number, where the mischief is laid to the charge of speculators.

Now at the bottom of all this matter, lies the great truth, that speculators cannot create conditions. They can take advantage of conditions precisely as we all do, and so aggravate an evil already existing. But they have not a tithe of the power possessed by the rest of us, who, upon suspicion of a rise, immediately purchase an extra supply, and thus create conditions of which we subsequently make great complaint.

The real difficulty lies deeper, in the action of our Government, in suspending specie payments and thus permitting producers to make their own prices, without reference to a standard which has some known relation to labor.

Now all producers, not being affected by the rise in prices, so long as they are exchanging products with each other, are, as a class, interested when dealing with those who have fixed incomes which cannot readily change, to charge us more price; or in other words, give us less of their labor than they would otherwise do.

If they pay us in gold, or commodities at gold price, then we are all on the same footing. But that they do not do now, nor will they do it at present, all the efforts of Mr. McCulloch to the contrary notwithstanding.

The withdrawal of legal tenders, or of any one form of currency, will simply compel the substitution of some other less convenient form. Prices will remain, and must be represented. Currency is an effect, and not a cause; and all action founded upon the idea of withdrawing currency (so called) will simply show our folly.

Let the Government resume specie payments, as it can do, if so disposed, in less than six months, and then you will see prices go down, and the surplus currency, if there is such, will disappear. All this seems so plain to me, after my long and patient study of the question, that I can hardly realize how many of our business should take a different view. But I know the majority do so, and sometimes I am quite hopeless as to the result.

I wish you would, at your first opportunity, call upon Nicholas Biddle, Daniel Webster, John Davis and Alexander Hamilton, and ask them whether the ideas I have advanced to you, so different from what are entertained by others, are not true, substantially; if they are not, in fact, their ideas, rather than mine.

Perhaps through Mrs. Conant, with this in her hands, they may tell you more than I can, and enable you to see, as I do, how vastly important a true understanding of this question is to all of us.

Truly yours, D. WILDER, JR.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 16, 1865.

Matters in San Francisco.

Thanks to the angel-world for the means of growth it has given us in the sending of so eloquent a speaker as Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who arrived upon our golden shores last Tuesday. She came in answer to the fervent desire of the Spiritualists of California, for some one through whom the Father of all, by his ministering spirits, could feed us with the manna of the word of Truth, for which we hungered.

Hardly rested from the fatigues of the sea voyage, Mrs. Cuppy attended the usual evening meeting of the friends of progress, at their hall, yesterday, and spoke for over an hour, in a manner that held the audience spellbound. It was a glorious feat. At the close of the lecture, the subject of which was, "What are the Results of Spiritualism?" a beautiful poem was given by the controlling influence, and then questions from the audience were answered in a manner to create both delight and astonishment, for their vigor and aptness.

The welcome given to Mrs. Cuppy was most enthusiastic, and her winning, gentle ways, look all hearts captive.

Miss Ada Hoyt is giving private sances, and, I understand, has her hours fully engaged.

The "Children's Progressive Lyceum," is prospering. It now numbers over seventy members, and the exercises attract increasing attention on the part of the liberal public.

Private "circles" are held in this city almost every evening, and many mediums are being developed, with a promise of great usefulness in the future field of spiritual labor.

With the accession to our ranks from the East, whence we turn our eyes for the Light, a new impetus will be given to our beautiful faith. The seed is sown, and the harvest ripens.

Travelling, W.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 29, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Practical Questions Spiritually Treated.

The tendency is to just this point. Never before has there been so general a manifestation of the spiritual qualities in all matters which are ordinarily considered nothing more than purely material and worldly. It hardly requires that we should support the statement with the citation of illustrations. We need not mention in proof of it that the question of labor and wages, of suffrage extension, of the rights of the colored and exalted sex, of punishment of criminals, of providing for the poor, of popular education, of politics even, and of trade, commerce, and finance, studied and discussed from a very different side from the one formerly occupied by such as addressed their attention to it, and that the very first thought raised in connection with the settlement and disposition of these several questions is in effect that about the greatest and surest good which can accrue to the individual and to society.

This is a source of the profoundest gratification to all progressive minds. The great practical topics of the time are thus lifted out of the dreary realm to which they have been immemorably assigned, taken hold of by a higher class of minds, and treated with some reference to the actual wants of the race as well as to the pressing desires of scheming politicians. This result is naturally wrought by the steady spread of popular intelligence; which lays hold first of all of those questions that chiefly concern its immediate comfort and welfare. And thus a reactionary influence is begotten, too, working with excellent effect on the popular mind, while it no less receives in turn the benefit of the awakening of that mind. Everything in this way becomes a means of development. The very wants of man provoke his thought; and by social affinity, that thought becomes more and more comprehensive, liberal, and spiritual. That is the very point at which we are all arrived to-day.

It will surprise one who has never given his attention to it, to find how many of the great movements of the age are conceived, calculated, combined, and controlled outside of any of the ecclesiastical organizations, and in point of fact drawing those organizations after them. Were we all of us to wait for the Church to move, there would be but slow progress. Hence the Church has to be pushed along from without, instead of going ahead and leading the rest. It is because a man like Mr. Beecher so quickly and keenly sympathizes with the movements of the age, which he clearly sees to have no relation with what is regularly preached within the pulpits, that he feels compelled to make the large and constant concessions he does, which his Church friends and admirers style a mere "eccentricity of temperament." Such a man could not live in this world, and yet not be thoroughly of it. To him there is something better than creed and theory, with more life and meaning to it, closer joined with the needs and growth of man. His particular case furnishes only a striking illustration of the tendency in all generously endowed natures, that are capacious of thought, to break through the arbitrary limits which power and prescription have set, and seek their own wherever it is to be found.

