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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TROPICAL ABODE.

During their journey home to the sea-shore, Philip had informed his wife of the existence of the little Felicia. He said she was an orphan, left to his care by her dying mother. That in attending to the business for which he had left Linden Cottage, he had been called upon to perform this act of benevolence. If Rose wondered why he had not told her before, she did not express it in words. She had learned to understand his fitful moods, to shrink from the lurid flashes of his eye. To his question: "You will love this little orphan?" She had responded from her heart: "I will be to her a mother."

Rose loved children with all the integrity of her strong, deep feelings, and when she saw the little Felicia, her pitying heart went forth toward her in almost maternal longing. The child was very winning and beautiful, with a fair, rosy complexion, large, soulful eyes, regular features; and in strange contrast with her Oriental eyes, and black, silken tresses, was the pale, golden color of her hair, that curled in masses over her shapely head, and wide, intelligent forehead. She was the image of Teresa; all but the golden hair that was borrowed from her Northern ancestors. The little thing had peculiarly graceful ways, and her motions were undulating, her gestures poetic as became her Andalusian origin; only capable of prattling a few words, and those in Spanish; her beauty, her helplessness, and the vague charm that surrounded her, endeared her at once to Rose, who clasped her fondly in her arms and covered her pretty face with kisses.

"Mama! mama!" cried the little one, stretching out her arms, while large tear-drops glistened in her speaking eyes.

"It is like this she goes on all day," said Mam'selle Florie. She put out her arms, and cry, "mama, mama!"

"Poor, bereaved little angel," said Rose. "Let me be your mama, dear?"

The child looked up into the lovely, artless face, wound her soft arms around her neck, and smiling, said some words in a language unintelligible to the listening ear bent down to catch the soft cooing murmurs. Little Felicia finally fell asleep on her new mother's bosom, with the tears yet glistening on her cheeks. With a kiss and a blessing, Rose placed her on a couch, and threw her white veil over her, and folded her own shawl around her.

Philip looked on with a pleased countenance, with a bright approval in his eye. Without consulting his wife, or taking counsel with her in the least, he hastened the preparations for departure. He and Joaquin packed up the valuables and the costliest portions of the furniture. In a week all was ready, and they embarked for the New World. It was bitter wintry weather, and Rose pondered deeply upon the secret reasons that thus should urge so unreasonable a voyage. But she forbore all questioning, and silently submitted to her fate.

After a long and stormy transit, they landed in the beautiful harbor of Santa Cruz de Vega, on the South American coast; and the scene that there met the eye so enraptured the heart of Rose, that she forgot all her sorrowful forebodings, and clasped her hands with a childlike delight. As far as the eye could reach, a chain of towering mountains spread. They encircled as it were the straggling town, whose gaily painted houses, flower-covered balconies, and flat roofs, presented the charm of novelty as well as the beauty of the picturesque. A quaint rustic bridge divided the town into equal portions. Beneath it a leaping, brawling stream flowed on towards the sea. Every house seemed placed within a garden. The crested cocco, the stately cedar, the royal palm, were reflected in the clear mirror of the winding river, where it flowed calmly over its pebbled bed. The fan-like foliage of the banana waved in the gladdening sunlight; the golden ripe mango bent from the overladen boughs; the crimson pomegranate glistened dewily inviting; the luscious guava shed its rich fragrance on the air. The bridal blossoms of the orange-flower fell in a shower to the ground, wafted earthward by the breeze of ocean, and the rich fruit hung temptingly within reach. Afar, the coffee-fields extended in tropical luxuriance, freighted with a weight of scarlet berries and of snowy flowers. The mountain sides were green with the perpetual verdure of the summer; dense forests spread for miles, and a thousand gorgeous blossoms enameled and adorned the valley.

It was a paradise of sweets. The floral odors and the spicy breathings of the woods mingled with the refreshing, briny fragrance of the sea-wind. The sturdy mountains bore the ruined fragments of old castles, of battlements and fortresses long since abandoned; but the flag of Bolivian independence floated in the tri-colored glory from the government house in Santa Cruz. The contrast was great between the wintry dreariness of the home-land, and

the summer-land and brightness all around. Rose gazed upon the scene with parted lips, dilating eyes, and flushing cheek. She cried in an ecstasy of delight and wonderment—

"How beautiful! Surely, nothing this side of Eden can be more beautiful."

Mam'selle Florie, who accompanied them as an attendant upon the little Felicia, also clasped her hands with joy, and volubly exclaimed:

"It is one Paradise! one *jardin de mille fleurs*! Madame can 'ave de roses, de lilies, and de mignonne all naturel; no occasion to buy de artificial; and here it is summer eternelment! Madame will not shiver, wid de cold; and I sall not lose de roses on mine zeeks, and look like one—what you call him, ghost—all blue and purpelle, wid de cold weddere. And 'ere dere is so many black negroes, Florie will be one ladie in her place."

Joaquin, who had no love for aught beautiful in Nature, cast a contemptuous glance upon the waiting-woman, and whistled a Spanish fandango. Philip looked upon the summer-land that was evidently familiar to him, with an indifferent air. The child lisped forth in dulcet accents:

"Mama, pretty, pretty!" and her little hand pointed to the landscape and the sea.

For a week they remained at a hotel, waited upon as the rich and great of earth alone can be; then they removed to a house of imposing exterior, that was surrounded by a spacious garden, and luxuriant grounds. It was a romantic site indeed, being situated on the brow of a hill, from whence the azure bay with its white-winged shipping and fisher-boats and the clear horizon line of the ocean could be seen. From its vine-decked and flower-decorated balcony could be viewed the adjacent convent, and the churches of the town; from its flat roof the neighboring country and the distant plantations met the view. It was a fit abode for the loving, poetic heart of Rose; and with her own poetic adaptation of the beautiful, she named it "Eden Rest."

But if the aspect of Nature alone had thus enchanted her, what was her surprise in beholding its interior arrangements, exelling in magnificence even the fairy scenes the most vivid imagination could portray. The marble floors were strewn with orange flowers, pomegranate blossoms, sweet odorous leaves, that, crushed beneath her footprints, exhaled their dying tribute of perfume. The walls of the principal chambers were lined with mirrors, that reached from floor to ceiling, reflecting all the splendor so lavishly cast around. The furniture was of curiously carved wood, richly inlaid with pearl and mosaic; the seats of coolest sea-green silk; marble and silver and ivory abounded in the adornments of this fairy palace; the pictures were suspended from golden cords, and covered with fleecy lace. The hangings to the windows were of silk, light green in hue, with a choice drapery of cloud-like silver gauze above; the folding open doors were screened by curtains of rosy brightness, flecked with azure stars; large costly vases of red Parian marble, or choicest porcelain, held the abundant wealth of the rarest flowers. In oases, that seemed bowers of verdure and of bloom, sang gaily the imprisoned songsters; gorgeous macaws and flaunting parrots saluted their new mistress clamorously from their gilded perches. A fine hound, leopard-spotted, crouched at the master's feet, and gave signs of joyous recognition. At Philip's command he advanced meekly, and licked the hand of Rose. She patted his intelligent head and asked his name.

"It is Selmo," Philip replied. "And this is your new home. How do you like it, Rose?"

"Oh, it is charming! Overwhelmingly magnificent! Dear husband, you live in a princely style. I shall deem myself the mistress of an enchanted castle."

Unconsciously, her thoughts reverted to the simple mode of living to which his mother was accustomed.

"This house is mine," he continued, "and I have had it newly put in order for your comfort and convenience. Rose. A fine fortune left to me by the death of a friend, places me in a position to command all the luxuries you behold. Not a wish of yours shall remain ungratified. You shall have the most valuable gems—all that the highest lady in the land may desire. But I affix one condition; never question me with regard to aught you deem mysterious in my conduct. Never seek to pry into my actions, my motives; keep in your own womanly and household sphere; rule this house; be a mother to this little girl, and you will never regret having left the shores of England. But remember, Rose, no prying into my business, no doubting, no surmises, as you value my love and your own peace. And here ye, wife, it is my pleasure to be known here as the Senor Philip Deltano. Remember the name; we have nothing to do with that of Almay, here."

"A fictitious name! Renounce the name I have borne as your wife so proudly!" said Rose, cringing with astonishment, and utterly forgetting that she had learned to fear and tremble before him.

"Oh, Philip!"

The gaze she bent upon him betrayed amazement, doubt, a bitter shadowing of regret. He took her by both hands.

"Hark ye, Rose!" he said, looking steadily in her eye, and speaking with an iron determination in his voice; "I will have no cavilling, no gainsaying of my will. You retain my love by implicit obedience only. You forfeit it forever by the opposition of your will. You can be happy as you expect, or wretched as you have never dared to think. I command you to speak of me as Philip Deltano? Shall I be obeyed, Rose?"

"Oh, wherefore?—yes—I will do all. But why?"

He still firmly held her hands.

"No remonstrances, I say."

His face looked dark and threatening.

"Will you do as I bid you?"

"Only give me a reason, Philip. Tell me why this mystery, and I will never trouble you again. But is it right?"

"Silence!" he thundered, so violently that the little Felicia, clinging to her mother's skirts, looked up in alarm, and said sweetly:

"Pease do n't, papa! Pease do n't!"

He caught the child to his breast with a quick, sudden impulse. He kissed her face, her hands, and a subduing tenderness stole over his hard, stern countenance. He put her down most gently. The eyes of Rose were filled with reproachful tears. Her delicate wrists were crimsoned by his angry touch.

"You will obey me, now?" he said, in a softened tone?

"Yes, because I must," she replied, and a weary sigh escaped her.

"Never mind the governing cause, so you fulfill your duty," he said, with a coarse laugh, that grated harshly on her ear.

"And now, that matter settled," said in Florie, and let us hear her opinion of her new abode."

The French woman made her appearance; rubbing her hands with glee, a smile of gratified vanity and pride distending her large, pouting mouth.

"How do you like your new residence, Mam'selle," inquired the master.

"Oh, Monsieur Philip, *c'est magnifique*. It is like one palace of de roy-all-familie! I was never so astonished in my life. So many mirrors, and tableaus, and gold and silvare and prettie things, I nevare see before in any countree! Oh, Madame, I sall be charmed to serve so rich one ladie. I shall be one personne of importance mol-mene, myself!"

"Has Joaquin informed you that I am known as the Senor Deltano, here?"

"Out, out, Monsieur," he told me, you take de name of your grande relative, dat die and leave you one great heritage. Dat is customary in France; and everywhere de grand *Signieurs*, de rich people, dey do just what dey please. I sall call Monsieur, le Senor Deltano, and Madame, la Senora Deltano; *etice bon commeca, Monsieur*?"

"Yes, that is right. You see the beauty of obedience!" he whispered to Rose. "Now go and call the servants in to be presented to their lady. Tell Joaquin, and he will interpret for you, Mam'selle Florie."

"Yes, sir!" With a profound courtesy she withdrew, fully impressed with her own important station as lady's maid to her mistress, and attendant of *la petite Felicia*.

Rose had been accustomed to ease and luxury at home; her father kept as many servants as the country gentlemen of those days deemed necessary. But her blue eyes opened wide as she saw the motley procession that appeared: there were two or three cooks, as many housemaids and laundresses, half a dozen waiters, a porter, an errand boy, a housekeeper, and a major domo, gardener, groom, seamstress, embroiderer, besides others whose duties could find no name. There were little urochins, incapable of anything save noise and mischief; there were sooty babies held in their mother's arms; white-headed negroes, and smiling mulatto girls, all arrayed in their holiday costumes, bowing, courtesying and welcoming their lady with the vociferous demonstrations of their joy. She was young and beautiful: she must be good and indulgent, they said. Rose smiled in their ebony faces, held out to them her lifted hands, and made them supremely happy by her condescension. But it did not add to her happiness to know that many of these were slaves, held by the will, and in the power of her husband.

The wealthiest and proudest of the aristocracy of the town called on the young English wife, Philip serving as interpreter, and Rose's unaffected grace of manner winning them all. At the express desire of her husband—and she dared not again oppose him—she was splendidly attired in satin and lace, with ornaments of pearls and sapphires, sitting spoils of earth and sea wherewith to enhance her pure and girlish loveliness. She was admired, the sumptuous adornments of the house extolled, the Senor Deltano's generosity was vaunted to the skies; but amid all the pleasures and splendors surrounding her, there was a shadow on her spirit. Rose was not happy; the serpent coiled amid the flowery glories and the costly environments of "Eden Rest." She was fated and flattered; she entered into all the pleasures of the neighborhood; her lordly home was the scene of almost regal banquets, of the assemblage of the beautiful and gifted; she had boundless wealth at her command; yet soon with a saddened heart she turned from it all. The only true joy of her life was the possession of the innocent love of her adopted child. Felicia was the angel and the solace of her life.

"Oh, my God!" prayed Rose, "shall I never hear from my beloved ones at home?—from my stricken father?—from the mother I so dearly love?"

No, Rose; that compensation is not in thy destiny. The forgiving words of her father, the motherly counsels of the good and righteous mother never reached thine eye. The retributive awards of heaven denied that consolation to thy weary soul.

Busy with her thronging thoughts and surging, troublous emotions, we leave her in her tropic paradise, and return to the humble dwelling of Mrs. Almay, rightly named Mercy at the Baptismal Font.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION OF A BROKEN HEART.

It was mid-winter. The snowy mantle draped the earth, enveloping the sturdy mountains and the plain; from the denuded trees great icicles were pendant, and the hedges glistened with the Frost King's diamond ministry; the singing brook was stilled, for the wand of the ice enchanter had hushed the onward, leaping current of its joy; the stream was silent in the wintry embrace; the sky was steel blue in its cold intensity; it was a hard winter for the poor, one of unparalleled enjoyment to the young and light-hearted, the happy and untired.

Dr. Merton, who is the confidential friend as well as the bodily adviser of Mrs. Almay, has at length determined to confide to her the suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, that possesses him with regard to Teresa. She has recovered from the fever that threatened her life; the light of reason has returned; she is a heart-broken, sorrowful woman, ever weeping for the irreparable loss of her child; but she is again self-possessed, sane and consistent in her reiterated words. With a slight knowledge of the Spanish tongue, acquired in his earlier days, the physician has questioned her, and it is evident to him that she is a wedded wife, who has been cruelly deserted; her description of the man she persisted in calling husband was that of Philip Almay precisely; but when she showed the good man her wedding certificate, and he saw there the name of Philip Artoun, he shook his head and muttered to himself:

"Either a strange coincidence, or a great piece of rascality. I must find out, though it be a death-blow to his mother's heart."

And with this determination he buttoned up his overcoat and rode to Linden Cottage. The pale mother bade him welcome with a smile.

