

"Madame," said I, "the law at times makes it the duty of a Justice of Peace not to reply to certain questions, and this is one of the number."

She had placed her hand before her eyes, and remained so for some time. She felt that she was betrayed. All at once she raised her head, and gave me a piercing glance. She then said with a voice calm and cold as a piece of steel:

"Monseigneur, I esteem nothing so much as honor, and I consider myself dishonored if I render myself guilty of treason. You are free to do all which is your duty as Justice of Peace, in my house. Torment me no more with your questions."

She saluted me with a light movement of the head, and left the room with the proud air of a queen. I had, however, gained my end.

CHAPTER IV.

As did her brother-in-law, the Countess believed the *démouille de compagnie* was guilty of the murder of her nephew, and both had come to this conviction with the same knowledge of the persons and places. The diplomatist, who respected nothing, and who had nothing to lose, had immediately, and without any scruples, told me his suspicions, only for the pleasure of knowing if his old experience had deceived him. The Countess had shown more reserve. She was a woman who, in every way, looked to appearances. The revelation of the murder touched the honor of her house and family, and she would rather have her dearest relation buried in some remote corner of the chateau, than to have the scandal which might reach him, but would not bring him to life. She feared also that the inquest might reveal that she had suffered and perhaps favored the immoral pursuit of her nephew, which would bring a great part of the responsibility upon herself. By her anger against me, she had betrayed herself. Was she not indirectly guilty of the murder? Could not she be considered as an accomplice? Against such a woman any suspicion would be permitted.

Was the *démouille de compagnie* really guilty? In spite of myself, the young daughter of the for-ester continually came up before me. I thought, above all, of what the Countess had told me of her beauty, and of her father's severe morality. I was still in doubt as to whether or not I should immediately hold an inquest. Wishing to keep as secret as possible, I had not as yet called the police officers whom I had left in the neighboring inn. I was still thinking of how I should proceed, when the *maître d'hôtel* of the *duchesse* entered and said that his mistress had sent him to receive my orders.

"Is the *démouille de compagnie* in the house?" I demanded.

"She should be in her room."

"Have the goddesses to lead me there."

We entered a corridor, which ran through the entire length of the house, and stopped before the last door.

"This is the room," he said, and left me.

I knocked at the door. My heart beat violently. I was about to fulfill one of those cruel commissions common to my profession, and I felt troubled in thinking of the poor woman to whom I was going to charge the cruel agonies of uncertainty, instead of those yet more cruel, of reality.

"Come in!" said the sweet voice of a woman.

I entered, and perceived a young woman sitting before a table at work. She was very beautiful. She arose and received me with the ease and grace of a lady, but she regarded me with an astonishment which betrayed a certain uneasiness. She reddened, and I perceived in her face an involuntary agony. Was this the guilty feeling of a murderer, who, upon seeing a stranger, upon hearing a door suddenly opened, looked round to see if he was not discovered—if it was not the officer of justice come to arrest him? I should soon know.

To look at the countenance of this young woman, worn by suffering, was sufficient for me to know that I should not receive the resistance which I had from her mistress. Upon the face of the latter was plainly written a long experience of deception, but on the face of the young girl there was nothing but frankness and honesty. I had surprised her in a moment of grief. She had been weeping while at work, and I perceived a tear still trembling upon her cheek.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "I am a Justice of Peace, of —"

She had killed the Count! Only the consciousness of crime could have given her such a start when I named myself. She became pale as death. She trembled all over, and with a faltering step moved toward the sofa. She invited me with a sign to a seat, which I took beside her.

I felt no doubt of her guilt, yet I felt so much compassion that I was not able to proceed. I gave her a few minutes to regain her composure, and then commenced my sorrowful and painful questioning.

"Do you wish to give me your name, Mademoiselle?"

"Otilie Brune," she replied.

I waited a few minutes. Her voice had not yet become calm enough.

"Where were you born?"

"In a village on the banks of the Rhine."

"How long have you been at Turrellan?"

"Since last Summer. I was at Ems when I entered the employ of Madame la Comtesse."

"Where did you live before this?"

"In a chateau on the borders of the Rhine, in the capacity of *démouille de compagnie*."

"It is some weeks since the nephew of the Countess, Count Paul Ruthenburg, came to Turrellan?"

"Yes, sir."

She said these last words with a calm voice. She had more control over herself than I expected. The feeling of honor, love of life, and, above all, that irresistible feeling which danger develops to so high a degree, had armed this feeble young girl with a force of resistance which is sometimes supernatural, and which is well known to a judge.

"How long did the Count remain here?" I demanded.

"Two weeks."

"Where did he go when he took his leave?"

"One night he suddenly disappeared, and we have not heard from him since."

Her voice still retained the same calmness and assurance.

"You say that he disappeared, and that the cause is not known?"

"I believe so."

"You know nothing of it, Mademoiselle?"

"I watched her closely," she added, "this question concerning the death of the Count. I stood upon her. She was sustained by this strange power, which the guilty have in their depths. But I must

overcome this power. I must make her avow her crime."

"Did the Count make any acquaintances in the neighborhood during his stay here?"

"I do not know of any."

"How did he occupy his time?"

"He passed his time in the house, in the society of his aunt."

"You are with the Countess much of the time?"

"It is my duty."

"Were you alone with the young Count at times, Mademoiselle?"

"Very rarely."

"Did he ever come into your room?"

"Never, Monsieur."

She gave this answer in a proud and wounded tone, but her voice slightly trembled.

"Did he not sometimes speak of his love, and offer insulting propositions?"

"I cannot see, Monsieur, for what end you ask such questions."

Her assurance had all returned, and if I wished to gain any information it was necessary to take a different course. But as I might gain some information, I still continued in the same strain:

"Did the Count ever go to hunt?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Did he walk in the neighborhood?"

"I believe not."

"Do you know the forester's daughter?"

"She comes quite often to the chateau."

"Did she come here during the time that the Count was here?"

"I know nothing about it."

My last question had made her reflect for an instant, but she dropped her head as if she felt that she had deceived herself, and an expression of grief and pain passed over her features. I continued:

"Has not the Countess a chasseur in her employ?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Were you acquainted with him before he entered her service?"

A deep blush covered her face. She reflected an instant, and then replied with a calm voice:

"He had served in the neighborhood of the chateau where I was employed as *démouille de compagnie* before coming to Turrellan."

The moment to strike a decisive blow had come.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "your room is next to a library?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she replied, scarcely able to articulate her words.

This question had given her a terrible blow, which struck deep in her heart, for she trembled like a leaf.

"Will you be so kind as to lead me there?"

She became frightfully pale. I arose. She wished to do the same, but she had not strength to sustain herself, and was obliged to lean on a chair to keep from falling.

"Follow me," said she, overcoming in a measure her emotion, and crossing her sleeping chamber, she opened the door of the library.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

NEVER ALONE:
INSCRIBED TO MY DEAR FRIEND, BELLE BUSH, ON
READING HER BEAUTIFUL POEM, "ALONE."
ALL ALONE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Never alone, while angel eyes are beaming,
From overarching skies of peace serene;
While in fond response to the lone heart's dreaming,
Unveiled the treasures of the bright unseen.