What we all readily recognize as fact to day, has been promised for years. It was known of a certainty that this change would be wrought. Receptive, impressive, and forecasting souls felt sure that creed and profession could not always tie up feet and hands, that what had been was not to be forever, that man was by no means restricted by a law of draconian character to the little measure of development which existing customs would allow, and that a general and fundamental movement must in good time begin, from which only the noblest and most blessed results should ensue to the race. That prophesied time of a general movement is now upon us. A spiritual quality pervades all departments and divisions of life. Men and women pitch even their talk of common matters on a higher key. It is of some consequence now to consider what one is really to live for, as well as to know how to live. Social life is fast separating its former elements and combining them newly. Men go in different ways from what they were wont with their sympathies. They begin to catch a glimpse of the law, in other words, and follow it along into and through all the relations of their existence.

One will hear now more genuine Spiritualism in a town-meeting or a school-District discussion, than they would once have met with in a regular, Orthodox pulpit sermon. Education is regarded from a higher and larger view. The relation of the sexes is beginning to be considered with the seriousness it deserves. Commercial men offer no apology, because they see none is necessary, for coupling ideas of advancement and exaltation with those of trade and a free interchange of commodities. Even the legal profession, bound hand and foot by precedents and trained solely in the inexorable school of authority, are accustomed to give meaning glances at the higher possibilities of man, and so to let into their souls an occasional ray of that inspiring light which is slowly but surely to make the whole world over again.

All but the regular preachers see and acknowledge the new condition of things, and give it practical weight and force by the countenance and co-operation which they unhesitatingly extend. They will be forced to yield in the end, or go under. And yield they will. For if the Church as it is, refuses to act with and for the human souls that are wont to look to it for support and guidance, it will be supplanted by an organization which will answer more exactly to the wants of its supporters. Thus all institutions, all modes of life, all customs, all practical affairs, as well as those more purely speculative, are permeated with a truly spiritual influence, and furnish the hint of a time when no life will be healthy or natural which attempts to exclude, or even to starve those faculties whose nourishment is more spiritual and heavenly.

The fine lecture by Cora L. V. Scott, on our eighth page, will be acceptable to our readers. Our "correspondence" in this number, of the Banner is unusually interesting. The friends of Mrs. Laura Cuppy, and others, will find a letter from her on our third page.

The Press against Spiritualism.

The London Spiritual Times makes the following sensible remarks in reference to the continual onslaught of the press against Spiritualism:

"In spite of all the efforts of press-gangs and rowdies in this and other countries, in spite of all the vulgar sneers cast by *so-called* literateurs and quarterly and other reviewers on Spiritualism; from the moment of its renewed birth in America, fifteen years ago, to this hour, it has held on its way, unshaken, unwavering, forever increasing and forever extending its field of action. No attacks, however ferocious, no slanders, however venomous, no violence, however furious, no pretended exposures, however subtly concocted for the time, have produced the slightest impression upon it. On the contrary, it has gone on as if not an enemy existed, as if no little or big dog of Belial barked at it. It has spread itself over the whole of North, and penetrated far into South America. It has enlisted in its ranks the learned, the members of the bar and of the Senate in the Northern States, its late lamented and revered President being one of its most steady disciples. It has spread through the intelligent ranks of society in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Spain. It has made its appearance in Turkey, Algeria, Australia and India, and is now calculated to number twenty millions of proselytes! TWENTY MILLIONS OF PROSELYTES IN FIFTEEN YEARS! That, in fact, is the answer to all calumnies, all sneers, all mob outrages. A magnificent answer is this, truly, a magnificent fact in the world's history!

Spiritualism is now become so great and world-wide a fact, that no one need for a moment trouble his head about the 'dogs and sons of Belial' who assail her. It is because all their censures, and sneers, and predictions, which they imagined could annihilate her at once, have slid like water from a duck's back, that they are more and more embittered every day.

It has been said, and said truly, in the Morning Post, that if the public were converted to Spiritualism over night, every journal in London, literary and critical, would be Spiritualist the next morning, and that in the face of all they have said against it. Bred, now-a-days, is only buttered on one side, and, therefore, those who write for their bread can only be on one side. So be it! Spiritualism will march on, calm and victorious, while they eat their bread and butter, and snarl, poor wretches, over it."

The Eddy Mediums.

These remarkable test mediums for physical manifestations are in town again, and intend, we believe, to hold sances every evening this week.

They gave a private sitting in our Circle Room on Thursday evening last, before a small but critical party of ladies and gentlemen who subjected them to rigid scrutiny; but the most satisfactory results were obtained, substantiating of the genuineness of the manifestations and the belief that they were produced by spirit-power.

After the mediums were tied with the greatest care, by competent persons, they retired to the cabinet, and in the space of three seconds the bell was rung, or some of the other instruments were played upon, and sometimes two and three at a time. The cabinet was always quickly opened, and a thorough examination made. In every instance the knots were found to be unchanged, and as hard as when first made.

During that part of the performance when the hands, arms, and faces were shown, one of the committee declared that he saw a hand reach out toward him, even before the cabinet was closed, and while he was looking directly into the cabinet and could have detected any movement on the part of the mediums. Several persons in the audience also saw the hand. Instantly on closing the cabinet a hand, resembling neither of the mediums, was shown at the diamond window, and remained in plain sight about twenty seconds. Altogether it was a complete success, as far as the spirit-manifestations were concerned, and left no doubt on the minds of any present.

All doubters and investigators of the spiritual phenomena in this city now have an opportunity to investigate for themselves, and we hope they will avail themselves of it.

The Jamaica Revolt.

