

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

NO. 15.

Literary Department.

DR. PURDIE'S PATIENT.

A SIMPLE LESSON FROM THE LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY EMILIE DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

The well known and much respected Widow Greenleaf sat in her quiet parlor one afternoon in June, knitting very industriously. Now and then, when she had finished a needle, she would lay down her work just a moment, to watch the bees among the honeysuckles at the window, or the great spotted butterflies and humming-birds that came flitting and buzzing about for their share of the sweets. At the same time she would cast a hasty glance up the main road that led from the village, but seeing nothing satisfactory, would resume her work with double diligence.

It would have been very evident to any common observer, from the good lady's outward appearance, and the fact that this most choice apartment was now thrown open to the light and heat of a summer sun, that this was no ordinary occasion. A black silk dress, of rather ancient mode, but still very precious in her eye, adorned her ample person. Upon her shoulders was spread out in snowy whiteness, a wrought muslin collar, somewhat large in the fashion. It was confined at the throat by an antique breast-pin, containing a lock of hair, which, doubtless, was a memento of the deceased Mr. Greenleaf. Her cap seemed to be the work of later years, and with its tasteful arrangement of rucho and green gauze ribbon, was really very becoming to the wearer. In truth, setting aside all the advantages of external adornment, Mrs. Greenleaf was well-favored and fair to look upon, although her years were not few. Her exact age could not be ascertained, but it was somewhere on the shady side of fifty. Time had sprinkled her locks with grey, and left a few furrows on her placid brow; but the glow of health still tinged her round, smooth cheeks, and a look of cheerful good nature spread its light over her features.

Thus she sat in her high-backed rocking chair on this afternoon in June, knitting very busily, when, suddenly, as if she had just recollected something, she put down her work, and turning her head toward a door which stood slightly ajar, she called out:

"Lena! Lena, are you asleep?" But no reply was given. She arose and entered the apartment.

Beside a low work-stand, on which lay an open writing desk, sat a delicate and slightly formed girl. Her hair, which seemed to have been carefully arranged, was now pushed back from her forehead; her elbows rested upon the desk, and her face was hidden in her hands. A sheet of paper, partly written over, lay before her, blistered in many places by the tear-drops which had fallen from between her long, slender fingers.

"Lena!" said the widow again, as she laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, but still she remained silent. She shook her gently. Lena raised her head and looked up with a bewildered gaze.

"Poor child!" said the good lady in a sympathizing tone, "have you been asleep?"

"No, Aunt Patience," replied the girl slowly, seeming at the same time as if only half conscious that she spoke. "I've only been thinking—thinking—thinking."

"O dear!" responded the aunt, "I believe so much thinking will certainly kill you. Why, child! your hands are as cold as clay; and you tremble like a leaf. Do, pray, come out into the sunshine and warm you. Dr. Purdie will soon be here, and I mean to have a long talk with him about you."

"He can't do me any good," said Lena, in the same indifferent tone.

"Well, at any rate, do come out into the sunshine; and she looked anxiously at the girl's thin, white hand, in which the blood circulated so feebly that the tips of the fingers were even then slightly tinged with purple.

"Just let me finish this page, aunt, and then I will come."

"Well, only that one page, and pray do it without thinking."

The good lady went back to her knitting, but her countenance had lost some of its serenity, and as she plucked up a few truant stitches, a faintly whispered "O dear!" showed that her kind heart was troubled. So absorbing were her thoughts that she did not perceive the sound of approaching footsteps. A loud, double rap announced a caller, and the good lady, started up in great haste, with visible confusion, to answer the summons.

A short, portly gentleman, of some sixty years, with a brown beaver hat and gold-bowed specs, was ushered into the room. This was the same individual whose name and profession were made known to the public by a certain sign in the village, bearing in large gilt capitals, the inscription, "Pelham Purdie, Physician and Practical Phrenologist," which accidental alliteration, rendered him an object of great interest in the eyes of the village children, as thereby he was closely associated in their minds, with "Peter Piper," the famous gatherer of "pickled peppers."

"This is a decidedly warm day, ma'am," he remarked, as he disposed of his hat, and throwing himself into a chair by the window, seized the great palm-leaf fan on the table.

"Very true," replied the widow. She wiped the perspiration from her face with her handkerchief, and observed that the heat overcame her very much.

"Yes," replied the doctor; "all people in whom the sanguine and lymphatic temperaments incline to predominate—take you and myself for instance, for I think we are similar in that respect—are sensibly affected by the heat. Where the arterial system co-operates in harmony with the digestive functions, sufficient animal heat is generated for all necessary comfort; therefore, when the heats of summer prevail, such people as you and I, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, are obliged to suffer a temporary martyrdom. But after all there is an advantage in it, for we can keep cheerful tempers and warm hearts in our bosoms the year round! Yes, Mrs. Greenleaf, warm hearts the year round!" and this sentiment was accompanied by a light laugh, half stifled in the depths of his capacious lungs, but which added great significance to his words.

"Very true!" replied the lady, and she continued her knitting without looking up. An awkward silence followed, during which Dr. Purdie unconsciously stretched his hand from the window, and closed up the petals of a half-blown hollyhock. Unfortunately the flower contained a bee, over head and ears in sweets, who, finding himself thus suddenly made prisoner, instinctively avenged the injury by thrusting his sting into the offender's finger. The doctor gave an exclamation of surprise and pain, which was followed by an explanation. The sympathizing lady insisted upon doing up the wound immediately. It occupied her some time, but at last it was completed to the satisfaction of both parties.

"And now," said the doctor, "where is my patient, that is to be—Miss Helena?"

Upon entering the room, Mrs. Greenleaf found her niece sitting as she had previously, in the same position, with the unfinished page still before her, and apparently insensible to all around. It required some effort to arouse her to consciousness and persuade her to come into the presence of the amiable physician. When she did, however, she seated herself on the sofa beside him as stiff and cold as a newly frozen icicle, with her face half averted from the scientific gaze which was bent keenly upon her.

The doctor took her hand. "A very feeble pulse," he said, in a low tone, as if thinking aloud, "language circulation—great nervous debility and prostration of the whole system—a morbid state of the liver—impaired digestion and loss of appetite—a strong aversion to active pursuits—extremely sensitive, and at times irritable and impatient."

Lena drew her hand from him by a quick movement. She felt that she was undergoing the same scientific scrutiny and critical analysis which he would have employed upon a lifeless subject in anatomy, and therefore she shrank from his gaze as she would from the touch of the scalpel.

"Stop, my dear!" he said, "I am not quite done with you."

He placed his hand upon her head. "Small lungs, with a large and active brain," he continued, "a great inclination for metaphysical reasoning—ideally large, which, combined with the temperament and a most overpowering sense of the sublime and beautiful, would lead to the composition of poetry. That is bad—very bad! Hope small—a tendency to look on the dark side—great love of approbation—secretiveness pretty full. Bless me, what adhesiveness! Why, an unfortunate attachment would prove fatal!"

A visible tremor shook the girl's whole frame, but she bit her thin lips nervously and remained silent.

"Very excitable," continued the doctor. "Here is this pulse, now, leaping like a startled hare. I tell you what, my girl, you are sick—sick—sick—sick; but no one can do half as much for you as you can for yourself. The root of the evil is in your mind, and medicine can't reach it. It is action you want—healthful action—exercise in the open air with cheerful thoughts and pleasant company, and then good wholesome food, such as beef and potatoes, baked apples and brown bread."

There was an expression in Lena's large dark eyes, as she fixed them upon his countenance, which seemed to say that she thought him a most worldly, gross, and carnally-minded man. In her apprehension the dignity of science suffered greatly, when it was thus vulgarly associated with the common articles of food.

"I do not want to live," she said slowly. "I had rather die than not," and a gush of tears prevented further utterance.

"Now do n't," said the doctor in a husky voice, "I never could bear to see a woman cry. And yet, Lena, I tell you the plain truth. You have done altogether too much dreaming. There's no use in trying to be a spirit before you get into the right sphere for it. God placed us here to labor as well as to think. He gave us meat and drink for the support of the body, and he who neglects to supply its need or bring its powers into action, must suffer the consequence, for it will be accounted unto him a sin. Lena, you have no right to die. God made you to live, and if through carelessness and indifference you fall to do so, you will neglect a solemn duty."

She regarded him for a moment with wonder and astonishment. "Have n't I a right to die, if I please?" she asked.

"No," said the doctor, very decidedly, "not the least. You are bound to live and do good both to yourself and others, and if this duty is faithfully performed, life will be a real pleasure to you."

Lena rose from the sofa, and drew herself up to her full height. Her face was white as marble, and her lips quivered with emotion.

"Life a pleasure!" she repeated, in a tone of ex-

citement. "A pleasure to stand alone without father or mother, brother or sister! To spend sleepless nights and weary days! To yearn for sympathy and find it not, and smother in the depths of the soul a lava-tide of sorrow, which overflows and withers up all the fair and lovely things in life! Oh! I tell you there is a grief lies hidden here, deeper, darker, heavier than you can possibly imagine."

"Doubtless some unhappy love affair," said the doctor coolly, "which perhaps exists more in your imagination than in reality. Lena, when you recover from this, you will be perfectly ashamed of such talk."

A flush of indignation kindled upon her cheek, and she cast a withering glance at the doctor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how little can such people comprehend a nature like mine!"

Completely overpowered by her emotions, she fell upon her knees, and hiding her face in the lap of her aunt, she wept passionately.

"O doctor!" said Mrs. Greenleaf, reproachfully, "you are almost too bad. I would n't have thought it of you. Hush, dear, hush!"

"No, no; let her cry," said the doctor, as he brushed away his own tears. "I know such speech seems harsh and unkind, but it is like the sharp instrument of the oculist which removes the film from the blind eye."

Lena soon restrained her sobs, but it was some time before she rose from her kneeling position. When she did, it was with a quiet and humbled expression. She turned toward the doctor, and extended her hand.

"Dr. Purdie," she said, "you have told me the truth, and I thank you, though it was hard to hear. I hope it will do me much good."

He seized her hand, while tears of sympathy streamed down his cheeks. "You are a good girl," he said, "and I was quite sure you would do me no justice. It was a bitter medicine, but I was confident you would take it as it was intended. And now, Lena, put on your bonnet and go out for a walk. Not to the cemetery, however, or into the woods, but along the borders of the brook, where it is both sunny and shady, and the ripple of the water makes you feel alive."

"Yes, Lena," added her aunt, "and if you feel much fatigued, you had best stop at Mrs. Ritchie's and take tea, she will be so delighted! And then Mr. Ellery will walk home with you, if it is late."

Lena willingly accepted this advice, for, notwithstanding her reconciliation with the doctor, she secretly dreaded him, and was glad to escape from his presence.

"Thought without action is death," Mrs. Greenleaf said to the doctor, as the door closed after Lena.

"Very true!" replied the lady. "I do n't know as I exactly understand you, but I have no doubt it is so."

"It certainly is," continued the doctor, "or perhaps I should say that it leads to death—the death of the body. Just, for instance, consider those children who are famed for precociousness and piety. See how the little prim things set themselves in a corner to read one of those extensively circulated tracts about some dear little Ellen or Edward, who was too wise and good to live, and therefore died in early youth, to the inexpressible grief of surviving friends, leaving an example worthy of imitation to the children of all coming generations. Why, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, such children do n't live out half their days; or if they do, the world for them is all east winds and April showers. Now it is my impression, that before the death of Lena's parents she was subject to such influences."

"Very true," replied the widow. "Before she was fifteen, she had read 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs,' 'Dodd on Death,' and—"

"Hold! hold!" interrupted the doctor. "There's nothing enough. No wonder she has fallen into this melancholy mood. Besides, in my opinion, it has been no slight injury to her in attending Mr. Ellery's school. The man is tainted with German, and, between you and I, Mrs. Greenleaf, I may venture to say he does n't know as much as he might if he knew a little more."

"Very true," said the widow, drawing her chair a little nearer, "but Helena seemed devoted to her study, and I can't tell you how many nights they have sat here reading Schiller or Jean Paul together."

"They had much better be reading the Apostle Paul," said the doctor, heatedly, "where he declares that he had rather speak 'five words' with his 'understanding' than 'ten thousand in an unknown tongue.' I do n't like this manner of educating the young. It's all false and superficial. Though I must confess, when I look at my own poor motherless children, I am quite at a loss how to proceed. I had and drew his chair closer to the widow. "I have excellent theories, but find it hard to put them in practice. It needs a woman—a kind-hearted woman for such things. I believe they have a natural tact for managing children, do n't you, Mrs. Greenleaf?"

"Well, I do n't know," said the widow, modestly; "I've heard say so."

"When my wife died," continued the doctor, "Edward was just ready to enter college. It's three years since then, and I expect he will be absent several years longer, as he intends entering the Medical School, therefore he is no present cause of anxiety to me; but my two youngest yet remain. They only need care to make them good children, but I have no time to attend to them. Herbert is awkward and careless, and Sarah Jane a perfect elf. This morning she took her breakfast in the top of the cherry-

tree. Soon after, she was wading into the pond in search of young turtles, and the last I saw of her she was riding down to the village, without bonnet or shoes, on the rack of the stage-coach. I must confess that such things trouble me exceedingly, and at times I feel it my solemn duty to marry again, if I can find any one so kind or foolish as to have me."

"Dr. Purdie," said the widow, with a pleasant smile, "it is getting quite late. I shall have supper ready in a short time, and I do hope you will stop and take tea with me, for I should be delighted to have you."

"Should you?" exclaimed the doctor, springing up and extending his hand, "then I will have you, with all my heart. So we will consider it a fair bargain and seal the compact."

CHAPTER II.

As Lena walked thoughtfully down the green and shady lane, which communicated with the main road, those words of the doctor—"Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming"—returned in their full force. A flush of indignation and wounded pride burned on her cheek, and her step quickened.

"I do n't care for any one's opinion," she said, musingly. "Nobody understands me, or ever will; but I know how I feel myself, and I cannot help it, while there are so many causes."

A shout and the sound of merry voices arrested her attention, and glancing through the shrubbery that grew near the fence, she saw Mr. Ellery, the schoolmaster, playing ball with some of the older boys on the village green. Her path lay directly across this little common. She stopped where she was.

"I would n't meet him for the world," she said. "I wish I never could see him again;" and she pursued her walk another way.

It was now six months since Lena had left school. At first, Mr. Ellery had occasionally come in of an evening and read German with her, which was her favorite study, but ere long his visits grew less frequent, and at last were wholly discontinued. To an imaginative and romantic girl he was a very attractive person, and Lena had become deeply interested in him, but she did not understand character. He was fond of flirting with the ladies, and being fully conscious of his power, used it for his own amusement. When he became tired of one, he turned to another, and—as it is not uncommon with such general favorites—was usually successful. When Lena was expecting him to call, she was anxious and excited, and if he failed to do so, a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears was the result. For a time, she struggled earnestly against these feelings, but at length they gained supremacy, and she spent many hours in dreams of love and happiness, which her sober senses told her could never be realized. Her face grew pale and thin, and her step slow. Good Mrs. Greenleaf marked the change, and was greatly troubled. Through mistaken kindness she would not suffer Lena to perform the slightest household duty. She kept her in from the air, tempted her appetite with various delicacies, and indulged her in every whim which the diseased state of the girl's mind could suggest.

Mr. Ellery boarded with Lena's most intimate friend, Mrs. Ritchie. The time was, when these ladies would not permit a day to pass without seeing each other, but since the coming of the schoolmaster—through a sense of extreme delicacy—Lena had almost wholly refrained from her visits. To-day, as she came in sight of the house, she perceived her friend seated upon the door-step sewing, while her little boy, a child of some six or seven years, was playing near her.

Mrs. Ritchie was a young, active woman, very pretty and agreeable, and had a peculiar faculty of making everything go just as it should. There she sat, dressed in a delicately figured muslin, with her glossy brown hair arranged in a most becoming manner, while the long gold pendents in her ears, and the tasteful pink bow that confined her collar, seemed to give the finishing touch to her appearance.

"Why, Lena!" she exclaimed, as she looked up and recognized her friend. "Where have you been all this time? I have n't seen you for a long while."

"I have been sick," said Lena, mournfully, "and perhaps I should not have come out to-day, if Dr. Purdie had not called and urged me to take a walk."

"Dr. Purdie!" repeated Mrs. Ritchie, laughing. "O the sly old rogue! He only wanted to get clear of you that he might make love to your aunt."

Lena looked up in astonishment. "What!" she exclaimed, "do you really think it possible?"

"Possible? To be sure I do. Any one must be blind not to see that. Who do you suppose it is that has walked home with your aunt from the Thursday evening Conference, regularly, for these last six weeks? Ha! ha! Lena, you may be quite sure of having the doctor for an uncle, before long, and those two delightful children for companions."

"O dear! What shall I do?" said Lena, in a tone of utter despair. "That will be the last drop in my bitter cup of sorrow. Herbert is intolerable, and Sarah Jane the worst child I ever saw."

"So she is," interposed Master Arthur, whose attention had been arrested by the name. "All the children call her 'cray Jane,' she acts so bad. She gets behind the fence and throws stones at us, and nobody can catch her, for she runs faster than any boy in school."

He was about to enlarge still further upon the demerits of his sworn enemy, but his mother restrained him.

"You must make the best of it, Lena," replied Mrs. Ritchie, cheerfully. "It is n't well to be too

sensitive in such a world as this. You must take it rough-and-tumble, just as it comes, and get all the good from it you can."

"Well," said Lena, after they had talked over the matter some time longer, "I never shall be reconciled to the match, but I will try to bear it in silence."

She turned with a heavy heart, and pursued her way along the quiet and shady path by the brook. Ere long, she came to a large rock which jutted out from the hill-side. Here, wearied by her walk, she threw off her bonnet, and seated herself in the shade of a great pine tree. It was a very secluded spot, and shut out from observation by the thick growth of shrubs and trees around. She longed to relieve her aching heart by a gush of tears, and this seemed the very place for it.