"How is your patient to-day?" she inquired.

"Improving, steadily improving," he replied in his own quick, somewhat abrupt manner. Clearing his throat he continued:

"Hem! ha!—Mrs. Almay, I want to talk to you about her."

"Go on, my friend; all that concerns that poor girl I am interested in hearing."

"Yes, yes, of course; but the fact is—ahem! well, we have all been mistaken about her."

"In what way, doctor? Now I look at you more closely, there's something peculiar in your manner. You have learned more of her history? Tell me all about it; she continues rational?"

"As sensible as you or I, Mrs. Almay. That's not what I alluded to. The fact is—ahem! ha!—well, hang it, madam, she is n't a poor girl, at all!"

"You puzzle me, Doctor Merton. What is she? What has she revealed to you about herself?"

"She's a married woman; a lawfully wedded wife! I've seen the wedding ring; and what's better still, the marriage certificate!"

"The marriage certificate!" exclaimed the lady, starting up as if electrified.

"Yes, madam, all in due form; regularly executed—Catholic priest—civil authorities—all right," said the doctor, gleefully rubbing his hands, and totally unaware of the extent of the mother's knowledge.

But suddenly recollecting himself, his countenance fell; the usual ruddy glow faded from his round, good-humored cheeks; tears twinkled in his small grey eyes; he opened and closed one hand with a nervous motion; with the other he thumped his gold-headed cane against the floor.

"I—I—it is a very unpleasant piece of business," he faltered; "but it's my duty, and that no Englishman can shrink from. Mrs. Almay—ahem! I have reasons—strong reasons to suppose—I am sorry—deeply grieved to intrude upon a mother's private feelings—sacred feelings—indeed—ahem! I am. But, Mrs. Almay, my dear old friend," (he took the lady's hand), "forgive me if I trespass upon forbidden ground; I can keep silence no longer; but a suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, leads me to conclude—"

"That she is his wife, doctor!" Mrs. Almay's face was livid; her slight frame trembled from head to foot.

"I—I—have not mentioned any name," he gasped forth.

"I understand, oh God! only too well. You have reason to believe she is the wife of my son. Oh, can he be so utterly lost? Is this my punishment? Lord, it is hard to bear. Doctor!" she cried, rising from her seat and standing before him a trembling image of despair, "there must be a mistake somewhere; it cannot, cannot be!"

On witnessing the mother's agony, the doctor prayed inwardly that the last lingering doubt might never be removed, that Teresa's story was a mistake, a fabrication, anything that would restore peace and comfort to the heart of his old friend.

"Remember that all this is only supposition yet," he said, in the vain effort to tranquilize her; "remember, my dear madam, we have as yet no proof, no proof, no witnesses—all her own say-so only."

"Bring her here to-day, doctor—this very afternoon! I shall not rest until I know the worst. You say she is able to walk about your garden, to bear the fatigue of riding? I implore you, if her strength permits, bring her to me to-day!"

"Certainly, certainly, if you insist. She is strong enough; but I fear for you, Mrs. Almay. You are excited, nervous. My dear friend, how grieved I am!"

rows, to share her grief. Doctor Merton, to you alone in all this neighborhood, would I confide the keeping of my son's secret, of his honor! You have wondered at my intense interest in this poor stranger, whom you all deemed the victim of some bad man's betrayal. Alas! to my shame and his be it spoken! Philip has acknowledged to me that she—Teresa—had been his mistress; he denied all participation in the removal of her child; he denied that he had ever heard of his existence."

"Mrs. Almay, from my heart I pity you. Shameful! monstrous! horrible! incredible!" ejaculated the doctor, walking up and down excitedly.

"Thou who knowest the secrets of all hearts!" cried the poor mother, with uplifted, streaming eyes, "thou knowest that weak, sinfully indulgent as I have been, I am guiltless of this great outrage. Have I not always taught him to revere the sanctity of womanhood? Have I not inculcated the love of virtue, and the fear of God? And this is the reward of my life of self-sacrifice! Shame and approbrium brought to my hearthstone by the hand of my only son! And Rose, his young, trusting, guileless wife! Oh, merciful Father! I shall go frantic if I think of her! If Teresa is his wife, what, oh what is Rose? That tender, loving heart will be broken. Quick, Doctor Merton, for God's merciful sake, hasten! bring her here at once, that I may inform Rose, that she remain not one hour beneath my roof! His mother and his wife—ah, two of them I all, all betrayed!"

Never had the gentle woman displayed such uncontrollable agitation. The doctor was almost stunned by the revelation of Philip's baseness. Bad as he thought him, he did not deem it possible he could descend to such depths of falsehood and meanness as to brand the name of his lawful wife with infamy; that he, too, had abducted the child, he never paused to doubt. He rode home, pondering deep and painfully; and without loss of time he held a conference with his patient. Without revealing to her the lady's certainty and his own convictions, he bade her tell the whole story of her marriage and desertion to Mrs. Almay, who would prove, as heretofore, a valuable friend. Teresa expressed her willingness to go, and carefully wrapped up and guarded from the cold, with many injunctions from Mrs. Merton to return before dark, they set out upon the short journey.

Mrs. Almay was pacing up and down the floor of her sitting room when they came in sight. She had sent the midday meal away untasted; the feverish hue of expectation dyed her wan cheeks; she could not repress the involuntary shudder that ever and anon convulsed her limbs. She hurried to the garden gate over the frozen path, so great was her eagerness to behold Teresa. Good Margary was there assisting her out of the light vehicle; but Mrs. Almay took the arm of Teresa within hers, and gently supporting her, led her up the flight of wooden steps into the warm and cosy room.

"Dear lady! good, kind lady!" murmured the poor foreigner, her large dark eyes swimming in tears, as she kissed the benevolent hand.

"Hush, hush! I do not thank me; do not excite yourself. I am only fulfilling my duty," said the lady of the house, with a visible effort at self-control. "Now, Doctor Merton," she said, as that gentleman entered the room, having disposed of his horse and sleigh, "you must serve as interpreter. Please ask this poor tried heart to relate to me her experience, to confide the whole sad story of her wrongs to me, as she would to a mother."

The doctor interpreted what Teresa had partially understood.

"Tell her to state everything freely and without reserve."

Teresa inclined her head.

"Dear, blessed lady! My saving angel and comforter—why should I keep one secret from you or this good man?—now that I am no longer mad, you will believe my story, will you not? Upon this blessed cross I swear all I tell you is unvarnished truth!"

She took the brilliant emblem from her bosom, kissed it reverently, and still holding it in her hand, told the harrowing tale of her sorrows. How, left an orphan at an early age, she was left to the care of an uncle, who indulged her in every whim and youthful fancy; how her heart was half won by one of his own creed and nation, when Philip Artoun, the fascinating, the unknown, made his appearance in her native Cadiz. He appeared at the assemblies of the great and wealthy, attired with simplicity, yet with the unmistakable grace of demeanor that marks the gentleman. He wore no flashing jewels and no glittering insignias of rank, yet he obtained admittance to the most aristocratic circles. He won the orphan's heart entirely; she forsook for him home, friends and country. In a quiet church they were married, and the ceremony repeated before the civil authorities, the English consul resident in the city. She had written to implore her uncle's forgiveness, and it had been generously tendered with a warning, however, as to the disposal of her property. Teresa was richly endowed by the wealth of both parents, and was the expected heir of her bachelor uncle, who was supposed to be one of the wealthiest men in Cadiz.

"For one year," said the narrator, her tears falling over the black bodice of her dress, "I was happy as the angels in the paradise of God. When my child was born—" here choking sobs impeded her utterance.

Mrs. Almay kissed her cheek and entreated her to be calm. After a while, she proceeded:

"When my little Felicia saw the light, he seemed to be filled with all a father's ecstasy. He doated upon her, and gazed upon her as we do upon our patron saints. We traveled over Europe, and my good forgiving uncle sent me all the remittances I desired, but still retained the bulk of my property. Philip grew moody, estranged; he needed more money, he said; he chafed at the limits necessarily placed to his outlays. He accused me of meanness and a lack of generosity. My tears and remonstrances only exasperated him the more. At last we were reduced to the humblest quarters, and the plainest mode of living, my uncle refusing to send the funds he held in trust for me. Philip took me to the wretched village of Brinsford, near S—, and he left me there with scarcely means enough for the humblest support of myself and child. Oh, it was a weary, weary time we spent there."

The doctor interpreted. Mrs. Almay wiped away her tears, and motioned Teresa to go on.

"He was absent for many months, and when he came, he was stern, cold and unloving. The last time, he demanded of me my child. He wanted to take her on a visit to his mother he said; but there was a foreboding in my heart that urged me to refuse him. He had represented his mother as a haughty and exclusive lady, who had not yet given her sanction to his marriage. I felt indignant at this, for my family belonged to the best Spanish blood in Cadiz; closely allied with some of the noblest there. Why should his English mother thus spurn the foreign daughter that was equal at least with herself? Philip never gave me any satisfaction, and sometimes I doubted the story of his mother's unrelenting spirit. I deemed it a fabrication of his own, contrived for some purpose that was hidden from me."

Doctor Merton repeated her words. Mrs. Almay clasped both hands over her wildly beating heart and exclaimed:

"And thus he could speak of his mother! thus malign his mother! thus cast upon her the odium of hardness and cruelty! Oh, terrible, terrible retribution! Where will its ministrations end?"

"Dear lady, dear good, good lady!" said Teresa in her broken English, "you sorry for poor me? No cry—no cry—I tell more—all."

And she told how Joaquin—Mrs. Almay started at the name—had been one of the witnesses to her marriage; that she deemed him a great villain, and thought he had assisted in the seizure of her child. He used to visit her at her wretched residence during Philip's absence, and bring her the scanty pittance he allowed for her maintenance. "I know not how they stole my child," said the weeping mother; "but I awoke from a deep sleep that was more like a lethargy than healthful slumber, to find my arms empty—my mother-heart bereaved! Oh, if I could only behold his mother! I would kneel at her feet and ask her for my child! If she has a mother's feelings she would pity me, and she would restore me my lost angel."

The doctor translated.

"Let me see the marriage certificate," said Mrs. Almay.

Teresa took a silken cord from her neck, to which a medallion portrait was attached. She pressed a spring in the back, it flew open, and from it she took a folded paper, which she handed to her benefactress. The doctor explained the meaning of the foreign words; the English portion was the same. "Philip Artoun to Teresa de Alayda." All was well attested and in order.

"We could soon make inquiries for these names; it is not so long ago, and a priest of that long sounding name—ahem! must be widely known. The English consul, too. Well, Mrs. Almay, had not we better institute a search? Certainly, you know—"

"Hush, hush, doctor! She speaks the truth. It is too evident. We need no further investigation. Has she not mentioned Joaquin, whom I always doubted? There is but one proof wanting—the name by which he married her is not his own; yet it was my maiden name; another link in the chain. But one proof more. Teresa, daughter, will you come with me? You, too, doctor."

The lady led the way to a small cabinet, which in turn led to the outer hall or dining-room. She drew from before a picture a silken screen, and looking intently at Teresa, she asked:

"Do you know that face?—do you recognize the features?"

Before Doctor Merton could repeat the words, she stretched out her arms toward the picture with a thrilling shriek.

"Philippo!" she exclaimed. "My husband! my own Philippo!"

The mother was satisfied. She turned toward the weeping wife.

"Teresa," she said, loud and solemnly, "henceforth this is your home. We part not again. God in his mercy has led you here, that we may share our griefs and mingle our prayers forever. I am Philip's mother. That is the picture of my son. Teresa, you are welcome to his mother's heart and home."

The poor wanderer stood regarding her with dilating eyes. Intuitively she grasped the meaning of her words; she comprehended all the kind interpreter could sufficiently command his emotion. She fell forward at the feet of Mrs. Almay; she wildly kissed her hands, her feet, the hem of her robe.

"His mother!" she exclaimed. "Philippo's mother! Oh, the holy saints be praised!"

She was raised to that mother's bosom, folded in the close embrace of impassioned love and grief.

Doctor Merton standing by the window, his face concealed in his handkerchief, was weeping convulsively. He drove home alone that evening.

Teresa remained an inmate of Linden Cottage.

The next day Mrs. Almay summoned her faithful servants to her presence.

"This is your young mistress," she said. "This lady is the lawful wife of my son, and I will have her acknowledged as such."

"Good Lord!" cried Margary, lifting up her hands in pious horror.

Even the staid Allen uttered an exclamation of surprise; but their lady continued:

"I can rely upon your prudence and fidelity; I am a wretched mother, but I must do my duty at all hazards. In the secluded life I live but few have caught a glimpse of Rose; none visited while she was here. To the few friends who occasionally call upon me I shall introduce Teresa as my daughter-in-law. If I can keep this dreadful secret, I will, for it is fearful to acknowledge my son as being guilty of such crimes. Allen, Margary, you will help me bear the burden?"

"Please God as long as there's the breath of life left within me," sobbed Margary.

"While I live, my lady," said old Allen, bowing low before her.

The sorrowful Teresa was thenceforth installed as the daughter of the house. Her ragged garments had been replaced by a clean suit made by the skillful hands of Mrs. Merton. Mrs. Almay offered to her acceptance all the comforts that her slender means could procure; but she persisted in wearing black, and that of the simplest material. She had grown thin and weak, but she was still beautiful and winning. It was the mission of these suffering ones to pour balm into each other's wounds. The mother soothed the daughter's unconsolable anguish when she fondly called upon and cried for her child. Teresa comforted the forsaken mother when she mourned over the ingratitude of her son.

Mrs. Almay never revealed to Teresa the fact of Philip's second marriage. She wished to save her bleeding heart that pang. She wrote a long letter to Rose, and sent it to the sea-side cottage, whither also she had sent the precious missive containing the assurance of her father's forgiveness. Neither were sent across the ocean; or, if they were, they never reached the hand of Rose. She lived on, unconscious of the misery that she was only a wife in name.

Teresa wrote to her uncle in Cadiz, and heard with astonishment not unmixed with bitter indignation, that her remittances had been regularly sent at her request. Philip had imitated her hand writing, and thus possessed himself of what was justly hers. Both mourned anew over this proof of his moral turpitude. But Teresa thenceforth enjoyed the benefits of a munificent income. The humble cottage home was enlarged and decorated, and Time, the healing angel of our Father's mercy, shed his benignant blessings over all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL.

BY ELLE BUSH.

