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LITTLE ARNOLD; OR, THE BOUND GIRL.

BY NINA CLAYTON.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a bright, pleasant afternoon, and the school-room is filled with the music of merry voices. The teacher has not yet made her appearance, and the children are standing in groups, awaiting the signal that will call them to their studies.

At a desk near a window sits Lettie, endeavoring to work out a problem for Cora Lane and Laura Grant, who have besought her ready brain and quick eye to assist them.

Near them stand a number of girls engaged in earnest conversation, and by their loud tones they evidently intend that Lettie and her two friends shall hear them.

"Well, Ruth, your mother's rag-bag has come to school again, to-day, has it?" said Ellen Day, the daughter of the minister.

"Yes, her highness will come," replied Ruth, in the same tone, "although she knows her room is preferred to her company."

"Mother says she shall take me out of school, if all the paupers in creation are allowed to come," exclaimed Maria Small.

"I do believe the girl has stole my new lead pencil," cried Rachel Lamb, a rude hoyden, as she sprang forward, and caught one from the orphan's desk.

"For shame, girls," exclaimed Cora Lane, "Rachel, you may just put that back where you found it, or we shall have to look far for the thief."

"I gave that pencil to Lettie myself, and had her name marked on it," said Laura Grant, "so you will see if you will take the trouble to examine it."

"What a beautiful trio of friends you are," said Rachel, mockingly, as she placed the object of dispute back again upon the desk.

"Oh, birds of a feather flock together," shouted the rude set.

"Lettie, you must not know anything, when you come here to school, if you want to keep these young ladies your friends," said a tall girl, one of the oldest in school, who had not before spoken. "It is dreadful humbling to their pride to have Miss Allen call a pauper one of her best scholars, especially when she is a good deal younger than they are."

The girls tossed their heads in disdain, while Ellen Day muttered, "I do think Margaret Cooper is a regular freemason."

"Come, Cora and Laura, come away," said Eliza Green, "I would not stay with such a mean girl. Why, she do not even know who her father is, and her mother, a low, vulgar creature, was nothing but a street-walker."

"She was so refined, that she made her bed in the gutter, and a fine appearance she presented when Mrs. Blunt found her," continued Maria Small.

During all this conversation, Lettie's cheek flushed and paled by turns, but she resolutely choked back the words that sprang to her lips, until Eliza spoke. Then the change was fearful to behold. Her whole frame shook and quivered like an aspen leaf, and her words were soathing and outting as the wintry blast, while sparks of fire flashed from her passion-lit eyes.

"Lettie!" the voice came calm and still over the troubled waves of her soul, and turning, she saw Miss Allen in the room. Her eyes met hers with sorrow in their glance, and the revelation of feeling caused the child to sink into her seat, while the others quickly dispersed.

"Girls!" said the teacher, in a stern voice, "let me never find you actors in such a scene as this, again!"

Lettie did not recite that afternoon, and Miss Allen took no notice of her.

"Oh, dear, sighed the poor girl to herself, "I wish I was dead. I have nothing but trouble, trouble, from morning until night."

Now the teacher won't love me any more; she saw how angry I got, and she will believe now what Mrs. Bell said about my being a dreadful wicked girl. I might as well give up ever trying to be anybody, if I've got to have my poor-house life flung in my face, always," and she laid her head upon the desk and groaned in agony of spirit.

As Miss Allen dismissed the school, she requested Lettie to remain. The girls exchanged triumphant glances, while Maria Small said, loud enough to be heard by the orphan:

"I guess Miss Allen will make the pauper a little more humble."

In a short time, silence brooded over the scene. The child glanced toward the teacher, she was busy at her desk. She looked in the direction of the door it stood invitingly open. A sudden impulse seized her, and snatching her bonnet from the nail, she darted into the yard. She heard herself called, but on she sped. In front of the house was a clump of trees, and there she flung herself breathless upon the ground. She brushed the curls from her face, and pressed her hands to her throbbing brow.

"What am I doing?" she thought. "Am I, after doing wrong, cowardly running from punishment?"

I love Miss Allen dearly, and here I am, disobeying her commands. But then she need not have made me stay after school, just because I resented being trampled into the dust," she continued, her anger rising again. "She scarcely said a word to those provoking girls. I'll go home and tell the deacon I do not want to go to school any more!"

The sunshine fell upon her bowed head, with its smile of love, and the gentle zephyrs fanned her heated brow. A conflict was raging within her breast between pride and love, anger and sorrow. Gradually she grew calmer, and rising, approached the school-room with a quick step.

Miss Allen still sat at her desk, but her head was buried in her hands. This melted the child at once. Her resentment vanished, and the next instant she knelt by the teacher's side.

"Forgive me, Miss Allen," she cried, "I have been very naughty to-day, but I am sorry now," and she raised her tearful eyes to her teacher's face.

The teacher looked gravely down upon her: "Rise, Lettie," she said, in a gentle tone. "What made you run away when I told you to stop?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Because I was angry and wretched, and I went without a moment's thought."

"Is that all the reason? Did you disobey me for that alone, or were there other causes?"

The child colored a moment, and then replied: "The child colored a moment, and then replied: 'I was provoked with you that you told me to stay, and,' she hesitated an instant, 'and I dreaded to meet you.'"

"Am I then so very terrible, little one?" laughed Miss Allen. "But did not this fear arise from a knowledge that you had done wrong? If you had not felt guilty, you would not have been afraid of me."

The girl dried her tears, and then said: "I think pride had something to do with it. I thought, after the exhibition of anger you witnessed this afternoon, that you would not love me any more, and I hated to have you tell me so to-night. The girls' words filled me with rage."

The teacher's face grew serious, as she spoke: "I cannot tell how much I was grieved and astonished, when I heard your voice quivering with passion this afternoon," she said, as she smoothed Lettie's curls from her brow.

"But if you had only heard how they talked about my dear mother, I don't think you would have wondered much," and her cheek flushed at the remembrance.

"And because they did wrong, were you justified in doing so also? Do you think they hold your mother in higher estimation, because of your passionate outbreak? I heard all that was said, and I hoped you would give me no occasion to interfere; but I was disappointed," and her sad look melted her pupil.

"Oh, I see now," sobbed the child, "I put myself on a level with those girls, the minute I got angry, and instead of doing them any good by resenting what they said, I hurt my own soul by my passion; and then I ran away and disobeyed you, and though I heard you call, I would not come back. Punish me, for I deserve it; but if I do better in the future, will you not love me again?" and she looked pleadingly up.

"Nay, I shall not punish you," was the reply, "for I think you are being punished enough, already. You have frankly acknowledged your fault, and I hope that it will prove a lesson to you in the future. You have perfect faith in your mother's purity and goodness, and you must not mind what the rude throng say; but think of her as so far above them, that their taunts and jeers cannot reach her."

"Oh, I love you very much," cried the child. "No one has ever spoken to me so kindly, since Mrs. Blunt died. If I could only stay with you always, I never should get so angry, but be good all the time."

"But my dear child, yours would be but a passive goodness, then. You would have no triumph in overcoming obstacles; you would not grow strong in striving for victory. You say you love me. Now, Lettie, prove that love, by battling with your temper. You are very passionate. Strive earnestly to control your own soul, and you will win the respect of those around you, and the Angel Peace will dwell in your heart. Then, though the whole world may turn against you, you will be sustained by heaven. Will you promise to try, darling?" And she pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh I will, I will," answered the child. I will pray daily and hourly for strength, and I know I shall succeed; but I get so weary," and she sighed.

Then the storm-clouds over Lettie's head seemed rifted, and the sunlight streamed in.

"And you forgive me?" she whispered, "and will love me still?"

"Yes, darling; there are none of us without temptations, and when we yield, it is not always that we return as you did, when we find we are in the wrong path."

And with a good-night they separated.

The four months of school hours flew all too quickly to the sorrowing orphan. It seemed as if she had scarcely got them in her grasp, when they faded from her view.

"Remember, darling, strive to be good and true; be patient and submissive; battle ever for the right, and the sun will yet shine in all its noonday splendor upon you."

These were the farewell words of Miss Allen, as she stepped into a carriage and was borne swiftly away from the child's sight. To her desolate heart the words seemed like a mockery, and away she fled to the dell, her refuge in distress, and throwing herself upon the bank, she gave way to bitter tears.

"Oh, God!" she muttered, "take me home! My burden is greater than I can bear!"

In vain she strove to pierce the future. The avenues of life stretched dreary and dark before her gaze. Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie, by a derisive laugh, and turning, she beheld Ruth on the bank above her.

"Ah, ah! love-stricken pauper," laughed the girl, "do not, pray, cry into that brook any more, or we shall certainly have a deluge! Why, I do believe the water has risen since you sat down there. You are dreadful sorry school is done, ain't you? 'Cause, now, you can't lane around, as you could before. Do you begin to think Miss Allen is about as immaculate as that saint of a mother of yours?"

Lettie started toward her with both hands clenched, when a thought struck her.

"Am I sorrowing for Miss Allen's departure, and yet about to let the demon Anger drive her image and counsels from my heart?"

Again was Ruth's taunting tone borne to her from a distance.

"Have you turned saint, too? Really, I began to think I was going to catch it, but you seem to have calmed down."

"I hope I shall stay calmed down," she rejoined, in a pleasant tone, and she went toward the house with more of sorrow than anger in her breast.

CHAPTER VIII.

The weeks dragged wearily by, and Lettie strove to do her duty faithfully, but often her heart sank, and she grew faint and sick in the battle of life, and then she would fain have laid down her weapons and retired from the conflict; but hope buoyed her up, and drew sunshine pictures of the future.

It was a bitter school for the young girl, for the family around her understood nothing of her inner life. They knew not the high and lofty thoughts and the noble purposes that filled her heart. They saw not with what struggles and fearful agony her nature was being purified in the fiery furnace. They heard not her sad yearnings to release her from earthly trouble.

One bright, pleasant afternoon, while Lettie was busy about her work in the porch, a lively strain of music sounded from the yard. Like an electric thrill it vibrated through her frame. The farmhouse faded from her view. The mantle of sorrow and care that had so long enveloped her form, fell at her feet. Gladness rested upon her face, and like a thing of air she floated in merry circles around the room. The yellow sunshine, as it rippled over the floor seemed to share in her joy. Faster and faster moved her feet to the witching power of the music, while her curls, as they touched her happy face, seemed endowed with life, and danced merrily upon her white shoulders. Round and round she floated, the very impersonation of grace and beauty. Suddenly with a shock, she was recalled to herself. Mrs. Bell stood before her regarding her with amazement.

"You good-for-nothing wicked thing," she exclaimed, "is this what you learnt when you went to school? You are all wrapped up in the sins and follies of this world. Why, what would the deacon say, if he knew there were such doings under his roof? Why, child, don't you know that dancing is one of the devices of Satan? You won't have a mouthful of supper to-night, to pay for such actions. Another time I catch you cutting up shins after that fashion, you won't get off so easy," and away walked Mrs. Bell, rolling up her eyes in holy horror.

Late one October afternoon, as Lettie was returning home of an errand, she was startled by the rapid tread of a horse behind her. Turning, she saw a horse and chaise approaching. A lady and child, pale with fright, leaned back in the vehicle, while far down the street, she heard the hoarse shouting of men and boys, which only seemed to urge the affrighted animal forward. She knew if she did not save them, no one could, for a few rods further on was the valley gorge, and certain destruction.

Her quick eye took all this in at a glance. Hastily divesting herself of her shawl, she sprang into the road, and as the horse approached, she flung it at his head. He reared, plunged, and then stood still; but the devoted girl lay beneath his feet.

The men now came up, and the lady and child stepped into the house of Mrs. Lane, whither Lettie had already been conveyed.

"Dear child," said the lady, "she risked her life to save that of strangers."

Then noticing Cora, who was bending over her in an agony of tears, she inquired:

"Is she a relative of yours?"

Cora shook her head, and her mother said:

"She is a poor orphan, but I presume they love each other as well as if they were sisters."

The lady now took Mrs. Lane aside, and said:

"I regret much that I cannot display the gratitude I feel to the preserver of myself and child in a more substantial manner than by mere thanks. I am a poor widow, with my daughter dependent upon me for support. I am now going to a neighboring city to procure the dead body of an only brother, who has been wrecked at that place. At the hotel in the village I engaged a man to take me to the next station. When we were ready to start, he returned for some article of clothing. The report of a gun frightened the horse, and the result you know. I wish you to place this ring upon the child's finger, and at no distant day perhaps I shall be able to repay a part of the everlasting debt of gratitude that I owe her."

The doctor now called Mrs. Lane, telling her that Lettie's arm was broken in two places. Begging her friend to take good care of the child, the lady and her daughter hastened on their journey.

With the excitement and agony of the broken arm, a fever fastened upon the slender frame of the young girl, and for weeks clung with tenacity to its victim. But, thanks to the kind Mrs. Lane, with good care and quiet nursing, Lettie rose from that sick bed.

A few days previous to the return of Lettie to the farmhouse, Mrs. Bell attended a society meeting at Mrs. Green's. It was called for the purpose of making clothing to send to the heathen, upon the South Sea Islands, to protect them from the heat of the sun. The ladies fingers flew no faster with their needles than did their tongues with their neighbors' characters. It seemed as if every one strove to have the glory of retailing the greatest budget of news. Many a rich tit-bit of scandal was passed around the admiring circle. Greenville certainly had as great a number of gossips as any other town, and could hold up its head with the best of them in this respect.

"So that Universalist woman has got your little bound gal, Mrs. Bell," squeaked forth Mrs. Scott, an old deaf lady, in the corner.

"Yes, she has, but she'll come home now very soon," was shouted back in reply.

"I should have thought you'd have hated to had her carried in there. They might just as well brought her to your house," said Mrs. Small.

"Well, I don't care much," rejoined Mrs. Bell. "I've got rid of taking care of her, and I'm glad of it. We shan't pay Mrs. Lane one red cent, though, for what she's done."

"Did the woman give the child anything for saving her life?" inquired Mrs. Close.

"No, she did not. I call her real stingy; but probably she was some low, mean creature. If she had paid her for it, I told the deacon it was no more than right that we should have it, after all we've done for the child."

"You always know people by the company they keep," remarked Mrs. Green. "Eliza says Cora Lane and Laura Grant have been dreadful thick with the pauper this long time. I'm glad my daughter has more pride. I never could endure those Lanes, anyway."

"I am glad that there has been a sifting of chaff from wheat, and that the Grants have left our church," said Mrs. Day, the minister's wife. "I had had my doubts for some time about their being sound in the faith, and I had been telling Mr. Day that he ought to look into it, for they might yet undermine the pillars of the church."

"Oh, Satan used Mrs. Lane for a bait to draw them away," replied Mrs. Lamb. "I do think it is ridiculous that Mr. Lane could not find a wife in Greenville; it was just as good as saying that there wasn't a gals good enough for him here. Nettie, his little girl, thought everything of my darter Luclinda Jane, though Luclinda did not care anything for Mr. Lane, and I'm glad she did not, though I think she would have made him a better wife than what he's got. I do think these widowers are dreadful suspicious critters."

"Well, it's strange how he got took in," said Mrs. Small. "My brother's wife's sister's darter, she that was Hannah Goodwin, says that her husband's second cousin's son married a girl that knows all about the family, and she says that she was an orphan, and was adopted by a Mr. Scott. Mr. Lane got a power of money when he married her. He just about asked my Jimmie to have him once, but Lord, no! she declared she never would marry a widower, and I'm sure I didn't blame her none."

"I've heard that Jimmie sent in her bill after he was married, for things she had cooked and carried over there. Was it so?" inquired Miss Tubbs, with a malicious laugh.

Mrs. Small colored. "I do wish folks would mind their own business, and not be looking after their neighbors'," she replied, tartly.

Mrs. Day now interfered, as she was fearful there might be a storm. "I should think they would adopt Lettie, if Cora thinks so much of her," she said.

"Oh, I'd put a stop to that, shortly," and Mrs. Bell laughed triumphantly. "In the first place, Lettie need not have got hurt, and then there would not have been all this fuss. Why could not she have let Providence take its course, and not attempted to interfere? Probably the Lord intended that they should get killed, and I think the child's broken arm is a judgment against her, for trying to thwart the Lord's will. As for adopting the girl, they want to."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath.

"If they've got any money to spare, they had better send it to the heathen," said Mrs. Close, "and let the child alone; she's got a good home with you. It is strange that folks will throw away money so."

"Who's been throwing away money? Can't we get some of it?" shouted Mrs. Scott. "Where is it they've thrown it? I'll go right home, and send my boys, David and Solomon, after some."

In a little while the old lady was calmed down, and her mistake explained.

"Well, Mrs. Bell, are you going to give the child up to them?" asked Mrs. Green.

"No, indeed, though Mr. Lane offered the deacon quite a sum, if he would; but I told him right up and down that I would not. Bargaining for the child's soul—only think of it! No, I hope I know my duty better than to give her over to them, to be reined by their infernal ways. She comes home to-morrow, if it's only to spite that hateful Mrs. Lane!"

When the ladies separated, they agreed that they had never passed so pleasant and profitable an afternoon. As their work had not progressed much, they concluded to call another meeting in a week or two.

CHAPTER IX.

Four years have passed away since Lettie first came an inmate of the deacon's family. She is now twelve years of age; but a thoughtfulness rests upon her countenance, strangely at variance with the glad, happy spirit of childhood. Her hair, of a rich purplish black, falls in clustering curls, and imparts a rare beauty to the sweet face it frames. But her eyes, "the windows of her soul," attract the gaze with their wondrous light. Sometimes melancholy rests in their humid depths, like some sad spirit pining for freedom; then again, joy dances and sparkles in them, until they seem like a flashing drop of water when a sunbeam rests upon it.

One day the deacon called the children into the kitchen, and said in a stern tone:

"I picked a five dollar bill upon this shelf this morning, and then went off and forgot it. This noon it is not there. Now if either of you have seen it, I should like to have you tell me where it is?"

All the children disclaimed any knowledge whatever of the matter; but Lettie, looking up, encountered Mrs. Bell's eyes fixed upon her. There was so much suspicion in the glance, that the hot blood rushed to her face, and receding, left it colorless. The deacon's wife now spoke. "One of you must have taken it, so you had better own up at once—it will be best for you."

The deacon motioned his wife to be silent, and taking down the family Bible, began to read. He then offered up a prayer, and besought them not to add falsehood to theft, but confess and be forgiven. No one spoke. He then continued:

"Children, you may think you will not be discovered, but escape free this time. But be sure your sin will find you out."

He then dismissed them. Moses and Ruth sauntered away by themselves.

"Oh, dear!" said the latter, "I never thought father would miss it so soon. Had I not better put it back, if we can? We shall have to wait a great while before we can spend it."

"Put it back? No!" was the angry reply. "They would be sure to find us out then. They do not suspect us, though, I know, and if we are careful they need not. Did not you see how mother looked at Lettie? I know she thinks she's got it."

"Yes, I saw it, though I was all of a tremble. If worst comes to worst, we can put it in among Lettie's things, and we shall get off nicely."

"Well, don't be faint-hearted, and go and tell of it; but put a bold face upon the matter. Now go into the house, or they will suspect us."

Lettie's thoughts were very bitter. "Oh dear, they believe I am a thief!" she groaned. "What shall I do? What have I done, that I should have such trials, and others sail along the sea of life so smoothly?"

The cloud hovered above her, and she saw the shadows gathering around her, and she folded her hands and prayed that death would release her. Then her heart was softened, and the rebellious feelings quelled, and she said:

"Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!"

The next morning Lettie was very pale. All night she had struggled with herself, and now she calmly waited the blow that she felt would certainly come upon her. At a very early hour, Ruth left the house in search of Moses.

"Oh, I am afraid we shall get found out," she cried, as soon as she saw him.

"Keep your tongue between your teeth, can't you?" he replied, angrily. "I'll warrant father heard you; he's only over in that field."

"But, Moses," she said, drawing nearer to him, "I heard father tell mother to watch us closely, and he said he should ask the storekeepers down in the village to let him know if any of us spent any money down there. He said he was determined to find out who stole it."

Moses was really frightened, but he put on a brave face.

"I suppose you'll keep gabbling about it so much, that there's no use trying to keep it; but if I was alone, and you did not know anything about it, I'd risk being found out."

"Will you put it among Lettie's things, or shall I?"

"I guess I will; you'd be sure to make some blunder. I can contrive, but do not you ever speak to me about it again." And he walked off and left her.

Ruth hurried back to the house, and found her mother inquiring after her.

"Where have you been?" she asked, bending a searching look upon her daughter's face.

"It was so pleasant I thought I would walk out a little way," was the careless reply. "Shan't I dress Abel this morning?" she continued.

"I do not care if you do. Something is the matter with the girl," she mused, as Ruth left the room; "I never knew her to offer to dress her little brother before. Well, I must keep a good look-out."

The subject of the money was not mentioned at the breakfast table. When Moses passed through the porch, he found Lettie moving some heavy basket.

"Shan't I help you, Lettie?" he inquired: "Those are too heavy for you. You are not strong enough for such work."

The girl looked up in astonishment, it was so unusual for him to speak so kindly.

"Thank you, I wish you would," she replied, with a grateful smile.

He moved the articles, brushing by her several times, and dexterously slipping the bank-bill into her pocket, he left the house.

"There, I've washed my hands of that affair," he said exultingly. "Now, if Ruth don't blame me, she shall never be suspected! Oh, but won't there be a storm when it's discovered!"

After breakfast Lettie washed the dishes, and then went into the kitchen, to receive orders from Mrs. Bell, in regard to some more work. As she stood by her, she took her handkerchief out of her pocket, and as she did so, a piece of paper slipped out with it, and fell upon the floor. She picked it up to see what it was; but her mistress's eyes had already caught sight of it, and she snatched it from her hand. To the child's amazement, she held up a five dollar bill.

"Ho! ho! so you did n't steal the money?" she screamed. "Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl! Do n't stand staring at me so, Miss Brzen-face! This is what comes of taking a pauper to bring up!"

"Oh, Mrs. Bell," she cried, "I did not take it; I do n't know how it ever came in my pocket, I am sure."

