

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

(\$2.50 PER YEAR,
in Advance.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

(SINGLE COPIES,
Five Cents.)

NO. 12.

Literary Department.

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JASMINE OR THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XX.I.

The Trial of Poverty.

"The losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe;
There's with there ye'll get there
Ye'll find us others here."
DORIS'S EPITAPH TO DAVIS.

Amid all the trials of my heart and brain, I had been exempted from the visitations of the gaunt monster, poverty. I was not ambitious, nor vain of parade. What I possessed amply sufficed for my wants, and I could aid others besides. But a sudden change came over my fair temporal prospects. The man I trusted—in whose hands my little all was invested—abandoned with the orphan's patrimony, with the hoarded gains of widows and the poor. After years of unblemished reputation, the fell demon of avarice beset him; the arch fiend ensnared his soul. By means of a golden temptation, the honored and respected citizen became a common thief!

Thus argued the world, and the Christian community in it. From my standpoint I viewed the matter differently. That man, to all outward appearance honest, had never in his soul arisen above the plane of selfishness. With consummate tact and art he had veiled from the world's gaze his mean propensities, and they, judging of surface-seeming only, had named him just and true. Intuition, phrenology, study of psychical laws, would have revealed the interior man as he was.

Alone I alone! Ever the mournful words rang like the death-knell of earth's faintest hopes upon my ear. And now the struggle of poverty was added to the uplifting of my weary cross! I said, "Thy will be done!" with a heart that was aching in its weariness of life.

I was not doomed to spend long years of probation in the ineffectual struggle. Short and severe was the contest, but its bitter lessons will be remembered all my life.

There is a subtle influence felt by the keenly sensitive soul, that emanates from the looks and tones of those deemed our best friends, when adversity's grasp is upon us. Advice pours in upon the defenceless spirit; worldly wisdom exhorts its proverbial philosophy; but how few open their hearts, their homesteads, their purse strings, adding sympathy and material aid to the counsel it is impossible, under the pressure of necessity, to follow?

A thousand petty thorns are stuck into the quivering flesh. We are wounded at every vulnerable point by adroit needle thrusts and sharpened pin-points, usually wielded for the occasion by feminine hands. Fashionable acquaintances assume an air of conscious superiority, and hint at this, that and the other avenue of employment. "Surely you have so many friends, you cannot ever be in need of a home," they say, never dreaming of offering theirs. "You need have no fear, with your talent; you will always carve your way," say others; and the conventionally pious point you upward to the world beyond, while they offer no sustaining hand in this.

Misfortunes never come singly: they have a gregarious tendency. I lost also the greater portion of my literary employment. The heavy hand of sickness was laid upon me. Disappointment, heart-corroding care, depressing influences, at last weighed down the force of natural resistance, I sunk away into forgetfulness of the outer world, in a burning fever that left me mercifully without the sense of pain, and with but brief returning glimpses of consciousness.

Before that time, my housekeeper, coarse and unfeeling person that she was, entered my room without preliminary knock, and said in those abrupt and resolute tones of hers:

"Miss May" (no longer Miss Jasmine). "I've heard what's happened, and as it's every one's duty to take care of number one, I suppose you can dispense with my services, as your means are straitened. I want to go to my sister's, in the country, to recruit myself, and I'll thank you for my last month's wages. I'm most a week over the time, but I won't charge you for that, as I guess you need every cent you've got, and I have a good home to go to."

And she smiled a pitying smile, before which I quivered in spirit as at the direct insult. Where was the cordial, heart-warm sympathy of Anastasia Doule? I looked the woman sternly in the face, then arose and gave her her wages, including the full week's pay, and with a haughtiness not usual with me, I bade her begone that day.

After she had left the room, I was nervous and unstrung, and gave vent to my long controlled, wretched feelings in a burst of irrefragable weeping. Then for a few days I went about my usual avocations; then all things grew misty and indistinct, and I dropped away into dreamless slumber.

I awoke one day to find myself in a strange place, amid humbler surroundings, lying on a snow-white bed, with a kind, familiar and motherly face bending over me. I looked around the neat, snug room in wonderment.

"Where am I? What is the matter?" were the first words I uttered.

"Thank God! she's all right," said the pleasant voice, and a hand that soothingly stroked my brow. "Do not ask any questions, dear, but lie still and I'll get you a nice drink."

She went to the door and called softly: "Emma, come in! Miss Jasmine is awake. Come and cheer her up with a sight of your sunny face; she don't get to snoring up any of your monkey capers; now is not the time."

The closing injunction was given as the young girl advanced to my bedside.

Truly here was a sunny face. It was transparent with goodness, rosy with the glow of health and contentment. Her irregular features were illumined with the ever-mirthful play of a child-like spirit. Her blue eyes sparkled with the heart-dew of sympathy; usually they flashed with the brilliant sallies of her unpremeditated wit. Her auburn hair was twined in a braided coronal around a well-balanced head. Her step, her erect carriage, her dimpling smiles, all betokened a happy disposition. Emma Orne was the very incarnation of the spirit of cheerfulness.

They were a happily united family—the good but large-hearted father, laboring in a city factory; the plain-spoken, deep-thinking, Samaritan mother; the ever-busy daughter; and the handsome, impetuous, loving son. I had known them for some time, but had not visited there often. Inclined to liberal ideas, they had, through my humble instrumentality, accepted the belief of Spiritualism, and felt toward me a sense of gratitude for having led them, as they averred, to the true light.

Emma smiled merrily, but her eyes were moist as she proffered me refreshment and spoke low, kind, cheering words. At my earnest solicitation, I was told that in a favored and inhospitable state I had been brought there from my home, at the desire of her good mother, who had found me alone, helpless and unaided. For nineteen days I had remained in almost an unconscious condition, uttering no complaint, recognizing no person near me, and seeming to suffer but little pain. The sensible woman into whose motherly hands I had fallen, believed in the simple remedies of Nature; she called in no physician; she applied her healing hands to my throbbing head, gave me simple nourishment and as much cold water as I desired. Her benevolent efforts were crowned with complete success; for from the day on which I was restored to outward consciousness I recovered rapidly.

My furniture and other household gear had been brought to the humble dwelling. Out of the scanty remnants of my savings I sought to compensate the good family for their care of me; but they stoutly refused to receive pay for doing what they termed a simple duty.

"You snt any trouble, and you pay me back more nor double for anything I can do, by telling me about the Spiritual Philosophy; and enlightening my poor, bewildered mind, that was always in search of something better nor church theology," said Mrs. Orne.

"See here, my good gal," the husband would say, familiarly as an old friend; "what's the use of livin' if you can't do a little good to your fellow critters? And I'm only payin' you for what you've done for the hull of us. There's my old woman was drownded 'fraid I'd turn out a regular infidel, because years ago my stomach kind o' turned agin all that palaverin' of the churches; could n't believe in that double-twisted mystification of the Trinity, now! One God cut up into three! three Jambled into one! that wan't in my 'rithmetic; could n't get it to gee; could n't persuade myself that poor, blunderin', but honest-hearted Tom Orne was bound to go to the bot place down below, because he could n't swallow all that mess the priestcraft gets up for a fat salary. Did n't think I was a saint, and would go straight to the New Jerusalem and look the Lord boldly in the face; did n't even think I was good enough to look at a second-hand angel, let alone the living God. And I could n't make myself out so big a sinner that I was bound to fry everlastingly, because I could n't cram down their Holy Ghosts and deluges, and other lots of the miserablest stuff as ever was invented of taral mortal foolishness! Talk about the heathens! The Christian world believes as much tom foolery to-day as ever did the Chinese or the South Sea Islanders! They've got some kind of an evil spirit that outs up sinners, and the other has a great, big, wide-mouthed, hungry devil, that's eternally opposin' the Lord, and walkin' up and down the earth seekin' whom he may devour!"

"Now, Tom, don't get excited," the gentle wife would remonstrate.

"I ain't excited, Libby; but it raises my dander to see civilized people makin' such jackasses of themselves."

"You must n't reason," say the long-faced, starched minister. "You must believe."

"But I can't," says I; "I tries to, and the more I try the less I succeed."

"That's on account of your natural depravity and stubbornness of heart," say they again.

"Well, mister, says I, 'what is a feller to do if he can't believe?'"

"Wrestle with the Lord, and get religion," says he.

"Whow!" says I, "tried that, and 'twas no go, anyhow; never come near enough to the Lord to wrestle with him."

"You're irreligious!" says he, with a face as solemn as a horned owl's.

"Don't mean to be," says I; "only want to learn."

"I fear you're a lost soul!" groans he.

"Well, brother preacher, do n't be alarmed," says I. "I guess I'll struggle through with the rest. There'll be some cozy nook in the other country for Tom Orne, as never drank, nor swore, nor did any man a willful injury."

"So I shrilled off, and left my minister with such a woe-begone face! He looked as if all his relations had been drowned."

I was laughing at the graphic recital.

"That's right, Miss Jasmine," chimed in John, who had just come in. "Laughter is the best medical cure. Now do let me tell you some of my late experiences at distracted—I mean protracted—meetings. Please rein in your meriment, angel," (to his sister), "and don't laugh till you see the joke. Well, one day I was taking natural observations, as some one calls it, of the worshippers in a certain church. The performance was at its height, actors inspired, spectators interested, head manager leading off in a sermon descriptive of the fiery torments of the damned, congregation responding with amen and groans. The tragedy was followed by a farce; they shouted and squealed and bawled and jumped and behaved extraordinarily. In the midst of it, down comes a tolerably wealthy lumber dealer, her-dampson his knees, turns up his eyes like a duck in a thunder-storm, and bawls out with pious rapture: 'Come down, Lord! I come down this very minute, Lord! Oh come, come, and bless us, Lord!' Down bade him pope another wail to do

enthusiast, and shouts still louder, with dilated eyes and uplifted hands: 'Do, Lord, do! Come through the roof, Lord! Come this very instant, Lord, and I'll pay for the shingles!'"

"Now, John, I'm afraid that's a whopper!" said Mr. Orne, with a broad smile on his good-natured face. John, who had a natural aptitude for using good language, a fine talent for mimicry, and a retentive memory, especially of the ludicrous, made no reply, but made a sign to Emma, who, casting up her hands, exclaimed:

"John, you are fibbing. I saw that very incident in a newspaper, the other day. Besides, it isn't right to make fun of others' religion."

"You saw it in a newspaper, hey? Why, where did they get it from? How do you know but your only and palmy taking brother, who is engaged in the laudable pursuit of collecting items to prove the superstitions and barbarisms of the nineteenth century, may himself have given that paragraph to the editors? Say, angel?"

He almost always called her so—a pretty nickname. "Laws, John!" said the loving mother, smiling blindly, "one would think you'd swallowed the dictionary! But don't tell me, my son, even in joke; it han't right."

"I won't, mother; and as Miss Jessie is looking rather serious, I won't go on with my church experiences just now. Only permit me to explain that I am not ridiculing anybody's religion, only their superstitions and abuses. I honor religion; but I do detest cant and make-believe."

"That's right, my boy. You would n't have a Down Easter for a father if you did n't bate all such dummery. All sensation preachers, and rantin', ravin', rarin' class leaders, ought to be indicted for a nuisance agin the laws of common sense, and made to shut up their howlin' mouths. But go on, and tell your nanny-goats."

"Well," laughed John, "I met my sober-visaged lady friend, Miss Caroline Winkelbender, the Dutch grocer's fine-lady daughter, the other day, at a little party. The conversation turned upon Spiritualism. Says she, with an air as if she knew all about it: 'It's an humbug!'"

"Miss Carrie," said I, respectfully, "have you investigated the subject?"

"Oh, no," says she, quietly. "Then I resumed: 'What do you know about it? How can you tell whether it is false or true?'"

"Oh," says she, with her happy, Dutch accent, "my fader say all that table-dipping, and raps, and spiritual knocks, is humbug. He says it is electricity, what comes out of people's hands, and makes furniture dance about."

"So that is what Mr. Winkelbender drinks," retorted I; "but does he know? Do you understand electricity, Miss Carrie?"

She looked bewildered as a lost sheep, colored angrily, and said, with a decided dash of acidity in her voice:

"Of course my fader knows; he knows everything. He is the most sensible man in the whole city. He can't be cheated by spirits, and such trash."

I felt my indignation rising, and knowing the ignorance and vulgar pretension of the whole family, I determined to mortify their representatives. Not very charitable, I allow, but very natural and John-like. So leaving Spiritualism to its fate awhile, I piled her with questions concerning books, of which she affects a profound knowledge. As she reads only trashy novels, I completely dumfounded her, for she did n't know Peter Parley from the History of Greece, nor Walter Scott from Byron, nor the blood-and-thunder romances of our time from the ancients. So when I had completely silenced her vanity and arrogance, got her cheeks red as a peony, and her large fish-eyes full of tears, I whispered in her ear:

"You know just as much about Spiritualism as you do about literature. You had better read and inform yourself, Miss Carrie!"

She has been my inveterate enemy ever since; has confidentially told three female friends, and it is now all over the neighborhood, that she has given me the mitten. The Dutch cauliflower! she has just imagination enough to invent a falsehood."

We all laughed, and we all lectured John upon his tendency to ridicule the follies of others, and to take severe retaliatory measures. He smiled good humoredly, and went on:

"I can bear fether's moralizing and mother's reproof, and Miss Jasmine's gentle words of admonishment; but that Angel should volunteer to counsel me, is too much. That is the last straw that breaks the camel's back! She, who is a very imp of mischief, who would play off some of her mad pranks on the Emperor of all the Russias, if she had a chance! Has n't she stuffed and fixed up a burglar in mother's closet, frightening that excellent matron almost out of her senses? Has n't she rung the door-bell at midnight, to get me out of a warm bed, while she lay snoring under the bed-clothes? Has n't she sent me on half a dozen April-Fool errands during the year? Did n't she play the ghost one night, to try my nerves? And she to preach to me of forbearance! Avast! thou changeable witch! Avast, I say!"

"Now the declamation fit will soon be on him," said Emma, "and then if we want to hear our own ears—I mean the sound of our own voices—we must turn him out of the room. He thinks he is a second Shakespeare, and that no actor in the city is his equal. He sleeps with a play book under his pillow, and I am afraid of my life if I sit beside him at the table; he brandishes his knife for a broadsword within two inches of my nose, and nearly stabs me with his fork, thinking it Macbeth's dagger. He's been smiting you, Jasmine, for the past six months; and the table cover in his room is all stained with ink, and the drawer is full of manuscript. Odes and sonnets to imaginary Elizabeth and Mary Anne, sketches and essays on all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects. One day I stole up to his room, when he was providentially gone for three days into the country, and I found one of his stories, just commenced, with such an awful long-sounding title! I think it was 'Arabella, the Heiress of Marston Moor; or, The Ploebian Lover and the Faithful Bride,' and—"

"Will you stop in your enumeration of my follies

and your eavesdropping propensities?" cried John, crimson with his author-modesty.

"No, I won't, my darling brother! I'm going right straight on," said the laughing and willful girl.

"Well, dear Jessie, you know his conversation is high-flown enough sometimes; but oh, his compositions! There was a love-dialogue about three yards long, and so full of moonshine and starlight and sun-rays and honeysuckle bowers and roses and lilies and birds and pet names and dew drops and gems, with the dear knows what amount of poetical quotations, and home-brewed stuff of the same kind. Then there was a mill—No, I won't stop, John! And a manor house, and a proud father, and a dead and gone mother; and there was a rustic bridge, and up came a thunder storm, and while the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, behold! the persecuted lovers, chased by the old dragon of a rival, fled—"

John made a precipitate retreat, his discomfiture struggling with his habitual good nature.

"There, I've driven him from the field!" cried Emma, clapping her hands; "and, in fact, that's about all I read of his novel. Like all the rest, it is to be continued."

"John and that girl are a couple of madcaps," said the fond and smiling mother.

But the madcaps did me great good. Their unabated cheerfulness was a tonic to my often drooping spirits. They chased many a shadow from my brow, and dispelled for the time many a lowering anxiety. Blessed be the cheerful spirits of this earth—be it she who can win back the smile to the lips of care, who can evoke the beautiful laugh, is a true physician, a benefactor to his race. I knew that John often awaked even more than his natural mirthfulness, in order to cheer me. I heard his mother tell him "to invent some good pieces of fun for poor Miss Jessie's benefit, who was very droopy that day." I knew that the kind-hearted Emma ransacked her memory for anecdotes and witticisms, wherewith to enliven the long hours of my convalescence and the succeeding days of despondency and gloom.

For the view of my situation appalled me at times. For three months I was an inmate of that happy home, gathering slowly the returning energy of life and strength; for it seemed as if the reaction of all the varied emotions of my past eventful life was upon me. I had grown nervous, easily depressed, a prey to long fits of melancholy. It was the physical consequence of the overtaxed mind and burdened heart, a passing condition, terrible to endure, yet curable, as are the fits of exaltation, by heavenly aid, and soothing given from the inner realms of spirit.

While my brain rosted from its labors, and my feeble hands tolled not, I thought painfully of the future, now to me so blank and void. I felt as if I should labor on from the mere cold sense of duty, sustaining the life that God had given me. Alas, my misadventure! I could no longer labor for the weal of others. I was mistaken there. True, my material means had vanished; I was myself one of the poor; but the feeling heart, the sympathetic soul remained. With those I could counsel, cheer, guide and strive to elevate my fellow-beings. The imperishable treasures of experience and discipline remained to me.

Passing through the purifying ordeal of sickness, I awoke by degrees to a new life, to higher, wider perceptions of duty; to the possession of a loftier strength; to the enjoyment of a deeper, holier, vastly more significant spirit-communication.

Weeks, months passed on, and amid the trials of straightened circumstances and enfeebled health, I gained the summit of a beautiful mountain, and amid the darkness and discouragements of my lot, came radiant glimpses of some unknown coming happiness—rapid flashes of glorious revelations I deemed impossible for the realization of earth. The cross that I had uplifted half reluctant at the Divine behest that had dragged its heavy weight upon the earth, bending me, too, earthward beneath its burden, was now upborne by willing shoulders, and pointed heavenward; while the brow, impressed of sorrow, wore the calm of a steadfast resignation, and the eyes, long dimmed with tears, looked hopefully again upon their work. The eager hands sought work to do. A new life began planned for the good of all. A fresh inspiration came to the soul; the balm of consolation dropped from benignant spirit hands upon the wounded heart. I said, then, with the utterance of spirit-truth: "Thy will be done."

And I grew comparatively strong in frame, and more than ever strong in heart and soul. Entirely divested of all selfishness of all self-interested hope, my love received the crowning touch of angelic consecration, indelibly impressed on heart and soul and memory, the manly image of my representative angel; I no longer desired to meet him on this earth. The shrine of my fulfillment was located in the upper lands.