"O!" she murmured, "was there ever such an unhappy creature in the world! I know that I am desperately wicked, for sometimes I dare wonder why God made me to suffer thus, or what I have done to deserve it. O, father! dear father and mother! can you see your poor orphan child and take pity on her desolation? If I have done wrong show me the right and help me to receive it."

Again those words of the doctor's, "Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming," were whispered by her troubled conscience, and then all the days and hours she had wasted in idle dreaming and inactivity rose up in judgment against her. She saw in the clear light of reason how foolishly she had deceived herself, by craving in the first place an undue amount of sympathy, and then by construing every little friendly word and attention she had received from Mr. Ellery, into a token of far deeper feeling. She began to grow angry with herself.

"Yes," she said, "Dr. Purdie told the truth when he said the time would come that I should be ashamed of all this, but he little thought how soon. I have suffered these things to crush me down and make me miserable long enough, now I will turn against them, and even could the fondest desire of my heart be granted I would reject it, for I am resolved to 'conquer or die.' I will be a dreamer no longer."

"Lena," said the well known voice of Mr. Ellery, as he made his appearance around a turn in the footpath, "what are you doing? Reciting Shakespeare or Don Carlos?"

"Neither," she replied with great composure as she arose and put on her bonnet.

There was an expression to her countenance which he had never before observed, and just then he thought she appeared uncommonly dignified and interesting.

"Well he continued, "I am a knight errant sent forth by your friend, Mrs. Ritchie, to secure the favor of your company at our evening meal; which request I shall second with great earnestness, as tomorrow I depart for the West, and know not how soon I shall enjoy such a pleasure again."

"I hardly think I shall accept the invitation," said Lena quietly. "I am in rather too serious a mood to make my company agreeable to-night."

"Wayward one!" said Mr. Ellery, playfully, as he drew her hand into his arm, "you tempt me to say that you are agreeable in any mood, and surely you will not refuse another the last request I can make of you."

Thus they walked along together while the schoolmaster endeavored to make himself uncommonly entertaining, but Lena's quiet, reserved manner was a great puzzle to him, and when, in the course of conversation, she differed from him in opinion, and defended her position with quite unanswerable arguments, he wondered that she had never before appeared so interesting. At the urgent request of Mrs. Ritchie, who met them at the door, she stopped to tea, and when she returned home Mr. Ellery was very ready to accompany her. Lena was still firm in her resolution, and the perplexed schoolmaster found it quite impossible to understand the singular but pleasing change which had taken place in her manner toward him. His admiration for her increased in proportion to her quiet reserve. As they walked up the pleasant lane, shaded on either side by luscious trees, there was a painful silence.

"Lena," said Mr. Ellery in a low tone, "we must part now, and to me it is no easy task."

She took the hand which he had extended. "Good-by," she replied quietly, "and may God bless you!" She had thrown back her bonnet from her head and the moon shone full in her face. He could trace no sign of deep emotion there, and he was much surprised, for he had flattered himself that she loved him.

Moved by a sudden impulse he threw his arms around her, and pressing her to his bosom with almost crushing force, he kissed her again and again. The next moment he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

That great, and to Helena most trying event, was at length consummated. Dr. Pelham Purdie and Mrs. Patience Greenleaf were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and the seat of government was removed from No. 8 Main Street to the cottage in the lane. The advent of those two unruly children into the hitherto quiet household was like the descent of the northern barbarians upon ancient Rome. Herbert, although he invariably overruled and disarranged everything with which he came in contact, was possessed of quite a sense of propriety; but his eldier sister ranged the house from top to bottom, like an ungodly magpie, thrusting her head and hands into every sly nook or corner, and freely inspecting all that appeared new or strange. Even Lena's chamber was not free from her depredations. Closets were explored, drawers ransacked and boxes

emptied of their contents; inkstands were overturned, sentimental poetry twisted into lamp-lighters, and gaily pictures done in Prussian blue and carmine, from a choice box of water-colors, ornamented the window seat and doors. A person of much greater patience and endurance than Lena would have felt themselves tried, as by fire, but she had resolved to meet the trial bravely, and was not easily discouraged. Indeed, she was glad to find a refuge from her own thoughts, even in the midst of difficulties; for the parting scene with Mr. Ellery haunted her like an unwelcome guest, and many a time she would have sat down and dreamed it over again and again to her sorrow had not the circumstances around her called for constant and energetic action. At first she feared the doctor, for he seemed to keep his eye on her, and she felt inwardly conscious that he could read her most secret thoughts, but at last his unvarying kindness and good will won her confidence, and she talked with him freely. He seemed to know precisely how to understand her, and though at times she winced before the keen, sharp treatment which he bestowed upon some of her mental ailments, she felt that he was a true and faithful friend. In her endeavors for the right, there was a mighty struggle in her soul. Life seemed dark and cold and dreary, but she had resolved to bear it without murmuring, even though she could not enjoy it. Occasionally a paper would come from Mr. Ellery, or a note, of pleasing remembrance, which would send a thrill of joy through her heart, but it was only for a moment. She put them all aside, and turned her mind directly to her duties. She had undertaken the education of the children, and it required her undivided attention. In spite of her endeavors, Herbert would shuffle, and talk through his nose; and as for Sarah Jane, it was like taming a March wind, or making friendly advances to a briar-bush. By degrees, however, she secured a favorable influence, and at last became the very centre and the main-spring of the children's enjoyment. Herbert would often sit an hour at a time gazing into her face, with open mouth and earnest eyes, as if vainly attempting to comprehend the secret of her goodness, while his sister was almost as overwhelming and troublesome in her services of love, as she had been in her deeds of mischief.

Thus several years passed on, and the precious seed which Lena had sown with weeping began to yield an abundant harvest. Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes seemed to have a magical influence, and all who came within her sphere of action rejoiced in the sunshine of her love. One summer evening, just as the sun was withdrawing his last rays from the earth, Lena sat with her work by Sarah's bedside. The poor child had been sick of a fever, from which she had not entirely recovered. She had amused herself about the house all day, but growing very weary, had thrown herself upon the bed, and begged Lena to sit beside her. Although she had become more gentle and tractable, yet she was still ready for action, at any moment. An unknown step ascending the stairs aroused her. The next moment, little Arthur Ritchie's smiling face, half hidden by flaxen curls, peeped in at the door.

"How are you, crazy Jane?" he asked, roguishly. "A way with you!" exclaimed the weird child, as she seized a pillow and prepared to launch it at him. He threw in a letter upon the floor, and, without a word of explanation, beat a hasty retreat. Lena took it up. It was addressed to her, and she recognized the handwriting of Mr. Ellery. She broke the seal, and read it with a smile. It contained an offer of marriage, urged in a most eloquent manner. He said that he had received such pleasing accounts of her from his friend, Mrs. Ritchie, that his feelings had become deeply interested, and now the dearest desire of his heart was to win her to himself, as his future companion in the pilgrimage of life. "How strangely people alter!" said Lena thoughtfully, as she laid the letter on the table. "Once, I could not have craved a higher blessing, and now, I could not have the slightest desire to accept it. Mr. Ellery appears very differently to me from what he did when I was blinded by my own foolishness."

"Lena!" called out the doctor, who had just returned from the village, "will you please come down, one moment?" She instantly obeyed the summons, and, upon entering the parlor below, was somewhat abashed to find herself standing face to face with a tall, handsome young man—an entire stranger. "My son Edward," said the doctor, who evidently enjoyed her surprise, "and this lady," he continued, turning to the young man, "is Miss Helena, of whom I have so often written you. Though I, by election, am the head of this household, yet she is the heart, and rules us all by the power of her love; therefore you, also, will be expected to do her homage."

With courtly grace Edward fell upon one knee, and kissed her hand in the most deferential manner. Poor Lena received the honor very awkwardly, and was much relieved when Herbert, who had just heard of his brother's arrival, came shuffling into the room in great haste, while Sarah Jane, ever on the alert, bounded down the stairs like a ball.

There was a joyful time in this little family circle that night, and they did not retire till a late hour. Edward had talked himself hoarse, and the children were so much excited they could scarce sleep. When all was still, Lena stood by the window, with her head leaning against the casement, lost in thought, while the time sped on unheeded. At length, the sound of the clock striking twelve aroused her.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I have been dreaming all this time? And so, the old habit is yet strong upon me, and the enemy only waits for an unguarded hour to enter his former dwelling place. Poor, orphan Helena! though you have no foes without, there is a host within you must yet conquer."

She brushed away a falling tear, as she kissed the cheek of the sleeping child upon the bed, and then with a prayer for strength and patience, lay down to rest beside her.

Edward was to remain at home on a visit of several weeks, before he departed for the town where he was to enter upon the duties of his profession. It was in vain, however, during that time, that he sought the company of Helena. It was evident that she avoided him. If he came into the parlor, she would slip into the kitchen. When he entered the garden, she made her escape to the orchard—over vanishing before him like a spirit.

The doctor, who anxiously regarded her movements, grew very uneasy.

"Hang it!" he said to his wife, in his usual blunt way, "I am vexed with myself, for an old fool. The girl has learned her lesson far too well, and now she is so much afraid of doing wrong, that she goes quite

into the opposite extreme. I wish her no ill, but I hope she will be seized with an affection of the heart before another day, and will apply to me for medical advice; I shall render it gratis, and will be most happy to do so."

"But the good doctor was not kept in suspense much longer. One morning, as Lena was alone in her chamber, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Sarah Jane stood before her, with pointing lips and tears of indignation in her eyes.

"I wish you would go down and scold at brother Edward!" she exclaimed. "He is unrolling all the lamp-lighters I made last night, and placed in the parlor vase, and when I threatened to tell you, if he did not stop directly, he said he did not care."

"What is he doing that for?" asked Lena, carelessly.

"Why, he said he wanted to read your poetry."

"My poetry!" exclaimed Lena. "What have you done?"

"Why, I only used those old pieces of paper you threw out of your desk last night, and said you should kindle the fire with in the morning."

"Dear me!" said Lena, greatly confused, "I shall go down and take them right away from him."

"I wish you would," said the child, in high glee, who anticipated quite an active conflict.

Lena threw the remainder of the flowers into the child's lap, and ran down stairs in great haste. As she entered the room, Edward stood by the fire place, with his attention riveted upon the piece of crumpled paper which he held in his hand. Lena glanced over his shoulder, and recognized a poem in her own hand-writing. It was the same unfinished paper over which she was bending, when we first introduced her to the reader.

"Pray don't read that, Edward," she said entreatingly, as she placed her hand over the words. But instead of minding her, he imprisoned the little hand in his own, and holding the paper above her head, he repeated the last stanza aloud.

"In those few words, my stricken heart
Makes all its sorrows known:
Unloved, unblest, I stand apart—
Alone! all, all alone!"

"Lena," he asked, "how long is it since you wrote this most melancholy poem?"

"O! it is a great many years," she replied, "and now that I have overcome such feelings, I am perfectly ashamed of it."

She bowed her head to conceal her blushes from Edward's inquiring gaze. He gently lowered his arm, and as it encircled her waist, he drew her close to his side.

"Lena," he whispered, "you must stand 'alone' no longer."

"Have you conquered him?" cried out Sarah Jane, as she flew down the stairs in eager haste, and rushed into the room.

"Yes, little sis," replied Edward. "She has gained a complete victory, and henceforth I shall become her most willing subject, for only they know how to triumph, who have first learned to conquer themselves."—Rose of Sharon.

Written for the Banner of Light.
HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

BY DE VEEB VINING.

Lo! a glorious day is breaking,
On the world of Thought and Mind;
Truths sublime the world are shaking,
Man is from his slough awakening,
Tyrant hearts with fear are quaking,
Lest their power be undermined.

Justice, long in silence sleeping,
Now asserts his sway again;
Eyes long wet have ceased their weeping,
Every heart with joy is leaping,
As stern Justice, onward sweeping,
Hastes to right the wrongs of men.

Long has slavery cursed and blighted,
With its breath, our native land;
But the fires of truth are lighted,
Every wrong shall now be righted,
And this "sepulchre all whitened,"
Purged and cleansed by Freedom's hand.

Foemen! on, from hill and valley—
Onward to the glorious fight!
From your homes and loved ones rally,
Round your standard firmly rally,
God himself is now your ally,
And your cause immortal Right!

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY DREAM.

BY SUSIE YERKON.

Weary, heart-sick and discouraged, I turned the key of my counting-room and commenced my homeward walk.

The soft, mellow rays of an Autumn twilight were flooding the earth with beauty; the chorist of the Day-king had just passed over the horizon, doled with resplendent hues of crimson and gold, and leaving tracks of radiant brightness along the pathway of the sky.

Sadly, with lingering step, I passed on, seeing with my outward vision, yet giving no cognizance to the beauty spread out before me. The air was calm, soft and balmy, yet its peace-laden spherics brought no refreshment to my spirit, for the lessons of care which I had learned that day were written down deep in the inner recesses of my being, as if "the point of a diamond" had graven them in imperishable characters. And yet the beauty of the night, so utterly at variance with the loneliness and dearth of my heart, oppressed, and seemed to render my own desolation more apparent to my aching senses. Inensibly I quickened my pace. I longed to find myself within doors, and to sit down in my empty, silent room, and converse with my own, unspoken thoughts.

As I drew near my home, the full moon was just peeping over the purple hill which lay behind the grounds adjacent to my mansion. Her silver light shone on the windows of my apartment, illuminating it with a gentle radiance, and as I gazed thereon, a thought of the gloom within smote my heart-strings with a deeper thrill of anguish.

The tall old maples which lined the avenue, wore their autumnal livery of scarlet and gold, but the branches of the elm were shorn of their foliage, and the withered leaves strewed the garden-walks and rustled in the evening breeze. Even the late flowers of the season had fallen, too, and their delicate petals lay brown and sere among the cast-off draperies of the forest densens. Neglected and uncared for, the slender stalks were following the same road to decay, and as I gazed upon them, and thought of their departed verdure and beauty, I murmured—"It is

well; death and decay come to the loveliest of human kind—why should not their cherished possessions share the same fate?"

I entered my home. Alas, I scarcely felt that my abiding-place deserved that endearing appellation, since they who made the light and joy of that sacred spot, had passed away with the Summer roses, and the song, and left me and my dwelling in more than Winter desolation and gloom. She who had been the morning star of my boyhood, the idol of my youthful aspirations, the angel of my wedded life, had gone hence; and she, too, the little bud who rested latest on my bosom, and twined closer and closer around my heart as every day revealed new and more striking resemblances to her more perfect and matured counterpart—she, too, had gone to unfold her blossoming beauty, her ripening charms beyond my yearning sight.

Never more might her fair head, every sunny tress of which was dearer than all the wealth I could call mine own, be pillowed upon my breast; nevermore might her delicate form be supported by the arm which would willingly, nay, even gladly, have interposed its shield, to guard her from any threatened evil; nevermore might those dulcet tones, sweeter than the strains of the most perfect musical harmony to my ear, soothe my weariness, and cause me to forget my care; and I drew near the sacred sanctuary of home. Their faces I might never more behold, till those who part on the shores of Time meet in the blessedness of eternal re-union in the mansions of the upper strand.

One solitary blossom was all that I could now call mine own, and she, years before, had been transplanted to a Southern bower, where she reigned the fair mistress of a pleasant home, nurturing the buds of immortality which were unfolding beneath her care, and finding shelter in a true and manly breast. Not for me were her caresses; the soft words of love met not mine ear from her silvery tones. Only through the cold medium of the silent pen, could I embrace my only remaining treasure.

I passed through the lonely hall, and my tread, though listless and faltering, awoke the sleeping echoes as I went. I hastened onward to my own room—that which the moonlight so beautified as I drew near.

The soft rays stole across the carpeted floor, flooding the apartment with a gentle and mellow light, which revealed every object therein with shadowy, yet real distinctness. Upon the table lay a casket of rare and beautiful workmanship; how sacred, how infinitely dear the memories which its sight awakened. I opened the delicately chased lid, and there, among other, and precious things, itself the fairest, most precious of them all, lay her picture. I held it where the moonlight fell with bright, yet gentle radiance, full upon her face.

Tenderly, lovingly, the dark hazel eyes looked into mine own, as tenderly, as lovingly, as when, twenty years before, in all her bridal beauty, they had been lifted for one brief moment to my face, and then veiled beneath their soft fingers as she hid her blushing cheeks upon my breast. Gracefully the sunny curls hung around the low, fair brow, and a smile of infinite purity and exquisite tenderness rested upon the full, red lips, which looked as if just about to breathe forth some loving or joyful word.

Ah, those memories were becoming too painful. With reverent tenderness I replaced the picture, and closing the casket, opened the Bible which lay near it. Ah, there were memories hidden, too, beneath the shining glass, bound in with the embossed cover. I opened to the title-page, and the faithful moonlight revealed in perfect distinctness the inscription thereon: "Eliza: a birthday gift from her affectionate husband."

Her hands had clasped this sacred treasure almost with their dying pressure; her voice had repeated its precious words in my hearing, and here and there were the marks of her pencil, pointing to the favorite passages from which her heart gained strength as she approached the dark valley.

"Oh!" said I, as I pressed it to my lips with tearful love, "be thou my talisman, as thou wast 'here,' to guard me from evil here, and, at length, to lead me where she has gone before."

I opened the wardrobe. There hung the well preserved garment, whose shining folds had helped to compose the bridal array of her who now lay the bride of death, wrapped in her shroud, with the damp mould forming her bridal veil, and the withered autumn leaves her garland, instead of the orange blossoms. By its side hung the rich dressing gown, of soft and beautiful fabric, fraught with still more tender and touching reminiscences. Often had I supported her slender form while enrobing her in its comfortable drapery, and marked day by day, with a pang which no comfort could assuage, the increasing fragility of her figure, and the weariness which the slightest exertion caused her to suffer.