Near an ancient grey cathedral,
In the shadows of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue,
That the star-light floated o'er,
With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Stood an Artist, pale and poor,
Stood a lone and pensive Artist,
Looking through the open door.
In the twilight lone and dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Stood he there and watched the flowing,
The unceasing rapid flowing
Of the restless river thought—
On whose dim and distant border
Gloomy shapes kept watch and warder,
Waving back the dreams Elysian,
And the blessed angel vision
That had been his guest before.
In and out the stately temple
All its solemn aisles along,
Thither called to praise and worship.
Passed a joy-enlivened throng—
While around them waves of music
Floated on the evening air,
And the pealing organ anthem
Mingled with the voice of prayer.
None but he seemed lone and dreary,
Only he was sad and weary.

He, the Artist, pale and poor,
Looking through the open door,
Looking, and yet nothing seeing,
Mid the restless tides of being,
That could give a ray of gladness
To the gloomy sea of sadness
That around him seemed to roll—
Nothing that could lift the shadow,
The dark shadow from his soul.

Naphtha lamps above the altar
Shed afar their mellow glow,
And the flame of waxen tapers
Lighted up the scene below—
Over sacred shrine and chapel,
Clouds of wreathing incense hung,
And a golden awe gave tone,
Where the fragrant censer swung.
Eyes there were in wonder gazing,
Lips the rosy splendor praising,
Hearts to whom an outward beauty
Answered for the inward duty—
So they coldly passed each other,
Coldly passed the lonely brother,
Passed the Artist, pale and poor,
Looking through the open door—
Looking, and yet nothing seeing
On the restless tides of being
That could give his bosom peace—
Nothing that could bid the tumult,
His wild spirit-tumult, cease.

Still he stood, as marble statue
That the star-light shimmered o'er,
Till the wavering mellow moonbeams
Chased his shadow from the door,
Till in silver rills the moonbeams
That from ether fountains pour
Far through tinted windows streaming,
Flecked the tessellated floor—
Still he stood out in the star-light,
In the pale, uncertain moonlight,
Blood beside the marble statue,
Till himself another statue
Seemed, as pulseless as the stone—
And to flee life's bitter woo.

Half he wished it might be so—
For no picture saw he other,
Than a suffering wife and mother,
And the demon dark and dread,
Who denied them daily bread.

Midnight trailed her starry kirtle,
O'er the sky's cerulean dome,
And the bells of the cathedral
Chimed the chorus, "Home, sweet home."
Pleasant were its changing echoes,
Heard in many a household throng—
But the Artist's heart they awakened
To a maddening sense of wrong.

Then his spirit rose up strongly,
And he argued loud, but wrongly,
With the phantom that pursued him,
The dark phantom, named Sorrow,
Who with sense of vision dim,
At the threshold of the morrow,
Sat and drew her thread of sable
Through his life's unwritten fable—
While from out the world's great Babel
Mournful voices to him called,
Till his stout soul, grief appalled,
Saw no shape or picture other
Than the suff'ring wife and mother,
And a heartstone drear and cold,
Cheerless for the lack of gold.

Like the pulses of the ocean,
Throbbing when the wind is strong,
Swelled the tide of his emotion,
Rolling onward into song:
"God!" he cried, "are these thy altars,
Thou house of thy abode,
Where, in sweet and winning accents,
Truth reveals her heavenly code?
Is it here thy children worship—
Here thy loving children worship?"

Art thou called of God to labor,
In his vineyard day by day,
Let thy nobler instincts guide thee—
They will surely point the way.
Every dream of beauty gliding
Through the temple of thy heart,
Is a token of thy duty.
Speaks thy fellowship with Art.
Oh! then cease thy vain repining,
Thought to thought in sadness twining,
'Darkest clouds have silver lining.'
Wouldst thou then give thy dreams expression,
Noble, fitting, true expression?
Wouldst thou life's great wrongs subdue?
Be thou patient, strong and true.
Fate guards the crown of merit,
Brave hearts only win and wear it!
Only brave hearts shall inherit
Pleasures deep and self-renewing,
Lovely gifts of lovely doing,
All may win, the right pursuing.

Wouldst thou with a smile or tear,
Greet the dear, all-pitying Saviour,
Shouldst thou in their midst appear,
Pale and sorrowing, weak or poor,
Would they meet him at the door?
Would they pity his distress,
Seek to comfort, cheer and bless,
Should they see him pale and poor,
Looking through the open door?

God! are these our human brothers,
Who in pomp and pride adore,
While the homeless poor are starving
In the shadow of their door?
Lo! the living temples fashioned
By thy own Almighty hands,
At whose shrine a lovely Priestess,
An immortal Priestess stands;

Stores have they, of thought and feeling,
Dreams the truths of heaven revealing,
Fairest pictures of the heart,
Painted by no human art—
Yet no blessed light falls on them,
No sweet light of love falls on them—
But they stand all desolate,
Scorned and drear and desolate,
As a lone and ruined shrine,
Or a lightning-blasted pine—
Lo! in wretchedness they wander,
Houseless, weary, sad and poor,
Body, heart, and soul, all starving,
By the grey cathedral door.

God! if e'er the loving angels
In their wand'rings reach our sphere,
What, oh! what must be the records
Traced in sorrowing wonder here?
Pausing at the stately portals
Of the house where men adore,
Ah! I seem to hear them question,
"What's the sign above the door?"
And I answer, answer truly,
Though I much the task deplore—
List, and I will tell you truly
What the sign is o'er the door:

Prayer and praise, each heavenward passion,
Tutored here, by creed and fashion,
Is the sign above their door—
Is the strange inscription written
O'er the grey cathedral door.

Art, O, lovely Art! sweet Mother
Unto many a vision dear,
Vain it is, all vain to woo me,
With thy dreams of beauty here.
Oh! then smile no more upon me,
Take, take back thy splendid gifts;
Lo! my soul all worn and helpless,
Down a stream of darkness drifts—
And I linger, faint and weary,
Watching while the Phantoms dreary,
The dark Phantoms that pursue me,
Paint their pictures on my brain;
Gloomy, dark, unlovely pictures
Paint they on my heart and brain,
Till the lovely ones I cherished
All have perished, all have perished—
And I see no picture other
Than a suff'ring wife and mother,
And the demon dark and dread,
Who denies them daily bread!"

Thus beside the grey cathedral,
In the shadow of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue,
That the star-light floated o'er,
With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Sang an Artist, pale and poor,
Sang a lone and pensive Artist,
Looking through the open door,
Till, as he stood wildly weaving
All his fancies into grieving,
Suddenly, a strange sensation
Of another's heart-pulsation,
All responsive in its tone,
And yet calmer than his own,
Thrilled him to the inmost soul,
And a vision on him stole,
Radiant as the young Aurora,
"Tis," he whispered, "Angel Ora!"

She had been his guest before.
To his side she softly nestled,
With his heavy grief she wrestled,
Till the dark unlovely Phantom,
With its melancholy lore,
Fled and left him at her bidding,
As his shadow left the door.

Standing where the mellow moonbeams
Kissed the ripples of her hair,
And in silver rills were floating
Over neck and bosom fair,
Smiled she then so sweetly on him,
And her face such brightness wore,
That he thought no human being
Ere had guest so fair before.

Eyes of softest azure, beaming
With the love-light from them streaming;
Brow as radiant as the pearl
Shining through each golden curl;
Lips whose ruby rays seemed born
On the mountain tips, at morn;
Cheeks like early rose leaves glowing;
Robes in wavy outlines flowing—
Thus her perfect beauty stole
On the weary Artist's soul;
While with voice as sweet as Flora,
When she greets the young Aurora,
Bird-like warbled Angel Ora.

Artist lone and Artist weary,
Watching at the midnight dreary,
I have heard thy heart's low sighing,
Spirit chord to chord replying,
Heard the cry thy bosom rending;
And on vision wings descending
Through the hazy atmosphere
Of thy soul's o'er-mastering fear.
Lo! I come to bless thee here!
Wouldst thou then know a sweet relief—
A nepenthe for thy grief?
Listen, listen while I sing—
Holy truths to thee I bring,
And my living presence beams,
Shining on the turbed dreams
Of thy darkest, saddest dreams,
In unceasing rills shall dart
Sweetest sunshine to thy heart.

Art thou called of God to labor,
In his vineyard day by day,
Let thy nobler instincts guide thee—
They will surely point the way.
Every dream of beauty gliding
Through the temple of thy heart,
Is a token of thy duty.
Speaks thy fellowship with Art.
Oh! then cease thy vain repining,
Thought to thought in sadness twining,
'Darkest clouds have silver lining.'
Wouldst thou then give thy dreams expression,
Noble, fitting, true expression?
Wouldst thou life's great wrongs subdue?
Be thou patient, strong and true.
Fate guards the crown of merit,
Brave hearts only win and wear it!
Only brave hearts shall inherit
Pleasures deep and self-renewing,
Lovely gifts of lovely doing,
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Courage, then, O lonely Artist!
Do not by dumb grief appalled;
They who bravely toil and suffer,
Are the hero hearts called.

Trust in God! thy human brothers
All are working out his plan;
He will yet reveal his wisdom,
In the true and Perfect Man.

Ago to ago repeats the story,
Earth shall yet be crowned with glory;
Here, in circling years to come,
Love shall make her Eden home,
And celestial music rise
Out of life's inharmonies!

Ah! then let Faith unveil her face—
She hath a beaming, angel face—
And they who win her smiles can trace
In every ill some good intent,
A needed lesson kindly sent,
A blessing by the Father lent,
That with a sense of duty done,
A strength of purpose daily won,
Will lead them to that calm content
In which the joys of heaven are blent,
Even in this lower state.

So true, and in the goodly kingdom,
In the beautiful hereafter,
You the cause shall know and purpose
Of each drear and wild disaster
That hath swept your being o'er;
And the griefs you now deplore
Will, like lamps of love and gladness,
Gleam along the spirit shore,
Gleam as nothing gleamed before,
Giving light forevermore!"

Thus discoursing, Angel Ora
Lingered till the young Aurora
At the orient gates gave warning
Of the gold and purple morning;
And her words, so sweetly spoken,
To the weary Artist spoken,
O'er his spirit dropped like balm;
And a deep, most heavenly calm,
Dove-like, sat upon his soul,
Nestling there as if the goal
Of his highest hopes were won,
And he homeward turned with laughter,
At the rising of the sun;
And his heart was never after
Conquered by unkind Disaster!
Nevermore at midnight dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Sang the Artist, pale and poor,
By the grey cathedral door.

Addaphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1861.

*"Ora," from the Latin, signifying "pray thou."

Original Essay.

REACTIONARY PROTESTANTISM.

From time to time during the progress of Protestant Christianity, men and women of marked intellectual ability have abandoned the Protestant faith and sought the religious alms, not found elsewhere, in the worship of the Catholic Church. Some of these converts have been persons of thorough mental culture and training, vigorous and logical thinkers, versed in the literature and lore of the past, intimately acquainted with the teachings of ancient and modern philosophy, and largely imbued with the rationalistic tendencies of the German schools. It has been a matter of surprise, of which there has been, as yet, no adequate explanation, that individuals of this large and cultivated mental organization should gravitate to a church, which, by its precepts and its practices, is the withholder of knowledge and the foe of independent thought. A natural and simple explanation of this tendency occurs to me, which I purpose to unfold.

Religion as a whole may be divided, and does naturally divide, into two fundamental aspects, the Devotional and the Intellectual. The latter is the domain of religious principles, and all that pertains to the knowledge side of religion, as distinguished from its worship. It is embodied in its creeds, rituals and ceremonies, and constitutes that which we technically denominate theology.

The Devotional side, the complement of the Intellectual, is the aspirational, emotional, spiritual, and tends naturally toward humble, reliant, unquestioning faith. It is allied more closely to the affectional than the intellectual side, and finds its legitimate expression in adoration, supplication, praise, and

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

During the Revolutionary War the American people dressed plainly, and manufactured most of their wearing apparel at home for their own families. But after the peace in 1781, British goods flooded the markets, to the exclusion of home products, and petitions were sent from every State then in the Union, even from South Carolina, to Congress, for a Tariff to protect home industry; and Gen. Washington wrote a coat of domestic cloth at his inauguration. Commerce home manufacturers, simplicity and national independence. Although the first Tariff was not a success, it was a necessary step towards a more enlightened duty. A few of the most important articles, its effects were gratifying, that Washington was able, in his message of 1791, to congratulate the nation on the flourishing condition of manufacturing and commercial interests. But the cotton and woolen factories could not get a start under such low duties, and in 1792 Congress increased the import duties on the principal articles, 1

But is this argument? Is it a reason because our fathers fought and obtained for us a rich soil and a liberal government, that should be the serfs and tools of foreign statesmen, who, by playing upon our internal party dissensions, wheedle us into a line of policy which keeps us tributary to them by the payment of an annual interest that absorbs all our profits? The celebrated Orders in Council which have so long interfered with our foreign trade, and our continental policy in England. The whole history of the restrictive system proves that it is just as much the interest of the South as the North to have a protective Tariff system as it is for the North, because the encouragement of the manufacturing interest diminishes competition in farming, increases the demand for agricultural products, raises the price of raw material, and opens a new market for the great staples of the South, and develops the naval, marine, and commercial interests of the whole by multiplying the resources of business, wealth and labor.

Thus the act of Congress in 1791 declared that the silver dollar should contain three hundred and seventy-one and a quarter grains of pure silver—that is, that the standard of money in this country should be the silver dollar containing three hundred and seventy-one and a quarter grains of pure silver.

4th. As the Bank would issue but two in paper for every one of copper, and a more reasonable ratio would be in circulation, the paper and the metal would be more equally distributed amongst the people, and as the Bank would have no notes underdram, she could not draw it in by supplying its place with small notes; and if she should attempt to draw in the coin, the people would withdraw it out still faster, and thus all sudden expansions and contractions would be greatly abridged, and the business of the country would then have a solid base. Every small note would be as good as cash, and would be as much wanted as the gold and silver, and there was no here during the whole time of the old United Bank, and that it was party prejudice that put it down, and the Bank that kept it down. Then there would be no more Bankers, and the business of the country would justify, and one Bank would do as much as four do now, and the building of three Banking-houses would be of four, with all the concomitant expenses, would be saved as the present Bankers would be able to do business for less than our present Bankers.

Statesmen ought to be ashamed of their talk about an exchange of notes with England, and forty other subterfuges, to avoid charging the Government with the crime of establishing a United States Bank; because their prejudice and the trammels of party are too strong for their reason and their patriotism, and

Song and Pen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Under this title Oliver B. Goss, our most distinguished professor and teacher of Commercial and Ornamental Penmanship, has published an exquisite little Souvenir, embellished with a highly ornamental title, and bound in rose-colored paper. The contents consist of extracts from Shelley, Moore, and other poets, printed in facsimile. Each page is surrounded by a pictorial border, the whole being happily illustrative of Mr. Goss's form of "the poetry of motion," in which he is not surpassed by any living master of his art. If, in this instance, he has but furnished a delicate and beautiful casket for the fanciful creations of other minds—gifted with a rhythmic inspiration—still our accomplished friend is himself a poet, in some important sense, inasmuch as the bold, free, and elegantly curved lines, and every lesser trace of his pen, combine and exhibit amazing grace and precision. In his hand a common goose quill becomes a kind of magician's wand, that moves but to cover the white surface of his page with the evidences of taste and the images of Beauty.