I left the cozy shelter of my humane and humble friends for a little room that I had rented in a quiet street. My sense of justice and independence could not permit me to intrude longer upon their hospitality. John had given up his room to me. Their one spare chamber was rented. I would not so encroach upon their comfort. Mrs. Orne, opposing my departure to the last, kissed me good-by with tears, promising to call and see me often. The husband shook my hand, and bade me God speed, and ever look upon their house as home. John said farewell with a tearful voice. Emma strove in vain to appear cheerful. It was a sad day for all.

And sad it was for me to take possession of the lonely little room, previously arranged for me by the care of the good mother Orne and Emma's busy, loving hands. I had sold some of my household goods, contenting myself with the humblest. Then I turned to the battle of life, and out of the poetic flights of the imagination, and the portrayal of stern realities, I coined my daily bread. Oh, it was a wearisome, a toilsome effort! With throbbing brows and aching fingers, I laid me down to rest at night; for there was an ebb in literary matters, and my humble fame gained in a proscribed circle, known as the Spiritual Reformatory movement, had brought a few scant laurels for my head, but had not added to my material store. I could not write the sensation stories and sentimental poems so eagerly sought after, therefore I plodded merily, earning but a scanty pittance; never on the extremest verge of poverty, yet all too near its fearful brink.

It was winter, mild in this section, yet ever dreaded by the oppressed of circumstances. I economized as well as I knew how. I learnt precious lessons of frugality and self-denial. I found that in the humblest lot it is within our power to bless others. From my own scanty stores I often gave a meal to my poor landlady's half-starved children. Even then I tasted the pleasures of beneficence.

And my friends? Some heretofore so-called, sedulously shunned me, dreading the silent or outspoken appeal to their charity. I pitied their shortsightedness; their love and worship was for externals only. They knew nothing of interior life, of spiritual enjoyment, of eternal possessions; yet some of these were Spiritualists.

I endured all the humiliating tortures so far more difficult to bear than the toil and burden of altered circumstances. But I was changed by experience, by interior knowledge. Imperfect though it was, the combative element of my nature had been overcome, save where it was needed in defence of the right and just denunciation of the wrong. By degrees had I learnt the lessons of complete reliance on the overruling Wisdom who reigns by law, and the self-reliance that is gained of affliction. I learnt to reverence and give heed to my own intuitions, to discriminate clearly between them and my impulses. I had faith in the infinite fulfillment of every aspiration of my soul. I had felt the security of the true believer in an immutable God; my immortality was begun. I was a pilgrim, journeying toward my home. I had father and mother; hosts of powerful friends, unseen indeed to the mortal eye, but visible and felt to the soul. I knew that every trial was a touchstone, that it resulted in progress and ascension. I, the wild, impulsive, reckless, daring, rebellious Jasmine, was settling into calm; growing strong, hopeful, cheerful, despite of the encompassing adversity, the oft-time haunting melancholy of reminiscences. A few true souls were steadfast; a few kind unknown angels aided me in secret. Thus passed on the winter days.

Sometimes I remembered my mother's prophesy of the coming rest, and my heart throbed warm with hope. But I indulged in no more castle building save for the good of humanity.

My friends, the Ornes, visited me often. One day John, ascending my staircase three steps at a bound, announced himself with his usual shrill railroading whistle:

"I've got a present for you; I left it outside. Now guess, Jasmine, and you shall have it!"

"One of your mother's good Indian meal puddings?" I queried.

"Gracious! how unimaginative you are to-day! Do you think that I, only male representative of the house of Orne, would demean myself by carrying an ugly yellow pudding through the streets in broad daylight. No; try again. It is n't any eatable substance, unless your prejudices suddenly took wing, and you fancied yourself in Siam or Burmah."

"Indeed, I cannot guess. My head feels stupid writing so much, and if it is anything pretty or practical, I cannot guess at all."

"Come, I will give you a clue. It's white and small and compact, with black—"

"A letter!" I interrupted. "That 't with black character. Oh, where can it be from?" and I thought of Anastasia Doule, and held out my hand for the expected morsel.

John laughed loud and long.

"You've misfired again. A letter? How should I come to have your letters when the post-man knows your address? But I won't mystify you any longer, but bring in my white—with the black—"

And out he darted, returning soon with the prettiest, cutest, daintiest little dog I ever had seen; white as the snow outside, with a sparkling, merry, mischievous, black eye full of affection and frolic. It was Ruby, the faithful friend, yet sharing my love and home.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with delight and astonishment. "The very thing I was wishing for! Thank you, John, a thousand times."

And I fondled the little pet, which seemed at once to feel at home with me.

"I wish it were in my power to bestow upon you all you need and deserve, dear sister Jasmine," said that true friend, while tears of feeling trembled in his brown eyes. And with a parting injunction to Ruby, as he told me his name, he left me with my new-found treasure.

For such it was to me. You who have happy, spacious homes and a numerous kindred, for whom human smiles of affection beam at every turn you cannot imagine how the lonely heart greets even the answering sympathy of a dog! You think it foolish to lavish tokens of endearment upon an animal; you call it a waste of love to give caresses to one of our Father's "mute creation." Pause and reflect, oh criticizing friends! Remember that interminable are the links in the great chain that reaches from the Father-heart of God down to the lowest form of life. My circumstances prevented me from surrounding myself with human objects of beneficence. I was too poor to adopt a child. Often before my reverse of fortune occurred, I had been on the point of doing so. It was well that I was prevented. My faithful Ruby was, for the time, the best substitute I could find; I found him gentle, tractable, obedient, honest, and devoted.

The first signs of spring gladdened the earth. The skies donned robes of azure, and the pale sun borrowed warmth. My spirit, chilled by the winter glooms of misfortune, upsoared to greet the heralds of the bloom season. My cross galled itself with the first dews; my step grew once more elastic; the sunshine of hope illumined all the dark recesses of the soul.

Then came a change into my life, a blissful, undreamt-of, on earth unhopod for change! It came while the shadows of a resurrected terror held me spell-bound in strong bands of deadlier fear.

I was sitting in the spring twilight one evening, when, unannounced by the customary knock, a stranger entered, and my heart stood still with a shudder and a dire foreboding. A tall, dark, gloomily mantled form, with hat pulled down over his brows, stood before me, and I felt that eyes of deepest hatred burned into my very soul. I arose, trembling, voiceless. When I heard him speak, I deemed that my last hour had come!

Mark Catliffe stood before me in the twilight indistinctness, mocking my poverty, insulting my forlorn womanhood, threatening me with his vengeance and his power!

I know not what words he used, I only felt their terrible import. Had I been forewarned of even his coming, I should have been comparatively calm; but I knew only that I was in the presence of my father's murderer, my inveterate foe; and I fell back helplessly into my seat, with clasped hands, and eyes strained anxiously toward the open door. I feared him then as I had never dreaded him before. I felt powerless and at his mercy.

"So, so!" I heard him mutter; "the proud spirit quenched at last! You've got to listen to me, Jasmine, this time. This is your last chance. You shall not and cannot escape me! You will do now what I demand, or by the heavens—" He suppressed a fearful oath—"You shall marry Austin, and live for ever in my sight! Do you hear me? Refuse, and—" He put his tiger visage close to my blanched face. I saw the demon-gleam in his eye; he seized my arm, and whispered in my ear. I know not what he said, but by the thrills of horror pervading my frame, I knew he threatened me with death. I struggled to free myself from his grasp; I called on God and ministering angels for help; for I saw Mark Catliffe put the other hand into his breast, and draw thence a shining weapon. With the last effort of my expiring strength I uttered a piercing shriek, that was answered by a loud, shrill barking from below. I closed my eyes as I heard ascending footsteps. As in a dream, I felt strong, saving arms about me, and heard a soothing curse and the hasty headlong flight of my pursuer. Ere he who held me released had spoken, I felt, I knew that I was in the arms of him I loved—that my deliverer in the hour of peril was he whom my spirit worshipped—Victor St. Leon!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Heart-Beat.

"Thou hast a charmed cup, oh Fame,
A draught that makes thee high,
And seems to lift thy earthly frame
Above mortality.
Awake to me—a woman—bring
Sweet water from affection's spring."
—MRS. HEMANS.

"Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye."
—MRS. HEMANS.

"Thanks be to God! you are safe, unharmed; but you are faint. Oh, Jasmine! words cannot express my gratitude, that I should be commissioned to save you thus! Look up—he is gone—the danger is past! I am with thee, now and forever. If you will it, *My Jasmine, my beloved!*"

Was I dreaming? Or, had I arisen from the earth? Was it indeed Victor St. Leon speaking thus in musical tones of affection, low and fervent, to me? I passed my hand over my bewildered head to chase away its thronging, misty doubts. Soft as the falling dew of eventide, sweet as the hallowed baptism of an angel's love, a reverential kiss impressed its benediction on my brow. Then both my trembling hands were taken, and of my soul was asked:

"Is it so? Do you love me now and forever, Jasmine?"

And from the sacred depths of my soul, I responded:

"Now and for eternal life!"

Then the dear lips questioned me of my faith and trust, and at the pure confessional of love my heart returned its simple answers of unwavering truth. I told him of the agony of separation, of the trial-time of absence, of the misery of uncertainty, the overshadowing darkness of despair, of my soul's battle with its hopelessness, of the gradual calm and peace, and energy infused into my being as the divine compensations for the spirit's tireless efforts. How, casting out all hope and self, all unavailing sorrow and regret, I had gained the victory—not over the unconquerable love, but over its earthly manifestation of regret and tears. How, to my un-aided vision had been shown the bare and rugged cross that I had uplifted with such flagging steps and bending frame—how, then, as time sped on its teaching mission, and I had learnt the sublime lessons of patience and endurance, that cross of anguish had been lightened of its heavy weight, until I bore it upright, heavenward pointing, transfigured with a silvery radiance, and crowned with amaranth and lilies of the upper earth. All this I told him, when beneath his soothing magnetism I had regained a portion of my calm, when the evening lamp was lighted, and faithful Ruby was reposing at my feet.

"I loved you from the first, my Jasmine!" he said; "but I waited for the authority of wisdom to sanction the mandate of affection; knowing not, foreseeing not that time would add more trials to those already past for thee. I knew that the laurel leaves already won by thee formed but an incomplete crown for thy woman's heart; but I would have thee choose from amid the many, mistress of thyself and destiny. I deemed I read thy heart; but slowly, steadily I veiled mine from thy gaze. I would not then approach thee with the offering of love. Many who have deceived themselves the possessors of the purest, deepest, most abiding love, have yet been mistaken; for in our unfortunate state of but partial spiritual development, how few there are who see clearly the path of wisdom, and feel aright with regard to the momentous step of all their lives? I felt the communion of thy spirit with mine, the heroism of thy soul, the bravery and gentleness of thy heart; thy upsoaring aspirations for the benefit of all human kind. Its glow of liberty, its capacity for self-sacrifice—all was read by thy kindred soul! But it was mercifully veiled from me, that for me thou wert suffering, or I should have hastened to thee ere this. And yet it is better so; for thou, beloved, hast gathered strength, such as earth can never rob thee of. Thou hast gathered treasures that time can never destroy. I have but lately returned to the city, and learnt that the last lesson of life has been given to thy charge. Jasmine, the love of a true heart and a home of harmony awaits thee. Thou art no more a stranger and a toiler in this vast and heartless city. I am no more a stunted laborer for the daily bread. From my native France, a moderate fortune has come into my possession. I came to thee to share it with me. Would that it were millions for thy dear sake, and that of humanity! But together we will labor and do the good we can."

Then I told him how I had longed to bestow my little all of worldly means upon him, ere I lost it, and he smiled a grateful and a loving smile. And he related how, urged unaccountably to return, he had heard of my altered circumstances, and hesitating no longer, had reached my humble domicile to find the front door opened, as probably Mark Catliffe, in the eagerness of his errand of vengeance, had left it, and as my proverbially careless landlady had allowed it to remain.

Victor had found no person in the rooms below, only my faithful Ruby met him with a friendly welcome. He heard my scream, and came to my timely assistance.

"I have been at the point of writing to you often," he continued, "and a sad ordeal was it for me to refrain from sending to my only loved one the greetings of my yearning soul, the feelings that swayed my life for her. But ever the warning, counselling voices that I have heeded, whispered in my soul's ear. 'Not yet!' And I obeyed, knowing that a great ultimate good would be obtained from this obedience of the loving affections to the dictates of wisdom. It was as if spirit-voice I heard, nothing outside of my own conscious being. It was the interior ad highest mandate of my selfhood, illumined by the guiding light of intuition, reason, foresight, cultivated to that point

by the ceaseless urging of a prayerful will. There was no coldness and no calculation in this; it was for thy dear sake, more even than my own. I know that spirit-love could not diminish with the lapse of years. Had I sought thee when thy hair was grey, thy graceful figure bent by age, surely thy soul's youth would have been the same, and thy affection deep and fervent, pure, and lasting as the love of earliest memory. Is it not so, Jasmine? And will you accept the tardy offering, and forgive me for the pain and sorrow I have unwillingly, unknowingly inflicted?"

"There is no forgiveness needed," I replied; "with streaming tears of tenderness and joy. 'It is all well ordained of disciplining wisdom. You deemed me a philosopher, when I was but a weak and sorrowing woman, who had not outgrown, as yet, the earthliness—that is, the selfish part of grief. That was your only mistake. I am more fit, more worthy of happiness now than I was then, yet am I doubtful whether I have deserved, have as yet fully earned this precious gift of God. Tell me again, and from the inmost depths of affection, from the superior heights of your sainted wisdom, am I truly fitted to be thy life companion? Am I humble, and gentle, patient and strong, brave and forbearing enough to walk by thy side, a fitting helper as well as a loving-wife?"

"Thou art good and true," he said, "with beaming smiles, and the flowers of my life blossomed afresh, and the emerald sward glistened with the diamond dew of encouragement; and the waters teaped in music, and over all, the vivifying sunshine glowed; the charmed hand of love inaugurated the summer's reign within the soul. But how changed from my former views, my past feelings of happiness. There was no tumultuous joy, and not one intruding doubt as the reassuring words fell from his lips; but a deep calm, never again to be invaded by aught of this world, enveloped my spirit in its blessed, everlasting peace-spell. Trial and pain, and all the horde of worldly visitations might intrude their unwelcome presence; but never again the doubt of love could abide with me; never again the demon of self-distrust, that haunting spectre of my childhood pursue me in my solitude, or fasten its venomous fangs upon my heart.

This is the true test of spirit-love, that in it there is rest; so beautiful and calm, that we know we have found our haven. From without the storms may howl, and the worldly discords clash; within, there will be peace unshaken, though the material universe rock to its very centre, and the thrones and kingdoms of the earth be overturned. Nothing less than this supreme serenity, this divine serenity, is love; aught else that trembles and is fearful, that hesitates and doubts, that vacillates and retracts, is but sham and counterfeit. There is no mistaking the archangel's trump for the lesser call of some siren instrument; the mandate of the soul's monarch from the feeble dictate of some petty usurper. Be wary of your heart's bestowals; give not to a vain gilded exterior what rightfully belongs to the possessor of the golden ore.

Give not diamonds of pure lustre in exchange for glittering paste; sound well the depths of the ocean of affection; mark well the shores that line it; the quality of the skills that glide over its blue expanse. Note well whether they be white-winged aspirations, heaven-directed, or plodding merchant men, bent on the errands of this mercenary world.

Cultivate your intuitions, until they become heralds of light, and torch-bearers of Truth; then will you never fall into the snares of an external attraction; beneath the ban of a psychological influence, or the way of fancy, the spruce of change. Cultivate all exalted views of duty, all the amenities of charity, all the sweetener of virtue. Aspire to loftiest excellence; embrace ideals of wondrous beauty and unapproachable boldness; worship at the pearly shrines of Parity; seek the fanes of knowledge, though both be afar off and high. I mean their ideal, angel-like attainment; yet nevertheless, go there, upon the heights inaccessible to mortal feet, yet possible of ascension to the soul, and there "bow the knee." Thou wilt become wiser, purer, better, for that remote, yet soul near worship of the God like.

It was on such themes as these that we conversed long and earnestly, blending tenderness with instruction; tempering the asperities of wisdom with the sweet assurances of love. Oh most refreshing draught to the world-weary, thirsting soul, is the benign appreciation of the one loved best, when before the judgment-seat of his reason we can bow as reverently as bends the heart beneath his fiat of affection. I had been scorned and buffeted, wronged and outraged from my childhood. Only my mother and Clarence May had fully understood my wayward genius, as men called my unworlly moods. But this calm soul, so strong and brave, and true, and tender, would be to me all in all; my guide to happiness, my teacher of the infinite, my lover husband throughout the countless ages; my sovereign, guardian, friend, and rest!

When we had discussed our future plans, and declared again our mutual views of that most sacred of all human and divine relations—marriage—the eloquence of silence fell upon our communing souls; and we sat hand clasped, heart to heart responding; spirit, with its kindred immortally communing; and not an earthly word was uttered.

My Victor did not deem it safe for me to remain where I was. He sent for a carriage, and with me drove to the friendly Orne's, where, guarded by the sturdy father, and the courageous John, I could sleep without a fear of my revengeful foe. We were greeted with the usual cordiality of the good inmates, and when I retired for the night, my heart was filled with thankfulness unexpressed.

And as Victor St. Leon bade me good-night, I felt that henceforth my life was consecrated; and with the holy seal of the betrothal kiss upon my lips, I called the merry Emma, and together we sought the needed rest.

"Now the gentleman's gone, my lips can be unsealed, I hope," she commenced. "Why, Jasmine May, I never heard or saw you make such long prayers before; you'd go down on your knees for a minute or so, and then, with a hop, skip and jump, you were in bed. Do tell me as the Yankee's say, or as brother John says, when he's especially snazzy or naughty, do n't know which, 'what is in the wind?' Be a good girl and tell a good friend every thing. Who is that gentleman? 'and what makes you so glorified, so transmogrified?' as John says an acquaintance of his who wants to be highfalutin', always has it. Are you going to be open and above board, or secretive and close-mouthed, Jasmine?"

"I'm going to be frank with my best friends, of course. The gentleman who came with me is Victor St. Leon, my intended husband; and I look so happy, because my heart is filled with deepest joy, and gratitude to God."

