BANNER OF LIGHT.

ROMANCE LITERATURE — A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XIV. [$3.50 PER YEAR In Advance.] BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES, Five Cents.] NO. 14.

Literary Department.

JASMINE;

OR,

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Angel of the Past.

"From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshipers before her fall,
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all."
MRS. WELBY.

"Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Reared for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship here, and everywhere."
WORDSWORTH.

Oh, the short lived joy, and yet the blissful reunion! My vestal priestess, my beautiful, peerless and unchanged Lillian Vane!—I met her suddenly, without a premonition, without one forewarning thrill of heart! In one of our hospitals, by the bedside of a wounded sufferer, I met again that cherished friend of my youth. Oh, what an inner illumination of delighted surprise shed its luminous rose-hue over the seraphic face! My friend, revered and honored! thou did'st open for me the temple's gates, and lead me to the unveiled shrine of thy innermost!

I took her home with me, and told her of my eventful life since last we sorrowfully parted; and she, the same calm, lofty, serene queen of thought, held fast my hands, gazed deep into my eyes, and said:

"The aim of life is gained, is it not, Jasmine? One goal is reached by both, though in far different ways. Thou by the hand of love; I by the guidance of duty only have been led to the earth life's compensation—*peace, rest*. Our heaven-life is begun."

I showed her my husband's picture, and she looked at it long and earnestly, while the sweet smile decked her lip, and the blue eye gathered haze.

"It is a noble, a promising countenance. It is heroic, winsome, fascinating in its goodness. The brow is the throne of intellect, the eye the seat of truth and honor; tenderness and charity smile from the reflective *mouth*. It is the face of a poet, of a brave, unflinching reformer. You have chosen wisely, and bestowed yourself worthily, my Jasmine."

How dear to me were the praises of my loved one from those truthful lips! In my cosy home she rested for a week, and then again the shadow, cast by earth's inevitable separations, fell on my heart and steeped it for awhile in unavailing regret. Yet ere she went I became possessed of her entire confidence, and I knew wherefore that angel of mercy, flitting from place to place on errands of beneficence, pursued alone her beautiful, laborious path.

When she had told me all of her past, and led me with her along the reminiscent shores, where first those great trials arose to great her; when she had told me how, strengthened from above, she had cast from her all the assailing temptations, all the allurements of the lesser lot than her own chosen one, I looked into her beaming face, expecting to behold it glorified! Truly, the angels of our Father do make the earth their abiding place.

She had loved one her equal in goodness, in purity, in all moral excellence and intellectual possessions. He cherished for her the supreme reverence that was the due of such a queenly soul. She was to him a star, a sun, afar off in the heavens above. He gave her homage, worshipful respect, all but love. It was one of those mysteries the future life alone could reveal, why such corresponding spirits should not blend in the inseparable harmony of conjugal affection. But so it was, and she could love no other; so at first wearily and sad, with lacerated heart and falling steps, she took up the burden of life, and sought for forgetfulness of her own grief in ministrations of beautiful relief to the wounded hearts of others. And time brought healing and compensation, but never forgetfulness. The pure and sacredly enshrined love lived on, eternal in its essence; hopeless, fearless of aught relating to an earthly fruition.

They met sometimes in distant lands, or on the banks of their native river. They exchanged fraternal greetings, encouraged each other in their life-pursuits, and passed on in their diverging paths. He had read her heart's secret, and guarded it in manly honor faithfully. She had known his soul's decision long ago, and had bowed to it humbly.

He was devoted to scientific research, and lately he had delighted the world with his discoveries. He sought no life companion, though his heart was tenderly alive to affection, as was his soul to wisdom's teachings. There was a deep, unfolding hope in the woman's heart, a prophecy—an angel promise, that, the gateways of eternity passed, they would meet to part no more, to fully understand the *wherefore* of the separation here, to know why, on the earth below, a barrier was uprised between them, not formed of objects placed there by the world, but upraised and inexorably fixed by the one beloved hand.