In blessing on the sight of Faith's beholding,
Blushing with Truth's own light divine,
The mystic soul-realm, lead the heart's unfolding
Unto the glories of Love's inner shrine.

Never alone, while trial pain and sorrow
Blossom in spirit-beauty from the rod
Of teaching discipline; while Faith can borrow
Celestial sunshine from the will of God.

Never alone, while sympathy and healing
Attend the presence of life's angel guides;
Over the ministry of thought and feeling
The sacred union of Truth abides.

Never alone, though homeless and unmet;
Though thorns in place of laurel deck the brow;
Ten thousand kludred hearts, like struggling, fated,
With the same heavenward-aspirations glow.

Never alone, the spirit's lone yearning,
Ever its response meeteth here, above,
Ever the dial-hands of Time are turning
To the eternal, omnipresent love.

Never alone, although no hand caressing,
Booths the deep world cares from the brow of
thought;
Though never spoken be the magic blessing,
The joy-word with divinest utterance fraught.

Over the spirit shall its spell of beauty,
Its regal mantle and its starry crown,
Gilded with the lustre of angelic duty,
O'er the celestial radiance all its own.

"To meet for thee, oh friend and poet, breathing
The life-inspiring melody of song,
To promise consolation's rose-tawreathing
To the faint hollers and the worldly throng.

For the sweet pleasure of the lone heart's pleading,
For the home yearning, sorrow's bitter cry,
For the joy-glance that heralds grief's receding,
And for eternal love's divine reply—

We thank thee, sister, helper! Be thou ever
A priestess of the Beautiful; thy throne
The altar of the heart; and, blest forever
With angel ministry, never alone!

Peru, Ill., Feb. 23, 1863.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most remarkable thing; a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective petitions.

One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A boy went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just accepted his tailor for money that was lost him.

"The palm is his," was the generous cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot boast of the feat of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at our house."

"I'll hear no more!" cried the astonished arbitrator.

"This is the very essence of honesty; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize!"

"Hold!" cried another; "I have done still more than that."

"Impossible!" cried the whole company. "Let us hear!"

"I have been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance."

He took the prize.

Original Essays.

IS LOVE ETERNAL?

BY WARREN CHASE.

Abstractly, and with the usual meaning of the term, this question could not be answered till some one had tried it out, or, rather, some conjugal pair had lived once through eternity, which, bringing eternity into common comprehension, might perhaps be accomplished in a few long cycles; but treating the question scientifically and philosophically, it can be answered easily when several others are settled. Is love objective or subjective? If God is love, (which I do not believe) certainly it is objective and eternal, and more potent and substantial, than all forms of being combined, and of course it is, and must be, *factum*, and absolute, and good—that is, pure love must be; but if God is love, then love is God, and cannot be other than pure, and there is no impure love, as there is no impure God. How ridiculous these old saws seem when reason is applied to them; and certainly with the common ideas of God and of love, there never was a more silly one than to call them both one and the same.

Nearly all modern writers and speakers on love treat it as subjective, and approve or condemn persons for its use, or a want of it, and treat each other as if it were entirely subject to the will; even make persons promise to love an object as long as they live, as if it was a matter entirely subject to the control of the will, and could be decided like an estate, to be simple, for a lifetime, or an eternity or two; and they also treat it as if it could be made good or bad, pure or vile, by the will of the person who uses it, and as if it was common to men and beasts, and always bad and vile in men when sexual, except under the legal or religious sanction, and then *avert*, even though destructive of health, happiness, and harmony. Sexual love in beasts is also treated as impure, for human beings are called beastly, as a term of reproach for passionate attractions to the opposite sex. Oh, constancy, thou art indeed a jewel rarely found in human writings or popular institutions.

How many common questions arise in a mind that dares to think. Has God any sexual expression of love, if he is love? Is he, or she, married? or is the sexual a perverted part of God in man and beast, or has the devil made havoc with God, and perverted a portion of it to vile uses?

But when we have done with all these silly and ridiculous theories and stories, and come to the simple philosophy of love and life and law and nature, of good and bad, of right and wrong, how smooth is the way and gradual the ascent of the mount of knowledge and wisdom. Love is eternal, is objective, is self-existent, is material, is not God, is free so far as the human will or legal or religious control is concerned, but subject, like other elements, to the control of its own laws, as magnetism, which is a somewhat similar substance, but more gross and nearer our reach for experiments potentially.

Animal, human and spiritual bodies are Leyden jars, voltaic piles, or galvanic batteries, of various and ever changing conditions and relations of positive and negative attraction to each other, and to the simple and subtle power and uncontrollable element, Love.

It is undoubtedly like light and color, sometimes latent, sometimes free, sometimes reflected, sometimes absorbed, sometimes refracted, sometimes conducted; and like color, sometimes it creates, sometimes destroys, sometimes builds up, sometimes tears down, and sets up strange pranks in the human head and heart; often works mischief, and in our perverted social system and partial tyranny in marriage, through the sexual expression of passion, it is so perverted as to be more destructive of health and life than any one of our other diseases which seek its cure with, and thus far the moral doctors, and their systems of legal or religious cure, have only made it worse, as can at once be seen by a comparison of any society of Christians, from the Shakers to the "Free Lovers," with the natives of this continent and its islands as they were found by Columbus and other discoverers, or by instituting a comparison of modern with primitive Christians, or our great cities with the rural districts where life is more natural and simple.

While we have greatly improved the intellect by our civilization, we have greatly perverted the passions, and misquidged, as we have increased, the element of love in the human body and soul, until we are constantly destroying the one prematurely, and perverting the other from its true growth in man and womanhood.

Our false theories of love and false systems of governing and directing it, have nearly wrought out their work of destruction, at the end of which, like Samson in the fable, they will perish in the falling ruins, and the world will be the better for it.

When people know what love is and what it is not, they will be better able to use and guide it for the good of themselves and each other, and then they can be "Free Lovers" if they can, or if they cannot help it.

Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 18, 1863.

LIFE.

Of what does it consist? In the immediate possession of all things, as it were, for God hath given us this beautiful world, and all things therein, for our happiness; hath given us an instinct whereby we may use this world's goods for our personal benefit, and hath also given us that power whereby we may use them, and his highest gift, reason, to guide us in obtaining the necessities of life from Nature. Now, as we have those, it is our bounden duty to use these gifts, as he hath desired they should be, for our happiness and the happiness of others, by giving to the poor, if we are the possessors of wealth, and of lifting to usefulness those who have not the power to do so. It is by the use of the gifts of life that we may judge of men's hearts, whether they are endeavoring to use the gifts of God as Jesus, the great benefactor of all men, or are using them for selfish ends. Life is made up of little things, the acts of men from day to day, and if we follow that our future is marked by these acts, how ought we to strive to have our characters such that we may not be ashamed of them in the future. It is our duty in this life to strive for the right in all things, and if we are guided by the whisperings of conscience, and not by the impulses of the moment, how much may be gained thereby. But how far are we guided by conscience. Impulse guides the world. The most impulsive persons attract the greatest attention, while intellect is

left in the rear. The quiet, thoughtful person, with modest aims and general character, is not the one to be sought for by the populace, but the gay, impulsive, thoughtless ones are those which attract the attention in general. Thus has it been in past ages, but not so in the future. Man is not always to be guided by the light of reason and the reasoning and strengthening of the intellect is being, and throughout the world, and man is arising from his lethargy to view things in their true light, and striving, as he feels the power of intellect, to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him. Thus has it been in past ages; selfishness has ruled, but right will prevail in due time.