"Glory, Halleluiah!" shouted Emma, loudly; "I knew from the first, you'd come to some good ending, just as much as a book! Always told mother so; when she was a crying and desponding like a forlorn old hen, over your lonely situation, and so forth. Says I, mother, she'll marry some good rich man, yet I feel it in my bones, as the dear darlings say. Mother, she's one of your give up the ship kind, though she do n't let on. Says she, 'men are such foolish things, always marrying for a pretty face and an empty noddy; most of them would be afraid of an up and down sensible woman like Miss Jasmine. They like to get hold of some little whimpering, sniggering, dependent, babyish dinky, that ain't superior to their own dear lordly selves.' You know, mother's a great woman's right's advocate, John, he fares up and declares you are as pretty as any girl he knows, and a thousand times better behaved. Father chimes in, and asks mother whether she thinks him a fool? Now,

mother, you know almost idolize her Tom, and so do I, though he's only my father. Says she, in that warm, outspoken way of hers: 'You know I think you can't be beat for good sense, Tom.' Father smiles, and says he: 'Well, and did I choose you for my beauty?' Poor mother colors all over that good homely face of hers. 'No, you didn't Tom,' says she, meek as Moses. 'Well then, there's other sensible men in the world, that would be glad to get so good a woman as you, and so sensible a gal as Miss Jasmine; her knowledge box is worth more than the pretty faces, and she is well enough, if she was only filled out a little more about the cheeks, and over the bones.' Now do tell me! I rattle on like a wild cat, but I can't help it, I'm so glad. I could hop right out of my skin for joy. Victor Saint Leon! What a lovely, romantic name! He must be a foreigner. Where did he meet with you? What's his business? Has he got any brothers or sisters? Where are his folks? What did he say when he proposed? Is he a Spiritualist? When are you going to be married? I sha'n't sleep a wink this night. Oh glory! I wish I was a shouting Methodist, would n't I give vent to my feelings!"

"Emma, Emma Orne!" called the sleepy voice of the father, from the adjoining room; "what are you keepin' up such a clatter for? Miss Jasmine went get rested a bit with your bell clapper of a tongue. Can't ye be still even in the night?"

But she could not; her unselfish heart was too full of the good tidings. She ran into her parents' room, and amid loud exclamations and many interruptions of astonishment from the worthy pair, she related what I had told her. I heard the kind mother sob, as she invoked God's blessing upon me and the man of my choice. Father Orne uttered a faint "Hurrah!" and subsided into quiet, and Emma returned to my room to pursue her interrogatories.

I had not told the family of my providential escape from ruffian hands. I reserved that communication for the next day. They thought I had come to visit them, as I did sometimes.

"Now, Jasmine, go on, please, and tell me all about it?" continued my vivacious friend. "See, even Ruby, the curly pate, knows that something unusual is going on. The best, do n't he down snugly in his corner as he ought to, but keeps whisking about. Oh, won't I have grand news for John in the morning?"

Feeling no inclination for sleep, I gratified her innocent curiosity, until she had exhausted her store of questions; and very sensibly resolved she would now get into bed and shut her eyes and mouth at the same time.

It was long before I slept, and then I dreamed of my mother, radiant, white-robed, and smiling, waving for me a lily chaplet bound by a golden circlet, whereupon was written the solemn word "Eternity!" It was my symbolic marriage-wreath, fashioned by the beloved hands of my own dear angel-mother. Clarence May was there, too; amid a smiling, summer country, and he gave into my hands a cup, filled to the brim with water, crystal clear, and sweet to the taste as honey. The cup and wreath signified my new life's consecration. I awoke, refreshed and happy.

"Oh magic beautifier of the spirit! A rose-hue decked my cheek; a renewed lustre of youth beamed from my eye. Mrs. Orne's first exclamation on beholding me that morning, was expressive of delighted surprise:

"Why, dear Miss Jasmine, how handsome you do look!"

John entering then, was informed by his mother of my changed and brightening prospects. He shook my hand warmly, and with a moistened eye, wished me a life of happiness. Thomas Orne took me in his strong, fatherly arms, as if I had indeed been his daughter, and blessed me in his own old way. The mother shed tears of quiet joy; Emma could scarcely refrain from demonstrating her sympathy in a key loud enough to inform all the neighbors.

Mr. Orne, for almost the first time in his life, was late at his business that morning. He remained at home, over his usual hour, in order, as he said, "to get a good look at Miss Jasmine's beau by daylight."

So when Victor came, a flood of heart-warm congratulations poured in upon him, and I saw that his lip quivered with emotion; that the dew of gratitude was in his eloquent blue eye. Then each one went to their separate avocations, and we were left to talk over the past, to speak upon our united future; to blend our union of thought and feeling; to upraise our thankful souls toward the Infinite.

My loved one was about taking every precaution to guard me against peril at Mark Catliffe's hand; a description of my relentless foe had been given to the police, and other measures taken to ensure my safety.

"I do not think it best to leave the city," he said, "for so astute an enemy would follow anywhere. But I have an impression that he will never molest you again, why, I cannot tell."

I felt no fear upon that point. I seemed released from the haunting dread of his influence; safely guarded from all ill, forever beneath the protecting care of love.

Thus passed the blessed weeks, and no shadow of intruding ill obscured the brightness of my found rest and peace. Spring cast her poetic mantle over the rejoicing earth. We went forth into the green fields to gather the first flowers; then, as certain business duties demanded Victor's presence in the city for some time to come, he rented the cozy house we live in, furnished it in accordance with my expressed wishes and tastes; filled it with pictures and books, with objects pleasing to the eye, and satisfying to the mind. But we thought of the suffering humanity, lacking the common necessities of life, and we made no extravagant purchases, indulged in no outlay for purposes of ostentatious show. All was simple, homelike, comfortable. In a rural portion of the city, a short walk led into the green meadows, and the shady recesses of the woods.

Once I had deemed it impossible that I should accept all these gifts from even the best loved hand. I harbored (and do still) even ideas concerning human individuality, and womanly independence. "I will never take aught but the undivided offerings of love," I had said. "But I will bring to my husband my own dowry of intellectual effort of hand-and-endeavor; will earn my own apparel, and stand self-sustaining as ever on the equal marriage platform. With perfect confidence between us as to our every plan. I will not call upon him for material aid; my own labor shall award me wherewith to minister unto my own needs." But now the force of circumstances rendered this impossible, and I felt no companionship of conscience in receiving even the daily bread of sustenance from the loving hand. But I resolved none the less, by all the sorrows of my pen, to aid the glorious work of universal reform, by my humble gifts to assist in the spread of natural and spiritual truths.

I told him frankly of my views, and he smiled acquiescence; but said I was yet too proud by far; that true love levelled all the outer distinctions of wealth and caste; but when I questioned him closely concerning his own feelings in regard to my former position toward him, he acknowledged that the fame I had earned, the material wealth I was said to have been possessed of, both greatly exaggerated by the immediate world I dwelt in, had served for awhile to keep unperurbed betwixt our communing souls the barrier of distance and reserve.

"Never mind," said I, laughing, "this is a world of changes; some day the wheel of fortune may cast some golden favors into my keeping, then we shall be even, Victor, as to our material goods."

"I wish that millions might be yours; dearest, so that your good heart might realize some, or all of its

benevolent intentions. Do not glory in earthly riches, but let them be to you a blessing, a stimulus, a spur to do good. Who shall stand by you, and help you to put gold in the same balance with another? I am grateful for the means thus providentially bestowed as the blessed times, that they may aid in the founding of our home happiness."

When the May blossoms were out in their lavish beauty, and the green earth was festally arrayed, while the blue skies were golden with promise, and the waters rang their exultant hymn of freedom, Victor St. Leon and I pledged our vows before the world, and joined our hands in holy wedlock bonds.

It was a quiet, unostentatious wedding; some of my so-called friends and self-constituted advisers, have never forgiven me, because I did not issue invitations and cards, give a grand reception, throw away money upon the preparations of a feast, turn night into day, and act in accordance with received rules upon so momentous an occasion.

"You'll only get married once in a life-time, in all probability," said one of these mentors, one day, "and the thing should be done handsomely, or you are thought mean for ever afterwards."

I had outgrown the fear of the world's opinions. I preferred duty to expediency; common sense to display; comfort and quiet to the bustle and agitation of large assemblies.

So I was quietly married at the humble home of my unapproachable friends, with whom as a welcome guest, I spent the intervening weeks. My bridal attire consisted of a white robe of finest India muslin, suitable for other occasions of life; a simple veil, a wreath of the emblematic orange flower, twined with living myrtle. One of the best and purest exponents of the Eucharistic Religion, pronounced the nuptial benediction. We gave and exacted of each other no promises of love or obedience, for our soul-vows and holiest intentions were registered in imperishable characters upon the scroll of Eternity! We did not believe that death could part us; but we knew that, through the endless changes and ascensions of the future, linked hand with hand our eternally wedded spirits, would aspire and labor together for the attainment of our souls' perfection.

Emma Orne went home with me for a long visit. As I crossed the threshold of the house—of my own home—all the darkness was lifted from the past, and on every trial lingered the illuminating glory of a divine purpose. Voices, musical and low, whispered in my ear:

"Dost thou now comprehend the wisdom of discipline? Is thy heart fully reconciled to the seeming mysteries of life? Is the goal not worthy of the pain of effort? Is not love the highest treasure-gift of God?"

And I bent my head in lowliest acceptance, and answered from the stirred depths of an unutterably grateful soul:

"Thy chastisements, oh my Father! are acts of loving kindness; I cannot thank thee, save by the daily consecration of my life!"

Then at my feet I saw the cross, wreathed with its summer garlands, transparent, silver gleaming, transformed into a glory and a joy! And in place of its once toilsome burden, there was in my hand a staff inscribed with words of living light. Before me stretched the mountains of attainment; sweetly placid rolled before me the far extending sea of life, over which no more heart desolate and alone, my unaided feet should paw; for, at my side was the kingly form of my lover, my spiritual guide henceforth. With strengthened heart, and soul-aspired anew, I was to press onward, upward, toward the destined spirit-home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DAWNING.

BY MRS. ELIZA W. HICKOK.

Lo! the light o'er earth is breaking
From heaven's skies;
Thousands from their slumber waking
Nobly arise!

Through the night of gloom and sorrow,
Shine a ray,
Telling of a coming morrow,
A brighter day.

And we herald this glad morning
A welcome sign,
That a better day is dawning,
Of love divine.

Captive I bound by fetters galling,
Rise in thy power;
Then the shackles from this falling,
Bless Freedom's hour.

Mourner! 'mid thy lonely weeping,
For friends so dear,
Whom you thought the cold grave keeping,
See, they are near!

Far too long have minds been shrouded
From Wisdom's light,
And the dawn of Truth been gladdened
By Error's night.

Spirits bright to earth are winging
Their peaceful way,
Words of cheer to mortals bringing,
New truths each day.

Onward, upward, ever pressing,
Firmly we'll go;
By the light of Truth progressing,
Find Heaven below.

The President's Religious Feelings.

It has been said by all the deputations from the various religious denominations of the land, who have waited personally on President Lincoln since the day of his inauguration, that no man is more profoundly moved by religious feelings and sentiments than himself. Though he has never connected himself with any Church, he is yet as religious as any who do, in point of fact. We have been not a little interested in reading what he had to say recently in reply to a body of Baltimore Presbyterians, who called on His Excellency at the White House. The moderator remarked that the Synod wished, as a body, to pay their respects and salutations; each member, he added, "belonged to the kingdom of God, and was loyal to the Government." To which President Lincoln modestly replied as follows:

"I can only say in this case, as in so many others, that I am profoundly gratified at the respect given in every variety of form for which it can be given from the religious bodies of the country. I am, upon taking my position here, I was going to have an administration, if an administration at all, of extraordinary difficulty. It was, without exception, a time of the greatest difficulty this country ever saw. I was early brought to a living reflection that nothing in my power whatever or others to rely upon would succeed. Without direct assistance of the Almighty, all must fail. I have often wished that I was a more devoted man than I am. Nevertheless, amid the greatest difficulties of my administration, when I could not see any other resort, I would place my whole reliance in God, knowing all would go well, and he would decide for the right. I thank you, gentlemen, in the name of the religious bodies which you represent, and in the name of our common Father, for this expression of your respect. I cannot say more."

The first ingredient in our common faith; the first is good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

The following lines were suggested by reading about the beautiful death of a little girl in the sixth year of her age.

When about to clasp the hand of the life beyond, she said to her: "You will soon be an angel!" she replied, "I am an angel now," and such a blissful sleep. Would that these words, so full of the sweet simplicity and loving inheritance of tender childhood, could find a repeating echo in the hearts of children of larger growth:

I want to be an angel,
And live and love below;
Live not for self, but others,
And daily upward grow
Into the glorious sunlight
Of Wisdom, Truth and Love;
Oh! I want to be an angel now,
And wait not till above.

I want to be an angel,
Claim now a blest estate,
And grow in spirit stature,
Divinely good and great;
Drink here of larger fountains
Of Wisdom, Truth and Love;
Oh! I want to be an angel now,
And wait not till above.

I want to be an angel,
And to this end I'll strive,
To conquer ever evil
That in the breast may thrive;
Be this my prayer ascending,
For Wisdom, Truth and Love;
Oh! I want to be an angel now,
And wait not till above.

I want to be an angel,
In spirit I would be,
Clothed with the vestal garments
Of angel charity;
Crowned with the endless jewels
Of Wisdom, Truth and Love;
Oh! I want to be an angel now,
And wait not till above.

I want to be an angel,
And live and love below,
Live not for self, but others,
And calmly, upward grow
Into the blissful sunlight
Of Wisdom, Truth and Love;
Oh! I want to be an angel now,
And wait not till above!

Springfield, Pa., 1863. BARRA.

Correspondence.

Places and Persons.—No. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Has a population of 669,000. The city is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The streets are broad, straight and clean. The buildings are generally good, and some of them exceedingly elegant. I have seen in no other city so much white marble in private residences, and never saw so fine public buildings as I witnessed in Philadelphia. Among the richest in architecture are the United States Mint, the Custom House, the Naval Asylum and Girard College. Old Independence Hall still stands, a monument of the Declaration of Independence. The spirit of the old Liberty bell still lives in the hearts of the Quaker City people. The cry, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," has aroused to thought and action the sleeping, peace-and-plenty-dreaming nation. Blessed have been thy prophetic tones, old Independence bell!

My home in Philadelphia was at

DR. D. F. CHILD'S.

The doctor, I think, is a native of Philadelphia, and about forty-five years of age. He was born of Quaker parents, and educated in their schools and church; but, save in the "thee" and "thou," I saw in him nothing particularly Quaker-like. At the time of my visit, Dr. Child was recovering from a long illness, in consequence of his services in the Camp Hospital in Gettysburg; therefore I know little of him externally, only that he is tall, fair-complexioned, has dark brown hair and azure eyes. But-wise I know him better. He is weak and strong. Weak when the nation is strong—weak in the political conflict. He is, in fact, no politician; I mistake the man if he over courts, sought or accepted office, in the nation's peril—the country's need thus—he has been strong. When our brave men fell in the battle at Gettysburg, he preferred his medical services, and, with an army of women for nurses, went to the field of blood, to care for the wounded and strengthen the faltering hearts.

MRS. ELLEN CHILD

Is a finely organized and delicately molded woman. Her hair is dark, her eyes a chestnut brown. She is not handsome, but in her face there is spiritual beauty and in her voice an irresistible charm. She, too, had the good fortune to be educated in the George Fox school; but if she is a hero worshiper, her human divinity are John Brown and Theodore Parker.

MRS. CORNELIA HANCOCK.

Whose name appears in the army register, is a sister to Mrs. Child, and—but in age and experience—is in soul and body a facsimile of her sister. She was one of the volunteer nurses at Gettysburg, and, judging from the medal and the testimonials of the wounded soldiers, she did good service in camp and hospital. When in Philadelphia six years since, I made the acquaintance of

ANNE STANBACH.

She was then a beautiful girl, as fresh and promise-full as a rosebud in May morning. She had a good home, and lacked none of life's luxuries. And she had what is far better—a good constitution, a clear head, a strong heart and willing hands. She never dreamed of Mammon-worship, never sought the indulgence wealth may bring. Life for her has the rest honest labor brings. When I first saw the girl, she was a medical student. I next heard of her as a graduate—saw her name with the suffix "M. D." I heard of her public pleadings for the wronged, I heard of her in Gettysburg, with scalpel and bandage, and I saw her in Philadelphia the other day, behind the counter in a large fur store, and learned that she was in that establishment, an equal partner with her brother. Blessed forever be the names of noble, heart-beating women!

The first person I met in Philadelphia years ago—the first welcoming was from

SAMUEL BARRY.

He was an old man, ripe for the Reaper, but his hair was whitened, his step has grown tremulous since then. His eyes have lost some of their brightness, his soul retains its faith in God and humanity. For many years Mr. Barry has kept a News Depot, and has said the Banner and Herald for their commencement. He now feels that his earth work is finished, and it goes so pathos from business. The Mountain of Life are in his sight; his sainted wife waits his coming at the "Golden Gate." Blessing-laden the good old man will go to his rest. Farewell!

MRS. LIZZIE BROWN

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Whose name appears in the army register, is a sister to Mrs. Child, and—but in age and experience—is in soul and body a facsimile of her sister. She was one of the volunteer nurses at Gettysburg, and, judging from the medal and the testimonials of the wounded soldiers, she did good service in camp and hospital. When in Philadelphia six years since, I made the acquaintance of

ANNE STANBACH.

She was then a beautiful girl, as fresh and promise-full as a rosebud in May morning. She had a good home, and lacked none of life's luxuries. And she had what is far better—a good constitution, a clear head, a strong heart and willing hands. She never dreamed of Mammon-worship, never sought the indulgence wealth may bring. Life for her has the rest honest labor brings. When I first saw the girl, she was a medical student. I next heard of her as a graduate—saw her name with the suffix "M. D." I heard of her public pleadings for the wronged, I heard of her in Gettysburg, with scalpel and bandage, and I saw her in Philadelphia the other day, behind the counter in a large fur store, and learned that she was in that establishment, an equal partner with her brother. Blessed forever be the names of noble, heart-beating women!

The first person I met in Philadelphia years ago—the first welcoming was from

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has but few equals; as a medium through which the poems may speak, none. I am glad to know a volume of poems given through Mrs. Dolen's organization, is soon to be published.

HAMUEL PAIST is known to the readers of the BANNER by the spiritual communications he has given. Dr. H. A. Ackley's "Experience in Spirit Life" was given by him. Dr. Child, who is to him a sort of God father, reports his communications.

Mr. Paist has been blind from infancy. He is a young man of medium size, well proportioned, and, but for his sightlessness, would be fine looking. He knows Philadelphia as well as his name; its streets, houses and numbers are all familiar to him. Give him your street and number and he has no trouble in finding you. He has a good English and musical education. He seemed to me the living embodiment of psalm and songs set to music, so marvellously crowded and head and heart with poems and tunes.