The general character of the selections from the poets may be inferred from the following, on LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgotten
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

There are very few teachers in the public and private schools who are at all qualified to give instruction in Penmanship. In those schools the pupil is expected to devote a portion of his time daily, or at least on two or three days in the week, to his exercises in writing; and this is perhaps continued, year after year, as long as he remains in school, without his ever acquiring the power to use the pen in a graceful and facile manner. This involves a prodigious waste of time that should be devoted to other useful branches, while the pupil should be sent to some man who is an artist, to acquire the use of the pen. Under the instructions of Mr. Goss, one may learn to write a better hand in twenty lessons, of one hour each, than he would be likely to acquire, by the ordinary practice in the Common Schools, in ten years. All this is but the natural result of having a perfect method and a competent master. The time thus saved to the pupil would suffice to enable him to master two or three living languages, which would be of the greatest practical utility to him in his social and commercial intercourse with the world. Thus, instead of adding to the expense incurred for the education of the young, the course we recommend would greatly diminish that expense by enabling the pupil to achieve greater results at a cost of less time, money and labor. On this subject we not only speak from long and familiar observation, but from a personal experience of five years as a teacher.

Professor Goldsmith's Academy is at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York, where the course of instruction in Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, and in Commercial Arithmetic and Bookkeeping, is such as to insure complete success and remarkable proficiency on the part of the pupil. When one may so easily learn—at a trifling cost—to write a plain and elegant hand—which may be of almost daily use through life, we wonder that any one should subject himself to the constant inconvenience and mortification of his own unaccountable neglect. Moreover, the boldness and elegance of one's chirography may frequently determine his chances of a lucrative position. If a young man writes for a clerkship, or a young lady applies for a situation as a teacher, or governess, the appearance of the letter may, in either case, determine the result of the application.

If a man desires to correspond for the public press, whose manuscript resembles a convention of nondescript tongues, or the trail of a drunken savage, he has but a slim chance of success, since editors and printers have too much to do, in this age of intense activity, to waste time over straggling and delirious movements of his quill. If such a man finds the employment he seeks, he is liable to suffer from the constant apprehension of having his thoughts disguised, and his literary reputation sacrificed by those whose painful duty it is to interpret his symbolical and phonetic hieroglyphics.

It occurs to us that a great number of young officers and soldiers, now in the camps and at the recruiting stations in this city, need a few lessons from Mr. Goldsmith before they leave for the seat of war, and which might most profitably occupy a few hours of their leisure time. They will have frequent occasion to write to relatives and friends, and this, to some of them, may be the most laborious duty of the campaign. The soldier that is drilled at Goldsmith's Academy, will find it an easy and delightful task; nor need he fear that the frightful aspect of his first letter will shock the nerves of his sweetheart by suggesting the possibility of another Bull Run disaster.

We have sometimes heard careless observers liken the pen and ink lines of some slovenly correspondent to quail tracks; but we protest against the injustice of the comparison. It is not, however, in behalf of the scrawlers that we protest, but as a simple act of justice to quails, since it is well known that those birds are accustomed to move with great regularity, their steps are measured, and the impression they make is precise and uniform. We dislike to see fine thoughts and pure sentiments incarnated in broken and scraggy lines, that violate all just ideas of method and propriety. It seems like an attempt to conceal the symmetrical outlines and elegant proportions of a beautiful figure in ragged and disgusting habiliments. We feel assured that at least every fair reader would be pleased to have each line that emanates from herself, and even the slightest trace of her pen, suggest the fine taste of the writer and the delicacy of the hand employed.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Lizzie Doten in Charlestown.

Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture in the trance state, in City Hall, Charlestown, on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, at half past seven o'clock. Admittance, gentlemen ten cents, ladies five cents. Should the weather be stormy the lecture will be postponed until further notice.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

France and this Country.

The happy speech, said to have been made by Mr. Everett at the dinner of Prince Napoleon and his wife at the Revere House, reached the shores of France all in good time, and has just elicited some very friendly replies. A recent number of the Paris *Constitutionnel* takes occasion to make the following comments on the matter, which all American readers will peruse, just at this time, with great interest:

"Although the voyage of his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon to the North American States partook only of the character of a private visit, it was impossible that the presence of the first Prince of the blood of the Imperial family should not excite among the Americans a manifestation of their sentiments toward France and her glorious dynasty. In this point of view the long excursion of Prince Napoleon has had political results of high interest. This will be seen from a perusal of the speech of Mr. Everett, at a banquet given to the Prince at Boston. Mr. Everett occupies a high position in the Northern States of America, as a man of letters as well as a diplomatist; he has represented his country as a Minister Plenipotentiary at London, and he was the Unionist candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States.

What especially strikes us in Mr. Everett's substantial and instructive speech is the high appreciation of the part France takes in American affairs, and especially the deep sense of gratitude it reveals toward the nation which has sealed with its blood the independence of America. It is true, then, that peoples (*les peuples*) are not ungrateful."

Put to their Trials.

Whenever a person, accustomed to swim with the aid of convenient floats, finds himself suddenly compelled to rely altogether upon himself if he would continue on the surface of the water, he makes the discovery for the first time in his life, either that there is something in him worth saving, and that he therefore has the power to save it—or, there being nothing to speak of, that he never was endowed with the power of self-salvation. Nature generally equalizes these matters admirably. For where would be the sense in giving a man a power of protection so greatly disproportioned to the stock of materials he would be called on to protect? There would be none, of course. These times try men, however, in a thousand ways. The swim comes to the surface first, as in all clarifying operations; the pure article will be sought after, by and by, when it is wanted for use and enjoyment. It is the day when it is asked of a man "What can he do?"—rather than—"Of what family does he come?" or—"how much money has he got?" We are all compelled to fall back on the naked resources of nature. Her gifts are never at fault. We may trust her to the end.

Letter from Bro. Fairfield.

DEAR BANNER—In compliance with my promise, I now inform you and our friends in the East and West, that I am again in the lecturing-field. I have been in this most delightful part of Michigan, recently, and I never saw a more earnest, truthful and progressive people. It is a cheering thought and a great blessing that amidst the discordant jars of life, there are to be found a host of minds who have become imbued with the truthful and loving principles of the Harmonial Philosophy.

In my journeyings I am able to see the saving and regenerating influences of spiritual truth upon the hearts of the people. In Lyons, Mich., the spiritual Gospel is the controlling power that moves the people. In the delightful town of Maple Rapids, where I have lectured, a theology has given way to the power of the Harmonial Philosophy, and people are now found using their reasoning faculties upon all things that pertain to their present and future welfare. There is a large new hall here, put up by the Spiritualists, sixty-five feet by forty, which will seat eight hundred. Thus the good work goes on.

All the Spiritual societies that may desire my service, as a lecturer, may address me at Detroit, Michigan. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

THE REGIMENT OF SPIRITUALISTS.—We have been able to glean a few facts in relation to this corps, which we give our readers. We learn that the regiment will be commanded by a well-known Spiritualist and medium, whose thoughts are often communicated through the columns of the *Banner*.

We have no doubt but this regiment of mediums, or spiritual batteries, unintentionally to itself, may become one of the most marked objects of the campaign.—*Exchange*.

This movement seems to us unfortunate, in view of the efforts of all large-minded men to break down every form of sectarianism. We should be sorry to see Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians or the devotees of any other creed, attempt an exclusively religious and gregarious demonstration. Even politicians and the old-line sectarians do not club together for patriotic purposes. The People, irrespective of political and religious tenets, constitute the army. If Spiritualists cannot carry their glorious faith into any Regiment, and be sustained by it, they are not up to their own noble standards of individual sovereignty.—*Herald of Progress*.

Rev. Abram Pryne, of the Parson Brownlow debate, and Rev. Uriah Clark, were to commence an oral controversy in St. James's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, the 12th, and continue during the week. The questions to be debated were: "Do the manifestations known as Modern Spiritualism, give conclusive evidence of being the work of departed spirits? And do the teachings of Spiritualism afford a system adequate the redemption of humanity and the demands of the times?" Mr. Clark affirming and Mr. Pryne denying. The Putneyville Commercial Press says:

"Mr. Clark has long been well known in the spiritual ranks as an editor, a lecturer, and controversialist, having grappled with many of the strongest opponents in oral debate; and Mr. Pryne is known as the antagonist of Parson Brownlow in the Philadelphia debate, as a leading Christian preacher and reformer, and lately elected to the New York Legislature from this Assembly District."

We saw, with regret, the record of the death of JOURNAL HANCOY PRINCE, Esq., of this city. Mr. Prince was a man of gentlemanly instincts—of scholarly attainments, and of much professional ability. His disposition was kind and generous—his spirit manly and bold—yet his life was not a happy nor a prosperous one. Early disappointments almost paralyzed talents and energy capable of high achievements, and left a generous heart with noble impulses, a sacrifice to misfortune. His amiable disposition attracted many friends to him, who will long cherish his memory with love and tenderness.—*Boston Post*.

On the 23d inst., Mr. Prince spoke, through our medium, a few words to us. He blessed God that he had had the opportunity, while in the form, to converse with us in regard to Spiritualism. "It is a great truth—a mighty truth!" he said. "Thanks, friend, thanks! I will come again, when I can better control the medium."

Mrs. A. A. Currier will lecture in Blanchard's Hall, East Stoughton, Sunday, December 1st.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE BANNER is issued and for sale by all the periodical dealers every Monday, for the week ending Saturday, as per date; and not before. We wish this distinctly understood by those who are so anxious to peruse its columns at the earliest possible moment. We have of late been subjected to much annoyance by people calling or sending for the paper prior to the time designated above, hence we give this notice, that hereafter our friends may have no misapprehension about the matter.

The thrillingly-interesting story, by Cora Wilburn, now being published in the BANNER, is having a great run. We are printing large editions to fill orders. Periodical dealers will govern themselves accordingly.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, one of our able and acceptable trance lecturers, having rested from her labors the last year, will again receive calls to lecture. Address her at No. 56 Myrtle street, Boston.

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND," No. 34, is received, and will appear in our next number.

S. B. Brittan, Jr., is attached to the naval fleet on the Western waters, in the capacity of master's mate.

For report of a lecture by Judge Edmonds, see eighth page.

Bro. P. B. Randolph has arrived in California, en route for China. He is still hopeful that he shall be well cared for by his invisible guides, and, after fulfilling his mission, safely return to America, amply prepared to give to the world one of the most interesting books of travel ever issued from the press.

Wendell Phillips, Esq., will deliver a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, on Wednesday evening, November 27th. Subject: "The War."

We call attention to the poem in another column, from Edgar A. Poe, entitled, *The Kingdom*, given through the instrumentality of Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday, 17th inst.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.

An extra of the Christian Western Recorder has just been issued, announcing the suspension of the paper in a strain of fretful dissatisfaction, which culminates in the following passage:—"We have no plan to suggest. We suppose we will all have to wait the indications of Providence in this matter, however annoying and inconvenient."

Men of talent are often the captives of beautiful fools. But there is one consolation—they do not long remain captives, for they soon cease to be men of talent.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

There grew the gillyflower, the mint, the daisy,
Both red and white; the blue-veined violet;
The purple hyacinth, the spike to please ye,
The scarlet-dyed carnation, bleeding yet;
The sage, the savory and sweet marjoram,
Hyssop, thyme, eye-bright good, for blind and dumb.
The pink, the primrose, the cowslip, daffodilly,
The harebell blue, the crimson columbine,
Sage, lettuce, parsley, and the milk-white lily,
The rose and speckled flower call'd *sops in wine*;
Fine pretty king-cups, and the yellow booties
That grow by rivers and by shallow brooks.

[Richard Barnfield.]

When some people make a great deal of you, you may be sure they mean to make a deal out of you.

A Colonel in one of our Ohio regiments remarked the other day to a Universalist clergyman, who had been spoken of as the probable chaplain, "Yes, we like your sort of men; we have to snuff gunpowder all the week, and do not care to smell brimstone Sundays."

Why is a good man like a bad one? Because he is a sin-cere.

A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

An angry woman, like an angry snake, makes a terrible exhibition of tongue.

A crusty old bachelor says: "Some bachelors go to the war because they like fighting, and some married men go because they like peace."

A Confederate letter writer in Missouri says that the German troops are very unattractive in their appearance. "No doubt when they are attacked they will be found terribly repulsive."

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—The Springfield Republican is responsible for the following:—"It says, a broker, not long ago, when escorting a fair damsel home, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. 'What rate of interest did it bring?' inquired the man of current funds and wildcat documents. 'If properly invested,' lisped the fair charmer, 'if properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years!'"

"Is this your house and home?" asked a traveler of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a pig-sty. "No," replied the farmer, "I'm only boarding here."

Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleaned, wound up, and set to true time.

The rebels have hoisted the black flag at Charleston. They will in due time be obliged to hoist the white one, we opine.

A main reason why adversity often makes a man scorned is that it makes him abject—and thus worthy of scorn.

That mythical character—the unknown author of "Rutledge"—whose mask no one has yet succeeded in peeping behind, and whose personality is as mysterious as that of Junius, the *Stat Nominis Umbra* of all time—has, we learn, a new novel, ready for the press, entitled, "The Sutherlands," which will be published by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of New York. If the success of an author's first book be a criterion for a second, "The Sutherlands" will reach a circulation of more than twenty thousand copies, and still fall short of that attained by "Rutledge."

Inducement to Subscribers.—To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHAT EVER IS, IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCADE OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or, *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Wanted.—A Physician and Spiritualist out of town would like to obtain board and office-room in a pleasant family in some convenient location in Boston. The best of references given. Address "Physician," Banner of Light Office.

A Generous Offer.

Mrs. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the BANNER one year. Three 8-cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends, in full, in their sealed letters—not on the envelope—in order to prevent mistakes, as there are many spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The controlling spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those in the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.

All letters to be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.," to insure a prompt response.

Notice.

Dr. F. W. URANN, formerly with Dr. J. R. Newton, has returned to this city, and located at No. 10 Harvard street. The following are among the many cases that he has treated with marked success, and in some cases but one operation is required, viz: Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Consumption, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Diabetes, Spinal Difficulties, Female Weakness, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, &c. &c. 31 Nov. 23.