There, too, upon the floor, were the soft slippers which she had worn in the last lingering days of her seeming convalescence, when hope illumined our hearts with rays of fulfil brightness before taking her final departure. The prints of her feet still indented them, and gave them their well remembered and peculiar shape. Ah, I remembered well the day when I stole from her side as she slept, to purchase them, that she might smile on her awakening, as she always did with inexpressible sweetness, as she thanked me with loving words for any act of thoughtfulness for her comfort. Well, too, did I remember the changing beauty of her cheek, the tearful light of her eye, as she beheld them, and the words which she uttered as she lingered in admiring pleasure over the delicate embroidery of grape leaves and fruit, surrounded by their graceful tendrils.

Turn which way I would, the tokens of my lost one were present to my view, and the unerring pencil of memory recalled past scenes with a vividness which seemed to obliterate the lapse of time, and make each a true and living picture. Here, in this sacred retreat of wedded love, for twenty years we had mingled our joys and sorrows, blending the fond endearments of satisfied affection with the tender words, or the equally expressive allance of sympathy, as joy or sorrow predominated in the recesses of our being. Here, we had together mingled tears of gratitude and love, as the tiny wall of our first-born rose upon our ear; here, we had pressed the nightly kiss upon the brows of our darlings, as they sank into the peaceful unconsciousness of innocence, and here, too, we had knelt, with crushing hopes and the anguish of breaking hearts, by the bedside of our youngest born, as she spread her spirit-wings for the shores of the upper home. Here, too, I had listened to her last earthly tones, fraught already with the liquid sweetness of angelic numbers, and watched the joy dim as it spread over those eyes whose clear light had never been obscured by taint of earthly passion or selfish love.

And here, alone; I had knelt, in the agony of a doubly-bereaved soul, shedding such tears as we never shed but once, and here, the Comforter for which my angel companion had bid me seek, with her last intelligible accents, revealed himself to my soul, and bade me look above the clouds, for the bright rays of the promised morning, which should dawn not only in perfect, but eternal radiance upon my earth-wearied spirit, when "the Master should call for me." She had said many times during those last precious seasons of communion which we enjoyed while her feet touched as it were, the shores of the Heavenly Canaan, before the dismantled bark had dropped anchor in its blessed harbor, that if angelic spirits were indeed permitted to visit their loved ones on the earth-shore, she would come often to my side in the stillness of the evening, when no rude influences might break in to mar the blessed consciousness of her presence, and I had almost unconsciously, even to myself, found comfort in that sweet assurance while she spoke.

Involuntarily, her words came to mind on this evening, while lingering with even more than usual tenderness and regretful longing amid the tokens of remembrance shrouded with such loving and jealous care as the most precious of all my earthly possessions, and, as I breathed my nightly prayers in my lonely room, I asked that her presence might still visit me in my earthly sojourn and that, if consistent with the wisdom of Divine arrangement, I might be allowed a consciousness of her nearness at the time. Then, as I commended my absent, beloved one, and all the dear ones of my affection wherever they might be, to His unerring loving kindness and watchful care, I felt at last the long-desired balm of peace descend upon my lacerated heart, and, as a sweet sense of the all-pervading Divine love grew strong and inexpressible near to my soul, I sought my lonely couch, and, with the soothing hope that perhaps angelic ministrants would watch over my unconscious hours, I soon fell asleep.

Ere long I wandered through the mazy perils of the land of dreams, and it seemed to me as if winged speed were given to my footsteps, so light and buoyant was my tread, as I pursued the pathway over which my wanderings led me. At length I drew near the shore of a river whose blue waves rolled between banks of the softest and most delicate verdure, while flowers of rare loveliness and grateful perfume clustered profusely amid its bright luxuriance.

As this unexpected obstacle arrested my progress, I looked anxiously about me for some means of crossing the stream. A boat, light and graceful as that which Titans' self might guide, lay moored by the bank, but my eager eyes could discover no ferryman who should pilot me in safety over the wave.

What shall I do? thought I, with many an anxious foreboding, and an irrepressible feeling of loneliness, as I stood alone upon the bank of the stream. I must cross before the eventide, and already the sunset is giving its parting look of radiant brightness to the wave. But a new hope suddenly grew strong within me, and I exclaimed aloud in the first flush of my enthusiasm,

"I will launch the boat myself, and ply the oar, and it may be that through my own exertions I may reach the other shore in safety."

As the words left my lips, I sprang into the boat, unloosed the fastenings which united it to the shore, and, seizing the oar, was about to impel it forward, but no sooner had my hand given freedom to the life craft, than it bounded with graceful buoyancy over the purpled wave.

My heart thrilled with a strange and unwonted surprise, and I looked anxiously around me, as if to search for some before unrecognized object, while mingled thoughts crowded my brain and overflowed in indistinct murmurs from my voice.

"What power unseen," said I, "hath come, in mine hour of need, to waft me over the river?"

But not long did my wonder continue, for as I turned my gaze toward the stern, I beheld a shadowy figure, of exceeding grace and beauty, such as no mortal form has ever worn. A soft halo surrounded her head, composed, as it appeared to my admiring vision, of innumerable stars of serene, yet radiant lustre, while tresses, finer than gossamer, yet shining with silvery splendor, flowed over her graceful shoulders, as with light touch she steered the little bark across the waves. Her robes, of the purest, yet most lustrous tint, seemed to float around her form of slender, ethereal mould, and clothed her with an untold grace, surpassing all which my most imaginative fancy had ever portrayed.

But how shall I describe the emotions of joyful rapture which pervaded my whole being, as with an overwhelming flood of bliss, as she turned her eyes to mine—those angelic eyes, beaming with the effulgence of immortal beauty, and I beheld, even amid the glorious garniture with which she was enshrouded, the well-remembered lineaments so long engraven on the most sacred shrine of my loyal heart, the features of my angel wife! Yes, it was indeed the spirit of her who had blessed my pathway in those earlier, happy years, but whose removal my aching heart still mourned with undivided tenderness and unceasing regret.

Sweet tears of joy bedewed my eyes as I sat gazing on the beautiful vision by my side, and such an indefinable sense of satisfaction stole through my frame, and thrilled every pulse with ecstasy, as the moral nature could scarce endure. Fain would I have spoken to the lovely visitant, fain would I have clasped her in my fond embrace and lavished the pure endearments of adoring affection upon her lips, but words came not; and, powerless to break the spell which bound me with its sweet enthrallment, I gave myself up to the all-pervading delight of her presence.

But all too short were the precious moments, for soon the little bark, sped by angelic fingers, reached its destination, and as I sprang upon the shore, and seeking to free myself from the magic power which rendered me incapable of speech or motion, turned to clasp the hand of my companion, behold, she had flown, and alone, as I had approached the opposite shore, I stood upon the beach!

But from the cloudless heavens, upon my onward path, shone a light, clear, serene and glorious as the unshadowed rays of the mid-day sun, revealing its devious windings with certain and true fidelity, and making its narrowest precincts shine like a thread of purest silver amid the green banks of the fields through which it lay.

And as I looked from the shining path before me to the serene brightness of the wave, and thence upward to the glorious splendor of the heavens, lo, there I saw my angel love—she who had been my pilot across the stream, returning over the heavenly pathway to the mansions of her spirit home!

Clothed in those robes of gossamer lightness, shin-

ing with the lustrous heavenly rays, she floated through the silent air, while round her spined with graceful evolutions a group of shining ones, all wearing lineaments of the same wondrous beauty and adorned with the same celestial halo.

But while I gazed upon the scene with rapturous and exquisite delight, until my whole soul, entranced with its glory, seemed itself dissolving from its mortal encumberments, and ready to join the departing spirits in their upward flight, the curtain of slumber unclosed, and lo, it was a dream!

Yet still around my earthly way shines the radiant brightness of that glorious vision, and oft fond memory loves to recall the blissful emotions which pervaded my being as I crossed the sea of fancy with my angel guide.

And, receiving it, as I do, from the hand of my Father in Heaven, I draw, therefrom rays of sweet comfort, which cheer me in my otherwise lonely sojourn, while I never cease to thank him from the abundant fullness of a grateful heart, that He has thus given me a token that his "angels encamp around me," and that she, whose nicer perceptions, whose finer intellect, shed light and brightness on many an intricate subject, whose unwavering footsteps ever drew nearer the heavenly goal than mine own more impetuous and changeable ramblings, is still permitted, from the higher sphere of the immortal life, to commune with my loneliness, and send rays of transcendent brightness to guide me amid the sadness and gloom of my overclouded pathway safely to its ending; helping me, meanwhile, to keep myself "pure and unspotted from the world," that I may at length become meet to rejoin her in the mansions of the upper shore.

Written for the Banner of Light.
YANKEE DOODLE, UP TO DATE.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

Yankee Doodle long time ago,
Bethought himself a man, *etc.*,
And set up shop on his own hook,
He thus the world began, sirs!
Yankee Doodle all for peace,
Slow to wrath and anger,
But when insults still increase,
You can wake his dander.

His sons grew cotton, corn and hogs,
And in the same connection
Came clocks and steam cars by the score,
Under his wise protection.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
So he kept gaining wealth and strength,
Spreading o'er the continent;
His children wise and envied were,
'Till one became a malcontent.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
This petted child thought himself King—
Had his own way 'till spoiled,
And when his brothers dared to speak,
In rage "rule or ruin" boiled.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Then Yankee Doodle senior called
Upon all his loyal sons,
To vindicate his rightful rule,
And chastise his rebel ones.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Then Johnny Bull across the sea,
Winked at cotton on the sly,
Nullification and "eighteen twelve"
Saw were ugly, as his eye.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
He sent his Lyons over here,
And thought us much his debtors;
When we our duties failed to know
He read us law and letters.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
He gabbled much of nation's rights,
And taught us who was master;
But when he crossed Bill Seward's path,
He met a sad disaster.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
It was a strange and startling fact,
That we our own employers,
A people free to know our rights,
Must go ask British lawyers!

Yankee Doodle, &c.
We Yankees laughed, the Halls all growled,
That he knew naught of botcher;
The whole affair he'd nicely botched,
And rightly caught a tartar.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Their growlings swelled both loud and bold,
About his awful grammar,
And down on his defenceless head
Fell the Thunderer's hammer.

Yankee Doodle, &c. &c.
John's much concerned about our loan
Fearful that we'll be tasked;
And tells his bankers not to touch—
He'd better wait till asked.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Why bless your stupid, simple souls,
We land enough can find to
Feed you all, or starve you out.
Just as we are a mind to.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Our western hills o'erflow with gold,
'T would scare your English Jew, sirs—
Your little Island we could buy,
And never miss the pewter.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
And if you wish to try our strength
In our affairs meddling mix,
And you will soon have cause to know
We're worthy sons of seventy-six.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Or if you want to make a fuss,
About the rebel Slidell,
Taken from beneath your flag,
When about to slip the bridle—

Yankee Doodle, &c.
Come on now while our dander's up,
You'll find us no defaulter,
You'll see some sights, and get some fits,
And be, perhaps, a halter.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
For rather than surrender now,
The honor of our nation,
We'll spank our own domestic foes,
And fight outside creation.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
A man who really loves traveling would as soon
consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour
of railroad, as one who loved "getting would agree, if
it were possible, to concentrate his dinner into a
pill.

Most books in these days are like some kinds of
trees—a great many leaves and no fruit!

Original Essays.

THE OFFICE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FREELAND.

Spiritualism came in an age prepared for its advent, and to a world hungry after truth. The fountains from which the Christian world had been accustomed to draw nourishment were dry, and no new springs of living water had been, as yet, discovered. The creeds in which men had lived, and by which they had bounded their spiritual lives, had first been rent by the enlarging capacities of the soul, and, finally, had fallen into the expressed discredit of the lips. The faith which once burnt bright and strong in the dimly enlightened mind of the past, was rapidly yielding to the unmythifying influence of increasing knowledge; and, as the great force of the last judgment is fading, fast fading from the ceiling of theistine Chapel, and now retains but an indication of its former magnificence, seen dimly through the dust and smoke of ages, so the faith which vivified the apostles, fired the martyrs, and lifted the world from selfishness to a broader love, was growing dim and uncertain in the stronger and clearer light of the advancing centuries. The outward form and show of belief still lingered in the dead churches and the skeptical congregations, but the living belief, expressed in the daily life and in the peaceful soul, was waning, and almost wanting. A higher development of truth, a more soulful interpretation of the divine was demanded, and, to satisfy this craving, Spiritualism came to our ripened senses.

No religious movement ever equalled it in the rapidity of its acceptance among the cultivated and enlightened classes. In this respect it differs essentially from any and all of the religious movements of the past. As a general rule, in proportion as persons are high or low in the scale of life, in that proportion are they Spiritualists; or where there is the most enlarged and harmonious development of the religious, intellectual and spiritual nature, there is the belief in Spiritualism most powerful. In England, it has received its adherents chiefly from the middle and upper classes; in America, class lines are not so distinct, but the Spiritualists, as a body, hold in their ranks the representative leaders of the country, in every department of thought and activity.

The work thus far accomplished by Spiritualism has been predominantly personal and individual. It supervened upon, and carried to its logical ultimatum, the Protestant development of individual judgment, substituting for the convictions of intellectual deliberation, the illuminations of an interior state, or the teachings of Spiritualized beings. It has brought to the knowledge of men an interior kingdom, a heavenly kingdom, within themselves, and breathed new significance, and deeper meaning into the mystical words of the Seer of Nazareth: "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." To a world dead in trespasses and sin, lying in hopelessness and despair, lost to a knowledge even of its spiritual possessions, amid the depths of material and mental energy by which it was engulfed, Spiritualism revived the belief in a higher life and a nobler human nature, and checked the immoderate tendencies of the age. Faith in religion and religious things, in God and a future life, was revived, and a new and vital impulse given to the higher and holier aspirations of the soul.

This much has Spiritualism done, but this is the beginning only of its work. Indeed, it is hardly that. It is rather the preparation for work. The soul has been brought into the dominion of its interior and higher nature, the true destiny of man has been made known, the powerful auxiliaries ready to aid him in achieving his birthright have announced their presence, and all things are ready for the establishment of the kingdom of Spirituality upon earth. But the work is yet to be done, and that no light task. While I write, the air is filled with voices, and thunderings and lightnings. The spirit of the age is abroad, and the earth is rocked to its foundations. Europe in her kingdoms and empires is shaking in its blast. Famine, insurrection, upheaval, overthrow, is written on the lines of the Continent. Asia feels the throes of her new birth, and rushes to peace and civilization through the sword. America reverberates with the tread of the combatants in whose deathful embrace slavery is to be stifled. What more is to come, who shall say? Africa prepares for her long waited and hourly expected jubilee. Deep in the sinews of Commerce, Government, Materialities, Religions, thrills the impending and long predicted revolution.

A deeper sensation, a vaster thrill vibrates in the soul of things. The silent, noiseless influence of the spirit-world has been silently, noiselessly doing its work, and the mightier revolution, the grander change comes with no shock of contending armies, no announcing heralds, no trumpeted intentions. He who has carefully watched the faces of the crowd during the last ten years, especially during the last five, has noted the wondrous change from physicality and stupidity to spirituality and intelligence which has been gradually dawning into them, and is now changing them with accelerated rapidity. He who has noted the course of intellectual opinion in the same length of time, is startled at the apparently unaccountable celerity with which it has advanced from point to point of progressive development. The voice of prophecy, too, has been heard, announcing the advent of a new era, and all things betoken a mighty intellectual and spiritual change, accompanying the material, and the advent of a new and more perfect society upon earth. The minds of men are prepared for it; the laborers in the work of introducing the new order have been prepared for it; the weapons have been placed in their hands, and the time comes rapidly, even now is, when they should be up and doing in the work of Human Salvation—in inaugurating the spiritual society for the world.

A vital hindrance to this proposed work exists in the erroneous views entertained of the spirit-world and its relations to this, by not a small class of Spiritualists. Entirely engrossed in the contemplation of the harmonies of the spirit-world, and expecting there to rest from the trials and labors of this, they take no interest in the present or future welfare of our earth life, which they regard as a season of trial and probation, intended only to enforce in and pass from as speedily as possible. Hence their thoughts and exertions are not turned toward improving this world and harmonizing its conditions, but toward getting through with the present life and achieving the other. The extent to which this view of the two worlds, and their respective uses, draws

the attention and solicitude of Spiritualists from the miseries and inharmonies of this world, and affects their desire to redeem and change it, is hardly known to themselves. Yet this undesirable tendency has mingled with the opening of the spirit-world to our ken; and our great good has not as yet been winnowed of its evil.

To be centred in spiritual thought, to be vitalized by the revelations of the upper world, to be lifted up and buoyant in the expectation of a divine life, and to walk this world joyously in daily communion, with loved ones in the land of the great departed, and in expectation of a happy reunion with them hereafter, is beautiful, glorious and true. But when this is carried to the extent of rendering us careless of the present or the future of the great world around us; when we are soled into quietude and inaction, and are content to let humanity go mourning here in anticipation of a glorious hereafter, we fall into the same mistake which has beset the world in all ages, which shut monks in monasteries, to waste their lives in pious inaction or abuse themselves by self-inflated miseries, and which still emasculates the Indian seer in his continued contemplation of the Divine Being. It is but another and more subtle form of that selfishness which begets us in so many ways, is so hard to discover, and so difficult to eradicate when found. Those who yield to this tendency cultivate one part of their nature at the expense of another. The soul culture which we gain by personal sympathy with suffering and an earnest effort for its alleviation, is as great and as essential as that which we obtain by communion with the spirit-world.

There are weighty reasons why we should be interested and earnest in relation to the affairs of this world, even if looking for joy and happiness only to the other. "As the tree falleth, so it lieth." What we are here, we shall be potentially in the after-world. The organization which we are endowed with, the training which we receive, the education we obtain, the experience of our life, all go to make up the beings we shall be when we pass the line of this life and stand upon the other side. All these elements of our individuality will be good or bad, harmonious or inharmonious, accordingly as the world in which we live is miserable, ignorant and turmoilled, or happy, wise and peaceful. All our interests, spiritual and temporal, demand of us to do with our might the work which looms up before us, and which we, as Spiritualists, are alone fitted to undertake.

