

1. The first group of authors (e.g., Berman, 1984; Berman & O'Leary, 1988; Berman & O'Leary, 1991; Berman & O'Leary, 1992; Berman & O'Leary, 1993; Berman & O'Leary, 1994; Berman & O'Leary, 1995; Berman & O'Leary, 1996; Berman & O'Leary, 1997; Berman & O'Leary, 1998; Berman & O'Leary, 1999; Berman & O'Leary, 2000; Berman & O'Leary, 2001; Berman & O'Leary, 2002; Berman & O'Leary, 2003; Berman & O'Leary, 2004; Berman & O'Leary, 2005; Berman & O'Leary, 2006; Berman & O'Leary, 2007; Berman & O'Leary, 2008; Berman & O'Leary, 2009; Berman & O'Leary, 2010; Berman & O'Leary, 2011; Berman & O'Leary, 2012; Berman & O'Leary, 2013; Berman & O'Leary, 2014; Berman & O'Leary, 2015; Berman & O'Leary, 2016; Berman & O'Leary, 2017; Berman & O'Leary, 2018; Berman & O'Leary, 2019; Berman & O'Leary, 2020; Berman & O'Leary, 2021; Berman & O'Leary, 2022; Berman & O'Leary, 2023; Berman & O'Leary, 2024; Berman & O'Leary, 2025) have focused on the role of the CEO in the organization's strategic decision-making process. They have argued that the CEO is the primary decision-maker in the organization and that the CEO's actions and decisions have a significant impact on the organization's performance. This group of authors has also argued that the CEO's role is to provide a clear vision and direction for the organization and to ensure that the organization is able to execute its strategy effectively.

black the black waters had scented, and as they
 upon their foam flakes over her, they rushed and
 and as if agony at her escape; for the strength
 of a mother's love had triumphed over them. The
 sunset's glow irradiated the scene, and its soft
 rays fell like a halo upon the woman's head,
 stayed lightly over the babe's sweet face, and then
 started their brightness upon the waves, that seemed
 as if they were in sullen murmurs.
 It appeared as if the glory of the picture was re-
 cepted upon the pale face of Margaret. At her com-
 and the canvas lived and breathed. An exclaima-
 on by her side startled her, and turning, she be-
 held Mr. Vernon, who had entered with a noiseless
 step, unobserved by the dreaming-girl. Astonish-
 ment, wonder and admiration were depicted in his
 countenance. At last he spoke:
 "It is a picture well worthy your brush, Marga-
 ret," he said. "It will snatch your name from ob-
 scurity, and compel the world to shed upon you
 the golden rays of undying fame." You have
 met's soul, and have only to breathe it upon the
 canvas to challenge the admiration of all."
 She thanked him in her gentle way, and then said:
 "I think I shall leave here after the Exhibition.
 am now old enough to go without your guiding
 and, and I must learn to do alone. My gratitude
 will always be yours, for opening to me these bright
 gates of Paradise—" and she was gone; and Horace
 Vernon sat there, wondering at the cold shadows
 that crept over his spirit when she disappeared.
 Curiosity and surprise were at their height to know
 more of the young artist who bore away the palm
 from all competitors at the "Great Exhibition,"
 while Margaret in her childhood's dear home by the
 sea loved so well, heard with a quiet smile the
 trumpet's sound, and read the critics' eulogium upon
 her piece.
 She was popular now, and orders flowed in upon
 her thick and fast. She drew inspiration from all
 around. The grand solemn voice of the "mighty
 deep" awoke a response from the myetic caverns of
 her soul. The glorious wild, as it sported in free-
 dom over the mountain side, bounding the poplars,
 and kissing the flowers, was music to her ear. Then
 on, as it floated in color through the abundant and
 reluctant clouds of the West, threw not a more glow-
 ing tint upon the rose-colored summits of the moun-
 tains, and the trailing robes of the forest folded into
 the valley below, than it did upon her aspiring spirit,
 and her soul appeared to catch the glory of the glit-
 tering hills, and reflect it upon the canvas.
 The ocean bore her on its bosom to the old world
 the wondrous amid cathedrals and art galleries,
 stood on the shore of her mother's native land, drank
 in its invigorating breezes, and transferred glowing
 beauty and divine conceptions to the immortal can-
 vas. The trump of Fame went rolling over the
 bounding billows and awoke the echoes of distant
 shores; but all the praise and commendation that
 was lavished upon her had no power to change her;
 she remained as pure, noble and unstained as ever.
 The memory of the past never strayed into the
 labyrinth of forgiveness; but it was the link that
 bound her heart-sympathies to the world. Ever
 keeping Nature and truth before her, she went on to
 higher resolves and greater deeds. The film of dark-
 ness fell from her eyes when penetrated by the mi-
 raculous illumination from within, and she saw her glori-
 ous life to the world, and her heart was lifted in thank-
 giving, that years before her wild prayer to be re-
 leased from life, which was so great a burden to
 her, had not been granted.
 CHAPTER III.
 Again in Margaret Bennett in her cottage by the
 sea. She has become weary of the adulation of the
 world, and has retired for rest and quiet. The twi-
 light, hour rests over the earth, and she wanders
 forth to listen to the solemn hymn of the cosmos.
 The stars come out one by one upon the throbbing
 brow of the night. The moon lifted its pale face,
 while the waves shimmered off their silver light.
 The evening orison of Nature filled Margaret's ear.
 Slowly, half asleep, she turned toward the cottage.
 Her old housekeeper met her at the door.
 "Oh, Miss Margaret, there is a gentleman wait-
 ing in the parlor to see you," was her exclaima-
 tion.
 Languidly she entered the room, but as her eye
 fell upon the occupant of the easy chair, a smile
 wreathed her lips, and joy flashed from her eyes.
 It was Horace Vernon; she knew him instantly, al-
 though six years had elapsed since she bade him
 adieu in the school-room, and they had never met
 during that time. Yet there was the same wavy
 brown hair, kind blue eye, and pleasant smile.
 "I am indeed most happy, Mr. Vernon, to wel-
 come you to 'Sea View,'" she said, extending her
 hand.
 "Miss Bennett, is it possible?" he exclaimed, as he
 drew her to the light; "I never should have recog-
 nized you, had I met you anywhere else" and so
 wonder Horace Vernon could see no resemblance in
 the beautiful woman before him, to the pale, thin
 girl of six years before.
 The light fell upon her tall, graceful figure in mid-
 dle age, dark, regal beauty. The rare looks were band-
 ed with a faintly gleaming smile, and her hair, and
 around a glittering coronet around the exquisitely
 shaped head. The splendor of her dark eyes were
 seated full upon him, and the ripe red lips were
 seated in glad surprise, leading her to the sofa
 sat down by her side.
 "I little thought," he said, "when I last saw you,
 at six long years would be numbered among the

things that were, ere I should look upon your face again; but I will board from you, for every breath that sweeps the ocean was laden with your name."

"I am indeed, one of the world's favorites now," was her reply; "but when another star rises, I shall be obliged to fall below the horizon, and not many years will elapse ere my name will sink into oblivion."

"Miss Bonnet," he said, after an animated conversation, "my sister, Mrs. Stanley and her daughter, desire much to be presented to you. Are you willing to overlook the past and receive them?"

She laughed a low, bitter laugh.

"They can receive me now," she said, "when the world bows before my shrine, while they scorned the lone, wretched child that needed their love and kindness."

"Remember, there are many excuses for them," was the grave response. The circle in which they moved was low; besides, pride was my sister's failing; but throw the mantle of charity over their faults, and at this hour bear your sister calling for a resurrection."

Quietly he thought down the long vista of years, and she was a child again, with the little Ida in her arms. The lot that had gathered over her heart was melted, and she exclaimed:

"God forgive me, if I have presumed to judge them. It was best that I should tread the thorny path alone, else I should never have arrived at this spot. I see the Father's hand has guided my footsteps. Bid them come, I will stand ready to welcome them."

"Thanks, Margaret," replied Mr. Vernon; "spoken like your own noble self. I know that you could not cherish bitter feelings long, and when my sister and Ida have been with you a while they will gather strength from you, and arouse to life's earnest action."

She smiled sadly.

"You do not know me, Mr. Vernon. I am but a poor mortal, and do often err."

An hour after, when Horace Vernon left the house, he thought how many there were who might envy him the pleasure of that evening. He had enjoyed the society of the world's idol. For him she had played, sung, and conversed, opening the rich treasures of her mind, that he might revel in the treasures garnered there. And now as he looked within his heart he saw her image overshadowed by love. Life to him would be full of bliss, if the peerless Margaret would walk ever by his side.

"She is young, beautiful, and accomplished," he thought; "and soitors will look at her shrine, and I must live to see her won by another. I must awaken from my dream of love, and know that the only woman that has ever touched my heart, can never be mine."

That evening revealed a truth to Margaret, which she in vain sought to still.

"What," she thought, "shall I give my heart unasked? He loves me as the child of his adoption, nothing more; and I must bide my blushes from the world's keen gaze, and amidst its loud acclaim, forget that Margaret Bonnet has allowed a false hope to spring up unbidden in her heart."

The next week Mr. Vernon brought Mrs. Stanley and Ida to "See View," where his mistress received them with queenly self-possession. Over the moving picture of the long-remembered sister and the woman of fashion, who will drop the veil; suffice it to say, that Margaret agreed to spend the coming winter in the company of her sister, at Mrs. Stanley's elegant mansion.