CLEVELAND SOUND. At noon, I left Philadelphia for Cleveland, Ohio, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. I know the reputation of the road for genuine comfort and careful arrangement was good, and I had read of the glory and grandeur of the valleys, rivers and hills that lay along our way, but I could not testify in favor of these facts until I reached Altoona. The rails being hallassed with stone, we escaped the discomfort of dust, and much of the shake and jar which render a ride on rails so wearisome.

To Harrisburg the road runs through a rich agricultural region. The farms are well fenced, well cultivated; the buildings all substantial—some elegant. From Harrisburg to Altoona the road follows the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Juniata rivers—places long famed in song and story.

For the seeing of the whole range of mountains by sunlight, I stopped over night at the Logan Hotel—a good house—in Altoona. Altoona seemed to me only famous for its vast machine shops. Acres of ground are covered with buildings for manufacturing and repairing cars and machinery. Here commenced the ascent of the Alleghany mts., which is accomplished in twelve miles of steep grade, requiring two engines to each passenger train. I took a stand, with a friend, on the platform of the rear car, where I had a full view of the October scenery, and of the everlasting mountains. Standing, as we did, 2000 feet above the level of the sea, looking far down into the yawning chasms; and up and up, while bill rises above bill and mountains on mountains, till they are lost in the floating clouds. There was little time for speculation, no time for speech; the awed spirit was silent, reverently listening to Nature's rendering of her grand Epic.

While the engines were moving cautiously along precipices, now gliding gracefully around mountains, and now rushing, like a section of chain-lightning, along the fertile plains, most of the passengers were sleeping, reading, or playing cards. I marvelled much that all were not up and out gazing and wondering with hearts overflowing with hallelujahs. We do not, as I had supposed, pass over the entire mountain; but our steam chuggers, as if weary of their upward march, make a plunge into an arched tunnel, and rush directly under a little valley. I think the underground distance is three-fourths of a mile.

I hope the American traveler will not go to Rome, Switzerland and Paris on a sight-seeing tour, until he has seen the Susquehanna valley and the Alleghany mountains. H. F. M. BROWN.

Spiritualism in Grand Rapids, Mich.

There is great prosperity in spiritual things in this city. Thanks to the well-directed efforts of the lady Spiritualists for it. The men have helped. The prosperity of any cause is mainly attributable to the self-sacrificing devotion of woman.

Spiritualism, so far as outward manifestations are concerned, was pretty much at a standstill, until early in the summer, when a few Spiritualists aroused themselves and determined to have the Gospel preached up to them. To this end, the services of sisters, M. J. Kutz and E. T. Stearns were procured. Prof. J. G. Stearns gave his interesting lectures and experiments on Psychology.

I was made to say, in an extract from a letter written and published in the BANNER, some time in Aug., I think, that Mr. and Mrs. Stearns were laboring in *Battle Creek*. I should have said *Grand Rapids*.

About the middle of July I made a three months' engagement with the Grand Rapids Spiritualists. Never have I had a more pleasant field of labor, or met with more kind, genial, warm-hearted friends. Angels bless them.

I commenced the arduous task of organizing a choir. Under the leadership of Brother Warren Squier, the Spiritualists band of as good a choir as the city affords. Spiritual dancing parties were instituted early in the summer, and were held semi-occasionally during the summer season. They were always well attended, and proved very pleasant affairs. My "clerical dignity" was hopelessly "shocked" at being compelled by the fair ones "to participate in the dance."

Yes, "they knew I could dance—dance I must." I protested. My priestly office could not save me. I gaspingly pleaded my ignorance of the art fantastico. "Oh, they would learn me!" How kind. A dim recollection of fitting, fairy forms, "entangling" all alliances with ornate, divers awkward movements. "Bravo! there, they knew I could dance; easy partner," etc., etc. Could not help thinking of A. Ward's bit: "N. B.—Sarcasm!" Looked at their faces, every line of which betokened the utmost sincerity, and felt reassured. I give this experience for the benefit of verdant spiritual lecturers. Will gladly give my "clerical" brethren the benefit of my dancing experience by a course of lessons in the same, gratis, as a knowledge of the art bids fair to become an essential qualification for the proper ministry of the Gospel.

By the way, these dances subserved at least two good purposes: 1st, Physical exercise, social reunion and innocent amusement. 2d, The establishment of a fund, from the net proceeds of the dances, for the advancement of Reform by weekly Sunday lectures, the establishment of a library of liberal and scientific works, &c., &c.

The people eat their suppers at home, and dance until about twelve o'clock, consequently have no need for rich, injurious, midnight repasts. Thus may Amusement, Health and Reform aid each other.

In how many localities might those pleasant social dancing parties be instituted which would conduce to the advancement of Reform, by furnishing means to procure the services of worthy lecturers, the establishment of Spiritual Libraries, Sunday Schools, and the carrying out of such other measures as would gladden the heart of the reformer, and bless the people. In how many places, where now the burden of supporting our blessed Gospel falls heavily on the shoulders of a few self-sacrificing souls, might some plan be adopted by Spiritualists in every neighborhood, whereby, many, not now interested, would indirectly contribute their mite to the support of liberal teachings. My judicious management this can be accomplished, and we would no longer hear the Macedonian cry; for almost every community of Spiritualists would be able to procure the services of many lecturers who have been compelled to leave the spiritual field for one more lucrative, (i. e., to enable them to obtain a livelihood) as well as to sustain those now in the field who have labored on amid snuff and storm, and encourage new laborers.

Our dancing parties in this city have revealed another benefit, viz., Those who are not Spiritualists, but

have attended the dances for the sake of the amusement of dancing, perceive the common sense view which Spiritualists take of life. This class has numbered at least two-thirds of those in attendance. They must think that the religion of Spiritualists cannot be as damnable as lying priests have represented, and from social contact in the ball-room, the "outsiders" gravitate to the lecture-room, where the intellectual feast awaits them.

Within a few weeks the Spiritualists here have completed an organization under the title of the "Religio-Philosophical Society of Grand Rapids, Kent Co., Michigan."

The "Articles of Association" of the Religio-Philosophical Society at St. Charles, Illinois, were adopted entire. Bro. S. B. Jones, of St. Charles, kindly furnished copies of the Articles. With your permission I will furnish a copy for publication in the BANNER. Communities wishing to avail themselves of the benefit of the Articles, can do so by procuring the number of the paper containing them.

Bro. A. B. Whiting, is now lecturing here. His audiences are large and increasing. His lectures are of the highest stamp. As an orator he has few, if any, superiors. His improvisations of poetry, upon subjects selected by the committees appointed by the audiences, are truly wonderful. During his improvisations the audiences seem spell-bound.

Bro. E. Whipple, of Kalamazoo, gave a course of lectures on Geology here last week. He is a very fluent speaker—handles his subject with ease. His lectures on Geology, Phrenology and Spiritualism give the best of satisfaction. W. F. JAMESON, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 27th, 1863.

Spiritualism in Bloomington, Ill.

The past week has been one full of interest and encouragement to the friends of Spiritualism in this city. We have had such instruction and such experience as seldom fall to the lot of mortals in this rudimentary sphere. Our cause has received an impulse that will cause it to roll on over all opposition. Many of the best minds in our community are being convinced of its truth, and are rejoicing in the light of its philosophy. Their faith in a conscious and happy existence beyond the shores of time has been merged into knowledge. The question asked of old, and repeated all down through the ages, "If a man die shall he live again?" has been answered by demonstrations addressed to their senses. In such a manner as to leave a little doubt of the conscious and intelligent existence of the spirit, and its power to communicate with mortals independent of the natural body, as there is of our own identity.

Mr. Warren Chase has just closed a course of lectures on the Spiritual and Harmonical Philosophy; such as he only can give. The first lecture of the course was on the War, and was pronounced one of the ablest and most philosophic ever delivered in this city. So highly was it appreciated, that he was requested by the citizens to repeat it, which he did after the close of the regular course. His lectures on Spiritualism, though the weather was very inclement, were attended by appreciative audiences. He did a work that will not be soon forgotten. He planted his battery on the solid ground of reason and philosophy, from which he threw the bomb-shells of truth into the fortresses of old Orthodoxy so thick and so fast, and with such deadly aim, that time, and the Doctors of Divinity, can never repair the damages. The superiority of the Spiritualistic view of a future state over that taught by the Orthodox world, was presented in such a light that it must have carried conviction to every honest and receptive mind. Such lectures are doing an immense amount of good for priest-ridden humanity. They are sowing the seeds of a future glorious harvest, and may they always find plenty of Aarons and Huns to hold up their hands, until the armies of Truth shall overcome those of Error and Superstition.

While Mr. Chase was presenting the philosophy of spirit life and spirit-intercourse, we were having the most convincing demonstrations of the truth of his teaching by the spirits themselves, through the mediumship of Mr. Wm. T. Church, of Springfield, Ill. Though his name does not appear in the spiritual papers, and though no report has ever been made of what occurs at his séances, I hesitate not to say that his equal is not to be found in this country. Hence I solicit a place in the BANNER for a report, at least, of a portion of what we have witnessed in his circles within the past week.

Among the many peculiarities of his mediumship, the most interesting is that of the spirits being able in his circles to take on material bodies, just as tangible as our own. They are thus enabled to converse in an audible voice, to play on musical instruments, to shake hands with their friends, to lay their arms around their necks, to kiss them, and give just as sensible demonstrations of affection as they could prior to the dissolution of the natural body. I despair of being able to give any adequate idea of these manifestations to those who have only had tests through mediums, and not from the spirits themselves in a tangible body improvised for the occasion. I cannot, probably, do better than to give in detail, the experiences at a single sitting.

A circle is formed in the usual manner. The medium is then securely tied, generally by the most skeptical person present. As soon as sufficient harmony is established, the spirit of an Indian, who is generally the first to manifest himself, is heard patting the medium on the head, shoulders and breast, and addressing him in a hoarse whisper, loud enough to be distinctly heard all over the room. When he gets power enough, and is sufficiently materialized, he turns around with some pleasant salutation to the whole circle. He will then go to each one, take him or her by the hand, or pat them on the head, and address them in terms of tenderness and affection. He is a good-natured spirit, full of genial humor and ready wit. He will reply with great sprightliness and intelligence to the anxious inquiries of all the circle, for an hour at a time. He can walk the floor with a tread as heavy as that of an armed soldier, or pass with the swiftness of thought from one part of the room to another, without the least perceptible noise. He calls himself *Wim-walk*—says he was of the Blackfoot tribe, and that himself, wife and child were murdered more than fifty years ago.

When a sufficiently harmonious condition of the circle is attained, other spirits are materialized, and go around and salute each member of the circle. Among them, you would mention particularly Miss Lockhart and Miss Fleetwood, who have been in the spirit-world a great length of time, and are highly developed in purity and wisdom. After caressing, and speaking kind words to each one in the room, they usually close with a lecture to the whole circle, on some appropriate theme, that cannot fail to send a thrill to the heart of every one who can appreciate sublimity of style and purity of thought and sentiment. Many of the spirit friends of those in the circle get power to materialize themselves, so that they can speak to and caress their friends as they did in earth-life. Three of my own friends, who were very dear to me while on the earth, and who have been in the spirit world from seven to ten years, came to me in this way. Many others can testify to the same effect, concerning loved ones who long ago passed to the other shore. There are many other points of interest connected with the mediumship of Mr. Church, of which I should like very much to speak, but cannot without extending this article to too great a length.

Yours in the cause of Truth, Justice and Humanity. J. M. WILSON, Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 3, 1863.

From G. A. Pierce, of Maine.

"Watchman I tell us of the night!" There is not much to encourage the spiritual heart in this region visible. I have been somewhat acquainted with the condition of spiritual society here since June last. There are many, very many Spiritualists in this region—many very good mediums—but not much encouragement is given or offered by professed Spirituists to mediums, either spiritually or materially, to induce them to walk in their new paths and face the scoffs, the frowns, and the hardships of a creed-loving and a material-bound world.

What is the hope for the progress of Spiritualism under this state and condition of mind? No better or more to be wished-for course could be adopted by the greatest egotist of creeds than this to kill off Spiritualism. I do not write this letter because I would wish to censure either directly or indirectly any spiritual brother or sister, or to have them think I am an ascetic because I am not more frequently employed to lecture. Not at all.

In a material point of view, I am thankful I am not employed to lecture; because, materially, I can obtain more material resources at other pursuits. But were I employed to lecture I, or very rarely, this cannot be for lack of resources, for never was there a time when all persons hold more in hand of what is called money than at this present day. It cannot be because lecturers are not called for, for the community of spiritual-mindedness are hungering after the sympathetic love that Jesus of Nazareth once taught—the harmonies of soul-life with God-life.

What then is the reason? As far as I can get information, the only reason is, Spiritualists will not pay mediums and lecturers so they can support themselves and families, and travel from place to place amongst them. Spirit-friends are constantly urging me to go and preach the Gospel of their Light to the world without regard to material means. Spirits of the Gospel Christian Plane do not seem to take those matters pertaining to the material into consideration. Neither do Spiritualists of the man-sphere. What then can lecturers do? And what of the progress of Spiritualism?

I do however believe all is "just right," though I am not always able to see in that direction. I would willingly submit to lecture, if desired to do so, but I cannot travel without means. And then I should be inharmonious to know that when away from home my family were in need and could not receive of my services to aid them. In not submitting to the demands of spirits to go and lecture, I am made at times to be very unhappy, or in other words, the spiritual influences conflicting with worldly mind, tends to this result.

By the spirit-world I feel I am called upon to go and lecture, as an organism for them. But my own reason forbids. My spirit, in its individuality, demands its just rights compensatory to its own responsibilities. My own individuality teaches me, amidst all the vast spiritual and sensual selfishness of the material and immaterial plane, that my own just rights are as good as other men or spirits, who do not exercise more of the Christ than I do myself.

What shall I do, brother and sister Spiritualists? I am ready and willing to go and work in the field of the world, for man and spirit both, in the cause of Christ's to-day-life eternal—for this is my mission. The Christ-principle of to-day is inviting from all creeds, dogmas, and fables, unto a new life of mutual equality, whence souls shall harmonize upon the plane of Charity, Truth, Goodness and Immortality, and not upon that of the Almighty Dollar. Then again, politically, I am bound to no party but upon the principle of doing by others as I would that others should do unto me. I am of course, (as I understand the matter) a Republican; hence an Emancipator; urging to Freedom from all bondage, East and West, North and South.

Brothers and sisters in the Spiritual Israel of Maine and vicinity, if you wish my services as a Spiritualist Lecturing Medium, for merely such compensation as will warrant me and my family as good a living as you are at this present time enjoying, I will answer your calls in order, as far as possible. If you do not call for my services, I hope hereafter to be permitted by my own and your spirit-friends to perform my other daily labors, feeling in justifiable harmony. Materially and spiritually submitted.

Truly yours, GEO. A. PIERCE, Auburn, Me., Nov. 16, 1863.

Bloomington, Clinton and Decatur, Ill.

I have just closed a course of lectures in each of these three central towns of three of the best counties in the State, spending in each a week, and delivering nineteen lectures in all. In no places East or West, have I found the interest better, or had better audiences since the rebellion broke in upon our peaceful progress.

Bloomington is esteemed one of the handsomest cities in this fourth state of the nation, and empire of the West. It has about nine thousand inhabitants, is the county-seat of McLean Co., situated on the Illinois Central Railroad, where the Chicago and St. Louis road crosses it, and hence is well located for business; has a State Normal school, and an enterprising population. The city is on elevated ground, rather above the surrounding country, has a rich and rather sticky soil, and near the city one of the finest bolts of timber in the State; has no stone quarries, but good material for brick. A soil well adapted to fruits, grasses, and cereals. I gave six lectures there, and opened the way for Mrs. Stowe and several test mediums, already engaged, and made some new and met some old friends I shall not soon forget.

Clinton, about twenty miles below, on the Central road, county-seat of DeWitt county, is a small, but business place of about two thousand inhabitants, and also surrounded by a rich farming district. Here I met my old and esteemed friend and indefatigable worker in our cause, P. B. Jones, who has preached Spiritualism, aided and sustained by his wife, to nearly all the customers who visit his rooms for pictures, and he has at last made a point of Clinton, and drawn around the standard a force that makes the churches tremble on their foundations. One Church has been very liberal—(Disciples)—and let us have their house, and have gained the good will thereby of many who desert the more bigoted and popular ones. I gave seven lectures there to good audiences, and Mrs. Stowe is soon to follow, and the test medium, Wm. Church, also; and soon after, I return to give the ball another impetus also.

Decatur is about twenty miles further south, on the Central road, and at the crossing of the Toledo, Wash and Western road, on its way to Springfield, which is about forty miles west. It is the county seat of Macon county, has about five thousand inhabitants, and is a place of much business and enterprise, intelligence and liberality. There I gave seven lectures in the best hall in the place, to very large audiences, and among earnest inquirers, who are determined to know more about Spiritualism, and while I was there they also sent for Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Church, and engaged me to return at my earliest convenience. Many of the best citizens of the place have turned their attention to the subject, and the clergy, after trying their best to silence their inquiries, (with one exception) have found it will go on, and they cannot stay its waves by sounding alarms, or ridiculing the subject.

After delivering nineteen lectures in twenty consecutive days, I found myself ready to rest, and moved down the road to this place, and to the home of friend Wilson, who has eleven thousand peach trees, set in orchard for that kind of fruit, all budded from the best

kinds he could find in the country. Most of them are now set and are in bearing, and already the buds are set for next year's crop. I often wish when on these farms of the West, that my New England friends who never traveled beyond her rock-bound coast, could visit with me, and see the contrast in the country. Yet after all the ambition and magnificence of the West, I sigh for my own native home, with her red soil conditions, her genial homes, and warm hearts, and I can ever say, Oh New England, with all thy rocks and rapids, I love thee still. No spot on earth has truer friends or warmer hearts, better homes or brighter souls. Yet here is the country where the corn grows, where the vine and the grain, the cattle and the fruit abound. Here is the farmer's granary, where there is bread enough and to spare, even for the starving poor of England, and we will send and give it to them, while her aristocracy sit out pirates and smugglers to help our enemies destroy our Government, our liberal institutions and progressive principles. But we are right, and the spirit-world has sent a host to help us, and already we feel and realize their assistance.

On reaching this place, I found notices already posted for me to speak on the war, so there is little chance for rest for
WARREN CHASE, Sandoeal, Ill., Nov. 17, 1863.

Miss M. E. Beckwith in Baltimore.