The horrible scenes just enacted in Jamaica have at length come to an end. It was, all told, a horrid spectacle. The plan of revolt was deliberately formed, but prematurely put in effect. The consequence was the bloody consequences have recoiled on the heads of the revolting leaders themselves. It was said that eight miles of road were strewn with their corpses. They committed fearful havoc on life and property before they were subdued, and scores of them were hanged after capture. The real cause of such a revolt is concealed from us, but time will reveal it. Some reports ascribe it to an attempt to collect the taxes; but as these are light, it must have been deeper and more fundamental. The British Colonial Government will not tolerate rebellion against their authority, if the employment of power will suffice to put it down.

Lizzie Doten Going West.

Miss Doten is engaged to speak in Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, New York, during December. From thence she intends visiting the West, in compliance with the many urgent solicitations from friends in various parts of that great vineyard, going as far as St. Louis, Missouri. Societies in New England and the Middle States will not willingly part with her for any great length of time, for she has already done a mighty work in their midst, but not yet completed it. If she can do half as much good in the West as she has in the East, we bid her God-speed and a safe and welcome return. We congratulate our Western friends upon the prospect of a visit from one of the ablest female lecturers in the spiritual ranks, and trust that all who can will avail themselves of the opportunity, which may never be offered them again, of listening to her addresses.

Important Fact.

A letter from Paris to a New York cotemporary, in speaking of the cholera in France, and particularly in the capital of that country, states the fact as an important one, and one which carries immense weight, that, with the cholera deaths at near a hundred a day in Paris, the total bill of mortality is not increased, the reason being that people take proper care of themselves, and the other ordinary maladies which prey upon human life are not developed. Thus, if people were to eat correctly, clothe themselves correctly, avoid currents of air and sudden transitions from hot to cold, the mortality of a city of two millions of inhabitants might be reduced something approaching to a hundred per cent. or three-fourths its ordinary mortality.

Embassy from Tunis.

The Tunisian Embassy has been with us in Boston during the last week, and set sail for England on Wednesday. They had previously waited on the President, and, been shown; around in New York and Providence. Our city authorities took them down the harbor, to Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard, into the public schools, to see and hear the "great organ," and through our leading institutions of charity; and they expressed themselves delighted with all they saw. Visitors from the Old World learn much of the future of man in paying a visit to the broad continent of America.

Personal.

Mrs. E. C. Clark speaks for the Spiritualists of Philadelphia during December, and will bear liberty to lecture in the vicinity on week-day evenings. Address care of Dr. H. T. Child.

We mentioned week before last that Dr. F. L. H. Willis had opened an office in New York for the purpose of practicing medicine; but we made a mistake in the number of his location. It should have read 192 West Twenty-seventh street, instead of Twenty-second street.

Annie Lord Chamberlain, the well known musical medium, has returned to this city from a tour in New York, and will soon resume her sances at her rooms, 168 Washington street.

J. B. Loveland speaks in Stoneham the first two Sundays in December.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth, pastor of the Church of the Unity, in this city, has had his salary raised to four thousand five hundred dollars. The Rev. H. M. Dexter has also had his raised from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred dollars.

Miss Angela Starr Kling returned from California in the last steamer. Her readings have been very popular there.

The Boston Liberator will be discontinued at the end of the present year. Mr. Garrison will then go to Europe on a mission in behalf of the freedmen.

A Miss Elizabeth Garrett has been licensed in England as a general practitioner of medicine, the first instance of a lady being so licensed there. The first innovation is pretty sure to be followed by another, and in time the act becomes a popular custom.

Hon. Luke P. Poland, Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, caused by the death of Senator Collamer.

It is rumored that Edwin Forrest is soon to lead to the altar a belle of the South, young, rich, beautiful and talented.

Of Spiritual Origin.

Many of our readers, though not all, are aware that the "Positive and Negative Powders" had their origin in the spirit-world; the prescription having been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence; but the powders were not offered to the public until they had been thoroughly tested privately, and found to be effectual in curing the troubles which afflicted patients who tried them. Since they have been before the public the demand for them has increased with astonishing rapidity, and is still increasing. This fact is indisputable evidence in favor of their curative powers. Worthless "remedies" are generally short lived, but these powders have stood the test for over two years, with a constant and unabated demand for them. This would not be if there were no virtue in them. We are constantly hearing of the good they are doing those who have tried them—voluntary statements from persons who have no interest or wish further than to benefit some other suffering mortal. Here we will take occasion to ask our readers' careful perusal of the letter from Mrs. Elliott, on our fifth page. It is only one of many in the possession of Prof. Spence, equally as strong and encouraging.

J. G. Fish.

This most efficient laborer in our ranks, has been lecturing in Cincinnati, for the last month, and is to speak in Providence, during December. In a note from him dated Cincinnati, Nov. 20th, he says, "The cause is prospering finely here, and meetings are well attended, and there is an increasing interest. Mrs. Lizzie Keiser, one of the best test mediums, is doing very much by giving evidence of the life hereafter. Success to the labors of all such instrumentalities. I go to Providence for the month of December."

The "New Guide through Boston."

Under this title, Charles Thacher, No. 13 Court street, has just issued a capital little handbook, filled with just the sort of information, in brief, that all strangers in the city could need. This "Guide" directs visitors where to go, and how to go, to reach the public buildings and all points of interest to visitors, in and around Boston; it contains a good map, and is sold at thirty cents—or mailed, post paid, to any address, for this price. We fully recommend this comprehensive little book, as a most timely and useful volume.

A French Visitor.

Jules Perrot, of Paris, France, a gentleman of fine scholastic ability, is now in Boston, and proposes to engage as teacher of the French language. Monsieur Perrot is a Spiritualist Philosopher, and is familiar with the first authors and scholars of France. Those who may need his services, either as public or private teacher, can address him at this office.