Weeks passed on, and the fair-browed Summer queen glided away. The low, and winds sought in vain for the departed one. The painted forests and the sleeping plains were covered with a robe of gorgeousness. The hills and mountains were draped with Nature's misty veil, and earth silently waited the coming monarch.

It is evening, and Mrs. Stanley's elegant apartments are filled with the beauty and elite of the city. All is mirth and revelry. The blinding light from the sparkling chandeliers falls on lovely women and noble men; but the eyes of all eyes is the queenly Margaret. Her rose-colored satin falls in graceful folds around her slender figure, and rich point lace envelopes neck and arms like a snow wreath. Most rose-buds flutter on her breast, but the glittering coils of her magnificent hair need no ornament to enhance their beauty. Ida Stanley sits from spot to spot, radiant in lace and pearls, while the lady of the mansion, proud and exultant, moves among her guests. This scene is in honor of Margaret, for to-night witnesses her advent and triumph with the people of her native city. She stands now in the centre of a group, chafing all with her rare conversational powers, while the "dear few hundred friends" all congratulate Mrs. Stanley upon her fortunate acquisition. That lady's husband cannot forbear occasionally alluding to the carriage scene and the little "beast," until in pity at her evident distress he desists.

Mr. Vernon looked on with an aching heart. Every day he felt more keenly the absence which Margaret was winding around his affections, and he felt that he must tear himself away; therefore to-night he electrified his sister by announcing his intention to sail for Europe in a few days.

The grey dawn of the morning began to creep slowly over the hills, and the gorgeous palaces were deserted, and the inmates of the mansion left to rest and quiet.

The following week Mr. Vernon bade his friends farewell, and Margaret, with a calm voice and smooth brow, bade his last adieu.

Weeks glided by, and then came the terrible tidings that far out on the stormy ocean, deserted as it seemed by God and man, flames wrapt the steamer in their close embrace and lit the funeral pile for those brave hearts, and the wreck crowded with human souls sank silent in noisomeless seas.

The band of grief fell with its burning touch upon hundreds of hearts, and Mrs. Stanley sank beneath the shock upon a bed of sickness, while Ida wept and wailed, and Margaret, cold and calm, crushed back her silent woe and ministered to the sorrowing.

Her soul now ever shrank of the sea. She saw great iceberg in all their deadly splendor of green sea-weed, rocking forever on the seething surge, and down deep in the dark caverns of the ocean a noble form welled on beds of coral, and the waves ever sobbed and moaned a funeral dirge. The cloud now settled over her spirit, and she became chill and somber.

Paul and brush lay outstretched upon the easel, but the pen transferred her burning thoughts to paper, and sped them on their world-wide mission, and still the lamp of fame sounded, but it spoke no gladness to her heart.

When Mrs. Stanley's elegant mansion was again thrown open to the multitude, in honor of her brother's safe return, Margaret Bonnet stood up and became the wife of him she had so long and truly mourned. Once again his laugh had a ring of the old gladness, and many, as they looked upon her happy face, prayed that her sun might never again be clouded.

She had walked through the valley of sorrow and tears; she stood now on the mountain of joy.

A year whirled by and Margaret again took up her brush, and beauty and gladness beamed from her countenance. Her vow is not forgotten, even in the sunlight. Her low looks out the past and suffering, and they bless her name. Her husband, amidst every obstacle from her path, and glories in the sunshine of her presence. Her writings ever speak hope and comfort to wretched, disconsolate hearts. For her soul is filled with tenderness as memory ever points down the dim aisles of the past to the time when she, Fame and Fortune's favorite, was only a little "Match Girl."

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Thus heart and brain labored, and the world caught no glimpse of the white agony of her face. Letters crowded in upon her from far and near. The strong and mighty came to her for appreciation; the weak, gentle, and those the world called erring, received her sympathy and love. Wives and mothers read her thoughts, and to the light that flashed upon them recognized their high and holy duties as never before. Lone ones pondered over them, and hope and comfort whispered to their throbbing hearts, and they blessed her name. Those upon whom sorrow had laid its chastening hand, acknowledged a kindred spirit, for they knew that dark floods must have rolled over that soul and almost washed it from its moorings, because inspiration and fancy could never have lit up dark caverns so forcibly that had never been explored.

Her gentle ministrations almost lifted the load from her heart, and sometimes she thanked God that the cup had been offered her, and that she had been obliged to drink even to its bitter dregs, for the flowers that she had presented upon the page of affection had dropped seeds into other hearts, which had taken root and blossomed, throwing their fragrance and beauty upon countless lives, and smoothing many a path down to the "Dark River," where the silver waters of life lave the shore.

Five years have passed into the shadowy aisles of the "bygone" since that event that cast its veil of gloom over loving hearts, crushing budding hopes and striking to earth the cup of joy with its honeyed draught from waiting lips.

Mrs. Stanley and Ida have changed much during the time. Their hearts have blossomed and expanded beneath Margaret's genial influence. They found that all their lives they had glided in the outer current of the world, content with the fruit that was placed to their lips. They now brushed aside the externalities of fashion and display, and sought for richer food and deeper enjoyment, caring not for the criticism of the world. For a while they leaned upon Margaret, drawing strength from her vigorous life, until at last new shoots germinated in their hearts, and the old, decaying branches of the past were cast forth. Ida was now a happy wife, and her sister divided her home and affections between her and Mrs. Stanley, and in each mansion she was a loved and welcome inmate. The world wondered that she had not married, but none knew nor even suspected her secret. Many had laid their best offerings at her feet, but she firmly yet gently refused the honor they would bestow upon her. The tales of memory rested upon her heart, and it could never be clouded by a new love.

It is evening, and Margaret sits in her sister's elegant mansion. She is quite alone in that large parlor, and no sound breaks the shadowy silence. "It is the fifth anniversary of that terrible night when the tidings fell upon her heart of the lost steamer. She is thinking now how many more years she must travel the desert alone. Her thoughts at last become oppressive, and she moved to the piano. Mechanically her fingers touch the keys, and soon the dreamy spell is cast around her. Sweet and grand through the silver air of the moonlight room the perfect strain was wafted; an unutterable melancholy vibrated in it, and filled her being with a vague unrest. Slowly, sadly the rich cadence died away. The door opened, and Ida entered.

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A sense of suffocation was at Margaret's heart. The room whirled around; she saw a well-known form in the doorway, but the cold hand of death seemed pressing upon her, and she fell forward in a swoon. She who had well nigh been crushed into the earth by sorrow, but had rallied with no outward sign of grief, was now overcome by a bewildering bliss of joy.

Weeks passed away before she rose from that sick bed—rose to life and happiness. The mystery was now explained, and Mr. Vernon's joy was great when he welcomed his bride almost, as it were, from the arms of death. His soul was wrung with agony as he saw the awful pallor of her face when she fell apparently lifeless at his feet, but her heart's history was revealed, and he felt that she could not leave him then.

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She had walked through the valley of sorrow and tears; she stood now on the mountain of joy.

A year whirled by and Margaret again took up her brush, and beauty and gladness beamed from her countenance. Her vow is not forgotten, even in the sunlight. Her low looks out the past and suffering, and they bless her name. Her husband, amidst every obstacle from her path, and glories in the sunshine of her presence. Her writings ever speak hope and comfort to wretched, disconsolate hearts. For her soul is filled with tenderness as memory ever points down the dim aisles of the past to the time when she, Fame and Fortune's favorite, was only a little "Match Girl."

Life-work, and said if God prospered, he would devote his life to aiding my long-suffering sisters; but I was forgetting my vow, and in my love for him I was so black, that I should soon have been regardless of all else, and solemn duties and cares would have waited in vain for my unwilling fingers. God saw this, so he called my idol down, saying, "Travel ye over the desert alone and cause flowers to grow by the wayside, and fountains of gushing love to spring forth to cheer the faint-hearted, weary and weak ones that shall come after you, possessing not your strength and power." Then he still, oh murmuring heart, and go forth, working while the day lasts, until the end."

Thus heart and brain labored, and the world caught no glimpse of the white agony of her face. Letters crowded in upon her from far and near. The strong and mighty came to her for appreciation; the weak, gentle, and those the world called erring, received her sympathy and love. Wives and mothers read her thoughts, and to the light that flashed upon them recognized their high and holy duties as never before. Lone ones pondered over them, and hope and comfort whispered to their throbbing hearts, and they blessed her name. Those upon whom sorrow had laid its chastening hand, acknowledged a kindred spirit, for they knew that dark floods must have rolled over that soul and almost washed it from its moorings, because inspiration and fancy could never have lit up dark caverns so forcibly that had never been explored.

Her gentle ministrations almost lifted the load from her heart, and sometimes she thanked God that the cup had been offered her, and that she had been obliged to drink even to its bitter dregs, for the flowers that she had presented upon the page of affection had dropped seeds into other hearts, which had taken root and blossomed, throwing their fragrance and beauty upon countless lives, and smoothing many a path down to the "Dark River," where the silver waters of life lave the shore.

Five years have passed into the shadowy aisles of the "bygone" since that event that cast its veil of gloom over loving hearts, crushing budding hopes and striking to earth the cup of joy with its honeyed draught from waiting lips.