THE FRAILTIES OF MEDIUMS.

BY J. COVERT.

It is with sensations of surprise and regret that the writer beholds the follies, or, may be, frauds, of this class of persons so often paraded before the world. Judging from past experience, it appears the acceptors of the theory are more persistent in their endeavors to detect fraud and drop out than those opposed to "the household of faith," and to spread their experiences wide over the world for the benefit of others. While this is a laudable purpose, that justice may be rendered the community, it is no less obligatory that justice should be rendered the individual as well. The spread of one or more single deceptions is calculated to bring disgrace to the actor, ruin to himself and family, and want of confidence among beginners. Yet this very individual may have powers of no ordinary ability, and may have been the channel through which multitudes may have been converted to the faith.

There is no department in human life but in which impostures are found; consequently it must be witnessed here. But if the position be correct in criminal affairs, that society is justly chargeable for the sins of its members, because of the influences it throws around them, then are the mediums exempt on the same basis.

It has been the experience of the writer, and no doubt the experience of all investigators, that at times the evidences appearing do not sufficiently satisfy the mind, and with expressions of surprise, wonder why they are not so. The evidences may be much stronger in a direction opposed to the mind, nothing will suit its purpose; except as it has decided. This disposition on the part of the seer after truth, affords a favorable opportunity to harmonize the mind with the developments received, and the connection is made by mortals in this present world. Does a few intentional frauds take away the phases of mediumship that properly belong to the individual, and is it just to deprive him of the means of subsistence because of them?

It is believed that mediums are the actual ministers and servants of the people, and in ancient periods of time they were considered the only expounders of the will of God to man. If the possession of gifts were indispensably necessary then, they must be so now.

The Christian world, however, has a consecration by certain ceremonies, which ceremonies are supposed to confer authority to minister, but not power. How what is the practice of those followers of Christ, when their ministers exhibit some degree of frailty? Is it to herald them to the world to bring scandal upon the cause of Christ? Is Christianity the less true because of the crimes of some of its members? Does not the publicity of imposture do more to the part of mediums tend to prevent investigation, and therefore deny to the world much of human happiness? From the earliest history of the ancient prophets down to the apostolic times, where is the teacher or follower but what has strayed away from the paths of rectitude at some period of time?

Notwithstanding these imperfections, they have been, and are, the only channels through which mankind ever knew the will of God to man, and the means by which the greatest human happiness is conferred on the race.

I call upon Spiritualists to deal gently with these servants and teachers, as well as with the faults of all others, believing that "to err is human," and that it is the duty of all "to hide the faults I see." These have with common consent abandoned the ambition of the world, the pursuit of wealth, and entirely trust to the directions and assistances of the angel-world for what the world would term a precarious existence. Shall we obstruct this? I hope not.

ORGANIZATION.

I propose to say a few words upon Organization. I confess to have been antipathetic to the position taken by some of our brothers in relation to this subject. That is to say, Organization has been the fruitful source of deception; it has oppressed the individual, it has forbidden investigation, dwarfed the mind, propagated error, and prevented progress. Suppose it has done all this, what then? The pirate has organized a company of men; with this power of organization he has done much mischief to the civilized world. Then what follows? According to the logic of our brothers aforesaid, it is absurd to organize a company of men to suppress the pirates. Why? Because Organizations are used for piracy. Oh, my soul! The fact that bad men use Organizations for bad objects, is conclusive, to my mind, that good men should use them for good objects. The idea advanced that men lose their individuality by Organization, to my mind has no foundation in truth, but the reverse. Individually consists in having the leading traits of the individual fully developed. How can this be best done? Certainly by associated effort.

Look at Nature—the great Teacher. Why are trees found growing in clumps and clusters, instead of singly? Manifestly for the protection they afford each other against the winds and storms of the world. Why not the oak say to the pine, the spruce, the birch, "Here, if you grow in the protecting influence of my sphere, you will lose your individuality—you will all become oaks." If there is anything which Nature has been very particular about, it is the preservation of individuality. What is the Law of Progress in Nature? It is Organization and Decomposition. Your sandy land cannot grow grain and fruits, and but for the intervention of the law of Organization, it never could. Fines are organized, then decay; then other species, in their turn, operate by the same law, until elements of vegetation are sufficiently multiplied, from which a new atmosphere, to sustain the more advanced growth, is formed. Just the same law operates in the moral world. The rude platforms and organizations of the early

times have been formed, and passed away, and each succeeding plan; each new organization upon a more elevated plan; each new organization in the past has been the direct agent of a more thorough action of the human mind, and consequently of a more rapid progress in civilization. The fact is, we cannot dispense with the laws which govern the progress of the natural and moral world, and the sooner we do works meet for repentance, by the organization of all of the elements of progress how laying large for want of some power to move them, the better it will be for the cause of human well-being in the world. Look at Nature and be wise. She does nothing without Organization.

NATURE NOT A RESULT.

BY GEO. W. NICHOLS.

That Nature is a result, is purely an assumption; it is a statement entirely unsupported by facts. Nature is, to human conceptions, the fountain of originality; its processes in the origin and source of human consciousness. As we at first discovered it, so do we at present see it; we discover only its presence, and know nothing of its positive character. When the natural is, whether by accident or by design, changed from its original type, the result of such change is artificial; and its characteristics are indicative of its origin. Accordingly it is self-evident that everything artificial is a result; a fact, however, which discovers no reason for presuming the same of the natural, though it is assumed to, through an error arising from omitting the important characteristical distinction existing between the artificial and the natural.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AN ACROSTIC.

BY A. T. M'CONSE.

Then cherished friend, whose love hath bound us,
Here a weekly meeting meets,
Ever sheds a sunshine round us,
Breathing softly heavenly secrets.

Always speaking words kind, cheering,
Never dark or cold unfeeling,
Never gloomy, doubtful, fearing,
Ever Truth and Light revealing.

Round the land, o'er many a portal,
Onward comes thy banner high,
Fragrant with robust truths immortal,
Living truths, not born to die.

I've rejoiced since first I met you,
Grasped with joy thy jeweled hand,
Hope thy visits may continue,
Till I gain the better land.

A GROUP OF SPIRIT PORTRAITS, &c.

Feeling that you, Mr. Editor, as well as all other good Spiritualists, must be strongly interested in obtaining facts that serve to illustrate the practical beauty and consolation to be derived from our glorious religion, I take the liberty of relating to you the following circumstances, just as they occurred.

A few years ago my husband and myself became interested in Spiritualism. After an investigation that lasted two or three years, we became convinced of the fact that when our friends leave their mortal forms, they do not leave us if they can avoid us by remaining. Last March my husband was taken sick with diphtheria. After an illness of a few days, as he was seated in his chair, and I was standing by him holding his head, his spirit left his body without a moment's warning to either of us, and such a change was made.