"Oh, no, of course not! Probably it got there all alone," was the sneering reply. "Now do you stay here, while I go out and call the deacon. I shan't be gone long."

"Oh, dear!" moaned the orphan, "what shall I do? It is as much of a mystery to me as it is to her. If I could only get away from here before she gets back;" and she started to the window to look out. "No, I will not run away, for I am innocent, and I know God will protect me."

At this moment her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the deacon and his wife. The former, always stern, now looked terribly so as he approached her.

"What does this mean, girl?" he exclaimed. "Here, I lost this money, and you positively denied over having seen it; but here it is found upon you, and yet you deny, even now, all knowledge of it. Why, child, are you not afraid that the Lord will strike you dead if you persist in your wickedness?"

"I know that appearances are strongly against me," she replied. "I don't expect you will believe anything I say, therefore I await my sentence; yet I appeal to you and Mrs. Bell if you have ever found me guilty of an untruth, within the four years I have been under your roof? I repeat that I am innocent, firmly believing that the guilty one will yet be discovered."

All this made but little impression upon her stern judges. They believed her guilty. Then and there commenced a system of persecution which continued for many weeks. In vain they coaxed, threatened, and whipped; she remained firm, abiding by her first statement. Mrs. Bell, more ingenious in her contrivances for torture than the deacon, determined she would break her proud spirit, and she left no means untried to accomplish her object. Meekly and patiently she bore all their revilings, although sometimes it seemed as if her heart would break; yet she prayed always for strength, and retained no bitterness in her breast against her persecutors.

How felt Moses and Ruth, when they saw the innocent Lettie suffering for them? They were in constant terror of being discovered, and their parents' severity caused them to tremble. They believed the orphan knew of their guilt, though she had never betrayed it by word or look. Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER X.

The school-term again opened, but Lettie despaired of being allowed to attend. The deacon said at first that she should not; but his wife knew that nothing would be so humiliating to her sensitive nature, as to have her name bandied about by the children, with the epithets of thief and liar attached to it, therefore she recommended that Lettie should be sent to school. Miss Allen heard the jeers and taunts, and wondered at the sad face of the child; but she considered that it was only their pride and dislike, taking another form, and her heart went out with new love for the gentle orphan.

Mrs. Bell hit upon a new device to punish the girl; and one morning Ruth carried a note to the teacher. Lettie noticed during the day that Miss Allen's eyes were often bent sadly upon her face, and she wondered if she, too, had heard of her disgrace, and believed her guilty. At night, as the children left the school-room, she lingered behind upon a motion from the teacher.

"Ruth brought me a note from her mother, this morning," remarked the latter, as she noticed the inquiring look of the child; "do you know what it contains?"

"I can guess," she replied, with a flushed face, while she thought bitterly to herself: "How could Mrs. Bell be so cruel as to try to get away my only friend?"

Miss Allen regarded her anxiously for a moment, and then drawing her to her side, she said:

"Tell me, darling, is this grave charge true?" Her kind tone melted her pride and reserve, and she gave way to a "passionate flood of tears."

Her friend waited until she was calm, and then said: "Appearances are against you, but I cannot believe you would take the money in the first place, and then persist in denying it."

"Oh, bless you, bless you for those words," said Lettie. "I was so much afraid that you would despise me with the others, that I feared to have you know anything about it. I am innocent, though, and I feel that they will one day know it. That thought sustains me, and I suppose this trial is for my good. Now, if you do not believe me guilty, I can bear it, even if all the others do."

The teacher pressed a kiss upon her brow. "Be comforted then, little one," she said. "You have never given me occasion to doubt your word; therefore, I shall not now. Be patient, and all will yet be well. Remember that God gives no one a greater burden than they can bear."

Lettie went home that night with a light step. Kind words and sympathy had roused her drooping spirits, and she felt comforted and strengthened. But a cloud began to gather over the farm-house, and it held the shower that was to cleanse the stain from the orphan's character.

Moses came home one night, sick. The doctor was summoned. Day after day the sun climbed slowly up the eastern sky, and sunk to rest in the west, and then the news spread like wild-fire through the village that that dreadful disease, the small pox, had taken up its abode at the farm-house.

Elys and Abel were conveyed to their aunt's, the

deacon's sister, who lived in a neighboring town. Mrs. Bell was overcome with fear and terror, which disabled her from rendering any assistance; but she refused to leave the house while her son lived. Who was it then, that, spite of arguments and entreaties, fearless of contagion, firmly maintained her post by that sick bed? Who was it, then, that watched with so much tenderness over the sufferer's couch, and wooed him back as he was about to enter the Dark Valley, and with her care and attention restored him to health? Who, but the loving "bound girl?"

One day, Moses lay watching her, as she moved lightly around the room. Conscience had awoke within, and stung him with remorse.

"Oh, Lettie," he said, "you are very kind to me. If you knew how I have wronged you, you would hate me, and leave me to die here alone."

Before she could reply, his father entered the room. He looked grave and troubled.

"Moses," he said; "I have a letter here from your aunt Mary, and she says, the other day, Ruth was very much frightened for fear you would not live, and she revealed to her that you and she took that five dollar bill, and then, through fear of being discovered, you, at her suggestion, placed it in Lettie's pocket. Is this so?"

The boy hid his face in the pillow as his father commenced speaking; for full well he knew what was coming, and, as Mr. Bell stopped for a reply, he bowed his head.

A prayer of thanksgiving welled up in Lettie's heart, but she made no outward demonstration. The deacon was shocked. He was a very proud man, and it cut him to the heart's quick to think of the disgrace that would fall upon his family, if this should be made public. He thought not of this when he believed the orphan guilty; he never dreamt that she had a character to lose. Hastily rising, he left the room, Lettie following him out.

"Oh, sir, forgive him," she said. "He has suffered much; his punishment is great, already."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you forgive him?" he said.

"Freely!" was the reply. "Indeed I did long ago, for I believed he knew all about it."

The deacon could not but admire the noble spirit that the girl displayed.

"But I must at least let people know," he said, "that you are innocent, and who the guilty one is." This he said, in hopes she would entreat him not to. He waited in some anxiety for her reply, for he saw that a struggle was going on within her mind.

Two pictures were held up for her inspection. On the one side, she saw her innocence, proved to the children that had taunted and jeered her. On the other, disgrace still, but conscious of shielding others from sneers that she had found so hard to be borne. Was her forgiveness so magnanimous? Could she bear this? At last she spoke.

"They are penitent; I will add nothing to what they already suffer. Let people think the same as heretofore. I can live it down. It makes no difference, as long as I am innocent."

Her listener drew a selfish sigh of relief. "You shall decide it," he answered, and he turned to seek his wife.

"You have not granted my request to forgive them," she said, detaining him.

His brow grew dark. "Well, as you plead for them, and are so generous yourself, I will not be less so," he replied. "I wonder if she really does care about the disgrace," he thought. "Well, she can't be expected to feel it as keenly as we should. I do think it is my duty to keep it secret, for it would be such a handle for the Universalists against our church, and I should never hear the last of it."

Thus he reasoned to himself; endeavoring to drown the voice that was urging him to clear the "bound girl."

Mrs. Bell's astonishment knew no bounds, but she agreed with the deacon in disliking to let people know their disgrace.

"If we have made a mistake now, it is no matter," she said. "I'll warrant, she's done things full as bad, that we've never found out. Let this go to balance them. People have forgotten all about it, now, I'll warrant, and I think it would be downright foolishness to go to raking the matter over again. Let it rest. We should only make ourselves the laughing stock of all Greenville, if we undertook to explain every little mistake that we make about a pauper."

After much talking, she won the deacon over, especially, as his inclinations all sided with her own. They agreed to let the matter rest.

Thus the fear of public opinion often turns us from the path of duty.

CHAPTER XI.

There were three cases besides Moses's, of the dreadful disease in the village. Of these one proved fatal, the rest arose to health and strength again.

Spring came with its smiles and tears, like some capricious beauty. Flowers lifted their sweet heads, and rejoiced that the boon of life had been granted them. All this brought no change in the weary life of Lettie. Daily and hourly was her spirit crucified, but still and sadly she moved around the house, and her tears fell back upon her heart with a heavy pressure.

One day the deacon came in with a letter for his wife. It was an unusual thing for her to have such a document, and she opened it with much impatience. After a minute, she exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Sister Debby writes me that Mark, her oldest boy, is not very well, and she wants him to come and board with us, this summer."

"Well, I have but one objection," responded the deacon. "I am afraid he will lead Moses away, with his city notions."

"No, I guess not. I'll tell you what, Jacob, there ain't a better behaved boy anywhere around, than Debby's. It won't make much difference to me about the work, if I keep Lettie at home from school. She's been now for four years, and that's enough for a beggar like her."

"No, Nanoy," firmly replied the deacon, "Lettie goes to school, if you have to write to Mark not to come; but I do n't see the necessity of that, though, for you can make Ruth help more. She's full as tall as Lettie, and a good deal stouter. Settle it as you please, though, but remember that the girl goes to school," and taking his hat, the deacon left the house.

"Well, I declare," soliloquized Mrs. Bell, as the door closed after him. "I never see such a man as he is. You might as well try to move a mountain, as to hope to get an idea out of his head, after it once gets in. Where's Lettie?" she inquired, addressing Ruth, who at that minute entered the room.

"Oh, I do n't know; up stairs, I suppose, poring

over some old trash. I should like to burn it all up, just to plague her!" was the amiable reply.

"Call her down. I want her; and then do you take care of Abel, and amuse him this afternoon."

"I ain't going to take care of the squalling brat," muttered Ruth to herself, as she turned to obey her mother's first command.

In a very short time Lettie made her appearance. "How often have I told you not to go off reading by yourself, when you are at home," were the first words that greeted her ears.

"I was n't reading," she mildly replied. "I was mending my dress."

"Hush! Do n't go to replying to me. A likely story! I do n't believe a word of it. Ruth said you were reading. You are wicked to waste time in that manner. You are responsible for the way in which you spend the precious moments. Here, take this sewing, and finish it before supper. I declare, there goes Mrs. Green hurrying into Mrs. Grant's. I wonder what the matter is now? Some fresh bit of gossip, I'll warrant. I guess I'll just run over and see. It's astonishing how them women do spend their time."

Lettie sat down to her work, while Ruth watched her mother quite out of sight, and then putting on her sun-bonnet, sauntered down the street, leaving Abel in the yard. The orphan's fingers flew rapidly as she sat weaving bright thoughts harmoniously together in the web of fancy, while her spirit, buoyed by the wings of hope, floated into the dream-land of the future. Suddenly she was recalled to herself. A low wall seemed borne by the passing breeze, to her ear. She listened. All was still; but a weight seemed pressing upon her heart. Her work dropped from her hands. The door flew open at her touch, and she darted into the yard. Here she encountered the deacon.

"Where's Abel?" she cried.

"I saw him going through the orchard, about ten minutes ago," was the reply.

"I know he's in danger," she said, in answer to his look of inquiry, and away she sped through the fields, closely followed by the deacon. Reaching the grove, she proceeded to the dell, where the water flowed the deepest. A little cap floated upon the bosom of the calm stream. The next instant a little form rose to the surface, and was caught by the excited girl. His blue eyes were closed, and the water dripped from his golden curls.

"Oh, he's dead—dead!" groaned the father, in agony.

"No, I guess not," she replied hopefully, as she placed the boy in his father's arms. Then, like an arrow from the bow, she flew toward the house, and when, a few minutes later, the deacon appeared with his precious burden in his arms, she was ready for him. Quickly disrobing him of his wet raiment, they placed him in warm blankets, while the father went for a doctor.

Lettie worked with a will, and when the physician entered, the child gave signs of returning life. Half an hour after, when the doctor left the house, he called the deacon aside and said:

"Deacon Bell, under God, you owe the preservation of your child's life to the thoughtfulness of that girl," and the father's heart responded to the declaration.

An hour passed away, and then Mrs. Bell came bustling home.

"I heard that a boy was drowned," she said to the deacon, as she entered; "though I could n't find out whose child it was. It is strange how careless some folks are. Probably it is a judgment upon him, or his family, for something they've done."

Her husband made no reply, but pointed to the bedroom. Her heart sank within her.

"Is it Abel?" she cried, as she hurried into the room. One glance told her all. "He is not dead?" she said in agony.

"No," replied Lettie, "he's asleep, and you must be careful and not arouse him, for the doctor said he must be kept quiet."

If ever an earnest prayer of thanksgiving was wafted from the altar of Mrs. Bell's heart, it was at that moment. She could moralize like a great many other people, upon the sins and follies of her neighbors and the judgments visited upon them, but when sorrow and trouble knocked at the door of her own dwelling, her heart stood still with the heavy weight upon it.

CHAPTER XII.

June came, crowned with roses, and as she touched the earth with her magic wand, the fields smiled in their beauty, and the air was redolent with perfume, while Heaven's eternal arches awoke to the melody that resounded from the feathered vocalists. Earth rejoiced on its new life.

Mark Lee was now domesticated at the farm-house. He was a bright, intelligent youth, and had a frank, genial disposition. He saw at a glance that Lettie was bending beneath too many household burdens, while Ruth loitered and idled away her time, shifting her duties upon the orphan's shoulders, while her mother looked on, careless and indifferent. It roused his indignation, and he often aided the pauper, as Ruth still called her, with his ready hand.

Lettie still attended school, and she studied with such a wild, passionate energy, that she soon outstripped all competitors. Her progress astonished even Miss Allen, and she predicted a glorious bloom for this rare flower. But her voice so rich and sweet, with its great volume, spoke of sunny Italy; she loved to think it was her mother's native land, and she hoped that some day she might stand upon its strand, wander amid its vine-clad hills, and gaze upon the breathings of immortal minds in art and science. Then would her eye flash, and her cheek glow, and the veil that hid the future seemed lifted for a moment, as she gazed upon the bewildering scene beyond. Again, all was dark around her, and then the farm-house loomed up before her gaze, a sad reality.

One day the teacher proposed that all those who had been faithful and studious, should, upon the next Wednesday, go to Flower Vale—a beautiful grove, about two miles distant from the school house, and noted for the abundance of its floral offerings. The children were delighted, and Ruth hastened to inform her mother of the proposed excursion, as quick as she entered the house; but her joy was very soon damped.

"What foolishness," exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "They never had any such nonsense when I was a child. Why, I think it is downright wicked, to hire children to be good. You'd all of you better stay at home and work and read your Bibles, than be strolling round after that fashion."

"But mother, can't I go?" pleaded Ruth, "if the rest do?"

"No, indeed. To think that a child of mine should be so wrapped up in the sins and follies of this world. I don't believe they'll have Miss Allen to teach school again, after this summer. The deacon says she ain't half strict enough; and I am sure I do n't think she is. Go and get ready to go to the prayer meeting, now. Such a season of grace as it is at this time, I hope will soon cause you to rejoice in the blessed consolations of religion. I am going out now to try to get Mrs. Grant to go to-night. I do so love to work for the Lord—and Ruth, you may tell Lettie that, as she burnt the bread this morning, she must eat the crust for her supper. I guess it will learn her a lesson another time; besides, it is wicked to waste anything."

At this moment Mark came into the room.

"What's the matter, Ruth?" he exclaimed; "you look as though you wanted to bite somebody."

"Oh, mother, won't let me go to Flower Vale with the rest of the school," and she detailed to him the proposed plan.

"Why, aunt!" he exclaimed, "don't you love God's works? You know Nature is his handmaid. Now, I think that the earth is God's great temple, in which we are to worship. He speaks to us of his power, in the rolling thunder; his majesty and sublimity is written by the forked lightning upon the cloud-capped dome above. The sun, with its warm breath, proclaims His goodness and love."

"Why, Mark," exclaimed his aunt, "you talk just like our minister; but are you sure that ain't infidel talk?"

"Does your minister talk like an infidel?" he gravely inquired.

"Why, no indeed; I did n't say so, did I? I am sure I did n't mean so," and she looked troubled.

"But your talk is mighty fine, any way."

Ruth left the room, confident that she should go, now that her cousin had undertaken her case. She went out and told Moses that she really did believe that Mark could make their mother believe "that the moon was made of green cheese," if he tried to.

Ruth knew if she went, her father would insist upon Lettie's going, also; but she did not like to have Mark so devoted to the orphan, as he generally was. So she determined she would speak to him about it.

That night, as Lettie walked off, Mark joined her. The evening breeze was redolent with the fragrance of the hawthorn.

"Why do n't you pick some flowers and carry into the house?" he said abruptly.

She laughed a low, quiet laugh.

"I tried that once," she replied, "but your aunt flung them away, and told me never to bring any more such rubbish into the house."

He sighed, as he looked upon her slender, graceful form and beautiful face, and thought that such a nature should have grown up within the hard material life of the farm-house. At that moment Ruth called her in, to undress Abel, while she went out herself.

"I do wish you would n't give all your time and attention to Lettie," she said, petulently.

"I am at your service," he replied, gayly; "in what way can I benefit you?"

"There are plenty of ways," she responded, "if you were only a mind to. Now, if we go to Flower Vale, I suppose you will go, too, and I do n't want you to hang round Lettie so. Ellen Day says she thinks it is queer that a handsome young fellow like you should disgrace himself by walking with a pauper. She says she would go with a decent girl, if she were in your place."

"Who is your oracle—this Miss Ellen?" he inquired.

Ruth was delighted; she thought she had got him interested.

"Oh! she's our minister's daughter, and ten times handsomer than Lettie. She don't wear her hair in silly curls; indeed, no person of sense does."

"Ah! I am afraid it is 'sour grapes,'" he rejoined, with an amused look at her straight hair. "You may tell Miss Ellen, from me, that I think she had better stay at home and improve her manners, until she has outgrown a desire to talk rudely of one who is, in every way, her superior."

The next instant, a storm of reproaches were hurled at him by the indignant Ruth, as she disappeared from his sight.

Wednesday morning, bright and happy faces appeared before the school-house, and all Nature smiled as it witnessed their joy.

Mrs. Bell exacted an extra amount of work from Lettie, that morning; but Ruth joined the waiting group long before the appointed time for starting. Her mortification knew no bounds, when she saw Mark approaching with the orphan.

A glorious day was that to Lettie, and often her voice rang forth with its wondrous power, and the birds paused to listen, while the children gazed in awe upon her. Happy forms sought repose that night; and that day's pleasures were recorded upon the tablets of memory.

CHAPTER XIII.

Twice have the trees dropped their leaves, since the events recorded in the last chapter. Lettie's sky has been clouded since earliest childhood. True, there has been, now and then, a ray of sunlight; but it only seemed to make the darkness greater when it faded away. Seven weary years has she toiled in the deacon's family. And now her book of life recounts many a battle fought, and many a victory won. The gates of the great temple of knowledge have swung back upon their heavy hinges, to admit her within their precincts. But it seems to her as if she should never be able to cross the threshold of that glorious structure. She has wandered along the shores of the great ocean of the future; and sometimes it has seemed as if her clear eye had penetrated the unfathomable depths beyond. But as the waves dash in and break at her feet, they seem to say, "Trust not thy bark upon our waters, that thou may'st sail forth upon a voyage of discovery, but remain content where thou art placed." Then would her whole soul rebel, for there was a voice within, urging her to go forth upon a glorious mission.

To-night we find her sitting by her little window in the attic, and a new resolve seems beaming in her eye.

"I feel that I must go," she murmured. "I am like the eagle caged. I pine for freedom, that I may soar far, far away, to do the work that is beckoning me on."

For a moment she buried her face in her hands, and the earnest prayer of her soul went up for help and guidance. When she sought her couch that night, a band of ministering angels hovered over her, and in her dreams, her mother came to her, radiant with the gentle beauty of a loving heart; and as the sleeping one listened to the music tones of her voice, she felt comforted and strengthened.

The next day she went through her allotted task with a resolute step. She had decided, and the way now seemed clear.

Mrs. Bell's cold, harsh words, and commanding tones, rebounded from the armor of her soul—they were powerless to reach her; while Ruth's sneers and taunts, were no more heeded than the passing breeze. Moses no longer troubled her in the same manner as formerly; but his fawning admiration now, was more distasteful than even his boyish persecutions.

In the evening, Mrs. Bell, with much reluctance, allowed her the privilege of going out for half an hour. She instantly repaired to her kind friend's, Mrs. Lane. That lady sat sewing, with Lettie reading by her side, while Cora was engaged with a port folio.

The curls that had so excited Mrs. Bell's displeasure in past times, were banded smoothly back from the pure, white brow of Mrs. Lane, while a look of quiet resignation rested upon her countenance; her thoughts were with the beautiful bud that had withered and faded from her sight some months before. She greeted Lettie with a glad smile, as she entered, while Cora, rising, offered her a seat, but she passed on and seated herself upon a low ottoman by the lady's side, and buried her face in the folds of her dress, while the latter smoothed the luxuriant curls from off her pale brow. Silence spread her wings over the group, until Mrs. Lane spoke:

"What is it that troubles you, darling?" she said. "I am going to leave the deacon's to-night," was the reply. "I cannot live so longer. There is something urging me on, and I must go. But I could not depart without first bidding my dear friends farewell."

Nanoy began to weep convulsively, while Cora, making a vigorous effort to keep back her tears, said: "Oh, dear, it is too bad, but I am glad you are going, for one thing; those Bells won't be able to tyrannize over you any more; and I do n't believe but what you will yet be famous, and astonish all Greenville." And she laughed at the mental picture she had conjured up before her vision.

Mrs. Lane left the room while Cora was speaking, but returned almost immediately, with a purse in her hand.

"I had expected this for some time," she remarked, as she approached the orphan. "I will say nothing against it, for I think it is best. Your life has been a dark one; perhaps a new leaf is being turned over that will speed you on with a lighter step. Here is something you will need; do not pain me by refusing it." And she placed the purse in her hand.

"I can never repay you for your kindness," exclaimed Lettie, with tearful eyes, but I shall always hold you in grateful remembrance.

"Well, good-by, darling, the God of the widow and the fatherless will watch over and protect you!" And the orphan passed into the open air, with kisses of love and sorrow upon her cheek.

"Where've you been, child?" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, as she entered the kitchen. "You've been gone almost an hour, and I told you not to stay but half that time."