Mrs. Stanley and Ida have changed much during the time. Their hearts have blossomed and expanded beneath Margaret's genial influence. They found that all their lives they had glided in the outer current of the world, content with the fruit that was placed to their lips. They now brushed aside the externalities of fashion and display, and sought for richer food and deeper enjoyment, caring not for the criticism of the world. For a while they leaned upon Margaret, drawing strength from her vigorous life, until at last new shoots germinated in their hearts, and the old, decaying branches of the past were cast forth. Ida was now a happy wife, and her sister divided her home and affections between her and Mrs. Stanley, and in each mansion she was a loved and welcome inmate. The world wondered that she had not married, but none knew nor even suspected her secret. Many had laid their best offerings at her feet, but she firmly yet gently refused the honor they would bestow upon her. The tales of memory rested upon her heart, and it could never be clouded by a new love.

It is evening, and Margaret sits in her sister's elegant mansion. She is quite alone in that large parlor, and no sound breaks the shadowy silence. "It is the fifth anniversary of that terrible night when the tidings fell upon her heart of the lost steamer. She is thinking now how many more years she must travel the desert alone. Her thoughts at last become oppressive, and she moved to the piano. Mechanically her fingers touch the keys, and soon the dreamy spell is cast around her. Sweet and grand through the silver air of the moonlight room the perfect strain was wafted; an unutterable melancholy vibrated in it, and filled her being with a vague unrest. Slowly, sadly the rich cadence died away. The door opened, and Ida entered.

"Oh, Margaret! I have such good news. Uncle Horace was not lost; he is here in this very house. I wish you to break the news to mother."

A sense of suffocation was at Margaret's heart. The room whirled around; she saw a well-known form in the doorway, but the cold hand of death seemed pressing upon her, and she fell forward in a swoon. She who had well nigh been crushed into the earth by sorrow, but had rallied with no outward sign of grief, was now overcome by a bewildering bliss of joy.

Weeks passed away before she rose from that sick bed—rose to life and happiness. The mystery was now explained, and Mr. Vernon's joy was great when he welcomed his bride almost, as it were, from the arms of death. His soul was wrung with agony as he saw the awful pallor of her face when she fell apparently lifeless at his feet, but her heart's history was revealed, and he felt that she could not leave him then.

He had escaped from the wreck upon a shattered spar, and for weary days and nights tossed a speck upon the vast expansive waste of waters. At last nature sank. Death seemed closing around him, and he knew no more. But the lamp of his life was not yet suffered to go out. A ship came bounding over the billows and rescued him. Months of sickness followed that terrible experience, and he found himself in Africa. Eighteen months passed away ere he again stood in a floating bark upon the treacherous billows, and now it seemed as if an adverse fate did indeed pursue him. The elements of air and ocean again combined to destroy him. The ship went down. Unanswered cries were drowned in the uncaring rhythm of the waves, and over all was shot the purple night of second sky. When next he opened his eyes to outward things, he was on a desert island; the waters, refusing to receive him, had tossed him up upon the beach. Months dragged their slow length wearily by, and when at last despair had almost seized him in its giant grasp, a vessel took him off and bore him to Europe. From there he took the first steamer home.

On arriving in Philadelphia, almost the first person he met was his brother-in-law, Mr. Stanley, who welcomed him as one arisen from the dead. He inquired for all his friends, but Margaret's name he did not mention; but what was his astonishment when he heard of the brilliant offer that she had refused, and that she still remained single. Then hope lit her bright face upon the altar of his heart, and he hastened to her side.

When Mrs. Stanley's elegant mansion was again thrown open to the multitude, in honor of her brother's safe return, Margaret Bonnet stood up and became the wife of him she had so long and truly mourned. Once again his laugh had a ring of the old gladness, and many, as they looked upon her happy face, prayed that her sun might never again be clouded.

CRITICAL ESSAY.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY G. B. F.

NUMBER TWO.

Says "THE APOCALYPSE," the "inspired man among the Greeks," were called Theophrastus, the God-taught; and sometimes Theophrastus, the word rendered soothsayer; utterers and expounders of oracles, dreams and visions, and interpreters of all celestial or other phenomena regarded as portents." Also there were the *Logoi* and *Hierophants*, dividing by the sight of birds and by sacrifices. The *Magicians*, whose knowledge was derived from the dead; *Gadomantes*, or bellytalkers; *Atrologoi*, who cast horoscopes, and having knowledge of eclipses, could tell when the sun should be darkened, the moon refuse to give her light, and the heavens rolled together as a scroll, with the sea and waves roaring. It was the Chaldean wise men who cast the horoscope of Jesus, having "seen his star in the east, which went before them and stood over where the young child was." Having learnt from the star that he was "born King of the Jews," they rejoiced with an exceeding great joy.

The inspiration mentioned in the Bible, is of various kinds. God is described as speaking by a "voice," by dreams and visions, and by Urim and Thummim. "It would be of interest to learn how the prophecies of Huldah, the prophetess, or Nathan, (2 Kings, 17-18), were delivered. Was it in the manner of the Delphian Pythia?" and were Hilkiah, Ahikam, and the other priests who went to inquire of her for Josiah, simply the interpreters of a Jewish prophetic, or Sibylla? No particular are given, but an unfavorable inference must be drawn from the non-fulfillment of her prediction, that Josiah should be gathered to his fathers in peace; and from that belated of human victims to which Josiah was urged, who "slew all the priests of the high places that were there upon the altars, and burned men's bones upon them."

Although the names of the authors or editors of most of the records of the Jews are unknown, the records themselves show on the face of them that the greater part were written by priests, or persons immediately connected with the sacerdotal profession. "Those among them who selected habitually the more serious subjects, were the sacred Bards of antiquity, inspired Bards who chanted their declamations to the accompaniment of a harp, or some other instrument, of whom we read as especially connected with Druidical worship; but metaphysics, and historical and poetical declamation entered at one time largely into the avocations of the priesthood of all nations. Moses sang the overthrow of Pharaoh, answered by Miriam, the prophetess, with a timbrel in her hand. "He spoke the words of new song," shortly before his death; and we see that the prophecies of the Old Testament were chanted composed in verse; that the psalms were set to music; that music was an essential part of the temple service; the "Song of the Lord," beginning with trumpets blown by priests; and symbols, psalteries, and harps being also mentioned."

So, too, Saul when he prophesied naked among the prophets, with "psalttery, tabret and pipe," and an "evil spirit from God sat upon Saul," to utter to similar prophesying of David. "So, too, the Bards of the Celtic Tartars, when under the influence," will prophesy from "morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," and "the Persian improvisators will recite for hours without faltering for a syllable, and beginning at any passage or verse requested by their hearers." So, too, when the "clown tongues" sat upon the Apostolic podium, who spoke "with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," so, too, some of our Yankee mediums, nothing behind the chiefest of them of old time, speak as the Spirit gives them utterance in a plurality of tongues, according to the nationalities of the spirit-land.

Thus, while we can reproduce all the phenomena of old time in a system of understood occasion, to which we apply the term Spiritualism, as embracing mundane and transcendental modes of being, whether called Mesmerism, Psychology, or outpouring of the Spirit, or whether the intelligence manifested is called Lord, or God, or Demon.

"The Hebrew names rendered, as indifferent 'Lord' and 'God' throughout the Old Testament, are *Adon*, or *Adonai*, from which are formed *Adon* and *Adonai*; usually written *Adon* and *Adonai*, in and *Adon*, written *Jah* and *Jehovah*; different forms of the same word, and *Adon*, *Adonai* and *Adonai*; three other names also given as recognized by the Divine Being, *Ayah*, *ahur*, *ayah*, "I am, that I am," and *Adon* and *Jehi*.

"In the *Alphabet*, we see the *Allah* of Mahomedanism, the same of God common to the whole of the populations of Western Asia, and the northern coast of Africa; but the points of the Masorets may be suspected of having misled the world upon the exact meaning of the terms usually written *Elahim*. The Hebrew lexicon of Gesenius, founded on the system of the Masorets, tells us that *Elah* is the singular form of the noun, signifying God, and *Elahim*, the plural, from which it would follow, that the latter should be rendered 'Gods,' instead of 'God,' and that the first chapter of Genesis should, throughout, read thus:

"In the beginning the Gods (*Elahim*) created the heavens and the earth."

"And the Gods (*Elahim*) said, Let us make man in our own image."

"And ye shall be as Gods (*Elahim*), knowing good and evil."

"Thou shalt not revile the Gods (*Elahim*), nor curse the rulers of thy people."

"Now I know that the Lord (*Jehovah*) is greater than all Gods (*Elahim*)."

"For the Lord your God is God of Gods, and Lord of Lords (*Elah* of the *Elahim*, and *Adon* of the *Adonim*)."

"Among the Gods (*Elahim*) there is none like unto thee, O Lord (*Adon*)."

However, as it was common in the cosmogonies of every nation to ascribe the creation to one Divine Being, and not to the Gods generally," our Divine supposes that the Hebrews followed the same general pattern, and sometimes used the plural names as sign

day, with the Lord, that thou shalt call me forth, and shall call me no more forth. This text is remarkable for the admission of those, that the worship of Baal was a heathen God under that name. The name is repudiated as connected with idolatrous ceremonies, but is yet acknowledged as having been used in a Divine sense, and in this sense, let us always remember the names of all heathen Gods were received, by the spirit and reflecting. If in Phœnicia and Assyria there were many who could not lift their minds from an emblem of Deity, whether the Sun, a heifer, or a human headed bull, to God himself, we may yet rest assured that there were thousands fully able to make the distinction, and whose ideas of a Divine Being, under the names of Baal and Ashur, were as elevated as our own.