In less than three weeks from that time my children followed their father, and the same disease. One of them a daughter of seven years the other a little boy nearly five. My mind was so comforted to the last moment, and although I was a firm believer in Spiritualism, I was not so much as I should have been, and took a most affectionate leave of all present. Then throwing her arms around my neck she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear mother! I must leave my body, but I will never leave you." Then holding me in a little way she said, "Mother, she could look in my face, she said, 'Mother, I want you to remember one thing, and promise me never to forget it.' On giving the required promise, she said, 'I want you to promise that you will not go round the house, when my body is buried, weeping and mourning, and thinking that father and Mary are gone, for that will not be so; we shall always be with you. Why, mother,' she continued, her face glowing with bright earnestness, 'don't you remember how often father used to say that if he should die before the rest of us, he should be with us till we came to him, for God Almighty had nothing in heaven that could tempt him away from his wife and children?' This remark I will remember having heard her father make; and it helped to sustain me through those dark days. About an hour before her death, she wished me to promise that I would go and see W. F. Anderson, the spiritist artist, saying, 'If you will go and see him, mother, you shall surely have father's likeness and mine,' telling me, also, what garments they would be dressed in. Thus she concluded, with looks of inexhaustible love and words of holy cheer to comfort us, till the last inspiring spirit of her earthly life went out, leaving a heavenly smile on her countenance, which we felt was but the reflection of the welcome she met in her father's arms."

Two days after this, I received the following letter from my dear friend, Mr. W. F. Anderson, who said he should "never, never leave his mother." We laid their forms both in one grave, close by the side of their father. And although I do not possess their spirits only when conditions are very favorable, I feel their presence every moment, and I am enabled to converse with them whenever I wish to.

Last Fall I saw an advertisement of Mr. Anderson's in the Banner. I wrote to him, offering to go to Boston and have him try to obtain a likeness for me of my husband and children. His wife immediately answered my letter, saying her husband accepted my proposition, and telling me when and where to meet them in Boston; adding, also, that she felt sure I should get the likenesses I desired.

He, himself, and found in pleasant home with them for a few days, in a private family, of most excellent people and Spiritualists of all classes, and I was enabled to see the likenesses of my husband and children. My husband and daughter are in the likeness of the original. My husband said they would appear in the likeness of the original, and my little boy in a suit that was a favorite dress

of his. I have been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance. He took the prize.

Mr. Leland's Challenge Accepted.

"I have delayed his master, but afterwards brought the thirty pieces of silver and hung them down to the temple, and went out and hanged himself."

It is strange what different positions people will take when they find that a thing is not working just to suit their ideas of popularity, or they find a chance for a great speculation. But oh, how many degrees a man falls morally who will take a stand right opposite from the one he has been working upon for years! We care not of what denomination or people he is—the deed is just the same, and a man is not to be trusted afterwards. He must lose self-respect, and, therefore, the respect of all the great and good of earth, although by sarcasms and blackguarding, he may gain the applause of darkened minds, but never real respect.

What is Mr. Samuel Phelps Leland, author of "Geology against the Bible," (the influence of which, let me say here, he can never overact, for it has had too good a start, his prayers and entreaties for forgiveness to the contrary notwithstanding,) going to do with those experiences in Spiritualism which he gave at a Spiritual Convention one year ago last September, at St. Charles, Kane County, Ill.? He said (as the audience will remember) that he attended college somewhere, (I think the place was not stated) and attending college at the same time was a young man by the name of George B. Shaw, with whom he was very intimate, who did not believe in a future state of existence, and Leland and Shaw had a great many conversations on the subject. Finally they left college together, and George B. Shaw concluded to go to Wisconsin to teach, and Samuel P. Leland took a trip south on a lecturing tour. At the depot they parted.

Shaw and Leland grasped hands, and made a solemn promise to the effect that if there was a hereafter, the one who died first would come back and tell the other, if it were possible. Leland went south to lecture. One day he went with an Alabama planter to view his plantation, slaves, &c. In the course of conversation he told Mr. Leland that he had an old slave woman who was a strange creature, and a study for any one, and invited him to see her. They had scarcely entered the cabin when the old woman grasped his hand, and in an earnest manner spoke as follows:

"Good-morning, S. P. Leland. My name is George B. Shaw. I come to fulfill my promise. I died in such a place (Wisconsin), on such a day." (The name of the place and the day the writer does not remember.)

Mr. Leland said he recognized the spirit instantly to be that of his friend, and still firmly believed it to be. In due time news came of Shaw's death, giving the time and place, etc., which corresponded exactly with what the old negro said, or the spirit through her.

This is Mr. Leland's statement, and it was given as a proof of the truth of Spiritualism. Now what is Mr. Leland going to do with this? Can he overthrow his own statement, made before a public audience? or will he own that there was no truth in what he said? If he dare, what for his oath's sake, say he stated an untruth, then was it that worked upon the poor old slave to make her say what she uttered? I would like an explanation from the learned gentleman.

Mrs. Tuttle says, in the BANNER of the 21st, that Leland gave out a challenge for a discussion, and said the Spiritualists dare not accept it. Mr. Samuel Phelps Leland will probably find out that if there is not a scientific man among them, there are those who are not afraid to accept it, and even throw back the challenge.

Mr. Charles George, of Elgin, Ill., a test, speaking and healing medium, wishes me to say that he stands ready to meet him (Leland) in discussion, at Elgin or St. Charles, and even challenges him to come. We hope he will take the first opportunity that offers, and meet the gentleman in discussion.

Mrs. O. B. MATTHEWS.

Hunter's Lodge, Illinois, 1883.

Leaves from my Journal.

Conan B., whose hospitalities I am sharing, has just mounted a bay steed, with pocket-book in hand (Sunday) to adjust some matters of business with a neighbor. My eyes follow him, drawn by the power of his strong magnetism, for every limb and muscle of rider and horse is instinct with life—the highest form of animal life. All the energies of his strong nature are put forth in making for himself large surroundings. His soul demands material goods, houses, lands, horses, cattle. Money must be gathered to him, and become a part of him. He must have command—he must become a king over a realm of his own making; first in the material world, afterward through the discipline and education life gives him, will become a leader of minds. The power now acquiring, will be transferred to higher work and life, for already he asks the bold and daring question, Who made God? And why was not I God? To which irrelevant questions we made reply: You are a God. You must wait your unfolding, and in time you will comprehend your power, and know that man is Omnipotent—that is, omnipotent in grasp all the mind is able to conceive. Man shall yet demonstrate that his ability is equal to his desire—that there is, latent in the human soul, a power to achieve all the intellect can conceive. The desires are a prophesy of the attainment, and they cannot transcend in scope the ability to reach the highest aim, when we learn the method.

Ah, there lies the secret, the method! We all are learning the method. We are seedlings, developing wings to fly with, or methods of passing on to a higher destiny. Our guardians, or teachers, leave us in different places, in strengthened conditions, that we may work our way out, thereby developing our powers. We must have power over mind and matter. We must learn to take from life what is essential to our highest growth—otherwise we fail of reaching the great design of earth-existence. Earth is the starting-point of an endless life. The foundation of all the future must be laid here; and we cannot comprehend too fully the importance of making that foundation broad as our nature can possibly grasp. We must accrete, or gather to ourselves all that our nature's demand, in every possible direction, that the substructure of our eternal mansion may comprehend every need of the human soul.