The Spiritualists of our city have enjoyed much pleasure in listening to this youthful and gifted messenger of glad tidings from the world of spirits. On Tuesday and Thursday last week, while under the influence of "angelic intelligences," she presented some excellent illustrations of interior principles, and gave many beautiful pictures of the life beyond the grave, which made a deep impression upon her auditors.

Miss Beckwith, during her short stay in Baltimore, won the esteem and admiration of those who met her in social life. Her physical structure is seemingly fragile, but her mental endowments and energetic will give satisfactory evidence of intellectual and spiritual strength. We trust she will soon be with us again. Yours sincerely, WASH. A. DANBARK, Baltimore, Nov. 26, 1863.

COMMUNICATION FROM TECUMSEH.

[GIVEN AT HARVESTBURG, WARREN CO., OHIO, THROUGH WILLIAM W. BILLINGS, MEDIUM, NOV. 20, 1863.] "I shall speak to you plainly, regardless of what the pale-faced race may think or say. Who is it that trodden under the feet of the pale faces? It is the poor Indian. When shall we have our rights? I say we must and will have them! They were given to us by the Great Spirit.

But you call yourselves Christians. Are we not by our actions as much Christians as they? I say we are more so. Does it look like Christianity to continually drive the poor Indians from their own comfortable homes? If this is what you call civilization, I must say there is more justice among poor Indians, than there is among people who are taught in civilization.

On the earth I fought for what I called my home and my rights. In this better land I do not have to fight. The Great Spirit here gives us equal rights with pale faces. Here we live in harmony; here we are not driven about by a race calling themselves civilized. When I look at your churches and think of your conduct, and your notions about religion, I say, what conduct! On your churches you place altars to attract the attention of your own barbarous race, and seem to think that the Great Spirit will smile on such devotion. Indians think the Great Spirit looks on such worship as only showing the ignorance and vanity of the pale faces.

The future generations of your own race will some time look back upon your conduct, and say, "What a barbarous people once inhabited this country, calling themselves civilized!" Your mistaken belief about the spirit-land shows that Indians are as near civilized as pale faces are.

When I lived on the earth, I did not profess to know as much about the spirit land as pale faces did. Since I have come to live here, I find there was more truth in the little that I believed, than they told in a great deal that pale faces say they believe. In presence of the Great Spirit, the Indian stands on an equal footing with the white man. You say you cannot live in peace with our race. The reason is, you so often wrong them. Indians inhabited the soil first. Indians will fight for their homes. Pale faces fight to drive Indians away from their homes. When pale faces grant Indians their rights, they will cease to fight. I have been in Washington with some earth friends of mine, and I hope we have done some good. Indians never get discouraged. Indians in the spirit-land are doing all they can for their race on earth. We will speak and plead the cause of our race wherever we can find mediums to speak through. I trust the Great Spirit for what will be done."

For the Banner of Light.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The old house was haunted. The neighbors said There were strange lights seen in midnight hours. And footsteps bounding with lightning tread, And songs as are sung in ladies' bowers. There were notes of melody, soft and sweet. That came floating downward from Paradise, sure, While fairy forms of youth and grace Came dancing with glee from the old house door.

The old house was haunted. You had better stay With us this dark and mystic night: That strange, sweet music will drive you away. Though you may be brave as some olden knight, I smiled to think of the idle fear So plainly stamped in their faces white, As slowly I wended my way to where The old house stood the ghost of the night.

On the moss-covered doorstep I sat me down, To think of the past, whose shadows still Were clustering there like the chains that bind The slave in its iron will. And the law which governs the soul of man - And woman in the high spheres above, For I doubted not that a breath could fan The light of Art to a flame of Love.

The door slowly opened. A form came forth: 'T was robed in the light of youth and grace - A woman, with beauty immortal and pure, Beamed looking for some familiar face. I heard a low murmur of voices within, And melody came through the opened door; That song, it 'e'en now makes my eyes grow dim, As I list for the notes I shall hear no more:

"Go tell them who watch by the grave's cold bed, That as light can gleam o'er the brow of night, So shall inspiration awaken the dead, And brighten the soul with its songs of delight. Tell those who are mourning, the loved and the lost Are sleeping so sweetly all free from pain, That around their cold pillow a light shining clear Shall awaken the soul to its freedom again."

The sweet song was ended; I raised my eyes To catch a glimpse of that angel bright: A faint, rosy light was in the skies - I had slept on the doorstep through the night. The wild rose hung with its crimson heart All filled with the evening's diamond dew, And I kissed its beautiful leaves apart, As I hid the old haunted house adieu.

Passed in Spirit Life: From Philadelphia, James U. Dyer. The soft-winged angel of Death came noiselessly and touched his eyes, and he slept, and his soul, leaping forth from its prison-house, ascended gloriously: "I have wakened, if to waken Be to dwell by grief forsaken. Where the God of angels dwells forevermore, In the shining land of youth." Never before was this kind and good angel more welcomed.

some than to our suffering brother. Twenty years of anguish on a couch of sickness have passed away, unable to move, his physical frame racked and tortured by pain, still through all there was the calm assurance of knowledge and hope, and the bright moonlight of faith, which made a life otherwise beyond endurance not only tolerable, but cheerful and happy, ay, and blessed to others.

Year after year, as we have watched the burning fire of his soul as they were consuming, by slow degrees, thatasket, we have thought, what a mystery is life. Surely our Father doeth all things well. How earnestly this pilgrim brother sought to pass the gateway into the inner life, those only know who knew his inmost thoughts and were admitted into the bosom of his soul. The cold world can never know the compensation that he had for all those years of agony and pain, but ever upon the altar of his soul burned the vast fire lighting up his pathway through dark and weary ways. When all around were clouds and storms, the Divine voice ever spoke within of peace.

Nearly ten years of frequent intercourse between the writer and this, his elder brother, has forged a chain of sympathy and affection, and his childlike nature, ever seeking ever springing forth, served often to draw down from the higher spheres for both of us. Thou art gone, brother, but not far away. The old clay-bull tabernacle has been laid in the bosom of our common mother earth, but thy soul, freed from the clogs that clipped thy flight, now soars through the broad blue ether, and sips the nectar of celestial love and wisdom.

There is a value in such a life that we may not estimate. Even those of us who have been permitted to mingle with him know not how much our better natures have grown from that intercourse. Like the flowers that drink in the silent dews of heaven and grow brighter and brighter, so have our souls fed upon the hidden manna which grew in the wilderness of his earth-life.

Such a life is not only calling upon us to number our blessings, but to thank God for it in all his works and words, in everything, there is a blessed compensation.

At the funeral, after we had spoken, Miss Beckwith gave an eloquent and poetic tribute fitted for the occasion, and Samuel H. Paist sang a hymn and gave the following lines:

Closed thy eyelids are in slumber, Heaves no more with pain thy breast: Angel voices without number Bid thy weary spirit rest. Yet we have no tears of sorrow, As we lay thee 'neath the sod, For thou hast dawned the morning - The bright, celestial, holy day, No more on that couch of anguish, Shall thou wait the hour to come When thy soul should cease to languish, And be gathered to its home; For to thee the voice has spoken, In sweet accents, pure and clear, Telling thee the chalice 's unbroken In the brighter, better sphere. It entices thee as a siren, It lures thee to realms above, Teaching thou art still a link Forged by God's divinity. Now no ill thy heart shall sadden, Thou shalt quail no more with fears; Heaven's bright sun thine eyes shall gladden, They shall stream no more with tears. Brother, thou hast gone before us To the world of life above, There to join the angelic chorus, Whose harmonies are fraught with love. When thy brief rest shall be ended, Thou shalt return again to man, Showing how thy life above, With God's overruling plan, Progress - Progress is thy story, Onward through eternity, And thy happiness in glory Is teaching immortality. Rest thee on thy silent pillow, While thy spirit soars away, We would strive its steps to follow, Through regions of superlunary day. There a mother waits to meet thee, As she did in days of yore, And a father waits to greet thee On the bright, blissful shore. It may be when thou art able, Thou wilt come from spheres sublime, And will then our souls entice More to appreciate the Divine. Oh, our every heart rejoices That thou 'rt from this cold world free; Together we would blend our voices, In sweet, joyous sympathy. We know thou wilt often meet us, And we oft shall hear from thee, And we know thou wilt greet us, When our souls from earth are free. Then we'll welcome thee with gladness, Spirit from the higher sphere; Thou shalt drive away all sadness, When thy angel form draws near.

HENRY T. CHASE, M. D.

Monday, Nov. 16, 1863. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Cyrus Howe, and mother of Miss Flavia Howe, of Windsor, Conn.

Sixty-four years of earth life, with its cares and crosses, and chastening discipline, had so fully matured and purified the spirit, that the approach of the death-angel was gladly welcomed by our patient, whose long hours, so full of faith in the beautiful gospel of the angels, refuted the charge that "Spiritualism may do too few by, but not to die by."

Miss Howe was amongst the first to accept the doctrines of Spiritualism, and possessing considerable power as a medium, she held frequent communion with her friends in the summer land, from whom she received strength and encouragement to continue in the search for truth, regardless of the frowns and censures of friends, or the desertion of relatives.

About ten days previous to her departure, she saw her son, who has lived in spirit-land for several years, and received from him the assurance that she would very soon be called to join him in immortal life, and informed her husband of the fact at the time, requesting that her two daughters might be spared the sorrow of knowing she must leave them, until the summons should arrive. True to the prediction, the call sounded, and the devoted wife and mother cheerfully responded, and welcomed with joy her immortal children, whilst she bade adieu to those that must be deprived of her material aid and companionship.

The aged husband, though sorrowing over the separation from her who shared his joys and sorrows through long years of earthly existence, yet rejoiced in the assurance that she can and does return in spirit, with the same loving encouragement that proved her a ministering angel through all her life. Her daughters have the gift of spirit-illumination, and fully realize that they are not deprived of a mother's companionship, but only material aid and assistance.

Miss Flavia has devoted ten years to the Gospel of Spiritualism, both in lecturing and healing, and in this, her hour of bereavement, leans trustfully upon her spirit-guardians and finds strength to bear up upon the most trying event of life—the even temporary deprivations of a mother's help—the even temporary loss of the most beloved assurance of her love, yet a friend and a source of comfort. She has so valuable and useful a friend as loved to them so long, profit by her noble example of pure and charity, and be happy in knowing that the earth has lost a mortal—a blessed immortal has been added to those who find their reward for well-doing" in the eternal world.

LAURA DE FORCA GORDON, Providence, Nov. 1863.

From Decatur, Mich., Nov. 10th, Pamela Hamblin, Woodman, aged 53 years. She had a husband, three daughters, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was a firm believer in the truth of spirit communication, and often expressed herself "ready to go to that better land whenever the death angel should call." The funeral services were conducted by the writer, and attended by a large audience of sympathizing friends. A. B. WHITING, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 25th, 1863.

Letter from Henry T. Child, M. D.

The Healing of the Nations—Second Series.—Another new book! Yes, this is an age of books, and even the red band of war, with all its desolating influences, cannot stop them. The cry is, "Still they come!"

The literature of modern Spiritualism, from its varied character, furnishes abundant food for criticism, and for the wants of humanity. There is a large amount of light reading adapted to the wants of those whose minds are not particularly interested in profound religious or close philosophical subjects, while there are minds who find the requisite food in both the latter. The union of true philosophy and religion has been more fully established in our literature than any other.

The book entitled "The Healing of the Nations" first appeared at a time when many new stars on the horizon of the spiritual belief were coming out and giving the world their light. It was written by a young farmer boy, then about twenty-three years old, of plain, unassuming habits, and was introduced to the world by ex-Governor Tallmadge, of Wisconsin, formerly United States Senator—a statesman of high standing. In his introduction he boldly avows his belief in the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism. Those who know Gov. Tallmadge, are well aware that with his great abilities and the positions which he has justly attained, he possesses a genial and childlike nature, capable of receiving and appreciating the gospel of modern Spiritualism. The honest earnestness manifested in his introduction, are truly characteristic of the man.

Some years since the Governor spent some time in our city, under my professional care, and I had numerous opportunities of reading his character. I am tempted here to give your readers a little sketch which he gave me. He remarked that "one evening, in conversation with a number of friends, the subject of moral courage was spoken of, and allusion was made to Sir David Brewster, who thought it necessary to disavow his belief in Spiritualism, and in reply to an assertion that a table had been moved in his presence without any visible contact, Sir David said it seemed to move. Professor Gregory, who was present, remarked that Sir David seemed to eat his dinner." In the course of the night, after this conversation, the Governor awoke with a very clear and vivid impression of the following lines, and he arose and wrote them:

"Hail moral courage! of innate virtue born, Thou mighty lever of the human heart, That lifts the spirit, of low passions shorn, Sublime above the grosser mortal part."

But I am wandering. I wanted to say that another volume—the second series of this book—is about to be issued. It is a book of similar character to the former, written in the tone of the highest morality, in brief and forcible sentences, axiomatic in its style, and as the former had a deep and lasting influence for good on many who read it, I have no doubt this will be welcomed by such. Since the publication of the first volume, the writer has pursued the even tenor of his way, and sits daily for the scribbles to influence him, and the result is another volume nearly equal in size to the former, which is in the press by Lindsey & Blackston, of this city, and will shortly be issued. I have had an opportunity of reviewing the proof sheets, and have no doubt this book will be interesting to those whose philosophy and religion are combined. This is not a book for transient and hasty reading, but for deep and profound meditation; and we may peruse it day after day, and find profitable instruction in it. In this way all may find food for reflection, and there is a want in every mind for this kind of reading—something that shall stir the fountains of thought, and make us stronger and better in our lives. I am glad, therefore, that this book is to be sent forth on its mission, and feel that many others will also welcome it.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Physical Manifestations.

Ms. Euton.—We have had Miss M. L. Jordan, of Nuncie, Ind., here, and I propose to speak to your readers of the manifestations given through her. These manifestations are given in the light, a common table, under which the manifestations take place, being covered with a quilt, and the medium seated at one end of the table, when very loud raps are made, a tin pan beaten upon in time to music, an accordion played on, and a small bell rang at the same time. The table is frequently lifted clear of the floor, and held suspended for several seconds. A dial is operated by the spirit, without the table being moved, the medium having her hands in full view all the time, and intelligent answers to questions spelled out. Occasionally individuals get test communications. The controlling spirit shows his strength by pulling against individuals, and seldom comes out second best. He shakes hands through the quilt, &c.

Miss Jordan and Mr. Matthews, her brother-in-law, remained with us five days, and after the public circles each evening, we held private circles in the dark, around the piano, to see what "Samson" would do for us. The first night he thrummed upon the piano, and touched our hands. The second night the same, with the addition of touching us on the face, pulling our hair, beads, &c. Third night, the same. But on the fourth night the manifestations were superior to any I ever witnessed, which is saying much, for I have been tied in the box with the Davenport Boys. But to the report of what took place:

Miss Jordan was seated at one end of the piano, I was seated next her, and held her hands; my wife was next me, holding one of my hands, and with her other hand holding Mr. Matthews by the hands. Almost immediately after the light was put out, the piano was thrummed upon, we were all repeatedly touched by a spirit hand, and I was forcibly struck on the head by an open hand a number of times. My neck-handkerchief was untied and taken off by two hands, and carried across and laid on Mr. M.'s head, while his was untied and laid on my head. A large spirit-hand was laid on my forehead, a finger put in my deaf ear, that side of my head forcibly manipulated for several minutes, and the ear much benefited by the manipulations, a disagreeable feeling of fullness in that organ having been removed, and though a week has elapsed, I have had no return of it.

I might speak of communications received, but will occupy no more space at present. Miss Jordan is at present in Dayton, and will no doubt be the means of convincing many of the truth of Spiritualism, and the genuine character of spirit manifestations on the physical plane.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
JAMES COOPER, M. D.
Bellefontaine, O., Nov. 27, 1863.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, Ohio.

This excellent woman has made and left her tracks on New England soil, to be measured and remembered, and has scraped her feet on the steps of Park street Church, as a testimony against the cruel treatment of its members to the religious character of the lamented Theodore Parker. She is a good woman, gifted in a high degree in similitude, back of which may always be found the full supernatural qualities of true womanhood. She is an inspirational speaker. Her utterances are gentle, profound and powerful. She spoke two Sundays in Lyceum Hall, Boston, to good houses. She has made ardent friends with all her New England acquaintances, and bears away with her their good wishes and their ready blessings. A. E. C.

A maiden's aim is generally single, like herself.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
BOOK NO. 3, OF STATE.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issues.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to
"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";
out I have a far other, and far better 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.

The Chances of Slavery.

No doubt it is better that a pestiferous social institution like slavery should fall and die for want of support, than that it should be knocked in pieces by the blows that would be aimed directly against it in hate and malice. For thus it would be proved that a thorough and healthy revolution had been effected in public sentiment respecting it, when, in the latter case, it would be likely even to gain friends on account of the very spirit with which it was assailed; while, at the same time, no reformatory work would have been done in the community where it had an existence. All these changes and revolutions are beautifully provided for by Nature. Her indirect ways of accomplishing results are much more effective and satisfactory than her direct.

There is certainly a revolution going forward on the subject of slavery to-day, in the border, or frontier States of the South. This war has served as a zealous but stern missionary among them, preaching a gospel which they were forced to hear, though they had not ears for that purpose. In the very recent elections in Delaware and Maryland, one can see for himself what wonderful changes have been wrought in the public sentiment by the experiences of the war. There the people are ripe for emancipation; and the time is close at hand when they will demand a removal of the slave population from their midst, as slaves, and the introduction of free labor into the State in their stead. In Missouri, the people have fully made up their minds on that subject, and it is practically a Free State to-day. Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, says he would let slavery perish a thousand times before it should be an obstacle in the way of the Union, and the leading minds of that true and tried State are already agitating among themselves the great question which takes precedence of all others to-day. In Tennessee, the subject has taken even a more fixed and definite shape than it has in Kentucky, for there has been fought this long time the battle of Freedom, and the missionary work has been constantly making good headway.

There does not require to be any evidence adduced that the blacks in Mississippi have felt the influence of the presence of our armies, and will never again come under the yoke of servitude. Though their present condition may be pitiful, it is not slavery; nor does it carry with it slavery's curse; it leads to a higher condition for the negro, although we do not believe that he can attain it except at the price of severe toil and suffering than he has ever known in the past. Yet that toil and that suffering will be soled, as it will also be inspired, by Freedom. He will have to endure for a time the grinding tyranny of the selfish white man, who will rob him of his labor quite as effectually as it has ever been done by the owner and master. He will have to pass years of idleness and slothfulness, suffering for the necessities of life and deprived of all the aids he enjoyed even in his former state of servitude. There will be a cruel thinning of his ranks before the race stands exalted and redeemed. Yet it will be done, for all that. It is written in the Book of Fate that this continent is broad enough to give the boon of Freedom to all, and not a human being but shall finally have control over his own life and conduct.