Carlyle says, "We must have a new world if we are to have any." To create this new world is and must be the legitimate and magnificent task of vital Spiritualism. How vast the work, and how urgent, grows upon our understandings as we contemplate the present and its insufficiencies, and compare it with the future and its requirements. The New World must have Commerce, Trade, Government, Religion—institutions by which to express in outward form its interior life. Are they to be such as we have now? Shall Commerce and Trade be conducted upon the false and unjust principles of Political Economy and commercial honesty which now prevail? Truly not. For the New World must have justice and plenty, not oppression and want; must have love and reciprocity, not hate and destructive competition. The weak and the confiding must be equally benefited with the strong and the knowing.

The commercial polity of the present day is unjust, deadly, and monstrous. Not because men desire to do the wrong, but because, upon the principles which govern our dealing, it is impossible to do otherwise. The fundamental axioms of our trade-system, and its generally acknowledged principles, are radically erroneous, and must be laid aside for those of a truer nature by any society which would be permanently progressive, and whose foundations are to be everlasting. Poverty, starvation, physical misery, are the legitimate offspring of a false commercial system. In a true order of society, they should have and need have no place. And until the physical and material welfare of mankind is thoroughly secured, there can be no large, permanent, spiritual advancement. So long as we have material necessities, and our inability to supply them subjects us to disease, misery and death, so long we must be exempt from these inharmonies, before we can hope to achieve a harmony of the spirit, which, having its home in the body, necessarily partakes of its condition, and is sick or whole, weak or strong, according as its outward citadel is secure or in danger.

As surely as we need new principles of commercial dealing, so surely do we need new institutions for the outward expression and mutual exchange of the deepest feelings and emotions of the soul—the religious nature.

In a previous article, I have referred to the evident tendency of Protestant sects to reluc from their intellectual tendencies toward a more heartfelt and devotional worship, and to the barrenness and unsatisfying nature of merely intellectual piety. Spiritualism has borne us out of this region of mere intellectuality, and opened a sphere of life in which the spiritual nature of man may find abundant and inexhaustible stores of nourishment. The rapidity with which a starved people seized upon the new aliment, the vitality which it has infused into a religionless generation, and the vigorous advances it has made, attest its divine origin. As yet, however, the work which has been accomplished among individuals, unfolding them, and opening to their apprehension the wisdom and the wonders of the hidden world, has ultimated in no combined action, no grand installation of a grand organization. In their interior development, Spiritualists have advanced far beyond the appreciation, or even the comprehension of the society around them. As yet, they hardly understand one another; so strange, so diverse have been their individual experiences, and so completely have they been absorbed in their personal development, as necessarily to be, to a great extent, unconscious of the change, taking place in those around them. This infantile stage of Spiritualism is, however, at its close.

The conviction is ripening in the minds of Spiritualists, that the inward preparation is already sufficiently advanced to demand an outward expression. It is also beginning to be perceived that the higher and grander results of Spiritualism can be achieved only by the methods of practical organization and combination. That individual development and isolation, however potent, are unavailing and inadequate to the exigencies of society life; and that the union of the spiritually unfolded and illuminated in a powerful cooperation is necessary to the possession of the ultimate benefits which Spiritualism has in store.

Certainly, this must be so, if Spiritualism is to be

anything more than a sublime selfishness, uplifting and elevating the individual, but falling in the nobler and more generous work of unfolding, enlightening and cherishing those not able, by reason of undevelopment, to apprehend and appreciate their higher nature and the divine life. Spiritualism is the new Gospel of the age, and it is our work to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy, and to see to it that the glad tidings of this Gospel also be preached. It comes to bind up the broken-hearted, and to lift the burden from the weary, if we who have first known its blessings are faithful to the responsibilities imposed on us. It is destined to mark an era in the history of the world as important, if not more so, than the advent of Jesus. As the legitimate fulfillment of his predictions and those of the prophets and seers of all religions, it stands the crowning wonder and glory of the Ages. The surpassing results predicted to follow and flow from it are sure to come. But not of their own strength, or unaided. Spiritualism comes, a John the Baptist in the wilderness of this world's waning hopes and crushing miseries, awakening the nations and preparing the advent of the New Heavens and the New Earth. As we are wise, sacrificing, earnest and untrusting, the coming will be glorious and speedy, or laborious and slow.

New York, Nov. 27, 1861.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

BY WARREN CHASE.

This oft unuttered inquiry is felt by nations, societies, families and individuals, at some period of existence; but it is often made too late for the answer, if accepted and adopted, to save the subject from effects which cause have long been operating to produce. We feel an alarm and inquiry running along the wires of our national existence, and are aware that our republican institutions are in danger from internal and external foes. It is too late to be saved from rebellion, or from war, for the causes have already produced it; the hour to apply a preventive passed by, and the salvation was neglected, in the two last national administrations; but it is not too late to be saved from destruction, or from permanent dismemberment and division, and the preventive is, to unite head and heart, hand and purse, power and kindness, and, laying aside all side-issues and minor subjects and considerations, put down and subdue the rebellion with force superior to it (and we surely have enough to do it), and when we have again established the Constitution and Laws over the whole country, then weaken or remove all causes that lead legitimately to such results.

If you have been exposed and got the ague, it is wise to cure, and then prevent in the future. What shall we do to be saved from a war with England? Deal justly, honestly, kindly; act nobly, honorably, promptly, and show her we mean to do right and risk the consequences, and it will not be like England to take advantage of our domestic trouble and national sickness to pick a quarrel and attack us. She will not have her meanness and weakness recorded in her history, for attacking us when we were sick, because she feared us when well and strong. She could find a cause for war at any time, if she chose, and if she makes one now, which she would not when we were united and sound, she will be disgraced in the eyes of the world. England is not ready for that, and we have only to do right to be saved.

What shall we do to be saved from bankruptcy and financial ruin? Keep at work, on land and in the shop. Industry will save nations and individuals. If it is sometimes slow, it is always sure. Work up the raw material, and dig up, or raise more. The soil and mines are as prolific in war as in peace, and these, with labor, are the source of wealth. General industry brings general health and wealth, and saves from poverty, vice and crime.

What shall we do to be saved from anarchy, tyranny, despotism? Keep the power in the hands of the people; let all men, and women also, vote and have a part in the Government, and guide the popular elements of power to and for its own safety, and you will be saved. "Crucify him, crucify him," was the cry of those who feared, or sought the power of priests, not from fear or hatred of Jesus. And such is the history of nearly or all mobs and riots. Our rebel soldiers are fighting through mistake, against their own interest. Enlighten them. Let them vote. Give them homes and schools, and they will love and fight for the Government that does it. The rebel leaders have robbed them of their natural rights, and scared, or forced, or hired them into the fight on the wrong side. Thousands of them are true, honest and good men, as are many who join the scandalous mobs that break up anti-slavery, temperance and social meetings. Deprive a man of his rights, and if he has spirit he will fight for them and often on the wrong side, and not get them at last, even though he gets the victory. Keep the Government in the hearts and hands or interests of the people, and the people will keep the Government alive and strong. Aristocracy rots a country out as old decaying branches do a tree. Scatter the sap all through the tree, and keep the young shoots growing.

Scatter wealth, education and industry throughout a nation, and feed all the rising generation with the three blessings, and your country is saved. Monopolies these, and it is ruined; rapidly it may be, or slowly it must. There never was a time since the Revolution, when these principles came so close to us as at the present. One part of the country—or a few wealthy leaders, combined with political knaves and aspiring demagogues, are trying to overthrow all we have gained as a nation, in planting a Government in the hearts of the people, to be administered by their hands, and as they will; while the loyal States and families are trying to sustain what we have gained, with here and there a Cerberus at the gate, snarling and barking at the leaders, because they do not go further and assert and establish more than we had gained, or could maintain in times of peace.

I have ever contended for the right of woman to vote. But if I should abuse every officer and act of my State or nation, because it did not assert, and secure their right at this time of trial and struggle for life, I should be little less than an enemy to my country. I would save what we have, and get more if we can. The same is true polly with the subject of Slavery. WARREN CHASE. Taunton, Dec. 21, 1861.

A witness in court being asked his profession, said that he was a shoemaker, but that he kept a wine and liquor store besides. "Then I suppose," said the counsel, "you are what may be called a sherry-cobbler?"

THE WAR CRY OF ABOLITIONISM.

Many good men may join in the full belief and declaration that universal emancipation should be the object and avowed motive of the existing war. But there is one most serious and insuperable objection to this assumption, which exists in the fact that an overwhelming majority of the whole American people do not unite, and cannot be made to unite in such a war cry. The Abolitionists, so designated, in the Free States, are generally considered, not only by our Southern brethren, but by their own neighbors, as violent and impracticable in their views or immediate emancipation, and are looked upon by many as the sole instigators of the existing rebellion; whilst there are some good men in the Free States, who conscientiously believe that slavery should be tolerated, and that it was the design of Providence that the African should be led into slavery amongst a more civilized race, that he might be redeemed from the hopeless ignorance and horrible despotism which prevail in his native clime.

But however this may be, the belief is so general that it may be justly declared universal throughout our nation, that we are pledged to the slaveholding States both by the Constitution and the Laws which sanction its provisions, to tolerate amongst them the practice of slavery within their own borders. So far the people have shown no disposition to violate this pledge.

We ask our kind-hearted friends, and know there are many such in the ranks of Abolition, to moderate their ardor sufficiently to take a cool and comprehensive view of the existing state of the public mind on this subject. There is probably less than one-tenth, surely not more than one-fifth of the American people who can be made to listen patiently to the project of universal emancipation, or that do not look upon the doctrine of Abolition as wicked and impracticable—many entertaining the firm belief that the Abolitionist would not only place the blacks upon a political, but upon a social basis of equality, and encourage an amalgamation of the two races.

At this moment, whilst an unnatural war rages, and husbands, fathers, and brothers, the nearest of kin and the nearest to the heart, are drawn out and led indiscriminately to the slaughter, the whole bitterness of previously existing prejudice against the Abolitionist as the promoter and original instigator of this conflict, is forced at once upon the mind. We need not and do not stop to inquire how well founded this prejudice may be—it is enough to know that it exists, that it burns at the heart's core.

Such being the state of the public mind on this subject, did the government proclaim that universal emancipation was the object, and to be the desired result of this war, not one regiment could be brought into the field by voluntary enlistment for its prosecution. There is no reason to fear that the Government can be so regardless of the true interests of the nation and of its own existence as to propose such a measure, but they may not beseech our brethren of the Abolition School to reflect seriously upon this view of the subject, and consult their own hearts and conscience, and their own dispassionate judgment, whether it is judicious, whether it is patriotic, at this impossible moment, to urge such a measure, when the only probable or possible effect of such a position must be to discourage the work of composing this rebellion, and prolong and render more bitter and acrimonious the bloody contest.

As a case of expediency, as an act of mercy to their suffering brethren now pouring out their hearts' blood in this conflict, will not the advocates of universal emancipation refrain from urging this measure at such a season upon public attention, whatever may be their feelings with regard to its ultimate expediency and justice?

The Southern master is as well assured in his own mind of a perfect right to the slave, as we in the North are of our right of self-government and individual sovereignty. To deprive us of these rights might only be accomplished by a war of extermination. To deprive the master of his slave would be an enterprise of the same desperate complexion. Any serious attempt to enforce the general emancipation of the negro, will be accomplished only by exterminating the white race who hold them in bondage; and the slaves who might survive the convulsion would scarcely profit by the sanguinary agency of fire and sword. Whilst, on the other hand, the slow but sure progress of moral reform, if permitted to take its own course, added to the growing conviction that slaves as property are an unprofitable investment, point out not only an inevitable, but the surest, the best and most humane and practical termination of this great national evil.

Whilst we bear in mind that this war is a war against a portion of the people who rebel against the general government, from whom no terms but those of unconditional submission to the constituted authorities can be accepted, with what pretence of consistency or justice may we demand of them an obedience to such authority if we violate the Federal compact by seeking to deprive them of a right which is guaranteed by the same Constitution and laws whose integrity and unviolability we have taken up arms to sustain? W. B. W.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The soul of man loves the true. There is an affinity in the mind of man for the truth. God has made the laws of His Being to be a power unto man, when he understands the true and sees the provision of his laws. The end of all investigations of man is to find the Great First Cause. Mind is not in the true condition until it finds the true and real. The desire to know the first and last of all things, makes the soul's endeavor to find the true. There can be no truth where there is no corresponding mind to discover it. Truth is the forerunner of the God that men wish to find. The mind of man lives in the true. It is the truth which makes men know that they exist. Truth teaches the spiritual nature of man. There can be no sense of right and wrong without the true. There is in the laws of God an adaptation to the mind of man. The science of correspondences is not without its significance. That Heaven is the true condition of mind in earthly life, when man is in the true condition of thought, cannot be doubted. There can be no Heavenly condition of mind, unless the true is its element.

The science of correspondences is the true and false, teaching man that Heaven is a condition. The soul is in harmony with the true. It lives in the true. It has no existence "only when truth is the restraining power." Men know not that the God of

Heaven is in their souls when His truth is a power to unite the finite and the infinite.

There can be no design without an effect. God makes man the dependent power, but man makes God to be nowhere. The rising sun distributes its rays to all, independent of man's endeavors, and men feel that God is good, but they forget the same God requires that his laws of life must be obeyed. The sense of right and wrong makes men feel that God exists. There is not in Nature a truth which does not bring the soul into correspondence with the God of all truth. The greater the truth in its influence upon the soul, the nearer it brings the God of all truth. Men have yet to study God in His works. E. J. L.

Portsmouth, N. H., 1861.

SNOWBALLING.

The soft, loose gold of helplessness is straying about her face. And the wind through its silken meshes is running a frolicsome race. Her violet eyes—how they darken and flash! Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow! As she stands ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts, Pelting me with snow.

She tosses the soft flakes around her In her pretty hoydenish play. Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising Through the billows of foam and spray. She moulds the balls with her little bare hands; Do you think she would put or scold? If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast To warm them?—they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung in the snow Each one in itself a flake. And her silken scarf besides them lies, Colled up like a crimson snake. All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet Have printed the downy snow. And know by them where another Spring, The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scolds when my snowballs fly Harmlessly over her head. And she flirts her curls in a saucy way. And crouches in mimic dread; She calls me a sorry marksman. An awkward fellow—and still! She, a little witch, knows well enough, It is n't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think Of tearing a butterfly's wing. Of beating a lily or throating. The first sweet robin of Spring. Than of smiting at her in earnest. Or hitting her if I could. Or harming so much as a tassel Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh! what would she do If my mouth was half as bold As the crystals which fall on her lips and her hair. Like pearls among rubies and gold? While her pride and her willfulness trample my love As her light feet have trampled the snow? That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my face, Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering now Whether she'll ever be In the long, long future before us both. Anything more to me Than a little boyden with wild, gold hair. And rose-red cheeks in a glow. Who stands ankle-deep in the milk-white drifts Pelting me with the snow?

QUESTIONS TO THE CHURCHES.

BY T. J. O'SULLIVAN.

"Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord."—Isaiah.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."—Paul.

1. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis i: 20, 21, that the waters brought forth abundantly, fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven; and then to tell us in Genesis ii: 19, that it was out of the ground God formed them?

2. Did God inspire Moses to tell us twice in Genesis ii. that God rested on the seventh day from all his work that he had created and made? and did the same God inspire Isaiah in xl: 28, to tell us that the Lord, the Creator, fainteth not, neither is weary?

3. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis i, that the earth brought forth grass, and herbs, and trees, after their kind, on the third day—without the general influence of the sun; and that it was on the fourth day that sun was made? If so, was God then working backward, contrary to the order of Nature, of which himself is the author?

4. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis vi: 6, that it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart; and then to tell us in Numbers xxiii: 19, that God can neither lie nor repent?

5. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Exodus xxiv. that Moses, and Aaron, and Nahab, and Abihu, affi seventy elders, saw the God of Israel on Mount Sinai? and did the same God inspire John in iv: 12, to tell us that no man hath seen God in any time?

6. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis xxxii: 30, that Jacob saw God, face to face, and did not die; and then to tell us in Exodus xxxiii: 20, that no man can see the face of God, and live?—and yet add in Exodus xxxiii: 11, that the Lord spake, face to face, to Moses as a man to his friend?

7. Did God—who says in the decalogue, according to Moses, "Thou shalt not kill,"—command that same Moses to be a wholesale murderer? (See also Joshua, chap. xii.)

8. Did God—who says in that decalogue, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," &c.—command Moses to make the "Brazen Serpent"? And did he also command Solomon to place "two Cherubims" on the "Mercy Seat" in the "Holy of Holies"?

9. How much was David "a man after God's own heart," while he was living in Polygamy and Concubinage—guilty of falsehood and fraud—and commanding Solomon to kill Shimei? (See I. Samuel, xxvii: 10, and II. Samuel, chap. xii.)

10. Did God inspire any man to write such soul-scaring threatenings as these: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."—"I will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh," &c., and then inspire another to contradict every syllable of them, by saying several times in only one Psalm, that "God's mercy endureth forever?"

11. What claim has the "Song of Solomon" the love-sick speaker, to inspiration, when he who wrote it, the young wise Solomon, died an old fool, and was not deemed worthy of a place for his name among the more honored ones recorded in Hebrews xi, by inspired Paul?

12. What claim has "THE BOOK" itself to inspiration, which abounds with contradictions—contains such chapters as Ruth iii. and Leviticus xv., and although it tells us: "He that runs may read;" and "The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein"—yet informs us, there are "some things in it hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own damnation"?

13. Are such as the foregoing, without mentioning hundreds of others, the qualities of a revelation from God to man?

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. ROOM NO. 8, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. Terms of Subscription: Single copies, one year, \$2 00; six months, 1 00; three months, 50; Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates: One year, \$1 50; six months, 75; three months, 37 1/2.

Money sent at our risk, but where drafts on Boston or New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here.

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICH, Publisher for the Proprietors.

Happy New Year!

To all the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to their friends, and many more whom we yet hope to make our friends—we proffer sincere congratulations on having reached a New Year, and send hearty greetings for the occasion.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

It were worth something to every man and woman in the land, to know the secret of growing old gracefully. Superficial natures are easily deluded with the notion that there is no happiness so full and fresh as that of youth, and that the further we depart from that era of our lives the fewer the delights there are left us.