Peace Meeting.

An informal Conference concerning Peace, will be held in Boston on Tuesday, December 12th, at ten o'clock A. M., in Room 4, 158 Washington street. Distinguished friends of the cause will be present. It is understood that an organization is contemplated to take the place of the old American Peace Society, probably in new form and character.

The Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Monthly, Hours at Home, Peterson's Ladies' National, and Our Young Folks, for December, have reached our sanctum, all teeming with choice literature of the day.

CAUTION TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—A Vermont cotemporary says the country is at present flooded with circulars of bogus claim agents located at Washington, who promise an additional bounty to all men enlisted in 1861 and 1862. The way they swindle is to write to men for their discharges, for the purpose of getting them their bounties. Such parties as are inveigled into transmitting them, in due time receive a circular stating that their claim is allowed, and the soldier may have his extra bounty by remitting the stipulated fee—twenty-five dollars; this will be the last of the game. All soldiers should bear in mind that the government has already paid all the bounty authorized by law.

Maria Webster, of Farmington, Mich., in remitting the name of a new subscriber—being the sixth she has recently sent us—says, "I hope to be instrumental in sending you as many more, and shall do all I can toward it. If all your subscribers would do the same, the Banner would soon be able to enlarge its folds and spread wider its wings to brood over its numerous family."

Garroting is common in and around Boston. Three garroters were tried and sentenced, by Judge Putnam in the Superior Court last week, to fifteen years' confinement to hard labor in the State Prison. Such summary disposition of highway robbers will have a wonderful effect in stopping such villanies.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF
MRS. SPENCE'S
POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS

"THE BEST CHILD'S PAPER published in this great country of ours is *The Little Corporal*, by Alfred L. Sewall, at Chicago, Ill., price one dollar a year."—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

Dr. Horace Dresser, has started meetings at corner of Twenty-Third street and Broadway. They have been in session four weeks, and

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every

Price 25 cents. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 156
Washington street, Boston, and 274 Canal street, New York.
Nov. 18.

Price 50 cents, postage 4 cents. For sale at this and
our New York Office. Nov. 25.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Cozzani.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance the Messages with no names attached, were given as per index, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at 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, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. COZZANI gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P.M.

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Holy Father, do thou baptize us with the consciousness of thy presence, even as the sun is baptizing earth with its glory. May thy children dream no longer. May they awake to a consciousness that they live with thee, that thou art with them, that thy presence is never withdrawn, thy guiding hand is ever with them through all the changes of time, that thou art their Father, their protector, their life. Teach them, oh Great Spirit of Eternity, that there is no death. Teach them that their friends have not died, but live where flowers bloom, where the sun shines, where thy presence is understood. Teach them that the grave does not hold their loved ones. Teach them, oh Father, Spirit, that as humans they have been born of thee, and cannot die. Oh Father, let life be understood. Let death be swept away. Let thy children forget, oh Spirit of Eternity, that there ever has been such a monster in their midst as death. Oh, let them know thee as life, life forever. Then they will praise thee, adore thee; then they will send forth thanksgivings unto thee, forever. Oct. 17.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will answer them.

CHAIRMAN.—S. B. McMillan, of Ohio, sends the following inquiries to the Circle:

1st QUES.—Is there a true analogy between the all-pervading presence of man's spirit in the body and the omnipresence of God in space?

ANS.—God is a spirit. Wherever spirit is, there God is.

2d Q.—Does the God-Principle exist, and is it equally diffused in all parts of space alike, or has it one or more particular centres of manifestation or intelligence?

A.—We understand God to be life, simply life; that is everywhere, no more in one place than in another.

3d Q.—If the spirit-land is co-extensive with the material universe, what barriers to travel do spirits meet that prevent their traversing its entire extent?

A.—The spirit is dependent upon the strength of its own will or wishes. If it earnestly desires to be at any given point at any given time, it is pretty sure to be there. If the desire is not earnest, if it simply would like to be there, caring not specially whether it be there or no, perhaps it may not be able to attain that point.

4th Q.—Why do the spirits of our holiest men seem to hold converse with us as willingly through wicked as through pious mediums?

A.—The mechanism of the human body only is needed, and not the moral law of the medium or body used. So it makes no difference to the controlling spirit whether the medium is naturally wicked or very good.

Q.—Is it not important that the moral, physical, and intellectual should be harmonious?

A.—The more harmonious the medium is, the more easy it is for the spirit to control.

Q.—Then a person of good moral character would be preferable?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—We understood you to say that if the organism could be controlled, it made no difference what the condition of the medium was?

A.—Yes, we did say so. If the organism is such an one as can be perfectly controlled, it makes no difference whether the medium may stand high or low morally. It is all the same. But if the intelligence has not perfect control, then what you receive may be shaped somewhat in conformity with the law of the medium.

Q.—Am I not correct in saying that if Jefferson Davis had not pursued the course he did, this country could not have been rid of slavery? And that being the case, is he to blame?

A.—You are correct in supposing that a Jefferson Davis was as necessary to the annihilation of negro slavery, as a Judas was necessary to the perpetuation of the Christian religion. If there had been no Judas there could have been no crucifixion, and Christianity would have been robbed of much of its brilliancy. He is an instrument in the hands of the Great Controlling Power. Abraham Lincoln was another. In fact, you are all used by this one controlling intelligence, all used differently. Who shall say the Great Power is not using you wisely.

Q.—Then the American people are wrong in saying that Jefferson Davis is so much worse than others?

A.—No, they are not wrong. They are true to the condition in which they exist, under which they have been educated.

Q.—What constitutes perfect spirit control?

A.—When all the normal intellectual faculties subject to control, are at rest, or under the control of a foreign intelligence, then that foreign intelligence has what you may call perfect control.