"Dearest Jasmine," said my honored friend, "true philosophic calmness is not coldness; it is strength derived from all the toils of the past. It is not the indifference of the deadened heart, it is the effort of the living, cheerful soul resigned in all things to his will. In such a frame of feeling no calamity can find us unprepared, no sorrow can overwhelm completely, no joy elate us beyond the approval of reason. We apprehend no evil, believing in the ultimated good; we fear no loss where we hold the gain rightfully earned. No event of life can find us anxiously expectant. We are rightly balanced, and our sight is clear."

"I am going to my native land," she continued, "there again to meet my good old friend and companion, Mrs. Apthorp, over whom the passing years speed lightly. I have business to attend to, and duties to perform for awhile there, then, Jasmine, dearest, best friend! I will clasp to my soul the compensations of friendship. I will come to you, and together we will enter upon our labors for humanity. I have ample means; they shall be devoted to the service of the needy. Your religious faith has long been mine, our united efforts will be of avail."

Oh, how grateful I was for that blessed promise. Surely, my vintage crown was fully ripened. With this dear sister by my side, what could life give me more?

The sudden bursting forth of the war had prevented me from carrying into effect my former plans with regard to little children. We were not rich, and my sympathies were enlisted on every side for the wounded soldiers and their needy families. And now the *daily prayer of my heart was about to be fulfilled*. Lillian would bring with her several children of her adoption.

How my visitors gazed in unsuppressed admiration at my lovely friend! How the truly spiritual prized her, and the worldly bent in homage before her beauty and position! With the Orne family she was soon on as familiar a footing as myself. Emma, glad and overwhelmed by the honor, was to be one of the teachers in our institution for the young. In a long conversation with John, she so far overcame his strong, manly reluctance to the acceptance of favors, that he received from her bounteous hands a loan of money wherewith to continue his studies. My Victor, with much difficulty, had induced the disinterested father and son to permit him to aid them in business matters.

Mr. Orne's admiration of Lillian Vane was wholly undisguised. Whenever the weather permitted, they spent Friday evening at my house. While my guest was engaged in a pleasant household conversation with mother Orne, the head of the family said to me:

"Jasmine, my gal—excuse me, I mean Mrs. St. Leon. I'm afraid I never shall get out of the old familiar way of callin' you when you were to our house, and I've got to put some kind of a check rein on my tongue, or I shall be-callin' you so before folks, and then *what* will they think? Why, that I'm worse nor a polar bear, or a country green jackdaw for politeness, to speak so to a married lady who's got a captain for a husband a-fightin' the blessed battles of our Union—and she a great writer into the bargain."

"Never mind, dear father Orne," I replied cheerfully; "go on with what you wish to tell me."

"Well, then," said he, lowering his tone still more confidentially, "all I've got to say is, that ere friend of yours yander is the completest angel of a woman I ever did see! All the Presbyterian ministers in this tarnal big village, or any other town, can't beat her for preachin'; and her talk's so sweet and grand and elevatin'—has n't a syllable in it about God's wrath, or vengeance, or hell fire, or devil-spook, and sich like trash! She's the beautifullest critter I ever did set my eyes on, and she do n't bewilder and flabbergast a poor feller like me with sich everlastin' high-falutin as some of the *mejums* deal in for stock-in-trade. She's fit to talk with Queen Victoria, and she can let down, and tell an old ignoramus like me in the plainest, sensiblest words, so I can understand and remember, when I lie awake o' nights, all about the blessed Spiritualism, so it's all clear as daylight. Them's the real genuine angels as has a good say for everybody. None of yer gibberish, outlandish, moonstrucky fly-aways, like some of the lectors I've listened to and could n't for the life of me comprehend. I love poetry, but it must n't go beyond the bounds of Natur; and fine speakin' must n't be too all fired Greeky and Latinified, so that common folks can't understand. Now I've heard tell of saints, but I never saw one till my eyes rested on that angel's face, and now I know what the books mean by saintly expression, and havin' a glory 'round about the head. That woman aint very young in years, but she's got a spirit that's clothed in garments of light and holiness. *She* knows what the Bread of Life and the Waters of Truth mean. She eats the one and drinks t' other every day of *her* life, and gives to all around. If I was a Catholic, now, I'd fall right down on my marrow bones and worship her for the Virgin Mary forever. Miss Jas—Mrs. St. Leon, she looks like the Goddess o' Liberty! I want to shout Hail Columby! every time I come into her presence. The old woman thinks every inch as much of her, and John goes in eggstacies every time her name's mentioned. As for my gal, she's plum crazy about her."