We perhaps press all the energies down to the work of growing rich, believing that, if we can attain to material wealth, age may come, and do its work with us; satisfied that the bare provision against want, or against the inroad of longings and desires of all kinds, will answer as the complement to that high enjoyment which is supposed to be the one aim of human existence.

There is where the plow lies. Men overlook the ulterior, or else are content to keep it out of sight and mind until they come pat upon it; and then they are plunged in a deep sea of chagrin and woe, to think that they had suffered life to pass without providing for this most to be expected state of things—all of which but shows that the we are children at the best, short-sighted, and full of a greedy eagerness, taken up altogether—or nearly so—with the shows and appearances, and surface-livers who care not to penetrate to the soul of life, or to its real meaning.

Few enough are the instances we behold of a placid, serene, and thoroughly ripe old age; and it may be said that the spectacle is the more beautiful, and longer remembered by us, because it is so rarely seen. We confess we are too apt to call up the anecdote of the little boy, when we think of an old gentleman, who replied to a question of his mother that he was sure he did not want to go to heaven if grandpa was going to be there; for no sooner would the old man see the children around than he would brush up to them, with arms extended, and say, "How I whew! what are these boys doing here?"

Yet such are not the reflections we would prefer to have rise to the surface of the mind, when our thoughts turn to the sober contemplation of age. We would much rather picture a scene of placidity, in which the old people formed central figures, beloved of all and listened to of all, giving forth the hidden treasures of their long experience without exciting a thought of weariness or satiety in those who listen.

and hates, all the kindness and the malice, all the good and the evil of whatever kind or measure. Wealth is for physical conditions alone; and it is at once allowed that there are certain physical conditions much more apt for the development of the soul than others; but, at the best, and after all, the soul must go back and rest upon itself, taking the Divine Spirit for its sole companion and counsellor.

To lament the coming on of age is to regret existence itself, with its most obvious and natural courses. The man has not begun to know what life is, or its worth, who pettishly wishes he had never been born, or who mopes and sorrows because his physical being is growing old. In such cases, the education has been all wrong, or, what is about the same, it has been nothing; no conceptions of existence, certainly none of immortality, can as yet have been attempted by such.

Emerson says some fine things on the subject of "Old Age," taking up the matter where Cicero, in his "De Senectute," laid it down. Among others, he says with a truthfulness of perception as pleasant as it is startling at first, "The passions have answered their purpose; that slight, but dread over-weight, with which, in each instance, Nature secures the execution of her aim, drops off. To keep man in the planet, she impresses the terror of death to perfect the commissariat, she implants in each a little rapacity to get the supply, and a little over-supply, of his wants. To insure the existence of the race, she reinforces the sexual instinct, at the risk of disorder, grief and pain. To secure strength, she plants cruel hunger and thirst, which so easily overthrow their office, and invite disease.

WORSHIP.

Words are not worship. True devotion does not consist of gilded periods; nor do men adore in solemn looks and tones. Nay, nor yet by folding the limbs together and bowing the face to the earth, do men rise from the base elements and the cold formalism of this dull sphere into the supernal realms, where all worship is spiritual and real. To worship truly, the human faculties and affections must be harmonized. The spirit must retire in silence from the external plane of its being to that inner world, where indestructible principles assume the place of temporal objects; where thoughts are things, more palpable than marble faces and solid bastions; and essential principles and qualities are perceived to be more substantial than the earth itself.

The cerebral and oral exercises denominated prayer, are frequently irreverent and profane. We do not mean to say that they are so in the judgment and intention of the worshiper; but critically analyzed, from an enlightened and spiritual point of view, they are certainly most irreverent. The religious sensibilities of men who are stigmatized as infidel, are constantly disturbed by a somewhat numerous class of pious blasphemers. Frequent oral proclamations are made, ostensibly designed to instruct the Divine Omniscience! The All-wise Creator is periodically memorialized by millions, who know not what they ask. He is informed first, in general terms of what he is; also of what he has done, and what the people, judging from past experience, naturally expect of him in the future.

The forms of worship observed in modern churches, are too often mere forms which at best present only distorted pictures of living realities. They are automatic expressions of a dying spirituality that gasps for breath beneath the weight of its gilded covering. Alas, its temples are its sepulchres! We are not of course insensible of the great beauty and significance of that eloquent symbolism wherewith the Ancient nations clothed their ideas. But that which was most vital in their religious systems was beyond and within. Symbols are only serviceable so long as they contribute to inform and impress the mind with a knowledge of the facts and principles they are designed to represent.

not dead and cannot expire! Its ancient temples may fall; unclean birds may inhabit the ruins; the infidel may revel where the altar stood; the ox draw the plowshare over consecrated ground, and wild beasts dwell by its haunted streams and in its sacred mountains; but Religion, deathless and immortal as the soul, hears the trumpet of the resurrection in the very shock that buries its material symbols and temples to the dust. Grand and imposing as are the outward revelations of inward principles; greatly extended and diversified as are the visible illustrations of the religious sentiment; they are only imperfect images that dance in the soul's twilight—dim shadows that haunt the early morning of our immortality—or fleeting forms of everlasting realities which the coming daylight of our spiritual illumination will clearly reveal.

In the most essential sense whatever is visible, is not—does not exist except in appearance; that which is not seen, was from the beginning, is now, and shall endure forever. Thus all outward forms and visible phenomena are but the shadows of real things. This is true in its application to all the forms of Nature and Art, and to all human systems and institutions. All sensuous manifestations of the religious ideas; all stereotyped creeds, prayers and confessions of faith; the peculiar claims of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, and the divine authority of carved stones; all temples and altars that human hands have reared from the beginning, or shall build hereafter to the end of time; all sacred places and solemn words, are less—less by a degree that admits of no comparison—than the Religious Sentiment itself, as it dwells apart and alone in the charmed silence of the conscious Soul. S. B. B.

Your long-faced fellows are the ones for wretchedness. Your nasal men, who dwell long and sanctifiedly on the last syllable of the long words, are the ones to do just what they profess not to do, and are the very regiment that marches behind a band of melancholy music. They do not believe in genial humor, which is so interwoven with all the other elements of life and philosophy; but if they can get up either a good sould or a good fit of the blues, they fancy the great end of life has been attained by them. Heaven keep us clear of such; they are the dismallest companions going, to be sought after of none.

Humor is as necessary for health as exercise. The proposition carries its own proof along with it. Nature gave us certain soul-faculties with which to get up a ludicrous side for every idea, or set of ideas, that enters the mind. If the thoughts were kept on a tension all the while, turning over and over what entered the mind in a mood of never-broken seriousness, how long would it be before the nature would go wholly crazy with the tiresome task, and come to an end which all thoughtful minds must regard with terror?

When we do our best with our work, we are working just as if we were at play. And so, when we are most addicted to a humorous mood, do we feel the play of our faculties helping on the most of the work which they are capable of performing. Let work and play alternate, and it is very well; but let us make our hearts and thoughts so cheerful that when we work the hardest we feel we are but playing, and then it is that we can accomplish something indeed. Dullness is but the total absence of humor in the composition; work in a little more of that, and the dull person becomes as active as a cricket, and all obstacles cease, by reason of the new view he has learned, to take of his things around him.

Ireland.

It was no more than right and humane that Congress should be memorialized, as that body already has been by Hon. Robert J. Walker, on behalf of sending immediate relief to the suffering poor of Ireland. Report says that their chief reliance, the potato, has proved almost a total failure in every district but one of that unfortunate land, and that all the horrors of famine are to-day at their door. It is one of the saddest of all pictures to contemplate. Mr. Walker's reasoning is, that while the sons of Ireland are enlisted in the present war for the perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union, to the number of certainly 100,000 men, it is no more than right that this Government, on whose behalf they stand in battle-array, should generously send over of the country's surplus of grain for the relief of their friends and relatives who are suffering such present misery at home. We helped Ireland in 1847, but the obligation to offer aid is now much greater, and put to our common feelings of humanity in such a way that we cannot with decency resist them. Yet we are prepared to see persons argue in Congress that we have no constitutional power to do such a thing, while they shout in the next breath that the Union and the Constitution were both gone long ago.

A Little Economy.

Preachers sometimes love to discourse to their audiences of "God's economy." And it is a plain fact, that the spiritual realm is but an example of how grand results are wrought with apparently small means, nothing being misplaced or wasted, nothing having been created without a purpose and plan. If economy is the law in matters spiritual, we may take the hint for matters more purely material and external. The art of life is to make a little work its utmost; all success consists simply in getting what energy there is in one out of his organization. To that end alone are obstacles thrown in the way, and we feel all the stronger when they are surmounted. Nobody is regarded as having done much if he merely gets his desired results out of abundant external help; the admiration is excited only when he has done something which has tasked his own resources more than outward adjuncts and favoring combination. Herein lies the true economy, therefore; to do much with little; always to be greater than we even thought we were; to make all the silent energies tell; not to drop a stitch or let go an opportunity or relax a single effort.

Notice to the Public.

Mr. Mansfield has now ceased answering letters directed to us and enclosing two dollars for the Banner; and if our readers desire his services hereafter, they must enclose him the letter to be answered, with his usual fee—one dollar. The reason for this change is, that Mr. M. has too much business of his own to attend to, and as the offer was in the first place voluntary on his part, we cannot find any fault at its withdrawal.

The cradle is the little pilot-boat of humanity—wherein the young navigator on the sea of life takes passage.

The world does move, and the truth is not quite past finding out. We, with others, have talked long and earnestly on the subject of paying so much attention to the forms, and letting go the essence of religious belief; and it may be not have failed altogether in doing good in more quarters than one. The fact is, if we would be strengthened in our belief, or disabused of our error, in regard to any special opinion or theory, nothing is so certainly good for us as to attempt to reduce it to practice. It has proved with the creeds, to be as it is with everything else; the whole load has been put on their shoulders, as if they could carry all there was of life, and they have simply broken down. Or rather, they have proved themselves to be eleven—they wont hold water. It is beginning to be seen that an intellectual subscription to a logical system of dogmas and notions is no part of a truly religious life, and that the most eloquent and earnest advocates of such systems may be, all the while, the most radical scoundrels.

The Baptist Chronicle of New York has an article on this subject, which shows which way the wind blows. It goes on very frankly to say that "it has long been a question with thoughtful Christian men, whether piety has not, on the whole, been rather limited than nurtured by strict dogmas and confessions of faith. The tendency to remove the sphere of religion from the heart to the intellect, to put good theories and logical doctrines in the place of faith and love and holy living, is evinced more or less in the history of every church, and not a few men who have observed much, and thought much, have been coming more and more to inquire whether a state of religious attainment may not be reached now-a-days, as in apostolic times, when Christians shall walk so worthily in the vocation wherewith they are called, with so much lowliness and meekness, and long-suffering, and forbearance that they will keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, without any human formulas, and by the force of spiritual affluities, and the all-discriminating power of Christian grace and love. It is notorious that denominations that are most elaborate and formal in their confessions of faith, are not by any means secure against the inroads of practical error. The history of the most nicely guarded systems of orthodoxy has shown that they may be made the shelter for the practical impiety of thoroughly selfish undevout lives. Nay, it is within the experience of almost every Christian of mature years, that under the most rigid system of formal creeds, a genuine disciple of Christ may be actually driven out of the church, for some slight aberration of belief, while at the same time dozens of men are retained in it who make a religion of orthodoxy, but whose lives are hard and sapless, and barren of all the fruits of holy living."

Charleston.

To appearances, the fatal blow has already been struck which terminates the prosperity of the wealthy capital of South Carolina. To have nearly six hundred buildings consumed in a day, and that, too, in the most populous portion of the city, making a clean and wide sweep of destruction from river to river, is virtually to lose the flower and strength of the entire place. Any population would be likely to be disheartened over such an event, even in ordinary times; but in a state of war, when all the resources of the locality are put under constant contribution for maintaining a state of successful resistance, it is another matter altogether. Then the "stone feet" has co-operated with the flames, and to-day the main channels of proud Charleston are said to be effectually blocked up. In case we go to war with England, her "raising the Southern blockade" would not amount to much, should all the main Southern ports be treated in the same way.

Commentaries.

When a waiting man feels pretty "shore" (as the piney-woods women in Georgia say) that he can do nothing in particular, by virtue of his original wit, he goes to work and sees what he can make off those of other people. There are plenty of insufferably dull and insipid commentators on the Psalms, on Isaiah, on Job, and on all the finest books of the Hebrew Bible, who, of themselves, could not hope to keep an auditory awake through a forty minutes' sermon. And so of other topics; commentators fasten, like lice on rare plants, upon the great works of Shakespeare, misinterpreting "readings" which they could never understand, and seeming to think that any subject, to be learned and interesting, must be stuck over as thickly with marginal notes as stale meat ever was with maggots. Just see the regiment of writers upon Shakespeare and his plays. And speaking of them brings up again the witty and deserved retort of Sheridan, who said to a stupid clergyman who brought him some "notes" he had written on the great poet—"Spill your Bible if you like, but have the goodness not to meddle with ours."

Greatness.

Some are born to greatness, and others have it thrust upon them, while others still, &c. &c. &c. This country was born to that inheritance. We are a "great country." Our people are a fast people, by their own confession; but not so fast as great. There is nothing we cannot do, from "whipping our weight in wild-cats," to teaching the world the rudiments of science and the arts of civilization. No height that we have not reached, no depth to which we have not sounded. We knew all there was worth knowing about war, till we woke up one morning to find one on our hands. We understand all the intricacies, as well as all the principles of international law, which promote the country of the world—until we unexpectedly find that we are come very near being embroiled with one, or two, or three foreign nations. We are smart at settling up new countries, at building bridges, at pushing on railroads and telegraph lines, and at making money; but we are opening our national eyes at last to the fact that the world is not moved with brag, and that to be smart and rich is not to be great in any sense at all.

Little Doten's Lectures.

Miss Doten delivered two excellent lectures last Sabbath at Lyceum Hall. Her subject in the afternoon was, "The Angel Teachers;" in the evening, "The New Spiritual Revival." We regret the necessity of omitting further mention this week, owing to unavoidable pressure of circumstances; but we have carefully laid our notes aside, and in some future time, when there is a dearth of such things, we shall write them out in full.

The return of the Christmas and New Year's holidays naturally suggests certain remarks on the subject of gifts and gift-making. Most persons feel that the chief, or only value of a present, is in what it costs at the shops; they bestow no thought upon the possible taste, sentiment and delicate perception on the part of the giver, but look merely at the number of dollars which they suppose he must be out of pocket by the transaction. It is a mean and unworthy estimate, and they who make it deserve to learn better by receiving no gifts at all, until they become wiser. Few, too, like to make presents merely as a matter of custom—unless, perhaps, they like to be regarded in this matter in proportion to the amount of money they spend for presents. Nor do many persons, either, like to make presents just because they are expected to; fearing that they shall be thought mean if they do not. There is a current habit in society of bullying people out of presents; a great many will not be bullied into or out of doing anything. The only real value of a gift to persons who are mature beyond children, lies in the sentiment expressed both in its selection and in the manner of bestowal; fitness likewise adds to its practical worth, but is in no true sense joined to its intrinsic value.

Free Meetings.

The committee to raise funds to establish free meetings, met at the house of D. Farrar, Esq., on Thursday evening last, when it was ascertained that about one half of the sum necessary for this purpose was pledged. Several times before, attempts have been made to establish free meetings, but in the end Dr. Gardner has invariably been compelled to rely upon his own exertions, and carry on the meetings at his own risk and expense, trusting to the pittance taken at the door to reimburse him. Now, the Doctor has secured a fine hall, which can be had at about half the ordinary expense, and he has again called upon the enterprising spiritualists of the city to release him of further responsibility in the matter. Accordingly a meeting was called and Messrs. Daniel Farrar, Edward Haynes, Jr., Phineas E. Gay, H. F. Gardner and John Wetherbee, Jr. were appointed a special committee to prepare subscription lists and receive funds for the object in view. The effort will unquestionably prove successful, this time, and in the course of a week or two we hope to be able to announce that arrangements have been fully made to supply the truths of the new dispensation to the hungering masses without money or price.

Trees.

There is much sentiment about a tree. One comes to love such a creation almost before thinking of it. A child loves the elm, or the oak, or the maple beneath which he plays, and all his after years are streaked and inlaid with most delicious memories of his little experiences in that sacred shade. We soon personally a tree that stands before the door, or near the window, and invest its trunk, and boughs, and sprays, with all the attributes of the living heart. A home that is not set off with fine trees—to say nothing of shrubbery, and vines, and hedge growth—is but a bald affair; it is but a poor repository for sentiment and affection, and cannot be loved in the future with any of the endearments that belong to a spot altogether lovely. Plant trees over bare places, and you are a creator indeed. There can be no grace added to home like those that dwell within their unobtrusive shelter. He who has not learned to love a tree, and love it as a personal friend, is not yet very far advanced in the march of life. There is a great deal to be done for his education.

Old Style.

The old things have the most wear in them. Old truths are the most stable. Old shoes fit easiest to the feet. An old coat, when one is tired, is a luxury indeed. The old fashioned manners were the best, and will have to be gradually returned to, because they had the most meaning in them. Old associations are the dearest. A painting or a book is better because it is old, and has withstood all the shocks and tests of time. Old style morals, Puritanic though some may think them, are better than this gleaming over sin with a show of wealth and possessions. The old men and women are most interesting, because they carry with them a valuable freight of experience. Everybody tells stories of the old time, but few say much of the new, except rhapsodically, and in such a way that they are not any too well understood. Old wines and old truths, old manners and old people, all have the best and the ripest flavors to them. They all combine to prove that the new things are not worth the pursuit, save as they give us back the goodness of the old many times over.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Our anonymous correspondent in Stowe, Vt., will pardon us for not printing his bulky communication on the present times, as the opening of the Millennium. We do not question the keenness of your spirit vision, brother, nor the correctness of your intuitions; but we fear they are rather too transcendental to be appreciated just yet.

