

Lib. Harvard College
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
WE'VE DRESSED HER IN A ROBE OF WHITE.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

We've dressed her in a robe of white,
And laid her down to rest,
With flowers twined amid her hair,
And placed upon her breast,
The light has faded from her eyes,
And from her cheeks the rose;
About her lovely form there dwells
A statue-like repose.
Her hair seems now of darker hue,
Her brow more marble-white,
And deeper still the jetty fringe
That veils her eyes from sight.
About her lightly parted lips
A smile has softly crept,
And plays so fondly o'er her face,
It seems as if she slept.
Perchance a band of angels bright
Are waiting, hovering near,
To bear our gentle sister to
A brighter, happier sphere.
Ye beings of a purer clime,
Who silently draw nigh,
Oh, bear her to those fields of light
Where spring-tides never die!
Without a murmur we resign
This loved and cherished one
To grace the heavenly fields of light
In "climes beyond the sun."
And from those fair celestial shores
Of fadeless life and youth,
Oh, come and teach each doubting heart
Its high and holy truth.

San Francisco, Cal.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY CROSS—MY CROWN.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

"Philip Raymond, where have you been this last fortnight?"

This question, delivered in a sharp and imperative tone of voice, was addressed by Charles Raymond, Esq., to his only son, as "the father," a young man of some twenty-three summers, staggered into the tea-room, early one evening, where Mr. Raymond, his two daughters—sweet little girls of twelve and fourteen years—and myself were at supper.

A momentary glance toward that bloated face, blood-shot eyes and disheveled hair might have answered more plainly than words the question which the Charleston merchant so severely put to his erring child. But he seemed determined not to heed that mute reply, written upon the prodigal's high and expansive brow in burning letters of shame; for as Philip Raymond, trembling and exhausted after his last debauch, sank down upon a neighboring chair, his father quickly rose from his seat at the table, advanced toward the guilty youth—who, mortified to the heart's core, had covered his eyes with his hands—contemplated his son's torn and soiled clothes for a minute or two with a look of deep disgust, and then said, at the same time shaking him violently by the shoulder—

"Philip Raymond, did you not hear me? Where have you been? What has kept you from your home night and day for full two weeks? Answer me!"

Loaded down with the weight of shame and humiliation, the sinning yet penitent youth vouchsafed no reply. Charles Raymond, maddened by his son's silence, grew pale with anger. Suddenly, relaxing his hold upon the coat of his handsome though now terribly disfigured child, he exclaimed, with flashing eyes and lowering brow—

"Philip, I tell you I will no longer endure such conduct upon the part of a son! Not satisfied with the disgrace which you brought upon your parents by your late expulsion from the University, you have for the past several months persevered in a course of extravagance and dissipation which, if productive of eternal disgrace and ruin to yourself, shall not at least involve the remaining members of your family in a general wreck. No, sir; you shall leave this house to-night! The parental roof shall no longer shelter one who, by a career of disobedience and intemperance, has at last succeeded in forfeiting all claims to the love and protection of even his own parents!"

And, having given utterance to this last remark, Charles Raymond, his lips tightly compressed, as in anger, turned upon his heel from the spot where the discarded Philip was still seated, and began rapidly pacing up and down the apartment.

The little girls, Mary and Louise, evidently frightened at so unusual a display of anger upon the part of their father (who, though a somewhat stern man, rarely allowed his bad temper to get the upper hand of him, as upon that occasion) had finished their tea and toast in silence, and crept round to the head of the table—a seat of honor assigned their governess, because of Mrs. Raymond's poor health, and consequent confinement to her chamber. Taking a hand of each within my own, we all tremblingly awaited the subsiding of the storm which had so unexpectedly burst in upon the customary quiet of our family circle. A dreary silence ensued, broken only by the measured tramp of Mr. Raymond upon the clean, sanded floor of the apartment, and the low sobs of the wretched Philip, at whose heart strings remorse was strongly pulling.

At length Mr. Raymond paused in his perambulations; and my heart beat an allegro movement as I saw the father turn once again toward his repentant son.

"Philip!"—and I fancied the strong man's tones trembled a little, despite his seeming composure—"it is better that a scene so mutually unpleasant

should be at once ended. You will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."

The calm indifference with which Charles Raymond pronounced these last words both surprised and shocked me—surprised, because I had naturally supposed that Mr. Raymond's sudden anger belied quenching, he would of himself extend forgiveness to the repentant sinner; and shocked to see how lightly and regretfully (if I may be allowed to introduce a new word,) a fond father could yield up that priceless treasure—a child's love.

"Father, can you, will you not forgive me this once?" murmured the young man, as with a strong effort he at last regained his feet.

Scarcely a muscle in Mr. Raymond's iron face seemed to move as he said, firmly, without lifting his eyes from the floor, where he stood more like a statue than a living, breathing man—

"Twice before you solemnly promised to refrain from drinking if I would but forget and forgive your past offences. Your seeming penitence moved my heart to pity. I trusted you only to find my faith in a son's honesty cruelly betrayed. Do not plead further, for the pardon and charity which you have hitherto so heartlessly trampled under your sinful feet. Philip, God may forgive you, but I never can! Leave me at once!"

"But, father," interceded little Mary Raymond, as the wretched Philip, burying his face in his hands, moved slowly toward the door, "you know the old proverb, 'the third time never fails.' Won't you please try brother Philip once again, papa?" and the soft, blue eyes of the youthful speaker bent a supplicating glance upon the master of the household, which few men save Charles Raymond could have resisted.

"Silence, child!" hastily retorted the father, with a sharpness of tone that cut to the heart's core of the little suppliant for paternal mercy. Then turning suddenly and looking toward their governess, he said, with an imperative wave of the hand, "Miss Lester, you will oblige me by sending your pupils at once to their own room."

My young charges obeyed without reluctance, not even daring to linger long enough to bestow a parting kiss upon the burning cheek of that brother, who, with all his faults, was nevertheless the cherished idol of their girlish hearts. Glad to escape so painful a scene, I would willingly have followed them, had it not been that the sight of the untouched tea and toast beside Mr. Raymond's plate at the table reminded me of my duty—namely, still to maintain my place before the tea-table until after the master of the establishment should be pleased to finish his supper.

Upon the threshold of the apartment Philip Raymond paused, as if suddenly recollecting something he had in the chaotic misery of the hour wholly forgotten. Quick as a flash my keen eye discovered the object of his search. "Here it is, Mr. Philip," I said, kindly, ay, even pityingly, as hurriedly raising a shabby-looking beaver hat from the floor beneath the chair its owner had so lately occupied, I extended it toward him.

A look of deep gratitude, and a low, humbly spoken "I thank you, Miss Lester," was all the miserable man offered in return for this simple and voluntary service upon my part. Ah, God knows it was enough! for the expression of deep thankfulness that momentarily illumined those large brown eyes, and the respectful tones of that low voice, musical despite its hoarseness, roused into earnest action all the latent sympathies of my woman's heart. Surely, the good angel must have troubled the waters of the fountain of my heart at this moment, for then and there I determined if possible to save Philip Raymond from the ruin that threatened to overwhelm him.

Crushing his hat heavily down upon his head, the miserable youth passed out into the hall. Quick as a flash I sprang after him.

"Philip—Mr. Raymond!" I exclaimed, coloring slightly at the thought of my unintentional familiarity, "may I detain you a few minutes longer? I have something to say to your father which I would prefer saying in your presence, also."

The confused young man paused, and, turning, bent an inquiring glance upon my face—that face which during my six months' residence beneath his father's roof had so often shrunk away from the respectful yet earnest gaze of those clear, brown eyes. I think Philip Raymond must have noticed the sudden rise of color to cheek and brow as I stood trembling and abashed before him, my own blue eyes bent momentarily upon the floor, to avoid the steadiness of his glance; for suddenly recollecting himself he gracefully lifted his hat from his head, by way of courtesy, and said, sadly—

"Pardon me, Miss Lester, for I have grown somewhat absent-minded of late. Pray consider me at your service upon this occasion as at all times."

Bowing my thanks, I immediately led the way back to the dining-room, followed by my companion, where Mr. Raymond had re-seated himself once more at the table, for the purpose of finishing his supper. Upon our entrance, the annoyed merchant looked quickly up from his plate, and muttered through his half-closed teeth—

"Not gone yet?"—Well, sir, what new excuse has your muddled brain created to prolong your stay in a place where your poor company is just at this time so little desired?"

I saw by the quick flashing of Philip's dark eye, that his father's sarcastic question had fairly roused the hitherto dormant man to himself. A bitter rejoinder rose to the young man's lips, but I made haste to check it, by saying,

"Excuse me, but I think Mr. Raymond must have forgotten to extend an invitation to supper to his son."

"Son indeed! Are such as he worthy the name of son? No; one who has voluntarily brought so

much misery upon his own head, shall neither eat, drink, nor sleep beneath my roof again! Philip! you may go to the devil for all I care," and Charles Raymond, his lips white with anger, hurriedly rose from the table and once more began striding up and down the apartment."

"Remember, father," exclaimed Philip, vehemently, "that whatsoever sins may stain my future career, you, alone, will be responsible for. If, in a moment of desperation, I should stain my hands with my own blood—should recklessly take the precious life God has committed for awhile to my keeping, remember Charles Raymond, that it is you who have driven me to it!"

From the look of wild desperation that shone out from the brown eyes of Philip, as crushing his hat heavily upon his brow, he turned once more to leave the apartment—in the centre of which stood Charles Raymond, cold and mute as a marble statue, his every sense paralyzed, as it were, by the terrible reproaches which his only son so bitterly hurled at him.

I could hold my peace no longer.

"Charles Raymond!" I said sternly, addressing the father of Philip with a degree of familiarity unnatural to one occupying my subordinate position in the household—"do you know what you are doing in thus cruelly casting your child out upon the world at such a moment, and with the fire of revenge inflaming his soul? Is this your justice, your charity, your love for the erring and repentant? Is banishment like this, from the home circle, calculated to reclaim those who, in an evil and unlooked for hour, may have chanced to enter the haunts of sin? Think you that the God in Heaven, to whom you daily address your petitions, will countenance such an act of cruelty upon the part of a parent? No; remember the words of our Saviour, 'Judge not that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'"

Charles Raymond stood rebuked; a flush of mortification stealing over his pale countenance, a consciousness of wrong haunting his breast. Turning abruptly toward Philip, who stood grasping the frame work of the open door for support, and in tones tremulous with emotion:

"My son, forgive me. I was in a passion—blinded and knew not what I said. Henceforth you are the beloved son of my heart. Be true to yourself and your promise, and God will strengthen your heart in righteousness. Philip, my first-born, come to your father's arms!"

I stood for a moment contemplating the fair picture before me; that of a reconciliation between two hearts so lately estranged, and then hurried off to my own chamber, leaving father and son to weep out their great joy upon each other's breast. Before retiring, however, I stole into the adjoining apartment, where my tender-hearted little charges lay clasped in one another's arms, talking and sobbing over the terrible sentence of perpetual exile, which their father had so rashly passed upon their darling brother's head.

My words of peace and hope at once checked their tears, and comforted their youthful hearts; and when I stooped my head to kiss them good-night, the dear creatures threw each an arm about my neck, and said lovingly, "we thought you wouldn't let papa send brother Philip away, Miss Lester, even if he was wicked." Sweet children—their childish faith in me touched my lonely heart, and only drew their precious souls still closer to mine than ever, in its orphanage.

CHAPTER II.

The following morn, Mrs. Raymond sent for me to come to her dressing room; where, being an invalid, she spent the greater portion of her time, except when sleeping or riding. Although a six months' resident beneath her roof, I had never spent more than a few hours in her society, since the day I had first entered her house as governess to her two daughters. Proud and aristocratic in manner, I had never liked her from the first, although for the sake of the two sweet children she had in common with her husband entrusted to my charge, I tried to smother, in my heart, the strong feeling of aversion which our first interview had implanted there.

Displaying but little motherly affection or interest in the daily pursuits or pleasures of her daughters, I had things pretty much my own way, as regards directing their education; and as business affairs filled almost entirely the brain of Charles Raymond, Esq., it was sufficient for the Charleston merchant to know that his two youngest children were in the charge of a young lady of great respectability and intellectual acquirements, who had been recommended to his service through the kindness of a brother merchant in New York.

Left almost entirely to my own guidance in the house of Mr. Raymond, I had, nevertheless, endeavored to perform my duty to the letter, during the six months I had filled a place in Mrs. Raymond's household; and as no look or word of dissatisfaction upon the part of either Mr. Raymond or his invalid lady had ever shown itself in my presence, or reached my ears through the medium of servants' tongues, I inwardly congratulated myself upon my success in a profession which I had entered upon more from real necessity than from taste.

Through the live-long night my active brain had been haunted with wild dreams, in the midst of which the flushed and yet handsome face of my master's son rose up before me, supplicating forgiveness of his father for the sin committed; and then the harsh and bitter words of banishment issuing from the stern lips of the iron-willed merchant, fell like cold lead upon my listening ear. Anon, the scene changed; and I saw in my dreams what mine eyes a few hours before had truly beheld—the fair picture of a renewal of faith and affection between two

hearts lately so bitterly estranged. Waking in the early daylight from such vivid dreams, I vainly tried to banish from my mind the strong presentiment of coming trouble that lay like a dead weight upon my heart.

Soon after breakfast, came the French waiting-maid, Julie, bearing a message from her mistress. My imaginary fears were fast merging into real ones. Silently I arose and followed the young girl to her mistress's apartments. The hour was early yet, but Mrs. Raymond, contrary to her custom, was up and dressed.

Beside her upon a small table stood her breakfast smoking hot, and evidently untouched. Attired in a white embroidered wrapper of fine cambric, confined at the waist by a girdle of crimson silk cord, a small shawl of scarlet crape thrown carelessly over her shoulders, her fine black hair plainly gathered into a rich coil at the back of her well shaped head, her complexion rendered fair by long confinement to the house, Mrs. Raymond was what most persons would have termed a beautiful woman.

To me, however, she was far from being such, for in that coldly classical face, I read nought but pride and selfishness; while the dark grey eyes seemed destitute of warmth and brilliancy. On the morning of which I write, Mrs. Raymond seemed more than usually repulsive to me. Perhaps she discerned this fact, for bidding Julie to retire from the room, she haughtily motioned me to a seat opposite her, and a dark scowl disturbing her fair brow, said coldly, fixing her dark grey eyes keenly upon my face:

"Miss Lester, I presume that you have already surmised my purpose in calling you thus early to my room this morning?"

I bowed my head in the negative, although my heart plainly whispered, it is in regard to the affair of last night.

Mrs. Raymond proceeded—

"My husband has told me of your interference last evening, when he had resolved to banish our unworthy son, Philip, from the house; and of the severe rebuke which you so boldly took it upon yourself to administer to him in the presence of his child. Your position as a governess in my family, Miss Lester, allows you no such privileges; and I trust that I shall never be submitted to the painful necessity of admonishing you for a similar act of presumption again. You can go now; I have nothing further to say to you, Miss Lester," and with a haughty wave of her fair hand, Mrs. Raymond motioned me to depart.

My woman's pride was touched; and although conscious that I had been partly in the wrong, for daring to raise my weak voice in defence of Philip Raymond, I could not bear that his proud souled mother should tell me so. Rising from my seat, I said respectfully, with the slightest kind of pride tinting my words,

"Mrs. Raymond, I assure you I am heartily sorry for the folly I committed last night. Pray, present my apology to your husband, and believe me, you shall never have cause to censure me for a similar fault again, while I remain beneath your roof," and with a low bow, left the room.

All that day there was a fierce conflict raging in my soul, between pride and duty. The reproach which Mrs. Raymond had so unfeelingly administered that morning, galled my proud spirit considerably, and made me anxious to avenge my fancied wrong by instantaneously quitting the house. Fired with this resolution, I was just on the point of retracing my steps toward Mrs. Raymond's apartments, for the purpose of informing her of my intentions, when Louise Raymond, her cheeks flushed with her morning's exercise, rushed breathlessly into my chamber, and extricating from the depths of her white lawn cape bonnet, a handsome bouquet, said smilingly, as she placed it in my hands:

"See, Miss Lester, isn't this a beautiful bouquet? Brother Philip bade me give it you with his compliments. You see some folks have not quite forgotten how to be grateful, my dear governess," and with an arch smile playing over her expressive features, the rosy beauty bounded out of the room to join her sister Mary in the garden below.

I raised the tastefully arranged bouquet, still wet with dew, to my lips, as a token of its exceeding welcome to my wretched heart. Something white fell from its flowery nest and landed at my feet. It was Philip Raymond's card, on the back of which were clearly penciled the words:

"Miss Lester, please meet me in the garden after tea this eve, as I desire to speak with you."

How my proud and angry spirit momentarily softened, as I read over and over again this simple request, which Philip Raymond's hand had penned. Should I grant him the desired interview? or, informing his mother of my intentions, leave Mrs. Raymond to communicate the cause of my departure to her son? were questions which coursed rapidly through my brain. At last my mind was made up. I would see Philip Raymond, and tell him my story; and then I would leave his father's house the next day, quietly—as becomes a lady, but with a consciousness of having fulfilled my duty toward a fellow-creature.

Occupied with my school duties, the day quickly passed. My warm-hearted pupils, Mary and Louise, declared I looked pale and troubled, and urged me to accompany them in an afternoon ride, as their mother felt herself too unwell to go. But my mind was too disturbed to think of going on any pleasure excursion, so I gently but firmly refused their entreaties, and settled myself in a huge arm-chair in the study, (which also served the purpose of school-room,) and strove to collect my rambling thoughts. The loud laughter of Louise suddenly fell upon my ear, and moving toward the window, I beheld Philip in the act of extricating his sister's hoop-skirt from

the wheel, where it had caught as she was getting into the vehicle. As, if conscious of my presence, the young man glanced upward toward the window, where I stood admiring his fine figure, now faultlessly attired in choice broadcloth; his intellectual face looking a trifle pale and worn after his late debauch, and a quiet smile pervading his countenance. For a single moment our eyes met; then with a graceful bow, the young man sprang into the carriage, and taking the reins from the hands of his sister Louise, drove rapidly down the avenue, while I, with flushed cheeks and rapidly pulsating heart, sank down once more into the sturdy old arm-chair I had but just deserted.

Ten hours came and passed, but with it no Philip. Perhaps he dreaded meeting me in the presence of others, after my recent reception of his floral offering, and its accompanying request. If so, I was glad; for had Philip Raymond made his appearance at the table just at that time, I am quite certain that all present would have distinctly heard the loud beatings of my wildly throbbing heart, and read the joyous light of expectation in my strangely brilliant blue eyes and deeply crimsoned cheeks. Our light supper over, Mr. Raymond slowly lighted a cigar, and telling a servant to inform his mistress that he should probably not return until midnight, leisurely walked off to the neighboring residence of a brother merchant, who was noted throughout Charleston for his great wealth and liberal hospitalities. Mary and Louise, as good luck would have it, went to spend the evening with their lady mother in her dressing-room—a privilege seldom granted them, for Mrs. Raymond, like most mothers who, in the early part of their married lives, have given themselves up entirely to the pleasures of the world, had at last grown weary and sick of the society she had once deemed so necessary to her existence, and rarely desired any other companion than her business-like, practical husband, who generally made it a point to spend three evenings out of the seven in the dressing-room of his invalid wife, whose bodily ills were, in my mind, for the most part imaginary, and merely consequent upon an indolent and aimless existence.

As the twilight deepened, I hastened to my chamber, smoothed down the glossy waves of my golden hair, and throwing a black lace shawl over my shoulders, stole quietly down stairs, and thence out into the spacious garden. The evening was a glorious one, and the stars, which so thickly gemmed the deep, blue sky, seemed never so wondrously brilliant as upon that delicious tropical evening. Turning into a narrow walk, at the end of which stood a little vine-clad arbor, (seldom frequented save by the children) I was slowly pursuing my way, wondering in my own mind how I should meet Philip Raymond's explanation of the singular request he had been led to make of his sister's governess, when a hand was laid lightly upon my shoulder, and a voice I at once recognized to be that of my master's son, said pleasantly, "Good evening, Miss Lester, I see you are still disposed to be charitable toward a sinner!"

His touch startled me, for, though expecting his presence, I had not thought of Philip Raymond's stealing upon me unawares, like a thief in the night. Turning quickly, I said confusedly in answer to his characteristic salutation, "Good evening, Mr. Raymond; I hope I have not kept you waiting." Now a second thought would have shown to me at once the absurdity of the latter portion of my remark, for punctuality was a thing I had always prided myself upon since childhood. The truth is, dear reader, persons who are just beginning to show symptoms of a heart disease, invariably say and do things just the reverse of what they intended. Thus it was with me. I was embarrassed—perhaps foolishly so—but Philip, if he noticed it, did not choose to let me know it, for taking a hand of mine within his own, he said gaily, looking down into my blue eyes with a pleased expression of countenance, that suited his handsome features so admirably:

"Indeed you have not, Miss Lester. I assure you the glove is quite on the other hand. Perhaps my absence from the tea table to-night may have seemed a trifle strange to you; but to be candid, I must tell you that the fear of reading in your face a refusal to my earnest request, made a coward of me, and kept me away from my supper."

"I divined as much," I laughingly replied, at the same time taking the arm he so gracefully proffered, and walking on toward the little summer-house.

"Miss Lester," he asked, as I stopped at the entrance of the arbor, "will you not give me your company and ears for a half hour? I see by your occasional shuddering that, northerner though you be, you are nevertheless not yet acclimated to our heavy dews. Pray walk in and be seated here," he said, leading the way into the rustic summer-house. "I fear you have already taken cold, for the evening is an unusually damp one," and seating himself at my side, Philip Raymond took off his cap, and with one hand, fair and soft as a woman's, tossed back the rich clusters of dark curls which fell so heavily about his pale, high brow.