But whatever may be in store for the negro himself, considered separately from the white race, it is certain that the entire social structure of the Slave States will be revolutionized, and the "poor whites" long kept down by the incubus of so hostile an institution, will rise at once to the place which is theirs by inheritance. The great battle for Democracy in the South is yet to be fought. The whites will find that they have lost in this game of Rebellion, and next fall to with one another over the question of domination between themselves. It will be a question simply of power and authority; whether the few shall continue to govern the many in subject dependency, or the many, by reason of the power of the few being broken, shall stand up and assert their own right to self-government.

There is no special need of our being too officious in even our wishes respecting the fate of slavery. It will die by indirection, and much more readily than if it were directly assailed. It cannot stand before the withering fire of these numerous conflicts for the stability of free government in its very neighborhood. While we all fight for the plain principles of constitutional liberty, it will have simply to take its chances; and those chances are all against it. The days of its continuance are all numbered. They can be counted already before the eyes. Its end will not be more a final blessing for the black man, however, than it will be a benison for the white. The South had come to that pass where a reconstruction of its society was absolutely necessary for its further existence as an appendage of civilization.

The French Proposition.

Napoleon is afraid of being virtually "counted out," in European politics and influence, and therefore he is exerting himself to set on foot another scheme for adjusting the Polish question and all other questions. He now proposes to call together an European Congress; but what he means to do with it when he gets it together is not so clear. England is not quite ready to accede to the arrangement, neither are some of the other powers. So they merely address a note of inquiry to the French Emperor in return for his proposal, asking information. This, of course, will put him upon his real meaning, and the world will now patiently wait to see what this political schemer will have to say. He may suppose that he will be able to attract the attention of Europe so closely to what he is about, that the other powers will seem to forget the object he really has been in pursuit of all this while; but in this we think he will find himself mistaken for once in his career. He has nearly played his game out. His work of giving new shape to the politics of Europe is about over. He of course has meant to be faithful chiefly to himself, but he has been instrumental, also, in helping on the public movements of Europe rapidly.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch.

This distinguished lecturer will speak again next Sunday, in Lyceum Hall, afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock precisely.

The Sewing Women.

The movements in relief of these unpaid and ill-treated human beings are still going on. It is impossible to regard them without seeing in them something which contains a full promise of the fruition of better and brighter days for women. They have held meetings of their own in this city, as well as in New York, at which their rights and wrongs were thoroughly ventilated, although as yet there has been no well defined statement of their condition, nor of any particular remedies calculated to improve it. But we observe that the other side of the case is being presented. It is claimed that the girls all crowd to one employment, or to one class of employment; just as men, who see that a few others are doing well at some one occupation, rush and fill it up so that profit in that direction is cut off altogether.

Madame Demorest, the leader of fashions in this country, comes out in a very decided article in her magazine, styled "The Mirror of Fashion," on this subject. One would naturally be a little curious to hear what a lady in her position would be likely to say. She confesses her willingness to bear the odium of opposing her own sex in this matter, if she can but stir them up to an ambition to acquire skill in such occupations as they put their hands to. She speaks out very plainly about the "foolish pride" of many girls and young women, who do not like to let it be known that they have ever done anything for a living, or know much about work, any way. And, as a remedy for this evil, she tells the working girls that the only way, as a general rule, for them to receive higher rates of remuneration is to "determine to be worth more." She admits that the laborer is everywhere worthy of his hire.

On the other hand, a crusty bachelor comes forward with a suggestion that the women who want work should open a Mending Shop, and expressing the conviction that they could make a handsome thing of it. But another writer suggests still another plan. As the Post expresses it, condensing it for him, every young girl without education enough to be a teacher, who is compelled to earn her own bread, turns seamstress, and the natural result is that there are too many seamstresses. A vast number of them would, however, be healthier, better clothed, fed and lodged and paid by becoming cooks and housemaids. Employment of this kind there is no difficulty in obtaining. No doubt there is a certain loss of independence involved in accepting it, and a certain amount of discomfort involved in living in another person's house; but the question is not one of independence or dignity, but of food and clothing. It is of the difficulty of getting petticoats and good dinners that the working-women complain; and be subsists with all deference, that it is only after these have been provided that they can fairly ask the public to sympathize with their want of social position. If all the farm boys in the country were to insist on coming to the large cities, turning dry-goods clerks, and finding themselves unable to obtain employment, or only at miserable wages, should refuse to go back to their farms, because farm work was dirty, he doubts if they would meet with much commiseration. And if women will insist on starting as seamstresses, when they can grow fat and save money as chambermaids, he really doesn't see who is to blame but themselves.

Grant's Victory.

The great victory obtained over the rebels by Gen. Grant, not altogether unexpected by those who know his character as a commander, was a timely piece of intelligence for the Thanksgiving morning on which it was presented to us. It filled and thrilled all hearts with joy. Grant is driving at the back door of the Confederacy, while Meade knocks at the front. Grant not only relieved Chattanooga from all danger of a siege, such as the rebels had been planning for early winter, but he divided Bragg's army, whipped one half, and penned up the other half in East Tennessee, so that it is difficult to say if Longstreet will succeed in getting out or not. The main army under Bragg was not only defeated, it was routed. Its loss in cannon amounted to sixty pieces, and seven thousand prisoners were taken, with any quantity of muskets, accoutrements, ammunition and so forth. The roads and fields across which the pursuit was made were literally strewn with the wreck of implements of war, thrown away by the retreating army. Every one ran for himself; the plan was, let the devil take the hindmost. Grant has done a great work for himself and the country. He is now at Richmond in the rear, cooperating with Meade in his front. Never before have the Eastern and Western armies had an opportunity to manœuvre in connection one with the other. Hitherto, their operations have been isolated and separate; now one cannot move without producing an immediate effect on the position of the other. Wait and see.

A New Plan for Volunteers.

It is proposed by a gentleman of this city who writes on the subject to a friend in St. Louis, to raise the new quotas of troops called for from the different States, by offering bounties direct to the blacks, or freedmen, who are out of work, and whom the people and the Government are called on to relieve, thus preventing any further drain to a large extent of the valuable and now much needed labor of the North and West, besides doing a good thing for the blacks every way. The details of the plan are set forth in the paper to which the letter was forwarded for publication. It would certainly furnish us with needed relief here at home, while it would be to all appearances the most effective charity which could be offered to the black man. We do not think anything more sensible, under the circumstances, could be offered. He must needs get discipline preparatory to his own advancement. He cannot be fitted for actual freedom until he has been taught habits of obedience in the field of self-restraint. We have no doubt but that at least two of the three hundred thousand men called for could be obtained by this plan.

Escape of Morgan.

The men of an earlier generation were stirred with excitement over the killing of Morgan; the men of this day are in a state of bewilderment over Morgan's escape. It was stillfully done, at any rate. The bandit never could have escaped, had he not received help from without. It ought to make men's cheeks crimson with shame, to think that there are citizens of Ohio, or of any of the Free States, so totally lost to every sense of shame, as to be willing to lend them selves to the escape of such lawless characters. Men conspiring to release a bandit who is in confinement for ravaging their own towns and villages! That must be a fine state of civilization which begets citizens of such a stamp. The fellow finally escaped to Canada, and we may now expect to hear of him at the head of another raiding party of rebel cavalry, provided he can manage to get through the blockade. It must apply those men who conspired at his escape with very satisfactory reflections, to bear that he is held once more, slaughtering and burning to his heart's content.

The Situation in Virginia.

Gen. Meade's army has returned to its old camp-ground again, after looking at Lee behind his entrenchments. He did wisely to fall back without giving battle. Lee intended to entrap him, but Meade understood that wily General's tactics too well to get caught in any such snare. For doing just what was best, under the circumstances, the short-sighted authorities at Washington talk of superseding him.

Davis and his Chances.

More or less speculation is indulged in by such as are in the habit of amusing themselves that way, to know what possible disposal Jefferson Davis is likely to make of his precious person, after the Confederacy of his invention shall have finally collapsed. There are two theories; one, that he will throw himself with fiery energy into the very heart and heat of the final battle, determined to save or lose all in that—and the other, that when he sees how matters are going, he will quietly escape through his own lines to the seaboard, and attempt to run the blockade to make his way to Europe. The first plan we hardly believe in, as yet, knowing how cold and phlegmatic the man is, rather than impetuous and inclined to daring risks; and more than that, we believe for ourselves that his will, rather than his heart, is in this effort, to break up the Union, and therefore he will hardly be likely to risk all on a single throw, even though it be the final one. As for the plan of escape, it would work well enough for him until he was stopped. The people of North Carolina would not be likely to let him go in peace, after realizing by the sight of his feeble figure, that he had brought upon them all this woe. His case is evidently becoming an interesting one very fast, and we must wait for events to settle it. Whenever he runs, it is not likely he will ever run for the rebel Presidency again.

The Opening of Winter.

The first day of December was sharp and cold; the cold singled, in fact, and brought up the good old times to the mind again. But for the war, we could indulge in hearty phrases over the prospects of wintry pleasures; but the trials of the country with that so shroud the hearts of the greater part of the people with gloom, that it is not easy for us to go off in the ecstasies of the old times. Yet the snows have their pleasures for us still. There is no more contemplative time than while the white snow is falling thick and fast all around. Then Nature seems to be more silent than at any other time. Good sharp weather quickens the blood, stimulates the courage, arouses the resistant forces of one's nature, sets a sparkle in the eyes, calls out the social propensities, and brings us all closer to one another. No doubt there will be the same experience in this respect for the coming winter that scores of winters have brought to people before. In it are wrapped up the same pleasant Holidays, and all the old delightful associations cluster about it as they have done around winters long gone.

Paper.

Our readers are aware that we were obliged to raise our price of subscription some time since, in consequence of the great advance of paper stock. On account of a slight decline in the price, and to fully satisfy our patrons, we used a finer quality of paper stock than the BANNER was ever before printed on, which we still continue to use. But we regret to inform them that within a few weeks the manufacturers have put the price up to near where it was last winter. The result is, we are obliged now to pay thirty dollars per week more for the paper on which the BANNER is printed than previously.

Now as wish to keep up the fine appearance of our paper, and at the same time be remunerated sufficiently to keep us out of debt, we desire the friends—even in the remotest localities—to RENDER US ALL THE MATERIAL AID IN THEIR POWER.

We especially tender our heartfelt thanks to those friends who have from time to time aided us in constituting our Free Circles. May the angel-world smile upon them and aid them in all good works.

Sympathy for Poland.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the interest of Poland, in New York, on the evening of Nov. 30th, at which Judge Edmonds was called on to preside. He made a very graceful and appropriate speech on taking the chair, which was received with unqualified applause. Among the Vice Presidents were such men as Peter Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Moses H. Beach, Robert Emmet, and others. The times have changed very much, since the day when the social acquaintances and friends of a man like Judge Edmonds drop him because of his faith in the spiritual phenomena. At the meeting in question, the Polish hymn was sung, commencing with the words "Poland is not yet lost," by a dozen little Polish girls, dressed in white with red sashes. The meeting was but a strong and eloquent expression of the feelings of the people of this country toward the nation which has so long been downtrodden, but whose sky seems to be red with the new dawn.

Foster, the Medium.

Mr. Foster is still giving tests in this city to hosts of people. His rooms are continually crowded with eager inquirers after truth. We met there recently an old gentleman from the West, who, having been sadly troubled with the dropsy, was recommended by some of his friends to visit a medium in order to seek relief. He did so, and was told to go to Boston, and by visiting the medium Foster, he would gain information whereby he would get relief. He said, in reply, that it was impossible for him to take such a journey, as he should die before reaching Boston. But he was assured otherwise, and accordingly came. He informs us that everything that was told him has proved more than true. If possible, he has become assured beyond a doubt that his spirit-friends are constantly near, and can communicate with him—that they sent him to Boston, and he thanks God for the new light that has thus mysteriously opened his spiritual vision.

Miss Jessie Doten's Lectures.

Miss Doten closed her course of four lectures before the Lyceum Society in this city on Sunday, Nov. 28. Great interest was felt in these lectures; so much so that all could not be accommodated who desired admission to the Hall. Her closing lectures were on "Motion" and "Light." We think the discourse on Light was the most comprehensive and clearest we have listened to on that subject. It was very evident the audience were much pleased with the instruction they had received from the invisible intelligences.

New Mailing Machine.

The BANNER next week will be directed to subscribers by our new Mailing Machine. Should any of them fail to receive their copies, they will please inform us at once, in order that we may be enabled to correct any mistakes we may have fallen into, in consequence of the re-setting of names and places.

Lizzie Doten's Poems.

These beautiful, world-wide Poems, which have appeared from time to time in the periodical literature of the day, have been gathered up, like fragrant roses by the wayside, and formed into a choice literary bouquet. Every Spiritualist throughout the length and breadth of the land should have a copy. Those who send in orders early will receive the first copies issued from the press. For full particulars, see the publisher's card in another column.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe.

The Princeton (Ill.) Republican says Mrs. Stowe has been giving lectures in that place recently to good houses, and on Sunday evening many people were unable to gain admittance, the crowd was so great.

A punctual man can always find time, a negligent one never.

"Peculiar."

The following excellent notice of Mr. Bargar's new novel is from the Norfolk County Journal, and from the pen of its editor, Mr. G. E. Monroe:
We have read with an interest such as we have seldom found in any publication Mr. Eben Bargar's novel, of which the above is the title. It seems to us to be one of those literary inspirations with which authors are occasionally gifted for the good of their generation. As a picture of our own times, it is unusually vigorous in its grasp, and graphic in its details of all works of fiction written with a moral purpose, we scarcely know of one which excels it in these qualities. As a story it holds the reader as by a spell. As an argument, we can conceive of nothing more cogent than its vivid and picturesque pages.

This is strong praise but does not overstate the facts. We are not unaware that the book has defects. The plot is overcrowded with incidents probabilities are violated in bringing characters together, and there is matter in it which some readers will regard as extraneous and which had been excluded. There are blemishes—but they are spots upon a sunbeam. When regarded as a whole—taking into consideration the object the author had set before himself—the grand purpose which he had in view in its composition—it seems to us to be a complete and marvelous success.
The story is intensely interesting. The fact that the canvas is crowded with incidents, rather than detracts from this quality. It leaves the author less room to delineate character minutely than we wish he might have allowed himself, it has taught him the necessity of condensation, and has given the story a rapid and vigorous movement which never allows the reader's interest to flag in any part. The plot, too, is constructed with ingenious and artistic power. There is no incident in it which is improbable—probably not one for which a precedent may not be found in actual life. The single exceptional feature in it here, as we have intimated, is that human experience never brings characters together so cleverly as our author has combined them.

But the great feature of the book is its presentation of the Slavery question. Its author has collected and condensed every fact and every argument pertinent to the complete elucidation of this topic, and has woven them into his narrative with a masterly skill. He has done this, too, in every instance, so as to lighten the heaviest matter with a sparkle, and strengthen its hold upon the reader. Here is his complete success. No man of woman can read it as a story without yielding to its interest, and none not utterly steeped in prejudice can be insensible to the lesson that it teaches. It is altogether the most powerful anti-slavery instrumentality which our literature has furnished since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—which book it supplements, without being in any sense an imitation.

We have purposely refrained from any analysis of the plot of this novel, and have left ourselves little room to speak of its characters. These last are many of them struck out with a felicitous power, which in the most remarkable manner, Mr. Bargar's ability in this class of composition. Col. Delany Hyde, Mr. Pomplander, Vance and the negro barber who appear in the opening chapters, are all decided individualities, and the two first peculiarly original creations. Peek is more like a reminiscence of the traditional slave hero, and other of the prominent characters have so much to do that there is little time to define their proper shades of character. Not one of them, however, but is skillfully and consistently portrayed.

The book is one which will be widely read—its intensely interesting plot is a guaranty for this. Of the great good which it will accomplish, there can be no question. We heartily commend Mr. Bargar upon his brilliant success, which accredits him at once a high reputation in the new field of literature to which he has brought his talents.

From an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that "Peculiar" is for sale at this office. It is having an enormous sale, six editions of a thousand each having been exhausted the first week of its publication. Its Spiritualism does not seem to have damaged it.

"The Soul of Things."

We have just been perusing this wonderful and interesting book, written by William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. It is that our souls are picture-galleries, wherein is daguerrotyped all images of the past, and that our own impress is likewise stamped upon all matter as well as mind with which we may have come in contact; needing only the medium of clairvoyance, or psychometry, to reveal these hidden facts.
If this theory is true, it is indeed a most grand and startling one. If we admit the fact, then we can account for much which has hitherto been enveloped in mystery. We have beheld landscapes whose gorgeous beauty is as vividly pictured to us to day as when we saw it years ago. Woods, fields, lakes, rivers, hills and meadows, which inspired us in childhood, are as distinct to our vision, at this hour, as when our eyes first beheld their enchanting beauty. The blue-eyed violet, the wild wood anemone, the soft green mosses, the red berries which were hidden underneath the last year's leaves, are just as familiar to us to day as when, in our childhood joy, we gathered them. And we heard music long years ago, which sometimes comes to us now—the same sweet, sad strain—echoing and re-echoing along the dim slides of the soul's sanctuary.—Progressive Age.

Wonderful Cures.

The Rochester Union and Advertiser, of Nov. 20th, 1863, says:

"Dr. J. P. Bryant, at the Waverly Hotel, is creating quite a sensation not only in the city but in the country about. His rooms are thronged every day with invalids—many of them upon crutches. We have heard of some of his cures, which are indeed remarkable. One lady who had been eight years upon crutches, rheumatism, is now walking without artificial aid of any kind. There is another, a remarkable case in the operations of this practitioner, he could not do what he has in this city. It would be well for the medical men of this city to inquire into the matter and see if he has not some method of treating chronic diseases which is more rational and successful than those in popular use. This is not designed as a puff or quick notice, and has not been written at the suggestion of Dr. Bryant. We have heard and seen enough to satisfy us that he is doing a great deal in the way of healing the unfortunate, and we think it a duty to refer to the fact."

Bro. Willis Lecturing in New York.

P. L. H. Willis last Sunday commenced the first of a series of meetings at 800 Broadway, New York. The fine talents and gentlemanly deportment of Bro. Willis has won for him many friends among the Gothamites.

To Advertisers.