C. H. W. SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Newly developed mediums should be careful, lest they are led into extravagances by playful spirits. You know very well, all communications over the spiritual telegraph are not reliable, more than those which come to us over the electric wire, in these perturbed times. There are spiritual Roorbacks as well as mortal ones, and many a spiritual Munchausen has prided himself on telling the greatest falsehoods. But then these deceptive messages are only so much stronger proof of the reality of the mode of Communication; this cannot be gainsayed, for no sane man delights in humbugging himself. We do not know anything of the lady whose communication you speak of, but can give it little credence, from the fact that there is no such street in Boston as the spirit names.

T. O. MENDENHALL, MARLBORO, Ohio.—We have received your "exposure" of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship. We hardly see what fault you can find. You wrote falsehoods in your letter submitted to Mr. Mansfield, according to your own admission, and were answered by a spirit in rapport with your own mind. You practiced deception, and were paid in your own coin. You allege that the letter was opened by your own coin. You allege that the letter was opened by your own coin. We cannot dispute your word, nor do we wish to; but it hardly stands to reason that Mr. M. should take pains to open your letter when he could answer it just as well sealed—as has often done sealed letters which we have submitted to him, in our presence; and entirely satisfactory. It is no uncommon thing for him to answer a letter brought to him by a stranger, without his taking it from his pocket.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name appears, through the medium of the person whose name is given in the title. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends who may recognize them.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 5, (the stairs, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Despair, and Fear." Will Sewall, Brownville, Mo.; Marian Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queenstown, Pa.; Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.; Horace Plutarch, Walker street, New York; Alice Kennington, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Marjory, Green street, Boston; Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Diseases." Frank Sherman, actor, Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass.; Amelia Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. Lincoln; Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to suffer before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew S. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Melchior Jansen, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.; Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William H. Carter, C. B. A., Boston, Green street; Alex. John Lee, Taunton, Mass.; George Bernard; E. S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Tremor." Tuesday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Man." Thomas P. Hovey, Bell, Westville, Ohio; William T. Sank, New York City; Mary Jane Levey, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd; Thursday, Nov. 28.—Invocation: "The Fall of Man." James Flynn, New York; Geo. M. Howell; Archibald De Witt, to his son; Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Senses." Geo. W. McFarland, Trenton, Me.; Henry Wright; Charlotte K. Tapley, Brookfield, N. Y.; Lily Knox; Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit immediate, or is it by distinct degrees?" Will Electret, near the monument of large Material Substances; Beaman Price, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Felice Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, to Louie Moore; Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Herr Schulzthal, New Orleans; Elizabeth S. Mason, to her mother; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter; Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Language?" James G. Brown, Boston; Jenny DeWitt, to her mother, Frances Ryder; John M. Whittemore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Ripper, in relation to No. 13; Tuesday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "Conscience an Unceasing Guide?" Samuel T. Jacobs, Guilford, Me.; Hannah Connelly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James McGrath, to Margaret O'Brien; Wm. Stone, to his wife.

Invocation.

O, ye mighty watchers over human destiny; ye whose bark sail forever and forever upon the shores of time; ye celestial beings who have gone up yonder through great tribulation; ye who have unfolded your raiment at the call of human sorrow, be with us in this hour. Lead us upward to a more perfect plane—not alone where the waves of immortality beat against human life, but, oh, loved ones, lead us by thy strong will and loving right hand, through the furnace blast of hell to the light of heaven; for like yourselves, we would work out our mission in the lower unfoldment and growth, that like yourselves also we may not be found wanting when weighed in the balance of Divine Wisdom. Nov. 7.

Material and Spiritual Truth.

Is there any difference between a material and a spiritual truth? This is a question we have been requested to answer. Yes, there is a wide line of demarcation between the two. A material truth is that which is related to and applies only to the outward, the objective, the sensuous world—to the world in which you exist, or have a material being. A spiritual truth is one that cannot be perceived through the material senses, or while you exist in mortality, for it is akin to the spirit world. It is in spirit, and just as different from a material truth as the spiritual body is different from a material body. Now, when the spiritual truth is wrapped in a material covering, and thus made a material truth, you must demonstrate it through the law that governs the material. The spiritual truth thus becomes a fact, but it is evidenced only in the objective world, and not the domain of the spiritual world. These truths or facts which are clear and demonstrable to you, are not so to the disembodied spirits; for that which is a reality to you, or appeals to your material senses, is not a reality to the disembodied souls, for a different class of faculties control the spirit than the body. Each deals with vastly and entirely different elements from the other.

A spiritual truth, again we say, is a truth that cannot be demonstrated to mortality. It is, to material vision, nothing, a myth, incomprehensible to the mind that dwells in the confines of the flesh, and cannot be unfolded to the perception of the material body. It is to you nothing, and therefore the realities, bright and glorious, of the spirit world, are vapors to you, because you cannot discern them. A truth in principle, in essence, is a truth the world over. It is the same in reality, everywhere, whether it belongs to the kingdom of sense or soul. Intellect has so rapidly unfolded all things, that many receive only a certain portion of truth, to-day, in this primary condition of existence. The rest remains for your future life. True, disembodied spirits return; but, oh, our questioner, again we say, there is a great difference between a material and a spiritual truth; and yet, from a divine standpoint, we may with truth say they are one and the same thing, as indeed are the conditions of physical life and spiritual immortality only the two parts of the same thing. The intelligences of the spiritual world return, each giving in its own peculiar expressions the same evidences, and yet we declare unto you that all in the same truth, though each perceives it according to his degree; and necessarily so, as each and all are different from the other. All are alike laborers in the vineyard of the great Lord God, and he hath appointed each of his children to his or her mission. He hath given you a great variety of truths and self-evident facts, many of which are as nothing to you yet, because they cannot be comprehended by mortality. Nov. 7.

Peter Riley.

I was a long time trying to show myself back. I was lost my body, and so I got on this side. I think I'd be a long time learning how to get acquainted with the body I've got now. I'm meff in one way, and in another, I'm not meff at all. I was an operative in the Pemberton Mill, at Lawrence. I've been told, since I've been here, that I've killed along with hundreds of others. Me first and only sensation was a feeling the dizziness, and great fear took hold of me lest I should die. That's all I know about it. I can't say how long I was going down. I know I've all pained with fear something was coming. I hardly know, but I believe it's been only about six months, since I learn anything about coming back. It's all that time I was trying to make myself know I've gone away from earth, and I know nothing at all where I was, nor where I was going. There's something said about coming back, and then I think I'll try to come myself, and I've been more than six months trying to come. Me name was Peter Riley. I was in all, I suppose, about thirty-eight years old. I had not much of a stock of learning, when I was here—I had not much learning. What I had was but the one kind—just

what I could get along with, and keep aly with the world. I wish it was otherwise in some respects, for two or three times since I left earth, I could have wrote I'd know just how to do it well. It's hard to get along here, but I would like to come to the little ones, but I seem to be stiff and hard, and can't bend to these things so well. I've got a wife and two children, and it's the great thought I have had to manage so that I'll come back and talk to them. I've turned out of me place so quick, it's hard coming here, and it's a long time after I came here before I found myself in alay circumstances to come back. But I got here at last—thank God for that! Are the city authorities doing anything for those who are left with nobody to care for them? I did n't know much about it, but I'm crazy enough to do anything. And those who built the place should be made to suffer for it. It's a sham concern—a terrible concern, and ye could n't walk across the floor without shaking the whole place; and there wa'n't ten in the whole building but who thought it would fall at some time. They ought to hang the folks that had it built so. It's a wholesale murder, and nothing else, at all. If it's the luck of meff sending or strung up; but it's a different thing. I felt at first like pulling down their houses upon their heads; but I thought I'd come here, and see if I could talk to me children. You'll pardon me for talking so long, and so hard, only I feel like it, and when I do, I say what I like. My wife's name is Ellen, and I'd like very much for her to give me a chance to talk with her. No matter what the praste says, I want to talk to her, and if I say anything that is n't right, she can find fault and not believe it. I want you to give her that writing—that I came here to talk to her. There's much I want to say. I'm very much obliged to you for your writing. I'll go now, if you please. Nov. 7.

Thomas Paine Stephens.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with some degree of embarrassment I speak before you to-day, because I feel that you stand in the position of enemies to me, and perhaps I do to you. I had been said that death is a great leveller. I believe it is the truth. It brings us out into a more clear understanding of things, and you perceive not only one side, but all sides—not only the structure but the foundation of the structure. In many respects I am glad I am free from earth, and in some I am exceedingly sorry—sorry, because I was just beginning to appreciate my experiences of life here. I believe the mails are still out of between here and Alabama, are they not? Is there any chance, then, of my friends receiving my message? This is my first attempt to commune in this way. You have nothing to do with these messages, except to publish them? Well, then the rest seems to remain with me. Allow me to ask, do you suppose there is any possibility of my getting my letter there? Others can? Then I am to suppose what others can do, I can do also. I was told to come here as the first step toward reaching my friends. I sought in vain to gain an audience at home. At the present time, the people there are less spiritually minded than ever, I believe. I do n't know why it is, but so it seems, and I could not gain an audience with them. My name was Thomas Paine Stephens. I was a counsellor at law, at Montgomery, Alabama. My father was one of the devout admirers in Tom Paine's kind of thinking, and as I came upon the stage of life at about the time of the culmination of his belief, I was named for Tom Paine. This little circumstance will tend to identify me, if I mistake not. The means of my death I will tell you. I was one of the Black Horse Cavalry, and was killed by one on your side—I do n't know who. I presume you may have heard of the company. Deeming it my duty to leave my business and take up arms against those I considered my enemies, I joined them, and thus lost my life. But that feeling of enmity with me has past. I am dead and back again here, to appeal to my wife and children that I may come to them, and thus make their surroundings more endurable—if I am correctly informed, I can be of much service to them now. I believe she has some friends, distant connections, in Baltimore, who are acquainted with these phenomena. Would it be right for me to ask them to aid me to her? I will do so. I will here appeal to those relatives in behalf of my wife. I was partially acquainted with them. I suppose I should have out them off my circle of acquaintance or friendship in consequence of this same Spiritualism, if I had known it once. Now I need their services. I was strongly opposed to Spiritualism, and so stand in a very peculiar position, and have to rely entirely upon the courtesy of my friends. I would like to ask my friends in Baltimore, to aid me in this way. First, by sending my message to my wife, if able to do so. Second, to inform my wife, of the truths of Spiritualism to such an extent that she may not be afraid or ashamed to visit a medium. Let her see the a b o of the new science, and the use it is in the world, and the satisfaction it gives to those friends who have been separated by the River of Death, and she will allow herself to be governed by my advice. Ask her to remember with kindness one member of my family; she will know what I mean, and I do not care to speak more to-day. I am conscious of no law on the subject of Spiritualism in Alabama. It is almost wholly new to me. While on earth, I knew nothing of it—nothing of immortality, nor of God, except what I saw in him broadcast in Nature. I was religiously inclined by the instructions of my mother, but from my father I received a different set of ideas. I must apologize for taking up so much of your time, but hope I shall be able to aid you some way in return, at some future time, if not while you are here on earth. Good day, sir. Nov. 7.

Mary Adelaide Wallace.

I want you to please to write to my mother about me. My name was Mary Adelaide Wallace. I lived in Kingston, N. J. I've been away from home a year and a half. I'm ten years old. I'm eleven and a half now. I died with a throat distemper. Was sick in all most three weeks. My grandmother died two months before I did, so she came for me when I died. I want to tell my mother how I am happy, and want to talk to her, and how my father's dead. I have n't seen him, but he's come here. He's a prisoner in Virginia. My father was. He was wounded, and had a slow fever, and died. My grandmother has seen him, but I ha'n't. My mother, don't know it, but I want to tell her. My grandmother says my mother must n't feel bad about it, for father will be all right. If she'll let me come to her I'll try and tell her how I live and all I've seen. My father's name is Edward. Good-by, mister. Nov. 7.

Each Star a Teacher.

Treating of the distinct and special uses for which every object in creation had birth, Emerson makes use of the following emphatic expressions: "Every star in Heaven is disconcerted and insatiable; gravitation and chemistry cannot content them; every man and court the eye of every beholder; every man that comes into the world they seek to fascinate and possess, to pass into his mind, for they desire to republish themselves in a more delicate world than that they occupy. It is not enough that they are Jove, Mars, Orion, and the North Star, in the gravitating firmament; they would have such poets as Newton, Herschell, and LaPlace, that they may re-act in the finer world of rational souls, and fill that realm with their fame. These beautiful basilisks set their brute, glorious eyes on the eyes of every child, and, if they can, cause their natures to pass through his wondering eyes into him, and so all things are mixed." Could any passage be more fearfully eloquent, touching the vast and varied mysteries of nature and of man?

Written for the Banner of Light. LITTLE "MEG," THE BEGGAR GIRL. BY MRS. C. M. STOW.

My father had gone and left poor little Meg, And he never, no never returned I; My mother was dead, and alas, I must beg— And in this way my living I earned. My face was unshaven, and my long tangled hair, Was neglected for many a day; I wished that some lady of me would take care, And would comb, and the dirt wash away. My dress was all ragged, and shoes I had none, And the summer was passing away; A bonnet I had little better than none, But it kept out the sun's scorching ray; Cold, cold was the autumn, but still I must beg— No warm house could I sleep in at night— No rest for the beggar, no rest for poor Meg. There were plenty of houses in sight, Yet none could I enter, so filthy, alas, For the doors were all shut in my face I; Some told me I'd better go look in the glass; Others said, what a shame and disgrace That beggars allowed were to travel the street, And ordered me away from their door; Not long did I need broken victuals to eat, But I needed a home all the more. None loved little Meg since my father had gone, And my mother had died in despair; The poor little beggar must still wander on, As long as her cold feet could bear. One day as the wind was all piercing and cold, A kind stranger was passing me by, He spoke to me kindly—my story I told, Which, alas, brought the tears to his eye. Then gently he lifted me up in his arms, For the snow was beginning to fall; He bade me be quiet and feel no alarm, As he folded around me a shawl. He carried me into a house that was near, And bade them good care of me take; Be calm, little child, if you have nothing to fear, I will pay for the trouble you make. "I'm a stranger in Boston, but soon will go home, And with me I'll take little Meg; Be comforted, child, for no more need you roam, And never more, never more beg." They washed me and combed out my long tangled hair, And they spoke of my shoulders so white, And dressed me in linen enough and to spare, And the kind stranger blessed me that night. "O, bless you, sweet child! your father will be," He said, as 'threw my poor head; "Alas! poor child, she is sleepy, I see— Come, kind ladies, prepare her for bed." But ere they could reach me I fell on the floor! Not long did I struggle for breath, For an angel I saw come in at the door, And my mother was with me in death. I stood by the form when my spirit was free, And looked in the kind stranger's eyes; A father so kindly he promised to be— And that kindness as ever I prize. It was "poor little Meg" they called me, while here; "Tis "Margaret" they call me in Heaven. I love the kind stranger, and oft will appear, And aid him, as to me has been given!

This poem was delivered impromptu, by Mrs. Stow while entered, at the close of a public lecture, and afterward written out through her hand.

Correspondence.

Matters at the Capital of the Pine Tree State.

DEAR BANNER—Being resident for a limited period at the Capital of the good old State of Maine, and having a pretty good opportunity to observe the workings of Spiritualism in this ancient town, I thought that perhaps a few words in relation thereto might not be unacceptable, as well as serve to while away a few leisure moments.

First, then, you must know that this city, being the capital of the State, is not altogether without some feelings of dignity because of that fact—a state of things not, on the whole, to be wondered at, as the observation of the most casual observer can but have revealed the fact that the smallest and most insignificant settlement of human beings has its aristocracy, or class that sets itself up a little—just a little above the common herd, and gives tone and dignity to society. And what the "first families" constituting this clique decide to do, or not to do, becomes to a greater or less degree the law by which all or nearly all feel bound to be governed.

True, there always will be a few, who, ignoring what Mrs. Grundy does, or may say, do their own thinking, and act accordingly, though earning the reputation of being fools or fanatics, oftentimes both. From the days of the noble Galileo, not to go farther back in the history of human society, it has ever been so; precedent, custom becomes law; what the fathers did, the children think they may do. And though the world moves, now as then, we ought not, I suppose, to expect every body to see through our glasses; but then this last, best revelation, which we call Spiritualism, gives such a glorious hue to everything seen through the medium of its lenses, that we can but desire that all may see as we see, knowing that if once the experiment is tried, there is no danger of a return to the befogged and smoky glasses of the past. But I set out to tell you something of Spiritualism in this city.

Well, then, from causes alluded to, as well as many others undoubtedly not taken into account in this epistle, our glorious faith has had but a feeble growth here. The few who have dared to espouse it have been pointed out in the streets as fools, crazy Spiritualists, unmitigated fanatics, worse, if possible, than abolitionists, who, the more sober and prudent portion of the inhabitants, or those who considered themselves as such, supposed they would soon be called upon to furnish with a home in the "mad house" close by, the proximity of which has acted somewhat like a safety-valve to their fears. But as yet nobody has been injured by it (Spiritualism)—no one is crazy. The number of inmates in yonder Asylum for those in whom, for the time being, the God of reason has been turned aside, has not been increased; no one in consequence thereof has become a charge to either City or State, and the public sentiment had very nearly come to the conclusion to let them alone. Now you know that though there are some communities and people who desire to be "let alone," Spiritualists are not among them. We desire investigation, to the end that all may believe and be saved from the thralldom and slavery of the "cast iron" theories of the past!

Just as this state of quietude on the part of the public mind had been reached, the ghost of Spirit manifestations again appeared—this time, under very different circumstances from ever before. Not among those who have nothing at stake, nothing to

lose and everything to gain. But this time the manager in which they were cradled, commanded respect, without compromising in any degree the dignity of the "first families," the would-be-aristocracy. Now, instead of the common people receiving them gladly, the anxiety to behold whether these things be so, comes from those of character, station and influence, while those who before had almost independence enough to investigate, have had their wandering faith renewed, and now swell the numbers to innumerable. The difficulty is to afford all who desire, an opportunity to become satisfied that Heaven and Earth are met in loving embrace, that their spheres are interblended and communication between the two is established.