Q.—What is the state of the intellectual faculties when thus at rest?

A.—They are never absolutely at rest; but under such conditions are held subservient to the will of the controlling intelligence, not the will of the medium.

Q.—What is that quality in the medium—is it quality or quantity that gives control?

A.—We should say it was quality. If I am more positive in will than you are, I can control you, you cannot prevent the control.

Q.—Why cannot some mediums only be controlled in a dark room?

A.—The atmosphere in a dark room is in a negative state. By the mediums inhabiting that atmosphere they, too, become more or less negative.

Therefore it is easier to control them in a darkened room than in a lighted one.

Q.—Are there not two kinds of control?

A.—Yes, there are. Sometimes the spirit of the medium wanders off, and of necessity carries its intellect with it. Sometimes it remains in the body, with the body subservient to the will of the controlling intelligence.

Q.—In the last case is the control less perfect?

A.—No; sometimes more perfect. That depends upon the particular or peculiar organization of the medium.

Q.—And the relation of the two parties to each other?

A.—Yes; if there is a natural assimilation between the medium and the intelligence controlling, the control is easy. But where there is a natural antagonism it is not so easy.

Q.—Can a person's spirit acquire the power of leaving its body and resuming control at pleasure?

A.—No, we think not. That is a gift that does not come by asking for it.

Q.—Mr. Home appeared to one of his friends in a city in Russia, in spirit, when in body he was absent. Did he seem that he went there spiritually?

A.—Doubtless he did. It is no rare occurrence for trances mediums to wander essentially and materially from their bodies.

Q.—Then are we to understand that life, or action, is kept up between body and spirit, that there is a connecting cord between the two?

A.—Yes, you are. The spirit has not taken entire leave; but it holds animal control of the body. All the functions are kept up. Life, in the animal sphere, is properly sustained.

Q.—I know a person who saw the spiritual body of the late Dr. Wayland on the morning of the day in the afternoon in which he died. How is that accounted for?

A.—We have no knowledge concerning that special case; but we know such things do occur. The appearance of apparitions, so called, are thought to be very rare experiences, but they are only rare because you do not understand the law. Almost every one of you have been, in spirit, at times tangibly absent from your bodies, and the spirits of your friends in the distance have held conscious communion with you, and you with them. But because you did not understand the law and they did not, you have said "I was thinking earnestly of you at such a time. I almost imagined I was with you," when the truth was, you were with them and they with you. Oct. 17.

Lemuel Sweetser.

I had no belief in a life after death. I supposed that when we died that that was the last of us. But I am mistaken. It doesn't seem to be the fate of spirit to die.

Some of my friends believed that there was a life after death, and more than that, we could come back and talk with our friends here. I said, "well, if there is any such state of being, I, for one, should not want to come back, if I could." But I found I was just as earnest to come back as any one else, in fact, a good deal more than some.

I was wounded at the time that General Lander contested our forces at Blooming Gap. My captain was killed in that charge, and I was wounded. Captain Hawley is his name, Benjamin Hawley, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry.

My own name was Lemuel Sweetser; I was at the time acting first lieutenant. Our first lieutenant was unable to be on duty. I happened to receive a stray bullet through the lungs, and was unfortunate enough to live for some weeks. I suffered much, and for some cause which I do not understand, I feel it to-day.

By some strange fatality I am assisted here by General Lander, the very man who said to me, "Deliver up your sword, and surrender!" I replied, "I don't know what you mean. I was not born to surrender, at least, not while I'm whole." But I was disabled, and did surrender.

If my friends who have faith in these things will give me a hearing privately, I shall be glad to talk, notwithstanding I did say, if there is another side of life, and I am fortunate enough to attain it, I don't think I shall want to come back. But we don't know what we may want to do after we pass through the change called death. We are one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow, so far as will is concerned. Oct. 17.

William Ranney.

I am back here, sir, to speak to me son, what was in Colonel Baker's regiment, that went out to war from California. His name, sir, was William Ranney, and my own name just the same. He was out in California with his uncle. I enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment, myself.

What I'm here for, is to get a chance to get a communication with him; that's what I want, sir. What can you do for me? [We can print your letter in our paper; that goes to California.]

Well, sir, I was pretty patriotic in regard to this America. I been here, in all, about nineteen years, just about nineteen years, and the country always served me well. So I felt it my duty to help fight for it, for I thought maybe, by-and-by, when Ireland is trying to free herself, she may want America to help her. So it's no more than right that the Irishmen should go into the field and help defend America. That's what I went for, sir. I suppose I expected, like others, to come out alive, not to lose their bodies. I didn't come out that way.

Here I am just as I was before me death, except the loss of me body. It was the mother of the boy, that went when he was a wee, small thing, to the spirit-land, that helped me come here.

I have a wife, too, on earth. I would like to communicate with her; but first of all, with me boy that's in California. [Where did you live?] Where did I live? right here in Boston. There was one time I lived in Manchester, sir, where the mills are. I went out in the 26th Massachusetts.

Now, sir, if you can do anything to get me letter to me boy, I'll be very glad; if you can't, I suppose I may think the fault is me own, sir. [We will print your letter, and try to have it reach your son.] I knew that he was badly wounded at the time Colonel Baker was killed, but he's not come to me. Ah, he's a fine boy, sir, and I would not be ashamed of him anywhere. [If you can give us the directions, we'll send your message to him.] That's what I can't do, sir. There's no doubt but that he's on the earth, for if he'd been here I'd seen him. [You'll reach him, we think.] I hope I will, anyway. Of course he knows that I'm out of the body before this time, because I was reported with the rest. Oh, it's a fine thing to go, and know where you're going; but it's not so pleasant to get on the other side and not know nobody. Well, you don't know where you are, and your religion can't make the way clear to you.