For a moment both were silent; each waiting, as it were, for the other to break the quiet spell that seemed to have suddenly chained both our tongues.

"Miss Lester," he at length began, in a low and musical voice that thrilled my soul, "I have requested this interview to-night, that I might express to you in words, the deep thanks my eyes must have looked last night, when, in the presence of my stern, though worthy father, you so earnestly pleaded my cause. But for your timely interposition, Miss Lester, my father would have unfeelingly thrust me out upon the world, where, with the terrible sense of guilt pressing upon my soul, I fear I should have been driven to the crime of self-murder," and a perceptible shiver ran through the frame of Philip as he concluded these words.

"Mr. Raymond," I answered calmly, "I am glad if any word of mine has kept you from committing so terrible an act as that which you have just mentioned. As for thanks, I desire none. I but did what I considered to be my duty last night, in endeavoring to soften the passion hardened heart of a father toward his erring but truly repentant child; and if, in so doing, I have incurred the lasting displeasure of your mother, I am sorry, and shall try, when I leave her roof, to be more chary of my sympathy in the future."

Philip Raymond rose from his seat and looked me steadily in the face for an instant, as if hardly crediting the truth of my words.

"My mother displeased, Miss Lester! what do you mean? She surely has not dared to censure you for—"

"Yes, Mr. Raymond," I interrupted, quickly, at the same time rising to depart; "your mother looked upon my interferences last night, as highly presumptuous upon the part of a young girl whom she had simply engaged to fill the situation of governess to her daughters. It may be that Mrs. Raymond is right in the matter, and while I admit the justness of her reproach, I cannot so far smother my pride as to remain longer in her employ. Of course you will not speak of this matter, Mr. Raymond, to your mother, as it might be productive of unpleasant results, in her present invalid state." And I composedly held out my hand to him for a farewell grasp.

"No, no, this must not be, Miss Lester!" he exclaimed, with much resolution visible in his face. "You shall not suffer for my sake! If any one leaves the house, it shall be me, Miss Lester, who have thus far brought only sorrow and disgrace upon the heads of its inmates!" And the grief-stricken man bowed his head upon his hands and wept bitterly.

"I never could bear to see a man weep, particularly when, as in the present instance, he was young and handsome; and, setting aside all maidenly reserve, I walked up to the weeping man, and laying my hand softly upon his shoulder, said tenderly:

"Philip Raymond, I cannot allow you for a single instant to reproach yourself for a fault—if such it was in the sight of God—so recklessly committed by me last night. Women who act from the heart, rather than the head, must expect to suffer the consequences for what the harsh and unfeeling world call their folly. In trying to save you from your father's wrath and injustice, I but acted the part of a sister toward you. Had your parents have known what my poor mother and I suffered because of the frailty of one well beloved, whose only misfortune, alas! was a passion for the wine-cup, they would not have wondered at my great fears for the future safety of their child, beneath whose unconscious feet yawned the black and bottomless gulf of despair."

"My God! and was your father a—"

"Drunkard," he would have said, but shuddering and dreading to speak so terrible a word, he sank down, entirely overcome by emotion, upon the rustic bench.

Tears momentarily clouded my eyes, at the remembrance of a father who had long since lain in a soldier's grave; but I dashed them aside, and said, in tones slightly tremulous:

"Yes, Philip Raymond, my father was what the world branded a drunkard; yet, in the mind of his child, there is still a little spot which the memory of past affection will ever keep fresh and green. But I have already revealed to you what I have carefully guarded for years from the ears of the curious world—the knowledge of my father's terrible sin. I need not ask you to keep my secret, when time and space shall separate us, for my faith in your sense of honor and friendship is large. And now, good-night, and good-by, Mr. Raymond," I said, once more making a movement to depart from my rural prison.

"Miss Lester—dear Miss Lester!" exclaimed Philip, rising suddenly from his seat and throwing himself passionately at my feet upon the rough floor; "promise me that you will not leave me to the influence of my evil genius—drink! that for my sake you will set aside your own pride of spirit, and be to me, until the time when I shall have regained my manhood and redeemed myself in the eyes of the world, the same kind and saving angel, Miss Lester, that you have proved yourself within the past few hours!"

Prostrate and weeping at my feet, I could not find, in my heart to refuse his entreaties, wrung as they were from out the depths of a soul stricken, but not lost to gratitude and manly virtue. With a slight wave of my hand, I motioned him to rise from his humble position at my feet. Touching his lips reverently to the hem of my mourning garment—for my dear mother had lain in her grave scarce a twelvemonth—he arose, and folding his hands meekly upon his breast, silently waiting my answer.

Standing then in the pale moonlight, with those sad, yet tender brown eyes fixed upon my girlish face, I choked back the surging waves of pride that had momentarily risen to the surface of my heart, and replied frankly, yet tremblingly, holding out my hand toward him:

"Philip Raymond, your passionate eloquence has conquered. I will remain, at least, so long as you shall have need of my presence."

"And that shall be *always*, my dear friend," he added quickly, his pale face wearing a grateful smile.

One moment, I think it was not longer, Philip Raymond held me to his heart, and then, gently putting me away, he said, mournfully:

"Go now, Miss Lester! and may the God in Heaven who has been with us in spirit during this interview, forever bless you!"

Glancing backwards at him as I hurriedly left the summer-house, I saw such a look of intense adoration beaming from Philip's dark eyes, as made my heart flutter and throb with a joy so new and overpowering, that I dared not trust myself to look back again, but ran up to the house as rapidly as my two feet would carry me.

CHAPTER III.

The summer months glided dreamily by, and I was happy in the love of Philip Raymond, which his own melodious voice had breathed into my listening ear one quiet Sabbath evening some four weeks after our interview in the summer-house. For a period of six weeks, Mrs. Raymond, her maid and two daughters had been absent to Eutaw Springs, on a pleasure excursion; and during that time, Philip, who had firmly refused his mother's invitation to accompany her, had remained in Charleston with his father, whose all-absorbing love of business would not permit his leaving the city longer than a day or two at a time. As Mrs. Raymond was unwilling to shut up her house during her absence, I had volunteered to take charge of it and the four servants who remained behind.

Thrown much in each other's society, Philip and I soon grew to be very near to each other; and even

the stern merchant, Charles Raymond, seemed to smile his approval of the marked and constant attentions his only son paid his daughter's governess. Abstemious in his habits, devoted to his business, Philip Raymond was in every sense of the word an altered man. Spending his evenings almost entirely in my company, I soon grew to love him with a fervor I had never dreamed myself capable of experiencing toward any living creature. At length, Mrs. Raymond and her two daughters returned, and with them a cousin of Philip's, the daughter of a wealthy New Orleans merchant.

Gabrielle St. Clair was what most people—particularly the male portion of the world—would have pronounced a gloriously beautiful woman. Tall and voluptuously formed, with hair and eyes black as midnight, a complexion of a rich olive hue, enlivened on either cheek by the crimson flush of health, teeth of surpassing whiteness, and limbs whose exquisite symmetry might have served a sculptor for a model of Cleopatra, Gabrielle St. Clair seemed born to captivate and enslave the hearts of men.

Weary of her belleidom in her own native city, Gabrielle St. Clair had gladly accepted her haughty aunt's invitation to spend the ensuing fall and winter with her, at her residence in Charleston, with the bright hope of achieving a series of brilliant conquests in the fashionable world. Though full twenty-eight years of age, Gabrielle St. Clair nevertheless affected the simplicity of a girl of sixteen.

Being the daughter of Mrs. Raymond's only brother, that lady was of course exceedingly fond and proud of her handsome niece, who, besides being the possessor of great physical beauty, was also sole heiress to an immense property. To form an alliance between Philip and Gabrielle had long been the darling wish of the aristocratic Mrs. Raymond, who, having married for money herself, thought every handsome man and woman also bound to do the same thing.

Most young girls, especially those filling an humble position in life like mine, would naturally have dreaded a rival in the appearance of a person like Gabrielle St. Clair. Great as were her physical charms, however, I was cognizant of no fears for the heart that seemed wholly mine, until that gorgeous beauty had been an inmate in Mrs. Raymond's family for full eight weeks; for, strange to say, Philip had from the first treated his handsome cousin with a marked indifference, and degree of studied courtesy, that was in perfect contrast to his delicate and particular attentions to me, his saving angel, as he loved to call me.

The contempt which Gabrielle St. Clair openly expressed for her aunt's governess during the first few weeks of her residence beneath Mr. Raymond's roof, had the natural effect of divesting Miss St. Clair of all beauty in my eyes. Subjected to her repeated slights and insults, I was more than once upon the point of giving up my situation at Mrs. Raymond's, and going back to my friends in New York. Vexed beyond measure at her extreme rudeness to me at the dinner table one day, in the presence of several distinguished guests, I deliberately told Philip the same evening, that I neither could nor would submit to his cousin's insults a day longer; but so thoroughly did he appear to discountenance Gabrielle's unladylike behavior, and so earnestly did he beseech me to remain, that, yielding a second time to the voice of love, I swallowed down my pride, and arming myself with all the scorn I possessed, determined to stay, and treat Miss St. Clair's malicious insults with all the contempt they deserved.

As the holidays approached, however, the reign of gaiety and fashion commenced in Charleston. Even Mrs. Raymond, despite her pretended poor health, so far forgot her bodily ills, as to inaugurate the winter season by a grand soiree, for the express purpose of introducing her charming niece to the elite of Charleston. Gabrielle St. Clair's great beauty and magnificent toilette, upon that occasion, was the theme of all tongues present; and from that night forth, the fame of the New Orleans heiress was pretty generally trumpeted throughout all the city. Invitations to parties, masquerades, and dinner parties, were now profusely showered upon Mrs. Raymond and her handsome niece, whose beauty and fine musical accomplishments made the New Orleans belle quite an attractive trump-card for any fashionable hostess.

As Mr. Raymond seldom cared to attend pleasure parties—except those which consisted entirely of his own sex—Philip Raymond was of course obliged to tender his services in behalf of his mother and fair cousin. Satisfied that her son was capable of enacting the part of cavalier toward Gabrielle, without her presence, Mrs. Raymond again withdrew from society, on the plea of ill-health, leaving Gabrielle and Philip to fall in love with each other at their earliest pleasure.

Deprived of Philip's excellent society for the most part of the time, I returned once more to the precious company of my amiable and warm-hearted charges, who, finding me alone in my chamber evenings, often urged me to go to the drawing-room and play and sing for them. As my songs consisted entirely of Scotch, Irish, and English ballads, they were always sure to please the simple tastes of my childish hearers; and even the colored servants would often arrange themselves in a row in the hall, for the purpose of regaling their music-loving ears with the songs Philip had so often pressed me to sing for him. Returning just at twilight one evening, after a horse-back ride, in which she had been accompanied by Philip, Gabrielle St. Clair stealthily entered the drawing-room unbeknown to me. At the conclusion of my song, which chanced to be "Auld Robin Gray," a loud mocking laugh burst suddenly upon my ear, and presently I heard a voice which I at once recognized as Gabrielle's, crying out at the hall door—"See, see, cousin Phil! what a very select audience your simple-minded, doll-faced governess, Miss Lester, has been entertaining outside the drawing room door here, by her ballad singing!"

The hot blood rushed to my cheeks and brow; but as there were no lights in the drawing-room, of course not even my pupils, Mary and Louisa, noticed my change of countenance. Quickly closing the piano with a loud noise, I passed out of the apartment, paying little heed to the angry mutterings of the servants as they retired to the kitchen, and brushing by Gabrielle St. Clair and Philip in the hall, with the air of an offended Empress, I quickly sprang up the stairs leading to my room, and having secured the door, threw myself upon the bed and indulged in a good crying fit.

From that time forth my dislike for Gabrielle St. Clair grew into bitter hatred for her, though, strange to say, the conduct of the latter toward me began to undergo a perceptible change. In lieu of encores, the sweetest smiles were now substituted by Gabrielle; and, though she had from the first shunned my society, she now frequently visited me in my chamber, urged me to sing to her, and lavished upon me a

degree of affection which disgusted rather than pleased me. Yet all this time, Circe-like, she was stealing my lover away, and endeavoring to poison the ears of Philip against his sister's governess. It was hard, very hard, for one of my confiding nature to believe in the inconstancy of man, but my eyes were at last opened to the fact of the deception which he had practiced upon me.

Sitting alone in one of the heavily-curtained windows, about eleven o'clock one January night, looking out in the clear moonlight upon the deserted streets of the city, my ears were suddenly startled by the sound of a carriage apparently stopping at the hall door. My first thought was to flee the room; but, hearing Philip's step in the hall, I was obliged either to curl myself up in one corner of the window-seat, and play eaves-dropper against my inclination, should the couple—for Gabrielle and Philip had been to the opera—enter the apartment, or else subject myself to the mortification of passing them in the hall.

As I had anticipated, Philip and Gabrielle entered the drawing-room. Through the lace curtains I could peep out unseen at the latter, as, throwing aside her ermine opera-cloak, the royal beauty listlessly flung her wearied body upon a velvet lounge. Presently I saw Philip—my Philip that was—seat himself upon a low ottoman at the feet of his cousin; and then there, in the depths of my curtained retreat, I heard words of love issuing from the lips of one who was dearer to me than life itself, which made my very heart stand still with surprise and horror. Half-breathlessly I leaned forward, and saw the white, be-jewelled arms of Gabrielle St. Clair clasped round the neck of my dearly-loved Philip, now utterly lost to me forever. How long they talked there in the pale moonlight I know not, for a mist swept over my eyes, a kind of quibness paralyzed my limbs; and when I awoke to consciousness again I found myself alone in the drawing-room, with the gray light of early morning stealing in upon me through the unshuttered window.

That morning I went to my chamber, penned a few words of farewell to Philip, renouncing my love for him, and tendering him my hearty congratulations on account of his new engagement with Gabrielle St. Clair; and folding and sealing the note, slipped it beneath his chamber door, and then passed on to the apartments of Mrs. Raymond.

My lady mistress expressed considerable surprise upon hearing me say that I intended taking the steamer that very morning for New York; but not wishing to lose a particle of her dignity, even in parting with a faithful governess, she paid me in silence, and nodded her head good-by to me. Kissed Mary and Louisa several times through their tears, I left the house while Gabrielle still lay soundly sleeping after her night's dissipation, and having given orders to the coachman to have my trunk sent to the steamer by twelve o'clock, I sorrowfully pursued my way towards the wharf.

The succeeding winter I chanced to be in New Orleans, as assistant teacher in a large seminary there. Passing along the street to my school one morning, I saw through the closed windows of a carriage, which suddenly turned the corner of a neighboring street, a face which I at once recognized to be that of Philip Raymond. As my veil was down I knew that I could follow the carriage in safety, without being discovered. On, on it sped—I followed it in breathless haste, until it paused before the door of the St. Charles Hotel.

The steps were quickly lowered, and to my great joy—for, oh, reader, I had not learned to *unlove* him, in the twelve months we had been parted!—Philip Raymond sprang out of the carriage, and hurriedly placing a gold coin in the hand of the waiting hackman, quickly ran up the steps of the hotel. I saw him disappear from my sight, and then quickly retraced my steps toward the seminary.

That evening I read in the evening paper, among the choice bits of fashionable gossip, of a marriage in high life, which was soon to take place at the St. Charles Hotel, between Gabrielle St. Clair, the acknowledged belle of the Crescent City, and her cousin, Philip Raymond, only son of the merchant prince, Charles Raymond, Esq. of Charleston, S. C.

The next morning I accidentally learned from one of my pupils, that Gabrielle St. Clair had lost her father and only near relative, only a week or two after her return from Charleston, the spring before, and that she had sold the mansion house belonging to her father, and gone to board at the St. Charles Hotel, until the time of her marriage.

A week later, and the dread tidings of the small-pox having broken out in the Crescent City, filled nearly every heart with dismay. So rapidly did the disease spread in the short space of fourteen days, that the principal of the seminary where I filled the situation of assistant teacher, at length deemed it advisable to close his school. Throughout the city, signs of mourning and desolation were visible; the churches, theatres, and many places of business were closed, while the hotels soon became depopulated. The rich fled to the country, while the poor, sick and dying, flooded the city hospital.

In the midst of this panic, I thought of Philip. Was he sick and dying? If so, I must see him, even at the peril of my life! With this determination, I set out for the St. Charles. The house was a sad and deserted look, as if all life had died out from within its hitherto pleasant walls. I ascended the dusty steps, and pulled the bell. My ring was answered by the proprietor, a brave-hearted Massachusetts man, who, to use a nautical expression, was determined "to stick to the ship," even in the hour of danger.

The hotel keeper glanced surprisedly at me, and then asked my business. My first inquiry was for Gabrielle St. Clair. His answer was that she had left the house the morning before, upon discovering that her betrothed, Mr. Raymond, had been taken down with the small-pox.

I assured him that I was a friend of the sick man, and having no fears of the disease myself, would like very much to be allowed to see him.

The proprietor hesitated a moment, as if half afraid to give his consent to a thing involving so much danger, and at length bade me follow him up the broad staircase. After traversing a long corridor, my companion at last paused before a small door. Then he left me, telling me if I had any fears I had better not enter. But the thought of seeing Philip once more chased out every fear from my heart.

I knocked lightly. A colored man, evidently in the capacity of a nurse, cautiously opened the door just far enough to discern the face of the intruder. Seeing that I was a stranger, and a lady, too, he quickly motioned me away, and was about to close the door upon me, when with a sudden movement, I threw myself against the door, and before the honest-hearted colored man could recover from his surprise, I had dashed by him and was at the bedside of his patient. The eyes of the sick man slowly

opened, and with a wild cry of joy, I threw myself weeping upon his neck.

"Ada—dearest Ada!" he murmured, gently putting me away from him. "God has again sent you to be my saving angel, when, Ah, beautiful alien that she was, deserted me! Oh, Ada, have you no fears for your own precious life? and can you, will you forgive my injustice and cruelty to you?" and the thickly bloated face became wet with tears.

"Philip, my own loved one!" I answered, suddenly checking my own tears, "I will never leave you again!"

His eyes, more eloquent than words, answered me in the affirmative. And I kept my word; and when, after four weeks severe illness, Philip Raymond rose scarred and feeble from his bed, he drew me close to his heart, and called me his good angel and little saviour.

In the early stages of Philip's convalescence, intelligence was brought us from the country, of the death of Gabrielle St. Clair, of small-pox. Philip dwelt long upon this sad piece of news, knowing well that his betrothed cousin must have taken the loathsome disease from him, as she had died in dismay from his side, as soon as the sight of the red blotches upon his face attracted her attention. They were to have been married in a week's time, but death had won the bride which Philip wooed.

I have sometimes felt that it was well that Gabrielle died; for had she recovered from that malignant and dreaded disease, scarred and disfigured as her cousin will always be, she would have dragged out a miserable life, cursing the hand that destroyed her wondrous beauty, as fatal in its Circe-like fascinations to the hearts of men, as was the disease she loathed and feared to her bodily existence.

Standing beside her grave yester afternoon, the loved and loving wife of Philip, I forgave the unconscious sleeper beneath our feet, all the injustice and wrong she had done us both—for are we not one in soul and thought? To-morrow we go back to Charleston, where Philip says a warm welcome is awaiting us from father, mother and sisters.

"Thank God!" I murmur, over and over again, even while I write these pages for your perusal, dear reader; for I know that the cross I so patiently bore upon my shoulders for a twelvemonth, is now exchanged for the crown of a husband's deep and abiding love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STELLA.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK LINCOLN, OF OLMSTED, OHIO.

Stella! The voiceless lips reply no more;
The last, low sobbing sigh of breath is stilled;
Stella! The ear that always heard before
Is heedless now, and the young heart is chilled;
Her little boat hath glided from the sands,
To win companionship in other lands.
Close the blue eyes, so dimmed and faded now,
Part softly back the silken locks of gold,
And wipe the death-dew from the childish brow
Above which scarcely seven years have rolled;
Cross the pale hands upon the silent breast,
And lay the lovely dust away to rest.

There will be utter loneliness at first,
And passionate, wild yearnings for the dead,
And hearts whose aching chords will almost burst
With longings vain to share her lowly bed;
And sleep will flee from weary, tearful eyes,
As agonizing recollections rise.

But O, remember even while you weep,
The joys to which the gentle one has gone;
While ye will walk the earth with bleeding feet,
And spirits bruised, and tempest-tossed, and worn,
She will be breathing incense from the blooms,
That beautify the world beyond the tomb.

When the dim twilight of your years shall come,
And the low shadows fall about the way,
And the sweet vesper bells shall call you home,
No Stella will be here to bid you stay;
Her tuneful voice will sound the other side,
Welcoming you across the silent tide.

Biographical.

FREDERIC ROBINSON.

Whatever can be said of the recent or past circumstances of a good as well as a really great man, is not only worthy of public notice, but generally carries with it a welcome to the mind of every reader. The sterling philosopher, whose name appears above, is one of the few who constitute this valuable class of mankind. Those who know him best are the most thoroughly satisfied of his positive magnanimity. His ancestors exhibited traits not unlike in vigor and fullness, the characteristics of their descendant. The grandfather, Caleb Robinson, was a colonel of the militia in New Hampshire, and fought in that capacity in the battle of Bunker Hill. Very soon after, he entered the Continental service, and was in many a hard fought battle during the Revolution. He expended all his property in the war, and consequently became very indigent. He died in a state of great want, about the time of the birth of Frederic, his grandson, in 1800.