At the risk of making this letter rather lengthy for your columns, always full of excellent food for the mind, I must tell you and your readers how this sudden and unexpected revolution in public sentiment came about, all unlooked-for as it was by the innocent actors in the little drama which has proved a signal revival. May it be more permanent in its effects than some revivals I wot of, and not so deleterious.

The Secretary of State for this State, Hon. Joseph B. Hall, is a thorough Spiritualist—one who on all proper occasions does not hesitate to avow and defend his and our beautiful faith. For this he has been traduced as of the crazy fanatical school—pointed at in the streets, with a sneer, as a Spiritualist. You can well understand the effect of this among those who consider that term an epithet, especially among politicians. To his credit be it said he considers it an honor, and is ever anxious to lend his aid in furtherance of the promulgation of the truths of modern Spiritualism.

To that end he a few weeks since invited Miss Sarah J. Lord, in whose presence various musical demonstrations are made by our invisible friends—to make a professional visit to this city under his patronage and care. He, while attending to the onerous duties of his office in these troublous times, arranges for Miss Lord's circles, and exercises general supervisory care as to details. Miss Lord has now been here nearly two weeks fulfilling this engagement—which I need hardly tell you has been eminently successful. Her sermons have been attended by the Governor; all the members of his Council save one, who has been out of town, the heads of Departments and gentlemen employed therein, as well as by many gentlemen and ladies of character and position in society. The difficulty now is, not to get persons to go and witness these strange phenomena by over-urging, but to make such arrangements as shall accommodate all who desire to go. You will perceive that no one now compromises his dignity or character in the least by attending. The dignitaries of State have considered it of grave importance enough to claim their attention. The rulers in Israel have led the way, and the multitude follow. Every circle that Miss Lord has held has been a perfect success, and, though conducted in the dark, no one has gone away with the suspicion that any collusion was practised, but, on the contrary, perfectly satisfied—if not who made the manifestations, at least who did not make them—and have so recorded themselves in a little book which Miss Lord keeps for the purpose of obtaining the autographs of those who attend her seances, together with such remarks as they may choose to make. And while in that little book—who can tell how valuable it may be some day?—you will find many non-committals as to what did it, all cheerfully exonerate the members of the circle from any participation in the production of the phenomena.

The public mind is now in such a receptive state that it is thought that a few good lectures will put our philosophy in good standing and repute with the citizens generally, and Mr. Secretary Hall is endeavoring to make arrangements with Miss Harding to visit us and give the people an opportunity to listen to her eloquence and logic, trusting that the one or the other will claim the earnest attention of the listener, and place our faith—as it should be—in the right light before the community.

With many wishes, dear BANNER, for your success and long life, I am, yours very truly, "SUTTERBRANKAN."

Augusta, Me., Dec. 15th, 1861.

Thoughts on Man.

DEAR BANNER—It is a magnificent morning. The stars have not yet closed their eyes, and the glorious sun is sleeping still in his nightly couch. No one is stirring in the house, but a sweet stillness reigns profound—fit hour for meditation and for thought. Perhaps angel friends are walking, too, in the ante-chambers of my heart, and whispering to the soul within words from the "bright beyond."

I am reviewing the past and anticipating the future. The sky above my head is clear and cloudless, while from out its star-bespangled dome methinks I hear the chorus sung—An anthem for the free. Unnumbered thousands lift their heads in speechless joy, and strain their eager eyes to see the goal they are yet to reach. Behind, the ocean of the past has swept its tidal flood of ages, heaping frenzy upon ruin, till the human heart is made a graveyard, wherein the hated memories of the past may sleep. Greece, and Rome, and Persia, slumber there. The Tiber, the Hellespont, and the Dardanelles, with their traditional legends, still linger on the historic page—a hateful relic of that which was. There slumber, too, their heroes. There the Alexanders, the Xerxes, and the Cæsars rest. There the ruins of Virtue and of Manhood lie. There lie, too, the altars, smoking still with the incense of profanity—a sad comment upon priestly rule. There decay the murdered sons of Europe. There the Inquisition stands, amid the powers that ruled the amphitheatres, the convents and monasteries. There blaze the fires of Smithfield. There deserted Spain, and Italy, and Portugal have left their history writ in tears, that bathed the very feet of France, and baptised o'er and o'er again the unwilling hills from the Pyrenees to the Zoyder-Zee, and from Zura to the main, which met with but one solitary response, to breathe life into their hearts again. I refer, of course, to Napoleon's blow upon the Inquisition, which amid his many faults shines gloriously beautiful still.

But dark as the history of the past may be, its miser pages yield us many truths that inspire the heart of manhood with diviner life, and quicken the unwilling pulse. The Alexanders did not live alone. The meridian glory of the Grecian sun was hardly dimmed. Her Socrates, and Plato, and Hippocrates were living still in the memory of those who knew their names, and had seen the blaze of their electric thoughts. Athens was lighted by the torch of Philosophy, while Babylon was the centre of prostitution, and Jerusalem the home of invading armies,

A Stephen and a Jesus lived to throw a light on Roman midnight, as the Huguenots on France. Revolutions have quickened nations into life, and roused their slumbering subjects. The past yields many a treasure, pure, divine, that teaches us of a greater worth in human nature than can be known without some potent power to give it birth. Man is more angel than devil, view him as we may. Here is a poem, on the world's past and present, which I wrote the other day; and as it contains some radical thoughts worthy, perhaps, of preservation, I will subjoin it:

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Time was when every earnest thought the truthful soul must bend, When priests the final umpires were that ruled the human mind— That time when thinking was a crime, and slaughter was a glory; Then human souls with thoughts sublime leaped from their scaffolds gory.

Time was when Europe's fertile fields were deluged deep with blood, When Carthage, Rome and Persia in their prostitution stood, When Babylon and Nineveh their deep damnation sought, And Virtue was on Grecian soil for mammon sold and bought.

Time was when Tiber's water, as it proudly rolled along, Told many stories stained with blood to wilds that heard its song; While on its banks the Roman slaves would weep their tears of pain, While priestly despots bought and sold their bodies but for gain.

Time was when to deceive and lie was Virtue's noblest part, When Nero or a Constantine might drain a nation's heart; When human hands were stained with blood, and hearts schooled to deceive, When "pious virtue" in the saint was meekly to believe.

Time was when pious hearts were taught in reverential trust To lead the cursed Crusades on, 'mid blood and tears and lust, When Torquemada was the Saint, and Dominic the Seer; The Inquisition never failed to inspire "Godly fear."

Time was when Smithfield's fires blazed, kindled by priestly hands, When thirteen thousand bodies burned 'neath despots' base commands, When widows wept in wild despair, and orphans were unfeared, And loathsome worms were feeding on the ashes of the dead.

Time was when Hushins and Jerome by pious hands were slain, And Servetus in his dungeon groaned beneath his heavy chain, While the windows of Geneva were brightly lighted up, And pious eyes saw noble souls deep draining sorrow's cup.

Time was when honest Quakers, firm, were left unfeared to die, Or crowded in the dungeons, or hung on scaffolds high; A shameful stain on Britain's page their persecutions were, Deep written on thpt nation's heart in tears and wild despair.

Time was when Salem's blood-stained plains the brutal scaffold bore, Where honest women found their doom—Hate could do nothing more, The fabled witches were excused for pious hearts to tell, The victim's fearful, bloody death—then pray their souls to hell!

And time is now that Slavery's curse pollutes our boasted land, And thousand souls stand ready to bow at priest's command; But promise the present gives that make the future fair, When Virtue, Love, and Goodness shall be prized for what they are.

And such is, and has been, life. But what of the future? If we can trust the prophetic spirit of to-day, genius will soon roll away the scroll that hides the future from our view, and the history of the years to come will be familiar as the years gone by. As astronomers can predict the flight of a comet a hundred years to come, or note the hour of an eclipse, so mental philosophers, when familiar with the laws of mind, will read the revolutions in the world of mind and spirit, long ere the events shall come! Hope throws a glory o'er its changes, and glids them with a sunshine! Will we all live then? And gazing, five thousand years to come, from the threshold of the spirit-land, how inexpressibly glorious our world will be!

Yours for the unfolding of a glorious future, SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

Hudson, Mich., Dec. 20, 1861.

Letter from Laura DeForce.

DEAR BANNER—Since my sudden exit from "way down East," I have thought to inform your many readers of my whereabouts and doings; but so frequent have been the changes in my habitation for the past few weeks, no time has been found for calm reflection. My sojourn with the warm-hearted friends at Portland, was suddenly brought to a close by a call to attend the bedside of a dying sister, in the West. After a rapid, yet long journey, of several days over the picturesque land of New England, New York and New Jersey, winding around and over the dark-browed Alleghanies, I at length rested in the valley of the Wabash, with kind friends at Vincennes. My sister being convalescent, I continued my journey to the Gateway City of the Northwest.

Stopping a brief period in St. Louis, I found every thing much changed since it has become the headquarters of the Western war department. Those, who a few months ago stood first in the ranks of spiritual unfoldment and practical reform, occupy the same position in the ranks of a brave army, seeking to suppress a rebellion as unholly as unprovoked. Notwithstanding the public mind is wholly engrossed with war, and those of our beautiful faith who formerly waged a war of ideas against error, are now waging war with minie rifles and swords against those whom they acknowledge as brothers (except in principle) yet Spiritualism is not dead, but lives in their hearts, strengthening and sustaining their weary spirits amid all the trying scenes and experiences of a soldier's life.

A ride of five or six hundred miles brings me once more to the home circle and a reunion with loved

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and fabled five worlds long. That on the stretched forehead of all time sparkle forever.

OUR SKATING SHOW.

On long, long nights of winter, Upon our inland seas, Our flashing skate steel rivals The swiftness of the breeze; Once more our course we venture On the rapid gliding beel. And proudly sweep, o'er the icy deep, With many a curve and wheel. Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing, Hurrah for the steel shod beel! Clearly ringing steel!

It too often happens that being above the reach of want just places us within the reach of avarice.

IF I DIE FIRST.

If I die first, dear love, My mournful soul made free, Shall sit in Heaven's high portal, To wait and watch for thee— To wait and watch for thee, love, And through the deep, dark space To peer, with human longings, For thy beloved face.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtues that would entitle him to it.

THE MAIDEN.

Maiden, with the meek brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies Like the dust in evening skies! Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet! Womanhood and childhood meet.

It is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an indiscreet friend.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25, 1861.

QUESTION.—Insanity.

DR. CHILDS.—Insanity is the recognition of actual existences that are not tangible to physical senses. Insanity sees invisible things, but cannot tell in words what they are, for the language of words freezes the flow. This perception of invisible things distracts the mind from visible things, and we say, by the aid of sensuous philosophy, with propriety, the mind wanders; is distracted; is insane. Insanity is involuntary—so is sanity. Humanity controls neither. Insanity covers a larger area than sanity does. Sanity is but a fragment of what we call insanity. Insanity is lawful; it is one of the weapons that breaks and mares this beautiful world of ours, and this physical being of ours. Insanity is a wandering of the mind and thoughts from temporal things; never from spiritual things. The insane man is more absorbed in the spiritual world and the sane man more in the temporal world. The man we call insane is to all appearances more earnest in his occupations of life than the man we call sane. What he sees appears more real to him than what a man called sane sees, appears real to him. Insanity sees spiritual things, and sanity only material things. Sensuous observation cannot comprehend the spiritual perceptions of the insane man, so he calls them evidences of insanity, and thinks insanity is an evil. It is a compliment to a man's spiritual nature to call him insane. All the world is insane, and the sanest man that dwells therein is the most so. Every discoverer of a great and useful thing has held what will sometime be esteemed the flattering reputation of being insane. Hervey, Jenner, Copernicus, Fulton, Hare, and many others have been called insane for their promulgation of new and useful truths. Where is there a Spiritualist, an earnest, devoted Spiritualist, that has not been called more or less insane? What is a trance or an ecstacy, according to the standard works of medical men, but well defined insanity? According to the teachings of science, an enthusiastic believer in Spiritualism may well be called insane. A new convert in the church may be justly called insane; a believer in the second coming of Christ, physically, may be called insane; a heated abolitionist may be called insane; politicians blow the bubbles of insanity, and so do warriors; drunken men are always crazy. Robbers and fraudulent men are blind to the ruin to which their footsteps are fast leading them, and are not unjustly denominated insane. The suicide is always literally insane, and the homicide is no less insane. The manly, whether he slays on the battle field, or in the senate; in his private home, or on the public street; in "hot blood" or in "cold blood," is always insane when he slays his fellow man. The courtesan is an insane woman. Hell yawns, and she goes in quick, and is lost to the gaze of earthly eyes. Were that young

woman ever in the exercise of a well balanced intelligence, directed earthward along, she would never dash so summarily into the veriest hell the earth knows—the courtesan's life; but it is only her animal body and her animal life that suffers thus and goes to wreck; it is insanity that makes this wreck. Her soul is wandering at its own sweet pleasure in a better world. All the avenues of prostitution are avenues of insanity, and no human being goes in them voluntarily. There is an insanity that affects all men and all women in the form of attraction and repulsion, that exists between the sexes. Men and women do what sanity would not allow; they love along side by side, and go over the bounds of sanity, driven by the power of destiny. A man, or a woman, who is largely in love, is as truly insane as any lunatic ever was. How many regrets and sighs follow in the wake of the involuntary love that exists between men and women! Vehement hatred is even more dangerous insanity. How crazy a woman will act towards another woman when she hates her very much. How unreasonable people are in the exercise of their hatred. She who loves strongly, hates strongly. She who loves insanely can hate insanely. All men, and women too, love and hate, and that too, insanely. Theft is always evidence of insanity. A man steals to materially benefit himself thereby—but every well balanced reasoner knows that a man was never, as to this world's prosperity, benefited by stealing—so the thief seeks to find a reality in that which is a phantom—he is insane. All men, virtually, steal a little—more or less; so all men, in this direction, bear some evidences of insanity. All crime bears evidence of insanity the same as theft does, and it will not be hard to find traces of insanity in most if not all of the actions of humanity. Look at the great breath of human intelligence all over the earth, and behold, how full of vagaries, whims, freaks, delusions, fancies, uncertainties, it is! All these are present tints of insanity. Now what is this that we call sanity? When the full soul looks through the material body, alone, to the material world, drawn there by its natural love of earth and earthly things, this is called insanity. What is insanity? When the soul by its natural love is distracted from the material world, as it must be, sooner or later, and wanders in the beautiful world of spirit away from the physical body, regardless of it, careless and reckless with transitory things—this is called insanity. Jacob Enson.—Sanity is that condition of soul which permits the most natural and perfect expression of life. It supposes a pure spirit properly conditioned in a sound body and well-balanced mind. There is but one absolutely sane; all other minds are but approximations to it. Sanity, viewed from this standpoint, is a thing of degrees in the process of unfoldment. It is an attained attainment of the affections and functions of the soul that are in harmony with the principles of life, which the soul is striving to express. The perfectly sane soul has passed the spheres of discord, contention and strife and lives in the spheres of charity in the exercise of faith and hope—in the possession of love. The sane man cannot go to war with himself or others; his spiritual perceptions prevent it. Mr. WETHERS.—If there is one fact more significant than another that the world is progressing in wisdom, it is the attention that is being paid to the evils of life: whether crime is now treated with the wisdom that might obtain. And prominent among these evils is insanity—and it is a question of a great and growing interest, particularly among us who, as a nation, are predisposed to it. The very qualities which make our greatness and our peculiarities, are the cause. Our nerves are sensitive; we are all nervous energy, and the advent and impetus of modern Spiritualism among us, may be owing to the easy flow of spirit communion through the sensitive ends of our nerves. There have been some attempts to-night at definitions. Dr. Childs's are rich, but unworkable. Bro. Edson's is good, but too indefinite. I will give mine—it may come no nearer the mark. It means, I should say, an unbalanced mind, and the idea suggests itself at once, if crime or the tendency or bias to sin is not an unbalanced mind, and whether insanity does not cover a wider ground than is generally supposed, and whether, as we extend circles after circles, we should not be obliged to take in many of those who pass for sane, some in this room even; and whether all are not more or less in a partial eclipse, though not a total. I am one who upon reflection believes that sanity is as scarce as perfection in this world. I doubt if it exists, strictly speaking. Poesy, genius and madness are said to be near akin; what a thought that suggests! Almost all who leave the practicalities of life, (which means getting wealth, or trying to,) and aim to elevate man, all reformers, all philanthropists, all fastigals, all one idea men, so-called, are called by the wooden souls of which the world is full, insane. Who can draw the line of separation? The boundary must be a disputed territory. State street would say every man who let a good chance of accumulating wealth voluntarily slip by, was insane. The man who in the delight of discovering a new star or a new law, would say the money-seeker was crazy, because his soul was not open to the raptures of a naturalist. Some of the wisest and brightest things that have been uttered, have come from the acknowledged insane. My ideas are thrown out at random. I did not expect to enlighten you, but I am impressed with the idea that there is a broader meaning to insanity than is usually given; and conferring on this important subject, the idea will develop itself—at least I trust so. Dr. BOWKER.—We have had here tonight some rather novel and refreshing definitions of insanity. My view of the case is, that insanity is always a diseased action or condition of the body, the mind never being affected, the derangement being simply in the organs or manifestations of the mind. In all cases it either arises from, or produces a derangement in the nervous system. There are a variety of causes that may produce insanity, or derange the nervous system. It may be an organic defect, or weakness in the nervous structure itself, or it may be caused by too constant application to one thing—Study, grief, anxiety, ambition, the use of narcotics, rum, high living, fevers, love, religious excitement, fright, anger, pain, and a variety of other causes, may conspire to derange the nervous system, and thereby cause either partial or complete insanity. Partial insanity is when some one faculty or organ is lost to the control of reason; the person then becomes mad, violent, extreme and irrational on one thing, but perfectly sane and well-balanced on all other subjects. But few persons are exempt from this kind of insanity. Total insanity is where all the faculties are lost to the control of the reason. The faculties are all alive and active, but acting out of harmony, like a meeting without a chairman. Reason is to the faculties what a chairman is to a meeting—simply a regulator; and when any faculty, or the whole, becomes lost to the control of reason, then the person is partially or wholly insane. A momentary insanity may be caused by the use of oxydogen gas, ether, drugs, &c. Any extreme or unreasonable act may in one sense be called an insane act. Yet I must say in conclusion that some of the greatest achievements made by man have been made by men in the extreme violent and insane use of some one faculty to the destruction or misuse of all others. Poets, inventors, statesmen, heroes, novelists, &c., are more or less men of this stamp; so then we see that insanity is not without its good uses, however much the evil may predominate. Dr. GARDNER.—I suppose that some would call psychometrical delineations, insanity, and clairvoyance too. The standard of insanity, as set up by men, varies as men vary in opinions. I believe that any departure from a healthy, well-balanced mind, is insanity. And I declare that every man and woman that lives on the earth, exists in some degree of insanity. I am not free from some species of insanity, neither is

any person living. It is a noticeable fact that insane persons have spiritual perceptions that sane persons do not perceive. Intoxicating agents produce species of insanity. Mania a potu is called by scientific men, one kind of insanity. This is produced by the excessive use of ardent spirits. I believe that the use of narcotic stimulants make medicinally developments. I believe that the sights seen by maniacs, are, to themselves, real, in a spiritual sense. I cannot conceive of seeing imaginary things, but must conclude that everything seen by a man's spiritual perception is real in a spiritual sense. Mr. CHANEY.—I cannot agree with the idea that mania a potu is a Spiritual manifestation. Insanity and Spiritual manifestations are separate and distinct. Insanity is an unequal distribution of the motor power that moves the human system—that propels the machinery of our animal life. If we assume that there is no mind independent of the human brain, we must conclude that anything that deranges this seat of the mind, must produce derangement in its manifestations, and produce insanity. So it, the cause of insanity, lies in that which affects our physical, not in that which affects our spiritual being. So we conclude that Spiritual manifestations are one thing, and insanity is another thing.

THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, AT DODWORTH HALL, Sunday Evening, December 22, 1861.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The subject upon which we propose to lecture this evening is Great Britain, her past and present policy toward this country. We will preface our remarks by saying that there are two things we must request of you. One is, Silence, as we cannot speak very loud; the other is Justice. Our purpose is not to flatter, but to speak truth, and we do not profess to be responsible for any consequences, but simply to present facts, from which you shall draw only reasonable deductions, leaving consequences to you. It will be remembered by those who listened to our former remarks on the subject of Slavery, that we stated it was not so much the humanity of Great Britain, as her policy, which caused her to abolish slavery in her dominions, and to establish the system of Anti-Slavery doctrines which she has ever since advocated. If there are any doubts as to the real character of her philanthropy in this direction, we can refer to a few well-known facts. We have but to witness the operations of Great Britain for the last fifty years in the East Indies, and her present course of oppression toward the people there; and also her importation of Coolies from China, under the pretence of remunerating them for their labor, into colonies which are unhealthy, because unsuited to them in climate, and insuring their speedy death. We have but to look at her oppressions under the name of philanthropy and civilization, but without real cause or motive, other than her own aggrandizement. Also, her gain of the Indian Provinces from their native rulers, where she has suppressed the laws, made the religion a source of revenue, taxing the local worship. If the African race is subjected to any kind of slavery more abject, or to any tyranny more venacious than this, we should like to know it; and these races, be it remembered, are not black—they are allowed to have some show of whiteness in their complexion. The remuneration which Great Britain offers to the Coolies, is simply nominal; its amount for a month would not satisfy a common white laborer for an hour's exertion. The climate is unsuited to their health, and many are driven by despondency to suicide.

When, therefore, Great Britain denounces the African slave trade, as exposing human beings to all kinds of atrocities, we admit it; but we refer, in return, to the fraudulent inducements which she holds out to men of another race, to become the scapegoats of her philanthropy. So much for that point. We believe it has never been in the history of Great Britain, that she has favored the cause of civilization or freedom, except when prompted by self-interest. The weak have always been the subjects of her oppressive power; the strong, of her adulation and flattery. In reference to her domestic policy; England is one vast factory, manufacturing every article needed by the human family, and producing, for the millions of her own population, nothing to eat. Her prime necessities, consequently, are, I. Markets for her manufactures. II. Bread-stuffs for her people.

To secure these, is her great end, which she has never lost sight of for an instant, nor hesitated at any risks or sacrifices to compass. In proof of this, we refer to the invasions of India, of China, and of Japan; all of which, undertaken nominally in the interests of civilization, had really but one purpose—the enslavement of the people; and were accompanied with all the cruelties and atrocities of an enlightened and Christian nation. You know the immense exertions which England put forth in order to suppress the mutiny in India, and to open trade with China. You are aware of the great expense of her foreign wars, undertaken for the great purposes of selling her wares and feeding her people. She has left no means untried to force her manufactures on other nations. You are pretty well acquainted with the history of her relation with this country. It is one of ultimate friendly and warlike feeling; and of this we will explain the cause. Previous to the recent troubles, Great Britain had the monopoly of trade with this country, and its thirty millions of white and black inhabitants. The amount of exchange had reached annually from two hundred to six hundred millions of dollars; of which the Americans paid their share in cotton, rice, tobacco, grain, and a large proportion of the precious metals, by which we were placed most weakly and unprofitably in debt to the Mother-country. It must be remarked, that England has never been able to force her free-trade principles upon the European nations. Germany has her tariffs, forbidding the entrance of British fabrics; and France, under Napoleon 1st, was compelled to manufacture largely for herself. Hence England had her principal resource in this country, which, until one year ago, has been the chief market for all her wares. Therefore, it is not surprising that for a long time she smiled on us with great complaisance, and silenced the growlings of her wounded vanity at our rapid growth, and our somewhat arrogant demeanor. But of late, a change has come over the spirit of her dream. She has witnessed in America a great advance toward maritime and commercial equality.

In the Northern States, manufactures of all kinds have grown up, and are competing with her own. Nevertheless, while she had twelve millions of pure customers, white and black, in the Southern States, she was well satisfied with her advantages. But within the last year, in consequence of a high tariff, her importations have been comparatively small in amount; while she sees the Northern States, but even supplying their own home demands, but even sending to Europe many descriptions of wares of which she had formerly the monopoly. Railroad materials and railroad operatives, for instance, have been sent from the United States into Russia. It is not strange that England did not understand this. Still, she experiences the same necessities—her people must have cotton, tobacco, rice, &c.; and her present policy therefore, is not very difficult to determine, when taken in connection with her history in the past. It is her direct, and only policy, under the circumstances, to avail herself of any excuse, however frivolous, to quarrel with the United States, break our blockade and recognize the Southern Confederacy, receiving the products she wants so much, and giving in return what our enemies are dying for. It rests with the American Government to do

what it can do, but this does not change Great Britain's policy, or lessen her power to enforce it. But we are told that after her former experience, Great Britain will not have the courage to fight Brother Jonathan; that she has too much at stake to venture on another war, from which she would probably emerge in a worse condition than after previous contests. Were the United States now united, she would not, it is true, dare to make war upon them. But it must be remembered that our Government has now something besides Great Britain to attend to; and America might not be able to stand against a foreign foe, in addition to her domestic troubles. The reasons alleged for Great Britain's desire for peace may be thus enumerated: I. She must have our bread-stuffs. II. The amount of stocks held by her subjects here. III. The danger of her losing Canada. IV. The terrors of privatizing. V. The position of France. To take first the case of Canada. Containing a population of three and a half millions, and an extent of territory which is unmeasured, because stretching so far toward the North Pole, a poor country with a sterile soil, Canada would be no loss to England, and no advantage to the United States. Secondly, as to our stocks held in England. The idea of their being an obstacle to war, is based upon an exaggerated estimate of their value. They are represented as amounting to nine hundred millions of dollars, while under the most favorable circumstances, they would not realize two hundred millions, and are too small a consideration to have any influence on the action of Government. As to our privateers, they are certainly a very great objection; but it must be remembered that Great Britain could play at that game too, and that the Paris Conference pronounced the practice abolished; the adherence to this agreement of the American Government being given so late to be accepted. Our bread-stuffs undoubtedly form the most important item in this account; but it is quite a mistake that England relies entirely upon us for her supplies. Southern Russia, the provinces around the Baltic Sea, Poland, Transylvania, and other extensive districts of Europe, are so many immense wheat fields, as are also many regions bordering on the Mediterranean. In trading with these, England would possess the advantage of not having to pay for their products in hard cash, as she has now to do with us, to her great dissatisfaction. The last objection, that relating to the French, may be met by the fact, that their present ruler has been in this country, and has no doubt profited by the example of that famous Mr. Smith, who was said by President Jackson to have made a fortune by the simple process of attending to his own business. In any event, it is not well to lay the flattering unction to our souls that Great Britain desires peace, so long as she has any interest in war—that she entertains so high a regard for our institutions as to sacrifice for their sakes the markets she has so long monopolized. The state of affairs in this country is changed, and, in consequence, her trade is stopped with that portion of it which had always taken her wares. We have every confidence in the American Government and people; their wisdom, integrity, and independence are not to be doubted; but we do not trust in the professions of Great Britain when her policy lies in another direction. Whatever she may say, her acts will be in accordance with her interests and necessities. She has never recognized freedom or civilization any further than suited these. France is hated, because she encourages home manufactures. From war, England has everything to gain and nothing to lose. She has a large navy, which only wants exercise, having now laid idle for a considerable period. England, also, has plenty of soldiers, which, however, would not be required for an expedition to American shores. Our true policy in connection with this matter, is to afford the British Government no excuse for war; and thus entirely upset her programme of proceedings against us. It is not our province to instruct you or your government, but simply to state facts in reference to British power. Her manufactures being her chief dependence, if they cannot be sold for what she requires, her policy must be changed; and by force, if not by diplomacy, these commercial objects must be gained; and it is proper, in reading the history of Great Britain, to understand that this is the key to her policy. With all her outcry on the topics of Slavery, Civilization, Advancement, Liberty—remember the policy of Great Britain is to be liberal only within her own sphere—witness the sufferings of vast numbers of poor people within her dominions which do not come to your knowledge, in consequence of the precautions of the Government, yet they are held in a physical bondage more oppressive than the restraints imposed on the African laborer in the South. Her poor-houses are filled to overflowing, and their inmates are greatly increased to-day from the suppression of means of providing remunerative labor. To obviate these difficulties, England must have cotton for her manufactures; she must suppress the naval power of the United States, at any and every sacrifice, break up the American blockade and avail herself of whatever kind of labor offers to supply her needs. Great Britain cares nothing who produces the raw material she requires. Think you it is with her a matter of secondary importance whether it is raised by the Chinese Coolie forced to work for a nominal compensation, or under the system of American slavery? Would her benevolence be gratified by setting free the inferior race, and substituting the nations she has virtually enslaved? Not at all. We have stated to you historical facts; and the final and conclusive fact is, that there is no evading the issue. Unless the United States are willing to retrace their steps, to back down—there will surely be war. If, on the other hand, the United States are willing to give way, there will be no war; but no confidence is to be placed in British expressions of a desire to maintain peace, except under conditions so onerous that Jonathan would rather fight the Revolutionary battles over again than submit to them. If this point be yielded, perhaps the next requirement would be "Now, please to recognize the Southern Confederacy" and, if we obeyed, perhaps war might be again avoided. You may be sure that the present, premonitory symptoms in England are not without danger, and you may also be sure that, in connection with the expedition of European powers to Mexico, there is more meant than is apparent on the surface. One would suppose that for the ostensible purpose the resources of a single power would be sufficient, even were that power Spain; but the three powers understand their intention, and that is, to establish a direct side issue with the United States, and thus form a stepping stone to the attainment of objects which they well know, could not be compassed during a time of peace on this continent. So vast a naval expedition would not have crossed the ocean merely to suppress disorders in Mexico, whose order has never been known. England, for several years, has defied all Europe; certainly she is not less prepared for hostilities to-day—she has no other country on hand; and what better pasture, what better source of revenue, what better achievement, could she desire, than an attempt on the United States? The North and she have nothing which they require of each other. The ships of the Yankees swarm on every sea, and to out of their competition in the carrying trade would be of great advantage. At the same time, could she break the blockade, a monopoly of trade with twelve millions, would be better than no trade at all with thirty millions; and to conduct that trade without paying the tariff and charges of Northern cities on the way, would be a great advantage. But America understands her position too well to fall in this crisis. She understands, too, what is due to humanity, and may yield—but only to gain greater advantage in the future. It is better, sometimes, to do so. The proud type and symbol of your nationality may fold its wings and bow its crest for a while, but it must conquer in the end. But there is such a thing as retributive justice for nations, and no people

are so well capable of illustrating that fact as the American. For long years this nation, in its infancy, submitted to British tyranny. At last, rebellion brought retribution home to the mother country. For another period, still, Great Britain, proudest of the weakness of a growing nation, perpetrated wrongs which at last we could not endure. For many years success has crowned this country, in all her contests with her people in intelligence and enterprise are the wonder and the model of all the world; her government the hope of the oppressed everywhere, and her praises are upon the tongues of the patriots of every clime. To-day, she is somewhat humbled and declined, but only for a time; and so sure as England takes advantage of this momentary weakness—so sure as our Eagle sinks to dust—we venture to predict that the future will bring yet another retribution, perhaps the most severe of all. Therefore, let American statesmen and people remember this warning—be not too brave, nor hazard overmuch; but always bear in mind what justice and equity require. You are thirty millions of intelligent and cultivated minds—proud and independent—unaccustomed to restraint, free to think, act and speak for yourselves. It is not to be supposed that any nation, can effectually subdue your spirit. It only rests with your government to watch and wait; suppress the rebellion; prevent England, by diplomacy, from breaking the blockade—and when the day of reckoning comes, give Great Britain what she shall deserve. We have compressed our remarks into as brief a space as possible. We trust them to your common sense, knowing what we have stated to be true in fact, and that our deductions are in accordance with reason. We leave consequences to the future—to reason and humanity, and to that Power from which even the strongest nation, most boastful of its virtues, cannot hide its faults. Remember that the spirit of Civilization and Enlightenment is now abroad—that development and progression are the watchwords of every country—that France and Italy—that all Europe stand on the very threshold of Liberty's temple, and that even Great Britain with all her power, cannot remain behind and set them at defiance. Remember, too, that that spirit which regulates the career of nations and keeps the record of crimes concealed from the world, and of corruption which works unseen, will finally unveil what is wrong, purify and set it right again, and leave Advancement and Progress to pursue, unimpeded, their triumphant march. Spiritism in West Gloucester, Mass. DEAR BANNER.—On Sunday, the first day of December, the citizens of West Gloucester and vicinity had the pleasure of listening to a discourse delivered by Wm. E. Channing, through the organ of Mrs. Abba H. Lowe, of Essex. The lecture was an excellent one throughout. Delivered in a close, strong, and forcible manner, it held the audience spell-bound from first to last. He first spoke of the law of progression, that "however otherwise it might appear to any, God had stamped this great law upon every human being, and that all may attain to purity and perfection." He next spoke of the law of love, of "doing unto others as you would have them do unto you;" that this principle was more potent than all others to subdue rebellion in any form, either in nations or individuals. He discoursed at some length on the sad condition of our country, of the dark plague spot of slavery, which has brought all these evils upon us. He appealed to all old and young, male and female, to "stand firm for freedom and truth, to make concession to it, no compromise with it. He said that no Government that tolerated human bondage in any form could be secure." The speaker felt sure, however, that "the war now raging in our midst would toll the death knell of slavery; that its power was daily becoming weaker, and it would finally be swept away." God grant it. The whole discourse (of which the above is a mere outline) was delivered in an earnest and feeling manner. The medium, Mrs. Lowe, would not compare unfavorably with some of our best trance-speakers. Her utterances are, for the most part, clear, loud and distinct. She has spoken several times in this community, and the truths of our philosophy are spreading far and wide. That old cry, "It's the devil," having lost its power to convince, men seem willing to "prove all things and hold fast, that which is good." Yours for human brotherhood, EDWARD N. ANDREWS. Essex, Mass., Dec. 4, 1861. THE BANNER OF LIGHT, The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World, IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability. We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere. CONTRIBUTORS. PROFESSOR S. B. BRISTOL, of New York City. Hon. WARREN CHASE, of Baltic Creek, Mich. HUDSON TUTTLE, Esq., of Walnut Grove, Ohio. GEORGE B. STRAUS, Esq., of West Acton, Mass. A. B. CHILD, M. D., of Boston. PROF. PATTON SHERMAN, M. D., New York City. MISS EMMA HARRISON, of Boston. MISS CORA WELBURN, of Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. A. M. STURGEON, of New York City. MRS. EMMA TUTTLE, of Walnut Grove, Ohio. And many other writers of note. IT PUBLISHES Original Novelles from the best pens in the country. Original Essays upon philosophical, religious and scientific subjects. Occasional Reports of Lectures of eminent Trance-speakers. Reports of Spiritual Lectures from trance and normal speakers. Spirit Messages, given through Mrs. J. H. Conant, from educated and uneducated spirits, proving their identity to their relatives and friends. Choice and Original Poetry, Miscellany, Wit, &c. All of which features render it a popular family paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious scientific religion. THE BANNER OF LIGHT, Is a large and handsome sheet of eight pages, furnished at two dollars a year, or one dollar for six months, payable in advance. Specimen copies sent free. All communications and remittances must be addressed to "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISSUED BY B. RICE, Publisher for Proprietors. WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER: JOHN J. DYER & Co., 88 School street, Boston. A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington st., New York. FARMER & Co., 9 Court st., New York. BOSS & TOWN, 121 Nassau street, New York City. JOHN E. WALAN, Madison street, Chicago, Ill.