"I am very sorry," was the reply, "but I did not think the minutes had flown so rapidly."

"But where've you been?" rejoined her mistress, noting that she did not answer that part of her question.

The girl hesitated an instant, and then replied: "Over to Mrs. Lane's."

"How often have I told you," rejoined her listener, "not to go over there. She won't associate with me, but she seems to like your society very much; but I suppose she feels at home among paupers. Now, don't let me hear of your going over there again for one while."

The orphan's cheek flushed, and she thought to herself, "Probably you never will;" but she made no audible reply. When she at last reached her attic, she examined her purse by the aid of Nature's light—for Mrs. Bell rarely allowed her a candle—and found it contained ten dollars. With a blessing in her heart upon Mrs. Lane, she finished her preparations for departure.

All was still when she passed softly out of the house, and soon she left the shadows of the farm-house far behind her. The evening never seemed to her so glorious. The stars looked down upon her with their solemn eyes, and the moonbeams, as they fell upon her bowed head, left a halo of glory there, as if anointing her to go forth to the battle of life. She had crossed the "Rubicon," and she must now go on, and, battling with the difficulties in her path, she must conquer or die.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

COME HOME!

—TO SAM. B. B.—JR.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee;
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With those unwearied words of melody,
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the heart that loves thee; to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond hopes, like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine,
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearth-stone of thy early days;
Come to the ark, like the unwearied dove;
Come, with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fire-circle of

Written for the Banner of Light.

WE ARE ALMOST HOME!

BY SUSIE YERSON.

We are almost home! we are almost home!
How sweet those cheering accents come!
Almost beyond the billow's roar,
Almost upon the upper shore!

We soon shall meet the angel band,
And join with them both heart and hand;
We soon shall learn the rapturous strains
Which echo o'er those smiling plains.

We soon shall meet those "gone before,"
To wander never, nevermore,
From that bright land of joy and peace,
Where all our cares and sorrows cease.

We soon shall see the King of Light,
Who reigns within that city bright,
With glad adoring hearts, to raise
Our humble voices in His praise.

Speed on, ye moments, speed your flight,
Break, break, oh, dawning, on our sight,
And open to us that blessed day,
Whose light shall never fade away!

Original Essays.

PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION

AND

THEIR RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY R. B. FREELAND.

In her lecture delivered on the occasion of the dedication of Lyceum Hall, Miss Lizzie Doten said:—"What kind of faith is it that you have in your souls? Do you build up the foundation of your religion on the single fact that spirits can commune? We tell you such a temple will not abide. You who have gone higher than the spiritual manifestations, know of a revelation great and glorious." These are words which Spiritualists should lay to heart and ponder in their thought. There is an eager, continuous longing in the human soul for rest, and when, after long doubting and anguish, a new light breaks in upon the troubled life, we are prone to clasp the welcome soother to our breasts, and settle to a selfish, inactive repose, forgetful of the sufferings and woes of those around us, and of their need of our labor and our love. So when the glad tidings came to us that we could hold communion with the dead, we were consoled for our former sufferings, and rested in the satisfying conviction of the spirit-life of our loved friends, and the certainty of our union with them after death. Hence Spiritualism has, up to this time, developed no really great results, because Spiritualists have been for the most part, satisfied with the manifestations of its infantile stage, and have demanded of it no larger achievements, nor applied it to any grander accomplishments. The power which it has exerted over Religion, Government and Institutions of all kinds, has been the result of its own inherent vitality, not the effect of a judicious application of its powers for a specific purpose.

We must not forget that while Spiritualists are numbered, in the United States alone, by millions, the belief which they hold is counted among the aberrations of the intellect, by the great mass of the Religious, Scientific and Practical Organizations of the day. Nor should we regard this as strange. For the measure of the vitality and truthfulness of any new announcement, is its power and capacity to benefit mankind, and to relieve them from their present disastrous inharmonies. Thus far, Spiritualism, how great soever its effect has been upon the individual soul, has made but little perceptible alteration in the external societary condition of mankind. The condition of the Spiritualists, as seen by the outside critical observer, is that of a mass of persons occupying themselves in obtaining communications in various ways, from the spirit-world, which communications, as a class, have added no new knowledge beyond the fact of spirits' existence, and their power to communicate to the world's large stock, and have resulted as yet in no apparent practical benefit.

The practical mind is therefore apt to reject Spiritualism as untrue, or to discard it as not worth investigating. Indeed, a great number of those who are ranked among the disbelievers in Spiritualism, are those who do not so much doubt the fact of the existence of spirits, or their power to communicate, as they doubt the available worth of the discovery, even if true. For this, the Spiritualists are themselves, to no small degree, accountable. "Let not your good be evil spoken of," said Paul. He who holds or uses a great truth in such a manner as to conceal its real greatness, and exhibit its smallest power only, is dealing as falsely, and as untruthfully as he who pretends to a greatness not possessed. Spiritualists, have heretofore, with rare exceptions, failed to assert for Spiritualism its higher claims, and the world has accepted their own interpretation, and accorded to Spiritualism small importance. It is time that we took bolder, higher, and the true ground. Spiritualism is the dawn of a new era, to be marked by a complete and radical change in all things; to introduce a new condition of society upon the earth, with a new Religion, a new State and a new order of men and women. As such, we should announce and disseminate it.

In the same lecture before referred to, Miss Doten said: "Not only shall there be a change in your forms of religious worship, but your State and Church shall clasp hands, and all shall stand close to the heart of the Almighty." This prediction of a change in Religion and in Government, has been made upon various occasions, through the mouths of different mediums, and the union of Church and State in a grand and harmonious organization confidently affirmed. But what the Religion and the Government are to be; upon what principles to be founded; and how differing from our present religious or governmental polity, has been left untold. I have in former articles referred briefly and cursorily to the religion of Spiritualism. I will here make a rapid analysis of the Philosophy of Government, and its application to Spiritualism.

Two fundamental Principles lie at the foundation of all systems of Government. One, the Principle of Restraint; Control, Submission to Authority, Obedience to Rulers; the other, the Principle of Freedom; Irresponsibility, Self-direction, Absolute and Unrestrained Liberty. The former tends to Conservation; the latter to Disintegration. The Conservative element is represented by governmental authority, which prescribes rules of conduct, limits the extent of individual liberty, controls the exercise of personal

inclinations, and in all respects sets bounds to the freedom of individual action. The Disintegrative element is seen in the constant tendency of a people to overstep the limits of authoritative control; in the steady increase of personal freedom and the enlargement of the bounds of individual responsibility, and in the gradual decline of governmental authority, and the curtailment of the functions of constituted restraints of all kinds. The former element is represented, in its extreme outworking, by the Pope in Spiritual matters, and the Czar or Autocrat of Russia in governmental affairs. The latter element is represented by the Ultra-Protestant sects in religious matters, and by Democracy in political affairs. The two Principles are directly opposite and antagonistic.

In the earlier ages, the Principle of Autocracy prevailed, almost to the exclusion of the Principle of Democracy. A single man, by force of arms, or by personal magnetism, elevated himself to the rulership, and swayed all things according to his absolute will. He prescribed the laws for his realm, and gave to his subjects such personal liberty as he desired them to have. But personal freedom outside of his will, there was none. The history of the world in the past centuries has been that of the struggle of the people to repossess (or to possess) themselves of the right of the independent disposition of their lives according to their own conceptions of the manner in which they could be most useful, untrammelled by any extraneous authority. This struggle, after various vicissitudes, covering centuries, culminated in the establishment of the American Democracy upon the fundamental principle expressed in its Declaration of Independence, "that all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

It was fondly thought by the founders of Democratic Government, that they had at last solved the perplexing problem of human government—the largest freedom and the strongest organization; a problem which had perplexed the wisest minds, during the world's stormy struggles for the settlement of this very question. The conviction is gradually becoming fixed in the minds of progressive thinkers, that we have not yet reached the final solution, and must look for more perfect principles to guide the Government of the future.

The actual Government of Democracy has never been faithful to the Democratic Principle. This arose from the fact that the mind of the progressive thinker, while it sees principles which are true, sees principles which are far ahead of the practical adaptability of his age. It is for this reason, that progressive thinkers, men, announcing principles, in themselves true, but untrue as applied to the mass of the people of their own age, are almost always regarded as impracticable men. The founders of the Government of Democracy saw a sublime truth in the application of the principle of the Protestant Reformation—private judgment as opposed to authoritative control, or dictation to the theory of the rights of man, and the functions of Government. Hence, they announced the sublimest truth of the ages in the expression of the individual right of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," according to his own convictions of the best method of achieving happiness. In promulgating this grand truth, the Fathers ran far ahead of the practical principles necessary for their age. For the Principle here announced, is that of Freedom from all kind of Government whatever, save that of the individual. It is a complete charter of human rights to the last and most absolute extent of erecting the individual judgment into its own standard, judge and controller. In accordance with this principle, no Government can possibly exist, save one, to each individual act and mandate of which, each and every individual gives full assent.

The theory, therefore, of Democratic Government is, that it gives full, complete, and entire freedom to the individual. We are supposed to have Free Speech, Free Press, Free Religion. We have, in fact, neither. For, in applying this theory to practical affairs, it was found necessary to abandon the vital portion of the principle of entire freedom, and to substitute in its place that of the opposing one—authoritative control. For it was seen, or felt, if not clearly seen, by an intellectual process, that to abandon to individuals the sole right of personal government was to return to anarchy; hence there must be an authority to limit the right of an individual judgment, and to confine it within suitable grounds. This was practically a complete abandonment of the fundamental idea of the democratic principle—but an abandonment rendered necessary by the inability of the age to appreciate and live by a truth, which will doubtless be applicable to a more perfect state of society.

It was the impossibility of reconciling upon any principles then known, these two antagonistic elements of Authority and Freedom, which has given us governmental institutions so completely at variance with the fundamental principles of our political theory. There is, in reality, no more freedom of speech, of the press, or of religion, in America, upon the ground of its being a right not to be gainsayed or denied, than there is in Rome, or in any other most despotically governed country. There is, and can be, no right of free speech, free press or free religion short of the right of every person to speak, print or worship in such manner as to him or her seems fit, untrammelled by any restrictions whatever. Short of this absolute freedom, any liberty which may be granted is only toleration, not freedom. It is exercising a privilege under restriction. The bounds of restriction may be very far removed, but there are, nevertheless, bounds. It is freedom within certain limits, but those limits are not defined by the individual. The principle which governs speech, press and religion is therefore identical in the most despotic countries and in America. It is the right to do, within certain limits prescribed for you by others. In no case is it a right to act according to the dictates of your own judgment.

The fundamental idea of all Governments is and must be the same: the control, regulation and direction of the freedom of the individual within some certain limits, more or less well defined. It is the prescription, by one part of the community, of the manner in which the whole community must live. This may be expressed in various ways. But whether it be through a military dictator, ruling by his single will; through a constitutional monarch, governing by the will of a nation, or through a Democratic majority, deciding at the ballot-box the laws of the land, the principle upon which authoritative government is conducted, is in all these methods fundamentally identical. It is the right of a portion of the community to interfere in and dictate the methods by which others shall regulate their lives. It is a principle directly opposed, in all respects, to the

freedom of the individual, and the right of personal self-guidance.

The evident tendency of the present age is to assert the right of personal freedom as opposed to governmental authority. The rapid enlargement of the bounds of individual experience, under the influence of Spiritualism, has disclosed the meagreness of our existing institutions, and their inadequacy to the enlarging wants of the age. On all sides the right of man to decide for himself the methods by which he will cultivate his soul; and the fact that he alone knows his interior wants and can guide himself aright, is beginning to be recognized. Men who stand as bulwarks of Government and governmental authority, are being betrayed by this development of their interior natures, into the strangest inconsistencies. The demand and the struggle for entire freedom on the one hand, and the despairing clinging to the necessity of restriction of some kind on the other, is making a discordant jumble of our theories and practical recognitions of human rights. William H. Seward proclaimed, some years ago, in the United States Senate, the sublime doctrine of the Higher Law—the right of a man to be guided by private judgment in matters of morals and government, as well as in those of religion. Henry Ward Beecher has boldly preached from his pulpit the duty of disobedience to laws which we cannot conscientiously obey. No one will, in this age, deny these God-ordained rights. No one can deny, however, that these rights are destructive of all compulsory government. If the law of individual conscience is the rightful guide, then all extraneous authority is impertinent. If the individual has a right to do that which he sees to be the truth, then all attempt to impose restrictions upon him which he does not approve is wrong, and the whole claim of an authoritative Government is presumptuous and tyrannical. The assertions of Mr. Seward and Mr. Beecher are not only perfect justifications of the right of Secession, claimed by our Southern States, but, further still, they affirm the right of every individual to withdraw from any Government—or, rather, they deny the right of any Government to exist or to make laws, only in so far as every member of the community approves its every act. In other words, they deny the power of any Government to enforce any law. Neither of these gentlemen stand in practice by their broad theoretical declarations of Human Right, and both are earnest supporters of the Federal Government in its efforts to sustain the Union, which has been so ruthlessly attacked. Like the fathers of the Republic, they have uttered sublime truths, the practical realization of which they are unable to attain, upon any principles which they now know, unless at the expense of order, the offspring of government.

There exists, however, a school of thinkers, denominating themselves Individualists, who boldly announce the desirable ultimatum of all political progress to be the absence of all government, the complete freedom of the individual from all authority whatever outside of himself. They claim the absolute "sovereignty of the individual" as an inherent and inalienable right, in all matters whatever, religious, political and social. This claim has been fully advocated, as the last and best word of political philosophy, by the discoverer and announcer of the doctrine, Josiah Warren. In his works entitled, "Equitable Commerce," and "Practical Details of Equitable Commerce," the "sovereignty of the individual" is shown to be the logical and inevitable ultimatum of the Protestant idea of private judgments and political and social freedom to infringe upon, and to be included in, religious liberty. Mr. Warren, more true to logic and to undeniable abstract rights than Mr. Seward or Mr. Beecher, but less practical than they, pronounces all interference with, or attempt to control, the individual, tyranny; and openly claims for himself and for all others, the exclusive right of determining their method of life, up to the point of actual encroachment upon the rights of another. As a means, a necessary means, of obtaining this complete individual freedom, Mr. Warren strenuously advocates, as a *sine qua non*, disconnection of material interests, and the complete separation of all the interests of individuals, in society.

While no person of weight in the thinking world will deny the right of the individual to regulate his life according to the dictates of his conscience, of which right Mr. Warren's statement is the scientific one, merely; no practical mind would entertain, for any considerable time, the feasibility of its application to society, unbalanced by any counteracting principle, or would fail to see that it could only result in the return of society to the original barbarism from which it sprung. The destruction of all organizations, the absence of all societary institutions, would render any great work, which can only be achieved through society and institutions, impossible. Mr. Warren would find it difficult, in the complete ultimatum of his own principles, to print his books, impossible to establish a post office, construct or run a railroad, or to cross the ocean. Everything which is great in our material prosperity—the steamboat, the looms of Lowell, the magnetic telegraph—all, in fine, which has advanced and is advancing our material growth, and all which we must expect to gain of the practically important, from our spiritual growth, can come only through organization, combination, subordination—the direct antagonists of the entire "sovereignty of the individual."

Were this not so, and were this complete segregation of the individual to be the legitimate ultimatum of human progress, a grave and important question would still remain to be decided: Are mankind ready and fitted for the harmless exercise of this undisputed right? Would it lead to the blossoming and flowering of the human race, or to the extinction of the good, and the lawless triumph of the bad? While, at this epoch, for the first time in the history of the human race, is this absolute freedom of the individual put forth as a canon of political science and an element in human progress, the vague feeling of the truth of this right of man to freedom in all respects, has been before dimly perceived, and blindly promulgated. The attempted inauguration of this very principle, thus imperfectly apprehended and incoherently installed, culminated in that most terrible of anarchy, the French Revolution, and in that most absolute of despots, the first Napoleon.

While, therefore, the liberty of the individual to decide for himself the method of his life, be an admitted, ultimate right, two very important questions remain to be decided before we can estimate the probability of the realization of this right in practical institutions, at the present epoch. Is there any principle known by which the disintegrating tendencies of entire personal freedom can be counterbalanced, so that we can obtain its benefits and be protected from its evils, securing complete liberty, on

the one hand, and strong, healthy, powerful organization, on the other? And are we sufficiently developed to enjoy such freedom, without abusing it? Let us answer these questions in the order in which they are asked.

Wherever we see the natural activities of living things, from the lowest life up to the highest of which we have knowledge, untrammelled and left to their natural action, there we discover the existence of a leadership, based upon the ability of the leader to perform best certain functions, and the recognition of this fact by those who, voluntarily, follow his lead in those offices in which he has this power. This is Nature's method of government. It is the true and only method of securing, at the same time, the freedom of the follower, and devotion to his leader. The freedom of man being once recognized and admitted, all men naturally gravitate to those occupations for which they have the most inclination; in these they are most liable to excel. Thus they become leaders, each in his own sphere, by virtue of their fitness for the place, and all men cheerfully accord to them their positions and accept their lead in them. If we look at our daily and common life, we shall find that it is upon this principle that we do now operate in all spheres where we are free to work at pleasure. The architect who can build the finest houses, does our building; the clergyman who most pleases us, is our spiritual leader; the statesman who is best fitted, in our judgment, to guide public affairs, receives our homage and our vote. Horace Greeley, by virtue of the individual's recognition, moulds, if he does not make, the political opinions of nearly half a million of readers. Henry Ward Beecher, in virtue of the same recognition, guides the religious convictions of an innumerable congregation. William H. Seward, by the verdict of a million hearts, stands as the representative leader of a new political creed. In political affairs, in religious, in commercial, in educational, in all departments, the two elements of freedom on the one side, and of voluntary subordination and devotion to leaders on the other, meet and illustrate the true order of society.

It remains but to recognize these principles as fundamental in all spheres of being, and as inherently and necessarily existing in every action of life. From this complete and entire recognition of these opposite and apparently antagonistic principles, will come the harmony of the future absolute "Sovereignty of the individual," and devotion to private judgment through the power of attraction and recognized worth, are the two conditions yet reconciled basic elements of human society, capable of abolishing the tyranny of the past; yet securing all its power; and of gaining the largest liberty, without the danger of anarchy.

Are we ready to practicalize these principles into living, societary institutions? It will be seen at a glance that these principles are not adapted to *coerce* men into right and true methods of living, but are competent to show the way in which the wise and the good can realize the true and the beautiful in the practical operations of life. In any other community than that in which men and women have learned to rule themselves, to be unselfish and devoted to truth, and to make the happiness of others their life-labor, these principles, in operation, could produce only discord, and, ultimately, a relapse into despotism or anarchy, its sure precursor. Have we, then, men and women so thoroughly developed in all the higher and nobler faculties of the brain and soul, as to be able to commence the inauguration, by means of these principles, of a new and more perfect society upon earth? It has been the function of Spiritualism to fit men and women for this work. There are to-day, scattered over the world, isolated individuals among the Spiritualists, ready for this task. The great body of the Spiritualists are rapidly coming to the condition in which they will be ready for this form of organization, and the time of action is not far distant. Already the earthquake, which is to crumble into destruction the institutions of the present, is beginning to be felt. The sound of its approach is gradually increasing, and no man knoweth when the final blow shall fall. Rulers and wise men stand aghast at the threatening dissolution, and no man among them can stay its strides. Let us be up and ready, with our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to meet the heavy responsibility which is sure soon to devolve upon us. As we are faithful or false, out of the impending chaos shall come a world of beauty and joy, or of terror and despair.

New York, Dec. 4, 1861.

IMPLEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ARTICLE THREE.

STUDY.

Since Happiness is Man's voluntary achievement, and every special enjoyment is a result of discreet endeavor, (barring the fortune of circumstances) it is the paramount interest of each and all to know the Art of Living. Yet every soul is born an ignoramus; and though "knowledge is power" and the well-born are endowed with power to know, it is only through the educative processes of experience, observation, reflection and reasoning. This predicament of childhood is provided for in the guardianship of parents. But when children come of age, they are expected to assume the responsibility of self-control, to devise the means of their own subsistence, and achieve their own welfare. This is one of many reasons why *STUDY*—the play of all the cognitive faculties to the end of Intelligence, is to be reckoned one of the implements of Happiness.

Study is systematic thought. Everybody is used to thinking in some wise. Indeed, a certain succession of ideas is so essential to mind, in the brain's waking state, that a conscious inactivity, or mental inactivity, is impossible. Even in sleep, we dream, and not unfrequently does memory testify to a consistency of thought and action in our dreams. Dreaming, in fact, is only involuntary thinking, which very often happens when the body is awake. It is remarkable that an experience so common should rarely become a subject of distinct conception; for nothing is more obvious, when once observed, than the option to control a current of ideas, or sit an idle spectator of its lifeless flow. These two kinds of thought are distinguished by the terms *Study* and *Revery*. I would draw the line of demarcation still more definitely, by calling the one voluntary, and the other involuntary. This denotes the mere readiness of organic functions, while that exemplifies their use. A similar distinction applies to the external senses. *Revery* is analogous to the picturing of objects on the retina, when the mind is too otherwise engaged to observe it; but when we attend to the optical rep-

resentation so as to see it, Study is co-existent with sight. This, therefore, is the act of using the cognitive faculties, without which cerebral endowments were to no purpose.

In this sense, Study is a notable implement of usefulness as well as of happiness. The proper wielding of this implement is what makes nearly all the difference between savage and civilized life—what has raised Man above the fortunes of a brute and constituted him "lord of Creation."

Study is the source of all intelligence. A fool is one that never thinks. The very essence of fatality is mental inactivity. It is not Reason alone, but *reasoning*, which makes us wise. Wisdom, Talent, Genius, are no natural endowments, but acquisitions of alert endeavor. Mind—any, the brain itself, grows only by exercise, and all we know is what we learn. So says "the Learned Blacksmith," and no student will contradict the statement. Study made the seven wise men of Greece, and the want of it has made every blockhead with a human skull.