The method of reaching this broad basis on which is reared the immortal temple, is already instituted in the education of mediums. Behold, how they all are sent out without purse or scrip, like the Evangelists of old, to take from the world what it has for them, and give in return, the higher currency of spirit gifts, as it is disbursed from the treasures of Heaven, thereby bringing the world to them, and Heaven to the world.

NANCY E. GOS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 8, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into confusion and gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to destroy the world."

Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime. —Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Advance in Price.

For reasons with which every reader of the BANNER must long since have been familiar, we are compelled to advance the price of our paper one cent per week—or \$2.50 per year, as the subscription price. It is a necessity, on our part, and the friends of the BANNER and the cause of progress will promptly meet the demands of the day in the right spirit. The changed price will take effect with the beginning of the New Volume, which is with the second paper following the present one.

Fill up the subscription lists, and stand by the BANNER, around which we have all rallied together.

Economy in Character.

You can tell an inexperienced person on the instant. Awkwardness publishes itself without delay, let the tailor and hair-dresser have fooled over so long a bill. What is instinctive with us will come out on the surface, and nothing else can. How many men can be seen, exerting themselves with a ludicrous eagerness to appear at their ease in regard either of gifts or gains, when we can see at a glance that they are as hollow in both respects as drums! There is no concealment about these things; nature is simple truth, and will not submit in silence even to dilution; as for being either over-dressed or padded out, she will have none of it.

What we are, we may as well consent to appear. When we "put on airs," we get in the way of the very process and progress which would most surely render such a step unnecessary. When we flourish and thrash about pretty much at random, like fish in the water to conceal their real locality, we waste a great deal of power which, if properly husbanded and applied, would do more for us than all these wild efforts. Imitation is not improvement, and never can be; not even the closest imitation of worthy exemplars. If we would really improve, the process must originate within, and thence work outwardly; to scratch the surface, with the idea that somehow the centre is going to receive the benefit, is on a par with the vanity that oiling and sleeking the hair will produce fine and noble thoughts.

All nature teaches the grand lesson of Economy. In our own country, in particular, that is something not generally thought worth thinking of; our area is so vast, our population for a long period likely to be so insufficient, and, in consequence, our natural resources are so inexhaustible, it would hitherto be a matter to pooh-pooh about, were we warned that a closer adjustment of means to ends would prove of lasting and radical benefit. The story of the soil and what it has done for us, illustrates our point exactly; whereas the rich lands of Western New York and Ohio at first produced from twenty-five to upwards of thirty bushels per acre, they yield today, on an average, not one bushel above twelve!

This is a running-out system, and nothing else; and, however well supplied a people may be with a living, even when they secure a crop of a dozen bushels of wheat to the acre, they are sure to find the front door of the poorhouse by that road, if they continue to travel it long enough.

Such lack of thrift has had its close and direct influence on our popular character; it could not be otherwise. We show at every point that we have trusted to luck rather than forethought and calculation. We betray that want of trust in ourselves which is a very much more sterling and noble quality than faith in fortune and the future. We show the reflex influence of these habits of life and labor in our loose estimate of the real riches of mind, of manners, and of habitual discipline. Such notions respecting common things have infected our character to such an extent as to make us indifferent to almost the slightest pains to build up solidly, or with any idea of permanency. We are shiftless, therefore; we dilate, and so are come to despoil, thoroughness, discipline, internal economy.

If we will but look around us, and patiently observe the course and rule of things, we shall discover that, in the illimitable wealth of God's universe, nothing is lost, nothing has been made in vain. And if that be true of the material creation, it is infinitely more true of the spiritual; for here, in this department, not a thought was ever thrown out, not a gleam of one star radiated ever so glancingly from the great Central Cause, without a fixed and final purpose. We shall, sooner or later, find this great truth to be applicable to ourselves, each one of us, in the largest measure. We must save all our spiritual resources, if we would do the very best possible by ourselves. Not a shred or a raveling can we afford to throw away. Easiness of character, wholeness of the nature, the largest and freest and healthiest development of our faculties, all depend on saving as well as working, or the work is lost altogether. We may as well think of drawing water in sieves, as to think we can supply with continued labor what we lose from continual lack of thought. We pause, in fact, and only begin to live, when we take care to lay away what we have by experience already accumulated.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Rev. Adin Ballou, one of the solid minds of the age, is to address the Society of Spiritualists in Lycium Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening, March 15th.

The Spirit Photograph Controversy.

We have received a statement from Mr. Wm. H. Maudslayi, in reply to Mr. Boyle's Card, published in our last, which we shall print in our next issue.

The Rights of Labor.

The deranged condition of affairs in the manufacturing districts in England has called out many timely and valuable expressions of popular opinion on the subject of labor, and its rights, and particularly its right to combine for the purpose of making its claims more respected. Addresses of years ago are now reproduced for the thoughtful consideration of the workmen, from some of which are taken passages of peculiar force and impressive truthfulness. One such paper says—speaking of strikes and their tendencies.—When these collisions between employers and employed are traced to the growing intelligence of the laboring population, many philanthropists are deeply distressed. But there is no cause for despondency; all that is lacking place might have been foreseen. This is the undoubted tendency of the age. We must consider, whether our present social arrangements are satisfactory; and, if these things were changed, whether a better state of things would result. Can there be anything more unfortunate, or more sorrowful to contemplate, than that masses of intelligent beings, from childhood to old age, should toil in a work in which they have no interest, and that between themselves and those for whom they toil, the attachment should be no more than that between a buyer and a seller?

Philanthropists have always been sorrowing over this as a painful necessity, but it appears to the reflecting mind that Strikes must be an agency toward an ameliorating change. For—remark a writer on this topic—when the power of combination has generally extended, employers will voluntarily receive their laborers as partners; because employers would be always liable to Strikes as long as no identity of interests exists between themselves and those whom they employ. Such partnerships have already been tried in France, and also in England, with the most eminent success. The employers have been amply recompensed by the increased zeal of the laborers; and one moment's consideration will show that such a partnership will naturally lead to a co-operation of labor and capital—the most powerful instrument of social amelioration. Experiments on this identical basis are already making good headway in many parts of the Old World. When will they be generally tried here?

Davis's Proclamation.

Once more the President of the Southern Confederacy calls solemnly; if not lugubriously, on his subjects and believers, to join with him in observing a day of public fasting and prayer, giving as his reason for his Proclamation, that a bold enemy is about to launch his thunderbolts upon the devoted capital of the Confederacy as aforesaid, that there is to be much suffering while the approaching struggle lasts, and that the insidious foe is tampering with the very word with the "men servants and the maid servants"—and he might have added, with "the oxen and the asses"—of the great realm of rebellion known to the civilized world by the name of Secession. Soberly, now, we neither blame Jeff. Davis for mourning over his luck and lot, nor yet do we much wonder that he is obliged to do so. He might have known, from what he knew before of the North and West, that he was likely to have a hard row to hoe, and we are not all disappointed that he has found it out. It is just as certain as that the Mississippi runs down stream, that he, nor any other man, can ever succeed as a Union, whose foundations were laid long before he and his conspiring friends were even dreamed of as necessary to its progress and happiness of anybody.