The mother was a woman of more than ordinary power, energy and perseverance. She was gifted with a clear perception, sound common sense, and a rugged physical constitution. While Frederic was an infant about a year old, his father died, leaving a widow and four children. Here was a melancholy crisis, which required the united force of all the characteristics the mother fortunately possessed. Destitution, bereavement, and a disheartening prospect, were her sombre rainbow of promise. The pecuniary reward of her toil alone was this lone widow, surrounded by a family of four helpless children, the oldest of whom was not over nine years of age, and the youngest an infant, compelled to look for food, clothing and shelter. They resided in Exeter, N. H.

Soon as Frederic was fourteen years old, he was bound out to the trade of a shoemaker, and faithfully served out his time. During his apprenticeship, he evinced a strong desire for learning; and while at actual work on his little snug shoe-bench, he had always in his drawer a book which he could occasionally peruse. In this way he studied grammar, and made himself master of the English language. Nor did he neglect arithmetic, natural philosophy nor chemistry. He had a fellow apprentice by the name of Bickford, who worked in the same shop with him. He was a few years older, and had a peculiar taste for mathematics. These two young men used to devote their evenings, and much of their leisure hours, to study, in concert. When about eighteen years of age, Frederic became desirous of learning the Latin language. Accordingly, a Latin grammar went into his drawer, and he committed its contents to memory; and soon became master of Cicero and Virgil in this way.

Notwithstanding these studies, he became a very good and quick workman. His boss generally stinted him, and allowed him pay for all the work

he did besides his task, all the extra products. Thus he was enabled to lay up about one hundred dollars. When twenty-one, he resolved to go to school. For this purpose, he procured a house near the Academy in Exeter, and went for his mother, who had broken up housekeeping, and was living with a sister in the State of Maine. He brought her back to Exeter, and opened a boarding-house for scholars who attended the Academy. At the same time he obtained admission as a pupil in the same excellent institution. There he continued four years, in which time he studied all the branches which were taught therein, in both the English and Latin departments.

This successful step increased his anxiety to go to college; but he could not obtain the requisite funds. Self-denial became a matter of necessity. In 1826, he left Exeter, and went to Marblehead of this State. There he opened a private school, and at the same time entered his name in the office of Hon. Ralph H. French, as a student of law. For a year or two, he continued to keep school and to study for his profession; but, being assured that all his studying would avail him nothing, inasmuch as the bar monopoly, at that period, required students of law to be engaged in no other business, he abandoned school keeping, and devoted his whole time for three years, in the office of Mr. French, to constant study. Feeling that he was as well qualified as most young lawyers, he respectfully asked to be admitted to practice; but, as he had not been to college, and received a degree, a title, and a diploma, his request was refused. The rules of the bar were inflexible, but not insurmountable.

In the year 1830, patriotic Marblehead sent him to represent her interests in the legislature, which he did with energy, ability, and fidelity, for a number of consecutive years. In politics, he was democratic, a live radical; and he labored hard and incessantly in the cause, in every way to help elevate the laboring classes and to shield them from the oppression of the wealthy. As a legislator, he was faithful; as an orator, rough-hewn, but mighty in ideas intelligible and acceptable to the people. Monopoly was the idol of his contempt. Those who remember thirty years ago, may not have forgotten the speech of Mr. Vance, nor Mr. Robinson's gigantic and successful efforts in paralyzing imprisonment for debt, in abolishing the odious bar rules, in giving a mortal wound to special pleading in court, in recommending the codification of the common law, in restricting the jurisdiction of capital punishment, in defeating the Ten Million Bank, in checking the monopolies of Lowell. His masterly effort, in 1834, on Fort Hill, for the workmen, enhanced his value as an earnest, sincere, and able advocate of their rights. His lion-like achievement, in 1835, against the consolidated Bar and its prohibitory regulations, brought the whole posse of lawyers down upon him in and out of the legislature; but he demolished their barred gates. He opened the jail-door for the poor honest debtor to assist himself and needy family. He disentangled the lawyer's coil and snarl of special pleas; pressed hard for a specie basis to our currency; and made many an able plea for the helpless operative, as well as to reduce the laborer's hours of labor to a reasonable standard.

Some years afterwards he was returned to the State Senate, and was elected its President. Very satisfactorily did he discharge the trust. At various times he filled several national, State and town offices with marked fidelity. From the then scanty post office in Marblehead to the more liberal Custom House in Boston, from the Wardenship of the State Prison to the High Sheriff's station in Essex county, he was never lacking in his duty. The State convicts admired his kindness and magnanimity, his tolerant views and philanthropic administration. More than once was he the candidate for Congress, in his district; but the numerical vote of the opposition prevented his success.

His religious sentiments tended toward the deistic, though he attended the Episcopal church. Respecting a continuation of conscious existence hereafter, his ardent hope was often obscured by a veil of doubt. But the magic phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance appealed to his curiosity for investigation, and to his judgment for a decision. Like every true skeptic, he disputed them at first, but was open for conviction. He examined each and every occurrence with a severity and penetration not wielded by the credulous. He cross-examined, probed, analyzed, and compared them with others. He criticized keenly the reports of other narrators, and discussed the matter thoroughly, instance by instance, as presented to his observation or hearing, tapping every part of the tree's trunk for a defective spot—skepticism is so like a woodpecker, in its probing experiments. His acquiescence in the reality was slow and self-suspicious; not till he could pick no flaw in its probability. When this pioneer science bloomed into Spiritualism, it engaged his attention more intensely. For more than ten years did he test it at every point, resolutely disputing its possibility of revelation, and mustering *pro* and *con* in antagonism to each other, till the vast amount of direct evidence from incontestable sources overwhelmed his doubts, and gained his assent. It was with this, as with every other step this sterling philanthropist and philosopher has taken in life, deliberately adopted—not hastily and implicitly, but gradually and hesitatingly. So, also, with his change of political parties.

In stature, he is tall, and somewhat slender, with a length of face, prominent nose, piercing black and rather small eyes, liberal mouth, capacious forehead, and darkish complexion. His voice is full, sometimes powerful. His manner is earnest in debate, and lively in conversation. He is a deep, accurate and comprehensive thinker—too much so to be altogether in retirement. His counsels are needed in public; and it is a cause for joy that they appear now to advance on the platform of Spiritualism. Rare opportunities has he had to form a reliable opinion on this interesting and momentous subject. His mature age, keen perception, ample means, investigating and skeptical mind, excellent judgment, and wide scope of substantial information, qualify him for the task.

At present, he resides with his family, on a pleasantly located farm in his adopted Marblehead, the native place of his highly-esteemed lady, where he has for some years been quietly enjoying the "Oïum cum dignitate." In strict consistency with his former mode of living, as he was then absorbed in ameliorating the temporal condition of his fellow men, he is now striving to remove from them the gloom of death by demonstrating and convincing them of a conscious futurity—the existence of a wise and benevolent God and a higher state of being for all, hereafter. His conviction gives him comfort, and he wishes to administer the same to others. May the well-meaning and practical sage be favored in his cherished enterprise, to edify the mind, cheer the spirits, and vivify the heart of depressed humanity. It is his congenial

sphere; may he prosper in it, here; and in God's good time, experience a pleasant transit into a wider one.

Written for the Banner of Light,
VOICES.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

All life has language. What though speech like ours may not be given,
Each in its own peculiar tongue, speaks as with a voice from Heaven.
It needs no angel's thrilling tone to wake the quickening soul;
One burst of music echoes forth, as 't were the Voice of God.
The blade of grass, the soft green moss, the tiny morning flower,
Though crushed beneath the passer's foot, speak with a wondrous power;
The quiet rocks, the mountains stern, that moveless seem to stand
Like Memnon's Statue, utter forth their voice at High Command;
The tall old trees, the giant oaks, the shrubs beneath their shade,
Send low their voices—hark! a voice—it is as if they prayed.
And sometimes when my soul is sad—life seems a worthless thing—
I seek some dim Cathedral shade and all my sorrows bring,
And bowing at some Druid Oak, High Priest and Altar there
Tell all my griefs, confess my sins and absolution share.
And while I linger at the shrine, that Organist, the breeze,
Approaches with a Master hand, and strikes Great Nature's keys!
And what a rustling of the leaves—it thrills my very soul—
And what a burst of thunder tones, through all the forests roll.
Now dying soft like angel tones that seek the homes of love,
Now ringing out like anthems sung by those bright hosts above,
Then whispering softly unto me, of peace and joy and light,
Like some kind friend in hours of pain, through all the long dark night.
Till every whisper of each leaf seems like some angel's tone,
And all the worthlessness of life from every thought is gone.
Each waving bough outstretched is like an angel's waiting hand
That gently, kindly beckons me up to some Summer Land,
And all my grief like summer clouds at morning's golden ray,
Or snow wreaths when the spring is near, are swept, all swept away.
And in this grand cathedral aisle, my soul takes up the strain
And answers to the Mighty Voice—I am at peace again.
And I hear voices in the stream that others do not hear,
For like a friend it talks to me when none beside are near;
But should the sound of mirth and song from many a voice be heard
Along its banks, that tone is hushed, it utters not a word.
As though the sound of life, the world, came in to drown the strain,
As if it scorned such trivial things it will not speak again;
And as I love more than all else, this rich, deep undertone
That speaks of God, of Heaven, of Truth—I seek its banks alone.
I stood, to-day, where at my feet the Ocean billows rolled,
And hushed my breath to hear the grand, deep mysteries they told.
How well it wears the Prophet's robe, through ages has that tone
Pealed forth the solemn mysteries of all the Great Unknown;
But only they that listen close—as to the sea shall press
The ear detects the murmuring, the sound of its unrest—
Shall hear prophetic words that break in every billow's roll
And understand its solemn Voice as speaking soul to soul.
Ah, who can hear that sound unmoved, with crest-waves leaping high,
And feel not that the Chariot-wheels of God are rushing by?
And who can gaze into the depths of that wild restless sea,
And read not there a written page, oh human heart, of thee!
And in its storm and in its calm, 't is speaking all the same,
Who asks for Prophets, hearing not, might bow their heads for shame.
And oh, the soft, light, summer clouds, that sail through Heaven's blue sea,
Like fairy harks on fairy waves from far they call to me;
And while enrapt I list the strain, I hear, "we're homeward bound,
Come sail with us to that bright port where all the lost are found."
And as the West its banners spread to couch the dying sun
That like some warrior, sinks and dies upon the field he's won;
And all the scene in majesty is like some funeral pyre,
Cloud, sky and landscape, merged and changed to one ascending fire.
Then as I watch the soft tints steal and melt through all the sky
Like robes of angels, come to say, "fear not, they do not die,"
And see them change more beautiful till low voiced twilight comes,
And draws the curtains, shuts the blinds and says "the day is done."
Then, as I turn, a thousand tones I did not hear before,
Come floating up—sweet mysteries—from night's half opened door,
And while the shadows softly steal I tread enchanted ground
Where all of life a soul has caught, and each a tongue has found,
And sky and earth and star and sea, wear such a wild, ering spell
That all the chambers of my soul are like a sea-born shell,
Haunted by these and Mightier Tones that seem from some far sphere
Whose noblest Anthems faintly steal through Nature's Voices here—
A shell cast by the Eternal Waves on Time's wild, rocky coast,
Haunted by aye by memories of some bright Heaven lost,
And mocked by strange, mysterious tones, by weird notes evermore,
Till the Great Eternal Waves roll up and bear it from the shore.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND. NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

We were taking our last "glimpse" from the Westminster mount of vision when we rested for another adjustment of the glasses, and now proceed with the *Review*, to scan the new mapping of the heavens. We may have to out the celestial of John, the Patmos visionist, in order to get the bearings of the new "seven stars and seven Spirits of God," which have appeared above the old theological horizon. The Star in the Magian horoscope of Jesus went before the observers, "and stood over where the young child was," while the present seven appear to stand over the observatories of Cambridge and Oxford.

Marvelous indeed is this coming forth of the "seven spirits," for who could have thought that out of chaos and old night, light should spring up, and that from the dark valley and shadow of death, heavily crusted fossilism should come forth in newness of life? But so it is: the old serpent is casting its skin; evolution and development are breaking through the hardest of shells, and those whom we thought to be dead are coming out of their graves and appearing unto many. So it was with Matthew's dead bodies, who "came out of the graves," and marched with measured step and slow up to Jerusalem.

The Westminster, in viewing the circuit of the heavens through which our essayists have moved, beholds a universal loosening thereof, leaving "the simple believer," who has hitherto opened his mouth and shut his eyes, utterly strangled. "All the bases of his creed are undermined; the whole external authority on which it rests is swept away; the mysterious book of truth fades into an old collection of poetry and legend; and the scheme of redemption in which he has been taught to live and die, turns out to be a demoralizing invention of men. It is done unto him by doctors, professors and divines, by those who breed up churchmen and clergymen—by men who teach those who teach him and his children. We can well imagine the bitterness of heart with which he must repudiate this system of cure. His mental constitution cannot bear so terrific a remedy. They may demonstrate the scientific necessity of the operation they propose; but what if he feel certain of dying under their knives? Old and infirm as he is, they would restore him in a Median cauldron."

True, each sturdy Milton who bravely walks in his own soul's growth, would declare "though all the winds of heaven were let loose, we do injuriously to Truth to suspect her. Let her and falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" And Paul—"when the ship could not bear up in the wind, we let her drive." But the "simple believer," whose soul has been confined to the measure of a creed, topples over like the old Dagon-god, and the "Median cauldron" falls to give elasticity to his limbs. This "Median cauldron" was a kind of vapor bath, with incense of aromatic herbs, affording "a sweet smelling savor to the Lord," and in use, by Miss Medes, many hundred years before the Christian era. In Oriental hyperbole, she was supposed to restore the dead to life after they had lain in the tomb as long as Lazarus, or the much longer time of the modern transes, or somnolent Asiatics. Working marvelous cures by steam, she was ignorantly charged by the "simple believers" with working her miracles by magic, witchcraft of sorcery. Having applied her process to an old foggy, already slipping his cables for a passage over the Styx, he cleared from his body by the force of the remedy, but was supposed by the "simple believers" of that day to have been purposely forwarded by express to the other world; hence the assumption that the "Median cauldron" is too strong a remedy for the weak knees of fossils, and for the weak digestion of "simple believers," who require the milk for babes, and not the strong meat for men. But we have been in the habit of entering the steam cauldron for more than twenty years—for the last fifteen years daily—we have directed the same course upon thousands of others, and our own experience is, that steam does wonders on the human being as well as on the railroad.

Indeed, the drug system might be very generally dispensed with, if "simple believers" could but open their eyes to the principles of health, where the ounce of prevention is worth more than the pound of cure. Cleanliness, well ventilated rooms and pure air, due hours of sleep, of exercise, with proper adjustment of food with reference to its medicinal qualities, whether as laxative or constipative—fine flour being of this latter quality to a most ruinous extent—are simple things to be heeded. Let social and other relations be congenial as much as possible, for these are necessary to the harmonious rhythm or equilibrium of the whole. Let there be occupation in something useful, promoting general growth and good, for a free, generous outgrowth of the soul.

"Gives fire to the mind and vigor to the limb,
And life's enchanted cup then sparkles to the brim."

The laws and conditions of health are very easily learnt, and the habits once formed will not be departed from; "for all the ways are pleasantness, and all the paths are peace." Spiritualists should see to these things in the training of their children. There should be instruction in chemistry and physiology, with much other cultivation of the physical and mental domain, or there will continue blundering through drugs, doctors and death. Ignorance is the way of hell—the bottomless pit of suffering. Knowledge, working in the light of goodness, secures the harmony of heaven. Each must learn to engineer himself, to unfold from his own centre. By skillful gearing to the good providence of God, we have beautiful health, nor find the "spirits of devils working miracles," as was supposed by the old "simple believers," nor much improved in the modern day and generation of the same.

The ancient Medea sustained rather a broader character than curing disease or raising the dead to life. She bewitched Jason with her sorceries, and aided him to compass the Golden Fleece in the Argonautic expedition. She was as violently tempered as Hebrew Joel, who spoke the head of Siser, and as Deborah, who set the spiking process to music and sang it to the Lord. Medea "rode through the air in a chariot drawn by winged dragons." Elijah did the same in "a chariot of fire, horses of fire, and the horsemen thereof," while the similar worthies of Satan were seen mounted on broomsticks and sweeping the heavens.

Leaving this episode, suggested by the Westminster's allusion to the "Median cauldron," we recur to the reviewer's pronouncement on what the "cave spirits" say to the churches. He says: "Is it too much to say that a book has appeared which at once repudiates miracles, inspiration, Messianic history, and

the authenticity of the Bible? Surely, too, these writers must know that it is in theology that the ostentatious argument is so untrustworthy. A chain of theological reasoning of all other chains is no stronger than its weakest part. What becomes of the Christian scheme when the origin of man is handed over to Mr. Darwin, and Adam and Eve take their seats beside Daucalon and Pyrrha?"

This "theological chain" is well put. The Biblical chain "no stronger than its weakest part!" Suppose we snap one of the thousand weak links in the Bible—say Jonah's trip, per whale, with his

"Life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their vigils keep."

Nor were the winds caught napping in this case, but were wide awake; for "the Lord sent a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest." Jonah, if not "shipwrecked and murdered, and sold for a slave," was at least offered as a victim in sacrifice to appease the Lord—as cast overboard, whaled, and "vomited on dry land." This is equivalent to Iphigenia in Aulis, where the Grecian fleet were becalmed on their way to Troy. In this case, to move the Grecian fleet, as set forth in Euripides, much of the very breeze was wanted which proved so potent in knocking the Hebrew craft on her beam ends. The Gentile prophet scanned the links in the theological chain, and discovered that the young and beautiful daughter of Commodore Agamemnon must be offered in sacrifice to the Gentile Lord. As the Hebrew Lord provided a whale for the escape of Jonah, so, too, was Iphigenia spirited away, and a hind met the demands of the sacrificial knife. But the tempest to let, in the whale, without ventilation, proved the very "bully of hell" to Jonah; nor much better fared Iphigenia as priestess to the barbarians on the Thracian Bosphorus. Jonah in the whale, and Iphigenia in Tawris, were rather hard conditions; but alas! for Jephthah's daughter, who had not even these, though a ram saved Isaac under the sacrificial knife of Abraham. No woman's rights could avail to save a damsel devoted to the Lord; for "none devoted shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death," as "the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel in Mount Sinai." Yet a ram sufficed for Isaac, a deer for Iphigenia, and a willing voyage for Jonah; but alas for Jephthah's daughter! for the Lord is a jealous God, and "none devoted shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death."

Such are some of the links in the theological chain of old time—very apt for modern schools and churches to count their beads upon. Though the Biblical chain is full of incongruous links, which break in all directions, yet priest and church declare the chain one and infallible, with no disruption of parts. For God's sake, let Dr. Ellis make louder his apology for the "stupidity of the pulpit." If there be any salvation in apology, let us have it, for the spiritual growth that is bound by the "theological chain of reasoning," is weak indeed—clean gone in imbecility.

Says the Westminster—"An English divine must be, in spite of himself, an apologist, and must be always regarded as stating his case most favorably to the church; an Oxford professor must sanction revolt when he speaks disbeliever with such amazing candor. . . . Creeds, like Censar's wife, cannot even bear to be suspected. Let each of these writers be assured that, as far as moral influence goes, he has said all that each of the others has said, and it is not too hard to remind them, that each has implied some things which none of them have said. . . . From the general extracts which we have made, we think it will be seen that this book does radically destroy not a part, but the whole of the popular belief. . . . Were not the Egyptians, as much as the Jews, the pioneers in civilization? Are Confucius, and the infinite millions who have lived and died under his dispensation, drops in the ocean of humanity? Did Buddhism do nothing for the principle of purity? or was Mahomet a feeble teacher of the idea of monotheism? To ignore so much in the past may be the singular result of a classical education; but to drop out of mankind a vast majority of the human race, is an astonishing proof of the narrowness of the Christian teacher."

These last remarks are applied by the reviewer to Dr. Temple, who exhibits the characteristic narrowness of the education bounded by the church, whose classical attainments afford but little breadth of soul, or scope of vision; hence the necessity that Dr. Ellis should offer "an apology for the stupidity of the pulpit." Such fragmental education, and most of it a fossil kind, must of necessity result in a barren field, or of abortive productions, but ill adapted to modern development. When such platitudes are offered to progressive souls, and they are told to "enter in and possess the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee," they are rather apt to demur at such a kingdom of heaven which has the dark aspect of the valley and shadow of death of the Hebrew, or the "Pluto's dreary realms" of the Gentile. A preference is given to a newer, a brighter unfolding of the heavens, whence angel's food is furnished at first hand from more sweetly flowing fountains, and holier fruits of present growth.

Again, the Westminster—"Can the noble elevation of the Roman citizen be compared with the inhuman exclusiveness of the Jew? Surely there are negative results of the Jewish influence. The spirit of persecution, extermination and narrowness, is not Greek. Is Calvinism derived from Roman or from Jewish temper? Whence comes the notions of hell and damnation, of the God of battles, of Pharisaism and Bibliolatry? Nor are these things trifles, if nothing can be so repugnant to the notion of the unity of man, no temper so pernicious of the progress of the race, as the spirit of cruelty, of pride, of isolation, and of formalism. Yet these are the educators chosen out for a sacred prerogative, and leaders specially honored, their writings specially studied, their spirit specially imitated. . . . Why do our congregations chant daily fierce war-songs from the Psalms? . . . The pedantic education and the sufficing morality of the universities, too often leads them to adopt the principles of hostile criticism in the spirit of the rhetorician or the sophist. They turn criticism into apology by a trope, and twist an axiom of science to support a popular error. How this has been done with the first chapter of Genesis the world now knows, and the church knows also to its cost. But the identical process discredited for the cosmogony still flourishes for the rest of the Bible; and day after day we see the latest conclusions of philosophy and science travestied into Hebrew phraseology, to defend the pretensions of an official church."