Notice.

WARREN CHASE will spend next Summer in the West. Those who wish his services for one or more Sundays, may secure them by applying soon. For direction see notices of lecturers in another column, or direct to Boston, care of Bela Marsh, 411 January 1st. His engagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the route West determined on.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, p. m. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie M. Fulton for the first Sunday in December.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M. Conference meetings at 7-12 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7-12 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is—"Can Spirits or Angels foretell Events?"

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Speaker engaged:—Mr. M. S. Townsend for the two first Sundays in December.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, between Oak and Main streets. The first Sunday in Dec; Warren Chase, second and third Sunday in Dec; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in Dec.

NEW BEDFORD.—Musio Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougall, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1-1:30 and 7-12 P. M.

NEWTON.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 9-12 and 7-12 P. M. at Essex Hall.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress street, between Oak and Main streets. The first Sunday in forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. D. Stebbins, during January; Belle Scougall, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the two first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sundays in April.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Speakers engaged:—Leo Miller in Dec; Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 26th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M., 8 P. M., 7-12 P. M. Dr. H. D. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

AT DODWORTH'S HALL, 406 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Fon. oration." No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Meetings are held every Sunday at Good Templars' Hall, at 3 and 7-12 o'clock P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10-12 o'clock A. M. and 7-12 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7-12 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S.—No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State House. Thirty-seventh Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

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DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE is open at all times for the reception of patients. Parties who have suffered at the hands of unskillful practitioners, or whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful, will find it to their advantage to consult a physician who combines

Science, Philosophy, Reason,

and common sense, in the treatment of disease. Do not be discouraged. Call on Dr. Main and test the power that enables him to discover the origin and cause of your difficulty without a word being uttered by the patient. Truly a new era has dawned in the history of medical science; the most intricate and complicated diseases not only being alleviated, but

THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, by the Doctor's Improved method of treatment.

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and every affection of the blood, successfully treated and their causes eradicated from the system. Diseases of Females, caused by exhaustion or excesses of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill when absolutely necessary.

Persons suffering from the use of poisonous drugs, or from diseases of the most delicate character, are assured that nothing but the best and most effective treatment will be given them, such as will lead to a restoration of decayed or exhausted powers.

Dr. Main has prepared a few medicines with reference to special diseases, which are of so invaluable a character in his general practice as to induce him to present them to the notice of the public at large.

THE TONIC STYU—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy. The Blood Purifier—Unrivalled for the removal of Pimples and blotches from the face; also for the eradication of Cancerous Tumors, Scrofula and Erysipelas.

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THE DIURETIC STYU—For affections of the Kidneys.

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Medicines can be fully packed and sent by Express. Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired. Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 9.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

PSYCHO-METRIC AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 63 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autographs and \$1.00 will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a lock of hair; terms \$1. References can be given from persons of high standing in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. 8m Nov. 9.

MRS. E. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN—Residence No. 6 Pavonia Place, Jersey City, New Jersey—attends to calls from 10 to 12 o'clock A. M., from 1-4 P. M., and from 7 to 10 evening, every day in the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. She will hold direct Tuesday and Friday evenings, for Spiritual manifestations and communications. Admittance 10 cents. For examination of diseases and prescriptions, \$1. patient present. If a sent or by lock of hair, \$2. Can see and describe friends, in the trance state. 8m Nov. 9.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY;" INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dudworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HARDINGE, by THE SPIRITS. Price, \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of the person who is named in the title. We are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests 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 to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. 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.

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.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Magnetism." Robert Atkinson, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Bickner.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: "The existence of the human soul previous to birth in material form." Daniel Dougherty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemuel Goss, New Orleans.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: "The sexual functions in Spirit Life." Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lilly Washburn to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6).

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: "Hope." John Francis Whorley, London, Eng.; Frances Rogers, New York City; Eddy W. Locke, Boston; Patience Blymer, Yarmouth, Mo.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Horlath, Laurens, S. C.; Mary A. Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burdell.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: "There is no Death." Alice L. Brewster, Lexington, Mass.; Richard Parker, to Stephen Kennard, San Juan, Cas; Julia O'Brien, Lucas, N. B.; Charles Todd, Boston; Josephine Adams.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: George Williams, Williamsburg, N. C.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlotte Bond, New York City, to her uncle, Henry Wetmore, New York City; William Wheeler; Susie Lane; James Arnold.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "The Constitution and the War." Major Chatham, Alabama; Clara P. Evans, Manchester, N. H.; Jimmy Hobart, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgewater.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Is there any difference between a Material and a Spiritual Life?" Peter Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas Paine Stephens, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adelaide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgetfulness, Dorsal, and Fear." Bill Sewall, Brownsville, Mo.; Marlene Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queensbury, N. Y.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.; Horace Platt, Wallingford, Conn.; Mary A. Institute, Boston, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Murphy, Cross street, Boston.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Diseases." Frank Garmon, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass.; Amos Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew G. Lincoln.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew B. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Medford Linn, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecelia Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William H. Carter, C. S. A.; Gaston, Greenboro Co., Ala.; John Lee, Taunton Innane Asylum; George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Irene."

Our Circle.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 188 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, (up stairs,) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art above us, beneath us, around us, and within us, thou mighty Spirit of the Universe, once more we send forth to thee a song of praise; once more we would offer our thanks unto thee, as all things in Nature which thou hast called into existence, render praise unto thee; and as thou acceptest their gifts, we know thou wilt accept those which are offered by thy children. Oh, Father, through the dense darkness of materiality, we lift our souls unto thee, knowing that often sorrow and unhappiness are the cords that draw us nearer to a perfect reliance upon thee, and in joy thy presence and power are often forgotten. So, our Father, we thank thee for sorrow as for joy, for darkness as for light, for hell as for heaven, forever and forever. Amen.

"Come, and I will give you Rest."

Have those present a question to propose? If so, we are ready to hear it. If there are none, we will speak briefly upon one which we find spiritually before us. It hath been presented by a good brother in mortal. The question is this:

"What is the meaning of the passage of Scripture, which says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?'"

Explain it, says our mortal brother. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Jesus Christ was the embodiment or outward manifestation of the spirit of truth. The spirit of truth dwelt in him; and the spirit of truth through his organism says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Come, all ye who have sought throughout the world for an answer to your soul's demands—come, and I will give you rest. Seek no longer for that which is not to be found; enter within the holy temple of truth, and there commune with your God, or listen to the dictates of that guide—strive to follow as he bids you, rather than try to believe that which the world offers you. Instead of seeking guidance from the external, enter the sacred temple of your own soul, which is indeed dedicated to the living God, the God of truth. There you will indeed find peace and rest. When the spirit of man is once brought to comprehend its relationship to Deity, then will it be indeed at peace. It will no longer rest under the ban of fear, nor "beat the clouds of darkness." Truth is not found in the world of art—only in the realms of unadorned nature, and there it is at the call of every son and daughter of the Almighty. None need ask to know the way, and receive no answer. Truth is no respecter of persons, and is as much at the wish of the lowly as the high. Oh, then, come unto the temple of truth, and it shall give you rest, and you need no longer wander in darkness, weary and heavy laden.

Thomas Holley.

I am told you send letters all over the world. I am accustomed to this way of talking, but I am anxious to say a few words to my family—for I left one six years ago.

My name was Thomas Holley. I was thirty-three years old. I was a blacksmith by trade, and lived in East Boston, and died, I suppose, of some injury I received internally. I was told I must mention the disease I died of, and so I give you, as near as I can, the cause of my death.

I am a stranger here. I don't want to say much. The most I want to say is, I would like to have my wife Elizabeth meet me somewhere, so that I can talk to her as I do here, and I'll there tell her about many things I could not tell her about, or did not, when I was here; and I can tell her many things about the spirit-world, too—some things that will surprise her much. Her father would also like to talk to her, and her sister who came here a long time ago. I can't quite see things as I'd like to, here. I did not spend all my time just right when I was here; but it's no use repeating after it is too late. I can't get rid of my past life; but what I can do to make others happy, now, I'll do, and I suppose that'll make my future all the brighter. I've seen some hard times since I've been here, because I did not know what was going to become of me, and because I had not always done right when I lived here.

If you'll be kind enough to bear my respects to my wife, I will be thankful to you; and if there are any others who want to talk with me, I'll come to them; but I have a great anxiety to come to her, because she is in a bad position, and perhaps I can help her out. They say my happiness consists in making others happy. I did not do quite all I might have done, but I am anxious to, now.

I worked at one time at horse-shoeing for Mr. Fernald, here in the city, and for Mr. Bird, in Chelsea, over there. I lived on Lexington street, when I was here. I do not suppose my folks live there now, but I guess they're in East Boston. I was originally from Hilsboro', N. H.—was born there. Perhaps, that statement may lead to my making myself known. I can't tell you what part of the town—somewhere in the center. I did not live there after I was five or six years old. I did not know but you would think my native place was East Boston, so I told you I was born in Hilsboro'. I did not want you to make any mistake like that.

You want to know to print this? It's a poor thing, I know, but it's the best I can do. The amount of it is, sir, I drank too much. Well—to tell the truth, I suppose I was injured by falling down when I was under the influence of liquor. I ought to tell it, I suppose, but I don't know as the folks would like to have me tell it. Do as you please about printing it. I would not have felt right if I had gone away without saying it. Oct. 8.

Ann Maguire.

I'm here. I don't like to trouble you, but I don't like to go away without saying what I want to. I want very much to have a talk with my brother Michael and my sister Margaret. My name was Ann Maguire. I lived here. I've been dead most two years. I was twenty-one—in me twenty-second year. I died on the island of small pox. My brother is here in Boston, sir, but I don't know where, at all. He's in Boston somewhere, and my sister, too. He's no trade at all, sir. In the summer time he is a mason's tender, and in the winter time he does what he finds to do. He's most three years older than myself. We're all born in Derby, Glamorgan County, Ireland.

I had no chance at all to speak to my brother or sister, because they're not allowed at all to come to me. When I die, I have about four pounds of money saved. I wanted to send to my cousin, to bring me cousin over, and it's troubling me brother and sister what to do—what they'll do to please me. Now I'd like very much for them to send for her—because she is very much disappointed. She's come from home so far as Liverpool, and has a very hard time getting along. She is looking to hear from me every day, and I'm not feeling very happy about her at all. I want them to come where I can speak to them, and not be afraid of me at all.

The last place I lived at was Mrs. Carney's, on Charlestown street. She kept a few boarders. Maybe she'd do as much for me as send me letter to my brother and sister. She reads the paper, and I's told she'd get it. Thank you, sir. Will I go now? Good morning, sir. Oct. 8.

Marietta Barrett.

Have I got to talk to you? I've got a good deal to say, but it's all to my mother. She don't know I can come this way, but I come here to let her know I can come back. My name is Marietta Barrett, and I's seven years old. I lived in New Haven, in Connecticut. My grandfather was a minister—Universalist minister. His name was Isaac Barrett. I don't want to say anything to anybody but my mother. I want to come to her, very much. If I's old I could say a good deal, but I can't say only just what I think of.

I want her to know my brother is not dead. I want to tell my mother that, first of all. She thinks he is, but he's a prisoner, where they've got lots of prisoners. I don't know where. I've watched him, and he ain't dead, nor sick, nor hurt, at all. He went away with the soldiers. My mother has not heard from him, and she thinks he's dead. I want to talk with her, just like as I do here. Can I? She must find me a medium, and I'll come to her.

I died with a sore throat, and my grandfather says the scarlet fever, too. I've been dead two years. It seems longer than that to me. He says I ha'n't been dead longer.

Will you tell my mother my brother is not dead? Will you? My mother's name is Marietta—same as mine. My father is in California. I can't talk to him, if I try to. He plays cards, and I can't talk to him, now. I can come time, I guess, but I don't know what to say to him now. I know what to say to my mother when I see her, though. Good by. Oct. 8.

Edward Hobbs.

Written: The hopes of many are oftentimes withered by the course of unbelief. Oct. 8.

Invocation.

Spirit of Eternity, whoever and whatever thou art, we offer homage unto thee this hour. We thank thee, oh God, for the glorious manifestations of thy presence thou hast brought unto each and every soul, giving them to know more of thee, and to rejoice in thy presence. Oh Father, we thank thee for the darkness of the past, for it shows to us more clearly the light of the present. It hath been the parent of that in which we rejoice at this hour; and we bless thee alike for parent and for child. For each and every condition of life we thank thee, for we know thou art truly wise to all our needs. We see thy hand in all things around us; and whatever may come, we are able to thank thee for—right as for day, for sin as for goodness, for joy as for sorrow—for all, oh God, we thank thee. Oct. 10.

Variety in Soul Principles.

Have the friends any question they desire to propound to us? If there are none, we will speak upon one we have already with us.

A friend in mortal desires to know if there is not an infinite variety of soul-principles in the Universe—or, in other words, are not all souls different, one from the other?

We have many times endeavored to enlighten humanity upon this subject, not only here, but elsewhere; not only through these lips, but others. We have endeavored to give that which seems truth to us, concerning that being the soul, which God gives to us and to each and all of humanity.

Science teaches mankind that the varieties of all souls in nature are alike. Everything that is found upon your globe, when resolved back to primary conditions, is alike. There is no difference you can detect—not the slightest particle of difference. Now as all things in spirit are a counterpart of all things material or external, so, then, all souls, whether of one sphere of existence or another, when resolved back to their first condition, which is God, are alike. There can be no difference. All souls came from God, and must go back to him. In the beginning they were God, and in the end they will be God. There is an infinite variety in the unfolding of our nature, as there is infinite variety spread out on earth. The unfoldings of your spirit may vary to an infinite degree.

Who is able to number the different shades of color in material life? No one; and yet all can be resolved back into one primary color, which is white. So each soul, when resolved back to its primary condition, is God. All the vast difference there is between the soul of the scholar and the savage, is merely a difference of organization—only the difference which conditions have given or loaned to it, for the time being. Nothing in nature can throw the soul from its cycle around the centre-heart of God, although clouds may blacken and obscure or the sun may illuminate it and make it radiant. The soul can never be deprived of its birthright. The soul-principle or spirituality of man may change in condition, but never in identity.

The sciences of mortality unfold much to man. They give him to know all around him. Are there no sciences of the higher life? Ay, we tell you there are; and the sciences of the higher life tell you there is and can be no change in the soul-principle of man. All atoms of soul, as well as of materiality, bear the stamp of the Almighty's finger. He is no respecter of persons, times or conditions; and he will gather up the vast universes of atoms, and make them one with him in deed and in truth. Oct. 10.

Rev. Moses Hallock.