Ah, I see plenty of folks coming to the spirit-land that knows just where they're going, and just as soon as they get there, they meet their friends, and seem to know all about the place. Oh, I didn't know anything at all. I was a fool; but I been learning ever since.

[Is your wife living here?] Yes, sir, I suppose

so. I had some little trouble before I left home, with me wife; and when I went to war she said she hoped I'd never come back again. She's got her wish in one way, for I'm not back here in the body; and in another way she didn't get her wish, for I'm back in another way, that's sure enough. No doubt she'd be afraid of me, because the women is always afraid of their own shadow; some of 'em afraid, I suppose. The gentleman asks where me mother lives? Oh, me mother never saw this country, sir. Ah, no, sir; she's in Ireland.

Yes, sir, I lived in Washington Village, before I had the trouble with the old woman. You see, the thing of it was—oh, it's not very pretty to tell here, so I'll not tell it. [You were somewhat to blame, wasn't you?] Oh, yes; there never was a quarrel between two persons that both were not to blame. Yes, I was to blame, I know; but it's not William Ranney that will confess that much to her. You know, if I was in the wrong, I'd not like to tell her so. But I don't care anything about it. I'd like well enough to talk with her, if she'd like to talk with me. I got nothing special to attract me there at all. No, sir, I want most of all to talk with me boy; and if you'll help me to do that, why, I'll give you a lift anyhow, when you come over. I'd like to have you do it if you can. Well, good-bye to you. Oct. 17.

Nathaniel Howe.

My friend, it is thirty-six years ago this month, since I bade my friends farewell from this city. I lived on what was, and is now, called Salem street, near the church, and my name was Nathaniel Howe. My occupation was a dealer in wood—that is, I furnished people with wood.

I have children here on the earth who need to know something of this spirit-world. I have come to urge them to seek for that best of all gifts, a knowledge of their future life.

I understand they have said, "If this Spiritualism is true, why don't my father, or some of my friends, come to me?" I've come.

I was no Orthodox when here. I believed in the salvation of the entire human family. I believed that all were created good; and that a time would come when all imperfections would be washed away, and all would be good again. I believed that there was no hell, except that that burns in every man's conscience when he has done wrong. I believe the same now.

Let my friends meet me where I can speak with them. I'll tell them of the place they're coming to. Oct. 17.

Catharine Yates.

I've come, sir, to send some word to my brother, if I can, Captain William Yates, who sails out of Boston. My name was Catharine Yates; I died in Halifax; lived and died there. I was nineteen years of age. I am here to meet him if I can. [Is he in the harbor now?] No, sir, but he will be soon. He's on the ocean now.

I died of congestive fever. He don't know I'm dead. I was to come up from Halifax to meet him, so I come this way. I thought as I couldn't come as he expected, I'd come so—I'd come this way.

Oh, I want him, when he gets into port, to go where—go and let me speak. Our father and mother are both in the spirit-world with me. My brother has taken care of me ever since they died. [This one you speak of?] Yes, sir; and I sometimes came to Boston, when he went out of New York; and when he was coming into New York I'd go there to meet him. I was coming this time. Because he couldn't come home, I thought I'd come here to meet him. He is not afraid of anything, and he won't be afraid of me.

And now tell him Katy is dead; and there'll be no need of his sending anything more there to take care of me. [What kind of a vessel was he master of?] A barque, I think, sir; yes, sir, I think it's the barque William Penn. He'll be surprised to hear I'm dead. [Wouldn't there be letters here when he arrives in port, informing him of your death?] Very likely. I shall be here, too. I'm not going back. [Have you been to see him?] No, sir. [You'll meet him here when he arrives.] Yes, sir, but he won't see me, because it's so hard. Oct. 17.

Invocation.

Oh God, thou Eternal Spirit, thou ever-present Good, while the dews of our earthly experiences are yet upon us, we can but remember the needs of these thy mortal children. They are weak; oh, baptize them with thy strength. They cannot see; oh, open their eyes that they may see. They cannot hear; oh, open their ears that they may hear. Let them understand they are to-day in the spirit-land. Let them know there is no death; that they have lived in all the past, are living in the present; that they are destined to live in all the future. Oh, let thy ministering angels minister tenderly to their necessities. Let us take them tenderly by the hand and lead them over the rough ways of life, pointing ever to that which is to come. May we show them something of the Promised Land. May we be enabled to roll back that scroll that hangs between us and ourselves. Let us show them, oh Father, that they are immortal, that they are thy children, that they have been born of thee, therefore ever must exist. Let us take away their sorrows, and teach them to forget the green graves over which they weep. Let us take away their sorrows and dry their tears. Let us gently lead them into pleasant places. And to thy name be all honor and glory and praise forever and ever, amen. Oct. 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will answer them.

CHAIRMAN.—Mrs. P. W. Stephens, of California, asks:

1st QUES.—If when young infants die it is necessary that they should be brought often to the presence of their earthly mothers, as I have been told by departed friends, and, if it is so, why is it necessary?

ANS.—It is not an absolute necessity, yet it is often done, as many other things are. Sometimes the infant spirit can be better taught, or more rapidly unfolded in that way than in any other. Therefore it is resorted to by those who have them in charge in the spirit-world.

2d Q.—Why is the species of mammoth trees found in California extinct in nearly or quite every other part of the world?