There is no warrant in the Bible for the opinion that the Jews were sole depositaries in early ages of the secrets of the existence of one only Creative power. That some among them held this doctrine, we may learn from their records, but we know from the history of philosophy, that the intelligent of other nations were in this respect very far from being behind the most enlightened of Jewish teachers. The Jews, as a people shared the common faith of antiquity; a faith at once polytheistic and theocratic; a faith which always recognized the existence of a Supreme Being, present to the imagination of the worshiper in every temple; for the human mind is necessarily governed by its highest conceptions; it cannot reverence inferiority; but a faith which yet admitted the existence of other supernatural, although subordinate powers, to whom prayers might be addressed as the appointed administrators of different departments of Divine government, or whose favor might be sought on the same principle as the pious Catholic still seeks the intercession of the Saints. The Theism of the Israelites did not amount to a denial of the existence of other Gods than the God they worshiped. Although sometimes we meet with the phrase, "there is none else," but simply to a belief that *Iou* or the *Al-diu* was greatest among the Gods. The conviction that there were yet other Gods, is very clearly shown in the text which describes Jehovah as "God of Gods, and Lord of Lords," and besides this, and other passages already quoted, we may trace it in the following: Who is like unto thee, O Lord, (*Iou*), among the Gods (*Allan*)?

O give thanks unto the God of Gods (*Alla*) of the *Alla-im*. O give thanks to the Lord of Lords (*Adon* of the *Adimim*). And the house which I (Solomon) build is great; for great is our God (*Al*) above all Gods (*Alla-im*). For the Lord (*Al*) is a great God (*Iou*) and a great King above all Gods (*Alla-im*).

On the other hand, passages might be quoted, showing that the Gods of the heathen were only idols, in the opinion of the writer, but the opposite instances are too numerous to admit of question, that the mass of the people did not so regard them. The expressions, "your God and my God," "his God" and "strange Gods," which abound in the Old Testament, we do not ourselves use, because the idea of a plurality does not exist among us, but without such phrases there could have been no precision of speech among the ancient Israelites in reference to divine things.

It appears that the ancient mediums, as well as the modern, could often fall in their predictions. Speaking of the approaching destruction of Mizraim (Egypt) at the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, Ezekiel says:

"I will make the rivers (*yeorim*) dry, and sell the land into the hand of the wicked, and I will make the land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers; I the Lord (*Iou*) have spoken it. Thus saith the Lord God (*Adon Iou*) I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt (*Mitzraim*); and I will put fear in the land of Egypt (*Mitzraim*).

"And I will make Patros desolate, and I will set fire in Zaan, and will execute judgment in No." There is no evidence that the volume of the waters of the Nile have been in the least diminished since the time of Ezekiel, and instead of being rendered utterly desolate and sinking into the position of a dependent province, "the bases" of the kingdoms, without a prince of its own, Egypt afterwards acquired by conquest the whole of Assyria, and became under the Ptolemies the Great Britain of the ancient world; a power second to none by land, and the first by sea. Yet Isaiah also predicts the desolation of Egypt, that is, Mizraim; and as connected with the same physical causes referred to by Ezekiel.

"The waters shall fall from the sea, and the river (*Nahar*) shall be dried up. And they shall turn the rivers (*Naharath*) far away, and the brooks (*Yeor*) of defence shall be emptied and dried up; the reeds and flags shall wither."

But as the waters of the Nile have continued flowing, even unto this day, it must be confessed that the prophecies were rather wide of the mark, pretty considerably so when they are infallibly no less than God's word. It appears that there were "geological changes in progress in Isaiah's time," which would somewhat have squared with the prophecies, had they been leveled against "the Mediterranean shores of Arabia Petraea." But the God of Israel knew nothing of these "geological changes," which might have saved the prophecies, had they not been leveled against the Nile, which refused to "dry up" at prophetic bidding.

Also that the natural order of events should persist in blaspheming the Jewish word. Ezekiel informs us that the Lord heard all the blasphemies "spoken against Israel's mountains," and doubtless our geologists will be met with a "ready reckoner" at the day of judgment, with the recorded names of "beasts" inscribed with "blasphemy," as the Jotun and Megatholomus in upheaval with rocks out of the sea, uttering blasphemies against the "Rock of Israel," which differed from other rocks, as "Padding Stone" from "Old Man."

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of mortality.

A certain lawyer had his personal property in his father's attitude—standing with his hand on his pocket. His friends and old-time went to him, and everybody exclaimed "Oh, how kind! He is very pleased of him!" An old friend, however, declared "Do not say so," and he has not been heard of since. It would be as if he had not been there.

There is no warrant in the Bible for the opinion that the Jews were sole depositaries in early ages of the secrets of the existence of one only Creative power. That some among them held this doctrine, we may learn from their records, but we know from the history of philosophy, that the intelligent of other nations were in this respect very far from being behind the most enlightened of Jewish teachers.

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TO THE ANGEL OF MY DREAMS.

BY ROBIN RIVERS.

When the sunset tints are playing,
Brightly radiant in the West,
And rich beams of light are straying
O'er the river's tranquil breast;
When the birds' low voices stealing
On the listening, passive ear,
Wake a gust of grateful feeling,
Then, sweet spirit, thou art near.

When the crescent moon is walking
Up the sky's fair sapphire floor,
And the silent stars are talking
All their Maker's glory o'er—
Then around me softly shining,
Comes thy presence, spirit bright,
And my heart so weakly pinning,
Bathes in rivers of delight.

When the night-wind's myotic voices
Freight each moment's laden wing,
And Despair with Pain rejoices,
That the arrow's vengeful sting
Robs me of the "sweet restorer,"
Whose kind presence lulls each pain,
Then thy accents, gentle spirit,
Thrill my soul with hope again.

Sweeter far than mortal music
Sound thy love-notes on mine ear:
Sister, wait in faith and patience,
For the end is drawing near.
For the end is drawing near,
Earthly trials, though so bitter,
Will thy spirit purify,
Making it all pure and stainless.

Meet, at length, to dwell on high,
Let thy deeds of love abound,
Treasure be thy master-joint,
While the blessings of the needy
Bring thy spirit sweet content;
Labor thus with pure devotion,
While life's earthly space remains,
And an angel's blessed portion
Will, ere long, reward thy pains.

Thanks, sweet spirit, for the message,
On my heart its words I lay,
And with new and earnest courage
Haste its dictates to obey;
Often let thy blessed presence
Cheer me while I wander here,
And when earthly scenes are fading,
Guide me to that blissful sphere.

Where the waked cease from troubling,
And the weary peaceful rest,
While bright flowers of joy immortal
Sweetly bloom within the breast,
And the soft, melodious murmur,
Steals upon each zephyr's breath,
Here is no more pain or sorrow,
Here is no more sin or death!

Being called to the village of Chicopee, Mass., to deliver a course of lectures, I had the privilege of attending one of Miss Jennie Lord's musical circles, where the manifestations so far surpassed anything that has ever occurred in my presence that I felt it must be interesting to your readers also. The circle was held on Christmas evening, at the house of Mr. Isaac Bullens. The guests had been previously named by "Black Hawk," (the controlling spirit) who very modestly promised "that if they would bring their Christmas gifts, he would distribute all that came within the range of his power." Accordingly a small tree was procured, which, being placed upon a table around which the guests were to be seated, was loaded with all kinds of mysterious looking packages.

The evening came, and with it a goodly number of friends, among whom we were pleased to see the genial faces of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Quincy, whom many will remember with gratitude and affection. They were, all as light hearted as the angels of a Christmas party that ever met, and our invisible friends seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion as joyously as ourselves; for, as soon as the lights were extinguished, there was heard a rattling of paper in the tree, and then the soft, sweet tones of a silver bell were heard in the air overhead. The bell was a gift to a spirit, and they had taken it from the tree. The next manifestation not open present will ever forget. Black Hawk discovered that he had a package in the tree, and after a rustling of paper and snapping of strings, we were almost stunned by that most terrific of all sounds—a watchman's rattle. Again and again it was sprung in our ears, while through the entranced organism of the medium came the deep, guttural laugh of the Indian spirit, testifying his glee at our fright. After our mirth had somewhat subsided, the violinist was requested (by the spirit) "to play some lively air," which he commenced, but was no sooner through with the first strain than the violin was snatched from his hands and passed over our heads, while we heard the strings thrummed by invisible hands. Then it was returned to its owner, with an envelope containing his Christmas present tucked under the strings.

Next came a variety of manifestations. The guitar, bass viol, violinello, and tamborine were played. The drums beat; a bouquet of flowers was played around, so that several could inhale its fragrance. Some presents were quietly passed to recipients; others were thrown, and at last the Indian spirit said, "A big, brave" would, entrance and speak through a medium present. The notes having been so great, this lady mentally requested that the accordion might be played, as a means of quelling the noise, which request was almost immediately complied with. When the music ceased, the medium, then entranced, gave a short exhortation, seemingly suited to the occasion, during which time the guitar floated in the air, above and around us, discharging the softest, sweetest music—rising and falling with the tones of the speaker's voice, following that voice in its pathos, and ringing out most cheerily at the utterance of the more happy sentiments; but never once disturbing or interrupting the remarks—only disturbing the emotions of each soul, until from some eyes gushed forth happy tears, while others, after the golden custom, shouted, "Glory!"