Study is the father of every science. It made Geometry just as it made Euclid. Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Physiology, Phrenology—all the natural as well as the mathematical and metaphysical sciences, have grown out of the same mental activity which developed Aristotle, Bacon, Newton, Cuvier, La Place, Bowditch, Linnaeus, Franklin, Galt, etc. Read the lives of these distinguished men, and you will find them all characterized by a like assiduity of research, each for his favorite object. Bowditch could not forget his problem amid all the horrid freaks of a battle at sea. Franklin was a student for life, and often gratified a literary or scientific curiosity at the expense of physical appetite. Lord Virulam nearly lost sight of his political calling in his close attention to philosophy; and Newton is said to have got the mitten in his first attempt at courtship, because he was more used to the art of thinking than making love.

Study is the author of all good books. Think you that Homer was born with the Iliad in his head, or that Uncle Tom's Cabin was made in a jiffy? Is it likely that any poet, moralist, historian, or novelist, ever writes without premeditation? Not, in my opinion, when the writing is worth reading. Very likely bad publications are generally imputable to want of Study. At least they are so when their fault is in their style, as the next paragraph will explain.

Study is the inventor of all useful arts and utensils. I need not refer now to the great modern arts, such as printing, photographing, telegraphing by lightning, and traveling and manufacturing by steam, which are sufficiently striking for their newness; but I wish the reader to look around at the least possible distance from home, and regarding the most common-place instrumentalities of personal welfare, consider what a world of thought must have introduced the present world of domestic, industrial and locomotive accommodations. How many little conveniences we constantly enjoy, perchance without the faintest inkling of the patient Study invested by earnest minds in their contrivance. But I have no room to enlarge on this point, which nothing, in fact, will elucidate so well as the readers own reflection.

Study is always favorable to Virtue, and prerequisite to self-culture. It pre-occupies the mind, and thus forestalls mischievous inclinations. It is the best of all preachers against bad habits, and if seasonably employed, would prevent them. It is a certain cure of prejudice, superstition, and other mental infirmities, as well as preliminary to all prescriptions against disease. As a means of self-acquaintance and foresight, it is likely to prevent a great variety of unhappy mistakes.

Aesop's crow that undertook to steal a sheep in the manner of an eagle paunching on a lamb, is an exquisite picture of that human conceit which often prompts to ridiculous action one who "did n't think."

Study enlarges and furnishes the mind, and thus enables one sphere of Conversation. Demosthenes, the rare Athenian orator, is said to have made his best displays in public after long seasons of retirement, in which he contemplated the themes of his eloquence. Vain was the curious insatiation that his discourses had "the odor of oil." Study had given him an aptness of expression and a plith of sentiment which charmed the listener, and reminded his falling competitors of hours to be redeemed from idleness, amusement and sleep, and consecrated to available thought. So it is with thousands who, in any public assembly or social circle, lament a faltering tongue. Many complain of being unable to get at their ideas, when in truth they have n't any. With a little timely Study, such persons would always have something to say, and imagine no difficulty in saying it.

Study, in itself, affords a variety of elevated enjoyments. They err egregiously who fancy that the cell of contemplation is a place of mental dreariness. I tell you that the exercise of our intellectual faculties is rewarded with peculiar gratifications. Every student of Nature is drawn to his pursuit by attractions which a cursory mind awkwardly guesses at. This fact is denoted by the apparent self-denial of philosophers. See how indifferent they generally become to the glitter of gold and worldly ostentation. Look at Diogenes in his tub, unmoved by the compliments of the greatest monarch, rejecting affluence as a mere burden, and deriding popular adulation and courtly patronage as very clouds, fitted only to obscure his meditative sunshines. It is so, to a considerable extent, with all sages and naturalists—all lovers of learning—all veritable students; and this is evidence that Reason, or rather *reasoning*—the exercise of the thinking faculties, is prolific of enjoyments ever superior to those of Sense. Nor are these enjoyments exclusively appropriate to eminent thinkers and learners. Ordinary minds find a taste of the same cognitive pleasures, in the act of pursuing in books the various transcripts of deeper meditations. Moreover, (a truth which I would gladly impress with the indelible touch of conviction on every human mind,) none is so low in the scale of mentality as to be, excepted from the all-embracing law of Progression, whereby each character is destined to grow beyond any given limits of aspiration; yet only by means of Study.

Finally, as a sequel to all the fore-mentioned benefits of Study, I conclude that it discovers a world of delight in solitude. It was a favorite saying of Dean Swift, that he was "never less alone than when alone;" which paradox is explained by the word *lonely*; and its truth is not half as well imputed to his notorious eccentricity as to his habit of studying. Most authors and experimenters in science might say as much to the same point. Loneliness is a terrible bugbear to little thinkers. These three accidents: time enough, nothing to do, and nobody to help do it, are all-sufficient to make anybody tolerable. From such a plight there are but three ways of

self-relief. The first is, to find a companion, which is not always possible. The next resort is, to do something for no other purpose but to kill time; as pacing the ground, picking one's teeth, paring one's nails, or playing—I was going to mention some sort of game that one can play alone, but what is it? Oh, I have it now—whistling and whittling. These last inventions are good to beguile the slow lapse of lonely hours, but the veriest adept at either will not claim that it affords any satisfying enjoyment. If, however, the solitaire of chance be wise, he will not trouble himself about an uncertain companion, nor prize the expedient of useless exercise, but quietly set himself to thinking. Verily, one who has learned to study, never need know ennui, nor be without the most agreeable, as well as most profitable, employment, nor miss the best of company.

After all, the consummate use of study is its fitness and tendency to qualify the mind and induce the individual to wield another and still nobler implement of happiness, to which I shall call the reader's attention in the concluding article of this series.

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

The Nineteenth Century is being signalized by important changes in human affairs, and great conquests of mind in and over the realm of material elements and forces. We are called to witness the beginning of a New Era in the history of Man. We are no longer confined by impassable barriers to the domain of physical existence. The most illuminated minds are rapidly ascending to that higher plain of perception on which the intuitive mind associates with subtle principles and invisible causes. As the mind rises into its own heaven, it no longer follows in a dim, earthly light, the devious line of induction, but reads with a clear vision the unwritten language of the spiritual universe. Those who have restricted the Divine sanction to a single Book, and have arrogated the Exclusive and Apostolic authority to expound its mystic lore, are emphatically reminded by the course of events, that there are other sources and media of spiritual instruction. The world leaves these saintly Rabbis, to nurse their gloomy phantasms, while it rejoices to know that the Spirit of Inspiration is not dead, but was only silent while men were wandering and lost, or rendered spiritually insensible by their selfish passions and material schemes. Another spirit comes to brood over the earth—to inspire loftier thoughts and to quicken the latent powers of humanity into a divine life. We now realize that Inspiration is never a thing of the past, but always a present living reality. It is only restricted by the disposition and capacity of the soul. With this limitation, it is the property of all ages, but the special gift of those periods that are characterized by outward order and inward growth.

Many years ago the writer looked for the dawning light of the new Day with an interest that often won him from his pillow, and made the night-watch the occasion of wakefulness and meditation. That interest increased, from each succeeding hour, while Morning shined from her purple pinions the light of her rising. But while we rejoice as the day advances, our joy is tempered by the solemn reflection, that in proportion to the light of the age, must be the responsibilities of its living actors. If we occupy an advanced position, it remains for us to render it truly honorable by the consecration of ourselves to a noble and unselfish work. If we are raised to heaven in our sphere of thought, and the means of intellectual culture and spiritual advancement, not only the objects we pursue, but our modes of action, should be correspondingly refined and exalted. Our lives are surprisingly beautiful, but it yet awaits the hour of its incarnation. Who shall embody it in the superior forms of a new and Divine Order? Who shall rear the temple, consecrate the shrine, and make the principle itself the indwelling spirit of institutional reformation? Our light will be measurably obscured, unless a practical result is achieved. Where, then, is the Master-builder who will silence the voices of popular skepticism, and realize the hopes of humanity, by presenting to the world in fact, what the most advanced minds have formed in theory? The man who is equal to this demand of the time, and will faithfully perform the service, shall have his name and memory forever enshrined in the hearts of the thousands whose woes he may remove or alleviate.

It is not enough to seek spiritual instruction and direction, and then go out to follow our old ways; nor will the earnest man set down and spend his time in weaving a fabric such as "dreams are made of." The true Reformer is a working man; he is always moving, and would not be still even in Heaven. And yet with an earnest purpose and ceaseless activity, the Reformer of To-day may be scarcely equal to the work assigned him. The individual may fall if left to battle alone, though the cause may derive new strength from the ashes of its martyrs. To render the efforts of the Reformer eminently successful, it becomes necessary to consecrate the means and agents at command. There are latent elements of power, which, if properly combined and wisely directed, would develop the most startling and beneficial results. But little, comparatively, can be accomplished, while we disregard the laws of organic relation and dependence. Nature, in all the superior gradations of being, performs her operations by organized action. The life-functions everywhere—at least within the sphere of human observation—depend on an organization adapted to promote the ends of that existence. Until something is done in this way, only those whom fortune has blessed above their fellows—and such are so sufficiently ethereal to subvert on faith—can devote themselves exclusively to the peculiar work to which Nature and their own affinities may have called them. We should not fear organization, because some have made it the engine of oppression. Men have played the tyrant in their individual capacity, and may do so again. We need not hesitate because the old organisms are dying, since they have already answered the end of their being, and now only disappear, that the creative genius of the Age—sanctified by a love of the divinely Beautiful—may people the earth anew.

When will the forms of the new creation appear and possess the earth? Passive waiting is as powerless as mere oral prayer to hasten the time. There must be action or there can be no transformation; and the most acceptable petition ever offered to the Supreme Majesty, is that in which the earnest soul embodies its aspiration in a great humanitarian work. There is such a marked difference between the praying and acting at the same time, as to awaken the suspicion that the chief element in many prayers is the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs. Indolence, selfishness, and hypocrisy may profane the cathedral worship, but when the spirit is so moved

that every fiber of the heart is smitten, and each nerve of motion vibrates in one great struggle for Man, there is no room to question the sincerity of the service. The convulsed nerves; the quivering muscles; the tears; the sweat; the blood—these constitute a libation that only the devout worshiper will ever offer.

Nature, in every department performs her work by a series of progressive movements, often so gradual as to escape observation; and when, occasionally, an extraordinary conveyance of her forces develops a sudden revolution among the elements and forms of the material world, the results are often destructive of property and life. While the refreshing dews and gentle showers clothe the earth with a more vivid beauty, the tempest and the flood leave a record of ruin in their awful march. These wild conflicts of material elements have their correspondences in the fierce contests of political factions and the wars which make nations desolate. Those who have labored to institute a new order of society, may have failed because they have attempted too much at a single move. Nature, by her prevailing modes, sanctions the more gradual method of producing great changes in her economy. To change the entire structure of society is not the work of a day, nor of a generation; nor can the transition be accomplished without a suitable preparation of the social elements. Those who aim at the final result without the appropriate preliminary and intermediate steps, are doubtless engaged in an unnatural movement which is likely to produce confusion rather than harmony.

The time is at hand when important changes may be made in the social policy of nations, and in the political and religious institutions of the world, without exposing society to the evils of disorder and anarchy. To prescribe the best modes of action, in this case, is a difficult task. The writer distrusts his own abilities, but cannot withhold an expression of regret, that we have not some great spirit, baptized with the fire of the divine philosophy, to guide the wheels of progress. We require a second Luther—a man adapted to the time and the movement—and a revolution would follow, that, by the divinity of its principles and the splendor of its achievements, would overshadow the past, and compare with which, the glory of the Reformation would disappear as the light of the morning star is lost in the effulgence of Day.

MASTER BRITTON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

S. B. BRITTON, JR., is Master's Mate on board the U. S. gun boat Essex, Capt. WILLIAM D. PORTER, now at Cairo, on the Mississippi. The Essex is one of the strongest vessels on the Naval Fleet, on our Western waters, and has a powerful armament, consisting of rifled cannon and other guns of large caliber. She mounts one gun that will send a 250 pound shot or shell a distance of five or six miles. Young Britton, though but sixteen years old, is the Signal Officer of the Essex, and is said to be a favorite with the other officers and the crew. His correspondence is interesting. One of his letters, descriptive of the passage of the Essex from St. Louis to Cairo, appeared in the New York Daily Times, a few days since.

We are permitted to publish the concluding portion of his last private letter. It was mailed at Cairo, and is under date of the second instant: "We shall not be able to move down the river from this place in less than two or three weeks. Our Commander, Capt. Porter, left on the twentieth ultimo, for St. Louis, and has not yet returned, though we are in hourly expectation of his arrival. The boat on which Capt. Porter took passage, was on the point of touching at Price's Landing, when a lady (God bless her!) ran out to the river bank and communicated the intelligence that Price and his men were concealed in the woods. The boat drew off, but had proceeded but a short distance when the Rebels poured their shot into the cabin, fairly riddling it to pieces, and killing the bar-keeper. The enemy had made the discovery that Capt. Porter was a passenger, and had the boat landed, it would doubtless have been taken, and all on board might have been prisoners.

I went up to Mound City, yesterday, where they have a large hospital. I went through the whole building, and found four hundred and eighty-seven sick and wounded men. There were no less than eighty-seven of the wounded from the battle field of Belmont. There were some poor creatures—mournful wrecks of humanity—that were terrible to look upon. There was one man with his leg off; another was wanting an arm; one had a bullet-hole through his ankle, large enough to put your thumb in; others still were wounded in more vital parts. While I was present, one brave fellow expired within three feet of me, yet so quietly that I did not observe his departure, until my attention was arrested by the good Sister of Charity, who offered an impressive prayer over his remains.

It is not on the battle field—while the battle is raging—that one realizes the horrible effects of War; but it is here, in the hospitals, while we gaze at the pale faces, the emaciated forms, the mangled limbs, and the dying struggles of these noble fellows, who thus give themselves to their country. If one can contemplate such a scene as this, and not say that War, in itself considered, is a fearful curse, it must be because his better nature has long been obscured or blotted out. I remain as ever, yours devotedly, S. B. BRITTON, JR."

Modern Sibylline Oracles.

According to a distinguished authority the ancient Sibyls of Persia, Greece and Italy, were ten in number; but in these days it is quite impossible to number the women who are endowed with a prophetic spirit. They are to be found in every quarter of the world, but most frequently in our own free country. Among those who are most widely known and distinguished for their remarkable powers of perception, Mrs. D. C. PRICE, the Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium, is justly entitled to special consideration. She reads the history of her visitors, discerns their present relations and pursuits, and often discloses the events of their future lives with surprising accuracy.

Mrs. Price has recently engaged Rooms at the Hotel of the Invalides, 407 Fourth street, New York, where she will be pleased to entertain her friends and others who may require her professional services. Those who desire to penetrate the veil, will be interested in an interview with Madam Price, who certainly holds a golden key to the Arcana of the Unknown.

The Banner of Light.

Bound Volumes of the BANNER for the year 1859—Vols. 5 and 6—can be procured at this office. Price \$3 each.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLLEY, EDITOR.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

FEVERISH REFORMERS.

Nothing will so soon take the conceit out of a dreamer's fine theories, snarling and tearing the fine fibres of his web into all sorts of shapes of confusion, as his going directly to the people with them on his tongue, and attempting to adapt them to the comprehension, apprehensions, tastes, prejudices, education, and temperaments of men in the lump. It may be all very well, and very easy, too, to sit hived up in one's chamber, away from the hum of the world, and the reach of its periodical surges, and there hatch out conceptions of Arcadian, New Atlantes, Edens and Elysiums without name and number, and declare in the impenetrable security of solitary thought, that all these are exactly adapted to the popular wants, that they will certainly hit the popular demand for better material and spiritual conditions, and that they must be made to "go," whether or no; but when it comes to the matter-of-fact, direct, and plain presentation of these theories, which were so happily conceived and so tenderly nursed in solitude, to men who demand that the ideal shall be made real on the instant, that day-dreams shall prove their value by being reduced immediately to practice, that the New shall give them certainly as much bread and butter, as the Old, and at least as good a house and quite as warm clothing—the theorists find it a very different matter, and are inclined from the up-hill nature of their work, to either give over the world to its idols in disgust and weariness of soul, or else to retire to their solitude again, and deplore the fact they were born out of their time, and need therefore expect to perform no service on the present generation's behalf.

To know what the world mostly needs, one must first have a pretty close acquaintance with the world. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, once said, "that he who would write history to advantage, must himself live in the midst of history, while it is making." So with theories and projects of reform; to understand with any degree of accuracy what the requirements of men are in the social state, to know pretty nearly how to adjust new and untried, and therefore unpopular ideas to present circumstances and possible exigencies—this certainly calls for another person than a mere dreamer, dream he never so wisely or beautifully. Human nature is a problem, which few leaders, either in politics or religion, have as yet thoroughly found out; at the very best, it can only be said that all our leaders and so-called guides manage to throw out suggestions to the people, and after all, follow the popular whims along as fast and as far as they can. It is the combined general sense and sentiment that takes up a particular nation, or generation, and carries it along. There is no reform, nor reconstruction, by fits and starts, or because a sudden whim or impulse strikes the popular mind; on the contrary, all progress is but a slow and steady growth, as in Nature all sides grow alike, and thus sustain the old relations each to the other, while they have still made an advance and an expansion.

It is just because our unpractised reformers do not know this, or, knowing it, do not understand the grand secret of its meaning, that they come short in their aims so often, and fail to make that impression upon the public mind which the weightiness of their errand ought certainly to warrant. They soon grow impatient; are restless; do not understand why the world will not hear them; become over-sensitive, and finally suspicious, and it is but a step then to that state of feverishness where they are certain to rebel, rather than attract, others, and at which they generally conclude—and with truth—that the day of their usefulness is gone by.

Feverish reform are the very diseases which reformers should seek to avoid. A man must needs preserve a perfect equipoise of his own faculties, if he would hope to instruct others how to reach the same desirable mark, or indeed to excite them to any exertion for their own improvement, whatever. A practical reformer should be no less of the world, and in the world, than he may be said to be above it. He must comprehend a great deal more than the rest, in order to hint to them of matters which they have not given their attention to. If he can see over all this variety and complication of human affairs, so as to tell his listeners where things are not only wrong, but in what way it is possible to set them right, then he will be accepted as the person for whom the world has so long been in quest, and his ideas will find a market for themselves at once.

How to harmonize the thought and the life—how to conserve and yet to progress—how to keep the centripetal and centrifugal forces both at work the whole time—that is the problem to whose solution all true reformers should desire to attain. The past cannot be thrown away, for it is filled with a rich experience; if we reach forth impatiently to the future, it is but that we may get new and larger experience; but what is it all worth, if it is so soon to be thrown aside as of no value and no avail? No new Present is going to be one-half as good as any Past, if it does not hold within its heart all the riches that have been got from out that Past, upon which it may begin business as with so much capital.

When a man, who would induce others to reconstruct and reform, is hasty and petulant, or even

worn down and despondent, because he fails to make so immediate an impression as he could desire, it is very naturally concluded that he has but a limited faith in his own ideas, and that he certainly is not the person to illustrate and set forth schemes and theories that require abounding patience for their final fulfillment. How much better off is he than we? ask all who behold his loss of temper at their tardy apprehension of his ideas. How much our superior is the passionate man who preaches down everything like heat and haste in reformatory movements? Is the question that is likely to rise first to the lips of attentive observers. Besides, how futile it is to talk up before others the blessedness and the need of a changed state of things, when one most requires that change for his own heart, his own habits, and his own circumstances? We are each of us but an epitome of nature's laws, that work through the vastness of the universe; if we can see what is the lack within our own selves, and how to supply it, then we may believe that we are more or less competent to deal out suggestions of a similar tenor to others, and to show them a way to happiness which we have successfully traveled ourselves.

Magnanimity in Diplomacy.

It used to be thought, in Europe especially, that diplomacy was a game, like that with cards, to be played and won by the side that could bring the subtle influence, of deception, or the bolder one of "bluff," to bear at the exact moment required, and thus carry away the coveted prize. But the reign of such ideas is rapidly passing away. Diplomatic intercourse between and among civilized nations ought, certainly, to be nothing more nor less frank and open than business intercourse between individuals. To suppose that the government is the ablest, and rests its cause and interests on the solidest foundations, which habitually disguises its own intentions, and seeks deliberately and perseveringly to mislead other governments, is to rest this subject of diplomatic intercourse on a platform which might as well be pulled to pieces in our day as in any other.

It has ever been the leading characteristic of American diplomacy, that it is frank and outspoken; that it has no disguises, and will tolerate no deceit. On this very account it has achieved its marked successes among the nations of the old world, and it now stands pledged, by every rule of practice, both expressed and implied, to carry on the business in the same way as heretofore. England will be staggered at receiving the news of the rendition of Mason and Slidell, at her rash and imperious instance; and we are much mistaken if it shall not be found that we have ourselves won the substantial victory in this short contest, not more in forcing England over to a hasty conversion to our own long asserted doctrine relative to belligerents and neutrals, than in the gain of moral power which must certainly accumulate to our side, when the promptness and magnanimity that characterized this surrender are better understood. We rejoice that so selfish a government as that of England is not so hardened as to be beyond the reach and influence of a generous and friendly act like this. It is diplomacy after the Christian mode; and we wish the nations of the world would strive to emulate its spirit and letter.

The Fires.

One would think the Fire Fiend had indeed broken loose, and was ravaging the country. Not less in the Northern States, either, than in the Southern. For many months, whether designedly or by accident, we know not, factory establishments with government contracts on hand, have fallen flat before the destroying breath of the flames; and, more recently, have occurred large and destructive conflagrations in some of our large cities, and in many of our towns and villages. In Philadelphia and New York the fires have been on a grand scale, and we have but just had a very large one in the compact and beautiful little city of Dover, N. H. Then, on the lower side of Mason and Dixon's line, Montgomery, Charleston, Richmond, Nashville, Greenville, and other towns of less size and note, have been visited by this most fearful of all imaginable fiends, and the second named city has been smitten as she never was before; it is confidently thought that her doom has been sealed, and that prosperity can never return to her limits again.