They came from the depths of an honest heart, these rough praises.

"Oh, Mrs. St. Leon," whispered the wife, "I feel, when I'm talking to that lady, as if I stood before some queen. I do n't mean because she's so grand looking and all that; but she raises you up like, and one feels—at least, I do—mean and poor, as if I had never done nothing of any account in this world!"

Humble-hearted woman! Yet many of her nights are spent by the bedside of the sick and sorrowful—many a loving deed of charity have her hands performed for friend and foe.

"Jas—Mrs. St. Leon," continued Tom Orne, "it's a pity she's an Englisher; we ought to own such a treasure as that. She ought to hail from Yankee land. She's got the true grit, *she has*! But never mind; she'll get naturalized among us, and won't that be jolly! Do, please, ma'am, make me behave; I'm obstroperous as a youngster when I see yer smiling face, and that sanctificated angel's over there! You'll have to write to the Captain to keep me in order."

I smiled acquiescence, and bade him, as ever, to feel at home.

It was the evening before Lillian's departure. So closely were my heart strings woven around her, that I could not but feel sad at the thought of losing her for a few months or a year. She read my thoughts, for when our company had departed, she took a seat beside me, and, taking my hand, said, sweetly:

"Why is my Jasmine sad? Does she not feel that our parting is not for long?"

"I do; but I cannot fully overcome the sense of loneliness that weighs upon me when I think of you and him—both absent."

"Jasmine!"

There was such a tender, thrilling promise in her tone! I looked up eagerly, expectantly into her face. It was enrapt, illumined, wondrously beautiful the far-seeing, prophetic eyes:

"Your Victor will return soon, weakened in strength, but safe, *safe*; unharmed by bullets or by steel. He will come to remain with you for ever! His mission is about accomplished. To others he will resign his place. A few more weeks of patient, faithful waiting, and you shall know no more the pain of absence."

I uttered a cry of joy, and kissed her hands. So many good gifts this angel brought to me!

"Have you not felt, deep in your prescient heart, that this was to be?" she questioned.

"No," I replied; "I dared not entertain the hope. I feared he would be kept from me till the conflict ended. I have felt, for some days, a delicious sense of nearness, as if I was soon to be gladdened by his bodily coming. Oh, Lillian, you are indeed a messenger of glad tidings unto me!"

"He is guarded by a lovely spirit-guardian—nay, by two. One is an aerial, white robed, beautiful virgin matron, with gold-brown locks, and eyes of darkest lustre; the other is a graceful, fairy form, with eyes of heaven-deep blue, and tendril hair of brown. With intertwining arms they float above him, warding off the murderous bullets, turning aside the glistening steel."

"My Mary mother and his!" I exclaimed, with tears of gratitude.

"And now, my spirit-sister, give me thy impressions, or tell me what unfolds to thy interior sight in return," she said to me.

"My vision is sealed; but the prophetic voices of my soul foretell thy safe return, a happy life that is shared by thee. Thou wilt love my Victor as a brother. I did not feel so hopeful and confident when my poor, faithful Anastasia left me. I knew I should never look upon her face again!"

"She was true, she was faithful to the end," murmured Lillian, dreamily.