These Boston Books.

The Richmond Enquirer, deprecating the undeniable influence of certain liberal books and other publications of Boston and New England upon the Southern mind, and especially the female mind of the South, which is of course to make and mold all, her people—goes off in a sweet wall of sorrow in this wise: "Yes, many a child in these States has been weaned from its natural sustenance of fresh and manly Southern thought, and fed upon the sickly diet of foreign sentimentality. We can picture to ourselves many a gentle Southern woman during these latter years, far off in the solitude of some remote Southern plantation, with pretty Boston volumes glittering like snakes upon her table, (Mrs. Nowatt, the wife of the editor of the Enquirer, publishes with Ticknor & Fields, of Boston) I cast into painful doubt and despondency, made anxious and unhappy, by the haunting thought that, after all, the molluscous persons who made those pretty books might be right—and, if right, then we, how wrong! how miserable!—and bright tears have fallen upon the cream-laid paper!" Is it not "perfectly awful"?

A New Dance.

We do not know that it specially concerns these columns to discourse of dances, cotillions, waltzes and the like vanities that by so many good persons are at once consigned to limbo (excuse the weakness), but when we hear, as we do, that the noble and flighty Empress Eugenie has invented a new style of salutatory exercises, under the genus cotillon, and that, furthermore, she has given it the freakish title of "The Mule of Arragon"—we think we need not pardon our readers for merely repeating the story with which the invention of the new dance was accompanied. A letter states that one of the characteristics of the soirees at the Tuileries is the injunction laid upon all men by the Empress to dance the cotillon. Neither age nor profession are exempt. The Emperor laughs heartily at his own and others' awkwardness, but has to come to it. This new figure consists in the endeavor to hook the little bell with which each dancer is furnished, to the dress of the leader; and the effect of the jingling and the excitement of the pursuit are said to make this one of the prettiest figures yet invented.

In Quiet.

The spiritual nature does not grow in noise, but in quiet; not in society, but in solitude. He who is afraid of his own company for a long time, is therefore progressed but a little way toward the goal he ought to aim for. Solitude is necessary, and so is social contact; we all have enough of both these, and a great deal too much; if we could but choose our hours and seasons more than we do, and take home to those choice passages of life all that we have been constantly accumulating, then and there assimilating with ourselves just what properly belongs to our own nature, we should not the part of wise persons indeed, and soon see the use to which both time and faculties could most profitably be put.

A British paper charges that the petty tyranny of the royal military and the operations of speculators have brought starvation upon the people.

The Love of the Past.

Not a trial, but a heaven-sent; not a pang, but brings the mission of fulfillment; not a tear but purifies, not a night so dark, but from its gloom, depths beyond some day of joy arise. The true Spiritualist, the rational observer of life, beholds the true uses of adversity, and acknowledges the beauty of suffering. He alone, says fervently and in spirit, "Thy will be done," when the darkness enshrouds his soul, when bereavement, danger, misfortune, threaten and overwhelm.

Amid the revolutions of Empires, the true philosopher may retain his mental calm; and when the human sorrow tugs at his heart-strings, he can still repose in undisturbed faith upon the love of God, and the immutable promises of his Divine laws. From the Past he has gathered much wisdom, and appropriates it to the Present's use, and the Future's hope. He has learned self-reliance, faith, charity, forbearance, calmness, and strength; Indestructible in soul, he can behold the crumbling of all earthly things, and fear not. The upheaval of nations does not astound him; the workings of the law of Progress on lower planes of action, disturb not his serenity; the cruel wars, unjust proceedings, tyrannies and afflictions of the world, do not destroy his God-founded hopes; for with the heart of the Christ disciple, and the eye of the prophet, his soul foretells the coming era of universal harmony and peace.

The destruction of life is not the annihilation of immortal attributes; the fleeting triumphs of wrong are not discouraging to the believer in a God of love. The final triumph of liberty, justice and truth, is certain as the fact of Deity. Girded, then, with this inviolable armor of sublime faith and patience, let us not despair, because the day of our national prosperity is darkened; because our plains are drenched in blood, and our homes shadowed by the cypress growth of burial fields.

From all past history, and individual experience, let us collect the light of truth, that ever has been awarded to the earnest seeker. From the present conflict, we shall arise purified, taught, and elevated; as a Nation, great and free, indeed.

On Ice in Iceland.

A very interesting article in Harper's Monthly on Iceland shows us some of the characteristics of that singular people, and lets us into the fact that happiness is to be found as well in one quarter of the globe as another. The traveler narrates that, in the course of his journey, he frequently overtook pack-trains, laden with dried fish from the seashore. The main dependence of the people throughout the country during the winter, is upon the fish caught during the summer. When dried, it is done up in packs and fastened on each side of the horse, something in the Mexican style; and each train is attended by three or four men, and sometimes by women. About the month of June, the farmers and shepherds go down to Reykjavik, or some other convenient fishing station on the sea shore, and lay in their supplies of fish and groceries, which they purchase from the traders by exchanges of wool, butter, and other domestic products. After a few days of novelty and excitement, they go back to their quiet homes, where they live in an almost dormant state until the next season—rarely receiving any news from the great outer world, or troubling their heads about the affairs of the rest of mankind. The traveler asserts that those whom he met had in all probability not seen a stranger in a year.

The Matter of Ice.

We shall generally be obliged to keep cool next Summer in all probability, without the help of ice. That article is going to be rather scarce than otherwise. The New England ice men have done as much as those in any other section, but not nearly so much as in past years. In New York, a single fact will show to what straits they are reduced to keep their ice-houses open (or shut, rather) in the way of business. The elephant ice company of that ilk, known as the Knickerbocker Ice Company, have gathered in during the past two weeks, from the date of writing, 42,000 tons of ice; and it is by no means such ice as they are used to cut, either. Last year, they had out and stored away, by this time, 128,000 tons of ice, all of the very best quality. At that period, they would not have thought it worth the trouble to cut the stock they have had to take up with now. Wholesale disaster is therefore threatened to the ice companies during the coming Summer. The question comes up with great force—What will the sick ones do, at home and in the hospitals, if they are to be deprived of this most essential aid to their comfort and restoration? We are no cranks, and we therefore accept one cheerful view of the case, in the fact that the toddy-lippers will have to cool their smashes and things a good deal less often than they have done hitherto.

Origin of Diphtheria and its Cure.

This is the caption of a spirit message given at our circle Feb. 3d. It is of vital importance to the community that light be thrown upon this subject. It is evident that physicians have little or no knowledge of the cause or cure of the terrible disease known as Diphtheria, which is causing the premature deaths of thousands of human beings every year. If our spirit friends, who have the good of humanity at heart, have given any information in the message referred to whereby the pestilence can be checked, or cured, we shall feel indeed gratified at being instrumental in giving currency to the statement on our sixth page. The remedy seems to be a simple one, and in our opinion should be tried. Should any one be cured by the method prescribed by the invisible, we should be pleased to have them make a note of it for publication in these columns, as evidence to others. We are all brothers and sisters of one great human family, and should endeavor by all the means within our power to alleviate the mental and physical sufferings of those who need such aid.