Doubtless a good part of these burnings are to be laid at the door of Satanic incendiaries; we say Satanic, even if at the South, such incendiaries should happen to be the slaves themselves. For the spirit that leads persons to apply the torch to human dwelling, is of kin with that which slyly drops poison into one's draughts, and wears the attiletto in its bosom, that it may drive it home in the dark. No man is excusable who excites even by indirection, so fiendish an instrument of passion and war. Better the temporary and qualified evils of the present social state, a thousand times, than educating men to believe that such means are proper ones at their hands with which to achieve even their liberties. No man can be taught to place a very high estimate upon liberty, who will go to work and deliberately undermine the whole fabric itself, in order to secure its fancied blessings. Liberty without Order, as its necessary accompaniment, is no liberty at all; it is anarchy and chaos, opposed by divine laws and by the primary principles of the universe.

The Great Mississippi Fleet.

This much talked-about flotilla is at last "a fact," and has already set forward gun-boats and made reconnaissancees not far from Columbus. Flag officer Foote is to command it, and great confidence is reposed by the government in his ability and skill. This fleet, about starting down the Mississippi from Cairo, is composed of twelve gun-boats, each carrying fifteen guns—five 68-pound Columbiads at each side, three rifled guns at the bow and two at the stern. Strong casemates protect both guns and gunners. These boats are one hundred and ninety-five feet long, thirty-one feet in the beam, and draw five feet of water when fully laden. The whole of their machinery is under water. They average about six hundred and fifty tons burden each. The sides are constructed so as to incline at an angle of forty-five degrees, which enables them to turn aside a ball very readily; and the bottom has the same inclination toward the keel. They are set down by builders and competent judges, to be of immense strength, and quite capable of resisting the heaviest metal the Confederate guns can throw. Besides these twelve gun-boats, there are twenty-eight tugs and steam-boats, and thirty-eight mortar-boats in the flotilla; all these are built of heavy timber, with sides of boiler iron, looped for musketry, and each capable of carrying a heavy mortar. Bridges may be made with the boats, and the tugs will be used to place them in position.

Wm. Sherman Osgood.

The following communication was given at our circle of Thursday, Jan. 9. It embodies reason enough for an early insertion:

People are sometimes apt to make promises they are hardly able to fulfill. I am scarcely free from my own body, and it is hard, hard work to hold on to one, and use another. I made a promise that I feel bound to fulfill, if I can. I said, God giving me strength, I would come here, within twenty-four hours after I died, if I happened to die in time to meet your days of sitting. I shot out from one shore at 11 o'clock to-day, and here I am—here I am, hardly ready for a fight, but I have won a little about it before I got here. I want Joseph Denison, Levi Corey, Samuel Dandexter—these three in particular, to acknowledge I have won the bet. I don't expect pay in any other way, but I want them to acknowledge I have won. My religion—I'll call it no—*is* right; I have won the bet—I have won the bet!

My name was William Sherman Osgood. I'm from Elkart, Ind., I said. I said I hailed from there, but I died among a pin-fest set of thieves, highway-men and cut-throats down South; nearer three months than ten in Bell—[Was it in Richmond?] Yes. It was hard work in launching out into the dark, but it is light enough when you get out. I died in a d—d concern they call a hospital, but it was more like an institution for killing a man by inches, than for curing him. No matter the occasion of it. I'm here, and have won the bet. You won't wait six months before you print this, will you? [It shall be printed right away.] That's right.

What was the cause of my death? Salt food; bad water, the whole producing fever, and that killed me. No, I'm not mistaken in the day—it was to-day; I wouldn't have missed winning my bet for God's place, now. I have n't seen anybody that was a spirit without a body, since I left. I came here as soon as I got loose, and I ha'n't yet seen a spirit. Something holds on to me, yet, and keeps me back, as though it was something I was in danger of losing, and must keep track of. I knew something of this business, and was a medium, too. [Were you at Bull Run?] No, at Ball's Bluff. Oh, such an infernal set of rascals as you find out there!

How do you out loose here? [By merely wishing yourself back to your body.] I'll spin for that, soon enough. [And you had better see that it is taken care of.] God, strangers, it is laid away long before this; they don't wait for ceremonies. I've seen bodies hauled out before they were dead. As to getting a wooden box there, if you get a canvas sheet, you'll be well off—Yankees don't get such things. The men I bet with are all sick, in Richmond; two of them will die. [Do they have the paper there?] Yes—they are carried there. I have seen every number but two since I have been there. [How do they get there?] There is a way for these things. Everything has something for it to do, you know. Jan. 9.

Ice and Skating.

Many persons like both. The ladies are especially delighted with the latter, and will skate all through these bright evenings, till the moon goes down. Well, it is a grand affair for them, look at it as we may; so different from the old way of wearing paper-soled shoes out upon spongy sidewalks, and then sitting down before the front window in a cold parlor, to be admired for their matchless alabaster faces. Now, we have thick boots for the ladies—the young girls not excepted—and rough, shaggy coats and socks. They romp wherever they like, and care no more for awful walking than the specimens of pantaloonery whom they meet in their walks. And, in consequence, of course, they have red cheeks in abundance, and bright eyes, and scarlet lips; and their spirits are always bright, too, which makes them as chatty as a flock of black-birds when they get together. Ice, on the whole, is a "big thing." It has done much service for more persons than those who compose the Tudor Ice Company. Not only has it carried comfort to feverish tongues and brows in tropical climes, but it has put a stop to a vast deal of destroying listlessness at home—right here in rugged New England. We shall rarely sip our cooled summer beverages after this, without thinking of the good service this same article—perhaps this identical cake—has done for the health and freshness of the better and lovelier portion of our population. "Vive l'Imperatrice!" as the French sometimes say.

The Free Meeting Committee.

The following named gentlemen have been chosen to constitute the Committee to superintend the Free Meetings at Lyceum Hall: P. E. Gay, Jacob Edson, Daniel Farrar, John Wetherbee, Jr., Chas. E. Jenkins, Geo. W. Smith, W. P. Pierce, Edward Haynes, Jr., F. A. Gould, Judge J. S. Ladd, W. K. Lewis, F. A. Pope, L. B. Wilson, Dela Marsh, Willard B. Felton.

This Committee, in turn, is organized by the choice of Phineas E. Gay, Chairman; Edward Haynes, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer; and Jacob Edson, Daniel Farrar and J. Wetherbee, Jr., Lecture Committee.

An adjourned meeting will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 13, to which all interested are invited. The Committee have resolved to secure the best lecture the country affords, and they have already gone to work in earnest, to carry out the wishes of the subscribers. Lizzie Doten speaks next Sabbath.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. S. S., AUSTINBURG, OHIO.—We know of no one who can answer your inquiry concerning publications on the subject of Astrology, better than can Prof. Thomas Lister, No. 25 Lowell street, Boston.

W. K. J., FAIR HAVEN, N. Y.—Money received.

R. D. SZARLE, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—We can send you Dr. Hedge's Essays for \$1.25.

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.

American Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufacture. We also learn that Snow's Pens have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. SNOW, Hartford, Conn., or 385 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1, you will get one hundred and forty-four samples, by return of mail.

A Child's Book.

Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. WILHELM. Mrs. Wilhelm's pen has frequently added attractions to our columns, and she is well known to the little ones. This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and poems, alternately, and is a beautiful little gift book for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of Spiritual and Liberal Sunday Schools. For sale at the Banner of Light office. Price 10 cents.

WARREN CHASE AT LYCEUM HALL.
Sunday Afternoon, January 6, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

RECKONING.

The "Free Meeting" Enterprise was ably inaugurated to-day by the distinguished pioneer and champion who stood behind the desk. He prefaced his remarks by the reading of Burleigh's fine poem on "Duality."

He first deemed it his duty to express his gratitude to Dr. Gardner, who, in the face of adverse circumstances, had carried this enterprise up to its present success; secondly, to the friends who had contributed so liberally of their means to make this in reality a gospel for the poor, and hoped they might come, when they heard of the provision made for them; and, thirdly, to the friends for giving him the first opportunity of speaking in the free hall—of inaugurating the enterprise in Boston, after fourteen years of labor in the service, all over the country.

He announced his subject as "Reckoning." Are you prepared to take your reckoning? It is supposed by many that there is a day of reckoning coming to the human soul, and God keeps the balance sheet, and foots up the reckoning against the day of judgment. The lecturer did not mean in this sense, but came to a more practical observation of the subject. The mariner takes his reckoning from his log-book and compass, to know whether he is drifting to leeward or windward, and by the trial-balance the officers of large corporations keep a reckoning to know whether they are accumulating or losing funds. Individuals engaged in private enterprises and other matters, keep their reckoning to know clearly and distinctly which way the tides of fate are driving them.

It would be well for all to keep their reckoning in natural and spiritual matters, as individuals. Individually and collectively, let them note the progress of the last half or quarter of a century. It is forty-nine years to-day since I entered upon human existence, in its humblest phase, and for thirty years was drifted and distracted, till strengthened by storms and contentions, I had reached a condition where the loved in the spirit world were able to throw their arms around me, and wake in my whole being responsive echoes to the music of their own sphere; and by the boon thus won through sorrow and contention, I have been able to take not only a reckoning of the past and present, but of the future.

What would have been thought a century ago of a society of individuals meeting together for the ostensible purpose of obtaining wisdom from a superior order of beings? What reckoning would the world have taken of you and those with you, had you done as you are now doing, a half century ago? Turn back twenty years, or even ten, and you will note the change in public sentiment. Half a century ago the doctrine of damnation was rampant in the land, and scarce a voice could be heard to penetrate the dark vestments of superstition in the land. To the poor, longing and yearning for happiness, the view was gloomy and terrible. To gain heaven seemed at best but a game of chance. None hardly dare hope for happiness in a life to come. Scarcely could you find a human being who believed their hell was on earth and not in the future. Verily, all religion was dark, cloudy, and external—of the outer, and not of the inner soul. They feared hell more than they believed in heaven—dreaded the scorching flames of hell, and had no hope of a future life, except a life of misery and endless pain. The future was dark to everybody save the thinker, the philosopher and the infidel.

Within the last half century the doctrines of Calvinism have been greatly softened, so that now its preachers seldom regale their congregations with the smoke of the burning infants, or the music of the wailing damned. The religious public opinion had moderated greatly at the advent of the doctrine of the Millerites, who prophesied the second coming of Jesus. They hardly knew what they prophesied, and knew not the mighty truths of their prophecy. Even as the coming of Jesus was prophesied before, and correctly, by the same law he was to come in this middle of the nineteenth century. They wondered he did not come in their own way, just as the Jews of old wondered that he did not come decked in kingly robes and "fine linen, to sit on the throne of the world and bow all nations in homage at his feet. He did come, and his name is Spiritualism. He has come, and our souls are lifted up in adoration, and lightened with a blaze of glory. The angels who came in his glorious retinue, nestle close to our hearts, and tell us they love us, while they whisper to our listening ear of the truths of heaven. Universalism was the next religion that fell into Spiritualism, and is, in itself, as a sect, becoming smaller and smaller year by year. We live in wonderful times, like unto which no period of time is on record. The conditions that connect Spiritualism with the older religions—such men as Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Edwin H. Chapin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, have a mission assigned them, which even they themselves know not the importance and bearing of.

It is interesting to note the changes taking place in the world of politics, as well as of piety. Note the effects of our present civil war. Note the intellect and civilization of the Free States, and the slavery, aristocracy and monopoly of the South, and behold the border, the middle States, that lie between slavery and freedom—which are slowly and surely being elevated up to the dignity of and made fit to be in the society of the Free States of the North. Hundreds of things have happened since this war broke out, that show, as clear as can be, that spirits are engaged in this work, as well as mortals. Upon the result of this war will depend our civilization, and will depend Spiritualism. If the rebellion is put down, Spiritualism is secure and sure. If the rebels succeed, the spirit of reform in politics and religion will hide its head, and blush in shame. Greater and more spiritual will be the visions seen by the prophets of the future than the Apostle saw on the island of Patmos, but we must wait till the spiritual world has opened itself wider to our view. It is only a question of time. We all know this. None know it surer than do your professors of Harvard College. It is only the question with them how long they can keep it out of the University and themselves and their dogmas in. Do you suppose they think we are all deluded? No; they tremble for their own fate and ignorance more than for yours, at the same time they shut their eyes to the light, and then declare there is nothing but darkness. They know their own teachings will wither and scatter—will shrivel up and be destroyed beneath the heat of the coming light.

Some of the churches are beginning to see and

acknowledge that their only hope of salvation is in accepting the doctrines of Spiritualism, and gradually incorporating them into their teachings and beliefs. They have already found that the bonds of the church are social and not religious.

Spiritualists, I am sorry that we have been compelled to put a small silver bar at the door of these meetings, and keep the poor out; but we have always taught that there was no silver bar at the door of heaven—no bar between human souls and the presence of God. We have taken it down now, and all are urged to come in. Though the times are called hard, Spiritualism is advancing everywhere. The inauguration of free meetings in Boston at such a time as this is a hopeful sign. The Christians see as well as you do that the old is going out and the new coming in; and, more—they have found their puny little dages can't keep the tide back. Our tide is onward sweeping, and every institution of the past is inundated; every department of life feels its influence, and there is cheering news in the future.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Lizzie M. A. Carley will speak in Charlestown, next Sabbath, January 19th.

Samuel D. Pace, trance speaking, and healing medium, will answer calls to lecture in the middle and western States. He will pay special attention to the healing of diseases, wherever he may be called. Address, Port Huron, Michigan.

In another column our readers will find the advertisement of Dr. E. Smith, of No. 23 Pleasant street, Boston. We are personally acquainted with the Doctor, and are knowing to many important cures done under his care—cures in comparison to which the one cited is trifling and insignificant. We have no hesitation in giving him our "right hand of fellowship" as our Christian brothers say, and recommend him to all the diseased.

Like sleepy children, we have been living in this country for years, waiting for the present panic to come; and now we are just beginning to find out what reason men have got for our rulers, and how they are robbing our national treasury. Senator Hale has opened fire upon the Secretary of the Navy, and as he is chairman of the committee on naval affairs, his sweeping denunciations are producing an impression. Indeed, a majority of Congress seem almost ready to endorse the assertion made by Senator Nesmith, in debate, that "one-half of the appropriations made for the prosecution of this war, have been stolen by men who are in office, and hangers on, and contractors."

Hudson Tuttle's post office address is Berlin Heights, Ohio, and not Walnut Grove, which is the name of his farm.

BANNER, Boston, Ms., to SAN JOSE MERCURY, Cal.—Greeting: It was placed upon our exchange list some time since, through the agency of some of your spirit-friends, that you might get LIGHT! Investigate properly, and you will be given to know all the whys and wherefores of this, to you, singular incident.

Governor Andrew, in his message, very properly urges upon the Massachusetts legislature the repeal of the constitutional discrimination between citizens of foreign birth and native-born citizens, enacted by the know-nothings. The loyalty displayed by our adopted citizens has annihilated the last vestige of "dark lanternism" from the public mind throughout the country.

Ice water at meals chills the stomach, and consequently retards digestion. Weak tea is wholesome.

Music is the wine which inspires new creations, and the great composer is the Bacchus who presses it out for mankind, and makes them spirit-drunk.

What is it that never takes anything except water to wet its whistle? A locomotive.

A cotemporary upholders in the new year as follows: "The year eighteen hundred and sixty-two steps forth bright as the morning and beautiful as the vision of angels. It comes to us freighted with all the great events of the coming future, wisely hidden from our view, till they are unveiled before us on the canvas of time, or faintly shadowed forth in the prophetic visions of the seer."

A splendid Aquarium has been inaugurated in the *Jardins d'Acclimation* in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. The building is a long gallery, terminating at each end by pavilion formed vestibules, painted in fresco, after the aquaria of Heracleum. The gallery is one hundred and fifty feet long, the glass cases forming one side of it, and the other being left in obscurity. Salt and fresh water fish, crustaceans, and other natives of the sea and river, are here in profusion, swimming around the rocks, or attaching themselves to the bottom, or to aquatic plants.

HEREDITARY PIETY.—The Boston Pilot, says that on November 24, in St. Joseph's Church, in Roxbury, were confirmed three hundred and eighty-one persons. November 26, in St. Patrick's Church, North Bridgewater, the Bishop confirmed three hundred and eighty persons. December 1st, the Bishop confirmed one hundred and six persons in the newly purchased Church of Natick—and on the same day one hundred and fifty-three persons in Saxonville.

An elderly lady in Albany was so frightened by an explosion of gas at a house opposite, the other day, which she witnessed, that she was completely prostrated and died the following morning.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says the policy of colonizing the negroes of rebels who may be confiscated and emancipated during the war had a thorough discussing in the Cabinet the other day, and developed great strength and popularity. Mr. Seward lends to the measure his cordial and unqualified support. It will doubtless be adopted as an Administration measure.

Obituary Notice.

Died in Chelsea, Jan. 4, 1861. SARAH FRANCES, daughter of E. H. and O. A. KIRKHAM, aged 3 years 11 months and 12 days.

This was a lovely little child, the pride of the parents' heart and the life of the household. She closed her eyes to the scenes of this world, after a painful illness. None save God's own recording angels can know the anguish of the fond parents, when called upon to part with their sweet little girl. The future is not indeed dark to them, for they are Spiritualists, and the mother is well known in this city, as a trance medium; and they would fain believe the blessed one will lead them with a love never felt before, up to the home of the angels. Lizzie Doten and Rev. Mr. Leonard, of Chelsea, were the instruments through whom consolation was given to the bereaved ones on the funeral day, when the mortal casket of sweet little Fannie was laid away.

"From her fair
And unpolluted flesh will violets grow."

Reported for the Banner of Light.
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1862

QUESTION.—The Tendencies of Spiritualism.

MR. CHAPMAN.—I shall give you my thoughts concerning Spiritualism just as they came to me, in the rough draft, without law or order. If they are rocks, you must build the wall; if they are blocks of marble, you must hew the figures; if they are flowers, you must make the botany; but if they are sticks and stones, and mud, they may serve to thatch a hovel, or fill up the backyards of Spiritualism—and there are many.

The first shock of the spiritual earthquake opened the tomb, and many mistook the rattling of old bones for the resurrection. Their old familiar friends stood forth embalmed in truth. Their theologies melted away into air. Their creed was a squeezed sponge. The Bible was a forged check. God was an abstraction. Reason, being the shadow of the soul. The spiritual sun was eclipsed, and men lighted their little lanterns, and called them suns.

The second shock opened the mind, and men looked within and began to sweep the cobwebs out of the head, and many swept them down into the heart. The third shock has not yet come; and when it does, it will open heaven up to the throne of God. Has Spiritualism brought us anarchy? Yes, exactly that that attends the demolition of an old house—clutter and rubbish.

The old ecclesiastical temple lies in ruins, a shapeless mass, column, beam, and rafter piled in exquisite ugliness. But is architecture destroyed? Does a man destroy music by cutting his fiddle strings? When a man says there is no sun, it is the cataract in his eye that speaks.

The "Harmonical Philosophy" is the pedestal upon which we are to erect the true image of Spiritualism. The image is about to be set up, and you and I are invited to the inauguration. Spiritualism is a triple-winged globe, thrown from the nebulous mass of theologies, and with these wings it shall fly through all systems. It is three-fold. The intellect is the soil, the reason is the stalk, and love is the flower. Pearls are more than the strings they are strung on; the granite rock takes its nobleness from the image on it.

When the soul flung her light and love into the hemisphere of the intellect, reason was born; thus reason brought forth, and it was love. Love, reason, intellect—flower, stalk, soil. The intellect rests in the soul, which, like a sea of gold, holds the silvery orb of mind, and all these float in the undecorated sea of God. The foundation is granite, the pedestal is marble, and the image is gold, and these three are one: phenomena, investigation, faith. These three are one: the law of Moses, the body of Christ, the revelations of the Spirit—disolution, reconstruction, inspiration. These three are one: the rap, the speech, the act. We are now at the close of the speech period. The winds of heaven are about to be abated, and then her airs of inspiration shall drop down like the gentle dew. Heat, light, life—Father, Son, Spirit. Here is triple nature, and triple God. This is the three-thoughted brain of the Universe.

"Oft our bark upon the tide of reason wrecks,
But never founders upon the sea of love.
The sea of logic is the polar sea;
Aloft we, while the flood of the spiritual tide,
Flows like like iceberg, to thaw and melt
In the Summer's sun of love."

He that digs for the foundation is one; and he that sculpts the image is another; and he can hew the granite into squares who cannot chip a thing of life from the dull marble. He can make a rap that cannot make a speech; but there shall come a mightier than he, who shall fire the heart.

We have had a set of workmen for the last dozen years, digging for the corner-stone of our new building. Another set have been preparing the structure, and when it is ready for erection, the stone for the corner will be let down from heaven. What difference between digger and builder? Shall he who paints the picture despise him who weaves the canvas?

I recognize in Spiritualism three sets of workmen: the materialist, the intellectualist, the spiritualist; the first observe the mere phenomena; the second construct theories, and the third are actors; and of necessity, they rest upon phenomena, action upon theory. Our faith is a three-metalled coin—copper, silver and gold, whereon is the superscription of God.

I am talking of Spiritualism in its broad sense; it has no technical import to me; it is not a doctrine for a sect, but a religion for the world. I do not think all the whims and fancies, and dare-devil thoughts of Spiritualists are oracles, but I shall not fret and scold; they are only the chips and dirt that fly from chisel and spade. There are hodmen and architects; but the hodman of to-day is the architect of to-morrow. There is nothing in nature that says, "he that is a hodman let him be a hodman still." The same tide that bears the angelic squadron bears our little canoes.

We are now in the chalk and granite; they bear minerals, but not flowers, and he is as unwise as wrong-headed, who condemns us for being thus, as he who in the occult geologic period, should have condemned the world because he could not plant a flower garden. We shall yet have the botany, but before that, rocks must be ground to powder, and icebergs melt. We may inquire scientifically what is the tendency of Spiritualism, and when we can calculate with nice logic what is the next law left to be turned over, what step comes next in the winding stair, then we are philosophers. We may inquire into it morally, and when we know there is life, and feel its divinity within us, then we are reformers. But what have we to do with tendencies. Principles, not things, is our philosophy. Any way we may look at the thing it is of God, and all impertinent intermeddlers with his work should be referred to Him.