After some other remarks, the reviewer continues, and says—"The latter link in the argument is adequately supplied by the second essay in the volume. Dr. Williams gives us an able summary of the best results of Biblical criticism, and the conclusions of modern Hebrew scholars. Of his work we desire to

speak with much respect, whilst we shall push his arguments to their logical deductions, from which his position, or his special studies, perhaps incline him to abstain. After the extracts already made, it will be sufficient to say, that it subjects the entire Scripture to a process which combines that pursued by Niebuhr upon Livy, with that of Wolf upon Homer. In short, the truth of the narrative and the identity of the authors disappear together. It becomes a medley of legend, poetry, and oral tradition, compiled, remodeled, and interpolated by a priestly order, centuries after the times of its supposed authors. And this applies to the New Testament (though in much less degree) just as to the Old. The process with which classical scholars are so familiar is renewed. The bits of old songs or laws are skillfully picked out of the Pentateuch, which is shown to have been put together under the kings by the priesthood who recast, and perhaps fraudulently invented whole books. The prophecies become sermons of every variety of spirit and purpose. The Psalms become a sort of Hebrew anthology of every possible merit and date. Thus the Old Testament is reduced to a very fragmentary and very untrustworthy collection of the literature of a certain Arab race. The grand spirit of Moses grows as dim in the dust of centuries as that of Numa. Sinai moves as little as the Cave of Egeria. The primal poems are distorted into prose by some college of pontiffs or augurs; and the war-songs of old heroes are hammered out into dreary narratives by the designing ingenuity of a caste.

The process does not, of course, go so far with the New Testament, though it must suffer from the proximity of such a neighbor. Three first gospels were put together from the floating and variable traditions of the early church, no man knows how or when. As much might be said for the "Lives of the Saints." The fourth gospel on which so much is rested, is very late, and certainly not by St. John. Indeed the only thoroughly authentic portion of the whole Scripture seems to be the Epistles—those of St. Paul, that is to say, for many of the others are very suspicious. In the writings of St. Paul, then, we do reach a firm point, of which author, date and genuineness are certain, but even these unfortunately, contain corrupt readings and addition, or call them forgeries, on cardinal points made in the early days when the church "was creating its theology."

The mass break idols they no longer worship; they repudiate the guides in whom they had placed an extravagant trust. Our new teachers point out that their idol is but stone and wood, but wish them to retain it on the altar for its beauty and its age. They discredit the veracity of the oracles, and think mankind will still consult them for the poetry of the responses. . . . We are asked to venerate the old prophets not as seers but as poets, and then are told to venerate no other poets like them. We are desired to see in the Jewish nation the purpose of ages moving onwards through their history, and then asked to ignore the purpose of ages through the history of far nobler and greater nations. It is not that Hebrew poetry is not great, but that Christian poetry is greater; it is not that there is nothing to be learned in the history of the Jews, but that there is more to be learned in the history of the Romans. Man for man, race for race, the comparison is hardly possible, and Dante towers above Isaiah, as much as St. Bernard above Samuel.

If this be true, the maintenance of that race and its literature in unnatural prominence under any pretence, or with any theory of interpretation, is an evil and a delusion. . . . The Bible can hold its place either by a divine sanction or by glaring injustice to the other writings of mankind. The question is not whether stripped of that sanction it is worthless, but whether other books are not equally valuable. . . . In short the plan is one which reduces the whole Bible to the position of the Apocrypha. In them we have books which claim no very high authority, and are not used to establish any doctrine. They have sunk into the same neglect as the Catholic legends or the spurious epistles and gospels of the church. The world even gives a very harsh sense to the term 'apocryphal.' If this is the position which Scripture is to hold in men's minds, its claims are undoubtedly placed similarly low. They do not say that certain books are not inspired, but that there is no inspiration. They yield not the authenticity of parts, but the authority of the whole.

There is however, a totally different side of this question. After all, the really fatal objection to the Scripture is not that it is deficient or occasionally superfluous, and does not contain much of great value which other writings do (as authors readily admit), but that much—any, very much—of what it does contain is actively injurious and positively repulsive. . . . He who feels keenly the baneful influence diffused through the inmost fibres of social and private life, cannot tolerate that it should be prolonged in the very name of society and morality. And if advantage be taken of the very moderation of our language, it is time to point out the powerful substratum of truth in the fierce invectives of Voltaire and Paine. With regard to the Hebrew portion, indeed, it is allowed that it can do nothing more than represent the spirit and life of the Jews, and perhaps does very scant justice even to that. Now in spite of their monotheism, which they held in common with other Oriental races, the Jewish national character abounds in repulsive features. The very orthodox believer admits it in order to heighten the miracles of inspiration. It is not enough to say that they were surpassed by the Romans in this and the Greeks in that virtue; it must be shown that they were free from fatal defects. We ask whether morbid pride, egotism, and ferocity, inhuman hate and frantic fanaticism, superstition and hypocrisy, went for nothing in the national character. And then we go on to ask if this spirit does not, and through ages, has not shed its blight upon men, and if so, through what agency. Why all history scarcely shows a race whose character was distorted by such hateful vices. And is it not time that their character, such as it is, runs through every page of their literature, as, indeed, could not be otherwise? It poisons its wild mythology and the sanguinary annals, it stiffens the Mosiah ritual into a debasing formalism. Their national songs thirst for vengeance, and the warnings of their prophets are veiled in a gloomy horror. Again we say we yield to none in honoring what else they have—much that no other books in the world equally possess. What we insist on is, that it is mixed up with an immense percentage of evil. This is not a matter to be dismissed by a parenthesis or a metaphor. It is hardly fair to talk of 'flaws' and 'patches,' nor does it meet the question to call all this an imperfect revelation. It is trifling with us to say that the Mosiah ritual was given for the 'hardness of men's hearts,' and some impracticable 'vision is a council of perfection.'

We say that evil is evil, and are not willing to adopt the view of Mr. Emerson, that it is a lower

form of good. What we maintain is, that the book which they insist on retaining on the altar and the hearth, for reading in the congregation, and for meditation in secret—the book for all—for white and black men, for the poor, the sick, and the child, contains inwoven into its fibre some of the very principles of a bad heart and narrow head. Is it possible to give a moral interpretation to all the legends of Genesis? How many pages are occupied with the upholders of the temples and the fury of the Levites? Are not the wars of Israel as dreary as those of the Samites, and far more shocking? Are the turbulent annals of the Judges and the Kings the most edifying things in all history, even supposing them true in fact? Even the golden words of David and his son contain much dross. They are no little discredited by their lives, and distorted by frightful imprecations and cynical worldliness. Through the loftiest exhortations of the prophets, and far more through the whole history of their lives and actions, there runs a savage fanaticism, and occasional instances of sheer monomania. What we want to learn is, in what way this burden of Judaism may be lifted off the conscience of the people. How shall their public and private life be purified from this? Not, we think, by any explanation of difficulties and canons of interpretation—not by still thrusting before their eyes and dining into their ears with free comments the legends of Dinah and Tamar, the dreary catalogues of Numbers and Leviticus, the maledictions of the Prophecies and Psalms, and the antics of the songs of Solomon. "It is very easy indeed to say that mankind turn to the brighter, never to the darker pages. But is this really so? Are not, rather, the two mingled together? It may be easy to say that the cry of the 'sword of the Lord and of Gideon' is obsolete, and the spirit of persecution dead. These tempers no longer take the form of outward violence; but they still produce a moral degradation. That which almost stifled the political genius of Cromwell, still makes bad citizens; and the literalism of Knox still hardens many hearts. The missionary still looks upon himself as Elijah amidst the priests of Baal; and the whole evangelical world still nurses its pride upon the language of the chosen people. In a word, the cruelty of Calvinism, the hypocrisy of Protestantism, and the bigotry of the church, are Jewish to the core."

There is much more from the Westminster mount of vision which we have not room to include in our "Glimpses." Let it suffice for the present to say that from the observatories of Cambridge, Oxford and Westminster the old heavens are seen rolled together as a scroll—the sun darkened, and the moon refusing to give her light; the old theological stars are falling from heaven, and "sweating away like farthing candles looted at bath ends." The brook Kedron is overwhelmed with the immense amount of biblical, of church and priestly rubbish. *Sic transit gloria evangelii mundi*; the which being interpreted is, the evangelical world upon the slide, and giving place to the brighter day. Amen!

SEADOWS.

'Tis the hour of prayer. How gently the light dropped away in speedy moments! Pensive evening like a shadow is spreading over us. The busy tramp of day has mellowed into the quiet hour of twilight. Shadows sit by us, to which fanny gives strange shapes and our minds grow pensive. Sounds unnoticed in the rose-tinted hours of light, fall quaintly on the ear; our thoughts in harmony with the calmness of the hour, ascend, like heated air, to higher regions, and a holy sadness heralds in the night.

'Tis the hour of prayer. The golden sunset draws fantastic clouds of dazzling brightness, on which its rays have lingered till their lusted edges have faded into red, and now the dark blue of evening has spread its mantle over all; the lighted points, one after another, have gone out, leaving the once bright coronations of beauty in huge shapes, grim and motionless.

The young moon, following her god, has dropped behind the dark cloud; a star glimmers through the foggy folds, prophetic of constellations, to gem the canopy of night. The dews of evening gather on the ground; the air is full of chilliness, and the heart in sympathy beats to the music of sadness.

'Tis the hour of prayer. All day the din of active life overwhelms, and the latent soul speaks not. Thankful are we for the return of evening, bringing us back to fanny's mystic thought, when hearts speak and voices oft are silent—vain wanderings o'er a sea of thoughts we cannot fathom. 'Tis the hour when children talk with angels; 'tis the hour we feel our immortality.

'Tis the hour of prayer; 'tis the hour when old familiar faces look at us from the dark corners of the room. Old portraits on the wall attract expression, and the recognitions make us feel the living presence. Can the winking hour of twilight make vivid the shadows of loved faces who dwell beyond the yale, whose still voices ignite thought—whose footsteps leave no track behind?

'Tis the hour of prayer. Come, little, bone of my bone, and bright-eyed Jamie, image of the mother, draw near the table, old ere your sire saw the light of day. The rough winds of time have not yet swept the sunbeams from your hopeful faces. You are fresher from life's fount than I am. Then lift your young hearts with thanks. Oh, fair evening, that forgets toil, and permits the quiet and repose of holy thought. Children, let us pray.

Pray for the mother who had you first in her bosom, and when ready for the friction of light and air, gave you your being. Forget not your Father, who needs prayers more than she. You for us, and we for you; our vespers entwined, shall soar upward, and mingle with the thank offerings of angels.

'Tis the hour of prayer. Hark! the wind, low moaning, vibrates on my ear in harmony with the hour. Listen! maybe an angel's voice. I feel her presence. Is it Hattie? They are all here. Is that soft-moaning wind a response? Oh, let us think! 'Tis the golden hope of life's existence. We see thee not. But art thou here, my eldest born, whose early-winged flight left a trail of sorrow on life's pathway? Oh, sweet sombre twilight, that gives reality to shadows!

'Tis the hour of prayer. Hattie joins with us, whose unheard voice mingles without discord with Ellie's and Jamie's—whose bright faces see her presence in our hearts, and feel they have a sister whose soft influences draw them heavenward. One link above the cloud, and one below the surface, make the chain complete.

'Tis the hour of prayer. The little bud, still en-

veloped in nature's folds, feeling no light; but, by its not unlovely presence, speaking our immortality yet to be, and we are six. Our four living adjuncts; the "unseen" and the yet "unborn" not visible, but present with us, with joined hands as of one piece; and sainted little in the centre (if it be so) worship now the Universal Father—for 'tis the hour of prayer.

W. A. X.

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New Story by Mrs. Porter.

We hope to be able by February 1st, to announce for publication a new story by Mrs. Ann E. Porter, author of "Bertha Lee," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c. We know this announcement will be very acceptable to our patrons, who were delighted with the stories mentioned above, as with all those the talented authoress has written for us.

THE USES OF DISCIPLINE.

They are to the nation just what they are to the individual. No reflecting man can question that, as a people, we have been so highly prospered, materially, as to distract us from the needed contemplation of our spiritual growth and interests, and make us believe that in money alone resides the summit and crown of all worth and power. Hence our society has struck its colors to the clamorous demands of wealth, and confessed its inferiority to the mere instrument that is able, when rightly employed, to help in elevating the social state.

It would appear as if there was little enough need to deary this state of the popular sentiment—so hasty, so crude, so full of self-assumption—since nothing is to be gained by denunciation, and people rather stick to an old bad way, than follow after a new better one. Besides, it is true at all times and everywhere, that an idea works itself out in the minds of men, and is never wrought out by extraneous aid or machinery. When the people see that there is a far better way for them than the way they have been going in, they will abandon the old track for the new one; but who will undertake to make them see what they do not now see, or to see it even before they can? There is no such thing as force, or will, about these matters; they are subjects simply of natural growth and development.

Our present national trial is a perfectly natural one, and, in the course of events, to be expected. We have been going on as a people at an unparalleled rate of prosperity. Our material strength has already become enormous. Our population doubles almost as fast as we can order the official census. Our commerce whitens every foreign sea with its peaceful sails, while our magnificent inland lakes and rivers float a wealth of shipping that very few minds in the country think of seriously estimating and trying to realize. The leading cities are already giants, and palatial rows of warehouses lift their proud heads above the pigmy passers, testifying to the vast accumulations of this virgin land which the world calls America. Land is so cheap and plenty, too, that every man can be independent of every other man, and sit under his own vine and fig-tree without fear of molestation.

Out of this almost absolute freedom must naturally proceed influences not particularly beneficial to the spiritual part of man. In his sense of security from want and harm, he has gradually come to forget his better nature almost entirely, and to believe that in bread alone—the bread that is made in the waving wheat-field—does his life here consist. It is perfectly natural that it should be so, but all of us lament the peculiarity of nature that produces such a condition of things. Men will forget their higher interests when they are perfectly enmeshed in the web of lower and more immediate ones, and we can only lament it as long as it stands as it does; to complain is to do no good, and to denounce is both pharisaical and productive of positive harm.

Looking over such a field, who is there to deny that the very first step toward spiritual discipline and betterment is that induced by actual trouble? Who cannot readily understand that there is no way so effectual to bring men to their senses as this very way by which all are suffering to day? If the administration of the rod be good for children, why may it not bring forth good fruits, too, in the case of adults? In the whole history of human experience, who fails to discern the fact that it is only over obstacles and through opposition that advancement is made, and that rarely, if ever, have great points been gained except by tribulation and agony?

We are at this moment, as a nation, going through one of those crises that as much belong to growth of man and his social institutions as his senses belong to his spirit while in his present condition. It is a necessity of our national and individual growth that it should be so. The very lack of leaders, who shall tower above the heads of the people and take the work almost entirely on their own shoulders, is a cause for rejoicing rather than regret, although there are so many to vent their lamentations over it. If we had the popular leaders we had in the past generation, they would do for us, if they were able, what we are now compelled to do for ourselves; and herein lies the profit of the lack so much lamented. It is time we took the responsibility, and it was meant that we should take the responsibility; hence, when we would look around and seek for our accustomed servants and agents, whom we were perfectly willing to pay for the work they performed, we look and seek in vain. Men appear to be nearly of the same height in these times. What is wanted now, is not leaders to overtop the masses, but men everywhere, sufficient for the ever-varying forms of the problem of self-government, developed for a still higher form of social civilization than ever before, and afraid to face no contingency which time and the play of cir-

cumstances may design. This is the dawning of the great era, long prayed for and looked for, when the individual shall be superior to the State, even as he has long since proved himself superior to the Church. Not arrogantly, and therefore ignorantly; not in passion, or pretension; but humbly, and with a sweet, secret and perpetual trust in the Power that sits above all human states and thrones and ecclesiasticalisms forever.

But we are all to be impressed with one great truth, in this day of our trial and test; and that is, that passion and the use of force is certain to put back the hands on the dial of progress, and undo all that has, up to the present point, been accomplished. Now is the time for every one of us, by example and by word, to dissuade others from the rashness that is the fruit of old-time violence. Let us remember that, in matters pertaining to liberty, no man can ever be forced—no man can be made to see what he cannot see. Let us leave a little to circumstances, and a good deal to time. If we live only to advance a theory, rather than to advance the highest interests of the human family, then we may be assured without further thought that we shall certainly fail; it is possible for us to work out a true inspiration, because that may be done after truly divine methods; but it is idle to seek in these days of open and endless inquiry, to force a notion upon any class of human beings, with the most distant idea of its becoming permanent and fruitful.

The best we can any of us do, at this time, then, is to be patient and hopeful; to give up no ground that we have gained at the cost of our vital forces, unless by the cession it is honestly believed that still higher ground is thereby secured; to remember that we have sins at home to look after, and that we have no right to taunt others with sins for which we are nowise responsible, and of whose origin and growth we know nothing. Above all, let us give over no hope, no endeavor, so long as divine charity still remains to us, but love and labor on to the end of our days, believing that the All-Father holds the final arrangement in his beneficent hand.

Scandal Mongers.

The existence of a few scandal mongers in Boston, who profess to be Spiritualists, has been the bane of every man or woman who has ever been connected with the cause in any public capacity. And we are sorry to say it—men who should have more sense than to listen to the calumnies of those pests, who are continually meddling with what does not concern them, and passing opinions of brainless heads upon actions they know nothing about, are often influenced by these snakes, who take pleasure in bedaubing with their own slime those who will not bow to their will.

We have, in common with others who have taken an active part in this movement, been a target at which some of these people have shot. Silence for a time has been our only answer. But we find the more we bear the more we have put upon us; and forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We now publicly request that a stop be put to certain lies, emanating from some of our spiritual brethren; and at the same time advise these people to put their own houses in order, or we may find it necessary to strip from them a part of their covering in a manner which will not be at all pleasurable. Wherever this shoe pinches—among rich or poor, high or low Spiritualists, in Boston or Melrose—let the parties who put it on wear it to their own advantage in teaching them to mind their own concerns. If it has an opposite effect, we shall only tighten the grip—depend upon it.

The Pope, a hundred years ago.

A modern volume describes his Holiness, so long ago as that, in the following style:—"He (the Pope) rides along the street in a very large, old-fashioned coach, drawn by eight horses, the coachman and postillions on the horses, with full-bottomed wigs, without their hats—very ridiculous figures. All the people he meets fall down upon their knees. The first time I met him I got out of my coach to bend my knees, as I was bid. He gave me his blessing; and signified he would waive compliment for the future; so we never willingly put ourselves in the way of meeting him. During the year there are several of the convents open for the entertainment of poor pilgrims; they are fed for three days, that being the time necessary to perform their devotions. As they walk barefoot, they are first carried into a room to have their feet washed and plastered, if necessary, and then set down to long tables, where they have soup, fish, and salad. The ladies of the first fashion, as a proof of their humility and penitence, come, at times, to wait upon them. My curiosity carried me there one night; but they, supposing I came there with the same pious design, as soon as the pilgrims were set down to a table, a laced bib-apron was brought to me, and a ladle put into my hand. Two men brought in a large copper, with a white petticoat around it that it might not dirt us; and I and two more ladies served five hundred with soup. Other ladies and the priests carried it about, and waited upon them."

Rumors and Michief.

It is true that if people would only pre-occupy their minds with thoughts that are worthy, there would not be so much room and readiness for idle rumors to do their work. Unoccupied time is the cause of a great deal of modern misery. Inspired with a notion that coiled gossip is far better than no news at all, such persons flood the land with messages from points where a state of extraordinary excitement prevails, and are only satisfied when they find that a still greater state of agitation is produced than before. If the "mind-your-own-business" principle could be introduced into affairs a little more generally, news would not be in such demand, and of course mischievous and lying rumors would come to a sorry market. But people love so to talk; and, talking, each would be thought the bearer of a bigger story than the one who told his last. Hence exaggeration has come to be an element of our popular character, and that newspaper receives the most patronage which offers the greatest "stunners," no matter whether true or false.

Error Corrected.

From the letter of a subscriber we extract the following:

"I have understood that spirit likenesses can be taken through the medium, Mrs. Conant. If such is the case, and as I understand the terms in the BANNER OF LIGHT, I will say that there are a large number in this place who would be pleased to try the test, and would gladly pay any price if they could get a picture of some beloved one who now dwells in interior life."

H. J. STEVENS.

Lest others should labor under a similar impression, we take occasion to say that we claim no such powers as belonging to Mrs. Conant.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so.

THANKS.

We take this occasion to express our gratitude for the prompt manner in which our subscribers are responding to our claims for the ensuing year. It is to individual subscriptions that a journal like ours must look for its support. In order to be an effective instrument for good, such an enterprise must be self-sustaining—not indebted to the philanthropy of a few individuals for life. A paper which for any length of time must owe its existence to a few whole-souled men, and not to the whole public, is not only limited in its action, but is a constant source of anxiety to its publishers.

To a certain extent the prosperity and continuance of our paper is a trust in the hands of every individual subscriber or purchaser. The withdrawal of one is a weakening of the forces. Our friends seem to understand this, and have responded nobly to our calls. The present year has thus far been fruitful of good to us; and we have no reason to fear that those of our friends whose subscriptions are about to expire, will be any more backward in their renewals than those who have been so long expiring with the coming in of the new year.