A Sign.

There is, it is alleged, a great revival among the churches in various parts of the country. We hope the converts will not, like many of the old church-members, pray to God to take away those who do not belong to our church. Let us, sincere spiritualists, send to the angel-world for the good of the high and low, the rich and poor—FOR ALL HUMANITY, in whatever condition of life—and then war will cease, and peace and comfort dwell in every palace and hamlet in the land. Not till the churches throw off their exclusiveness can they hope to progress; do to be the means of progressing the race. —This is how the churches should often bear in mind.

Messages Verified.

We published in the BANNER of Nov. 5, 1884, a message from a spirit calling himself Philip O'Neil, who said he belonged to Company I, 16th Regt. Mass. Volunteers, was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, and left nearly destitute a wife and six children in Boston. (See message for full particulars.) Mr. Willard Wheeler, of this city, who was present at the circle when the message referred to was given, had the curiosity to ascertain whether or not it was true. After many inquiries, he ascertained that a man answering to the above name had enlisted, was killed, and had left a widow here. We had no previous knowledge of these facts. He found the widow and children in one of the model-bouses at the South End, in precisely the condition stated in the message. He showed her the paper containing it, and requested of the widow to know if the statements were true. The reply was, that they were correct in every particular. Mr. Wheeler was so well satisfied that the spirit had spoken truly of the destitution of his family, that he drew his purse and presented the astonished woman a sum of money. He told the story to others, and further aid has been rendered the poor widow and her orphan children, which would not have been so rendered, probably, had not the spirit returned through our medium and spoken thus feelingly of his loved ones of earth.

The most singular part of this simple story is, that subsequently the spirit-father returned, and thanked the individuals, through the medium in our public circle, for rendering timely aid to his wife and children.

This is only one of hundreds of such cases we might enumerate, were we so disposed; but we prefer to let the full heart vent in grateful allusion to Almighty God that he has made us the humble instruments to thus aid the needy of earth's children.

We would not have alluded to this circumstance thus publicly, were it not that we are often accused of selfishness, and that the messages we publish are unreliable.

The following note was received from Mr. Alfred Horton, of Newburyport, a day or two since: It explains itself:

The communication published in the BANNER of Feb. 14th, purporting to come from H. B. Hall, of the Fifteenth Regiment Mass. Vol., I have information from a member of that regiment to be correct. Such a person did belong to the regiment, and was wounded in battle, after which he died in hospital. He belonged to the city of Worcester.

I have taken some pains to prove the truth of communications as I have opportunity, and would suggest that all who desire to have our belief proven, would make inquiries such as may lead to this result, thereby adding greatly to the interest in the Message Department.

A. HAZEN.

All One Way.

There is a tendency, among people, as among sheep, to rush to the gap in the wall as soon as they find the first person through. We are as imitative as monkeys. What one does, all think they must do. If a better introduction a narrow brim for the "style," tall men and short, fat men and thin, small faces and broad faces, all undertake the thing on experiment, paying five dollars for the privilege, and make the streets motley and laughable with the uniformity of hats and variety of countenances, which are daily exhibited there. The habit has long ago become a national vice: "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." What is the use, then, in trying to get up a feed that must be made to answer for all? Let each find his own secret. There is no special command in the decalogue, requiring us to do just as we see somebody else do, and to go where we see him going. Reverence may operate in making about a change in all this—it is rather to be expected that they will. Even misfortune teaches reliance and individualism.

President Hill. On being introduced into his office, as President of Harvard University, Dr. Thomas Hill made a characteristic, clearly stated, and suggestive address to the assembly assembled, from which we should like to make extracts, if we but had the room. The tenor of his whole remark, however, is this: that any one who intends to devote himself to a special calling—no all persons should certainly do—is best fitted for his particular business by a previous course of general study. This enlarges his mind, expands his reason, strengthens his understanding, and enables him to lay under tribute, in his subsequent calling, a mass of knowledge from whose ready and effective use he would otherwise be debilitated altogether. Dr. Hill advocates large time, and thorough training; and he admirably illustrates, in his estimation, between those who have been endowed with large and generous capacities, and those who ought to be happy even with a much more slender store.

Charity.

Paul says that if he had all knowledge, and all faith, and the tongues of men and angels, and gave all his goods to the poor and his body to be burned, it would profit him nothing without this principle. Yet we find some Spiritualists almost entirely devoid of this cardinal virtue. They are full of condemnation of their fellows, and seem to attribute everything they do to mercenary motives. The Church is day, we know is on the wane. And why? Because it lacks Charity. Its members, many of them, repudiate Paul's teachings, and Christ's, by their acts, notwithstanding their professions to the contrary. We hope Spiritualists will not pattern after the Church in this respect.

New Publications.

THE POOR NIGHT AT ORYOND. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A domestic novel by an author of decided grace and power, and of wide popularity. It is well spoken of by the critics. A slight story, and looks as if it might avail to whittle away a long evening, or rainy day, very agreeably.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Francis de Haan, author of "The Broken Heart," "The Voice of Life," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a story embodying the incidents of the story of William Scott, a young Vermont miller, who was condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post, but was pardoned by the President. The story was read at the Philadelphia Convention of the Spiritualists, and produced great interest. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Three things are contended for—liberty, country, and friends.

Mrs. Hatch's Lectures.

TWENTY DISCOURSES
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3.—The Sources of Human Knowledge.
4.—The Beauty of Life, and the Life of Beauty.
5.—"Come, Now, and let us Reason Together," saith the Lord.
6.—Modern Spiritualism.
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17.—Creation.
18.—Total Depravity.
19.—The Religion of Life.
20.—The Life of Religion.
Answers to Miscellaneous Questions.
The Epiphany.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DISCOURSES AND THE MEDIUM.

This work is presented to the public, in obedience to the request of a large multitude who have listened to Mrs. Hatch from time to time, and who were not satisfied with merely hearing her discourses only, but desired their publi-

cession, that they might have been a "Hedge of sacking them into the quiet of their own homes?"—pursuing them at their leisure. It was also deemed expedient to put them in another form as would render them accessible by the public, and to preserve them for coming generations.

No attempt has been made to arrange these discourses in any particular classification; but they are published in the *order in which they were delivered*.

An intimate acquaintance with the principles of Nature and the true department, greatly assists us in forming a correct idea of the character and attributes of its Author; and it is for this reason that Natural Philosophy is becoming daily more and more a part of common education, for no true principles of religious ethics can ever be divorced from the manifestations of God in the material universe. In all of her discourses there is a blending of Religion and Science, and in this respect, especially, it is believed that her teachings will have a most salutary influence upon the public welfare.

For every enlightened Christian earnestly recommends the study of Nature, and in it he beholds the inspiring Revelations of God. But as long as Religion is *conjectural*, and founded upon the experiences of those whose religious powers are in extreme action, while their moral and intellectual are but feebly exerted, rather than upon the inherent nature of man harmoniously developed, we shall have on the one hand, bigotry and self-righteousness wedded to ignorance, and on the other, a repudiation of all religious forms.