Then, after a few moments' silence, she resumed:

"Her mortal form rests in a far-off grave. Her last thought was of you. When her last wishes shall have been fulfilled, your soul will feel the approaches of that changeless, loving friend. Through humblest hands our Father delegates his ministry of good and use."

"She is dead, then!" I uttered, mournfully.

"No, Jasmine, not dead, but arisen to everlasting life!"

I felt rebuked. Why should we, who are in possession of a purer faith and a deeper knowledge, still employ the repugnant word of death? I wiped away my starting tears, and said with fervent thankfulness, remembering all her gentleness and fidelity:

"May happiness attend thee ever in thy upward path, oh friend of my past days of loneliness and orphanhood!"

That night we knelt side by side in prayer, not of formal words, but of the outpouring soul. And we spoke of high and noble themes, the true love of country and of human kind, the gloriously unfolding future of the Republic, purified in the martyr blood of her sons from the stain of her life-long shame. We spoke of Africa's liberated millions, and in view of their long-looked-for deliverance we wept for joy within each other's arms.

Then we slept, and dreamt of the sweet, peaceful worlds beyond, where never the clash of arms is heard, whose gateways of pearl and whose homes of beauty are never invaded by earth's demon-forms of strife. Then in still deeper vision, my spirit mother bore to me a scroll, inscribed in golden letters with the one word, "*Fulfillment*." And I knew that it applied to my earth life; and as I stooped to kneel and kiss the hem of her vestalic garment, the music of the supernal love realms played around me, inconceivably thrilling with a melody unknown to earth. * * *

I awoke in the morning refreshed and cheerful; and when on the steamer's deck I said farewell to Lillian, I shed no tear of sorrow. My heart was filled with calm, prophetic joy. I turned again to my household duties, to the loving cares that called me abroad, to my writings, to the education of my wild rose, Teresa, who, like every one else, had become strongly attached to Lillian Vane. "She is petter nor goot," said my German maiden; and I encouraged her to imitate her example.

"Vot is dat you say?" returned my literal-minded questioner. "You vant me for to try to be as goot as Miss Vane? Vy do n't you tell me to shump over the moon right avay, Mrs. St. Leon? Dere is n't anybody like Miss Vane all over *dis* world! No, no, ma'am; Teresa Sotzen got too much of ter *teufel* to be an angel! You are *pooty* goot, Mrs. St. Leon; but *she*, she is gooter den any one in de whole Phildelphy!"

To reward Teresa for this heart-spoken tribute, I allow her to go out walking with Ruby, that privilege being one of her highest ambitions. My meditations of sweetness and beauty are broken in upon by a visit from the widow Waltham. But I am doubly armed with patience and girded with strength. She had kept aloof of late. I was sorry she had not met with Lillian; in her, perhaps, the weary heart and discordant spirit would have found rest.

"Do you still think the Union cause is going to win?" she opens her battery at once.

"Certainly; I never felt more confident," I reply.

"Then you're either bewitched, or have a familiar spirit, Mrs. St. Leon. I think the best thing you Northerners can do after this, is to let the South and her niggers alone."

"I think we will try the other way a little longer," I say, very quietly.

"Oh, this is a miserable world, and I do n't see the use of living in it, for my part! It's only fit for upstarts and *parvenues*, but not for those that have been something, and that have come to drudge for the daily mouthful. And I'm so discouraged, I believe Spiritualism, and everything else, is a humbug! I can't get any comfort from the spirits, either. And as for the war, one invisible says one thing, and one another; and I do n't believe the whole boodle of them in the end. They're always preaching patience and submission to me. I wish some of them would come down here, and have a few of my trials with the nobodies I have to live under and stitch for! They'd change their tune, or they would n't be decent, well-brought-up spirits! To think that *I*, who am of kin to the English nobility, who kept servants all my life, and kept them in their places, too, should come to handle brooms and sweep floors, make beds, and wash greasy dishes, for a set of ignorant, clodhopping, vulgar, conceited, mean, niggardly Pennsylvanians! Oh, it is too bad!"