The Scriptures tell us that they who would be great in the kingdom of heaven, must become like little children—must be meek and lowly, and not expect too much. But oh, how very few there are who understand this passage in Scripture—how very few! When it was my privilege to dwell upon this earth—for it once was my privilege—I perceived all things through a glass, and one that was very dark. My idea of the Deity, and the condition of society, built a high wall all around my spirit; and I never was bold enough to try and see beyond the limit of that wall. I was on a sea of theological fog, and never caught even a glimpse of land, and knew nothing of the God I can now worship in spirit and in truth. Dark, indeed, was my condition, though the world supposed I dwelt in the immediate presence of God. The world knows but little of the religion that pertains to mortal spirits. It can perceive only of the things of earth; of the things beyond earth it cannot see. Much as I tried to serve God when I was here, and though I was mistaken in the object of my worship, I am not unhappy in the spirit-world. I believed I lived up to the highest light that was given me. If I did not, it was because the light was obscured from my view. And so it is with thousands on earth, who do the best they can, considering the conditions in which they exist. That I was exceedingly disappointed when I reached the spirit-world, is true. I felt I had as good as wasted seventy-six years of my life, for those things I had stored up against the day of eternity, I found to be worthless—all mortal, and subject to decay, every one of them. There was not a single thing that I had garnered up that was destined to live eternally. But when I began to look at the future, to perceive that there was an eternity of life before me, and that I had passed through was a mere item in comparison—that there was a vast field before me, that in all my earth-life I had barely entered upon, I took heart to go forward, and endeavored to learn of others what I should do to be made happy. I was told I must search at the fountain-head of truth, and cast off what impeded my onward progression. I found many entered the spirit-sphere wrapped in darkness and despair, because they had sought life only in its externals, and knew nothing of it in a spiritual sense; because they had given to time what belonged to eternity.

I have been requested to return here, speaking to mortals. Some friends whom I know when they were young, forty-two years ago, have made a request to me, which is this: "If that which is now spread over the world, called Spiritualism, is true, go to such a place, speaking of our request, and give what you may be able to."

Oh, would to God that I could give them of the wisdom of the spirits, together with the proof that I return. I have been trying since 1837—for that year I passed away—to undo certain things I did when on earth; trying to erect a temple to the spirit, that death, hell and torment might have nothing to do with. Oh, I have been laboring to erect a temple that shall be worthy of the God who inspired me; and in consequence of the darkness my religion has shed over me, I have made slow progress. Where others have a thousand gems of truth to build with, I possess not ten; but I have faith that he who becomes as a little child in these things, will be soonest to learn that the kingdom of heaven is a sphere of peace and satisfaction.

I can offer but few suggestions to those dear friends, seeing they are all bound to the church, every one of them. I cannot say to them, come into me, and be healed; but I would suggest one thing—that they investigate this new dispensation of Spiritualism with all the zeal they are possessors of; that they pursue the star of truth as closely as they are able to the birth-place of the new Jesus. Oh, follow out this word of God—follow it, and it will lead you not to hell, but to heaven. I know it.

That I have returned, speaking with human lips, you will know if you question your own souls. Do not go out, into the world to ask if I have come to you, but question your own souls, and you will know I have responded to your call.

I am Moses Hallock. I was born in Brookhaven, Long Island. I preached the gospel, or tried to, in Plainfield, N. H., forty-five years. I was seventy-six years of age when the higher call came, which took place in 1837. My body rests in Plainfield. Oct. 10.

Robert Collins.

It's a mighty fine thing to be a minister before you die, but it's hard to be one afterwards.

How are you, mister? I get along pretty well, because I came without any fear. All you have to do is a few things just so, and you're here.

My name is Bob Collins, or Robert Collins. I want to get a letter to my brother Dick. I want to talk with him, if he'll do this part to help me.

I'm pretty happy, considering the way I went out when I's here; and I went out as sick as an eel. I's in the battle out there at Bull Run. I s'pose you've heard of it, ha'n't you? There's no waiting for you to say your prayers, there. They don't wait for you to finish up your business, there. Business is all I cared for. As for praying, I could not do that if I tried. Well, Mr. Writer, you never went to war, did you? Well, I don't think you want to, do you? But I tell you what it is, it's a great way of getting through this world into the next. They open the door, and knock you in—do not stop to see if you are invited.

How is it about my being able to talk with Dick? I expect he is in Ohio; hails from Cleveland, I s'pose. Are there folks there like this [medium]? I came from there before I found myself here. You see there are some things that do not set well here with me. I did not make allowance for accidents when I went away, so I want to tell my brother what to do about my business. Now I left a little money, and I want it to go where I want it to go. Now I expect Dick'll settle up my affairs; and as I do not know that I shall have a chance to talk with him, and as he has the hand is worth him to do. Now there is a person by the name of Louisa Gannett. No matter what she was to me, or who she is, but I want my brother to let her have half of what I left. I do not care what he does with the rest. He may keep it himself, if he wants to; but if he keeps it all, I'll punish him for it. It's against my wishes to talk of these affairs here; but this was something I ought to tell. What's the use of coming back to talk about religion, when you've something better to talk about?

Ask my brother, for me, to go to a medium, will you? Then I'll talk over other matters with him. I'm sorry I ha'n't got any body, now, but I get along pretty well without one, since I can come back and talk through one. I don't take things very hard here. I did not wake up in hell. If I had, I suppose I should have made friends with the devil, and got him to let me out as soon as possible.

A fellow kinder gets lost when he comes here—do not know which way to turn; but after coming once, we're a good deal better off; they tell us, and have more power and can get along better.

My Colonel's name was Mason. My regiment was sent from Ohio—the Second. I was under Captain Packard. I don't know but Ohio is as good as Massachusetts. I was born here in Massachusetts; used to live at a little place called Duxbury, but moved away when I was n't knee high to a pumpkin plant.

Look here! I don't ever lend bodies like this, do you? I think I could take care of it, if I had it. I'm from Cleveland. I was a West India Goods dealer, on Wilson street, No. 1. Dick was in my store. Well, look here. A word or two before I go. Supposing, now, I've got this body, I should take it and clear out with it? I have superseded the medium's spirit, and got things my own way. I merely asked the question. I know your rules of course, and will obey them. If I had this body there, I could square off everything in three days. If I can keep it ten minutes, I do not see why I can't ten hours, or ten days. How do you leave, after you once get in here? How soon will he get my letter? Three

or four weeks? I don't know what will become of three or four thousand dollars in three or four weeks. I'll have to run the risk, then, sha'n't I? Oct. 10.

Wallace Perkins.

I wa'n't expecting to see anybody here, except somebody to write for me. My name is Wallace Perkins. I was twelve years old. Died in Morristown, N. J.—lived there. It's only been since last spring that I died. My father and mother have two sons and one daughter left. I was the youngest. They have one here, too—one daughter. She died of congestion of the brain, eleven years ago, she says.

Everybody is trying to come back and speak to their folks, and so I've been trying ever since I came here to come back and speak to mine. My mother has a cancerous humor on her stomach, and my grandfather is here, and he is a doctor, and he says he would cure her, and I want she should get him, a medium to talk through, so he'll tell her what to do to cure her. She's been troubled about it five or six years, and other doctors could n't tell her what the matter was with her; but my grandfather says if my father will get him a medium he can talk through, he'll cure her.

My father believes in the second coming of Jesus Christ, and my grandfather says, "Tell Edward that this is the second coming of the Jesus who lived on earth eighteen hundred years ago, and if he'd only investigate for himself, he'd see it is so."

Good-by, sir. Oct. 10.

Abby Shute.

The following was given by the alphabet of the deaf and dumb:

Tell my Aunt Abby that I come here, and that I want to speak to her. My name is Abby Shute. Oct. 10.

Betsy Woodward.

Written: My beloved Son—Let me come and talk with you. Betsy Woodward, to John Woodward.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE FOR THE INSANE.

Mr. Editor—Sometime in the year 1852, in the easy days of my mediumship, my spirit-friends gave me a full description of an institution which they proposed to establish at some future time. The plan of the edifice was altogether different from anything which I had any previous knowledge of, and was very beautiful. My spirit-friends furthermore told me, that this delightful home was for invalids; but they did not tell me what kind of patients were to be received and treated therein.

After giving me the plan, and filling me with delight in anticipation of such a glorious work for humanity, my spirit-friends gave me to understand that I must have a fitness for such a work, before I could be allowed to engage in it. They did not tell me what kind of fitness was needed; but directed me to go and do, day by day, that which was given me to do, and, in that way, each day would bring me nearer to the much needed home for invalids. With these instructions, I started on my journey toward the forehanded institution; but, although to my vision, it then seemed near by, yet, as I moved toward it, it receded from my view; so that, at times, I completely lost sight of it. The journey has been of about ten years duration; yet I did not realize that I was making any progress toward the promised institution, until last February, when I was directed to publish a letter to mediums, inviting a correspondence with them. Although I had had a large experience with spirit-power myself, and had a general knowledge of the experiences of thousands whom I had met, in my itinerant life of eight years constant travel through a majority of the States of the Union, yet the numerous letters which I received revealing to me the influence of spirit-power upon the moral, mental and physical constitutions of both male and female, young and old, opened to my view a new field of labor, in which, to my surprise, I once more beheld, under the name of the Psychological Institute, the glorious temple of health which had been projected upon my mind so many years before.

I now saw, moreover, that the inmates of this institute would be the mentally and the morally, as well as the physically diseased; and that the magnetism and psychology of the spiritual as well as of the mundane sphere, together with other influences, would be used to restore the mentally deranged, as they are called, but whom the clairvoyant eye sees to be spiritually diseased.

For the present, I have limited my engagements as a lecturer, in order that I may prepare to open our home for this much neglected class of sufferers, who are more numerous than the public are aware of, perhaps, and I acknowledge, far more numerous than I myself supposed, and more neglected than I imagined, until I was informed of the immense numbers who receive no kind of medical attention whatever, and until I found, by visiting many of the Lunatic Asylums of our country, that the medical profession practically ignore all other means of treating the insane, save and except powerful medicines to reduce the system; narcotic as a substitute for the old system of restraint, and modified forms of restraint, which are not so cruel and inhuman as those of former times. As a class, therefore, they are much neglected, and demand not only the sympathy of spirits, but the aid of those in the body, to assist spirits in introducing the healing power, which, associated with magnetism and psychology, and happy surroundings, administered in the spirit of kindness, tenderness and good will, and with order and decision, will restore the large majority of the mentally and morally diseased to themselves, to their family and friends, and to society.

As I have given my entire and unreserved time and strength to Spiritualism for over eleven years, and as I expect to give the rest of my earthly existence to it, I feel free, most earnestly to solicit and invite for the new work upon which I am about to enter, the sympathy and cooperation of all Spiritualists, and especially of mediums, and of the editors of our papers. They shall be kept informed of our success and progress in exploring and laboring in this new and important field, in which, I doubt not, we shall find many cases of obsession, in which medium power alone can liberate the parties obsessed.

With the view to the proper treatment of all such cases, as well as all forms of mental and moral diseases, we propose locating in New York city, where we can have easy access to all grades of magnetic, healing, and mediumistic power.

In order that the public may clearly see the magnitude and importance of the department of labor which we are about to enter, and the necessity for an improved method of treating the mentally and morally diseased, Prof. Spence will, with the permission of the BANNER, lay before the public the statistics of insanity in the United States; also an account of the past and present methods of treating this disease,

together with the practical results of the present prevalent system of treatment, and the reasons why better results may be expected from the new system which we propose to inaugurate at the Psychological Institute. Yours truly, AMANDA M. SPENCE. New York, Nov. 16, 1861.

An Old Friend in a New Field.

DEAR BANNER—A little thought when I last wrote you, or even a few short days ago, when in my dear New England I was enjoying the delightful Autumn season, that so soon the beat of the drum, the roar of artillery, and the rattle of innumerable rifles would be my daily music; I little thought to so soon pass away from the rocky headlands, the sandy beaches, and the hills and valleys of Massachusetts and Connecticut, endeared to me by the remembrance of the many warm-hearted friends whose homes are there; yet so it is: from the sacred soil (which, by the way, I found very much like other soil, only superlatively muddy) I look back and wonder at the change, so great, so manifest, that I can scarce comprehend it as yet.

I sit by my door-table and look out of the half-barred windows of the mill, at that hill away off to the east; I see its sides covered with felled trees, laying in every direction, the browned and crisp leaves on the tangled branches, looking so desolate, that I could imagine the advance guard of the Winter King had swept over it, did I not catch a glimpse of fresh embankments at its summit, and from that level line of embankments see peeping out the iron muzzles of waiting war dogs. Backward and forward, like the figures in a diorama, over these embankments, moved the distant sentinels, while high above all waves the glorious old Stars and Stripes, and I am reminded that war is here, and I am with the advance guard of a great army—an army prepared for a bloody strife with those who but a few short months ago rested with us under the protecting folds of the same proud, invincible banner.

Through the day the constant passing of going and returning pickets, by squads and by battalions, the jangling sabres and clattering hoofs of dashing cavalry troops, and the constant evolutions of the detailed guard that occupy this mill, are ever present reminders of my position. Sometimes in the night I dream of home, of the dear friends up among those New England hills or away off by the sides of the lakes and out upon the great prairies of the West; then I forget the war, forget the clatter of hoofs, the roll of the drum and the tramp of soldiers; even the rough blanket around me loses its roughness, while it dissolves into a mist of happy remembrances. But not long do I dream; "Sergeant of the guard, turn out the relief!" echoes through the old mill, and sleep is gone; the prairies, the lakes, the oak-covered hills and the flower-dotted valleys disappear as my eyes stare, wide open, at the flour-dusted timbers above me; then the old roughness comes back again to the blanket as I lay and listen to the tramp, tramp of the sentinels, and remember that war is here—remember that perhaps not two miles distant is a cruel enemy—an enemy who seems to have no sense of honor toward a foe.

Such are the reminders of the change in my life; but I did not sit down now to write of that, to say aught of the many exciting scenes in every-day life here in camp. Should I be spared, and you and your readers, dear BANNER, desire it, at some future time I will pen those experiences.

Now I wish, through your columns, to tell my many friends where I am, and why I am here. In the first place, then, I am in the Balloon Corps of the Department of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, in the service of "Uncle Samuel," acting as assistant to Prof. La Mountain, the Aeronaut, intending to sketch from the clouds the position of the enemy. As the Professor cuts entirely loose from his ropes, passes over the enemy, and trusts to a contrary up current to bring him back, there are chances that I may depart from this sphere—perhaps to a better one, perhaps to a Richmond tobacco prison. But were the chances still greater against me, as I feel now, I would not shrink from them in the service of my country against those who have so outrageously abused their privileges.