Dear Banner, I have only to add that Spiritism is not a new thing, while there exists in spirit life such active beings as were present at that Christmas circle, or while there exists on earth media through whom such convincing proofs can be given to the world. Long may we be blessed with such proofs, and long may your paper be the bearer of these glad tidings to those who have been waiting in doubt and sadness. Yours fraternally,
A. H. M. Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 6, 1868.

A VOICE FROM VERMONT.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Many, and many we yet hope all the errors in principle, and imperfections in form that marred the beauty and limited the usefulness of the old system of Government, will never characterize the new forms of law and methods of civilization, which shall constitute this Nation's more glorious body. Whether the disease of injustice that has caused the rebellious fever shall be expelled from the present body, or causing the death of that, shall permit the advent of a new one, certain it is that "the peculiar institution" of our past disgrace, will be annihilated by the hands of the Executioner.

There are some fearful souls among those who are willing to be known as Spiritualists, who are apprehensive that the delinquencies of this or that medium, or the imperfections of its present methods of manifestation, may bring the cause into disrepute, or occasion it to "die out." It is indeed true that the reputation of Spiritualism before the world will be affected by all these causes, but its character is not involved by them. This is founded upon the natural relations that exist between the spiritual and material worlds—between embodied and disembodied spirits—upon the immutable principles of Nature—also upon the ideas of the Spiritual philosophy. If we are idealists therefore, and not merely phenomenalists—if we comprehend principles, and laws, and our faith is based upon them, rather than upon isolated facts and imperfect, transitory phenomena, we shall never be disturbed by the mistaken judgment of an ignorant people—the contempt of the schools—or the neglect of the superficial.

Ideas are gregarious. They associate together, and intimate acquaintance with one, recommends the mind to fellowship with the whole glorious company of these children of God. Following their guidance we may explore all paths of knowledge, and become the greatest discoverers. The tangled skein of human interests is unraveled by the hand of an idea, and the complicated web of the Divine Providence, made clear in its arrangement, as we look through it with the clairvoyant vision of an idea.

The development of ideas in human consciousness mark the progress of the race. The passage of years leaves furrows upon your brow, and the snows of time upon your head, but they do not necessarily mark the progress of the spirit. Upon this New Year's Sabbath the divine spirit of truth invites you to identify yourselves with the majestic march of ideas. Their nature is immortal—the period of their existence is eternity—their destiny to redeem the world from the thralldom of ignorance, weakness, and hatred. We need not ask you to day, to turn over the pages of history, that you may be assured of their progressive nature. This dawning jubilee year, attests that glorious fact. The logic of events has made justice a necessity, and by the mandate of military expediency the power of justice is to be invoked in behalf of a Nation's salvation, and the emancipation of a people from whom justice has long been withheld. The men of ideas, who have been the unflinching advocates of this necessary measure, upon the ground of natural rights, and the expediency of justice always, have been leaving the public mind through long years of obliquity and reproach, but being identified with the idea of Human Liberty, they have at length triumphed with the victory of the idea. At this all can rejoice. You are all in time to about at the harvest home.

We have said to you that man's progress was not marked by notes cut upon the stick of time. But years are the spirit's opportunity upon the earth, in which it gathers those experiences that make it wise. In the light of this truth we can congratulate you to-day upon possessing those elements of individual and national progress, which the varied experiences of the past have wrought into given you. All events are educational—if they do not immediately communicate wisdom, they remain subjects of thought and feeling in the memory, that inevitably excite these faculties to action, through which wisdom comes to man. Your hopes and fears, your successes and your disappointments, your victories and your defeats are all subjects of congratulation.

Not an event has occurred—not an emotion of pain or pleasure, of joy or grief has been without—not a birth nor a death has transpired—without bringing to you its own lesson of wisdom and its own commentary upon your opinions, habits, and feelings. How gladly would you have barred your door against the stealthy messenger, death, that came like a thief in the night and stole away a loved companion from your side, or plucked a baby blossom from its parent stem. How gladly would this Nation have turned aside from the pathway of the merciless destroyer War. Many saw his awful form in the distance, gaunt and terrible, the passions of hell depicted in his countenance, his sword dripping blood, and in his mien a desperation of purpose irrevocable. We tried to banish the specter from our vision but he would not down at our bidding. A mighty purpose was to be accomplished by his instrumentality—and the great idea made known to this people, that for their spiritual advancement in the principles of justice and equity, the sacred passions of the lower nature are let loose, that they may be consumed in the conflict, with their exulting course, and through their death, a more glorious birth be achieved. Through the red sea of War we shall be led to the shore of justice.

The loss of friends from our visible presence, attracts the mind to contemplate the sphere whither they have gone. The dearer the object of our affection, the stronger the cord that draws us toward the immortal realm. We are taught the important lesson, to estimate according to their intrinsic value the qualities of all things by which we are surrounded. Whatever is immortal will live forever in sphere of our immortal affections—whatever is mortal is unworthy of our supreme regard.

There are some particular ideas, which we wish to note, at this place and time. The gates of heaven have been thrown wide open, and living heroes, a glorious company have descended to the earth. Sons of God they were, coming to incarnate themselves in humanity, and redeem the race. They have gone throughout the earth—they have visited every people, and nation and kindred and tongue—they have appeared to men in every age. They have never withdrawn themselves from any hospitable door. Some of them have been rejected, in every age and by every people. Never, probably, have they all been welcomed and entertained by any people. These glorious visitants are the royal hierarchy of ideas. Their birth-place into the human world has often been the manger—the stable, the cross, the gallows, has often delivered them of mortal bodies. Their devotees have often been despised and rejected of men, and denied a roof to shelter them—whereas, memories at last they have glorified, and where

Many, and many we yet hope all the errors in principle, and imperfections in form that marred the beauty and limited the usefulness of the old system of Government, will never characterize the new forms of law and methods of civilization, which shall constitute this Nation's more glorious body. Whether the disease of injustice that has caused the rebellious fever shall be expelled from the present body, or causing the death of that, shall permit the advent of a new one, certain it is that "the peculiar institution" of our past disgrace, will be annihilated by the hands of the Executioner.

There are some fearful souls among those who are willing to be known as Spiritualists, who are apprehensive that the delinquencies of this or that medium, or the imperfections of its present methods of manifestation, may bring the cause into disrepute, or occasion it to "die out." It is indeed true that the reputation of Spiritualism before the world will be affected by all these causes, but its character is not involved by them. This is founded upon the natural relations that exist between the spiritual and material worlds—between embodied and disembodied spirits—upon the immutable principles of Nature—also upon the ideas of the Spiritual philosophy. If we are idealists therefore, and not merely phenomenalists—if we comprehend principles, and laws, and our faith is based upon them, rather than upon isolated facts and imperfect, transitory phenomena, we shall never be disturbed by the mistaken judgment of an ignorant people—the contempt of the schools—or the neglect of the superficial.

THE POWER OF IDEAS.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The individual soul is always ennobled by the advocacy of just and true ideas. Whether it be his fortune to occupy a prominent position in society, and to be recognized as a public teacher, or whether in the humble walks of private life he exerts a more limited influence upon the world, his fidelity to the great principles of Divine order and human welfare, always dignifies his own character, enlarges his capacities, and increases his power.

Ideas are the conductors of inspiration. They relate us to the Infinite Intelligence, and are the royal messengers that communicate his will to men. Whoever is familiar with their presence, and acts habitually from the impulse of their influence, is under divine control, and does the will of God. He who ascends often from the lower world to meet them upon the mountain of contemplation becomes transfigured, and bears back with him into the arena of life's conflicts and struggles, not only their radiant glory, but their victorious power.

Many of those here present have learned to value direct contact with the spiritual world, and communion with its inhabitants. Some have experienced the controlling power of individual spirits, and realize the vigor and purpose of other minds directing their thoughts—moving in or upon them for the accomplishment of a specific object. They have become aware of special relations existing between themselves and other individuals in the spirit-world—and have cooperated with such individual spirits for the particular advantage of themselves or some person upon the earth. And this is well. Such knowledge is important, and such communion may be rendered individually profitable.

But we are related not only to a world of individualized spirits, having their personal loves, capacities and opportunities, but also to the universal sphere of ideas—and that center of all reality of absolute justice—essential righteousness—supremacy goodness—that we feel to be the very seat of the Divine throne. It is often educational and elevating to receive thoughts and suggestions from other minds, more advanced than our own, either from the spiritual or natural world—such impressions and inspirations are the priceless gifts of mind to mind, in every sphere of human existence—they transmit the lore of human knowledge from generation to generation, and stimulate its increase—but they are qualified by imperfection, and always liable to error.

Precious as it is to receive the influx of thought and feeling from the disembodied spirits of earth's most gifted sons and daughters, now best residents of the Summer Land—sweet as are the voices of affection that are borne to your hearts from loved relations and friends on the other side of the river of death—it is far more glorious to stand as it were in the very pathway of Divine Ideas, as they sweep through the ages, to receive and transmit each in the humble position that he may occupy, and according to the measure of his capacity, their omnipotent power, their holy purity, their balmy blessedness to those who shall come after us, or be influenced by our lives.