Her handkerchief is applied to her eyes.

"My friend," I make answer, "you will forgive my frankness; but of what avail is your constant rebellion against circumstances? You know that I offered you my home; but were you contented in it? You give repinings where blessings are due; you call every little assistance rendered by your hands, drudgery; you wound the feelings of those you live with by constant assaults upon their faith or love of country. All have not equal patience to bear it, so your life is made unhappy by your own means. You need chastening yet; the advice of your spirit friends is the best that can be given. You must learn submission, and come out of self. When a dear friend of mine, who has just left for England, returns, I will make you acquainted with her; *perhaps you will accept from her the advice you discard at my hands*."

"Is she English? Then she must know my family. Perhaps she will be able to convince you that I am *somebody*, Mrs. St. Leon, for you won't take the trouble to ask the Dickersons, and the Willises, and others I have mentioned to you hundreds of times, about my origin and former mode of life."

"You are aware by this time, Mrs. Waltham, that I pay no tribute to appearances, titles or worldly distinctions. Heart and soul to me are the only evidences of true nobility."

"Yes, and a fine mess you make of it, with your low democratic notions! I guess if your ancestors could look out of their graves, or down from their seats in heaven, they'd feel shocked and grieved at *your* way of proceeding. You're check-by-jowl with all the riff-raff rag-and bobtail in the city, including the lovely niggers, of course! Excuse me, Mrs. St. Leon; but I'm older than you, and speak for your highest good."

"Mrs Waltham, who did the Christ you profess to believe in associate with while on earth? Did he seek the company of the aristocratic and exclusive ones? Who needs most our ministrations of good will? Is it not the poor whom we have always with us?"

"You can quote Scripture like a parson; but you do n't convince me. You and I aint Christs, and we only demean ourselves by coming in contact with low people. Why do n't you give of your charity, and let them go?"

"Because it is my duty to instruct and uplift them morally; to enlighten them spiritually; to be to them as a sister and a helping friend."

"Well, well, every one to their taste. Mine runs up, not down. Mrs. St. Leon, I've paid sixteen cents for sugar I used to get for ten, and butter is enormous, and coffee I can hardly get, unless it's mixed with rye or barley, or some such trash, and the commonest tea is a dollar and a half a pound. Do you wonder I grow thin and pale, when I can't get the necessaries I've been used to?"

"You know, my friend, I do not look upon tea and coffee as the *necessaries* of life. Their abuse it is that keeps the poor from obtaining better articles of nutriment. Your health would be much better without these stimulants; but Teresa shall take you some sugar and butter and eggs and flour, and I have some nice dried fruit for you."

"Oh, thank you; you are a good, kind heart, for all your queer notions. Once get rid of your abolitionism, and put on your old English dignity, and you'll make one of the finest women I know of."

"When shall I send Teresa, so that she may find you at home?"

"About four o'clock, Mrs. St. Leon. And please do tell that Dutch dunderhead not to stare at me so, as if I were a mermaid. She looks so quizzical out of those gray goggle eyes of hers, she makes me nervous as a cat; and I know she has a hundred and fifty questions at her tongue's end, though she do n't ask one."

"I will tell Teresa not to stare," I reply; and my visitor, considerably mollified, shakes hands with me and departs.

I arrange a basket of provisions, and call on Teresa to take it to the widow's. An ominous frown settles on the girl's forehead; she looks combative, and her lips murmur something about "Old black ting, never gets no tanks from her!"

"Now, Teresa," I begin, reprovingly.

"Oh Mrs., please do n't say a word; I goes like der wind, and does all you tell me. Can I take Rupy along?"

"I would rather you would leave him at home; he will annoy you in the street, by barking and capering."

She bursts into one of her hearty laughs.