What thing is of God? That imperishable *uz*; that, quenchless as the Eternal. Spiritualism is in that *uz*, in you, and its sun has just flung a dash of its light into the sky of the mind. The work may be looked at apart from the workmen; the work is good; the shoes will fit, though cobblers drive the pegs.

We are each working with our tools. There is not a tree in all the forest of Spiritualism, that I have not flung a hatchet into, nor a Sahara that I have not crossed, nor a gulf that I have not founded in, nor nor a dismal swamp that I have not been lost in. I have shoveled dirt, poked stones, and felled trees, and my indentures are not yet out. You tell me I am a dirt-shoveler. Well, it is because dirt should be shoveled; the necessity for that is equal to the necessity for me. But yet I see a continent beyond, upheaved, and mountain girded, washed round by the river of life, and lighted by a sun that never sets.

I see it in the mind, half-grown. 'Tis an Eden, and sometime it shall come forth, lush, organ and life, and royally High Minerva from the brain of Jove. But does Spiritualism need defense? Who are they that attack it? Their indictment is but the mere impeachment of the sun. Wipe out the phenomena to-day, hush every rap, every speech, put the law's look on every lip, build a dungeon for every man, and the ideal still lives, and shall outwork the world it sighs for. When the bur drops off, the winds of persecution will blow the seeds over the land. Then every dungeon is a church, and every sealed lip is a preacher, and this is the next entrance we are to be invited to.

Spiritualism is the second coming of Christ, the overshadowing of the spirit.

"He comes no more a sacrifice for sin,
But puts his bloody vestments off for the
Baptisms of peace."

It is his coming, not psychologically, only, but ontologically also. It will be the spiritual reading of the text of Christianity. The body of Christ has thrown its shadow over the ages between Him and us. His advent in Judea was the coming of Jesus. This is the coming of Christ. He was incarnated then. He is the spirit, the embodiment of the Divine spiritual

idea. His throne is forever, and his sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of his kingdom.

I have thus attempted to throw my thoughts into words, but they defy expression. Words are but the crutches, upon which we limp into the temple of truth, and when we go to the dictionary to know what is religion, or what is Spiritualism, will no doubt think I have talked absurdly. To such I have no reply. I have no reply for those who hold erroneous sentiments; that one is in free love, another in Atheism; that some are in war, and others in peace; that some have set up the spiritual image, and others are throwing stones at it; for there is not an act done, nor a sentiment entertained, not a freak of free love, nor a frozen blast of Atheism, nor a stone thrown, that does not in some way help on the grand and glorious superstructure, the crowning spiritual architecture of the world.

If Spiritualism stops at philosophy, it will perish; if it progresses to religion, it will live. But this is doubting; it is hypotheicating the Divine order and the Divine beneficence. It will progress to religion, because it will live. Not more certainly shall the flower come from the seed when nursed by soil, sunshine and rain, than from the lawless mass of disorganized religions, of broken and, shapeless theologies, shall come a spiritual sun and system.

J. WETTERBERG, JR.—My opinion of Spiritualism, what it is and what are its tendencies, has materially changed since I first experienced it, and I think to better and truer conceptions of it. I expected it, as I would of the advent of a Jesus Christ; as soon as one, many or all imbibed its doctrines, believed in the voices from the spirit land, all would be of one mind, one faith, one religion; all authority in the fathers, in Bibles, in churches, give way to the authority of spirit life experience. A further look into and experience in this subject, has taught me that the angel teachings must not contradict, but harmonize with Nature, and Nature teaches me that differences exist radically, and such differences are Nature's peace and beauty; that some people are constitutionally gloomy, some cheerful, some energetic, some lymphatic, some conservative, some progressive, and these inherent differences run into and characterize all human institutions.

The tendency of Spiritualism is not, then, to wipe out all the old landmarks, but give a living truth to all! If something of the kind did not come, religion would die out of the world. The tendency of Spiritualism is to liberalize all. I am inclined to have great faith in natural religion, and the tendency of Spiritualism, I think, is toward natural religion, and from revealed religion. What is known by moralists as natural religion must spread, while revealed religion must wane, and such is notoriously the fact, of late years, and must die out finally, or be absorbed in the greater.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performance commences in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

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

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 50 cents.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

I feel it a duty to owe Consumptives and those troubled with Coughs, to make public the cure that has been effected in my case, by Dr. E. Smith. I rose to my feet the 11th of December, 1860, and with some difficulty, on account of palpitation, debility and shortness of breath, I succeeded in getting up one flight of stairs to my room. Then I was unable to tell my story on account of incessant coughing, till the Doctor gave me a remedy to relieve me. And I wish to say here, that I simply called on Dr. Smith to see if he could give me something to relieve me so that I could sleep nights for the first time in my life, and I was only about so that I could get but very little rest. I had for months relinquished all hopes of ever getting cured, for my disease was hereditary. My parents, brother and sister having died of consumption, I too, expected to go in the same way. Dr. Smith examined my lungs and told me they were ulcerated, and that there were tubercles, but I might make up my mind to get well if I took his remedies, and followed his directions. Judge of my surprise at the announcement. I could not believe him, and how could I, after having doctored three years with the best lung doctors that could be found? Dr. Dillenker and other celebrated physicians having failed to effect a cure. I set up all hope of ever getting well. I wish to say that before I used Dr. Smith's remedy two weeks, I walked a mile to see him and get more medicine and walked home, without much fatigue, and have been gaining strength and health ever since I took his remedies, which was only about three months. And I wish to say to those afflicted with lung disease, that they can be cured, and I feel it a duty to invite such to consult Dr. Smith, to whom, through the blessing of God, I owe my life and health. Mrs. A. A. Lox. Boston, Mass.

I am happy to state, for the good of others, that I am acquainted with the above case, having visited her in her sick-room, and also at the time she was cured, and have been intimately acquainted with the family for some time. I believe Dr. Smith, with God's blessing, was the instrument of raising and restoring Miss Lox to health. E. E. FARMAN, Tyler street, Boston, Sept., 1861.

DR. SMITH'S office is open daily for the reception of patients. He treats every disease with remedies purely vegetable, at 23 PLEASANT STREET, BOSTON.

January, 1862.—Miss Ide is now married, and in good health; the number of her residence will be given to any one who may wish to see her.

Persons at a distance may consult Dr. SMITH by letter, (inclosing two postage stamps), and medicine can be sent by express. The best of references given.

N. B. Dr. Smith also attends patients at their residence. Consultations free. Call and investigate. 1w Jan 18

THE FUGITIVE WIFE.

A NEW AND INTERESTING BOOK, BY WARREN CHASE. Miss Chase has just published an interesting work, written by Warren Chase, author of "Life Line of the Lone Star," which is "The Fugitive Wife." It is a Review, Criticism, and Commentary on Marriage, Adultery, Divorce, Polygamy, Monogamy, Celibacy, and Free Love, Shakerism, Communism, and Socialism. Interwoven with Poems and Eclogues of Actual Life, as seen by the author during many years' travel, with powerful logical remedies for domestic troubles. Price, in paper binding, 35 cents; in cloth, 40 cents—sent by mail. Published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston, and by the author. Jan. 18, 62. cew3w

MR. COLCHESTER, of New York, Test. Business and Medical, can be consulted for a short time longer, at his Rooms 75 Beach street, opposite Edinboro' at the marvelous phenomena of Spirit Writing on the body. Also, in connection, Dr. G. Conklin, the well known Healing Medium, of New York. Jan. 18.

WANTED.—BY MRS. J. H. CONKLIN.—One or a suit of Rooms, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the pay will be prompt. For full particulars inquire at this office, or of Mr. J. H. Conklin, at White Brothers, 86 Tremont street. Jan. 6.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH.

PSYCHO-METRIC AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 62 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autographs and \$1, will receive a full delineation of their disease and prescribe by a lock of hair: terms, \$1—in each case two 3 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from some of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 9 to 6 P. M. Nov. 6. 5m

"WHATEVER IS RIGHT" VINDICATED, BY A. P. MOORE. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Orville Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "It Is Not ALL RIGHT." For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington st., Boston. Price, 10 cents. Jan. 14

A. B. CHILD M. D., DENTIST, NO. 18 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS

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THIS NOW READY and will be sent, post-paid, to any party in the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

NOW READY:

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

Cause and Cure of Secession.

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week, Dec. 11, 1861. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or BELLA & TOLLEBY, 121 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly supplied. Dec. 28.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE! Or, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEEING. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

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MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00. Dec. 21.

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JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis:

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BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, revivify the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles.

There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of Indispensable Value for Family Reference, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in the latest one Mr. DAVIS REACHES THE WHOLE RACE, and is freely lending his aid to a work of the largest value to the human family.

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A handsome 12mo., of 432 pages. Price only \$1. Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY."

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

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, at Nov. 2.

A NEW BOOK.

AN extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by Zepa; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *La Trux*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye-Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electric and astounding, that the Clergy in consultation, proposing buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston. Oct. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c. by Joshua, Quiver, Easton, and others. Being, &c., given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits."

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was dictated by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Goss, who writes in a condition called "Trance." They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We never show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is, and that there is as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine set forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives to more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 3 (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are kept 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:

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Disease." Frank Garrison, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Amos Davis, N. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. Lincoln.

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

Friday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William M. Conner, C. R. A. (Boston, Greenboro' Co., Ala.); John Lee Taunton Insane Asylum; George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Alice."

Tuesday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Men." Thomas P. Hopewell, Ben. Smith, Ohio; William T. Smith, New York City; Mary Jane Lovejoy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.

Thursday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: "Joy." H. Fairchild, to a friend in Dedham; Martha Mason, Lunenburg, Pa.; James Flynn, New York; Geo. M. Bidwell; Archibald de Witt, to his son.

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Senses." Geo. W. McFarland, Trenton, N. J.; Henry Wright; Charlotte K. Taylor, Brookfield, N. Y.; Lily Knox.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit Immediate, or by Degrees?" "Will Elects ever be used in the movement of large Material Substances?" Reuben Tracy, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Pettes Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, to Louise Moore.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Herr Behrstadt, New Orleans; Elizabeth S. Mason, to her father; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter.

Friday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Deluge?" James Rafferty, Moon Street, Boston; Jenny Bigelow, to her mother, Frances Ryder; John M. Whittemore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Hopper (published in No. 10).

Monday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "Is Conscience an Inhering Guide?" Samuel T. Jacobs, Oberlin, Mich.; Hannah Connolly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellsworth; Wm. Stone to his wife.

Thursday, Dec. 19.—Invocation: "The purport of the message from England." Theodore Jackson; C. Charline Perkins; Joseph Willard; Nelly Gibson.

Friday, Dec. 24.—Invocation: "The Celebration of Christmas." Dennis Sullivan; Rhoda Wilkins; George S. Moore, Cambridge, Indiana (printed in No. 15); Alice Maria Buckley.

Thursday, Dec. 26.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come at the call of mortals?" Leiland Chase, Ricardo Hernandez; Peter Regas; Mary Ann Powers; Harriet Sewell; Capt. Isaac Hall.

Monday, Dec. 30.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression Endless?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Freddy Davis; Josiah Copeland.

Friday, Dec. 31.—Inv. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 16); Catherine Boyce, Princeton, N. S.; Charles P. Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Gould, Orleans, Mass.

Thursday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connolly, Manchester, N. H.

Monday, Jan. 6.—Invocation: "Small man ever become less than himself—smaller and smaller?" "Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers than for believers in Spiritualism as doctrines?" Willie Davis, High Street, Boston; Florence S. Union, Charleston, S. C.; Joseph Sullivan, Jewell, Monticouery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Invocation.

Our Father, while the heavens declare thy glory, and the earth sheweth forth thy wonders, shall we thy children forget to praise thee? While even the small-est of thy creatures lift up its praise unto thee continually, shall we, the greatest of all thy works, fail to lift up our souls in praise, also? No, oh, our Father, for there is that within us that continually attuneth our lips in songs of thanksgiving unto thee. Forever and forever, we will praise thee, on the great sea of life. Whoever and whatever thou art, we know, oh, Father, that thou art with us; though we wander in sunlight and in darkness, though we dwell amidst sorrow and joy, we know that thou art with us, and that thy mighty hand of love will ever sustain us, and thy loving voice ever proclaim "I have a place of rest prepared for those who love me." And to love thee, oh, our Father, is to love all things, whether in heaven, on earth or in hell. We are to love all thy creatures, in order that we may love the eternal. Oh, Lord our God, shall we ask thee to bless those thy children, with the choicest blessings of the spirit world? Oh, God, shall we ask thee to bless all those who humbly beseech thy guardian care, and those who know thee not? Oh, our Father, we know that all of us are in thy hands, and shielded by thy love; and we will crave no blessing from thee, for we know each one is dear unto thee, and is thus an especial object of thy care.

Nov. 14.

Violation of Law.—Punishment of Sin.
Have the friends a question to propose to us?

"Is not the violation of a physical or material law a sin, in the same way that the violation of moral law is sin? If so, what is the distinction?"

There is as positive and certain a law governing the material being as there is governing the spiritual, and it is equally as much a sin to violate any portion of the law physical as to violate the law spiritual; for the law physical is entirely dependent upon the law spiritual. You as a spirit are given in charge of a material temple. It is yours, and you are endowed with a capacity to properly protect and cherish it. It is protected by certain laws, and if you infringe upon those laws, you suffer physically—for suffering is the penalty of sin; and when you have paid for your sin to the utmost farthing, you go free, and not till then.

If there are no others who desire to question us, we will speak a few moments upon a question already before us:

"If God punishes the sinner with death, how, then, are all men immortal?"

This is a question we have received, no doubt, from one who is in doubt regarding the immortality of the whole human race. He believes that a certain portion only of the great human family are immortal, and that that portion are those who have attained to a certain age here, and have also complied with certain moral requirements according to his definition of the thing. "If God punishes the sinner with death, how, then, are all men immortal?" Our good brother has confounded the sinner with the sin—the execution of the law with the law itself. He has failed to perceive the wide line of demarcation between the two. He is living too much in the material world—dealing too much with material things, and not enough with the gifts of heaven and immortality, and of the things allied thereto. We know this to be his condition, because his own soul is a mirror to us.

We perceive our good brother, in the question before us, has reference to that passage of scripture which reads thus: "The wages of sin is death." If our brother would study more deeply into the meaning of the passage, he might become somewhat more enlightened, without our aid. We have ever sought to impress this truth upon the minds of our hearers—that all sin is mortal, and so, is destined to die.

It cannot live always, but must return back to its primaries again, and be merged into a higher state of life. Death is marked upon it, and why? Because change is the law governing all things; because the great law of progress runs through all things, and leads all things up to a higher condition of life; separating them from the lower, and merging them into the higher. "The wages of sin is death." Death to what? To sin. "The wages of

sin is death," practically—not only in spiritual matters, but it is the great law that runs through all nature. It proclaims itself in the life of the prostitute, the murderer, the thief, the drunkard—all that class of beings who have lived a life—all who have drunk from the fountain of sorrow. All perceive that the wages of their sin is death—death of the sin, not of the sinner. The law of eternal change is marked upon them, and the sin, which is a lesser degree of the goodness and purity of life, must pass into the gulf of death. God hath ordered it so, and the great law of nature demands a just equivalent for all she gives.

So, then, our questioner, know that all mortal must become immortal, and that the soul would not exist now, unless it existed forever, for it is the breath of God clothed upon with fleshly garments. And know, too, our questioner, that the human soul once started on the great journey Godward, can never turn back—can never forfeit its claims upon the Deity, but is as true to its Father, as the needle to the pole. Oh, our questioner, seek to know the things of the higher life. Enter into the temple of the living God, and dwell no longer in the dark cloisters of materialism and moral darkness. Seek to understand God as he really is—the God alike of the righteous and the sinner, and then you will learn something of that great law that holds universes in their proper places.

Nov. 12.

George Vail.

I can't write, Mister. I want to send a letter to my father and mother, that lives in Charleston. My name is George Vail. I'm five years old. I have been here three years—I have. I fell down, and run a needle in my back, and I had what Doctor Fisher says I did. I'm sick six weeks, in all. Folks do n't know what ailed me. Dr. Fisher says I had the lock-jaw. There's a boy here says I didn't, but I did. He's trying to plague me.

I want my mother to let me speak to her. If she will, I've got a lot of things to tell her—about how I live here. She cut off some of my curls, but I've got 'em all here, though. I've got 'em all, now, Mister, and I want her to know I come here, because I don't know the way there. Everybody'll show you, here, where mediums are.

Will you tell my mother about how I come, and tell her I've got a dog here, and dogs do n't bite here; and tell her I'm going to be a traveler, and see everything, when I get along more? I will, too. He says I won't. He wants to come, and I got the first chance, and he's plaguing me 'cause I did. He said he'd put me out if I didn't let him have the first chance. I don't care for him, though. I can say what I want to, and I can lick him, if I'm a mind to. I'm bigger 'n he is.

Will you take that to my mother? My father's name is Vail—just like me. He lives close by Bunker Hill Monument. That boy that plagued me shan't come, now, shall he? He shan't!

Nov. 12.

Horace Plaisted.

I want you to write a letter for me. I can write myself, but I want you to write for me this time. A boy pushed me overboard, that's how I came dead. I's down by Fulton Ferry, and a boy pushed me overboard. I did n't have any chance to ask him what he did it for. We'd been playing together, and he pushed me in. If I had n't struck my head, I'd saved myself; but I struck on the pier, and it stunned me. My mother did n't know for ever so long where I was. She's a Spiritualist, she is, and I've tried to come a good many times, and I never could. She's wished for me too much. She ain't rich. She's poor, she is. She lives in Walker street. She used to live in Chamber street. I can go there and talk, if I have a medium, after I've been here—they said I could.

If you'll tell my mother I came here, and tell her a boy pushed me overboard, I'll go. Dick Weld pushed me overboard. His mother lives down the court, and he's never told it. It's a year ago. I'm eight—no I'm nine. I had my arm broke the year before.

I used to sell papers sometimes—more times I did n't, though. If you'll tell my mother the reason I haint come—it's because she's wished too hard. That's the reason I haint come. Will you tell her? I know where my father is, too, tell her. He do n't want her to know. I'll tell her, if you'll write it. He ain't dead. He's in California.

My mother's name is Ann. My name is Plaisted—Horace Plaisted. I ain't Irish—that other boy says I am, but I ain't—the boy that was here before. I had the first chance, and he got it away from me. May I come again?

Nov. 12.

Alice Kensington.

My name was Alice Kensington. I's twelve years old—lived in Fall River, Mass. I died of scarlet fever, in the winter of 1852. I had my brother with me—brother Edward. He's six six years old when he died. He died of the cholera-infantum. We want to talk with our father and mother if we can. My father is a soldier, now. My mother often says, if the children were with her, she'd be contented and happy. You'll please, sir, to tell her we are with her; and if you'll please to ask her to go to somebody where I can come and speak, I'll tell her all about my grandmother, too—her mother that died when she's a little girl. She do n't remember her. I'll tell her all about her, here. Her name is Busted—Elizabeth Busted. Elizabeth is my mother's name. My father's name is Edward J. Kensington. He's gone to the war.

Nov. 12.

Mary Murphy.

It's all very well to tell us we'll find peace after we die. It's all very well to believe it when we find so much to draw us back after we come here. Mister, I left four children, and I got an old man that's drunk all the time, and it's I myself that sees how badly off they are. Could I talk to him? If I could make him believe I came to talk to him, he'd take better care of the children. Faith, then, I'll tell you he is. His name is Murphy, and he lives on Cross street. Mo own name is Mary Murphy, and his name is James. I die myself only last Summer. I leave a small, little child, only five weeks old, and I don't know at all where it is. I's taken away, and I suppose my sister have it, and the rest that's left with him is badly taken care of. Faith, I take no pleasure here at all, for I am brought back all the time to worry about my children. And another thing that worries me, I see no truth at all in the Catholic religion—I find no truth at all. I find myself just the same as before I die. I was a hard working woman, and did cleaning and took in washing, and did all I could to make things aisy; but here I am, as worse off as ever I was.

As fact is, sir, I want him to leave off drinking, and take care of the children. Faith, tell him it's myself that comes and annoys him in his sleep. Faith, I did it, and I'll do it again till I find peace.

It's away down across Hanover street, on the other side—down the other side. It's up one or two pair of stairs, on the left side of the street, going down. I could go myself, very well, but I can't tell the number at all.

I can do good many things, but I can't do all. Faith, stranger, I am not having a time at all pleasant. I feel as though I's on the earth now, as much as ever I was. It's little else I'll find, either, till me children are taken care of just as they ought to be. Me old man is drunk all the time. He's bad enough when I's here, but he's worse now.

It's all very well to talk about heaven, but you do n't find it when you come here. Faith, I don't believe there is any religion here. The prastes tell us what we do n't find at all, and it's not meelf at all that'll come back and say I believe when I do n't, no how.

Are ye writin' all that for me, sir? Faith, I'm most ashamed of it. Good morning, sir. Nov. 12.

Benediction.

Written:
Go in the name of him who brought ye hither.
Nov. 12.

OH! YOU THOUGHT IT STRANGE I KNEW YOU.

BY JOYCE JOYCEMAN.

Oh! you thought it strange I know you,
As many years had flown.
Since my eyes had rested on you—
Were mirrored in your own:
As your friends had often told you,
That time had wrought a change,
And that I still should know you,
You think it wondrous strange.

Though years have come and passed away,
Adown life's ebbing stream,
Thou'at mingled with my thoughts by day,
And dwelt in many a dream.
In festal halls, mid songs of mirth
Graced by the gay and fair,
Midst lavished wealth, there is a dearth,
When thou art wanting there.

I saw thy beauty in each flower,
And in the golden sky;
In twilight's soft and rosy hour,
I felt thy presence nigh:
When swelling songs and zephyrs bland,
Made woodland groves rejoice,
With echoes of the summer land,
'T was the music of thy voice.

The laughing rills and silver lakes,
Joined in the rippling dance,
The dew-drenched flowers when day awakes,
Reveal thy mellow glance.
The pearls shells from gleaming strands,
Sing of thine home, the sea,
Where Naiads danced o'er golden sands,
And tuned their harps to thee.