As advertising is the life of trade, those who advertise most trade most. The BANNER is the paper to advertise in, as we publish a large weekly edition, and circulate extensively in the Free States, the British N. A. Provinces, and Europe.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

W. O.—The Elkhart business is all straight. Money sent duly received. SOUTH PASS, ILL.—\$5 received.

A. A. USAON, IOWA.—Money received, but a two dollar bill of the amount sent is counterfeit. Please let us know so to return the bad money to. The books will not be sent till we hear from you.

L. E. O. UTICA.—Received from Utica two subscriptions, \$5.00.

P. O. J. FRANKLIN, KY.—Judge Edmonds is in New York, engaged in law practice. J. V. Mansfield is in California; and we believe Dr. Dexter is practicing medicine in New York.

EMOS N.—Articles received, and on file for publication.

E. J. B. WAYNESVILLE, OHIO.—We consider the article slightly premature.

J. H. B. HOCKEY, MS.—No good report ever reached this office, to our knowledge. Should have printed it with pleasure, had it come to hand.

Sam Houston is dead; so is John O. Breckinridge. Rumor only.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason.

THREE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to no undesirable expenses...

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in infancy."

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "The condition of children prematurely born."

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The resurrection of the dead."

Thursday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

Friday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

Saturday, Nov. 10.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

Sunday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

Monday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

Tuesday, Nov. 31.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life in old age."

INVOCATION.

Spirit of Truth, we find by consulting thy volume, that we are invited to become thy students. Humbly and joyfully we accept the invitation to learn of thee...

The Natural Goodness of Man.

SPIRIT.—We are ready to answer any questions the friends may propose. SUBJECT.—Will the intelligence please discourse awhile upon the "Natural Goodness of Man?"

It has been said that man was naturally depraved; that the human spirit was prone to evil from the beginning. It is also claimed by a certain class of religionists, that this was said by one altogether divine.

The natural goodness of the human spirit, at the present time, is poorly understood; and this is so, from the fact that you are all passing through a transition state.

ness. Show me a human spirit that is totally depraved and I will prove to you that there is no life. It is true, there are many in the external world who seem to court evil and to glean all their strength from the evil or darker shades of the picture of life.

Why, my friend, could you view, as I have, the vast company of intelligences who people the second sphere and who come up from the lowest levels of life, you would at once declare that the human spirit is endowed with an element of goodness that is entirely immortal.

Solomon Low.

I hope I may not intrude. It is twenty-three years this very day since I died, as the world would say. I have been making attempts from time to time since my death to return, to undo what I did before death; but by some strange interference on the part of certain spirits in the body and out, I have not been able to accomplish my purpose.

I was blessed with two children, a son and daughter. My son is living, and in this country. My daughter is living, and in the old country. Two years before my death she married against my will. Her partner was, I thought, my enemy, and I shut her out from my love entirely after her marriage.

I should say that some five years before my death, I retired from business. Having amassed an ample fortune, I was weary of business and retired. A few months after my retirement I made my will, and divided nearly all my property between my two children; but after my daughter's marriage, I changed my will and cut her off entirely.

I now come to earth and see her in poverty, living on your earth with her two daughters. Her husband has come to me. You will easily see that my object in coming here to day is to reach my son, to tell him to bestow upon his sister that I denied her when I was here.

Captain Thomas Andrews.

These folks that let their prejudices run away with natural rights and love, always get brought up with a short turn in the end. That's my experience. Well, you see it was like this. I was thinking of the wrong that was done my father. He did n't marry exactly to suit the parental head, so my grandfather, his father, never forgave him, and cut him off without a dollar, name as this old chap did his daughter.

You'd better all get rid of your property while you're in the body, and not wait until after you're dead; because I'll be well, I was going to say something wicked—you'll find it hard work to look after it after you're left the earth. You'd better not save up your gold and silver thinking you'll come back and dispose of it after death, but give it away while here in the body.

Well, Mr. Stranger, what are you? Capt'n, mate, or before the mast? [You can call me either, if you like.] Well, are you superintending here? That's what I want to know. [Yes.] Now won't you be kind enough to give me very little information? [You want your friends to recognize you, do n't you?] Yes, sir. [Then you must give your name, age, time of death, and any facts of your life. You see the necessity of it.] Yes, I see.

live never seemed to be the right conditions, somehow or other, until to day. When coming here, I was told if I showed out such thoughts as I might be identified by, that they would probably reach my family. I suppose it is useless for me to ask my wife to meet me at this place, so I'll ask her to visit some such person as this, where I can come nearer home.

Well, I do n't know, sir, of anything that I can speak of better than my last letter—the letter I wrote while I was sick. Well, I was sick, but not so sick but what I expected to recover. It seems by some strange mishap that my wife did not receive this letter until after my death—some months, I think it was, after she had heard of my death.

Oh, another thing I'll tell her. The last time I saw my wife, she says to me, "Something tells me you're not going to come back." "Oh, no," I said, "you always think so." So she did, for she invariably had dark clouds hanging over her about my going away.

Can't I send a letter to my father? [Say what you wish, and we will send it afterwards.] He is sick, at Port Hudson. I've been in the spirit-world, with my Aunt Lucy, most a year. I was eight years old. My name was Anne Abbott. I was born in Nashua, New Hampshire.

My father went off with the soldiers, and I've gone away since he went away. And he is—be is sick, and there was a gentleman went in—one of the officers went in to see him a little while ago—oh dear!—and tells him about our coming back. He said if any of his folks could come, he should believe in it—[Spirit communion?] Yes, my mother, she do n't be here, either, but my Aunt Lucy says if I am big enough to unlock the door, I ought to, if I can better than anybody else, come and let God's sunlight in to them.

He got up in the night, and took what he thought was medicine—what he thought was good for him, and that was pizen that was bought to pizen rats. And he did n't mean to take it—did n't mean to commit suicide with it. My father and the folks thought he did, so Aunt Lucy says. They thought he bought it for that, and that he took it because he was tired of living here on this earth. But he did n't take it, for that. He did n't mean to take it.

Can I go now? [Yes, if you've said all you wish.] Well, I ha'n't, but my father is n't here, nor my mother, so I don't want to stay any longer. [We hope your letter will succeed in reaching your father.] Won't it succeed? [I think it will. Come again, if it does not reach him.] Won't you send it? Won't you? Aunt Lucy says, print it. Well, that's what I mean.

Our Father, though clouds hang over the world of mind and matter, still the sun of thy loving countenance beams upon us all the same. Though we descend into hell, thy loving smile will meet us there. Far above the contending emotions of changing worlds thy voice is heard, and the human soul need never fear, for thou art everywhere. It would seem, our Father, oftentimes that we are forsaken by thee; but when we turn our eyes above the changing things of time, we are able to behold thee, able to learn thou art with us.

Our Father, though clouds hang over the world of mind and matter, still the sun of thy loving countenance beams upon us all the same. Though we descend into hell, thy loving smile will meet us there. Far above the contending emotions of changing worlds thy voice is heard, and the human soul need never fear, for thou art everywhere.

will never fall us. So, Great Spirit of the Host, we rejoice in thy presence now and forever. Nov. 5.

Fatality, Responsibility, and Accountability.

SUBJECT.—What subject will the friends offer for review this afternoon? SUBJECT.—Please discourse upon Fatality, Responsibility, and Accountability, also.

The subject offered is Fatality and Accountability. We presume it refers to the human spirit. There are a certain class of intelligences, both in the body and out of it, who believe in what is commonly termed fatality, or fore ordination of all things.

Fatality, when commonly understood, or as humanly has defined it, is a something, a power over which we can have not the slightest control. But when divinely understood and spiritually defined, it is a guiding principle, a something which, when understood, may be taken advantage of even by the human soul.

To be held accountable for the deeds done in the body after death, is the common meaning of the word accountability, but according to the divine acceptance of the term, it means a totally different way. Suppose that the human spirit is to be called to account, after passing through the change called death, for all deeds done in the human body?

For every act committed, you are held responsible to law, and if that act is in accordance with Divine law—we are not speaking of human law—then joy is the consequence; peace and all the attributes of divine harmony will be given you. It matters not whether it be on the physical or spiritual plane; the law demands entire obedience of the human spirit.

So it is in physical life. If you make a mistake, or sin against the physical, or body, you are obliged to pay the penalty for it. It matters not whether you sin ignorantly or knowingly, the law visits you with the same judgment. You are held accountable to the same law through Time and Eternity.

There are also a certain class of fatalists who believe that all things are for the best, or in other words, "Whatever is, is right." This belief, or theory, when spiritually considered, will bring you fruits of great joy; but when humanly considered—that is to say, when it is applied to humanity—it is then liable to bring you suffering; for the believer is very apt to lay down his own responsibility, and yield it up to another.

You should ever keep your own responsibilities in charge, for you and I, as well as the human family, are created for a purpose. We have a certain part of the great scroll of human life to read, and if we do not attend to it to day, the law of to-morrow may demand two-fold of us.

Oh ye dwellers in mortal, learn to read the book of your own destiny; and when you have learned to do this, you will see doubtless as your speaker says, that the All-Wise and Infinite Spirit of Goodness hath ordained that you as well as I, shall fulfill a certain mission; that rest is not for the human soul, but action, eternal action is ever attached to the human spirit.

I am requested to state, that on Monday afternoon, conditions proving favorable, a fair child will give a Poem. That child, I am informed, passed from the parent nest a few years since, to join the angels. Nov. 5.

Thomas Dilloway.

Oh God I'd give all the world, if I had it, for one day in my own body. What a pity it is that we can see clearer on this side than we could on the side we have come from, is n't it? Why, I've prayed for annihilation since I come here, for it would be better than this terrible remembrance.

My name here was Thomas Dilloway. I was born in Liverpool, England. I was married in Kensington at twenty-five years of age, and got into some trouble about three years after marriage. I abandoned my wife, two children, came to this country, tried to find peace, but did n't. I've been enabled to come here to-day to see if I could n't find it this way.

under far more miserable conditions than when I was here on the earth. Now I see just how wrong I was when here. Perhaps I can overcome some things, and outlive this terrible misery that surrounds me. I want any one who can to help me meet my family, and if I do n't pay them in the cold of your world, I will in something better. I'll be under no obligation to any one who will aid me, as I will pay with interest, and I know I can. Farewell. Nov. 5.

Fanny Elwell Sanborn.

I hear you are kind to all who come to you. [Yes.] I have a father and mother in the Confederate States. I wish I could speak with them. [If you will make your wishes known here, we will print them, so that your parents, on learning of your desire, may give you an opportunity to speak where they are.] My mother is at Colquhoun. My father, I am not sure where he is, but he is not with my mother. He is Colonel Richard Sanborn. He has been taken prisoner, but escaped shortly after being taken. A few hours after being taken, he escaped, I think. When my father left us, as he did in Gaston, Alabama, I was well; now I am well, but not in the body, I was seventeen years of age. I was called Fanny Elwell Sanborn when here.

About three weeks since my mother read something in one of your papers that was found with one of the prisoners who died near there; and she wished if there was truth in it I might come.

I know my father is fighting against you; but in this enlightened age of the world the sins of the father should not be visited upon the child. [We'll do what we can to have your message reach your mother.] And my mother, I know, will send it to my father. I wish, if I can, to speak with my mother, or my father, or both, as I speak here. Good day, sir. Nov. 5.

William S. Grover.

Stranger, may I hope to send a word home to my father and mother? [Yes, you may.] I been dead since the battle of Harrison's Landing. I belonged to the 12th Illinois, Company A. My name was William Grover—William S. Grover.

I had n't a great deal of experience here—was but nineteen years old. My folks are taking on considerable about my death. I thought I'd come back and let them know that I'm alive. Is that right? [Yes.] They think if they could only just get my body, that they'd be more reconciled to my death; but I reckon, take it all round, stranger, that they would n't want me to die, any way. [I think not.] I lost my body in battle some time since. Now I'm here, and all right, and this is one world I live in now, is n't what I supposed it would be; nothing like it—nothing like it at all. I know my folks think that their religion teaches them truth; but it do n't amount to two straws, none of it.

I know, stranger, what I say seems strange and irreverent to your ears, but you'll be amazingly fooled if, when you go to the spirit-world, you expect to find churches there, for there ain't any there. I want my folks to know it. They do n't know it, but I want them to. I want them to know that every one worships God in his own way in the spirit world. Yes, I suppose, belong to some Church, or something of the sort on the earth, and may not think that I do right in talking as I do here to-day. I tell you what, stranger, I see folks in the spirit-world who ain't tied up to any sort of faith, but do just as well as they can. They're the best off.

Do you send any papers to Peru? [Yes.] I was told your paper went there before I came here to-day. Well, I rather expect it will find my mother there. I was told that she was stopping there with friends. Now they went know how to take it, seeing as all I've said here to day sounds so unlike me. Well, stranger, I can't come wrapped up in deception, any way, even if my friends do n't know me. I must tell the truth.

Oh, about my suffering, I did n't suffer a great deal, although I lay on the battle field after being wounded about three or four hours, as high as I can judge. It was pretty hard, but I lasted; but then it ain't like having three or four years of suffering. If you can get out in that time, you're pretty lucky. But it's all over now, so there's no use in their mourning about my body.

Some one here says we have as much as we can do if we take care of the present as it is. I begin to think that's about right. Folks had better be looking out to see how they can talk with me, instead of mourning about me. Good-by. Nov. 5.

Minnie Wallace.

I can come here. My father says that dead folks can't come back. My mother says so too. But my teachers in the spirit world say we can, and I know we can come back, too, because here I be. My name was Minnie Wallace, and I lived in New York city. My father was a merchant there, I have been dead little more than six weeks.

Somebody told my father that I could come back, but he laughed at it, and said I never could, for I was dead. But I can come back, and I shall tell my father what he was doing all alone yesterday. [Nov. 4th.] then he'll know I was there, and saw what he was doing, for no one else could tell him this but me. He had my miniature in his pocket, and he took it out and looked at it, and kissed it, and then put it away again. It's an iron-plate, and set in gold, that was to be done for my mother, and she was n't to know anything about it until her birthday came.

LITTLE THINGS.

Hearts good and true have wishes few, In narrow circles bounded; And hope that lives on what God gives In Christian hope well founded. Small things are best; girl and sunset To make and wealth are given; But little things, on little wings Bear humble souls to heaven!

A. BURNETT GALT'S PHRENOLOGICAL.—"Now, Miss Bradford, I always like to have a good old fashioned talk with the lady I live with before I begin. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgiving. Now you hear a dear, Beebe's rants, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, siltcloth on the floor, dumb waiter. Then follows her self-planned programme for the week: 'Monday I wash. I'm to be at home on that day; Tuesday I bathe. Nobody's to come near me that day; Wednesday I make. I'm to be at home that day; Thursday I pick up the bones. Nobody's to come near me that day; Friday I go to the city. No body's to come near me, nor the house; Saturday I bathe, and Saturday afternoon my bath-house to me. No body comes near me that day. Sunday I'm to be at home.'"

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
And may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.

HOW MUCH LOVE HAVE I?

I love the birds, I love the flowers,
And every living thing;
The trees, the grass, the insect, too,
With bright and shining wing.

I love the clouds and bright, bright sky,
I love the pretty star,
I love the moon and glorious sun,
That send their light so far.

'T was thus that little Flora May
Sang at her cottage door;
Her face so glad, her smile so sweet,
You loved her more and more.

Just then a little weary girl
Came in the open gate;
Her dress was torn, her hands were soiled,
Her shoes half off her feet.

She asked a little piece of bread,
For she was tired, she said;
She had no kind and loving friends—
Her mother, too, was dead.

Now Flora May, who loved the flowers
And birds and all things glad,
Yet had no love within her heart
For one so lone and sad.

If she'd been dressed in beauteous gown,
With hat and ribbon gay,
She would have said, "Come in, my dear,
We'll have a joyous play."

She turned the little lonely girl
Away from home and rest;
And she must wander on again,
Unpitied and unblest.

Alas for little Flora May!
The sunshine changed to shade;
She saw no life or beauty now,
In all the beauteous glade.

For she had let her little heart
Forget to give and bless,
Remembering not that she received
All this sweet lovefulness.

She ran far up the dusty road,
And called and called again;
Come back, my little tired girl,
Come back!—'t was all in vain.

The day but one from this, they found
The little friendless one
Asleep in death, and free from pain,
Beneath the warm, bright sun.

And little Flora May then wept,
To think what she had done;
Alas! alas! it was too late—
Heaven took the friendless one.

And in the bright, celestial land,
She knew no want or pain,
But in her angel mother's arms
She found a home again.

And Flora May became from this,
A loving, tender friend;
To all who needed love and smiles,
She could some blessing lend.

She loved the birds and trees and flowers,
The stars and clouds and sun;
But, more than all, she loved to bless
The weary, sad and lone.

FAIRY BELLE:

OR,

THE POWER OF A LOVING HEART.

Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this world a heaven,
Like to that above.

It was a sunny summer's day when Fairy Belle
Opened her blue eyes to the light, and felt herself
reposed in a little twin-berry blossom. It was a fair
cradle for a baby fairy, and as the sunlight fell
flickering between the maple blossoms and the insects
danced in the rays, one would have thought that
everything must have been like heaven to the little Belle.
But she had two sisters and a brother, and they were
just outside the fairy cradle, talking so loudly and
harshly that little Belle grew frightened and began to
cry. It was her sister June that was rocking the cradle,
and her sister Pet was swinging on a green leaf close
by, while her brother Flip was astride the stem of a
blue-berry bush.

"Now, I say," said Pet, "I'll rock the cradle
myself. I am large enough and strong enough. So you
just get down, June, or I'll tip the cradle over."
"That's right," said Flip, "Go ahead, old girl."
"Now you hush up," said June, "or I'll tell mammy,
and she'll shut you both up in a clam shell."

"I'd like to see her do it!" said Flip. "I'd shake
her out into the river, and put dandelion dust all over
her clean apron, and—"

"And tip over her honey-pot that she hid in the
columbine," said Pet.
"Now shut up," said June. "I tell you you'll
wake the baby up."

"Who cares for that?" said Flip. "It's just a
good-for-nothing girl, and I want a boy to play with."
This was more than June and Pet could bear, and
they both grew very angry, and spoke many harsh
words, that sounded as loud as a mosquito buzzing
when he wants to bite.

It was fortunate that Fairy Belle's mother came
soon, for the darling began to cry as if the world was
a sad, sad place to come into. The mother sent the
older children away, and took Belle out of her flower-
cradle. Her blue eyes gleamed as she looked out to
the flickering shadows, and she ceased her crying.
But the day, I think, could not have been so lovely to
her after the harsh words she had heard, for though her
little baby-heart did not understand them, yet she felt
their jar.