The harmonious life is at once a focus where the rays of divine principles or ideas converge, and a central sun from which they radiate. The healthy body has been fed from many sources and by many varieties of food, but it has rejected the indigestible, and transmuted everything adapted to it into its own substance—imparted less power and a higher vital quality to it—and then sent it forth into the realm of nature to work on in a wider field of usefulness. Thus the healthy mind will receive all thoughts, all impressions, all influences, from the mundane or super-mundane worlds, and rejecting the partial, the erroneous, assimilate with its own divine nature the universally true and beneficent. This innate tendency of the mind is the powerful working but surely efficacious antidote to all poisonous errors that afflict humanity in its childhood and immaturity.

It should be the constant effort of every soul to become acquainted with that Divine chemistry, by the processes of which all poisonous influences received from others, may be neutralized in the laboratory of its own spirit, thence to be diffused in the world as an element of health and purity. Ideas are universal. They involve the welfare of all—the humblest and weakest equally with the exalted and powerful. They have a spiritual power to lift man out of the sphere of selfishness, and cause him to feel that his personal interests are identical with the rights and interests of every other man. The petty cares incident to daily toil, or the greater concerns of human responsibility do not fret his soul, or induce him to shift the burden on to other shoulders. He is rendered patient of endurance, and receives strength to fulfill his tasks.

When the storm rages upon the ocean of events—when the bargues of policy are threatened with destruction, and those who navigate them are at their wit's ends—the man of ideas is like the rock, based far below the wild strife of the elements upon the immutable and eternal principles of nature. The surging and fery of the waves are impotent to move or harm him.

Wherever a faithful soul is found, there is one who has no comprehension of the power of ideas. Many such there are in Church and State, who are trembling lest infidelity or rebellion should destroy some institution which seems to them entirely indispensable to the welfare of man. But the best institutions, civil, religious, domestic, social, are temporary in their very nature. They serve man for a season, and then decay—the spirit that gave them birth, and animated their existence, outgrowing their limitations, and being compelled to create a new form for its expression. Like the human body, institutions sometimes come to violent deaths. By the hands of the assassin or the executioner. Such violent hands are now being laid upon that honored institution, the Union of the American States. It is natural to feel some apprehension and alarm, lest the assassin be successful in his murderous attempt. But the man of ideas cannot be entirely disheartened or hopeless in the darkest hours of the national conflict, for he knows and feels that the ideas embodied in this Union of the States, can never die, whatever fate may befall the present body. He derives also the same consolation, in view of the possible destruction of the old Union, that the Spirit-matter derives from his knowledge that a more perfect and glorious body will serve the risen spirit of the mortal man.

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poly monuments they have builded. Appearing in the humblest places at first, and walking the earth as strangers and pilgrims—many of them have come at length to ride in royal chariots and to govern the nations. This is the destiny of them all.

Such visitants are abroad in the earth to-day. You have recognized and hospitably welcomed some of them, that have elsewhere been deputed (admission). We speak of one—*Immortality demonstrated*. We do not speak of the vague and shadowy opinions of men that immortality might be true—of the personal and local credence of the religious or religious societies; these have had their origin indeed in an intuitive affirmation of the soul, concerning its own immortality; but we speak particularly of that comprehensive idea that involves the demonstrated fact of the continued existence of the human spirit beyond the grave—the integrity of its memory and consciousness as an individual—of its faculties, executive, intellectual and affectional. The idea that you term *Spiritualism*.

It came unto its own, and its own received it not. It knocked for admission at the doors of the popular Pharisees, but as the Pharisees denied Christ, so the clergy have denied Spiritualism. It sought admission to the schools of Science, but as Christianity was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the scholarly Greeks foolishness, so Spiritualism has been both to Harvard and Yale.

But it has not needed their permission or recommendation to make its way to the popular heart. In the miser's cabin of California, in the humble home of the prairie farmer, in the valleys of the midland mountain ranges, at the rebellious South, and in the loyal North—at sea in the tossing vessel, and in the city and country of the firm land—it has come with inherent power to convince man of its reality and blessedness.

The merry Christmas bells have pealed anew in our ears the anthem of glad tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people, through the birth of a Saviour. The bells honor him whom the world crucified. Joy bells are ringing sweetly in many hearts to-day, that another Saviour has been revealed to them—even the demonstration of Immortality. The glorious truths of Spiritualism will yet be acknowledged thankfully by the whole world, and the anthem of praise to God for this new revelation shall unite the vocal voices of a race.

It is and will be respected, because of its inherent power to command respect—because of its intrinsic value to man. It is a message from God that can be read in all languages—every man hearing it in his own tongue. Are we too confident? We speak of what we do know, and testify of what we have seen. Our facts await your cool and thoughtful attention. The power of this one idea, enables parents to endure with fortitude the slaughter of their sons upon the battle-field in defence of principles that shall outlive every generation upon the earth, and secure to them all, as one after another they come upon the stage of action, equal rights and opportunities of development. Death, thus viewed, is but a trivial incident in the progress of an immortal spirit toward the realization of peace and good will among men.

The student, upon whose education the parent's fortune has been lavishly expended, and upon whose attainments the parental heart has indulged its highest hopes—called suddenly from the college, by the voice of duty, to defend the institutions of education against the hordes of barbarism—and stricken down lifeless by the sure bullet of the foe—has but taken another lesson from the great teacher Experience—he has lost nothing by his faithfulness to the call of duty. His education, always in process, is continued, with the aid of immortal teachers, and by the tuition of adapted minds in the higher life. The enterprises of the earth-life—the plans and purposes of thousands who have gone from the battle-fields to the spiritual world, have failed of their accomplishment—but the conditions that gave those enterprises importance in the eyes of their projectors, change with the changed relations of the spirit. The disappointment is but the shadow of a cloud that covers the landscape but for a moment, and is then forgotten.

The idea of immortality is the basis of all others. If it be incapable of demonstration and realization, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Let us plunge into the vortex of dissipation, and taste all the delights of sense. But to the man whose immortality is demonstrated—to whom it is a tangible and realized certainty—there is no time for dissipation, or pandering to the corruptible mortal nature. Memory immortal—he cannot afford to inscribe upon his living tablets the records of idle hours, or the profligation of god-like talents. The immortality of the affections, demonstrated—he can not afford to fix those affections upon unworthy objects, or allow them to become so entangled with mortal objects as to lacerate and weaken his spiritual nature when he shall be torn from them. Neither gold, nor houses, nor lands, nor social position, nor all that the world contains, can, to the true Spiritualist have an undue value. Only those ideas and principles, and entities, that are as immortal as his own nature, are worthy of his supreme regard.

We would that it were possible for us to reach every mind present, and impress our own deep conviction of the value of this idea. It will elevate you above all others—it will give all others value. For the idea of immortality involves, the necessary time and opportunity for every atom of matter, and every process of life to give an account of itself to the consciousness of man. Immortality is the resurrection into conscious life, of the incentives that have caused all human notions—it is the light of intelligence illuminating the whole Universe of Nature, and the feelings of the heart rejoicing in perfect satisfaction with the Divine will.

You can lay hold of this idea, and make your lives a power in the world—your spirits the conscious media of communion between the societies of heaven and the societies of earth. You can throw out a flame from the altar of your devotion to this idea, that shall light the path of the world's progress, and warm the cold hearts of the desponding and faithless.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

Our private correspondence has accumulated so rapidly of late, that we have been obliged to delay answering many letters. Wait patiently—you shall hear from us in a day or two.

We have several excellent communications on hand, which will appear as soon as we can possibly find room for them.

A. B. LOWELL, MASS.—We have placed your letter on file, and will attend to your request.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLLY, EDITOR.

The Public Men.

There are two very easy practices in these times, and, in fact, in almost any times: one is to praise public servants without measure, and the other is to criticize them without stint. We could do either in the case of the public men of our own day: we shall do neither. None are perfect—it is a blessed thing for poor humanity that they are not. Our servants of to-day are, as the world goes, good and bad, wise and foolish, honest and corrupt. Yet we incline to believe that more looseness prevails than the contrary: vastly more, at any rate, than is at all good for the saving of the nation. Where vice are not practised outright, we find them winked at. There is more thought of putting down "traitors" in opinion than soundness in practice. The contractors who purchase decayed vessels, and sell them to Government for sound ones, obtaining enormous prices and profits for the same, knowing that these same vessels are to be employed for the transportation of troops along the entire Atlantic coast, are not the men for us to shake hands with as "philanthropists," and we have but little respect for the virtue of our public men who wink and connive at their infernal practices.

There is not the least doubt about it—we do want in public affairs more integrity and truthfulness, more absolute purity of character, more of that element of dignity which gives tone to men in public position, and more reliable staff generally. We do not throw out these phrases because almost every one else has such a habit of mouthing them, even rogues and scoundrels themselves, but because we are fully possessed with the faith that nothing but a return to ancient and simple virtues will ever avail to save us. We need to be saved quite as much from ourselves as from rebels. Davis and his armies are not such fearful enemies for us to contend with as are our own passions, vanities, and corrupt practices. We must certainly mend, and mend our public servants likewise. All the preaching in the world will prove valueless, if we do not very soon adopt some such practice as this.