In every pictured grand ideal,
Of the beautiful or rare,
In all the fanciful or real,
I found thy image there:
In every joy thou shared a part,
With every hope entwined;
Down deep within the inner heart,
Thy beauty is enshrined.

Let the sun forget his duty,
Niagara cease to roar,
Then may I forget thy beauty
And remember thee no more:
But while the tides still ebb and flow,
Will recollection twine
Thy early charms—years' ripper glow—
With every thought of mine.

And thou, adown the coming age,
In memory bright will glow,
The record of the sacred page,
None else but thee may know.
But these throbbings I must smother,
And keep in faith the vow,
For I cannot wrong another
Who hath claims before thee, now.

SANCTIFICATION.

An Address delivered before the Boston Spiritual Conference.

BY HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

In the sense of theology, Sanctification means freedom from sin, or, perhaps, comparative freedom from sin, and marks a state of the soul, when it is acceptable to God; not, however, on account of its own holiness, but through the merits of Christ. This Sanctification is part of a plan or scheme, and differs from my views upon the matter, in this, that it substitutes a miracle in place of nature. It is an arbitrary scheme applied to man instead of a fact growing out of a man naturally. The power to become sanctified personally, resides in man, as certainly as the power to fall resides in a stone, or the power to blossom resides in the bud. I believe in regeneration and sanctification, reserving the right, of course, to define these terms, and to make my own statement of doctrine.

Three things, then, may be observed concerning Sanctification. First—What is it? Second—How does it come to pass? and third—What are its fruits? Regeneration I hold to be a progressive work in the soul, and Sanctification is that work, completed. We are born into the natural world children, and so we are born into the spiritual world. We are then but babes in the spirit, and must draw our nourishment from the breast of nature, instead of the nursing-bottle of theology.

All persons arrived at the age of thinking, who will turn their eyes inward, will become conscious of a conflict of powers within them. This is true, I think, of those naturally the most harmonious; there is at least a distant rumbling, if not an actual and present battle. This, I think, is the normal condition of the human soul, and it is this that suggests the universal necessity of religion. There are times when this distant and muttering thunder ripens into a tempest, or when this feud of the soul ripens into rebellion, and this is what we call conviction.

The head and the stomach are the natural enemies of the soul, and yet they, with the addresses they bring upon it, are its teachers. But the pupil will one day overmaster the teachers. Now, when this conflict once really begins, it will go on, until victory inclines to the side of the soul. The passions, pride, and appetites of the material world, will give way to truth, love and harmony, and these inspirations of the soul will give its law. Once begin this conflict in earnest, and the result is never doubtful. When one is seriously at war with himself, he is well-nigh born into the kingdom, where, under conviction, a man finds no company so poor as his own, and no world so poor as that he has been living in.

In regeneration, God, through his associated agents, in nature, is trying to make his way down through the mass of old books, it may be—down through the select apartments of honor, down through the chambers of pride, the costly and adorned places of self-love, down to the ground floor, where lies the soul, shorn of its beauty and power, and an unwelcome tenant. And when it is touched by the magic power of love, it awakes, and arises by a power native to itself, and with such dignity as only belongs to truth, with such beauty as only comes from heaven, and with such vigor of life as only comes from God. It has power to say to ambition, "get thee gone!" to pride, "hide thyself in outer darkness!" to honor, "wrap thee in thine own insignificance," and say to truth, justice, mercy, "you are my guardian spirits."

Its center within is love, its center without is God. It revolves about God as a planet about the sun; it turns upon the axis of its love like a wheel. Therefore, when the whole being is moved by the highest instincts and aspirations of the developed spirit, or, in other words, when the soul is moved by love to God and love to man, it is regenerated—there is Sanctification.

But 2d. How does this Sanctification come to pass?

I recognize the mission and offices of Christ in the work of regeneration. I do not believe it possible for a soul to regenerate itself. All attempts at self-regeneration, in one's own strength, are like the spasmodic leap of the body into the air. The body falls back a failure, and the more it tries, the less able it becomes to put forth even an effort. The soul has the power to become regenerative, as the bud has the power to blossom. The bud has the power to blossom when sun and atmosphere are favorable. So the seed in the soul has the power of germination, when the sun, the rain, and the air, breathe upon it the celestial breath. The soul has its Divine relations. It finds its kindred all the way up the ascending scale to the Infinite; and never yet an angel seed that did not strike the key-note of the soul; and never yet a soul in sorrow, dropped a tear that did not rise like incense, and thrill the angel-world. What are these spiritual forces? What is the Divine one, that animates the soul? What is that celestial fire that shoots and turns like a blast of lightning? Are they magnetic? Are they electric? Are they more impulsive of the air? Or, are they beings, endowed with attributes and personality.

To me they are beings, spirits, angels, archangels, seraphs. And at the head of these, by universal consent, stands the Crucified. The mortal son is his inheritance, and he is king of men, because he is fit to be. He said, "If I go away, I will send the Comforter." In other words, if I go away, I will reveal the Spiritual nature of my Gospel. Do you remember those two disciples, who walked with him to Emmaus? They said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as he opened to us the Scriptures?"

Now, if you can conceive of a being ordained of God, to be the Spiritual Instructor of mankind—the Spiritual King of the race, himself the embodiment, and the expression of Love—you have exactly my idea of Jesus Christ. We may call regeneration spiritual education; but where there is education, there is an educator. Who is the educator of mankind in spiritual things? Is it Gabriel, or Michael? Adam, or Noah? No, it is Jesus, the only begotten Son of God. Jesus is the Moral Daguerreotype of the Father, the richest and grandest impersonation of the Infinite. I hold, therefore, that Christ is the author of regeneration. I believe he holds the spiritual forces of the spheres in his hand—that he holds the confined thunders, and that he holds the key to the magnetic storehouse of the upper worlds. And while he receives the obedience and love of the angels, he himself joins in the seraphic shout: "Holly, holly is the Lord God."

God did not send Jesus to instruct the head. He saw, however, there was need of that, and he sent Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Newton, Shakespeare. He knew men must fight, and he sent Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, to teach the science of war. He knew man possessed an immortal spirit, and he sent Jesus to show it the way to Heaven.

What is that silent and unseen power that unfolds the rose? It is the electric breath of the air. What is that mysterious power that touches the heart in the quiet moments of meditation, or even in the storm of passion? It is the noiseless whisper of the Son of God. I believe there is no way to the Father, except through the Son. Jesus stands midway between us and the Father, in a direct line, the medium or the mediator. But this is not a scheme setting Nature aside, but a provision in harmony with Nature. To me, then, Christ is the spiritual instructor and regenerator of the world.

3d. What are the fruits of Sanctification? When Sanctification takes place, the conflict of the soul is ended. The soul has conquered a peace, and holds its subjects by love, not by law. When there is no conflict within, there is none without. A man's quarrel with the world is only the domestic insurrection within him.

Where the heart is right, the head is generally right; the soul is master of the intellect. The sanctified man loves his fellow man, and if he reasons he loves them, because their destiny is his, and his theirs. He knows the way for him to starve is to drive the hungry man from his door; the way to be in hell is to wish his neighbor there. The young convert is filled with this spirit until theology chokes up the fountains of his love, or he is overcome by the world. He has not yet conquered a peace; but the sanctified man can say, "I have overcome the world." The man who has come up through the conflict of passion and sin, is master of himself. He is no critic, no faultfinder. He is a strong man, he has been tried and has not been found wanting.

There are men who seem harmonious by constitution; they are not strong men, but rather apt to be self-righteous men. The first blast of temptation may sweep them from their imaginary height. Spiritual conflicts develop the soul, as muscular activity the body.

The sanctified man is humble; he has humility without debasement. He is a man of charity; he loves without reward, he tolerates without a license. He is not avaricious; he takes no serpent to his bosom to sting him. He is not selfish, knowing that he does not stand alone. He is not proud, because of himself he is nothing.

His hopes, his aspirations, his love, his all, begin and end in God. He is a man of faith; he fears nothing. In him perfect love has cast out fear. Though the rains fall and the winds blow, his house will not fall. Though convulsions shake the world, he is calm. Though men's hearts should fail them for fear, and the heavens fall, he rests quietly in the bosom of his God, as a child in its mother's arms.

He is superior to fate; he commands her decrees, and they obey him. He is superior to the world, for he has overcome it—not he, but the unseen energies of the Divine through him. His will is in harmony with the Divine will. The goal he aspires to is the Divine use; the foundation he stands on is God.

Went in England.

In his thoughtful little book—"English Traits," Emerson discusses in his style on the accountability of the mother country for the example she sets in the race of materialism.

"England must be held responsible for the despotism of expense. Her prosperity, the splendor which so much manhood and talent and perseverance has thrown upon vulgar aims, is the very argument of materialism. Her success strengthens the hands of base wealth. Who can propose to youth, poverty and wisdom, when mean gain has arrived at the conquest of letters and arts, when English success has grown out of the very renunciation of principles, and the dedication to outwards? A civility of bribes, of money and expense, an erudition of sensation takes place, and the putting as many impediments as we can between the man and his objects. Hardly the bravest among them have the manliness to resist it successfully. Hence it has come, that not the aims of a manly life, but the means of meeting a certain ponderous expense, is that which is to be considered by a youth in England, emerging from his minority."

Correspondence.

From the National Army.

EDITOR BANNER.—When last I wrote to you, we were on the Kanawha, at Charleston, where we expected to go into winter quarters. We, who had been wandering amongst the rude mountains of Western Virginia, for six months or more, deemed Charleston a fine place.

We were willing to look with lenient feelings upon its narrow and muddy streets and dilapidated sidewalks. For the shelter its walls afforded us from the wintry storms, we were willing to endure the silent looks of hatred, which its craven-hearted sons cast upon us. Yes, more—we were willing to receive with a good grace the spirited taunts of Charleston's fair daughters. By the way, speaking of them, reminds me what miserable sons spring from noble mothers—what ignoble brothers many a brave sister has. The ladies of Charleston hated us—they told us so. The men were of the "good Lord, good devil" stripe, who would, for the paltry consideration of a mess of pottage, sell the fee-simple of their soul's salvation. There was not one of them who had a soul above dollars and cents. Enough on this point.

We were willing to endure the meanness of this abominable apology for a town, in consideration of the meagre benefits it afforded us; but one cold wintry day, when the streets—usually ankle deep with mud—were covered with a crust of frostwork, garnished with a slight sifting of snow, the order came for us to "pack up." We were to leave Charleston—to depart from the Kanawha Valley. Romney, on the Potomac, was to be our destination. We were here, four hundred miles, by river and railroad and marching, and we are on the Potomac. We like the change. 'Tis true, the Kanawha Valley afforded a succession of views, single views, than which the world has none finer, more beautiful nor romantic. We thought it the most beautiful valley we had ever seen, and think so still; but we were weary of the rich black soil which clogged our feet at every step; weary of the eternal sameness of everything there. We looked at the mighty resources of the valley—agricultural, mineral, and commercial, and we were disgusted with the race which, arrogating to itself the most marked superiority over all others, yet had arrived at no higher stage of development than we saw here.

We saw poor little white children come down from their homes amongst the rude hills, uncouth and ignorant, with sallow countenances and ill-formed limbs, and we longed for the reign of free institutions. We wondered if they could not, by the educational privileges of the North, be brought up to their true destiny, be developed into men and women capable of self-government, and worthy of the elective franchise.

We pondered over their social and political institutions, and we could easily account for the existence of a substratum of humanity, which the "born aristocrats" of the South are determined to keep under, and eventually deprive of the elective franchise, and reduce to the condition of serfdom. The man who 48-day claims the right of enslaving the benighted sons of Africa, fifty years hence will claim the same with regard to the degraded mountaineers of Virginia. But I have wandered. We thought of all these things, and were glad of marching orders. Change is beneficial in its character, even though the final result be not for the best.

With sunrise this morning I mounted my horse for a day's ride amongst the hills around the Potomac. I joined a forage train to avail myself of the privilege of a guard, and crossing the river by the "Mill Creek Pike," was soon threading my way through the defiles, and over the ridges beyond. Five miles of mountain travel brought us to the summit of one long high ridge, whence we could look for miles and miles to the South and West, over ridges and valleys, dotted with farms and hamlets. Such a panorama of delightful views, from one standpoint I never before beheld. The mists of the morning hung like a gossamer veil over the brow of beauty, along the distant peaks and ridges which formed a splendid background to the nearer scenes. All we passed, as if by common consent, at the highest point in the road, and gazed with delighted eyes over the scenes below, above, and around us, then, with full hearts and chained lips, we moved slowly down the ridge and reached the nearest valley.

For five miles further, our journey lay over gentle hills and through lovely valleys, the former clothed with a rich verdure of pine and cedar, mingled occasionally with oak and maple, and other trees of kindred kind; the latter dotted, here and there, by the cabins of the mountaineers, and the more substantial homes of the farmers of this region.

The sun was just sinking in the west, as on our return, having made a detour of several miles to avoid the steep hills, we gained an elevation from which another set of views, if possible, equalling the ones which we had so much enjoyed in the morning, presented themselves to our delighted eyes. The soft sunlight of departing day fell along the steep cliffs and wooded slopes, while deep shade rested amid the sombre valleys and sullen defiles.

But the approach of night warned us of the necessity of making haste toward camp, so we rode slowly forward, drinking in at every step the sweet influence of the scene, and thinking of the many who cross the ocean and wander in "strange lands for the purpose of gazing upon scenes renowned in song and story, while they leave untrod the green valleys and romantic hills of their own native land, whose every rock and every tree is radiant with the inspiration of song, and throbbing with the mystery of the universe. Alas! that war's destructive path must crimson the bright streams and sully the pure sod of these delightful scenes. Yet even here, where Heaven and earth seem to approach each other, and where an almost visible Deity reigns over every hill and vale, must burst the cannon's thunder tones. Here must men, with crimson hands and fire-lit eyes, go up the red defiles of death, and sweep, as with a flood of fire, each vale and hill.

of the Southern," I felt that this day's ride amongst the mountains had benefited me, made me wiser—I hope better. But adieu. I am in Romney.

WILFRED WILKES.

Romney, Va., Dec. 20, 1861.

Practise well bestowed.

Mrs. BOWEN—The BANNER being a medium through which vital and important truths are conveyed to the public, I feel called upon, in behalf of suffering humanity, to notice briefly the success of H. L. Bowker, as a practicing physician. It seems a pity that a man who is so eminently successful in examining and treating all kinds of diseases, should remain unknown to the sick and the afflicted. The fact is, mankind have been imposed upon so long by those who are ignorant, both of the properties of medicine and the human system, that they are disposed either to overlook, or to place the man who is really worthy of their confidence, among the many impostors who infest society, and recommend their quack nostrums as a panacea for every human ill. If some had possessed the powers of Dr. Bowker, the world would have known it long before this. But the doctor has no desire to make a public display. He is modest and unassuming in his manners; puts on no "airs," but is a man of plain, practical common sense. He does not use his powers with the sole view of making money, but is ever in deep sympathy with the poor and the destitute. I speak from a positive knowledge of the man. All who wish to test the doctor's power in giving a diagnosis of their complaints, can do so by calling at his office, No. 9 Hudson street, in this city, free of expense.

I will now state a few very difficult cases which he has treated successfully. The first case is that of Miss W., who resides in Boston. Her complaint was that of inflammation and congestion of the lungs. She had been sick for more than six months. Dr. Bowker relieved her in ten days, so she was able to resume her work.

The next case is that of a boy, or young man, sixteen years of age, who had nearly ruined his whole physical system, and brought on fits, by self-abuse. He was attended by the old school physicians, who had despaired of rendering him any assistance. Dr. Bowker was called to see him, as a last resort. He relieved him in a few days, and he is now nearly well.

Miss M., of Boston, was afflicted with Marasmus. There was such a general debility and prostration of the whole nervous system, that the medicine administered to her took no effect. Her physician, of the old school, pronounced her case very doubtful, if not hopeless. Dr. Bowker, however, prescribed for her and in ten days she was able to be about her work.

Mrs. C., of Franklin county, Mass., was confined to her room for six months, and for a short time previous to Dr. Bowker's being called to see her, had been confined to her bed. She had been treated by the regular faculty for dyspepsia. Dr. Bowker examined her by letter, and found that her sickness was caused by worms. He treated her accordingly, and in six days she was comparatively well.

I have not given the names of the persons referred to, because they dislike to have their names paraded before the public, but if your readers desire the names and addresses of any or all the parties referred to, they can have them by writing either to Dr. Bowker or myself.

Silas T. RAYBURN.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

As the glorious sun sinks in the west,
As the wave dies on the shore,
As the flower falls from the parent stalk,
To resign its place no more—

Thus, even thou, we are borne along
Upon Time's restless ocean,
Until life is over, we at rest,
Afar from earth's commotion.

Like starlight on the swelling sea,
Like moonbeams on the river,
Like breezes 'mong the bending trees,
Or like a leaflet's quiver—

Even such is life; as rapidly
We are passing hence, away;
No earthly power can stay our course,
Or stretch Time's chain a day.

As fades the lily, when some rough hand
Hath severed the tender stem,
As dies the stream, when its fountain head
Refuses the crystal gem;

As surges upon the pebbly beach,
Effaces the name we traced,
So from the record of worldly halls,
Will our memory be erased.

Obituary Notice.

Passed to Spirit-life, Dec. 18, 1861, DELIA BEROBER, wife of Hiram K. BEROBER, of McHenry, Illinois, aged 53 years.

The home of her childhood was in Truxton, Conn. She was educated in the principles of the Congregational religion, by her grandfather, Rev. O. Hitchcock, at whose residence she found a home until the time of her marriage.

The strict conventionalism of this sect did not long confine her, and she, consequently, united herself to the Baptist Church, being one of its most consistent members; highly respected by all, for her sense of justice and right over calling for the love and admiration which such principles ever command, she was the counselor, adviser and friend, not only of the chosen few within the church, but of all who were the garb of humanity.

About nine years since, the angel world drew aside its curtain, and invited her attention. Gladly and joyously did she behold its golden beauties; and she stood with one hand upon and reaching for blessings, not only for herself, but others, while the other hand freely gave the gift of love to the asking, pleading hearts here. It is in vain to describe her approach to the "summer-land," from which she was to return—but as a spirit.

The hand of disease was laid heavily upon her, yet it seemed to her strong spirit that a father's weight. She walked through burning coals, yet kept her eye ever upon the sunlight in the distance; and, as we watch and patient wait, we saw her conquer over all; and we can truly say—

Naught but Heaven should claim our sister,
Take her from our arms away;
None but angels' voices call her,
Far from earth and us to stray.

Yet we gaze along her pathway,
Star-gemmed, flower-weathered, beautiful, ay;
Then we look to earth and adden
For one lingering, heavenly ray.

Sister, wilt thou, when thou passest
Through the portals, "leave ajar
Heaven's door" that we may wander
With thee, in those realms afar?

Standing waiting, is thy husband,
Sister, brother, sons and friends;
Come then, lead us, we'll be guided
Yond the earth's remotest ends.

Hush! forgive us, we ask, but vainly,
For the gift thou hast denied;
But we'll watch and patient wait,
When from Heaven thou comest near.

The funeral address was delivered by the writer.

Mrs. L. G. BARNES.

[Herald of Progress, please copy.]

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tour. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept correct as possible.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Stockton, Me., the third, and in Belfast the last Sunday in Jan.; Bradford, Me., the first Sunday in Feb.; Thomaston, the third Sunday of Feb.; in Rockland the last Sunday of Feb., and the first of March; no engagements for the last four Sundays in March. Will make arrangements to speak in the New England States during April and Summer. Address as above, or Livermore Falls, Me.

Mrs. BEALE SCOTLAND lectures in Cambridgeport, the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February; Lowell, Mass., first four Sundays in March; the last Sunday in March; and in the last Sunday of April. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture every Sunday in Battle Creek, Michigan, notices; in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; at Marblehead last three Sundays of June. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the Summer of 1862.

Mrs. Mary M. BOWMAN will lecture in Burlington, the three last Sundays of Jan.; Providence, R. I., Feb. 1; in Hartford, Conn., the first Sunday in Feb.; in New Haven, Conn., the second Sunday in Feb.; in New York City, the third Sunday in Feb.; in Philadelphia, Pa., the fourth Sunday in Feb.; in Washington, D. C., the fifth Sunday in Feb.; in Baltimore, Md., the sixth Sunday in Feb.; in New Orleans, La., the seventh Sunday in Feb.; in St. Louis, Mo., the eighth Sunday in Feb.; in Cincinnati, Ohio, the ninth Sunday in Feb.; in Chicago, Ill., the tenth Sunday in Feb.; in St. Paul, Minn., the eleventh Sunday in Feb.; in Milwaukee, Wis., the twelfth Sunday in Feb.; in Detroit, Mich., the thirteenth Sunday in Feb.; in Indianapolis, Ind., the fourteenth Sunday in Feb.; in Columbus, Ohio, the fifteenth Sunday in Feb.; in Cincinnati, Ohio, the sixteenth Sunday in Feb.; in St. Louis, Mo., the seventeenth Sunday in Feb.; in New Orleans, La., the eighteenth Sunday in Feb.; in St. Paul, Minn., the nineteenth Sunday in Feb.; in Milwaukee, Wis., the twentieth Sunday in Feb.; in Detroit, Mich., the twenty-first Sunday in Feb.; in Indianapolis, Ind., the twenty-second Sunday in Feb.; in Columbus, Ohio, the twenty-third Sunday in Feb.; in Cincinnati, Ohio, the twenty-fourth Sunday in Feb.; in St. Louis, Mo., the twenty-fifth Sunday in Feb.; 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Mrs. A. P. THOMSON will speak in North Haven, N. H., one half of the time; at Bath, N. H., one fourth; at Danville, Vt., one fourth, for the present. Also, will speak on week evenings, and attend funerals, if desired, by addressing her at North Haven, N. H.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture each Sabbath in January at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York City; in Philadelphia in March. Address, care of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. FRANK BURNHAM FARNUM will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 18 and 19; in Randolph, Mass., Feb. 3; (the second Sunday in Feb. is not engaged); in Quincy, Feb. 16 and 17; and at 23 Cleveland street, Boston.