"Dat is vhat I vants him for, so he can yowl like der mischief, and make her belief he tear her all ter pieces! I vant to set him on her like a bull-tog, and try to scare de old ting like blazes! Dat is fun! And I *hates* her like de old scratch! Please can I take ter little tog?"

"No!" I answer severely. "Teresa, I am really grieved to find you so disrespectful and uncharitable."

"Oh, ma'am, please, *please* do n't get mad! I vill never do so any more, so long as I live! Inteed and inteed I vont! I vill be shust as goot as melted put ter and suger." And with tears in her eyes she proceeds to fulfill her commission.

I shall give the widow Waltham over to Lillian Vane. If any one can lead her out of the quagmires of selfishness, the gloomy valleys of pride, that loving angel will. Let us never despair if we fail of beholding the reform whose seeds we have sown. Some other and more powerful hand may reap the harvest. With my German handmaiden I am progressing well, and I behold hopeful signs of advancement in others.

I meet gladly with my friends, dissimilar though they be; and I have schooled my heart to patience and courteousness toward all. There is the impulsive, warm hearted, ever castle building Evaline Field, whose undue enthusiasm I seek to check with timely counsel, for I fear the disenchantments that await such a nature will have the effect of rendering her hard and cold beneath the ordeal of sorrow and change. I seek to inspire with courage and hope and self reliance the gentle, timid Pauline Ashley, who droops at a word, and shrinks into herself at the slightest withdrawal of appreciation. I admire the womanly dignity of the stately Anne Sheldon, but wish it were less tinged with pride. I love the meek eyed, contented Sylvie Reynolds, who, delighting in the superior intellects of others, is happy in her household cares, in the discharge of her filial and fraternal duties.

I know young wives on whose brows is set the seal of discontent; young mothers who sigh in bitterness of heart as they gaze upon their children, the offspring of an undesired maternity. I strive to cheer, to counsel, to strengthen these suffering ones, and sometimes I succeed in bringing peace and restoring self-respect to these tortured souls, in upbuilding the altar of purity, and demolishing the serpent whose slimy trail withered the heart-flowers of love. And I do not hesitate to speak to my brother man, to arouse him to a knowledge of the grevious wrongs he ignorantly commits. And I am rewarded, oh, most amply, though many turn coldly aside and misconstrue my friendly motives, though some revile me, and laugh to scorn my efforts. I have ever the support of my strong, brave, inspiring, kindred spirit, my Victor, my own beloved!

Of mere fashionable acquaintances, those who care only to discuss fashions and scandal and opera music, I have but few. I will not allow the worldly insincerity that passes current under the name of politeness, to make of me a victim. My time is precious: I will not have it encroached upon by idlers, tattlers, gossips or tale-bearers. I will not listen to the details of my neighbor's shortcomings; I will not sit in judgment on their faults. I will not pass condemnation on the appearance of an act for which I cannot see the motive, neither will I desert friend or foe because they err. I will obey only the dictates of conscience, not the rules laid down by conventionality. Do you wonder that I am no favorite in what is called society?

I believe in surrounding ourselves with an atmosphere of moral purity, but not in the manner in vogue, by casting reproachfully from our hearth-stone the erring woman, and receiving there with smiles and unabated friendliness, the groveling, polished seducer. To the triumphantly flourishing sensualist, inaccessible for the time to the persuasions of virtue and honor, I would turn with a firmly rebuking authority, forbidding his admittance to the society of pure young girls and truthful mothers, until, cleansed from his moral leprosy, he becomes worthy of their hand-clasp of friendship.

I would abolish, also, the forms of our daily polite insincerities, substituting therefor an entire truthfulness of speech. Do not cordially invite those whom you do not want, do not promise to visit those you feel no attraction toward. Begin the careful study and practice of unselfishness *at home*. Do not prate about doing good in the world while our household duty is left neglected, or the burden of the least additional care thrown on the shoulders of others. Young girls who attend sewing circles and charitable meetings with the utmost punctuality, who are pleased to discharge the duties of a visiting committee for the poor, should at the same time endeavor to make themselves useful at home, not allowing their too indulgent and often feeble mothers to wash the pavement and perform all the housework, even to preparing breakfast, while Miss Anatilda Maria, robust and rosy, slumbers through the golden morning hours. The minor graces and home duties must be exercised ere the soul can enter upon a rapid growth.