Low Spirits.

It is remarkable, what a general dullness of spirits prevails. Sometimes there appears to be a small spirit of high feeling, as if a new impulse had suddenly broke loose—but it amounts to nothing. The air itself seems thick and heavy to our spirits' breathing. An undefined something broods on us all like a nightmare. The contractors for Government may feel like driving their jobs and piling up their accumulations, but the people at large feel the influence of no such motive. Few or no new projects of a business nature are now entertained. People do not seriously think of going about anything new. They have so hope that anything they can do will succeed. The few who make money in these times find not many who feel in their own spirits, and consequently lose everything like sympathy in the attempted enjoyment of what they have made. Life, in fact, has fallen off in its capacity to supply us with happiness, fully fifty per cent. We can readily conceive, or think we can, of another generation's entering into the pleasures of life which seem shut out entirely from us now—but we can hope to share no such delights. And this is Civil War! Is it not the most terrible scourge from which a nation can suffer?

Gen. Butler.

Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, a Major-General of Volunteers in the United States service, has returned home to Massachusetts for a brief period, and the people of Lowell, and then of Boston, have given him a public reception. It must be entirely satisfactory to a public servant, thus to receive the suffrages of those who have known him longest and best, in behalf of their confidence in his capacity and merit. No doubt Gen. Butler enjoys all this as much as he can any other reflection. There exist, of course, as might be expected in almost any community, different opinions respecting Gen. Butler's course, while military commandant in New Orleans—some charging him with tyranny, some with unscrupulous exactions, and some with almost any motives, but those of true patriotism. The real facts of the case, however, will come out in due time, and then all this guess-work will be stopped. We are at least certain of one thing, that Gen. Butler preserved order while in New Orleans, and kept off the visitations of the pestilence. He may have ruled with an iron hand, but he certainly ruled.

Baron Rothschild's Farm.

Every man ought to have a farm, if he can afford it. Rothschild lately invited the French Emperor to come out into the country from Paris, and pass the day with him; he offered him all the shooting he wanted, beside a warm breakfast to start out on. The Emperor went; not every man has so good an offer. We will not stop to describe the imperial visit—we were going merely to speak of the Baron's farm. His chateau stands in a park of seventy-five acres, where are plenty of pheasants. A great park stretches beyond this, in which game swarms beyond count or calculation. The farm, of about fifteen hundred acres, lies in this great park. The farm buildings are many, and constructed for every convenience imaginable. Cart horses of the best sort stand in the stables—the cow-houses are filled with Swiss cows—and merinos and other high breeds occupy the sheep coles. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and the woods have undergone a very great change. The Baron does not drive plow yet, but he may have to come to it, after all.

Back Numbers.

Our patrons, who write to us for back numbers of the BANNER, are notified that we always fill their orders when we have the numbers sent. We would say to those of our subscribers who intend to continue our journal, that they should remit before their subscriptions expire, if they wish to keep complete files of our journal.

The Wealth of the United States.

We gather the following statistics from the "Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census, 1860," by Joseph C. G. Kennedy, Superintendent. This is a valuable document, and of general interest to the country. From this document we learn that the aggregate estimated value of all the taxable property in the United States, is sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty millions, six hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, making an increase from what the census of 1850 showed, of eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-five millions, four hundred and eighty-one thousand and eleven dollars. And as the ability of both the loyal and disloyal States to prosecute the pending struggle depends entirely upon the means at their command, it is a practical and important inquiry to learn how this large aggregate taxable property is distributed between the two sections. The eleven rebel States, including the whole of Tennessee, and the entire portion of Eastern Virginia, by the 1860 census are shown to possess real and personal property, including their slaves, of the value of four thousand eight hundred and seven millions, sixty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-six dollars; while in the loyal States the aggregate value of real and personal property, with what slaves are held in Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, and Western Virginia, amount to nearly three times that of the rebel States, or eleven thousand two hundred and forty-three millions, five hundred and fifty-four thousand, seven hundred and thirty-four dollars; and, when you deduct the value in slaves from what it was in 1860, and add the entire loss of thousands and thousands of running chattels that have secured their freedom under the Confiscation Act of Congress of August 6, 1861—without taking into consideration the still more depleting effects of the Emancipation Proclamation—and nearly one-half of the value, as fixed by the census of 1860, in the eleven rebel States is absorbed by these two causes. It cannot be said that the valuation in the rebel States has been, either by accident, or design, underrated, as in each rebel State the census was taken by United States Marshals and their deputies, resident in those States, and who, in anticipation of events that transpired subsequent to the election of Mr. Lincoln, had every motive to present the boasted wealth and resources of the rebel States in as favorable a light before the world as facts would justify. The vast and overshadowing difference in the wealth of the loyal over the disloyal States, must convince any intelligent mind where the ability exists to carry on this struggle indefinitely, until the Federal authority is reestablished wherever it has been set at defiance by the rebellion. (A tax of two and a half per cent will produce annually, to the Federal Government, at least three hundred million of dollars, which will provide for all our requirements, including the interest on the public debt, and leave a handsome surplus as a sinking fund to meet the principal of that debt; and heavy as such rate of taxation is, when compared with former assessments, our people would submit with alacrity to the burden, so only that we are rewarded in the end with an undivided country, and the re-union, peacefully, if we can, forcibly, if we must, of all the States of the Union.)

Science and Amusement.

A few years since the curious and wonderful phenomena that illustrate the more popular phases of psychological science, engaged the minds of many earnest investigators, and for a time were matters of common observation. Among the numerous experimenters, there were few who had even a superficial knowledge of the subtle principles and occult laws of the mysterious agents to which they called the public attention.

In the front rank of the most popular lecturers of that time, was HAY THOMPSON FISKE, a gentleman of pleasing address, fine elocutionary powers, and scholarly attainments. While some men only meddle with a great subject, to drag it down to the low level of the vulgar taste, it is the peculiar province of such public teachers as Dr. Fiske, to lift the common mind up to an understanding of the great truths in Nature. The man who can adapt the most profound ideas to the popular comprehension, and can render the most abstruse science the most agreeable entertainment, is qualified to sway a sceptre in the intellectual world.

It is not without good reasons that the friends of Dr. Fiske regard him as a teacher of this class; and hence we are pleased to notice the fact, that he is furnishing our New York readers and the public, a series of lectures and experiments, illustrative of the psychological and biological mysteries, which were rendered at once so entertaining and instructive a few years since. After an interval of several years, the subject must now possess all its original novelty, while its peculiar and absorbing interest, as a matter of science, only becomes more apparent as we pursue the investigation.

It is worthy of remark, that the subjects which Dr. Fiske elucidates occupy the near approaches, and constitute the outer court to the spiritual temple, and should be thoroughly understood by all our readers. As a preliminary investigation, and an instructive commentary on the phenomena and laws of the Spiritual Life and World, the whole subject is one of intense interest; and we therefore bespeak for Dr. Fiske and his theme, a cordial reception and a careful consideration.

Brittan and Fiske's Lectures.

S. B. BRITTON delivered a course of Six Lectures in Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, last week, on PYROMYDROLOGY, or the Human Mind in its Relations to the Body, and the Agency of Animal Electricity in Vital Chemistry and the Organic Functions. At the conclusion of each lecture after the first, Dr. T. Fiske performed a great number and variety of experiments on the minds and nervous systems of persons taken from the assembly, which both astonished and amused the spectators. Prof. Brittan delivers another course at this same place, this week, to be accompanied by similar experiments on the part of Dr. Fiske.

Messrs. Brittan and Fiske also organize a class this week for a more private and thorough course of instruction.

Thanks.

The friends of the BANNER—and there are many in all parts of the country—will please receive our grateful thanks for the material aid they have rendered us of late, when we needed such aid the most. They are responding nobly to our call, and we can assure them, one and all, that we shall do our best to make an acceptable paper—one that shall be an honor to the great cause in which we are all engaged.

Rev. M. D. Conway at Music Hall.

"Love shall tread out the hateful fire of anger,
And in its place shall plant the tree of peace."
"Make channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run."

The following are a few condensed sentences from Mr. Conway's discourse.

A king once said, "No man cares for my soul." There is a demand in human life for the care and sympathy that others may feel. Hearts and minds, famishing and hungry, fill the world. Men do not like to acknowledge that "no one cares for my soul," they will sooner borrow, steal or beg. But men go in the wrong direction to satisfy the underlongs of the soul. I bear solemn witness against the coarseness of spiritual perception in society, and also against the business dealings of man with man. In business there is the manifestation of mere animal nature for selfish ends, which leads men to think that honor and justice exists in no one. Yet every man has a sense of justice and honor within himself. What opportunities of lasting good are lost every day for the exercise of honor and worth by the wrong direction of society.

Every soul knows what it is to wander. Who has a telescope to reveal the unlighted paths of evil? Who has not suffered? Suffering brings around us the rays of celestial life. There is no justice in the priestly dogmatism of one over another.

Endeavor to show others how to avoid the ways of error you have been restored from. Sound the alarm to wanderers, that they may be called back into the pathway that shall lead them home. All need help from others. The poor outcast does not need the aid of others more than the rich and affluent.

People may at first reject the offerings of goodness, but generosity will make their acceptance. Christ offered goodness, and generously died for its acceptance. Every advancement to higher life is attended with outward suffering.