Mrs. L. E. A. DUFFON can be addressed at Evansville, Ind., the two last weeks in January, at Indianapolis, Pa., through February. Designing spending the Spring months in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

Mrs. FRANCIS LOBB BOWD intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and those wishing her services as lecturer will please address her at Madison City, Wisconsin, care of T. N. Bove.

Dr. L. K. and Mrs. S. A. COOKLEY will answer calls to lecture in Southern Indiana and vicinity, during the winter; in the spring and summer, in Wisconsin and Northern Iowa. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

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Pearls.

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

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in yon town.
But he will come, and child, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from his sleep,
To blend its feeble wailings with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes; which cheer
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
My husband loved and prized me once; but now,
He ever wears a frown upon his brow.
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip.
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate—O! there've been hours
When I could hang forever on his eye.
Then time, which flew with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, our path with flowers,
I love him then—he loved me, too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile.
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart,
E'en though he often stings me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and wastes upon the vile,
Carresses, which his babe and I could share.
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness. Should sad sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then,
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay.
Until the penitent would weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been!

[James G. Percival.]

Do well, but do not boast of it, for that will lessen
the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

SLANDER.

Put the scarlet pillory up;
Gag her, that she may not speak;
Innocent but when she's dumb;
Lying hag, with face so meek.
There, before the howling crowd,
Rip her tongue, her slack tongue out;
Smile her fiercely—once—she's dead!
Hear the people's roaring shout.
Burn her—but be sure you dig
Fit a thousand fathoms deep
For her ashes, lest they blow
Round the world, while good men sleep—
Winged seeds with poison roots.
Breeding, where'er they drop,
Upas-trees, with fruit of lies,
Hell and Satan's cursed crop.

It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised; it is
the privilege of the illustrious to be hated.

DAYDREAM.

Morn in the East! How coldly fair
It breaks upon my fevered eye!
How chides the calm and dewy air!
How chides the pure and pearly sky!
The stars melt in a brighter fire—
The Jew, in sunshine, leaves the flowers—
They, from their watch, in light retire,
While we in sadness pass from ours.—[Wells.]

Good sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds
never do.

FRANCE, AND HER RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

A Lecture by Mrs. Core L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's
Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Jan. 6, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

As a brief explanation, due to our audience and those not present this morning, we will simply state that we have no apology to offer for delivering political discourses, as they are called, except that we desire to speak the truth, and, in these utterances, to reveal to humanity ideas in connection with the affairs of nations which it is necessary for them to know. It is impossible for minds which have passed beyond the pale of human affairs, not to be interested in the destinies of mankind, and we assert that such disembodied intelligences, guided by a still higher Power, understand perfectly their own purposes and objects; and that we, in giving expression to these sentiments concerning a special nation and its political institutions, give only those ideas which it is necessary to know; and, while we might be pleased, perhaps, to flatter or to condemn, in accordance with your national predilections, our intention is simply to speak the truth, knowing that it is necessary for the inhabitants of Earth, before they can understand the life that is to be, better to comprehend the life that is.

Our subject on this occasion is France, and her relations with the United States. It is, of course, quite impossible to give a distinct and clear idea of all the relations existing between a nation like the French, and a country as comparatively new as the United States. We must first speak of France apart from her political principles, and as the home of one of the most peculiar and singular nations on earth—a nation the most ancient of Western Europe; the pioneer indeed of Western Christian civilization, without even excepting Scipio's favorite state—Spain. Of this we are positive, but, for palpable reasons, cannot discourse at length on the topic. France, unequalled as a civilized and Christian nation, has also ever taken the lead in the fine arts and more metaphysical sciences.

In literature, refined, elegant—often licentious—she has been taken as a model and a standard. Everything connected with superficial show, and serving the purposes of a brilliant society, has been derived and copied from France; whose people, impulsive and fickle, are yet, in manners and elegance, the model of the civilized world. Her language, too, is perhaps the most refined, and certainly the most expressive of any. France, in climate, soil, scenery, all that constitutes external charm and fascination, is without a rival on the face of the globe; while the hospitality and grace of her people possess a peculiar attraction which every one will have perceived, either in history, or by personal observation. We would like to dwell on those features till you were fascinated with all that relates to material life in that country, but we must pass on. Of her people, we may say that they have constituted in their own characters, the history of France. In every respect, it has been her sons that have marked her affairs as a nation. No foreign people have ever been able to suppress their native fire. In point of statesmanship, they have never been equalled. Her public men have been the most acute, and at the same time the most influential, of any on earth. And, while the

lofty aspirations of all other nations, from the time of Homer down to that of Shelley, have been embodied in rhythmic utterances of every kind, it has been reserved for France to record her great ideas in deeds of lofty heroism, and in the conquest of every capital of Europe, save that of Great Britain. Her poems have been written in the exploits of her warriors, and in the introduction at the point of the bayonet, of her customs and habits.

And this record is unparalleled. The history of France, in fact, is one grand Epic Poem, chequered with episodes of the most revolting atrocity. The characteristics of the French people, then, are easily perceived. They possess all the charms of external refinement and culture, while at the same time capable of deeds of the most horrible character, unrivalled by the most savage nations. In elegance of taste and manner, the French are acknowledged and universal standards; and yet we need only turn over one leaf in their annals to see of what horrors they have been capable, in private life, and within the present century. We have, therefore, to deal with a people whose characteristics are quite contrasted and of an opposite nature. A Frenchman, indeed, cannot perform any deed of life as another person would. If driven to despair, his very suicide must be of the most singular and romantic character. Crime, in France, possesses a charm, half of tragedy, half of romance, unequalled in any other nation. And, indeed, in these matters, as in those of taste and fashion, France seems to set an example for all the world. For, if a great embezzlement occurs in that country, suddenly every other is seized with the mania, and criminals in Great Britain and America imitate the deed. A French amour, too, possesses a peculiar charm of liveliness and romance; and if you read of a domestic misfortune which does not wear the garb of burlesque or comedy, but of pure sentiment, you may safely lay the scene in France. If a Frenchman robs you, it is done to relieve you of a burden; he runs his bayonet into your body with an apology. His every act contrary to law, is performed with a grace and condescension peculiarly his own. His very anger possesses such a refined character as to be inimitable; and if he ever forgets his national demeanor, it is so suddenly resumed that it cannot be misunderstood. In point of taste, dress, social habits and manners, this same charm and fascination exists, for which they are indebted to climate and peculiar surroundings and nationality.

So singular a people, favored by such singular evidences of taste and refinement, cannot be fully described within the limits of a purely political discourse. We could dwell for hours on these traits, perhaps giving you more pleasure than by such a disquisition. Would we could present you only the charming side of this picture! Would we could paint for you the peculiar qualities which are not the most necessary for us to exhibit! But this we cannot do. Let it suffice, that in speaking of them politically we must first touch upon their social and domestic character, for this cannot be separated from them, in whatever aspect they are regarded. In the lowest condition of bondage, still they have manifested a spirit and a power not to be perceived in any other nation. While other countries recognize the divine right of rulers, the French, as well in ancient as in modern times, have overstepped those limits, and, at intervals, have taken upon themselves the right to control their own affairs.

The relations of France with the United States cannot be understood without reviewing the political history of the former country previous to the commencement of our own. In earlier times, France was divided into several provinces, or districts, each governed by its own feudal chieftain. These were subsequently conquered and united by an ambitious king. But it is only within the past century that France, though always distinguished, has taken any preponderant position among European nations. Great Britain, not satisfied with the power she legitimately possessed, desired the acquisition of France, and British kings, till within a recent period, have pretended that the sovereigns of France ruled by their permission and under their control.

Therefore, we may say, that while the whole life of France has been spent in waging war upon England, her history records also a series of subjugations by the latter power, with few exceptions. Such was her position at the time of the rebellion of the thirteen Colonies, now called the United States. France, never in the most humble of moods respecting British oppression, was then in a peculiarly dissatisfied state of mind; and a few of her sons prevailed on good Louis XVI, to permit them to aid Brother Jonathan in his struggle. Of these, the most distinguished were Count D'Estaing, and Lafayette; who, the one on land and the other by sea, assisted this country in establishing those principles of liberty and independence, for which she was contending. With the history of our Revolution, you are all doubtless sufficiently familiar. It began in 1776; and these French gentlemen contributed much to its success, being the principal cause of our recognition by Great Britain, as an independent power. Having succeeded, of course their mission ended. While Great Britain busied herself in making treaties with this nation, on terms as favorable as possible for herself, and thus availed herself of the opportunity to facilitate her commerce and control, the great sources of revenue, the French auxiliaries of whom we have spoken, having (as Franklin expressed it) served their apprenticeship here, returned to set up business for themselves, and sow in their own country the seeds of Revolution. During the period in which the United States were occupied in adjusting conciliatory treaties with Great Britain, these gentlemen were engaged in disseminating the principles they had imbibed here. The work required but a little time. France had watched anxiously this country, which her sons had assisted to freedom, and perceiving that we had established a Government which rested on the voice of the people, and had proceeded prosperously, they naturally asked, "Why cannot we also rule ourselves?"

Then commenced in France the Revolution of '93. Up to this time, the relations of the French to Great Britain had been that of subjects, and even slaves. This Revolution, inaugurated under the auspices of American freedom, from the memorable 10th of August, when the first tocsin was sounded, till the scene closed after thirteen years of bloodshed, was a constant, and on the whole, an effectual struggle for liberty; but, during that period, the scenes of conflict in which the people participated were without a parallel in history. The republican principles received by the majority were, of course, opposed to the reign of aristocracy. Those who rejected them were beheaded; and, one after another, miscreants such as Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and hosts of others, subjected France to all

kinds of political debauchery, during that bloody Terror.

Various crude forms of government were successively tried, until the Directory, the most reasonable and sensible of all, was established. It was under this administration that Napoleon Bonaparte became known as a general; and, in his defence, he established himself as First Consul, Consul for Life, and, finally, as Emperor. It is, therefore, far within the period of a century that we can speak of France as a kingdom, a republic and an empire; her sceptre, during the last stage, having been swayed by one of whom we may say that, "take him all in all, we never shall look upon his like again," and that the page of history will never record his parallel.

Up to this time there could be no relations between France and America, save those which had their origin in a spirit of liberty, which was all the two nations had in common. Until the downfall of Napoleon, that country never pursued any active course of policy toward this, nor does she now. During the Directory, the United States attempted to purchase Louisiana for a nominal sum, but was refused. Napoleon, however, having nothing else to do with the territory, and wishing to conciliate, afterwards said, "Yes! what sum will you give?" and stipulated that trade between the two countries should continue under more favorable auspices than before. But he was foiled in this object, owing to his inability to cope with the naval supremacy of Great Britain; and his engrossment in European conquests was such as precluded him from devoting much thought to his relations with the United States. It was not until Napoleon's downfall that an active policy was inaugurated; and for many years since, this has been one of a simply negative character.

No ill-feeling has arisen, however, with one exception, to be hereafter noticed. In fact, the interests of neither could interfere with those of the other, there being no naval competition, and none, by possibility, on land. Consequently, while Great Britain has been trading with us, and filling her coffers from our boundless resources, France, whose policy with respect to the rest of Europe has been of the most stringent character, has been treating us as a people with whom she has little in common, and for whom she cares as little, except so far as her limited interests of commerce are concerned.

The life of Napoleon I., as well as of most of his predecessors and successors, was spent in waging war on British tyranny, which was the only power superior to his own. While he spread his conquests in every other direction, he could not bring Great Britain to meet him on land, and the sea she entirely controlled. It was in the interval of a peace in Europe, during the reign of Louis XVIII., (or rather of the Count D'Artois, for the nominal sovereign was entirely too imbecile to exercise any real authority,) and that of the Citizen King, that this country attracted the serious attention of the French Government. It then became apparent that trade with us would become a source of immense revenue. Therefore, for twenty years and upwards, France has maintained a monopoly of tobacco, by which she realizes a revenue of fifty millions of francs—to say nothing of the material for her unrivalled manufactures—while she sends us little, excepting that concentrated extract of our Indian corn, which she returns to us, after certain refining processes, with the sounding title of *pure, old, pale Bordeaux brandy*, by whose aid the American produces intoxication a little more genteelly. This is simply to say that the relations between the two countries have been those of commerce alone.

The fine fabrics of France fill the stores of your crowded cities, and, together with some oil and wine, constitute all that gives her an interest in our well-being, and her feeling toward us varies with the state of the market.

The only instance in which there has been an approach to a decided quarrel, was in connection with General Jackson's demand for payment of a debt to this government. It was not settled until William IV. interceded by saying that it was best for France to pay the bill promptly, as Jonathan was rather a stubborn fighter, and would doubtless wage war on France with as much ferocity as he had already displayed in two conflicts with England. But this affair furnishes almost a sufficient answer to the statement so often made, that there is a "natural affinity" between the two nations; of which, more anon.

We repeat, that between America and France there is no fixed policy. The changes of scene in the political drama of Europe, have alone influenced our relations. They have been merely of a material nature, not affecting either party politically, and have never committed either to any course which could be considered reciprocally binding on the other. At present, there is a new scene in the kaleidoscope-spectacle of political life in France. Napoleon I. has not risen from the grave; but another Napoleon fills his place, and seems almost the embodiment of his great predecessor's ideas, and it is impossible to say, under such circumstances, what may be the future policy of France towards this country. But we will say, that, in any event, France can pursue, but one course as respects this nation, and that is, the course which is taken by England. For, whatever may be the natural and hereditary ill-feeling between the two countries, their material power, on sea and land, respectively, is so equally balanced that it is impossible for either to set her rival at defiance by pursuing a course which the latter could not follow. It must also be remembered France has followed England wherever it has been her interest to do so. In the Crimean war, the result of their alliance was, that England was made to take the lead and bear the brunt of the conflict, while France carried off the honors of victory. It will be remembered also that the ban laid forever by the Congress of Vienna, on the name of Napoleon, was rescinded by this exploit; and the present Napoleon has a distinct policy which, can, in no event, lead him to consider as of much importance, an alliance with the United States against Great Britain. All his objects and interests are confined to the Continent of Europe, and the project of a coalition with Great Britain, at one time so warmly advocated by Napoleon I., though not from any motive of affection toward that power, is fully endorsed by the present incumbent, who comprehends the exigencies of his situation quite as clearly as his uncle. Consequently, it is useless for America to say that France will interfere on her side, in case of a war with Great Britain. France will do no such thing. America can offer her nothing which she cannot as well obtain by a coalition with England.

One reason why France has adopted her neutral complacent policy towards this country is that we are a maritime power, and, as such, an offset to her

rival, which makes France more secure in her position of military strength on land.

We have brought you down to the present period. In reference to the "natural affinity" between the United States and France, it cannot be proved to have had any foundation except during the times of the revolution in both countries. Since then, both nations have claimed to be controlled by the voice of the people—the French under monarchs of their own choice; the Americans, under elective Presidents. These latter rulers are ignominiously consigned to private life, at the expiration of their term; while the latter have been compelled to flee for their lives the moment their personal character, or that of their government, became distasteful to the masses. Here, a change of rulers is effected under the forms of law; there, it depends on popular impulse; and he who wears the laurel wreath of fame, whether as soldier or politician, may aspire to the prize of the imperial diadem. In other European countries, the people are controlled by kings who claim a divine right, who rule by the grace of God—in France alone, the divine, disposing voice, is that of humanity. The voice of the people there is almost the voice of God; and when they feel that the ruler, or form of government, is in any degree opposed to their own interests, or those of humanity at large, they think it is their right to have another. They change their sovereign with the same facility as a scene in a theatre, and, like that, unforeseen by their audience, the world.

France has maintained always a strict neutrality, and a cautious silence, respecting African slavery, in this country; but has waged most active war, in every way, by speech and by sword, against every form of tyranny, on her own continent. Even when she has seemed to have in view no other purpose than her own aggrandizement, her efforts have always proved to have an important bearing on the freedom of the human family. We are compelled, in conclusion, to add that the United States and France have nothing in common save that both contend for human rights—America in her direction, France in hers. They have no similarity in tastes or habits. France, while pretending respect, derides the American people—ridicules all the forms of American life. Thus, there is no sympathy between the two countries; and certainly there are no political interests which can bind them effectually together. America is the pioneer of Freedom on the Western Continent—France fulfills the same office in Europe. Higher and deeper than social habits, and political interests, there may be influences unseen which connect them in mission and in destiny; but none which the people can recognize, or which can array them, side by side, against a common foe. Therefore do not flatter yourselves as to the meaning of this seeming neutrality. At any moment, in the event of hostilities, France may avail herself of the opportunity to bear off the honors of another European contest, but never would she interfere for the sake of winning laurels in this country.

Therefore, while it is well to emulate in all departments of social life those examples which are the results of a consummate elegance of taste, and the highest intellectual refinement, it is not well to emulate the follies and vices of a nation with which you have no similarity of interest. Be careful, then, amid all the fashions which France sets before you, to adopt only those which are commendable, both on grounds of taste and of morality. Do not seek to reproduce those scenes, which, though tragedy there, are only burlesque here. Do not make the crimes of France your follies also, seeing that what is pure romance in the one country, becomes the broadest farce in the other. That which wears the simple air of American Liberty, is certainly most becoming to you. And as certainly it is the interest of your people and Government, not, by any form of treaty, to connect your history, replete with elevating examples of greatness and goodness, all your own, though deriving its impulse from lofty minds in the old world—with a history unparalleled for atrocity and crime, the record of which should be blotted from the page as a disgrace to Christendom. Why seek to establish an alliance with a people which is incapable of governing itself—which cannot choose its Chief Magistrate at regular intervals, wisely, consistently and legally; but acts only under the impulse of wild enthusiasm, and creates rulers of whom it cannot rid itself but by another Revolution? If this Republic is to continue its existence at all, let it stand, as for eighty years past, it has stood, upon its own inherent rights, upon justice and humanity; and let its people strive to correct those errors to which such a form of Government is always liable after a long period of prosperity—the tendencies to pecculation and corruption in executive affairs.

Remember, you are even now on the verge of destruction. No alliance with a foreign power can save your institutions. They must be replaced on the same basis of pure and lofty principle on which they were first established. Let foreign powers if they will, emulate your glorious example, but do not derogate from it yourselves, by stooping to the alliance of any among them which does not fully recognize the great truths embodied in your frame of government. Let America be free, as she ever has been. Let France remain, as she ever has been, neutral. We will do her the justice to say, that she has ever regarded the institutions of this country with favor; that she has ever, in her public journals, extenuated whatever she has found of weakness and folly; but she has rarely sent her travelers among us; her historians have seldom visited us—her politicians, never. Those among her more distinguished sons who have touched our shores, have appeared as unpretending gentlemen (we emphasize the word for your benefit) not to be feasted and harangued, like Kossuth, or one of your mushroom celebrities, returned from some imaginary exploit, and they have gone home in the same quality, without having permitted a purulent and undiscriminating curiosity to taint their sojourn here. In this respect, you could do well to follow their example.

We have finished, and will sum up by repeating what you must never forget—that the policy of France toward this country, is emphatically that of England; that she cannot and will not have, any other, whatever may be her professions of favor and regard. That the ulterior purposes of Napoleon III. are, in this respect, identical with those of his illustrious predecessor, and that he desires, merely as a matter of policy, to bring about that coalition with British power, which was advocated by Napoleon I. In the event of war between your own and the Mother Country, which, judging from present indications, it will be scarcely possible to avoid, France will either remain a passive spectator, or will take sides with England. Of this rest assured, and it is therefore more folly to endeavor to foster upon this country the chimerical notion that France will be naturally and inevitably an ally of ours. The history of the mutual

relations between France and Great Britain, forbids the hope, and the intelligence of American statesmen should never permit them to indulge in. We have done.

The pages of history will unfold one by one, and will appear rapidly enough before your eyes. Be prepared for any emergency; but rest assured that with strong exertions, under a firm conviction of right on your part, He who overrules all contests, will sustain the just cause; and that no combination of powers can effectually crush out the growth of that tree of Liberty which has matured so nobly here, and whose seeds have been sown broadcast, to spring-up, ere long, perhaps, where they are least looked for. Trust, therefore, in that Almighty Power which rules with justice, and yet tempers justice with a mercy no less infinite.

History of the Council of Nice.

We publish below the opinions of two of the best scholars and most liberal thinkers in the church, in Massachusetts, on this important work:

We are very glad to possess a history of this Great Council, from the hands of one who writes from the promptings of a strong antiquarian taste, and who is in the employ of no particular church or party, and whose object is to do justice to all denominations, and to present simply the truth. We have perused this book with pleasure, for we are always glad to scan the early history of the church, and with sorrow, for we always regret to remember the quarrels of Ecclesiastics. We are, indeed, much obliged to Mr. Dudley for his faithful sifting of ancient accounts, his patient investigation of varying testimony, his clear translations and the entire freedom of his statements from sectarian bias. A full list of references to authors consulted is given, and a good index. The type is clear, and the paper and binding excellent.

CALEB D. BRADLEE, A. M.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 10, 1860.

Mrs. DUDLEY—Dear Sir: I have perused your "History of the Council of Nice," and hesitate not to congratulate you in having put together, in a brief and convenient form, a fair and interesting account of that important Convention. Any reader who desires to see, in brief, an impartial statement of the affairs of the church on that occasion, may find here his wish gratified. It is interesting, and impresses one deeply with the struggles of those times, and the pompous array of great human authorities. It derives an interest, too, from the controversies of the present time.

Yours very truly, WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Jan. 19 and 20.

CONGRESS HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday from 10-12 A. M. Conference meetings at 3 and 7-9 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Congress meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported in the Banner). The subject for next Wednesday evening is:—"The Tendencies of Spiritualism."

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall, at 3 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. A. Hicker, Jan. 19; N. D. Greenleaf, Jan. 20; Clarence Butler, February 2.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—W. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, two last Sundays in Jan.; H. J. Finney, Esq., during February; Belle Scoullard, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference meetings are held every Sunday morning, speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1-3 and 7-9 P. M.

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

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Seaborn, during January; Belle Scoullard, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sabbaths in April; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber for June.

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

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 30th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M., at 3-5 and 7-9 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 808 Broadway, Mrs. Core L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

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