As man becomes enlightened, he becomes more truly religious, not in the sectarian sense of that term, but in the

should be educated, and thus be enabled to understandingly commune with God through every department of Nature. Then, not in the sanctuary alone will his soul be drawn forth in prayer and aspiration, but, wherever he may be, his heart wells up in thankfulness, and he is in constant communion with the Author of his beauties and blessings by which he is surrounded. It is believed that no work more perfectly unites the religious, moral and intellectual principles of man than the one we now present to the public, and if it shall assist in any way to elevate him from ignorance and superstition to a higher condition of spiritual life, we shall be made glad by the accomplishment of our long-desired object.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, who was the means of conveying to the world the thoughts contained in this volume, was born in the town of Coxs, Allegany county, New York, the 21st day of April, 1843. Thus a part of these disconnected were delivered before she was seventeen years of age. Her literary and scholastic attainments are such as she was able to procure in a rural district of the country antecedent to her tenth year, at which time she became an entranced speaker. Up to that period she had no knowledge of spiritual intercourse. One day, with slate and pencil in hand, she retired to compose a few lines to be read in school; and, while seated, lost her external consciousness, and on awaking she found her slate covered with writing. Believing that someone had taken an advantage of what she supposed to have been a sleep, she carried the slate to her mother, and it was found to contain a communication from Cora's immortal soul (who had departed this life some fifteen years previous), and addressed to Miss Scott, the mother of Cora's

During her childhood and youth years life was colored by a spirit calling inwardly a German physician; and her associations during that time, as a student of medicine, were numerous and varied. Although she has been given the science of medicine in modern refection, the most philosophical, general, and at the same time the most minute descriptions of disease, its cause, pathology, and diagnosis, which were ever listened to, have been given by her.

At the age of fourteen she became a public speaker, and even at that early period of life manifested powers of logic and elocution which would have done honor to mature minds, and to which but comparatively few ever attain. She married in June, 1856, and removed to New York city since which she has spoken from three to four times a week mostly in New York, Boston, and Baltimore. She has been frequently "in contact" with the most powerful and kindred spirits of the country, in both private and public circles, and amidst them one line never pretended to be inferior or less than equal.

The variety of subjects treated will be sufficient evidence that her inspirations are not confined to any particular class of ideas, but are as universal as Nature, and as her discourses are, entirely unpropagandist. If she is not

Inspired, she must be regarded as the most remarkable intellectual youth who has ever inhabited the earth. "In private life she is simple and childlike to a remarkable degree; but while speaking before an audience, her flights of eloquence are bold, lofty, and sublime, beyond description.

*** All orders sent to "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." will be promptly attended to. March 1

ABC OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M.-D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains the most valuable matter that is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

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JUST PUBLISHED,
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DR. LISTER, 55 Lowell street can be consulted in person or by mail. Full (Astrological) 60 cents; or, reduced to 40 cents by mail. **Free** to the poor. **Prescriptions** a **Widow** **Wanted**, three years to come, \$21. All through 10th, ladies, \$21; gentlemen, \$3. All confidential, Medicine sent by express with full directions. (See Feb. 2).

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[illegible]

Noah Blanchard.
There seems to be an overruling Providence that turns all the evils of life to good account. I am satisfied that every evil that floats upon the surface of humanity, is made use of by some high Intelligence or Power for good. "There is a Divinity" says one "that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may, and I believe, &c."

Some years ago was employed in the establishment of Nathaniel Jaxon. During the period of my acquaintance with this individual, I at a certain time ascertained certain funds belonging to the firm. I was detected in this by the individual partner of the house, who promptly reported to the senior partner of the firm. The consequence was, I was ejected.

Well, that circumstance clung to me during my natural life, and when I entered the spirit-world, it became such a heavy weight upon my shoulder that I was compelled to come back to earth by the overruling Power to make straight those things that were so crooked, that I might throw off the load that was wearing me down. After much diligent seeking, I found the individual I had wronged, and his communion with him, and for a time on meeting with his messenger, I was unhappy. I felt as if I wanted to retire, and do have nothing more to do with him, but I was compelled to, by an overruling Power. The result was communion; and another result was, he succeeded in reaching that plane where I was just above him, and in enjoining upon him,

Now if I had not committed that wrong act
here, I do not believe I should have been attracted
to that particular spot, and under these particular
circumstances. No, I believe that every evil act
is overruled for good, and however dark, evil, or
harmonious the surface may be, there is a power
within that will dispel all the darkness and make
all wrongs productive of good.

THE MOTHER'S RELEASE.
BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

The bright little brook goes bubbling by,
Where the moss-grown cottage stands;
And two lofty elms toward the deep, deep woods
Extend their smiling hands.
In their quiet shadow this cottage sleeps,
A heart at rest and true.

A picture by peace and repose,
And the robin elope there through the live long day
And the whippoorwill at its close.

A matron sat in an old arm-chair;
By the side of the window, small,
And at sunset she wandered in spirit
To her three boys, straight and tall,
Who went, one by one, to the seat of war,
To battle for Freedom and Right;
To fall, it may be, by the charge of the foe.

Swiftly she knit with head erect.
While a tear down her cheek slowly stole.
But its course was stayed by a smile of delight
By the joy that irradiated her pure soul.
For before her in beauty immortal she saw
Her Henry, her youngest born son
"Dear mother," he says, "I am waiting for you"
My labors in earth's life are done.

Let us go to the land of undying love.
To the climes of unending youth.
From thence we'll watch and protect the brave boys
Who are battling for Freedom and Truth.
Gently her head on her bosom sunk down,
Gladly she freed her aching brow
And her robes sleep on in the old elm trees,
Their shadows thus scene of repose.

Lowell, Mass., 1863.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR

The following suggestions about Health, by
Lewis, M. D., are worth reading and practicing:
"The atmosphere always contains water. Most
people think its presence a misfortune. They
say the atmosphere of California is very healthy,
because it is so dry. This is an error. The air
of California has a great deal more moisture than that

New England; and this is one of the principal reasons for its inferior healthfulness. In New England the dry air smokes the moisture out of a man's air passages, and he has consumption. If he could breathe the moist atmosphere of the Pacific coast, he might recover. In their influence upon consumption, not many would say that the only difference between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is found in the amount of atmospheric moisture. But I do say that this is one of their most essential sanitary differences. A man who, in New England, is ever suffering with dry and scaly skin, has in California moist and healthy skin. When in issue of the skin, it is the history of his lungs, with which the skin maintains its most intimate contact—the dry air being the moisture and producer disease. And now all other things being equal, the moist air is the healthier it is. Of course this law does not hold whenever the moisture becomes excessive, the clothing is heavily saturated.

My present suggestion is that, during more than half of the year in this climate, we have artificial heat, we should use some means to supply the needed moisture. In an air as dry as that of New England, we should make the entire loss of moisture of about a boiler, which makes water, are daily evaporated, and ordinary, although heated with a stove, might have from fire to ten gallons of water added to its atmosphere daily. With such means, the dry throat and head and lungs, the dry water passages,

CHARLES.—This hope is based on nothing substantial. It is a mere delusion, and will always prove to be so, because it ignores the ability of human nature, and yet attempts to change the whole course of events. A nation, or rests upon itself. It is not another party, flows, or is one particular object. It is all should be lost, it has saved itself.