Now little Belle heard many such angry conversa-
tions as these, so that her babyhood was filled up with
fright and wonder. It is not strange that she grew up
just like her sisters and brother. The first word she
spoke was, "Shut 't up," and her violet eyes learned to
flash forth anger, and she shook her curls in rage, and
doubled up her little fist as round as a poppy seed.
So little Belle, with her fair forehead, and round dim-
pled cheeks, and rosy lips, had no love light shining
over them, and she did not look beautiful or sweet.

She had grown to be as tall as a sprig of the raven
seed moss, and she was old enough to be quite good
and wise; but she was neither. No one ought to have
blamed her for her naughty ways, for she had been
taught only by unkindness and fretfulness and anger;
yet almost every one forgot to pity her, and only
called her a hateful girl.

One day Fairy Belle sat listening to the singing of
the wood lily; and as she listened and watched the

pale yellow blossoms as they waved in the breeze, her
heart grew very sad; something seemed speaking with-
in it, saying:
"Fairly Belle, fairly Belle," gently yet chidingly,
"O, I wish I was good and beautiful," she said,
"like the little girl that I saw living in the snowy
white lily up in the beautiful garden; but I can't be.
Oh! oh!"

At this, Fairy Belle began to cry piteously.
"O, I wish I was good and beautiful," she said,
"like the little girl that I saw living in the snowy
white lily up in the beautiful garden; but I can't be.
Oh! oh!"

Now a little girl's wish is a prayer, and a good
prayer is almost always answered in some way. Belle
had no sooner brushed away her tears than she felt
happier, for she had for the first time prayed to be
good, and the pure wish seemed to glow in her eye,
and rest like a smile around her mouth. Something
seemed speaking to her in gentle voice, saying, "Go
and see the little girl that lives in the snowy lily;"
and Belle's heart answered, "I will go."

So she ran and washed her face in the dew that hung
from the grass, and combed her hair with a branch of
coral moss. One would not have thought her the same
girl, for it seemed as if the pure wish kept speaking
from her eyes, and glowing on her forehead, and al-
ready one could see the love-light glancing from out
the former, and the hope shining on the latter.

The little girl that lived in the snowy lily was at
home, and when she saw Belle coming, she ran to the
edge of the petal, and told her how to ascend. Belle
at first could not speak, for the sight of so much love-
fulness so near, filled her with awe; but the little girl,
whose name was Lily, was so gentle, and did not seem
to mind that Belle had not on such beautiful gar-
ments as herself, that she soon felt at home.

"I wanted to come and see you," she said, "be-
cause I thought you knew about being good."
"I guess I do," said Lily; "do n't you?"
"I feel cross most always," said Belle, "and June
scolds me, and Pet teases me, and Flip makes fun of
me, and, and—I do n't like 'em."

Here she began to cry again; but Lily turned to a
tiny shell that was in one corner of the room, and with
a little piece of coral she struck it gently, and kept
time to her singing. She sang—

The violet blue,
Gleaming with dew,
I love to see;
But eyes that shine
With love divine,
Are fairer to me.

And I love to hear
The voice of cheer
From the robin's bower;
But the gentle tone
That is love's own,
Has sweeter power.

I love the breath
That Summer hath,
By sun or star;
But the heart that's glow
With love's warm flow,
Is better far.

Fairy Belle stopped crying, but she did not under-
stand the song; so when Lily said, is n't that a sweet
song? she did not answer, but only smiled; and Lily
began to talk.

"Once I used to think I could be happy if I did not
do right; but I tried it a long time, and I was n't
happy. Then I looked at the flowers, always so beauti-
ful, and I said, 'I'd be like them,' and I looked at the
stars, and I said, 'They are always so bright, I'll
be like them;' and then I heard the birds, always so
happy, and I said, 'I'll be like them;' but I had to
begin and try, and try again many times before I fell
as if I was a flower, and a star, and a bird."

"But," said Fairy Belle, "you had n't cross sisters
and a naughty brother."

"No," said Lily, "but I had an unkind aunt that
used to shake me and pull my hair."
"O, dear," said Belle, "how did you get to be so
good?"

"Because," said Lily, "I wanted to be; and
when I wanted to be—really wanted to be—some-
body came and helped me. It was somebody I
could n't see; but that seemed like sunshine, and I
heard it say, 'Lily, love, love, love everybody.' And
I said, 'I won't love Aunt Thorns;' and then I
heard again, 'Love, love, love everybody.' So I
thought 'I'd try, and I began to do good things first,
and the doing made me happy; and when I was happy
I could n't help loving. Aunt Thorns soon forgot to
scold, and began to kiss me; and after awhile we both
forgot to be cross, and tried to help each other, and,
helping each other, we grew more and more to love
each other. Then she brought me to this beautiful lily,
where I have light and sunshine, and then she ascended
to the blue light above, and I hear her saying aloud,
'Love, love, love everybody.'"

The girls swung themselves down from the blossom
and went into the garden. Fairy Belle kept thinking
of what Lily had said, and the air seemed full of tink-
ling bells, sounding out "Love, love, love every-
body."

The sunshine seemed brighter than ever to her, and
the little flowers, looking up to the sky, seemed to
give forth fresh life and beauty to her. She found it
true that when her heart had joy in it, everything
seemed joyous; and while she was listening to the
words of love that her own heart was echoing, she
thought everything was repeating them, so that the
air seemed full of music, and every beautiful thing full
of love.

When she reached home there sat Tip throwing mus-
tard seeds at June and Pet, who were scolding and
crying by turns.

"Now," said Fairy Belle, "if I love, I must do
loving things." So she ran to Flip and said, "Flip, if
you'll stop I'll give you my big tub that papa made
from a cherry-stone, and we will go and fill it with
water, and then you can call your boat in it, and you
may have it for your own."

Flip stopped, and looked up with wondering eyes,
for he could not understand what Belle meant by so
much kindness; but he did not stop to wonder long,
for he was in such a hurry to sail his boat in the
cherry-stone tub, that he could think of nothing else.

Now June was a selfish girl, too, and she began
teasing Pet about the torn dress she had on, until she
cried bitterly.

"Never you mind," said Belle to her, "I'll give
you a bit of thistle-down, and you can sew it up. See
how nicely I've mended my frock; and, June, I have
a pretty bag that mamma made one day for me to put
some silk in that I gathered from the mullein-pods,
and I will give it to you, and you can work a pretty
cap to put on your head. I saw the little girl that
lives in the snowy lily had one on when she went in
the garden."

June did not know what to say more than Flip, who
was so surprised at Belle's kindness.

This was Belle's beginning, and a good beginning
finds a good ending. At night she felt so happy, that
when she lay down to sleep in her little bed under the
patriarchal leaves, she thought that she heard sweet
singing all through the air, and she fell asleep and
dreamed about a beautiful home, where everybody
sang, "We love, we love, we love each other."

In the morning she was awakened by the usual
sounds of discord. Flip was pulling Pet's hair while
she tried to comb it, and June was scolding them
both.

"O, dear, O, dear," said Belle, "there's no use,
I do n't see as they are any happier for my trying to
be good yesterday!"

But she remembered something that Lily said:

"Try, try, try again.
If at first, you do n't succeed,"
so she jumped up quickly, and felt a great wish in her
heart—a wish that everybody would be good.

Now as we said, a good wish is a little child's
prayer, and a prayer almost always brings an answer.
Belle felt as if she heard again the sweetly-sounding
voices repeating the words of love, and her heart grew
glad, so that sweet smiles rested over her face, and
she ran, half dancing, out to her brother and sisters,
and said:

"Let's go down to the sand-bank, and carry the
ants their breakfast."

Now that was Flip's work every morning, and he did
not like it, because he had to go alone, and because
he thought it work; but now that he would have com-
pany and help, he began to think it fun; so he took
his little basket of food, and they all ran to the home
of the ants. Doing good deeds always blesses those
who perform them, more than those who receive them;
and as these children scattered the little grains about
to bless others, they were gathering something beauti-
ful into their own hearts.

"Now," said Flip, "let's go and open the buck-
wheat beds, so that the bees can gather the honey."

And away they all ran to do other kind deeds.

When they had blown open many buds with their
sweet breath, and found the bees all busy gathering
the honey, June proposed that they should go and
open the thistle blossoms for the butterflies, and away
they ran on this errand of kindness. When they left
the blossoms, all sending their sweet breath up as in-
cense, they turned to the cherry trees, and with their
robins brought the bright bushes to them, so that the
robins might have a delicious breakfast; then they went
to the meadow and fanned the arbutus, that it might
open its softly-tinted petals, and let the little creeping
insect in.

When they had done all these deeds of love, they
met their mother going down to the river to carry
some food to the fishes. They ran to her and took her
burden and bore it carefully. She seemed so pleased
and thankful that her face grew young again, and she
said:

"My good children, I will give you a festival when
midsummer night comes, and you shall dance and
sing, and I will teach you beautiful songs, and we will
sing them together, and the world shall wonder what
has made it so glad and happy."

This morning's work of kindness and love brought
so much pleasure with it, that the children wondered
within themselves what made them so glad and happy.
They found each day more and more to do, and gained
also more and more happiness, so that when midsum-
mer came one would not have known them to be the
same children. Love lighted up their faces, and they
glowed like the sunshine; kindness beamed from their
eyes, and they looked like the stars; gentleness and
truth seemed to speak forth in every motion, and they
became a band of loving influences to bless and purify
the earth.

The midsummer night's festival was like a dream of
beauty, and has a history of its own that must be told
hereafter. Lily was there, with her white and gleam-
ing garments, and her pure and radiant heart, and as
she saw how Fairy Belle had transformed herself and
those about her, she said:

"Yes, it is true, love will make all that is unlovely
beautiful, and a loving heart has the power of heaven
within it."

I am composed of 12 letters:
My 7, 2, 3, 4, 9, is what every one desires to pos-
sess in a cold day.

My 1, 6, 12, is a little insect.

My 5, 11, 3, 6, is the most useful of all minerals.

My 10, 1, 11, 3, 6, is the name of a Patriarch.

My 8, 9, 11, 3, is what all boys must strive to be-
come.

My whole is the centre of all happiness, and without
which every one must be miserable.

ENIGMA.

Correspondence in Brief.

SPIRITUALISM IN PHILADELPHIA.—Never before has
there been so deep and wide-spread an interest in
Spiritualism with us as there is at this time. Mediums
are kept busy in furnishing opportunities for investi-
gators to examine this subject.

There are several public circles held here, some of
which are quite largely attended, and at times very in-
teresting. These circles give an opportunity for me-
diums to become acquainted with each other, and aid
one another in the spiritual struggle.

We have two places of meeting on Sunday. The
Thompson street church, which has become thorough-
ly spiritualized, and in which there are meetings held
regularly, and Sansom street Hall, where many of the
Spiritualists "do congress," and listen to the speak-
ers who are engaged here during the winter season.
This hall will hold some eight to nine hundred per-
sons (it was formerly computed to hold a thousand).

Our meetings have been well attended this season.
Lizzie Doten was with us in October. I need say
nothing of her lectures—we thought them better than
any she had given before.

During December we have had a new speaker with
us, Miss Martha L. Beckwith, of New Haven, Conn.
She has given us a very fine course of lectures, which
has attracted much attention and awakened an inter-
est in many minds. She is quite young, rather diffi-
dent, and felt some hesitation about coming among us;
but her visit has been a decided success. She has
spoken to large audiences without the least confusion
or trepidation, and has given us some of the finest im-
agery and the most poetic lectures that we have had.
She went to Baltimore during the month and gave two
lectures there, which were very acceptable to the
friends. She is very frail, though I think her health
has improved while with us, and I have no doubt if
she is able to continue in the field, she will have a
brilliant career.

The beautiful simplicity of her character attracts
many to her, while the thrilling and poetic eloquence
of her lectures warms the hearts and awakens the ad-
miration of her hearers.

Mrs. Currier is to be with us in December; Mrs.
Townsend in January, and Mrs. Cuppy in February,
1864, so that we have a rich treat before us.

Yours truly, HENRY D. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. MANSFIELD'S MEMORIAL IN CALIFORNIA.—
DEAR BANNER.—With your kind permission, I wish
to encroach upon your valuable columns enough to add
my humble testimony to that of thousands of others
who have done so before, to the reliability of the me-
diumship of our beloved friend, the late W. Mansfield.
He is dispensing light and knowledge, and win-
ning golden opinions from all sorts of people." In
the far-off El Dorado land.

Progress of Mr. Townsend.—Mr. Editor: I have
been called to the death-bed of my beloved husband,
as we suppose, although he is more comfortable than
when I arrived from Millford on Wednesday evening
last. It may be well to notice that my address will
be Bridge-water, Vt.; until time brings around more
favorable changes.

The dark forebodings of the past year seem break-
ing over me like a great tempest, and my spirit groans
in anguish. "O, God! thy hammer and anvil" seem to be
in thorough use in my case at present, and I pray I
may be made more in his image from every blow.

"I cannot, cannot say,
Out of my breast and breaking heart,
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood drops start,
From every pore as I drag on,
'Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday
My will was one with God's dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smile upon,
Thy will, my God, be done!

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;
And pride in me alone was strong,
With cunning art,
To cheat me in the golden sun,
To say, God's will be done!

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross—away and rude,
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed
The holy words my pale lips utter,
"O, God, thy will be done!"

Ply my woes, O God!
And launch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in thy trembling hand thy rod,
That quakes death;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

The soul-prayer and true feeling of your friend,
M. B. TOWNSEND.

Bridge-water, Vt., Nov. 29, 1863.

SPIRITUALISM SPREADING IN THE WEST.—Mrs. C.
M. Stowe closed her course of five lectures in Prince-
ton, Sunday evening last, to the largest crowd of peo-
ple that has ever attended any meeting here of a re-
ligious character. Her lectures were all well attended.
She gave most excellent satisfaction. She is a "regu-
lar revivalist." She electrifies and magnetizes her au-
dience. Spiritualism is decidedly on the advance
here. Mrs. Stowe has done us all good. We all love
her, not in the "free love sense," but as a pure and
lovely woman, an excellent lecturer, and a superior
medium. She is a woman of rare energy and recolu-
tion. Though she was so fatigued that she could only
walk a few steps with great effort, she proceeded on
Monday last to Clinton. In this State, to all her ap-
pointment there. May God and his good angels as-
sist and protect her.

Yours truly,
MILTON F. PATTER.

Princeton, Ill., Nov. 27, 1863.

I see by the number of the BANNER on my paper,
that the time of my subscription is nearly expired, so
enclosed you will find the amount for another year,
and I send in season, that I may not lose a number. I
cannot do without it were its price doubled, and while
some may wish for alterations in its arrangements,
with me it is all right. I know of no part of it which
I would have changed.

Spiritualism is in a prosperous condition in this vic-
inity. There are many who are giving their atten-
tion to it, and a committee has been appointed who
have secured Mrs. Heath, of Lockport, N. Y., to speak
the first Sunday of each month, for the present, in this
village. She also speaks one-fourth of the time in
Ottico, one-fourth in Laphamville, and one-fourth in
Alpine; and as the audiences increase in numbers, it
is plain that prejudice is dying out, which is much to
be desired.

Long may the BANNER wave,
Pure as the Light,
And all hearts good and brave
Welcome the sight.

Yours for the truth, H. B. ALDEN,
Lowell, Kent Co., Mich., Nov. 18, 1863.

I am requested to communicate to you, Mr. Editor,
the following message, which was given to me by a
very singular way. A person calling himself John
A. Francis, of East Stoughton, called at my house
two days ago, saying that he had been told by the
spirits at a circle in that place, to find me and com-
mend me to send intelligence to the BANNER or LIGHT
office, and have it published, that George Wright, of
Chicago, Ill., was killed in the battle of Gettysburg,
on the third day of July last; that he enlisted in Lynn,
in the Eleventh Mass. Regiment, and he wished to let
his friends know that he had passed away.

I am unacquainted with either of the above-named
persons, and know not in what way the intelligence
may concern me; as yet it is all mystery to me. But
I thought it my duty to do as I was commanded, hop-
ing that it may communicate intelligence to his friends,
if it is in reality no hoax, and I have no means of
knowing, as said Francis was a perfect stranger to me.
He says that he has never been in Lynn before, and
that he did not know my name or whereabouts, but he
was guided by the spirits to my door.

Yours truly,
LYNN, MASS., DEC. MRS. LYDIA H. NEALLEY.

Call spirit and matter interchanging principles, in-
stead of separate and distinct ones, and you have a
mathematical certainty, instead of vague theorizing,
lecturing spirit to the contrary notwithstanding.
Wigan the role won't we k, please inform me.
J. TIMNEY.

"Vindex," writing from Chicopee, Mass., under
date of Dec. 12th, says:

There is greater need of earnestness of purpose and
unity of action among our friends everywhere. There
never was a more propitious time for the spread of
spiritual truth than the present, and it only requires
little energy and perseverance on the part of Spiritualists
to double the number of believers. Sorrowing
hearts are seeking consolation where they least can
find it; let their troubled souls be directed hitherward,
and the consolation of the true religion freely offered
them.

THE LEAVEN IS WORKING.—Bro. Kellogg of West-
field, Mass., in renewing his subscription, gives a
brief, but encouraging account of the progress of the
Spiritual Philosophy in that place:

I can do without anything else better than I can
the BANNER. Three years ago there were very few
Spiritualists in Westfield. It is a fine sectarian paper.
I have been doing everything but decent by the cred-
its, because I took a Spiritual paper. But I stood
firm to my post; and I would not give up the consola-
tion of spirit-intercourse for the wealth of the Indies.
Now the BANNER OF LIGHT waves its folds over many
a house in this place, to my personal knowledge; and
we also have lectures occasionally. Miss Nellie J.
Temple has spoken here recently.
E. J. KELLOGG.

Westfield, Mass., Nov. 20, 1863.

On Thanksgiving Day I attended my "old reli-
gious love," the Episcopal Church, (I have been a
member of that denomination for many years), and I
was astonished to hear, for the first time from a pupil
of that class, a political sermon.

I am collecting materials to publish in the spring a
"Spiritual Hymn and Song Book, for all occasions,"
and request all persons who have songs or hymns, re-
fined and beautiful, adapted to such a work, to forward
them to me during January next, at Harrisburg, Pa.
Please state where the music adapted, if any, can be
obtained, for which I will be thankful.

There is quite an interest being manifested in Spir-
itualism at Utica, at present, and I am engaged to lec-
ture there two more Sabbaths—Dec. 13th and 20th.
Utica, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1863. L. K. COONLEY.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent me-
dium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One
Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red
postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such
that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and
letter sent to us will be returned within two or three
weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that
every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as
sometimes spirits addressed hold imperious control of
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cumstances, to prevent misapprehension—as some
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