A.—Your correspondent is mistaken when she supposes that they are extinct. It is not so. There are as yet uninhabited and undiscovered portions of your globe, where there are trees of greater size than those of which California can boast. That locality is exceedingly favorable to vegetable growth, and particularly favorable to the life of the tree. This accounts for their size. There are, also, other portions of the globe still more favorable. You look abroad upon that which you have seen, and speculate upon that which you have not seen, and never suppose there may be much you have not even heard of. Year after year you are being taught something that is not, in itself, new concerning your earth; but it is new to you. Though it is, of itself, old, old as earth is, to you it is new. Your correspondent has yet to learn there are other portions of the globe where mammoth trees are found. This subject would be a fine one for her to investigate. It will lead to something very pleasant and instructive.

CHAIRMAN.—In what other portions of the globe are such mammoth trees to be found?

A.—In the far East, also in the far West.

3d Q.—At what period of time was California traversed by animals of a mammoth size, such as are exhumed at the present time?

A.—As to the precise time, we do not know; but we believe that California was inhabited by animal life, the remains of which your correspondent refers to, over two thousand years ago, when these same mammoth trees were young.

4th Q.—Has the coast of North America been raised from a submerged condition much later than the Eastern coast, as the professors of a late geological survey assert?

A.—Yes, they are very nearly correct in their observations.

CHAIRMAN.—George M. Clay sends the following questions to the Circle:

1st Q.—Are species in Nature outgrowths of distinct essences, or are they gradations of the same?

A.—So far as form is concerned, there is absolutely no distinctness in Nature. Now mark us: so far as form is concerned, there is absolutely no distinctness in Nature. Every form is so intimately connected with every other form, that it would be hard to draw a dividing line between any two forms. And yet, so far as you are able to discern, every form is a distinct species in itself.

2d Q.—Is there an individualized life-principle, independent of organization, that preceded and induces it, or is life simply the dynamical condition and results of organization?

A.—The matter that is termed by scientists unparticle matter, is in reality not so. It is not unparticle, for if it was it could not be matter. Neither is life the result of organization, but, on the contrary, organization is the result of life.

3d Q.—Can the spirit-intelligences of other planets converse through our mediums?

A.—They cannot and preserve their individuality. They cannot communicate with distinctness, so far as individuality is concerned.

CHAIRMAN.—Do they communicate?

A.—Not personally. Their influence, of course, you feel—those persons who are more susceptible than the masses. In that sense you may be said to be controlled by them. There is no distinct, positive, personal control. Of that you may rest assured.

4th Q.—With the inhabitants of what planet in the solar system has intellect attained the highest development?

A.—We believe Earth stands preëminent.

5th Q.—Are the higher spirit-intelligences of the spirit-land subject to perplexing molestations from the spirits of low and vicious inclinations, as they are in earth-life?

A.—Yes.

CHAIRMAN.—J. Bailey, of Northampton, Mass., asks:

Q.—Does the controlling spirit believe the practice of holding weekly circles among those who are not undoubted believers, for the purpose of developing mediums and obtaining a better knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy, to be productive of more good than evil? If so, will the intelligence give or direct where good and needful information may be obtained from conducting such circles?

A.—It is always advisable to seek for wisdom and truth; to strive at all times, under all circumstances, to make yourselves acquainted with that state of life into which you are to be ushered after passing through the change called death. The gathering of yourselves for the purpose of developing mediums, that intelligence may be conveyed from that hereafter, we certainly can but say is well for you to do. There may perhaps be some objections to the holding of these promiscuous circles, but those can be easily done away with by your preserving a certain amount of order in your circles. Come together with a spirit of earnest inquiry. Let every attendant be actuated by a spirit of honesty. If you do this, you will rarely be imposed upon by any spirit that comes to you. On the contrary, you will be very apt to receive truth, for your own honesty will attract a corresponding element.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent from New York writes:

Q.—We have often been told that Jesus Christ was a human being, born of natural parents, and thus had no claim to divinity. If this be true, why should the coming of this being have been foretold, from time to time, ages before his appearance; and that, when he came, he corresponded to and fulfilled all the prophecies concerning him?

A.—Christ we believe to be both human and divine. His humanity does by no means deprive him of his divinity. We believe, also, by virtue of his organization, he was a speciality; and, because he was, he stood out apart from the multitude. He was something unlike all those by whom he was surrounded. He was differently organized, both spiritually and materially. It may not be wrong for us to state that we believe his physical birth was foretold by those who used all the influence they were possessed of to bring it about. That he was not brought into the world after the order of humanity we deny, because we know this law was never broken. We also believe both statements—that he was human and divine. By virtue of his divinity and peculiar physical organization, he was what he was. He will ever continue to shed light upon the ages. Spiritualism does not propose to rob him of his divinity, but to clothe him with still more glory, to show you what he really was—a human and a divine, a something you may well worship, for he was God manifest in the flesh.

Q.—The object of Spiritualism is to show the immortality of the soul, to tell us whether spirits do come back and communicate.

SPIRIT.—Spiritualism, friend, proposes to demonstrate that you live after death. This is a fundamental point that Spiritualism proposes to elucidate. There are many ways of elucidating the subject. You may demand that it be done in one way, another may demand that it be done in a different way. You have your way, your neighbor has his. Now if your neighbor is willing to accord that you go to heaven in your own way, you should certainly be willing to accord to him the same privilege. Spiritualism, friend, again we say, proposes to demonstrate that you live after death.

Q.—Is not what is asserted of Jesus true of every human being?

A.—Yes, it is, to a certain extent.

CHAIRMAN.—A. E. G. presents the following inquiries to the Circle:

1st Q.—Why are some spirits called bright and others dark in spirit? Does luminosity attend some and not others?

A.—No; those are only terms used to show you in what condition of intellectuality and morality different spirits are in. It has no reference to special luminosity.

2d Q.—Can dark spirits prevent the intercourse of bright ones with spirit mediums?

A.—Yes, sometimes.

Q.—How and why?