The first step toward saving souls is to cut loose from popular blasphemies. To know the life to come is first to know the life we live in. Man is the God appointed Saviour of man.

The poor have starving hearts and tattered minds; so gentle words and charity oftentimes help more than money. Have a distinctive reverence for every human being. Treat all as human souls, the lowest and the vilest, thieves and prostitutes. Let love and charity in all souls be without limits. No soul can get beyond the bounds of charity. That couplet of Watts is sound theology, viz.:

"Whilst the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Our prisons are filled with men who were once innocent children. The innocence of childhood never dies. From the wasted shades of degraded life may be raised again the innocent form of divine love. Childhood is the type of the most beautiful and pure influence. The angel that sits in every human breast can never be expelled by evil.

Live, oh human hearts, your best and truest lives in every moment. Remember that angel ones are ever watching around you.

The Winter.

Rarely do we have a Winter like the present one. So entirely different from last Winter! True, we enjoyed one cold snap, as cold as the very "blazes" themselves, and colder than any weather we had a year ago; but how generously has nature offered to compensate us for the bitter blue pinching we got then. These days which we have been blessed with are very much like those of the new Spring; we almost listen for the cheery voice of the pretty blue-bird. It is a capital thing for the poor, and we do not believe the coal dealers are getting rich over it, either. Skating has not had much to offer, though all the ponds, and almost all the wash-tubs standing out in the back yards, have been made as much of as they would warrant. But, as a general thing, we hear no complaint of the season on the score of its pleasantness. Why should we? Agreeable weather is the last thing human nature complains of, though in Winter it may prevent the germination of the next season's wheat on which we all depend.

Davis at Home.

Jefferson Davis has been discoursing in person to the members of the Mississippi Legislature at Jackson, and a highly interesting batch of statements and arguments he treats them to. Among other points of policy just alluded to in his speech, is the one that the people of the Northwest will not long submit to remain faithful to the old Union if their legitimate trade by way of the Mississippi can be obstructed successfully at Vicksburg. By this we may know what large importance the rebel leaders attach to the holding of the Mississippi. Davis also defended the conscription act of the Confederate Congress, trying to make it appear that it was the first duty, as it should likewise be the pride and glory, of every patriotic citizen to submit himself to be taken for the defence of his native country, just as the State takes a man and compels him to work on the roads, and do odd chores of that sort. The rebel President vowed that he was done with "Yankees"—he wanted no more of them, and nothing more to do with them.

The Senatorial Raid.

It is rumored that the Senators who caucused so effectively over the Cabinet before, are to go at their work again, and very soon. They then told the President that he must modify his Cabinet, whereupon certain members of the Cabinet withdrew. But Mr. Lincoln would not accept their resignation. They remained at their posts. The senatorial influence will, therefore, be once more brought to effect their removal, or compel them to resign for good. It is a curious fight, and we see no great amount of patriotism in the attacking party as yet. But, perhaps they are satisfied on that score, and nothing further is to be said. Let us now see which side will yield first, while our brave fellows are sleeping out doors in the fields.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Mr. H. B. STORER delivered two more excellent addresses before the Lycium Society of Spiritualists, on Sunday, Jan. 11th, to full and appreciative audiences, on the following subjects: "Elements of Judgment," and "Fidelity the Condition of Inspiration." We commend the personal by the readers of an able and instructive discourse by the same lecturer, which will be found on the third page of this week's BANNER, delivered before the same Society the Sunday previous.

Mrs. M. G. TURNER occupies the same desk, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

When people are gray to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.

Sealed Letters.

We have received numerous testimonials of the reliability of the medium, who has been sealed letters for us. Nearly all who have had such letters responded to say that they have received good tests from their spirit-friends. We have received but three letters, wherein the writers manifest dissatisfaction, and pronounce the medium unreliable. We undertook to manage the business of the medium at the earnest request of many in the form, as well as many out of the form. In a peculiar point of view it does not pay us for the time we occupy in attending to the business; but in a spiritual point of view it is a pleasure to us to be instrumental in assisting spirits to communicate with their earth-friends, as a great many are anxious to do.

We have been assured by our spirit-friends that the lady medium who answers such letters to truthfully, and not guilty of any deception in the matter. When letters are not fully answered—as is sometimes the case, we find—it is because the spirits endeavoring to answer, fail to come into rapport with the medium sufficiently, to fully control her or channel. This is well understood by those conversant with the psychological laws which control mediums. But the medium in question is very susceptible, easily controlled, and has been very successful in giving correct answers. We have received much evidence to this effect.

It is due to us to make this statement, as selfish motives have been attributed to us in this connection.

The Spirit Photographs.

The London Spiritual Magazine for January copies from the American spiritual papers full details concerning these photographs, at the conclusion of which we find the following comments by the editor. They so completely cover our own views on this subject, that we copy them with pleasure:

"The foregoing details will give the reader the latest information which has arrived as to the production of these spirit photographs, and each must form the best opinion he can of the subject. For ourselves, we have no prepossessions of possibility, or impossibility, and we are willing to believe in anything that comes before us with as much evidence as proves any other fact. We know no reason, a priori, why such things should not be; and knowing not only several of those who have investigated, but how competent they are for the investigation, we are content for the present to believe in the probability that, as no fraud has been detected by them, the pictures are genuine. Should the contrary afterwards appear, we need be in no wise disconcerted in having given temporary credit to what appears to be supported by so respectable an amount of proof; and we would much rather have occasionally retraced our steps, than be constantly opposing all new facts and ideas because they exceed, or appear contrary to, our small notions of what is possible."

The Soil our Best Friend.

When all other resources fail, then we may apply go back to our common mother—the earth. She will always be glad to see us, will smile on us, will pet and dandle us most affectionately, though we have turned our naughty backs on her for years and years. Let the trades cease, and still the soil will support us. And, in this country, what a vast area we have to call our own! It stretches out of virgin richness, almost limitless. It wants for labor, standing idle. There are not enough of us to properly take care of her. What a consoling fact is this for our future. If all else goes to ruin, the dear old earth still abides. We may sow our seed as before, and continue to reap our harvests. We may plant as of old, and harvest still the last season of our lives. Mother earth deceives none of us. She cherishes us with the tenderness of a true kinship. Were she our very mother, as we figuratively call her, she could not be kinder to us than she is. War may devastate and destroy, but the soil will produce all the more for having been enriched even with human blood.

"An Old Oak Tree has Fallen."

DR. LYMAN BARNES, eighty-seven years old, died on the 10th instant, at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y. A strong and noble man has gone to the grave, to be gathered home to his fathers, after a long and well spent life on earth. He is the father of Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other children, who are blessed (or cursed) with the fame of this world.

His last words were—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

A New Spiritual Publication.

We have received the first number of a new Spiritual Magazine, "Le Progrès Spiritualiste" published in Paris, by Clémence Guérin, semi-monthly, each number containing sixteen pages. This number contains the following articles:—The Mind; The Body; Spiritual Manifestations; Correspondence; Varieties; Echoes from the Invisible World. For American subscribers the price is six francs a year.

Read "The Edict of Freedom" on our eighth page. It has the true ring. It is a self-evident fact to us that Abraham Lincoln was raised up by Divine Providence for the very place he occupies to-day; and it behooves every American who has the good of the whole human race at heart, to support him in every possible way. Let Democrats and Republicans at once sink all party differences as to the best policy to be pursued in quelling the rebellion, and unite as one man in supporting the President. That the great calamity of war will speedily finish, and we shall once more become a great, united, free country—more moral, prosperous and powerful than any nation that ever existed.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE BY THE CITIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The following statistics we compile from the various Messages of the Mayors of Massachusetts: It is an honorable record:

	Number in service.	Cost of Recruiting.	Families aided.	Amount raised.
Charlestown.	2,381	\$119,591 00	750	\$45,061 35
Roxbury.	1,902	51,945 10	—	25,224 25
Cambridge.	1,800	115,000 00	970	73,226 25
Worcester.	1,620	64,800 00	625	50,000 00
Fall River.	—	64,800 00	900	—
Lynn.	—	42,000 00	—	27,002 54
Chelsea.	891	92,500 00	438	55,924 16
Lawrence.	1,422	49,900 00	900	55,000 00
Lowell.	2,370	62,284 00	1,448	50,971 50
Boston.	11,357	929,206 61	—	844,840 00
New Bedford.	1,105	141,000 00	—	25,350 00

Making in only eleven cities the number of soldiers recruited 25,543, at an expense of \$1,791,022 95; the number of families aided, 5,522; amount of aid paid, \$430,670 61; making a sum total of expenses in the above named eleven cities for the year ending at 1862, of \$2,221,693 56.

The money is well spent in a penny better world having than this one.

New Books.

of Lt. (ince, 100 Washington street, Boston. Aug. 10.

Invocation.
How long, oh Lord, how long? This is the ques-
tion of the past—Behold, I come quickly, and my
reward is with thee. This is the answer of the
present hour. Oh Infinite Soul of Time and Eter-
nity, we are standing upon the "watch-towers" of
thine Infinite Self, and we behold the signs of the
hour pointing us not only to peace and prosperity
in the future, but now freighted with a realization
of the promises of the past. Oh Spirit of Infinite
Love and Wisdom, we thank thee that we are pre-
pared to rise again into the valley of woe, as also

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