We consider that the BANNER OF LIGHT is on a firmer foundation to-day than it has ever been since its existence. It is now a self-sustaining enterprise, whereas during the first two or three years of its publication its publishers sustained a loss of some twenty thousand dollars. The first year of its publication was during the crisis of 1857, when with a small circulation we struggled against the monetary difficulties which overwhelmed many men. That year wound up with a loss of over ten thousand dollars to us.

After that time we made strong efforts to increase our circulation by extraordinary expenses. A larger amount of reading matter was given to the public than any two religious weekly papers in the country afforded. Many of our reports, and much other matter were paid for liberally. We have also opened neatly furnished rooms to the public that they may witness the operations which furnish our department of our paper with matter. Many people have obtained their first knowledge of spiritual truths at our circles, which are always free. The department of our paper to which we refer, is an expense to which no other weekly paper is subject, and it is alone in its workings for good. The circles are attended by audiences averaging fifty persons, daily, most of whom are strangers in the city. They cannot but be impressed with the fact that there is something genuine in Spiritualism, and are often induced to seek for themselves for its truths among the various mediums of the land.

Although by some of our friends we have been censured for extravagance in our outlays, we can but look upon the money we have expended as seed sown to spring up hereafter in glory. If we have attained a weekly circulation which has at no time been equalled by the combined spiritual press, and have reached a position in the hearts of the people which renders future success certain, in a monetary sense. The character of the BANNER, and the peculiar elements to which it owes its success, render it impossible to bring its current expenses to the same basis as other weekly journals of the same circulation. Hence it is that it requires a large circulation to sustain it. What would fill other publisher's pockets with wealth, only suffices to keep the BANNER afloat. We acknowledge our dependence upon each and every subscriber to and purchaser of our paper. Our success rests to a certain degree upon the liberality and promptness of each of them. And while they express a desire to have the BANNER OF LIGHT moving onward in the path of success, let them not forget that every dollar they send us is so much motive power which renders its onward march certain. Let no one withdraw his patronage, thinking that we can do without his aid; for each and all our friends are co-workers with us in the enterprise, and any sacrifice made in our behalf will doubtless be repaid with the accompanying consciousness that to that sacrifice the triumph of Right is in a measure due.

Macaulay as a Judge.

Whipple remarks, in the introductory criticism on Macaulay's Essays that is published with the new edition of those fascinating papers, that his genuine "integrity of character gave a certain puritan relentlessness of tone to his intellectual and moral judgments. He had a warm love for what was beautiful and true, but, in his writings, it generally took the negative form, of hatred for what was deformed and false. He abhorred meanness, baseness, fraud, falsehood, corruption, and oppression, with his whole heart and soul, and found a grim delight in holding them up to public execration. His talent for this work, and his enjoyment of it, were so great that he was tempted at times to hunt after criminality for the pleasure of punishing it. He acquired a diseased taste for character that was morally tainted, in order that he might exercise on its condemnation the rich resources of his scorn and invective. His progress through a tract of history was marked by the erection of the gallows, the gibbet, and the stake, and he was almost as insensible to mitigating circumstances as Judge Jeffreys himself. He seemed to consider that the glory of the judge rested on the number of the executions; and he has hanged, drawn and quartered many individuals, whose cases are now at the bar of public opinion, in the course of being reheard."

Tobacco for Disease of the Throat.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal makes the following observations in a review of Sir Benjamin Brodie's letter in the London Times on the "Use and Abuse of Tobacco."

"There is a local effect of tobacco, when smoked, which we have not seen mentioned, and which, in a therapeutic aspect, may be of considerable importance; we refer to its action in preventing that peculiar condition of the throat, which, if neglected, is liable to terminate in follicular inflammation, or what is properly known as clergyman's sore throat. It has been said that few if any instances of this affection can be found to exist in those in the habit of smoking, and we know of one or two instances where it yielded at once to the potent influence of tobacco. It probably acts by allaying commencing irritation, which if allowed to increase, would end in inflammation; and perhaps by counteracting any spasmodic condition of the surrounding muscles—a very natural source of trouble in this distressing disease."

News from the South.

We make no apology to our readers for not trying to furnish them with the items of news, manufactured and otherwise, that come across the telegraph wires from the seat of excitement at the South. We could not keep up with this news, if we tried. What is given as fact, one hour, is sure to be contradicted the next. We deem it better, therefore, to let these varying rumors take their own course, and let expression in the papers that live by circulating such things, and not to add one iota to an excitement in the public mind which we cannot hope to quell.

The Settlement at Hammon, N. J.

We see that our old friend, John Landon, of Rutland, Vt., has become interested in the Hammon enterprise, and has located there, having purchased the land of Landis & Byrnes, the former proprietors. This place is located thirty miles southeast of Philadelphia, by railroad, in Atlantic county, N. J., and is said to be a most prosperous settlement. Dr. A. C. Stiles, formerly of Bridgeport, Ct., has also located there, and speaks in praise of the place.

The soil is fine sandy loam, containing phosphatic matter and marine deposits, and is pronounced inexhaustible. It is fine for fruits, vegetables, corn, &c. The climate is temperate, free from severe cold and dangerous frosts, therefore good for persons predisposed to pulmonary complaints.

Land warrants at a rate of twenty dollars per acre on the farm plot are given for settlers. The homestead law of the State exempts land and houses to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars for execution or seizure on account of debt.

The social state is at present good, free from any tendencies to free love, and it is intended to keep it so. There are good stores, mills, schools, and churches of various denominations. The population numbers about two thousand, chiefly from New England and the West.

The Spring Prospects.

What it is that thus inspires the patriot Garibaldi to declare with such emphasis that the Italians had better hold themselves in readiness to take the field in the last of March, may be better known to himself than to anybody else. He has retired to his little island home for a brief rest only, satisfied that the future will make even sterner demands on him than has the past. We do not ourselves incline to believe that the continental troubles are anywhere near the point of their final settlement. Italy is free, but not so free as she yet shall be. The Papal question has not been settled—not even thoroughly discussed. Pius IX. does not intend to yield his ground so readily—at least while he hopes to be able to find at his hand such friends as the present youthful Emperor of Austria. And France is as much interested in the disposal of this question as any nation on the Continent can be, having long since mapped out her views in the little pamphlet that made so much talk in all the capitals. We expect that the coming spring will open more stirring times for Europe than it has known yet.

IMPROMPTU.

Joy sat upon the brow of Youth
In Beauty's sheen so fair,
For in Joy's spirit there was Truth,
Undimmed by cloud or care.

Too soon, alas! as Time sped on,
Youth's Joy was turned to Sorrow,
For Pleasure came in gay attire,
Joy's innocence to borrow.

Truth wept and faltered by the way,
While Hope kept pace with Pleasure;
But soon Joy changed her name to Gay,
And mortgaged Virtue's treasure.

Yet Hope the portal watched with care,
Desiring Truth's return;
But Sin had placed its signet there,
And Truth away did spurn.

Sorrow and Sin a union formed,
And Beauty fled away;
While Pleasure, heartless, viewed the scene,
And bade farewell to Gay.

Oh, Youth and Beauty, learn from this
That Truth, allied to Love,
With Peace and Virtue ever near,
Were sent from God above;

That when you o'er life's pathway tread,
Your footsteps may be sure,
And when the angels call for you,
You'll mingle with the Pure. L. C.

The Poor.

We beg our more favored readers not to forget the poor around them, at this biting season of the year. No man must think that he can live altogether, for and by himself, or forget that he is but a single link in the intricate network of the great social scheme. We are all dependent one on the other. No man can stand off from his kind and say that he will get along without them. Hence, if we look at it as a matter of policy merely, we must see at once how much safer it is to do a kind deed, now and then; if only by way of making a deposit in the memory of others against which we may draw in time of need. Giving is more blessed than receiving; and he who knows lays up a wealth of enjoyment that he knows not of. It seems as if our fortunes were all placed at odds as they are, merely that the better qualities of human nature might be appealed to and drawn out. In the dreary winter time, the calls made on a man's goodness are as loud as they ever can be.

In China.

The French and English have assuredly "got their foot" in the China shop, and are breaking the war with a looseness that does not speak much for the height of our boasted modern civilization. But they say there are some communities, both far and near, that need to be thoroughly drubbed before they will entertain the least respect for a strong and worthy outsider; and we may conclude that China is one of them. War is considered a very excellent affair, or agent, by some people, and thought to be even a divinely efficacious instrument in advancing the world. So mote it be, then; we certainly do not look to see any very large increase of skeletons made from swords, in this day of ours, though we do sincerely believe that peace, and long-suffering, and true loving kindness, will get ahead of violence and bloodshed in the end. No doubt the burning by the Allies of the Chinese Emperor's palace, will lead to the gentlest fruits, at last, of beautiful peace.

Rather Gloomy.

Dr. Dewey, of this city, declared in his pulpit discourse on the President's Fast Day, that he did not doubt that those persons who had already come to middle age, in this country, had seen their best days; that disintegration was to come, discord was to rule, and the next quarter of a century would be taken up chiefly with the dissonant work of discussions, experiments, and reconstructions. It may be so, and it may not. "If it be, we should be sorry enough for human nature, the best specimens of which had already advanced to their present standard, if there was not a great deal more to hope for, even in disintegration, than to despair of. It is the spirit of the age that controls all popular movements; and, if we mean anything by that expression, we mean that it is the essence of all that is good and true. To despair of this, is to despair of man; and he can have but little faith in God, who is not as willing to put as much faith in man as the all-wise and beneficent Creator."

France and Secession.

Since considerable talk has been made about the overtures of South Carolina to France respecting her secession project, it has been a matter of much interest to people everywhere to learn just how these overtures have been received. We think there is not much room left for speculation, after reading an extract like the following from the *Journal des Debats* of Paris:

"Can the nation which has abolished slavery in its colonies, lend its assistance to these pseudo-republicans, who prefer a revolution to a more examination as to whether there exists any means by which, in a near or distant future, the emancipation of blacks may be accomplished? These cotton planters address the Emperor as the protector of nationalities. What, then, is the nationality oppressed at Charleston? We see only one oppression—that of four millions of Africans who are held in slavery."

And shall we lend our strength to this liberal movement? We have no interest in doing so. The Slave States would not come any quicker to our assistance, while the Northern States would harbor toward us an inveterate rancor. Now these latter States are more numerous, rich and populous than the future confederation of the South can ever be. It is the North principally which is the customer for our silks and articles of luxury, and which sends us its flour in exchange. Every mark of sympathy given by France to the Slave States, would be followed by commercial reprisals by the Northern States, and tariff and custom-house duties would soon interfere with our products. Let us, therefore, remain neutral in regard to dissensions which do not affect us. Let us leave the Americans to weaken themselves by their quarrels, and show to the world the impotence of republican forms to found a solid and permanent government. This is the case, if ever, in which to apply the principle of non-intervention."

Miss Harding's Lectures in Chicago.

We have received from W. C. Benson, Publisher, at Chicago, Illinois, a copy of lectures delivered in that city, by Miss Emma Harding, the popular and worthy lecturer. They are carefully reported, and the volume contains a brief biography of that lady, together with a portrait. The surplus receipts over expenses of publishing are to be donated to Miss Harding's Humane Enterprise.

The preface says: "The following series of Lectures were delivered in the course of three Sundays, during the months of October and November, 1860, at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Illinois. They excited a wide and profound interest at the time. The discourses were taken down, as delivered by R. R. Hitt, Esq., stenographic reporter of the Chicago Press and Tribune; and are republished without revision."

The subjects are "Astronomical Religion;" "Religion of Nature;" "The Creator and his Attributes;" "Spirit—its origin and destiny;" "Sin and Death;" "Hades, the land of the Dead."

Hoping for the Best.

Always hope. Keep that light burning, if all the rest are suffered to go out. Never give way to despondency. Never allow room for a doubt that cannot give a good account of itself. Insist on it, both by your speech and conduct, that you have implicit faith in the final achievement of perfect harmony throughout creation, and so, when others despond and despair, you are all right and happy. Just suppose, if possible, that all men—every one of them without exception—had no thought save that of confidence in goodness, and never dreamed of danger; what a beautiful existence would not this be! There would come no harm, because such a thing would neither be feared nor looked for. What if, now, one individual, here and there, should begin and practice on the same suggestion! A whole world of terrors could never dismay him.

Social Parties.

The ladies of the Spiritualist Relief Society commence a series of social dances at Concert Hall, Court street, Boston, on Tuesday evening, January 15th, to be followed by other parties on alternate Tuesday evenings—to wit: Jan. 22; Feb. 12 and 26; and March 12 and 26. Thorough arrangements have been made to insure the success of the enterprise, and the enjoyment of all who attend. The floor will be under the management of a competent Committee—Messrs. Thos. M. Wells, John T. Gardner, Benj. Dray, David Philbrook, and John T. Pitman. Tickets to the course, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, are for sale, at five dollars—single tickets, one dollar—by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, at this office, and by the Committee—also by the ladies of the society.

Literature.

Two LECTURES ON THE PRESENT CRISIS, by the late Theodore Parker, and the late Hon. Henry Clay, delivered at Dedworth's Hall, on the Morning and Evening of Sunday, Dec. 16, 1860. Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch, Medium. New York: S. T. Munson, 148 Fulton street.

This is the title of the work alluded to in the BANNER a fortnight since by our New York correspondent, and of which just enough was given to excite a desire in the minds of our readers for a thorough perusal. One, in reading the pages of this volume, cannot help perceiving the mental characteristics of the two great and good men from whom it purports to have emanated. The two discourses are published in durable form, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of the price—30 cents—by Mr. Munson, or by us.

The Davenport Boys.

Messrs. Editors—Can you tell me the address of the Davenport Boys? Is there any prospect of their visiting Boston this season? There are many here who are anxious to witness the amazing phenomena of which these boys are the media. Many persons who were unbelievers in all spiritual manifestations at the time of their last visit, are now ready to see and believe. I cannot doubt that the exhibition would be profitable in more senses than one at this time. I hope this hint will fall under the eyes of the parties interested, and that those inquirers who are yet in the rudiments of spiritual science, will be afforded the opportunity they crave. WESLEY.

Our Circles.

The public are informed that our circles are held every afternoon, except Sunday and Monday, commencing at half past two o'clock, at which time the doors are closed, and not opened until the close of the manifestations.

To Mediums.

Perry B. Bayless writes us from Ross Hill, Darke County, Ohio, that mediums are needed in that section of the country, and those contemplating a western journey would do well by placing the town upon their list.

The Trance.

We have refunded the money received by us for "The Trance," a book advertised a month ago. Owing to the times it will not be published at present.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. C. GOSWELL, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

ANSWERING OF LETTERS.

As one medium would in no way answer to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Invocation: The Condition of the American Nation; Geo. Carter, Deerfield; Samuel Upham; Anna Maria Hussey, Hallowell; To Joseph Loomis; Louisa Gann.

Wednesday, Jan. 9.—Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord; Francis T. Whittier, Troy; Laura Wood, Brooklyn; Pat Riley, Lawrence.

The Lord's Prayer.

"How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teachings of Spiritism?"

This question we have been called upon to answer ere this, and we have done so; but it seems that the mind of our questioner is unsatisfied still, and he reiterates the question.

The followers of Jesus asked him for a form of prayer. He gave them in substance that which you have in your Bible—at all events, that record tells you so. But you are not to suppose that prayer is any more infallible than any you receive at this day. That prayer was given to answer their present necessities, not that they might pray so to all eternity. But the disciples of Jesus were open to mistakes, as are you of this day. They as often laid down their own individuality as do you. Notwithstanding Jesus told them they must rely upon their own selves for salvation—that they must occupy on the talents God had given them; notwithstanding all this, they were prone to lean upon Jesus, and, after his death, upon those near to him.

Man is ever prone to ask some one else the way to heaven, instead of relying upon self. This is an outgrowth of material conditions are the spirit knows where to go; and no man need ask how to pray, for if he knew himself, he would know that every desire of the spirit is a prayer, every aspiration a prayer.

How shall you reconcile the Lord's Prayer to the teachings of spirits? How shall you reconcile ancient Spiritualism with modern Spiritualism? By understanding both. The power being exerted over you by the unseen inhabitants of spirit-life, moved upon mankind in all time. But as their sight was limited, so is yours.

The prayer, as given by Jesus of Nazareth, was a very good prayer for the time—answered well the demands of those who called for it. Jesus knew this, and gave the form of prayer he is said to have given. But does this belong to all of you as it did to his disciples? No. It may answer the necessities of some, but not of all humanity. Instead of asking Jesus, as those of ancient time, how you shall pray, turn within and ask your own God. He will give you a new prayer for every moment, and if you are satisfied with the prayer, believe us, God will be satisfied, also.

There are many among you so wedded to that given by Jesus, that they are unwilling to embrace a new form demanded by this age, which will accord with your necessities. The old yoke of superstition is still weighing you down at the foot of the cross. You should not sit there idle, but take it up. He that sits idle, content with the past, does not progress, for Jesus calls you onward. Do not sit gloomily in the garden of Gethsemane, but come out and catch the bright beams of light being sent to you by God at this hour.

The spirit cannot always be fettered, and because it cannot, one after another who bears the cross of olden time, is calling upon us to answer the demand.

How shall we come out and embrace the new, and reconcile it with the old? By listening to the voice of God that speaks in thunder-tones in your own soul, and which will never forget to tell you how to pray.

When sickness and sorrow have laid their hands heavily upon you, who does not know how to pray? Not one. 'Tis then through sorrow the interior voice is heard and obeyed. How you listen to this voice when sorrow presses upon you! How it tells you to pray! A something diviner than Jesus, then, tells you how to pray. Then let it teach you to pray in all your life. When sunshine gleams upon you, then also let this glorious monitor teach you to pray.

If you cannot listen to the voice within, go ask the lilies how to pray. In the morning they lift up their petals to catch the dew-drops, and the sun kisses their lips. They answer the external from the internal. The spirit of the Almighty dwelling within them teaches them how to pray.

Oh, cease to gather up the dry bones of past ages, for they cannot teach you how to pray.

Now, then, the teachings of Jesus can easily be reconciled to the teachings of to-day, when you understand both. When you answer the call of your spirit, and obey its voice, then shall you be able to reconcile the teachings of the past and present.

We answer you according to our ability—thus and so did Jesus answer his disciples, and nothing more. Dec. 11.

Kneeland Chase.

Oh, my God I am in trouble. I am dead—there is no doubt about that; but I did not know it until sometime afterwards. I know this place; I know what I have come for; I know about your paper; I have read it, but I have never seen anybody come in this way—never heard anybody talk in this way.

I have got a strange story to tell. I was murdered; and I know who murdered me. It was not Cilly, by any means. It was a nobody who was charged with my murder; but I know who did it. My God I wish I did it.

I have two or three favors to ask here. One is, I should like to have all my body buried together. I do not want one part of it in New Hampshire and another in Massachusetts. I want Dr. Jackson to send my stomach home. It is a queer question to ask, perhaps; but it is a favor, and I ask it. That body served me well, and I wish to take care of it now. No matter if it has been buried for months, I want it all together. I could have analyzed it right. There was not poison enough to detect. I was murdered. The first thing I was struck with was a stone; the second, a stone; but I did not know how many more times I was struck. It was 12 o'clock at night. I went up from my house to my barn—there I was killed. I had been out of town on business, and got back rather late. I was followed and murdered; and I was murdered that others might enjoy the money I left. If they want lay it to those who are innocent, I will not care; but they have done that, and I am coming back to speak for myself.

I was unfortunate, as a good many are. I was in the habit of taking too much liquor—so much so, that some of my friends thought it best to put my property away, so I could not spend it. I got tired of being servant when I ought to be master, and I quit drinking. Shortly after that, my friends interceded, and my property was restored to me. A few days after this, I was sent where I now am.

When my wife gives her opinion as to who murdered me, she must be careful who she charges it upon. I know she do not believe I can come back; but I can do it.

I want to give her a little advice. She must be careful she do not travel too far on the same road I did; if she does, she may meet with as short a turn as I did. I wish her no harm, although we did not

live together happily for some time. I will do her all the good I can, but if she has any sins of her own, I would not keep them to herself—nor throw them on to anybody else, for they will not lose anything by traveling.

I have an uncle here, or dead, and he has told me many things I do not know before. He says that when my wife started from the house to go to see what had become of me, she said she was going to see if I was dead, and she hoped I was. She knows whether she said so or not. I hope she is satisfied; and all I now ask is, that my body be buried together, and my children brought up right. Della is a good woman, if she would let one thing alone; if she do not, she will find it will be as great a curse to her as it ever was to me.

It is no use to say my horse killed me—that is a foolish story. No one will ever believe it who knew about the horse. I was not so stupid or drunk that I did not know I was not alone, and that I was murdered, as some one thought who was determined to murder me. And I confess I do not know who it was until after death; but I do know now, and I have a right to use the knowledge as I choose to. There can be little done in the dark now—a days. It was dark in the barn, but when I came to my senses, after death, there were plenty to tell me who did the deed, but not until I was discreet enough to use it properly.

I do not come back for revenge. All I ask is, that justice be done me, and my children be brought up right.

The story that I used to go to my barn and stay two or three days, on a drunk, was all false. I have gone there when I had no peace at home, and stayed half a day, but no longer. If the folks I have left will only keep as much truth on their side as I will on mine, we shall not come in open collision; but if they do not, I fear we shall. I hope Aunt Mary's folks will give me a chance to come there; but I do not want to come unless they can give me a good medium.

I should like to have my request attended to. I left money enough to bury me all together. If they saw fit to send part of me down here for analization, I want them to pay for it, and have it taken home and buried decently; for I have some respect now for my old body if I did not when I had it to use.