We are at present located at the famous Cloud's Mill, about four miles west from Alexandria. Being a mile and a half beyond our outer regiments and forts in this direction, we are well in advance, only our outer picket guard being beyond us; but having a chosen guard of forty men from the New Jersey regiments, and a well barbed brick mill, we feel sure that we can hold our position, a while at least, against great odds. So much for my present abiding place. Now why am I here?

Ever since the commencement of this war, I have felt that my duty called me to take a part, and much as I dread war, much as I mourn its desolations, I have felt that this struggle was a holy one upon the part of those who opposed the extension of the course of slavery that has so blotted the escutcheon of our country's honor; feeling thus, I could not stay away from the strife, and accepted the offer made me by Professor La Mountain, becoming a member of his corps. I am satisfied that in doing so, I have done only my duty. The glorious cause that for twelve years has claimed my attention, and that, for three years I have publicly advocated, is no less dear to me to-day than ever, and whenever or wherever I can get a chance to assist, by a word, a single soul to throw off the shackles of old conservatism, either in politics or religion, I shall gladly seize the opportunity to say that word; it is my soul's desire to do some good in that direction, and when my country no longer needs my services in

Pearls.

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

HARVEST SONG OF THE NATION.

Oh, fair is the orchard, with russet fruit laden,
And bright is the cornfield, all golden with grain,
And sweet is the garden where matron and maiden
Sit listening at eve to the whippoorwill's strain;
But fairer, and brighter, and sweeter, and dearer,
Are the orchards of crimson, the fields of bright red,
And the flow'rets immortal that hallow the wearer
Whose blood for his country is loyally shed
In the orchards of Union, the cornfields of Union,
The gardens of Union, for Liberty shed!

Though the reaper be Death, and his garner the chancel,
And the wine-press o'erflow with our patriot blood—
Though the furrows run deep with a vintage incarnal,
Who will shrink from the fields? who will pause at the flood?

Who will measure the grain while 'tis standing or falling?
Who will count what is lost till the day shall be won?
While the sun shines aloft, while the Master is calling,
In the field be our place till the field-work is done!

In the orchards of Union, the cornfields of Union,
The gardens of Union, till victory is won!
[New York Sunday Times.]

Life is a journey, and they only who have traveled
A considerable way in it are fit to direct those who are
just setting out.

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Hark! from the margin of the crystal sea,
A shining seraph dearly calleth me
With most effectual calling. From the verge
She speth me, slow-wading from the surge
Of my deep sorrow; and she sendeth down
Such gracious glimpses of a golden crown,
Such smiling gleams of bliss prepared for us,
As make my life's deep midnight luminous.
And these sweet gleams and smiles, like stars are set
To soothe the darkness where I wander yet;
They let Heaven through upon me, and I go
In their clear radiance, praying as I go.
And nothing doubting that, when I shall close
My willing eyes in their serene repose,
That seraph shape will guide me to the bliss
Wrought in those regions from the woes of this.

[Julia Russell McMaster.]

The eagle would be starved if he always soared aloft
against the sun. The bird of wisdom flies low and
seeks her food under hedges.

SWORD AND PLOW.

The sword came down to the red-brown field,
Where the plow to the furrow heaved and keeled;
And it looked so proud in its jingling gear,
Said the Plow to the Sword, "What brings you here?"

"Long years ago, ere I was born,
They doubled my grandeur up, one morn,
To forge a share for you, and now
They want him back," said the Sword to the Plow.

The red-brown field glowed a deeper red,
As the gleam of War o'er the landscape sped;
The sabres flashed, the cannon roared,
And side by side fought the Plow and the Sword.

[C. D. Shanley.]

There is no situation, however humble, the which to
fill to perfection does not argue superiority of charac-
ter.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, at Lamartine Hall,
New York, after the usual religious services, Judge
Edmonds addressed a crowded audience in substance
as follows:

Amid the warfare now raging in our land, and
drowning in the uproar of human passions the still
small voice of God—amid this fierce commotion, we
are met to cheer and confirm each other in our com-
mon faith. Further sorrows are yet to come upon
our country; and more and more have our people yet
to be chastened before they are prepared to receive these
truths; but when the time of chastening shall have
passed, then will rise a spirit among us which will
enable us to welcome them to our hearts, engraft
them in our lives, and send them throughout the
whole world. Amid all the clouds that now rest
upon us, then let us speak while we can. We who
have been blessed with the knowledge of these great
truths which have been so freely vouchsafed to us—
we may well ask what is our duty in view of such
great privileges, and in such an emergency as the
present?

And, first, let us consider this question. What
interest can we expect those who believe not at all
in the outward manifestations, to take in the sub-
ject, while they think that the whole matter of spir-
itual intercourse is one of recent origin, the offspring
of the last twelve or fifteen years? Such an idea is
calculated to do great mischief to ourselves, to our
cause, and to the world around us. For if we believe
that this thing is of recent origin, we must say that
it is confined to those only who have had the privi-
leges of witnessing and embracing these manifesta-
tions; and such a conviction is adapted to engender
anything but the right feeling with which to ap-
proach this great subject. In spite of all we could
do, it would give rise to an exclusive spirit among
us, and an odious pride of opinion. Why, if we feel
that we, out of the hundreds of millions of Earth's in-
habitants, have been so peculiarly favored, that only
in our day, and to a chosen few, this great light has
been vouchsafed, do we not, in our own conceptions,
stand apart from our fellow-men, as being entitled
to say, "I am holier than thou?" It would be an
inevitable consequence that we should depart from
that position of humility so becoming to those who
have been taught by these truths.

It is well for us, therefore, to know and acknowl-
edge that this belief of ours, in the recent origin of
our manifestations, is a fallacy; for knowing that,
the whole foundation of our selfish pride is removed.
This power of intercourse with beings from the other
world has not been vouchsafed to our generation as
an exclusive privilege, but has been the property of
all mankind in all ages. Four or five thousand
years ago, among the Egyptian priesthood, it was as
common as among ourselves. They would place a
consecrated tripod (or three legged table) in a round
basin, whose margin bore the letters of the alphabet,
and the tripod would turn and point out the particu-
lar letters which formed a communication. Twelve
or fifteen hundred years subsequently, the knowledge
of this species of divination passed from Egypt into
Southern Europe, and in the time of Christ it was
very commonly practiced among the Greeks and Ro-

mans. These manifestations have more or less pre-
valled over since. So with regard to *trance mediums*,
whose utterances throughout our country have so
excited the vulgar appetite for the marvelous, and
brought into injurious activity our own love of nov-
elty. Such phenomena were common in very remote
ages. Three or four thousand years ago the rap-
pings, also, were known. Accounts of their occurrence
one hundred and fifty years ago are extant in Eu-
rope.

But it may be asked, if this thing has lasted so
long, how is it that it has not produced greater
fruits? I answer, that, in God's dealings with men,
He gives them, in different ages and generations, the
same great truths, for them to read and apply, when
and how they may be able. He speaks now to us
again, as he did in the old time before. All great
truths, revealed from time to time, have had their
spasmodic periods of revival. Thus, the art of
printing, commonly supposed to have been discovered
within the last four hundred years only, was
known to the ancient Romans, and applied by them
to stamp their pottery-ware. The world made noth-
ing of the discovery then, because it did not need it.
It was not until the Reformation, after bloody wars,
when men craved for copies of the Bible, which had
been kept a sealed book, that it began to be devel-
oped into the immense engine of progress it has
since become. The reception of the Copernican sys-
tem of Astronomy furnishes another illustration.
Two thousand six hundred years ago, among the
philosophers of Egypt, it was announced that the
Sun, and not the Earth, was the centre of the plan-
ets; yet, for two thousand years, the world was ut-
terly unable to receive this great truth. So with
these manifestations, which have existed so long in
the world—they have come again to us—once more
the truth comforts mankind—and the great question,
one of infinite importance, is, whether the world is
ready to embrace it now, or it must fall back again,
and wait for a better time.

Now it seems to me that the world is ready for it,
and that it will take deep root and flourish. Mark
a few circumstances which will aid us in determin-
ing the problem. During the short period of twelve
years, which have elapsed since the advent of Mod-
ern Spiritualism, it has made millions more of con-
verts, in the United States alone, than Christianity
could number for three hundred years after the death
of its founder; and this, not by the active efforts of
public missionaries and the affecting spectacles of
martyrdom, but by the spread of little private cir-
cles, where we could sit down and see what the dear
ones from beyond the grave, father or mother, child
or friend, had to manifest to us. But the belief is
not confined to the United States—it is spreading all
over the world. I have received within a day or
two, a letter from Calcutta, which gives evidence of
its progress there. These manifestations have gone
throughout mankind everywhere, and are ever of
the same general character.

Witnessed under such circumstances, so surround-
ed, so attested, the idea of collusion or deception, ut-
terly out of the question, the reality of spiritual in-
tercourse, throughout the world, may, at this mo-
ment, be considered as a settled matter. For how
differently is the subject treated in the public prints,
and in ordinary social converse, from what it was
ten years ago! People generally do receive the fact
as established; and in thus overcoming the skepti-
cism of the world as to the bare possibility of
spirit communion, a step has been taken greatly in
advance of all past ages.

Search back in history four thousand years, and
you find no such general conviction, no such vast
accumulation of testimony, and no such great ef-
fect of that testimony. Well may we say, therefore,
that mankind is ready to receive these great truths.
The spirit-world that has guided this great move-
ment, having accomplished the design of the more
striking outward manifestations, these latter have
been mostly withdrawn. But day by day the num-
ber of inquirers increases—new private circles are
being hourly formed—there is no falling off of in-
terest in the subject.

A revelation has been made to mankind for the
first time, of what is to be his future condition.
Another great point gained, is the demonstration, by
evidence addressed alike to our senses and our reason,
of the fact of our immortality. Hitherto it has
been assumed to be revealed to us through Jesus—
that is, the general truth was taken as revealed, and
philosophers have gone abroad in search of reasons
to establish it, because so few would receive it from
revelation only. It was necessary it should be
proved; and, until these manifestations came, there
was no proof, except to the abstract understanding.

All the world has to do is to establish that one
single human being has lived beyond the grave.
Now, is the world ready to receive this fact, by
means of this unprecedented kind and amount of
testimony? From the marvelous progress made by
other truths, I firmly believe the world is ready for
this. One of the evidences of this readiness is found
in the present condition of our country. Until this
civil war had armed a million of our countrymen
against each other, how utterly in vain was all this
evidence presented to them! There was a God
among us more powerful than the God of heaven—a
Deity like that described by Milton, as

"the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n; for 'e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were allways downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy."

With that overpowering flood from that recently
discovered gold regions hardening our souls like the
nether millstone, setting the ban of luxury on our
domestic relations, and closing our hearts against
the silent truths from the invisible world, how vain
were they amid such immense temptations! All
hearts must now be purified from that which too
much prosperity has created within them. It is
through much tribulation that man enters the king-
dom of heaven. I hail these mournful distractions,
therefore, as a blessed means for preparing the
hearts of the American people, and fitting them to
become an example to the whole world. Some of
you may live to see that blessed consummation. I
cannot hope to linger long enough; but I trust I
have been able to aid, however humbly, in the great
work of human progression. What, now, is our duty,
who have had opportunities of ocular demonstration
—to whom the dead have come—and for whom the
stone has been rolled from the door of the sepul-
chre, and its recesses enlightened? Have we a
right to sit down in indolence, and say, "It is God's
work?" God works by instruments; and it is our
solemn obligation to act well our part in furthering
His design.

These public meetings are of very little account in
affecting our main objects. In them, as we come to-
gether month after month, we are in danger of be-

coming exclusive and sectarian in our views and
dispositions. This is one of the great evils of spiri-
tualism. But there is a machinery by which each
of us can be of great service; I mean that of private
circles. Meet there as often as you can. Cultivate
these great truths. Let them awaken in you a true
spirit of devotion.

A still more important duty is incumbent upon
you. It is that of going forth into the world, in or-
der to convert it; not by thrusting the subject upon
unwilling hearers; or proclaiming the truth from
street corners and house-tops; but by leading such
lives of love and purity, by so reforming, regenerat-
ing yourselves before God and man, as that, when
you pass out among your fellow-men, all who meet
you shall say, "Behold a man of God."

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

QUESTION.—God and His Providence.

JACOB ENSON.—God and his Providence is an in-
teresting subject for consideration. Judging from
our finite standpoints, the sale of Joseph into Egypt
was wrong, but to the Infinite it was right, for God
in his Providence overruled it in such a manner as
to preserve the family of Jacob, the material father
of the spiritually faithful, through the seven years
of famine; thus the literal church obtained. The
condition of the twelve sons and their descendants in
Egypt, is a beautiful illustration of the literal
church. The cruelties of the Egyptians, the strife
with them, the efforts to make brick without straw,
and the blood upon the doorposts, are divinely signifi-
cant in their spiritual application. The manner in
which the elect were forced out, the spoils, the pas-
sage through the Red Sea, the pillars which
guided them in the wilderness, the cakes for which
they longed, as well as the manna and quails with
which they were fed, are beautifully true as pictorial
expressions of individual experience in the unfolding
process of spiritualization. The miracles upon the
Mount, its tables of stone, the smitten rocks, as well
as the wars in Canaan, illustrate the workings of
the Divine mind—the Providences of God, in continu-
ally acting laws which "bring souls out of chaos"
and reveal through regeneration, "the temple of
the living God."

Through the workings of the Providences of God,
the Almighty breathed through Nature, and the lit-
eral church was caused to occupy the material Jeru-
salem to construct its literal temple, and prepare
the way for the spiritual Messiah, the quickening
spirit to teach the gospel of God, to square the cir-
cle of our triune being, and unfold the "Prince of
Peace." Surely, there was a God in Israel which
led them in paths they knew not of. These things
could not have happened by blind chance; they are
too true in detail to our spiritual experience to be
passed over as mere coincidences. They were not the
inventions or discoveries of men. The Jews did not
comprehend them—the literal church does not, to
this day. The Jewish temple, with its rites and
shadows, was a perfect model of the Church of God,
the new Jerusalem, and the human soul. It had its
three departments, and twelve doors, indicating
spheres of love; and the sons, the disciples or qual-
itative affections through which we may enter into
the presence chamber, and perceive the mysteries of God.

Faith, in his personal existence, in conjunction
with mediatorial minds, is the condition of soul
which opens the door in heaven, which unlocks the
ark of the covenant, opens the book of life, and
loses its seven seals, so that we may understand our
nature, and apprehend its order and the glorious
possibilities of the new Jerusalem in the never-end-
ing future.