We are each other's keepers. We can inspire to good deeds and righteous living, by example and kind, cheering words. We are accountable for the conditions of those around us. If they are ignorant and we are comparatively enlightened, it is our sacred duty to administer knowledge unto them. If they are vicious, we are bound to make untiring efforts for their reformation. If they are needy, to aid them first materially, then seek to awaken the dormant powers of the spirit. No one need complain that time drags heavily along, when each day is filled with opportunities for relieving and uprasing human kind. Every one, great in the social scale or humble, can give in his or her mite of heart-effort and fraternal aid.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that they can do."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Home-Life.

"Be still, my heart; I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he 'll soon be here." MOORE.

"Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity." MOORE.

There is the sound of martial music, and the tramp of welcome feet along the street. There are banners flying, and the return of brave men is heralded by cheers, the waving of white handkerchiefs in women's hands. It is the return of the — regiment, but alas! not as it went. On many a bloody field they perished—the young, the brave, the well beloved. And mine eyes are blinded by fast-falling tears, and I withdraw from the window and fall upon my knees, to weep over my adopted country's loss, then to arise and wait with loudly throbbing heart for the coming of my best loved one!

There is a sound of well-known footsteps on the staircase, yet I heard no bell ring, no door open below. I am about to descend, but I am spell bound, as by some indefinite fear that mingles with my greatest joy. That step has lost its elastic firmness; there is a hand upon the door now—a pale and wan figure enters. I rush toward it with a cry of happiness and pain.

"My Victor! oh so ill, so changed! Welcome, welcome home!"

"My Jasmine! dearest, truest, loveliest, I shall soon be well again here!" and sobbing, smiling, I am folded to the loving heart.

But the blue eyes are overcast with shadows of weariness and suffering; there is a haggard, care-worn look upon his face. I kiss the brow, the cheek, the lips, so changed, yet still so beautiful to me, and whisper words of tenderness, that are responded to by fond caresses.

"Henceforth I am thine only," he says; "the life of camps is no longer for me. I feel that my mission in that quarter is fulfilled; health and strength are sinking beneath the exposure and the toil. I owe my life to other labors, and to thee, my wife!"

With tears of gratitude streaming down my face, I kiss his dear hands, and thank him. Then I soothe his aching head, and sit beside him, as he reposes on the lounge.

And, as he falls off into a peaceful slumber, I review

my life, and in my hand I hold its tangled skeins; and see! the darkest have grown bright, and the whole woof sparkles as with diamond rays, ruby and emerald, sapphire and topaz gleams. And I know and feel more than ever before, that not in fame or wealth can peace and heart-rest be found. It is only meted out in wondrously lavish compensation by the hand of love.

I gaze upon his sleeping face and say: "I am in possession of my shared immortality; my heaven is here; and for me there will be no pang of transition; for this, my wedded soul, goes with me, my guide and helper over the mountain heights and valley slopes of endless progression. I have toiled and earned my guerdon; I have suffered in order to overcome; henceforth, the life is no mystery, but a blessed school of wisdom. To thee, oh Infinite, I render thanks, and to thy ministering angels, gratitude for the awarded happiness of reunion. Accept anew, oh Father-Soul of the Universe! oh Mother Heart Divine! the consecration of my life's aim and purposes. From the great central love of my human heart, shall go forth the tributary streams of affection toward all thy children; and the benediction of love shall enfold thy entire humanity." o o o o o o

Thus we glide serenely into the dear familiar home-life, and my Paradise blooms anew. Whatever now betides me, finds me a willing recipient. Safe in the sheltered arms of love, I have no fears. All my life's hopes are centered in the present, though its ever upsoaring aspirations go forth into the Millennial future for all mankind.