I was first struck on the side near the back of the head. I think they made a blundering job of it. After that I was struck across the ear. Then I was struck on the back of the head, near the ear. It was done in a very unskillful way. I wasn't so drunk but I understood that.

I wish to ask my wife why she didn't ride home with me on that night? This is a civil question, and I want a civil answer. I am willing to wait a reasonable time for it.

You may direct this to Ware, N.H., as my folks live there now. I am sorry for my poor old mother—yes, I am; but she need not mourn for me. If she wants to make me happy, I want her to be happy; and when she gets ready to leave she will leave in as good a shape as anybody. I have many things to say, but they better be said in private than here. If Aunt Mary's folks see fit to give me a chance, I shall be glad. I should like to see my good old mother, and talk to her as I do to you; but if I can't, I shall try to do all I can for her when she comes here.

I am unhappy, and I want others who do as I did to take warning by me.

My name was Kneeland Chase. Send your paper, if you like, to my wife; but I do not think it necessary, for the folks up at the other house take it, and she will see it. I am a stranger to all here; but I feel as though I was acquainted with you.

Ans.—I do not tell who murdered me, for they will get justice done in their own consciences. I do not wish them to be strung up. I have not come here for nothing, and have not made a thrust at random. I am calm and cool, and very sure that the one who murdered me will get this.

I was near fifty. If you do not believe that I have told you a correct story, write up and see; but I did not come here to satisfy anybody as to my truth. I came to ask that my children be brought up right and outside the influence of wrong. Good day. Dec. 11.

Emily M. Sargent.

I have a husband and a child I wish to come to. I feel so bad I am afraid I cannot speak well. I died of congestion of the lungs, after a severe turn of chills and fever. We moved from Massachusetts to Michigan four years ago, and I have been dead about six months. This is the first time I ever came; but I have so strong a desire to speak, that I would bear anything rather than not come.

I was thirty-one years old. My name was Emily M. Sargent. I want my husband, George, to take the child back to Massachusetts. He's away most of the time, and it's left among strangers, and I would rather it would be among my people. Before he does this, I want him to let me speak to him, and I am sure he will not be disappointed, if I speak with him. I was sick some time before death, with what was thought to be consumption, but it was not. Chills and fever at last attacked me, and I died with congestion of the lungs.

I am told he is going in the employ of the New York Central Railroad Company, and I know he will be away from the child, so I want it brought to Massachusetts. Dec. 11.

Sin and Disease.

"Are not Sin and Disease closely allied to each other?"

All disease whether mental or physical, is an effect of sin; now sin is but a violation of law, and he or she who violates law, whether through ignorance or otherwise must suffer the consequences.

All disease therefore, we say is not only closely allied to sin, but is the child of sin. Yet sin to us is not the monster it is to you. The child sins, but it is the sin of ignorance, and, believe us, judgment will be visited upon that sin as upon the sin of riper years. The child sins, and disease fastens itself upon the little form, and thence comes suffering, a holy monitor, teaching you to avoid sin in future. Disease and sin go hand in hand together throughout all the conditions of life. There is quite as much disease in the spiritual world as in the physical and spiritual combination in which you live. The spiritual of man is often as much diseased as the physical. The conscience, the conscious part of man, is the law of man, and if you at any time violate that you bring on mental disease, and that which follows close after is sorrow and repentance, and then comes a cure. Now, then, seek to avoid all that which will turn you aside from your own law, that which God hath given you alone—not the law of your neighbor.

True, physical and mental disease is often transferred from the parents to the children, and herein are the words verified as found in your Scripture: "I will visit the sins of the father upon the third and fourth generations." Go then and obey the grand law of conscience, of self—your own law, not only for your own sakes, but for the good of your children. All men possessed of sound judgment can understand as much of natural law as is necessary to their development. If God has placed these gifts in your midst, it is for you to grasp them. Sin and disease! who can draw the dividing line between the two? Not Jehovah himself. They were ever wedded, and ever will be so. But when men shall obey the law of their beings, then they shall pass from under the lash of disease; then they shall enjoy the first fruits of paradise. Yes, our questioner, sin and disease are closely allied to each other.

But again we cannot see sin through the glass you behold it; we cannot view it as a monster that shall destroy mankind. But we view it as law laid in uncouth garments, law transgressed. God is no respecter of conditions. If you do not obey, you must suffer, and you come under the immediate dominion of law, the moment you live. As soon as you are blessed with life, the law claims you as his subject. If you are loyal, you pass on without suffering; if you are not, you must suffer that you may learn your best good. Now, therefore, when you have transgressed a law, do not murmur at the punishment, for it is a blessing in disguise. Did the kind angel not visit you, would you ever find wisdom? Would you ever enter heaven? No; it is by suffering, keen and hard, that you enter heaven. Jesus of Nazareth suffered. He was a child of law, and he

did not fully understand that law, for if he had he would not have suffered. Although we find him good and true, standing upon a high plane of life, yet he too disobeyed the law of his nature, for he suffered. And we find one of his followers saying these words: "Though he were a son of the Living God he did suffer because of sin." Again, Jesus said, "There is none good save one." He might have said, "All are standing in the path of progress—there is not one among us who hath attained the high state of perfection, not even myself—I do not claim it." As Jesus was subject to the law of life, and at no time exempt from the conditions of that law, you must not expect to be. Therefore, if suffering comes upon you, know that you have transgressed upon some law. Then seek through disease to know what law you have transgressed upon, and then will disease be to you the greatest blessing you could have sent to you. Then, instead of placing it among that you call evil, you shall see no evil anywhere, but the hand of God stretched to you in mercy, bidding you come up higher. This dark portion of the panorama of life is quite as essential as the brighter side. If you have no disease, how be able to comprehend health, how be able to offer a just recompense to law?

Learn from everything in nature, no matter how low, or how high, to comprehend nature and to know how to walk with God. Dec. 12.

Charles Hovey.

In answer to a request I am here this afternoon. I am questioned in this way: A friend wishes to know if I am not disappointed with the condition of things in spirit-life, and if I am not sorry for the course I took while here, particularly that portion of the last stages of my earthly existence.

I think I learned long ago that we all have a higher duty to perform than that of bowing to public opinion—than that of falling down and worshipping the priesthood. I was not obliged to cast off the body to learn that, and I am not sorry for the views I cherished prior to death. I think I was right; but if ever I change my views, I shall be honest enough to return and say so. I have no faith in priestcraft, neither in this country nor any other. If there is any device of the devil, I believe that to be it; and any form of religion that is so confined within certain sectarian and bigoted limits, as to allow no one to come within its circle except he adhere to all that is laid down in the creeds, I have no fellowship with; and I believe now, as I did before death, that I am right. I have no fellowship with Spiritualists as a class; but their theory I must believe, because I know it to be true.

I do not believe there is any virtue in prayer uttered by priest or ploughman; but I believe that he who created us will give us all it is necessary for us to have, without our begging. I believe God created us free—never placed any yokes upon us—never taught us to be beggars; but that we have gathered it from the lives of certain persons calling themselves followers of Christ.

I find as great a variety of religions here as on earth. Each has his or her own peculiar views; and as far as I can see, spirit-life is a perfect type of the natural life. I have not changed, except from one body to another; and I believe that is the case with all I meet here. They still cling to that which was their faith on earth, and will, until they find something that suits them better. At all events, I shall.

I am happy here, and I am only wanting power and proper conditions to manifest this to friends upon earth. I suppose, when it is proper and right for me to have that power, I shall have it.

I suppose the name I used to be known by on earth is the one you require. I was called Charles Hovey. I belonged in Boston. Dec. 12.

Harry Mendum.

My name was Harry Mendum. I was thirty-four years of age. My occupation was that of a printer. Now suppose I give you a letter; do you think it will reach my folks?

I was born in Boston, as I suppose, if all stories are true. I died in California. I am a little in the dark; I want to know if there is any way I can get some information. I have a wife, and I do not know where she is, and I want to know. You see I was away three years before I died, and when I left her she was in Boston. While I was sick I got no communication from her, and I have lost track of her altogether.

I don't seem to have anything particular to do here. One great thing in the way seems to be, I want to come back and get track of my folks. Oh, yes, there's the child. I never saw it, but I suppose it cannot be with me, else I should know it. I suppose my wife is near me, but I don't know. Tell her I want to know where she is—I advertise for her in this way.

I died most four years ago. I have been in a kind of a place between here and nowhere. I can't tell what I have been doing—I have lost track of most everything, not excepting myself.

I never got far beyond the devil in my trade. Went into mining, trading and jockeying in California.

My wife's name is Charlotte Healey; she belongs in Connecticut. She has a middle name, and if you wait I'll try to think of it. I went to California in the first part of 1859. I had a brother William at school when I went away. If he went into business, he did so after I left. I had a brother who died before I did.

There's nothing like knowing something of a place before you go to it. I knew nothing of this place. Some of those where I live are afraid to move much, because they fear to get to a worse place; and if you live with such people, you are apt to get like them. They seem to be people who are wanting in energy—don't push ahead. A man told me once that I would make a good printer—if I had energy enough.

I got determined to push ahead, and so I came here. I thought I should be no worse off, and so I pushed out. There are some coming to earth from our place all the time, but they never come back, and the cry is, they have faded away. But I got tired of one thing, and concluded to have a change, if it was worse. Some of the people about here say they have a faculty of seeing into the future; but I have not got it.

Answer—Light in spirit-life, they say, is wisdom; and I may conclude I have not got much wisdom.

A good many of our people commune with their friends, but none who come here ever have come back to us, if I recollect.

Answer—I have not rested. I hear said that when anybody was contented, they could rest. I have never been contented, but have been like a watchman, looking out to see where to go.

I was most of the time in Sacramento. I traded in old and new clothing—had a partner. His name was Sides. Wonder where he is?

I suppose I shall have enough to do to look after this letter, now. I'm tired of loafing. After Sides left me, which he did in rather an unhandsome way, I had a loss by fire, and then I went to selling liquor, which is rather bad business, particularly when you are the best customer. I was then on Jay street. I heard Sides died, but I guess not. Liquor is bad business. It clothes a man with darkness here, and I suppose it follows him after he is on the other side. I suppose, if truth was known, my sickness was caused by drinking. Dec. 12.

Charlotte Gray Mendum.

My name was Charlotte Gray Mendum. The communication you have was given for my benefit. A year ago I left for spirit-life. Poor Harry knew it not, though I stood as near to him in spirit as I stand in form to you. But after I leave your medium we shall meet.

The child is with me, sister. Oh, how wise is our Father! Poor Harry, though he has wandered long in darkness, it is good for him, for now he no longer desires to walk in shadow, and the Father is not willing he should, when he desires to do otherwise. Poor Harry! he had no idea of God or heaven; but I was blessed with light-spiritual before I left, and it has given me light and joy ever since. I have looked forward to this meeting with pleasure; for I knew I should meet him.

May the Lord bless our child, and save her from the darkness of her father, and the errors of her mother.

I come because our friends will think it very strange Harry has not met me. I come that they may know he has come. When they understand spiritual things, they will not find a mystery in this. I shall meet him now, and he, too, will wonder at the goodness of God, who ever guides us by his love. Dec. 12.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ANNIE IN HEAVEN.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Years with winged feet have sped
Orploded sad and slow.
Since I saw thy fair head pilowed
In a resting place full low.
While thy couch was draped by walling winds
With white December snow.
And thy whiter soul to paradise
Did with the angels go.

When the north withdrew his legions
To the realms of polar gloom,
Dowering with his latest jewels
The young Spring's earliest bloom;
When the tender grass sprang upward
With tufted emerald plume,
And the meadow violets lavished
Their delicate perfume—

Thou and I in field and forest
Heard the birds and brooklets sing,
As we watched the lights and shadows,
And each gaily glancing wing.
While thy voice in airy measures
Made the budding woodlands ring;
Thou wert fairer than the violets,
And dearer than the spring.

When the sun, bright lord ascendant,
Ruled the skies like joy divine,
Summer drank thy glorious beauty,
Like a draught of priceless wine—
And when her blushes deepened,
All the splendor passed from thine,
As on her fervid bosom
Thou didst languidly recline.

And when autumn wails were laden
With the gifts of all the year,
When lingering flowerets perished,
And the leaves grew brown and sore,
Pale and patient thou wert waiting
For death's angel drawing near—
And winter spread his softest pall
Upon thy lifeless bier.

Thou art now a radiant dweller
Where the shining seraphs are;
But souls are never sundered
By spaces near or far—
And I hear thy sweet intoning
Rhythmic flow without jar,
Though my home is earth's pale planet
And thine a heavenly star.

Providence, R. I., 1860.

Correspondence.

The Proposed Indian Convention.

I notice in the BANNER of December 29th a report of a meeting held with reference to bettering the condition of the Indians. I have noticed the movements made in this direction for a long time with interest, as the subject presents features interesting to the student of man as well as of history. I would not be understood as offering the least obstacle to the well-intentioned benevolence of the friends of the Indians. They truly need active friendship and protection. But in our zeal for their welfare we must not overlook the cardinal, all-important fact of race. Two only of the questions proposed for the consideration of the appointed Convention will engage my attention, as the others are of secondary importance; and my design is only to present a few briefly stated facts which bear with irresistible force.

"Why have the Indians not become Christianized?"

With equal propriety we might ask: Why have not the Negroes of Africa, the Bojesman of the Cape, the natives of Australia, the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Tartar, the Arab, and all the other races to whom the gospel has been preached? The seed has fallen on stony ground, and no harvest has been gathered. Christianity is the outgrowth of the Caucasian mind, is the ultimate of its moral and intellectual consciousness, and belongs to that race, and that race only, as inseparably as its predominant intellectual brain. Other races have their systems of religion, the outgrowth of the particular organization of their nervous systems, and inseparable from them. One has Buddhism, another Mahometanism, another Judaism.

To eradicate these systems and plant Christianity in their place has been the object of missionary effort. How many lives have been sacrificed, how much treasure expended—yet what has been accomplished? The natives almost invariably vanish from the missionary, instead of becoming Christianized. Where the locality has rendered foreign emigration impracticable, little has been accomplished; where it has been practical, the Christian foreigner has taken the place of the heathen; and thus the country has become Christianized. It is so in Australia, in Hindostan, in the island world of the Pacific, in the Americas, so the world over. Individual instances, perhaps, can be produced of the Christianization of pure-bred natives. Countless instances are recorded, but usually with this veto, that the individuals thus ostensibly displayed have a dash of Caucasian blood, from which fount it is evident the superiority was drawn.

But here I tread on the other question, "Why have they faded from the land?" Simply because they cannot be Christianized—which means Caucasianized—because the mass of brain behind the Indians' ears cannot be placed in front—or, in other words, because no training can convert a red man into a white.

Side by side the white, yellow, red and black races have grown for thousands of years. While the white has gathered the knowledge of the world together, and advanced to a degree of intellectual power which governs the very elements, the yellow has made an abortive effort at a half way civilization, and become consolidated in its ill grown posture; the black has remained in unqualified ignorance, precisely where it was when the Egyptian artist sketched it on the pyramids four thousand years ago—enslaved, and the red man, so far as we know, has remained stationary, or made the rudest advancement. The yellow race is the only one that has made any progress comparable to the white. The black race cannot boast of a single civilization in the past, and the only ones it can boast at present contain a large quantity of the Caucasian element. Yet they have had the same opportunity, in fact better advantages than the white.

The red man of to-day is the red-man of a thousand years ago. The attempts at civilization in Mexico and Peru, were none of his. If they had not been subverted by the Spaniards the hostile tribes around them, must have overwhelmed them ultimately. The Indian never profited by their example. Some

Indian tribes on our Western border show a degree of civilization, but where is the tribe of pure Indians who manifest any advancement? The missionaries in the Northwest where the emigrant cannot penetrate—what have they accomplished?

Wherever amalgamation takes place we find advancement, never otherwise. These races can be Christianized, i.e. Caucasianized, by amalgamation extended to the complete washing out of the corrupting element. This may appear a cruel sentence, but it is nevertheless an utterance of nature. He who placed the speech in the mouth of the chief, when he bemoaned his fate as destined to disappear in the Pacific's wave, was a philosophical prophet. The same law by which the bison and deer disappear has sealed the Indian's fate. He will not work: for his subsistence three thousand acres of forest are required. He abuses the earth, which is required for the support of a race that will labor, and hence must disappear. Two races are brought in contact. If brute force had been arbiter Anglo-American civilization would long have been uncertain, surrounded as it was in its infancy by savages; but force of mind, controlling the force energies of the elements was opposed to brute force. The cannon, bulwark of civilization, against the bow—the ship against the canoe.

The Indian will not yield, and hence must be broken. This is the decree of fate. Though we cannot change, we can palliate, and on this account, and this only the proposed Convention is well. The Indian is hurrying to destruction fast enough, without being unjustly dealt with. Let us ease his sufferings. As a good physician gives easy draughts to the doomed patient, to smother the rough pathway, so we can benevolently bestow our care on the wreck which remains—not with any hope of its permanent preservation, but as a deed of charity.

HUNSON TUTTLE.

Walnut Grove Farm, Dec. 28, 1860.

Death.

Again I must intrude myself upon your notice, because I have something to communicate. I have again been called upon to minister at a funeral—to stand as a channel, or mouth-piece, for those who have pressed their feet upon the shores of the unknown world, and I humbly hope that the words of their dictation had a soothing influence upon the poor, suffering hearts of the widow and fatherless children. I felt, as I stepped up beside the coffin, looked upon the calm, manly face, that almost seemed to wear a smile, and then took the hand of the weeping companion in mine, how utterly meaningless and hollow is language on such occasions. I have heard people say to weeping friends—"You must remember that this is the dispensation of Divine Providence. You must bear resignedly what your heavenly Father sends." &c. &c., all of which sounds very well to disinterested ears; but to the one who feels that quivering cord of affection drawing her very fibre of existence along with the departing spirit, they are empty sounds. Knowing these things by experience, I had only to say to her, "My sister, I, too, have been a widow."

Dear BANNER, we can have no real sympathy without experience. We may pity, and wish things were otherwise with our fellow-travelers; but unless we have experienced similar afflictions, we actually know nothing about it.

I often think of the old minister whose wife had gone before him to the "other side," who was visited by a young minister laden with many poetic and eloquent expressions of sympathy, just fresh from divinity school. The old man heard him declaim his fine speech, and then quietly asked him if he had ever lost a wife. He answered that he had, through the mercy of God, been spared that affliction. "Then," said the old man, "you don't know anything about it."

And so it is, in all our experiences through life; we must, in order to have a real, true sympathy or charity for any, know something of their trials by our own. The person who has suffered from the smart of a burn, knows the suffering of one who is enduring that pain. Let us be sure we know what we are about when we endeavor to comfort others with wordy offerings. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Taunton, Dec. 25, 1860.

Free Lectures.

I have often felt moved to give your readers my views on various subjects connected with Spiritualism, but my time has been so fully employed in studying, and teaching physiology and phrenology, that I have not found time to put my thoughts on paper. But being fully convinced, from long and extensive investigation, that spirits exist, and can and do communicate, I have concluded to devote my time and energy to its scientific development and general dissemination, as the most efficient means of promoting human advancement and happiness. I am a scientific development, for it seems to me that, owing to the general imaginative and emotional character of media, and the metaphysical and theological tendencies of its investigators, Spiritualism has a less definite and scientific character than the time and energies devoted to it would otherwise have developed. Both to acquire and diffuse a more clear and positive knowledge of man's spiritual nature and relations, I will gladly call and deliver one or more lectures on Scientific Spiritualism, without asking or expecting any fee or reward; at any town where the friends will furnish a place for speaking, either in churches, schoolhouses, or private dwellings, on or within ten miles of my line of travel from Hudson, N. Y., via Chatham, Pittsfield, Springfield, to Worcester, Mass. Friends wishing my services will please answer at once, as I wish to start on my intended tour in a few weeks at furthest.

Address PROF. WM. BAILEY POTTER, M. D. Care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, N. Y.

On Divorce.

ARE YOU GLAD?

My little friend looked up so very shyly,
Her grave lips expectantly apart;
But soon quick thought that followed the inquiry
Made the faint color to her forehead start.

And once or twice around her restless fingers
She twined a silken spear of meadow grass,
And then looked up along the summer river
To see the summer lights and shadows pass.

Meanwhile the slight inquiry made me moody;
I thought of many blessings that I had,
So in my heart of hearts was I not happy?
And as I sat and pondered, was I glad?

A swift wind blew along the sparkling river,
And drove the boatman's white sail toward the sea;
And gazing on the moving speck of silver,
The idle thought came—so my life will be.

And slowly down the shining current moving,
The little wayward sail went silently;
A heedless, happy, seaward wandering roving,
Under the calm blue, ever-watchful sky.

Meanwhile the maiden's face had taken a shadow,
For her grave eyes had watched them thro' the day
As they came often down the summer meadow
And paused to rest, but rarely went away.

And oft her hand stole softly to her forehead,
(Whose rosy color long ago had changed),
To put away the lawless aurea tresses
That the gay south west wind had disarranged.

Then ere I thought what caused the sudden darkness,
I felt the rain drops dash upon my hands;
And so we wandered home, and from the casement
Saw the white snow kiss all the meadow lands.

But oh! the little—the little speck of silver,
That was to tell me what my life would be,
Went drifting down upon the troubled river,
Perhaps was lost upon the troubled sea.

I would not mind it—it was an idle fancy;
Yet idle fancies sometimes make us sad;
But overhead the sky was brightening slowly,
And laughing west winds whisper "Are you glad?"

Meanwhile my little friend sat gazing at me,
And looking up as if what thought she had,
I found her grave eyes full of mute inquiry,
The silent lip just asking, "Are you glad?"

[Springfield Republican.]