What and where is God? Is he an Omnipresent
personal being? Shall we grow in grace, and shall
we love and serve the one only and true God, and
enjoy his presence through a never ending future?
are questions which must forever interest inquiring
minds. It is written, "He is a spirit, in spirit and
in truth." That he is the only infallible heart that
beats in the Universe; that he is the all in all; that
his reforming and guiding will, its essences, their
pulsations, reach through all departments in Na-
ture, and permeate all conditions of being, impart-
ing vitality to "the grossest matter and the most
ultimate of things," "that to him pertains the stu-
pendous inheritance of Omnipotence and the gift of
eternal life." Well may "our hearts burn within
us as we walk with him by the way," or contem-
plate the everlasting gulfs of unattuned love and
affection, which hide the Almighty from our view,
"It is written, he that would come unto God, must
believe that he is the rewarder of all those who dili-
gently seek and serve him in spirit and in truth."
"We wandered amid the mountains of unbelief," not
knowing where to look for the "regions of eternal
peace, and those calm skies where serene aspirations
are most consciously felt," until the quickening spirit
emiled within the "temple doomed to dissolution." Then,
and not till then, is the stone rolled away from
the sepulchre of the past, the veil rent, and the
spiritual Samson enabled to shake the centre from
its circumference, and to reveal the "I am" in the
book of life, its centre; it is so within, that to the
materialistic mind it is as though it were not. Seeing
as I think I do, that the Great First Cause is within
the inmost of each individual link of the eternal
chain of causation, and that we, conscious links in
the chain, are so connected with him and each other,
as to manifest his Infinite self (and nothing more)
in finite degrees. Seeing this, I am forced to the
conclusion that the Great First Cause is a personal
being, because we, the effects of his existence, the
outward manifestations of his will, are personal
entities. If he in us did not possess the essential el-
ements, essences or attributes of Infinite personality,
it could not be so. We, the most inferior of intelli-
gences, are conscious of what is and belongs to us,
in contradistinction from what is not, and does
not belong to us. We also are conscious of what is
called soul-growth, or progression, and as God the
absolute is not affected by us, and is not progressive,
but affects and unfolds himself in each and all of us,
there might be reason to fear if we could square the
circle, or divide the seasons of the year into months
and days, so that there should be nothing remaining
undivided, that his finite effects might lose our
existence in the boundless ocean of his eternal life.

Reasoning from analogy, there is nothing to fear—
our foundation is eternal. The building is the tem-
ple of the living God. It is the house not made with
hands, its architecture is the order of Melchizedek.
It has been seen as the star in Bethlehem; it is the
triangular, or unquarred circle which has neither
beginning of days, nor end of years in which the
eternal change, called death, will lose its sting, and
the grave of unbelief its victory, so that personal
life, joy and peace, finite and eternal, may become
the common inheritance of all. The cool, calculating
philosopher, who reasons exclusively from the head,
cannot easily accept the idea of a personal Omni-
present God. He says, if God is in the mineral,
vegetable, and the animal kingdoms in each and
every department, then all things are God, or parts
of him; if not, where, or whom is God? Show us
the truth of his existence. He adds, I live and oc-
cupy space, and can he live and occupy it also?

Can more than one occupy the same space at the
same time? Can there be a perfect brick, and
God be in it, and the brick not be a part of God.
I answer, yes! Though the brick cannot occupy
the room of another brick, or stone, it may be made
receptive and expressive of the Divine, which
is superior to, though existing within, and independ-
ent of it. To illustrate: the bricks and stone, may
absorb water, and retain it where it otherwise could
not have remained. The water may render the first
substance more receptive to electricity and magnet-
ism than they would have been without it. Elec-
tricity and magnetism may be agents through which

different kinds of spiritual substance can obtain, or-
ganize and unfold diversified manifestations of God,
but not the absolute being himself, for he is so with-
in as to be outside of all conditional being. Thus
God may have been eternally present in all substance,
occupying the "sublime centre of all lives, harmony
and beauty," that have been or are to be made
manifest. He may be moved with pity, and compas-
sionate and consoling weakness.

Dr. CHASE.—What, and where, is God? There is
an unseen, acting power that is manifested through
everything that has existence. There is a wisdom
manifested in all the works of nature, in the min-
eral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. There is a
producing and reproducing power, that in wisdom
goes far beyond the intelligence and capacities of
men and women. This power moves this ponderous
earth faster than a cannon ball goes, and wisdom
makes the motion serve all useful purposes. This
power holds and moves all the stars and suns of
heaven easier than we can hold and move marbles;
and wisdom directs the motion, in silent, perfect
harmony. These mighty works are made and held
and moved by an unseen power, and their design,
use and harmony evinces a wisdom that to me is
grand, awful and sublime. This power and this wis-
dom, also, make rose-buds and butterflies unfold;
make running streams and shady groves; make
lands and seas; mountains and valleys; all the fishes
of the mighty waters; all the birds of the air; all
the wild beasts, and the tame beasts; all the un-
counted millions of little creatures that live and
breathe—and also the great family of human beings.
All these creations bear evidence of an awful creat-
ing and sustaining power and wisdom too, both of
which are unseen. How wise is the order of the vege-
table world! How life springs forth! Each grow-
ing thing is obedient to the laws of its own nature,
is restrained to law; but even the vegetable world
begins to manifest instinctive knowledge. How cu-
riously, wonderfully and variously made is the crea-
tion of animals—all endowed with peculiar mechan-
ism, with instincts and knowledge equal to the de-
mands of each.

These creations are not made without power, nor
without a wisdom that controls and directs the power
that is in the work. And this wisdom and this
power are inherent in these productions, and inseparable
from Nature. Power is of Nature; wisdom is of
Nature; all presence is of Nature. What is Na-
ture? I cannot do better than call it God. For Na-
ture covers the whole ground of power, wisdom
and presence. Nature holds all the attributes as-
cribed to God. These three attributes of Nature are
Infinite. Nature is my father and my mother; my
support and my life; my guardian and director; my
Saviour and my God. All her works are good
and useful; all are true and beautiful. In Nature
alone can we behold our God—and nowhere else can
we look and find him. If we look elsewhere we fall
to see him. Infinitely good, infinitely wise, infinitely
powerful, and infinitely present, is God. If we look
for God in Nature, wherever we look we see him;
wherever we go we find him; and we learn that in
whatever we do we obey him, and wherever we are
we are in him. Christ was one with God, truly; so
is every person, every thing that has existence.
Christ said, I and my Father are one—so is God
identical with every living soul. Christ was beauti-
ful, so is God, for so is everything, in spirit, that has
existence. In this view of God, he is everywhere.
No other view can reasonably ascribe infinitude to God.

Nothing comes by chance; all comes by the wisdom
and power that is in Nature. In the bosom of Na-
ture are unlimited power, wisdom and presence.
These attributes given to God we find in the bosom of
Nature, if we look; and there, without a question,
without a doubt, sure, certain, abiding forever, we
find a God that is a reality, a God that no reason-
able man can call a phantom, a myth.

Dr. GARDNER.—I am not acquainted with the indi-
vidual that the Orthodox church has given limits of
personality to, and called God. But I probably have
as much real knowledge about him as any one. I
agree with the views just advanced by Dr. Chase. All
nature constitutes what we may call God. We may
call the vast material universe the body of God, and
the vast world of spirit the mind of God. I cannot
agree with Mr. Edson, nor with the old Bible idea
of a personal God that is moved by prayer to favor,
or by our evil deeds to curse us. In this view of
God, we are talking about that of which we know
nothing. Paul hit it when he said, "I see an altar
erected to the unknown God." I believe in a provi-
dence that is general, not special. I cannot see the
force of the reasoning that, claims the existence of
special providences. I do not think that power we
call God can be a respecter of persons. I believe in
angel administrations, and that every one has angels
around him, that have wisdom and foresight beyond
that of mortals, and can aid beyond our own powers;
but at the same time I believe that angels are under
the control of fixed laws. I cannot conceive of a per-
sonal God that is infinite; the idea is absurd, and
implies a contradiction. I can conceive of no God
save that manifested to me through Nature.

Prof. CLARENCE BUTLER.—Among our many theo-
rets concerning God, or the spiritual force of the
Universe, there is no wiser saying recorded than
that of Simonides, who, when asked by Hiero to de-
fine the Deity, demanded a day to consider, and then
two, and the four, and so on in geometric progres-
sion. For if we cannot comprehend ourselves—if
the essence of our being, the inscrutable mystery
within us that calls itself "I," eludes all definition
and baffles all analysis, how shall we be able to com-
prehend the infinite and unimagined cause, centre,
and circumference of universal creation? I know
that the awakening thought of man, opening itself
with awe and wonder upon this stupendous universe,
which is itself but the realized thought of God, for-
evermore struggles to name and think out the Un-
nameable and Unthinkable Fact which flames in upon
him through all the avenues of his being. But all
that he succeeds in doing is to throw around his con-
ception of God the limitations of his own human
personality; to invest Him with his own human at-
tributes; to belittle Him to the measure of his own
human comprehension. Thus all our speculations
and conceptions in regard to the Deity are but sym-
bols, more or less refined, of the inconceivable First
Cause whose splendors haunt all our lives. I doubt
whether the most enlightened mortal that ever fell
prone before his wooden idol, ever took such idol for
more than a symbol; or thought that God was more
than merely embodied by it, suggested through it, in
some way or other. Suppose we, with our wider vi-
sion, call God (as Fichte does), "the Divine Idea of
the world that lies at the bottom of its Appearance,"
it is mere terminology; we have pushed the bound-
aries of our ignorance a little further than the sage,
in the direction of metaphysical nomenclature, that
is all; for we, like him, stand cowed in front of the
Infinite and Limitable, baulked and baffled,
stammering and dumb.

Mrs. M. G. GILSON, the celebrated founder of the re-
ligious school of the *Quakers*, used to define the pro-
vidences of God as God, by which I suppose she meant
to say that we could have no idea of the Divine Be-
ing other than that which we gathered from the
outer vesture of the Universe in which He clothed
Himself. I think this is true; and I am therefore
inclined (with Mrs. Child and Gardner) to the Panthe-
ism of Jean Paul Richter, who named God as the
vital soul of Nature, and stated His providences
to be the methods and operations of Nature's laws.
For myself, upon this vast subject, I can say with
Tennyson—

"Behold! I know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring:
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not a life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

J. WETTERBERG, JR.—I have been disposed to be a
listener to-night, to see what rays of light I could
detect in the remarks upon this mighty question—
as Milton truly says: "Thou great first cause, least

understood." I do think it important to have ques-
tions beyond human power to comprehend and grasp,
and therein I differ from some who have spoken to-
night. Suppose we submerge from the written histo-
ry of human experience all that was logically false,
all that was impracticable, all fiction, everything
that proved not to have been based on truth's foun-
dation, leaving only the practical and absolutely
true—how much would remain? We go through a
sea of errors and reach truth. What truth? Fur-
ther light submerges it, and we are still swimming.
The shore apparently near is never reached. I
never feel myself on any solid foundation when cogi-
tating or talking upon the subject of "God and his
providences," except it be what is called the Panthe-
istic, the universe filling Infinity—being composed
of mind and matter. Mind is conscious God; mat-
ter is his externality. Yet instinctively I believe in a
personal God, as I believe in a personal man; as you
and I are personalities; not the body by which we
are known. That is a temporary arrangement, for
a longer or shorter period; and we can say, "It was
his," 'tis mine, and has been slave to thousands."
That is, the atoms composing it have come down
through all time, and may have contributed to the
forms of men, animals, and plants, for thousands of
years. So our spirit body is the future embodiment
of the man; we know not the changes that will sub-
mit to in countless ages.

The real man is the combination of faculties
through which we think—our *thought-life*. That I
feel to be a personality—the real personality of the
man. I can give it no form. So of God. I have, as I
have already said, an instinctive belief in his person-
ality, and I do not believe with our "all right"
brother, that it presupposes forms, lines and curves.
The form of the real man is beyond our comprehen-
sion; how much more must the form and being of
God's existence and personality be, provided there is
one, and he has any?

I find no impediment, like the brother, who said,
"If God was infinite and a personality, where is the
room for you and me?" Chemistry teaches us that
a tumbler full of water may still absorb some grains
of sugar, a considerable quantity of alum and several
other ingredients, and the bulk in no wise be in-
creased. That, to my mind, on a small scale, is a
solution for the infinite personality on a large scale,
and no crowding.

I know nothing of God, objectively, and, I might
add, or nature around me. I can touch nothing.
This clay tabernacle, which is not myself, comes in
contact with external life. The retina of my eye
photographs the images of external things thereon,
and the shadows merely, or images, reach the real
eye. *I feel, and I think, and I am*; that is my con-
sciousness, and it is purely subjective, and I feel I
am somehow connected with the great God in my
soul—not out of it. The thought of Deity has ever
been a widening one, and ever will be. The world's
idea of God is greater now than it could have been
in an age when the universe was limited to this
world, and the sun, moon and stars were hung up
like chandeliers to give us light, and so I ever expect
it will be; always enlarging the boundaries of our
knowledge, and correlating with that progress, will
we have more extended and comprehensive ideas of
the cause of all causation; but still ever and ever to
be the incomprehensible One; the great first cause,
least understood.

Obituary Notices.

Died, in Bridgewater, Vt., Oct. 24, 1861, Mr. WIL-
LIAM T. PIERCE, aged 40 years.
Pious, hope, joy and grief, alternately allied his
spirit, as he gazed at the gateway of death through
which he was so soon to pass. Fear, for the suffering
wife and two dear children whom he was forced to leave
behind; grief, because they would not be comforted;
hope, that he might labor for and with them, even in
his home above; joy, that he should so soon meet his
three angel-children, two of whom passed on only four
months before. Not only did he possess the hearts of
his own household and immediate friends, but also the
confidence and respect of all who knew him. The town
elected him representative by an overwhelming majori-
ty, last Spring.

The funeral was largely attended at the Church. After
the services, a large concourse of citizens and
friends repaired to the burial ground, where, with sing-
ing from the choir, prayer and remarks from the invisi-
bles, we consigned his spirit to its mother earth.
Mrs. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON.

Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Mr. ISAAC WILCOX, of
Taunton, passed to the spirit-world Nov. 2, 1861, aged
61 years and 6 months. She leaves three or four chil-
dren to mourn her mortal absence.

She has not a flit thee, brother!
She has only gone before,
To rest her weary nature
On the angel's happy shore.
She will come to thee with blessings
From that bright spirit-land,
And with the fond assurance
That there's no broken band.
Like a star of richest beauty
She will shine around thy way,
Until in Heaven you meet her,
When you, too, pass away.
M. S. TOWNSEND.

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bility.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-
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meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do,
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