A.—If the condition of the medium is such as to attract spirits of a lower order; or, in other words, if the attraction between the medium and the controlling spirit is very strong, such being true, the spirits of a lower order cannot interfere; for law is law, and holds as good here as anywhere.

3d Q.—A friend of mine, when first developed as a medium, and for some years afterwards, was attended by the spirits of deceased friends, and other pleasant and agreeable intelligences, but for some years or more, has been accompanied by a dark spirit, who takes pleasure in deceiving him. The medium himself is near seventy years of age, and a man of culture and education, and of undoubted probity and purity of character. Why is he now attended by a deceiving spirit?

A.—Perhaps he has need of that special mode of education; perhaps it is absolutely necessary that his own spirit be so tried. We believe it is an absolute necessity, or would not be.

Q.—The intelligence said Jesus Christ was worthy of our adoration. In what relation is he worthy of our adoration?

A.—Because he demonstrated truth; because the light of truth shone through him; because he taught you a more excellent way than those who preceded him.

Q.—What shall we give to God?

A.—You should worship and adore Deity where ever you find him. It matters not whether he be existing through the flower or the human soul. You all instinctively worship that which is grand and beautiful. You cannot help it. It is perfectly natural. It is not idolatry. You are worshipping the God, and worshipping after the dictates of your inner nature. This is right.

Q.—Should not we worship anything that gives us a clearer insight into Nature?

A.—Yes, certainly you should, and you do always. It is an instinct of the soul. Oct. 19.

Charlie Evans.

I'm a Hoosier, sir, and hardly fit to say much in any such place as this. But the truth was, I was a little anxious, and thought I'd come, any way.

I'm from Indiana, sir. I was but nineteen years old—most twenty, however, when I left. I was very patriotic; went out in the 4th Indiana, and lost my body, as a good many others have done, and I'm trying to find a way to get some word to my folks. So if you'll be kind enough to say for me that Charlie Evans, of Princeton, Indiana, is alive, and reports himself here to-day, I'll be very much obliged to you. They want to know if I suffered much in dying. Yes, I did suffer for a good deal, but I got through it pretty well. The only trouble I had was in satisfying myself as to what was to become of me. I was like the chap over there, who didn't know whether he was going to live or slip out—that was all. I very soon found out, as he will. If he only turns up all right, as I have, he'll be a lucky fellow. I'd like my folks to know I'm happy, well off, and so far as I've got acquainted with this new life, I like pretty well. There's a good deal of truck, however, I don't understand; but they say as we rise step by step things become clearer to us.

Now I like my folks to see through this all they can, for my sake. I'm one of the active sort. I've not got all the experience I might have got, all I ought to have; at any rate, I want to stay here and see what I can of this side of life, learn what I can by coming to my folks. [If they will admit you they can add you to advance.] So I have been told; that if I could get into close communication with my folks, I'd soon progress. Oh, I don't find any fault, sir; don't find any fault. I'm very well off; you know we are never really satisfied. [We want something better.] Yes; well, it's right, they say. Don't forget to push me, will you? Good-day, captain. Oct. 19.

Benjamin Hooper.

Two years ago I came into Boston Harbor in the ship "Huron." I was but a common sailor before the mast, and I am from old Portsmouth, in England, where I have a family. I was taken sick on the passage, and when I got ashore here, application was made for me at the Marine Hospital. Somehow I was not got in. I was carried to one of the boarding-houses in the north part of the city, and died there.

My name was Hooper—Benjamin Hooper. My

Reported for the Banner of Light.

THE LECTURE.

But do we even see how the criminalizing pro-

When a passing footstep brushes away the labors of the ant, she knows no other course than at once to set about the reconstruction of her tiny edifice. What, now, would be the consequence if every mind, neglecting its distinctive gifts in one direction, were to set to work to "harmonize its faculties" (to use the language of the phrenologists) on the theory that the weaker ones were to

It is thoughtfulness and labor. Work, then, with mind, heart or brain, with whatever instrument Nature has given you to wield, most effectually. Work, then, and do not be idle. Work in any direction which seems best to you; and if other people do not prefer that occupation, let them choose their own; all cannot follow the same pursuit. But do something that shall be to you a crown of glory and strength. If you toll with your hands, so be it; the mind may work with them, and make the labor profitable to your whole being. If by night, the stars look down in silent approbation, and the world, when it awakens, will be the better for your vigils. If by day—the bright star shines purposely to light you, and your brother man is by your side to sympathize and support. Work, with pen or pencil, but let your work be finished and rounded into all the beauty that your powers can give it, and other men will bless you for achieving what is beyond attainment.

Dr. J. Dodge Warren.

LECTURES/ APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.
PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE NAME OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. If therefore be
 Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of ap-
 pointments and changes of appointments, whenever they occur.
 Should suchance be necessary, please send a list of a party
 known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as
 this column is intended for *Lecturers only*.)

J. C. LOWLAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay
 special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums.
 Address, 114 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

W. FRANK WHITE will speak in **Italy**, **Creek, Mich.**, Dec. 8
 and 10, and in **LeWitt, Dec. 24**; in **Lyons, Dec. 31**; in **Millwaukee**,
Wis., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in
 the West and South and work away through the rest of the
 winter. Appear immediately. Address as above.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in **Chicago, Ill.**,
December. Will stay in the West through the winter, and
 will visit the West for her health, political and spiritual
 societies. Address, **Boston, Mass.**, or as above.

AUSTIN E. STURGEON will speak in **Woodstock, Vt.**, on
 Dec. 10, 11 and 12; in **St. Albans, Vt.**, on Dec. 13, 14 and 15;
 at **St. Beloit** on the fourth Sunday of the second Quarter, and in

[illegible]