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Philadelphia, 4 Sundays in Jan., Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb., Bangor, 5 Sundays in March, Taunton, 4 Sundays in May, Cambridgeport, 4 Sundays in June.

Mrs. E. A. DEFORD will lecture in Terre Haute, and Evansville, Indiana, during January—address care of James Hook; at Cleveland, Ohio, during Feb.—address care of Mrs. H. M. Brown; at La Crosse, Wis., in March; at Decorah, and Davenport, Iowa, in April; at Plymouth, Mass., in May; Providence, R. I., in July; Quincy, Ill., Aug. 11th and 12th; Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 23rd and 24th; Putnam, Conn., Sept. 8th and 10th; Concord, N. H., Sept. 22nd and 23rd; Portland Me., in Oct.; Concord, N. H., Sept. 22nd and 23rd; lectures, addressed as above, will be received.

Mrs. A. W. SPENCER will speak in Boston, through Jan., lecturers care of H. Gardner; at Cambridgeport, first Sunday in Feb.; at Willimantic, Conn., second and third Sundays in Feb.; at New Haven, first and second Sundays in April. She will travel in the West next season, commencing at Oswego, N. Y., first Sunday in August, and is now making arrangements for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be included in the route will please write as soon as convenient.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks at Richmond, Ind., Jan. 20th and 27th; in Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 3d, 10th, 17th, and 24th; Evansville, Ind., in July; Quincy, Ill., Aug. 11th and 12th; and at Bismarck, Minn., March 1st; Elkhart, Ind., April 11th and 14th; Sturgis, Mich., April 21st and 28th; Adrian, Mich., May 8th and 12th; Toledo, O., May 10th and 26th; Detroit, Mich., five Sundays of June; Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. Address accordingly.

Mrs. E. M. HARRISON will lecture in January in Detroit, Elkhart and Attica, Indiana, (care of G. Waterman, Esq., Detroit); and in February in Chicago, (care of Russell Green, Esq., Chicago). Post office address, care of Mrs. Harrison, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. For the coming year, Mrs. Harrison will lecture in the east.

Mrs. ROSA T. ASHBY having returned from New York State, where she has been lecturing the last three months, will remain in Boston until the latter part of the winter, when she leaves for the South and West. During her stay in Boston, she would make engagements to lecture in Boston and vicinity, and also to attend funerals. Please address her at 83 Allen street, Boston.

Mrs. MARY M. MACMURDO will lecture two last Sundays Jan. in Cambridgeport, Mass. (the monthly February in Leominster); first three Sundays in March in Hartford, Ct.; the last Sunday in March and first two Sundays in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

H. B. BRONSON will lecture in January, third and fourth Sundays and five Sundays in Feb. at Bangor, Me., and vicinity; through March, at Putnam, Conn., and the first two Sundays of April at Providence, R. I. On three evenings of each week, at towns in the vicinity of the above places.

Mrs. LEZZIE DORR will speak the last two Sundays in Jan. in Portland, Me., and the first two in Feb. at Bangor, Me.; the second in Cambridgeport, and the last two in Boston; the five Sundays in March, in Providence; last two in April, in Willimantic, Ct.; four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

J. W. MILLER will speak in Providence, four Sundays of Jan.; Lowell, three first Sundays in Feb., in Cambridgeport, fourth Sunday in Feb., and first Sunday in March; in Quincy, second and third Sundays in March; in Philadelphia, four Sundays in May. Mr. Miller will answer calls to lecture week evenings in Boston, and as above.

Mrs. S. E. WARNER will lecture in January in Quincy, Ill., and in February in Lyons, Michigan. Those who wish her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the towns named above, or care of Ebenezer Warner, Norwalk, Ohio.

J. W. H. TOOLEY has returned from the West, and is prepared to answer calls to lecture through the week, on Physiology, Temperamental Philosophy, and the Laws of Health, Birth and Development. On Sundays he lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism—when needed. Address in care of Mrs. Miller.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, trance speaker, will respond to calls to lecture in New England during the winter and spring, on Sundays or week evenings. Post office address, Lowell, Mass. Will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 20th; Exeter, N. H., Jan. 27th.

Mrs. BELL BOGGS, of Rockford, Ill., will speak in Grand Rapids, Minn., through Jan.; Detroit, Mich., Feb. 17th and 24th; will receive applications to lecture in the New England States during February, March and April.

E. B. ESTABROOK will speak the first two Sundays in March in Detroit, Mich.; the last three in Portland, Me. Will be in Massachusetts through the month of April, if his services are required. Address, Agn Arbor, Mich.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Baltimore, Md., four Sundays of Jan.; in Philadelphia, four Sundays of Feb. (in Oswego, N. Y., five Sundays of March, May be addressed as above). Will receive applications for the Banner of Light at club prices.

H. P. FAIRFIELD speaks in Oswego, N. Y., in Feb.; in Chicago, Ill., in March; in Toledo, O., two first Sundays in April; in Adrian, Mich., third Sunday of April; in Cleveland, O., the last Sunday in April. Address, Putnam, Conn., care of Abner Plummer.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER will lecture in February and March, in Western New York; during Jan. in Cleveland, Ohio; through April, in Vermont; during May, in Lowell, Mass.; during June in Providence, R. I.; July in Quincy, Mass. Address Hill April, Spencerport, N. Y.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Jan. at Lyons, Mich.; in Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. She will return to the east in April. Applications for evenings should be made early. Address Box 615, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

E. V. WILSON will speak the first two Sundays in March in Chicago, Ill.; the last three in Portland, Me. Will be in Massachusetts through the month of April, if his services are required. Address, Agn Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LORR, trance speaker, of Leon, Ontario, Canada, will lecture in New York, New York, and Bangor, Me., (Cattaraugus Co.) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Counties.

Prof. J. E. CHURCHILL starts for the West, Jan. 1st, 1891 to lecture on the subjects of Theology, Psychology, Magnetism and Clairvoyance. Will speak for the brethren on routes. Address, Albany, New York, until Jan. 15th.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, through Jan. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be attended to.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER will devote one half her time to lecturing wherever she may have calls; she is engaged permanently one half the time for the coming year. Address, Ashabula, Ashabula Co., Ohio.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, trance speaker, of Livermore Falls, Me., will speak in January in Bangor and vicinity; in Quincy, Mass., first two Sundays in Feb.; in Cambridgeport, the third Sunday in Feb.

Mrs. M. B. KENNEDY, of Lawrence, will speak in Gloucester, Jan. 20th; in Charleston, Jan. 27th; in Leominster, March 10th; Randolph, March 17th. She will lecture in adjacent towns week evenings. Address, Lawrence, Mass.

CHARLES T. LEBER intends to labor in New Hampshire and Vermont, this winter, and will accept of a circuit, as a trance speaker can have them by addressing him at Grafton, N. H.

who may require his services as an inspirational speaker. Address, Killawog, Dromed, County, N. Y.

Hon. FANNIE HOBBS, of Marblehead, has prepared a course of lectures on Spiritualism, which he is ready to accept before societies of Spiritualists.

Mrs. M. MUNSON, Clairvoyant Physician and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

O. W. HOLZNER, M. D., will answer calls for lecturing in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Address New Berlin, Wisconsin.

Mrs. J. D. SMITH, of Manchester, N. H., through December will be in Raleigh, N. C. Address through care of J. F. Neville.

Mrs. ANNIE LORR CHAMBERLAIN (formerly Annie L. Lorr) may be addressed during the month of Jan. at Lyons, Mich., care of D. N. East.

Mrs. H. B. DURAND FALTON will lecture in Worcester, Jan. 20th and 27th. Address as above.

Mrs. J. R. FARNSWORTH, (sister of the late Mrs. Huntley), will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hingham, Mass.

Mrs. J. PUYER, Healing and Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed at Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at Holderness, N. H.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBURY's engagements are made up to April 1, 1891.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture in the trances state, addressed to him at Columbus, Licking Co., Ohio.

Mrs. ISAAC THOMAS, trance medium, will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Rockport, Me.

Mrs. O. M. STOWE, trance lecturer, will receive calls to lecture, addressed Vandalla, Cass Co., Mich.

Lewis B. MONROE's address is 14 Bromfield st., Boston, in care of Bala Hatt.

Mrs. B. O. CLARK will answer calls to lecture, addressed at Lawrence, Mass.

Rev. JOHN PRESTON may be addressed, as usual, at West Medford, Mass.

J. B. LOVELAND will receive calls for lecturing, Address, Willimantic, Conn.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak alternate Sabbaths at Hampden and Lincoln, Me., until May.

Mrs. E. E. COLLINGS, 60 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, will answer calls to lecture.

CHARLES C. FRAZER, trance speaker, 59 Warren st., Charlestown, Mass.

WILLIAM STANTON, healing medium, 168 Sands st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARLES HOLZ, trance speaker, may be addressed for the present at Delphi, Ind., care of Dr. R. W. H. Beck.

Dr. F. B. RANDOLPH (formerly Dr. F. B. Randolph) can be had by addressing him at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. HELEN E. MONELL will receive calls to lecture in New England. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Rev. STEPHEN FELLOWS will respond to calls to lecture, addressed to him at Fall River, Mass.

L. JUDY PARKER's address is in care of Dr. J. G. Atwood, No. 692, 16th street, New York.

CHARLES E. CLARK, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE.

Mrs. E. CLONON, trance speaker, 2 Dillaway Place, Boston.

Mrs. H. H. COLES, care of B. Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. O. H. WASHINGTON, No. 2 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Dr. L. BOWEN, Natik, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

Dr. H. E. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

JOHN O. OLIVER, No. 5 Bay street, Boston.

Dr. H. B. BURN, 68 Carver st., Boston.

DEZDRA DANA, East Boston, Mass.

Dr. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.

C. H. DEXTER, box 3314, Boston.

Dr. O. O. YORK, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 35 Winter st., Cambridge, Mass.

NOTICE TO INVALIDS REQUIRING PROMPT MEDICAL AID.

ABSOLUTE REMOVAL OF CHRONIC DISEASES FROM THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

DR. LAMONT, FROM EUROPE.

Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases.

CHRONIC DISEASES positively removed from the system without pain; and when they seem strange and marvellous, in the almost instantaneous and efficacious cures, is, in Diseases like Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Internal Ulcers, Spinal Complaints, Hip Disease, Weak Eyes, &c. are frequently cured with one operation. It may be well, however, for patients coming from a distance to have a second operation. Terms for operating, moderate in all cases, and no extra charge will be made when a second or even a third operation is required.

During a tour throughout the United States, I have been instrumental in restoring to a state of perfect health hundreds of invalids, most of whom had been given up by every other practice, as incurable. My mode of treatment I conclude not to explain, or make known at present. Let it suffice, that no pain is caused, but little or no medicine is given, and no surgical operations performed, and that it takes but from thirty minutes to one hour, for inveterate cases of almost any curable Chronic Disease; and to such is the effect that but few diseases require a second operation—excepting Dropsies, Epilepsy, Consumption, &c. Exceptions are also made to those almost instantaneous cures, (to broken bones, dislocations, and curvatures of spine, and matured tumors)—even these will be much benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully restored.

Dr. L. gives special attention to, Seminal Discharge, or Seminal Weakness, Also, Self Abuse, &c. Likewise, Diseases of Women and Children, and all other complaints peculiar to the female sex.

Invalids from a distance who may wish to avail themselves of this peculiar mode of treatment, are respectfully requested to notify the Doctor a few days previous to their arrival, so as to avoid confusion.

To those who cannot come, but who may wish to consult Dr. Lamont, must inclose the consultation fee, \$5, and one stamp for return postage—describing symptoms, age, sex, temperament, occupation if any, &c. Direct to

DR. LAMONT,
18 Pinckney street, Boston, Mass.

Consultations at the Office daily, from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. One dollar per half hour.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.,
SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

We present the following extracts from notices of this book, which will serve to convey some idea of its novel and interesting contents.

The author of this book before us has brought to bear upon his subject the full powers of a mind, such as few men possess—a mind more evenly balanced than usually falls to the lot of men. We feel when we read his sentences, that an emotion of love prompted each; for without this pleasing passion no one could write as he has written, or think as he has thought.—*Bristol County News.*

We have in this book a long line of footsteps aside from the old beaten road; they lead us out of the tangled and chilly shadows of the trees of old theology. I cannot too strongly recommend all to read this book—for it will arouse energetic thought, weaken superstition, individualize manhood, and prove a mighty lever by which the world will be moved to a higher plane of action than that which it has hitherto occupied.—*John S. Adams.*

Permit me to congratulate the public in their possession of so rich a casket, filled with treasures so valuable, and all in aid with the spirit of truth.—*A. Paige, M. D.*

The argument of this book is carried out at great length, and in an able and interesting manner, proving the author to be a thinker of no ordinary depth and capacity.—*Boston Investigator.*

This book is fresh and vigorous. . . . The whole book is a presentation of the doctrine that all existence is precisely as it was meant to be by Infinite Wisdom; and therefore that all is good and right. Strange as this may seem, there is an overwhelming logic in it.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

I keep this book as my Bible, and when disposed I open it and read where I open, and I have been richly rewarded for the reading. It matters not how many times the same page, or pages, have been perused. I cannot, perhaps, give a better expression of my views in regard to the contents of the book, than by quoting from its preface, viz.: "It teaches a doctrine, if doctrine it may be called, that to me 'is ineffably beautiful and unutterably grand.'—*Lucia De Force.*

It is a remarkable book, outstripping human conception in the unfoldment of Divine Law to our understanding as no work has ever done before.—*S. K. Clark.*

This book has and will receive a severity of treatment from the author's friends that is almost unparalleled. A member of almost any religious sect will publish a book, and all the members of that sect will receive and approve it—but here it is different. . . . There is more in this book than its opposers credit to it.—*Mr. Burke.*

This is a very singular and interesting book. . . . It will not find much sympathy except with strong minds.—*Horace Weaver.*

Strong and fearless men will not shrink from a perusal of the doctrine contained in this book. Most people will find more sympathy with it than they will dare express.—*Mr. Rice.*

Some time ago who read this book will see the beauty and the glory of the doctrine therein contained.—*Mr. Tullis.*

This book is not the result of a tedious process of reasoning, but it is the result of a highly progressed and unfolded soul. It looks through the froth and bubbles that float on the surface, and sees the interior principle, the real cause that produces all life. I regard this as the text-book of the age in which we live. It is replete with fresh and immortal truths; its utterances are bold, manly and vigorous.—*Rev. Silas Tyrell.*

This is an original work in every sense of the word; it is the great literary labor of the nineteenth century—its fulcrum is common sense. Probably no work of its bulk contains so much that is suggestive, so much that is preceptive of thought. No one can sit down to its perusal without being refreshed thereby; nor can be rise from the delightful task, without feeling that he is both a wiser and a better man than when he began it.—*P. B. Randolph.*

A book of extraordinary value is before us. It is unlike all the creeds of Christendom. . . . We herein find some of the purest aphorisms, and some of the largest hints at eternal principles of truth.—*Herald of Progress, A. J. Davis, Ed.*

Every person who is not afraid to think, who is not led by a creed, will obtain this work and find abundant food for thought.—*Spirit Guardian.*

We can commend the book as an earnest, candid, and fearless expression of the convictions of the author upon a subject which has agitated the world more than all other subjects.—*National Standard, Salem, N. J.*

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SNOW'S PENS.
THE BEST IN USE!—One dollar will pay for a gross sent to any address by mail, postage paid.

Dec. 8. J. P. SNOW, Hartford, Conn.

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!!

DR. CHARLES MAIN,
No. 7, DAVIS STREET,
Boston, Mass.

THIS is an institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our countrymen. It claims no superiority over other establishments. Its aim is to cure ALL like it, or unlike it.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS, and Sores of all descriptions. First not of a hereditary nature, treated the most satisfactory manner.

He would call attention to his newly discovered REMEDIES!

BLOOD PURIFIER, FULMINEANT SYRUP, DIETETIC SYRUP, NERVINE DROPS, GOLDEN TINCTURE, LION PILLS, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Persons intending to visit the above institution for treatment, are requested to give a few days' notice, to avoid confusion at their arrival.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address plainly written, and state sex, and age.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M. The doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable **DIARRHEA CORDIAL,** a medicine much needed at this season of the year.

1,200 PER YEAR FOR ALL.—Only \$10 capital required! Active men wanted to sell Stencil Plates, with Fullam's Patent Stencil Tools, the only perfect Stencil Tools made. Their superiority over all others appears in the ease with which they are worked, and by means of which a most perfect and durable die is formed, which cuts a beautiful letter, and renders the cutting of Stencil Plates a very simple and profitable business. Two hours' practice enables any one to use the tools with facility. Young men are clearing \$25 to \$150 per week with my tools. Circulars and samples sent free. Address, A. J. FULLAM, No. 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston. 6m Sept. 8.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK, FOR both sexes, entitled, "The Medical Companion," prepared by an experienced Physician of this city. It treats, first, of Chronic Diseases in general; second, of Diseases of the Female Sex, and of the various symptoms and remedies; third, the Abuse of the Reproductive Powers, and an exposure of advertising quacks. Sold by W. V. SPENCER, Bookkeeper and Stationer, No. 64 Washington street. Price, 50 cents. Free stamps extra, if sent by mail.

MRS. J. S. FOREST, of Providence, R. I., Indispensable Clairvoyant, Healer, Seer, and Developer of Mediums, has engaged rooms at No. 6 Emerald street—a few doors from Castle street, Boston, where she will attend to the cure of diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands, and the use of Spiritual Power. Will also cure Spinal Diseases and Liver Complaints. Contracted limbs, Nervous prostration, Neuralgia and Nervous headache cured in a short time; and Mrs. F. has also given great relief in cases of Rheumatism, and of the various symptoms and diseases tested her extraordinary powers, combined with the aid of spirits, to make an accurate examination in all diseases, giving the location, describing the feelings of patients, and any ailment from them, and those who have tested her remedies will find them to be far superior to any they have tried before. Charge moderate. References given, if required, in Boston, Providence, Lynn, and other places.

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Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

WANTS AND BLESSINGS.

No gift of poetry is mine,
To bring me either friends or fame;
I have not written any line
To link remembrance with my name.

No wealth, to take with open palms
Its blessings to the poor and weak;
Not of my charities and aims
Has any tongue the right to speak.

I have no beauty: in my face,
Where roses bloomed not in its prime,
More plainly every day I trace
The surely deepening lines of time.

Yet friends to me most kind and true,
A little of their love have given;
I have my blessings, though but few—
Some faith in man, and much in Heaven.

For I have found that man may be
Still better than his words and deeds;
And Heaven's supplies have been to me
Yet greater than my mortal needs.

And so, what else my life below,
I trust that God's overrules above,
And that my sins can never go
Outside the limit of his love.—*Phæbe Cary.*

Good men are human suns—they brighten and warm
wherever they pass. They are not often sung by poets when
they die; but the broken hearts they heal, and their own
consciences, are their reward.

"HANG OUT THE BANNER."

"Hang out" that good old flag once more;
Unfurled each stripe and blazing star;
"T will float as proudly as when first
We took it to the war!"

Let treason gaze upon its folds,
And blanch to see it waving high;
Let tyrants tremble, for its hues
Were borrowed from the sky."

It is the flag our fathers loved!
It is the flag our country freed—
Cursed be the hand that mars its folds,
Or its protectors' creed!

Herod is active genius; genius, contemplative herodism.
Herodism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in
action.

OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT.

Out of darkness cometh light;
Out of weakness cometh might;
Peace shall come from out of strife,
And deck the warrior's weary life.

The hand that made both good and ill,
Makes all obedient to its will.
Weary souls, be not cast down;
First bear the cross, then wear the crown!

—*Annals E. Pike.*

Industry is essential to all; by forming the habit of doing
something useful every day, a man increases his own amount
of happiness and enlarges that of others around him.

THE RECORDING ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till noon, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

—*Longfellow.*

THE FUNNY TYPES.

Talleyrand was enjoying a rubber, when the conver-
sation turned on a recent marriage of an elderly lady
of respectable rank.

"How could Madame de S— make such a match?
A person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!"

"Ah!" replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the
game; at nine we do not reckon honors."

"Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his
knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-
morrow?" "Yes, sare," was the equally bombastic
reply—"yes, sare, it vos."

A stranger from the country, observing an ordinary
roller rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its
use, was answered—"It is a rule for counting houses."

"Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask
unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and
up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm
of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of
wonder, do you count houses with this?"

The ladies now wear gold flowers, leaves, and other
ornaments on their bonnets. Some persons suggest
as an appropriate motto for the new fashion—"My
girl on my head!"

A Western steamer was about starting up the river,
and the cabin-boy had just returned, after spending
twenty-five dollars for stores, when the following conver-
sation occurred:

Boy.—Well, Captain, I've come on board with the
"small stores."

Captain.—What have you bought?
Boy.—I spent twenty-four dollars for whiskey and
one for bread.

Captain.—Thunder! what are we going to do with
so much bread?

"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from a
cataplasm to her son, "what's a slander?"

"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald,
twisting the corner of his plaid; "awee! I hardly ken,
unless it may be, perhaps, an over true tale which one
gude woman tells of another."

A boy of children were telling their father what
they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling
and definitions. "And what do you get, little one?"

said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who at
the time was slyly driving a temporary nail into the
door panel. "Me? Oh, I get readin', spellin', and
spankin'!"

Why is South Carolina like a suffering little boy in
school? Because she wants to go out.

The prayer of a pious Methodist for the ungodly of
Pittsfield, at a Berkshire camp-meeting a century ago,
is furnished for the public as a model of its kind:—"O
Lord, we pray thee that thou wouldst convert all that
thou canst in the middle of this town; and all thou
canst not convert, O God, be pleased to take them by
the nape of their necks, and shake them over hell till
they squeal like a raccoon—Amen!"

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy
lad, "what are you bawling for when I go by?"

"Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going
by for when I am bawling?"

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go,
under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath,
but if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you
meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are wait-
ing for him." "Shure and I will," replied Mick;
"but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll flog you
for an hour, I will."

"Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he
balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss
with you to make it two hours or nothing!"

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a
boarding-house is to ask for a third cup of tea.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Jan. 6, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

It is about four years since Miss Sprague's last
appearance in Boston. She was one of the first
mediums developed as public trance speakers, and
has always maintained her position as one of the
best. She has been engaged to speak in Boston the
four Sabbaths of January. A large audience greeted
her on this, her first appearance.

Her subject was, "Intellectual Worship; or,
Wisdom an essential part of Devotion."

She said: The faith, the blind worship of the
past, has not been enough—has not been a sufficient
index of the truth of God in the hearts of men; but
yet it filled its place, did its work, and made a basis
from which the future could step nearer to Jehovah.
There is a power sweeping across the human soul
which will not let it rest, but demands of it its best
thoughts, words and actions. The time has come
when faith and worship must come from man's high-
est reverence, instead of from fear and superstition,
and the soul must rouse itself to find worthy gifts
to offer on the shrine of devotion. The time was
when the firstlings of the flock and season were con-
sidered enough; but now God demands the best of
the soul's gifts and the whole of the life. It would
do in the time past for some nations to worship
wood and stone, or observe forms and ceremonies;
but now there is a higher demand, and the temple
God has builded is the place of worship, and not
temples builded with hands. Man must worship
God in the temples of the living soul.

Worship must be considered as a principle. Man's
devotional nature lives and burns within him, like
a lamp in a charnal-house; and you may know the
character of men and women by the way they wor-
ship God—always considering the circumstances of
birth and education.

Men are sometimes so engrossed, looking at one
side of nature that the beauties of all else in nature
are unseen. Thus the scientific mind is not always
religiously disposed, and the theologian often denies
the God of nature, in the God he sees through
musty pages of ancient records.

Everything has a living, vital principle, aside
from its outer habiliments. The leaf, stem and petal
are not all of the flower. So is the religious ele-
ment innate in the nature, as the life. It seems to
appreciate what it is not, but what it may be, and
can be. Men may be externally moral, but without
the divine within; then the observance is hypocri-
sical, and not worship. Some men seek heaven, as
courtiers would seek honors from a king, when they
have not the first particle of love of heaven within
them. The devotee does not always give his best
offerings to the gods. But even the lower form of
worship is better than none, for it shows the basis
on which the true worship may be cultivated. It is
necessarily to be properly guided, and there should
be intelligence, wisdom and culture in worship. One
has no right to worship in ignorance. One cannot
truly worship God because his fathers did. The
transgressor can never be forgiven, but the retaliation
is exacted, to the uttermost farthing.

The more a man tries to shut out all light that
would shine into his creed, the greater devotee he is
considered. Shame on the men who will follow in
the footsteps of the past, unquestioning, and without
sense or reason, swallowing, like a child its milk all
its absurdities of faith and belief.

Some men talk as though religion could be harmed
—as though it needed to be fenced about for securi-
ty. A religion that needs such support is surely a
rotten one. We bid you investigate, and be sure you
place no hope upon such a brittle, crumbling basis.
The gold of the past may be dross to you; and it is
not for the present to rise up and condemn those
who submit it to a test again in the future. Those
who cling strongest to the old are the firmest in
resisting and repelling the new. They do not al-
ways ask if it is not a child born in the manger—
for God's greatest truths always had the fortune to
come in this same way, and the world crucify the
Saviour before they know he has come. Afterwards
they build temples to him, in hopes to repair the
injury. Well, it does, in a degree; but the world
should learn to know and discriminate if the con-
demned thing is not a messenger from God.

Those who have little to lean upon may be ex-
pected to tremble when a new thing comes. Inquiry
has changed the Atheist and Deist—thinkers—into
believers in the beauties and realities of the divine
life. But the churches are more prone to close the
hearts of men against the light of progression. Men
of thought will achieve new truth, though the fiat
of the church be sent out against it. So prophets,
and martyrs' spirits have spoken in all times—not
always in the freedom of their own nature, but in
the outbreak of thought they could not express.

From all these changes an intelligence has come
out to permeate the religious mind of the nineteenth
century. It took ages for men to hear the words of
Christ. Only a few believed in them at first. They
reasoned upon them; and the more their minds re-
flected upon them, the wider they grew, and many
became Christians before they knew it; and others
thought they were Christians, when they had none
of the components in their nature.

The mind demands knowledge, and the demand is
answered by the ultimate response. The tread of
science was once considered heretical. Religion op-
posed her steps; but with a mighty stride she has
gained her place in the world, and taught the human
mind more than it ever conceived of before; and man
sees more than ever of the beauty of the power that
shall uphold his spiritual being.

Man is not to make himself an abject creature, in
coming to God; for the true child has but to ask the
Father, and that asked for shall be given. Every
revelation of science has beautified religion. The
true devotee is everywhere a devotee, everywhere
bearing the great organ swells of eternity, and the
singing of the angel choirs of heaven.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

The exercises commenced with the singing of this
beautiful song by Gerald Massey, wedded to music
equally grand and impressive, by the sweet voices of
the choir:

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
Looking down on our spirits' sin-cars,
Down on us tenderly, yearning to leave us:
This is the song in their world-worship sung;
Down through the world-wide universe rung;
"Onward forever, forevermore onward!"
And over they open their loving eyes
"Onward!" shouts earth with her myriad voices
Of music, answering the song of the seven,
As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,
Swinging her banner of glory in heaven.
And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,
In sunbeams and flowers on the living green sod;
"Onward forever, forevermore onward!"
And ever the torches all truthfully burn.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
Who labored like gods among men, and have gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us:
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on,
Looking down, victor-browed, from the glory-crown'd hill,
They beckon, and beckon us on, onward still;

And the true heart's aspirations are onward, still onward;
It turns to the future, as earth turneth Sunday.

It will be seen, the medium said, that in order to
have true devotion, there must be a true knowledge
as well as a true aspiration. So there is wisdom re-
quired in the investigation of all new things. Minds
may be gifted and educated, but depraved. The
scholar may be erudite, but bigoted; but the true
philosopher is as ready to accept the second truth
as the first, and the hundred others as well. So we
say there is a new revelation that appeals to the
attention of men. Science and religion have de-
nounced it, but cannot uproot it; and while it stands
out, as it does to-day, we shall take it for granted
that it is an overture of the spirit-land, that has
never been refuted. All intelligent minds know
something of it, but often the knowledge is vague.

Spiritualism is useless—is as nothing—unless it
does its work in the world. It is beautiful to believe
it, and to know of, but it is not a beautiful thing
alone—it is born upon earth to achieve a mission. It
must be taken and made what use can be of it for
the good of humanity. It comes among you because
the times demand it. It is because science and laws
are better understood; and the world needs some-
thing that assures it of immortality in a rational
manner. Forms and ceremonies may hold after the
spirit has disclaimed fealty, but though they hold
the assent of the mind, the spirit grasps for some-
thing better.

The feelers of the mind are constantly put forth to
grasp something better. It would have done once to
depreciate a thing, and leave mankind to believe it; but
it is necessary now to explain why it is so, to bring
it into belief. There is much outward submission,
where the soul pays no homage at all. There comes
a language that reveals beautiful thoughts in shapes
to be received by all.

The world has made advances, socially, religiously
and politically, and all go hand in hand. Let there
be a noble stand for liberty, and no matter by whom
and for what, it tells alike upon the whole. What
speaks for one nation, speaks for all. Any move-
ment to elevate one nation, tends to elevate all, and
the strike of one nation for liberty touches soul after
soul, and bids it quiver to the same thought. Let
one word be spoken, and its force and power cannot
be lost. You have the power to make great minds
out of common ones, and bid the brave and true leap
into life like an echo of a noble deed. There has
always been a fear to give, any thought to the world
until some other soul had endorsed it. When God
has spoken to you, does it need a pope or bishop
to vouch for it? When you see the seal of divinity
on your credentials, is lesser authority needed to
sanctify them?

Alexander and Caesar fade away before the light
of this day; and unless you can produce better men,
you are impotent indeed. Where is the chivalry
that will enter the lists against popular opinion? You
need such chivalry, at this day, and you are poor
indeed without it. But we must take things as they
are. There are noble souls living. The world is not
made wholly of cravens, and the martyr spirit has
not all passed away. It was never more needed than
to-day, for it requires courage to defend the truths
of these latter days. It requires natures that never
take off their armor to sleep, nor lay aside their
weapons, but always are ready to stand guard, and
in the right place.

All throughout the past, by ignorance and bigot-
ry, the noblest souls have been crushed; but now
the world has begun to see things as they are, and
the mysteries of the past are the commonplace events
of to-day. You have got to investigate the facts of
nature, as they are presented to you; else you act
as a makeweight in society, and if you are on the
right side, it is no virtue of yours.

You do not gain so much in reading the histories
of other men, except as you find in your nature that
you find in theirs, and have the room to take it in.
When your mind seems to appreciate fully the
teaching of the philosophers of the past, they be-
come a part of you. You must be just as much of a
Cicero, as you can appreciate of him. When you ap-
preciate him, you find that within you you did not
know of before, and there is a power in the new
ideas of Spiritualism to give you a conception of life
and duty, and of God's divine economy, not known
before.

The great work goes on, and is destined to reach
every human mind. It makes minds too large for
their external. It admonishes them that they can-
not stay in the old places, for they have become too
small for them. It is not that they have grown
small, but their natures have grown too large. It
is not for us to condemn the past, but we should be
thankful for all we have had and shall have.

Instead of limiting your souls within bounds, it is
your duty to understand all the more the mysteries
of nature. The power of nature is given you to use,
and the powers God has given you are for use.
Who is going to anatomize the ocean because it
swallows up vessels, and destroys life? It is not the
ocean's fault, but man's, for the ocean possessed its
characteristics before man ever launched his bark upon
it. Her great waves will continue to beat as they
have; and you have but to know her laws to
master them, and ride over them in safety. There
is no danger of getting beyond your capacity to
understand. You have to strive for the knowledge and
it will come with the proper asking. One truth is a
stepping stone to another. It is absurd to say God
reveals his truth to-day, and did not in the past.
They are inseparable. Believing in the present
manifestations, we must believe in those of the past.

Spiritualism is a religion that not only allows in-
vestigation, but demands it; and the more it is
tested, the firmer and clearer it becomes. The old
Revelations are good so far as they can be believed
in. The phenomena of the nineteenth century are
for the satisfaction of doubting Thomases. The ob-
jection is raised that spirits come so low. But they
first approach you as you are; and when your
minds get higher, they will come to you on your
own plane. It is no pleasure for them to touch
your tables and chairs; but it will be to touch your
souls, when they are open to them.

Besides being a rational religion, Spiritualism is
a practical religion. It is a steady search after wis-
dom and knowledge, and a measuring of your life
by it. Those who live the philosophy, need no
other test to know of its truth. The Spirits of the
past are your teachers. Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Con-
fucius, are no longer dead, but living, and they stand
beside you to give of the wealth of their experience.

The aim of this religion is not to worship God, so
much as to strengthen and individualize the human
mind. It is not alone to make men better, but to flood
the world with thoughts of nobleness and beauty.
A true life is the greatest anthem ever sung to Deity.
The religion, government and power of the past
were in proportion to its capacity. Spiritualism is
but one of the colors in the great divine rainbow of
God's overarching philosophy. Greater and grander
efforts shall come from it in the future.

Reported for the Banner of Light
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1861.

QUESTION.—What are the means by which we may
determine genuine spirit manifestations from those origi-
nating in the earth life?

JACOB EDSON, Chairman.

Dr. GARDNER.—The means of determining the
genuineness of spiritual manifestations, is probably
vague, with all of us, and every one must do it on
his or her own plane. The better a person is ac-
quainted with mental phenomena—the power of one
mind over another—the better he can answer the
question. In all the lectures of trance-speakers
there is a manifestation of the peculiar character-
istics of the medium through whom the communi-
cation comes; and this phase cannot be avoided, and
is no argument to a reasoning mind against the
spiritual origin of the phenomena. There are sev-
eral ways of answering the question. One is the
word of the mediums, that the language and thoughts
coming through them are not their own. And when
the ideas advanced are contrary to those held by the
medium, there is another argument. When com-
munications are given by means of the raps, in the
private circle, where a passive medium is under the
control of a positive spirit, there is another evidence.
There cannot be so thorough proof, however, as on
other and more tangible matters. False communi-
cations have at times been proof of the power and
control of spirits, for facts have been given, inter-
blended with falsehood, beyond their knowledge.
Communications have been given through mediums
from persons who have been in the flesh at the time,
the mediums all the time being innocent of any
attempt at deception; but it seems to me the spirits
of the absent ones become so tangibly present by
the use of their own thoughts, as to influence the
power of the medium. The best test we can apply
to communications, after all, is our own reason.

Mr. EDSON.—It seems to me that a person who does
not believe spirits can communicate, can have but
little to say. But I do believe spirits communicate,
though I cannot draw the dividing line between
communications from spirit and mortal life. It
seems to me the most trivial circumstances become
of vital importance, and I recognize the truth that
no sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's
care. James Buchanan and all his surroundings are
under the will of God, as perfectly as any one, and what
seems wrong to-day, we shall see the use of to-morrow.
I cannot draw the dividing line, and say so much be-
longs to God and so much to mortals. Proof, a few
years ago, is of little importance now. Something
different from external phenomena is required to
make a Spiritualist. A true Spiritualist will recog-
nize the perfect power and guidance of God, but not
to the detriment of his moral agency. It seems to
me much that is done by mankind, is the work of
spirits, who are the messengers to outwork the Al-
mighty will.

Mr. WETHERS.—I agree with Brother Edson, that
it is difficult to divide spiritual things from what are
not. I cannot help thinking we are so closely inter-
woven, that we are but as dots on India muslin. I
cannot help thinking our development from materi-
ality, is a development toward happiness; without
it, men would be like horses, always satisfied with
their oats and grass. I have had evidence that
spirits communicate; and I have as much of it as I
want that spirits who do not exist in mortal, do
commune with me. It appears to me everything in
the earth is attracted to it, and belongs to it; so are
we attracted to that we emanated from, and the
great hosts that have peopled the world in the past,
it seems to me, can have no better occupation than
giving us of their experience to help us on in our
progress. I am satisfied that the auras of people in
an audience, give a speaker a power he could not
have when alone. We cannot see how much men do
is the exercise of a power beyond themselves. If I
come into a room, at any time, I will partake of the
atmosphere of an audience, and be influenced by it.
We cannot tell ourselves what we are; and we are
just as near spirits now as we ever shall be.

Mr. BURKE.—This is rather a difficult question,
and I regret to say not much light has yet been
thrown upon it. I would like to hit a point, to begin
with, that all our friends will agree is a true one.
We all have minds, more or less. Now how does a
man know the mind exists, except by its manifesta-
tions? So distinguished a scholar as Pope said all
there was real in the world is mind. Now, can
mind act where it is not?—for it has been asserted
that the mind can travel off and personate itself to
others. The mind is so inseparably connected with
the body, that pain to one affects the other; and
while physical pain lasts, the mind is incapable of
acting. So, in order to act, the mind must have a
healthy organism to act through. Just in proportion
to the mutilation of the brain, so far is the mind
impaired.

Mr. DAVIS.—The question, as I understand it, is,
how are we to distinguish between true and false
manifestations? It seems to me the truth of the
communications may be a safe guide; but mediums
may give false communications, and yet be innocent,
for they are unconscious of any attempt at deception
practiced by the spirits through them. Mr. Burke
says: Mind must act wherever it is; but he pre-
viously said there was no means or possibility of
stating whose mind was, and yet it would be as im-
possible to show where mind is, not if mind lives
only in organic bodies, then we have no reality in
spiritual communications. But I believe mind lives
longer than matter—and it is very probable that it
lives right around us, and it may be called spirit.
To distinguish between what is from the mind in
the body, and not in it, many circumstances are to
be taken into consideration. When you know it is
impossible for the medium, or any around her, to
give facts in a communication which are given to
you, I think you may set it down as a literal truth.
Spiritual manifestations, as set forth, are not all
such; but there are pretenders to mediumship, and
this fact brings much discredit upon real mediums;
and when they give communications that are not
true, the community will set the whole matter down
as a humbug. There are dishonest people in Spiritu-
alism; and though it has grown more than any
other sect or society, it has met with drawbacks on
this account. It is in the economy of physical na-
ture that the mind shall always protect the body.
Such is the law of self-government. There is no
thought when the man sleeps; and when, then, is
the mind? Does not a man's mind travel when he
dreams? Who knows but the mind may go off,
and mingle with some other minds? Instances
have been known, and are pretty well authenticated,
of this. A case is narrated in the "Footfalls," where
a man on board a ship which was in distress traveled
off to another ship, and actually wrote, while there.

Dr. GARDNER.—In reply to Bro. Burke, I will state
a fact under my own observation. Mrs. Hatch was
speaking in the Melodeon, a few years ago, and de-

livering a discourse of very high order. During the
time, her spirit visited Buffalo, and held converse
with the medium in a circle which was being held
there, and so impressed herself upon her identity
that she told those present that "Cora Hatch is
here." On coming out of the trance, Mrs. H. told her
husband and myself that she had been to Buffalo,
and visited a circle there. She narrated a conver-
sation there, and requested a memorandum
to be made of it, and sent on to Buffalo, and said the
same thing would be done there, and the letters
would pass each other on the route, and thus prove
a test to all parties. This was done according to
direction; and a few days after a letter was received
from Buffalo, giving the same particulars. This
fact proves that living spirits can communicate with
each other. In a circle once with Mr. Hume a spirit-
hand showed itself from the midst of a sort of mist,
and I took it in my hands, pressed it, and examined
the joints and nails.

Mr. BURKE thought the Doctor was honest in
what he said, but was the victim of deception on the
part of the mediums.

Mr. EDSON.—There is no need of accusing everything
of falsehood because there are some counterfeits.

Dr. WELLINGTON.—I came here not to defend nor
elucidate spiritual manifestations; but to learn
more on a question of much importance to all. If I
understand the term spiritual manifestations to be
used in the general sense, it would be of great value
to have any means by which to determine spiritual
from mental control. I have studied the question
with ardor for seventeen years, and I have found it
impossible to draw the dividing line. I have not
yet pursued the object, but I have done it with an
earnestness and enthusiasm that would surprise you.
It has been my object, to demonstrate the power of
mind over mind, in various conditions. I have tried
many experiments by which I could stand in New
York and produce an effect on the mind of a sensi-
tive in Boston; and I know that effect is a spiritual
manifestation. I have tried experiments till this has
become to me absolute knowledge. The very first
absolutely satisfactory manifestations I had of the
spiritual world were three years before the Rochester
rappings. In the city of Manchester, N. H., a sensi-
tive subject saw a person die, in Warner, N. H., and
read the contents of a letter then being written, and
told the time it would arrive, with accuracy. This
was the first time I ever dreamed it possible for a
mind in the spirit world to present itself to the ex-
ternal vision of one in the body. All my worldly
interest was against my admitting these facts then,
and are against it now. So what motive have I for
being duped? Where I have made one experiment
to prove the truth of chemistry, I have made one
hundred to prove immortality. I have the power of
exerting a psychological control over passive sub-
jects, and I believe spirits make use of the same
means to transmit their ideas.

Question for next Wednesday evening: "What is
prayer, and what is its use?"

From the Herald of Progress.

The Hierarchy of America.

STARTLING PREDICTIONS OF EVENTS SOON TO TRANSPIRE.
We published several remarkable predictions a
number of weeks before the full elections. At the time,
the extravagant statements were very generally disre-
garded. Since, however, many of the prophecies have
been literally fulfilled, and the public are naturally
curious to re-read them, and to compare predictions
with facts. We republish, in order to meet the large
demand:

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1860.
BROTHER DAVIS:—After three successive lectures
in this place, discussing the laws and principles of
growth and development—the following prophecies
were expressed. They were made in the fourth
lecture:

1. "There will be a dissolution of the Union."
2. "A Free Republic will grow up at the North. There will be civil war carried on by the rabble and lower classes among the masses. The Republican candidate will get the popular vote, but will not be elected. There will be two great parties organized."
3. "The 'Liberals' in politics and religion will unite on the one side, and the Catholics, Democrats, and all conservative men and women on the other side."
4. "Slavery will be abolished by revolution; insurrection among the slaves, war, and blood."
5. "Next winter, Congress will get in a broil. They will fight. Blood will flow."
6. "My consciousness is that this Nation will be dead as a Nation before the fourth of March next."
7. "Almost simultaneous with the close of the November election, will be another crash among the banks, similar to the one in 1857."
8. "By and by we will have great diseases and new forms of disease, unknown to physicians."
9. "We will have war, famine, political commotion, and earthquakes, and hurricanes."
10. "Healing mediums will be developed to cure disease."
11. "England is to be harassed by France, and Russia will assist France; and when England is crushed as a nation, America will aid her."
12. "We will have no more Presidents—the present one will not serve his time out."
13. "Canada will enter the new Republic in America."
14. "Ohio will be the centre of that Republic, and Cleveland will be the capital."
15. "Our present Constitution will be the basis of the new Republican government, but will be re-modelled."
16. "After the transition is passed, Theocracy will be the true form of government."
17. "Ultimately the Southern States will gradually come into the new government."
- 18.