The glow of health is returning to the face of my beloved Victor; his erst manly strength is restored; with ever willing soul, brave heart, and ready hands, he will join me in every labor of beneficence. Soon, we hope for the advent of our sister and coadjutor, Lillian Vane; we have heard of her safe arrival in England. A few months and she will come to us, a valuable auxiliary to the cause of Progress. We are waiting for the subsidence of the turbulent elements, to build our own home cottage by the sea, in or near the spot where Victor St. Leon and I first met, there to realize a more complete quiet, a still more perfect seclusion, while with never tiring energy we pursue our labors in and for the world.

A few days since a package was handed to me; it came from across the sea, and contained several letters, somewhat in the form of a journal, from the hand of my faithful Anastasia, written in her last illness, filled with devoutest maternal good wishes, and bequeathing to me the largest portion of the tardy fortune left to her. For months the letters had been delayed; they reached me at the moment of my almost completed happiness, and as I gave way to my human and natural tears, I distinctly felt the touch of a dear, toil hardened hand on my forehead, and a whisper of affection passed athwart my soul: "Jassie, my own darling, be happy, for I am blest!" And Victor embracing me tenderly, said with a gleam of mirthfulness in the June depths of his eyes:

"Now, little woman, you are independent of your husband, and your wish is fulfilled."

But I replied:

"I have no more my olden scruples on that point. I would receive from thee my daily bread—all thy love prompts to give—as humbly as I accept the teachings of wisdom from thy soul."

And he smiled, and asked me:

"What are you going to do with so much money?"

"Use it judiciously in the service of a suffering humanity."

And he signified his wordless acquiescence; and together we bless the benevolent heart and timely aiding hand of Anastasia Doole.

I have heard a flying rumor that Agatha had married again, and was living in a Southern State, now a part of rebeldom. I do not believe the rumor, and trust she has remained faithful to the memory of the husband she loved. I feel that she and I will never meet again on earth, yet I trust that in the upper lands I shall behold her face, the likeness of a regenerated soul.

Of Rosita I have never heard. In penitence for past adherence to unworthy ties, she is doubtless expiating, by a life of good deeds; or mayhap in the spirit world is rapidly progressing out of the misdirections of this. My heart is filled with gratitude toward her for her maternal goodness to the orphaned and persecuted Jasmine. Her name is often in my prayers.

Ralph Faulkland married an heiress; is surrounded with all the evidences of material prosperity; is honored of the world, and not a breath of calumny is stirred against the fair fame of so *honorable* a gentleman. But *within* it may be otherwise. Some haunting shadows of remorse, some flitting visions of the past may awaken poignant recollections even in his breast, favored as he is of fortune in the seeming possession of all earthly gifts.

I have no portrait of my well beloved and spirit father, Clarence May. That of the Virgin Mother suffices for the heavenly reflection of *her* face; and I feel often their near spiritual presence. They love to linger in my home of love, and to breathe upon it their blessing, and the counsel of their ascending wisdom. My Victor, too, is conscious of their presence, often.

And sometimes, with prayer and the reiterated pleadings for forgiveness in his soul, Herbert Northrup approaches, to retire again freighted with love.

And Mark Cutliffe, wretched, sorrowing, doubting, struggling still, comes to us of earth for benefit and consolation.

We both believe that the influence of a pure life is never lost upon our human brethren, and that it also exerts a mighty power over the yet undeveloped spirit-hosts; over those unhappily trammelled souls who have left the earth burdened with vices and crimes. Over such, haunting still their birth-place, hovering near the scenes of their misdeeds, the human example of kindness, forgiveness, aspiration toward a better path is all potent. Poor, blinded, groping ones, they may come to us for tuition, and from the aspect of our daily lives borrow a gleam of hope and comfort, an inspiration tending to the Infinite.

Therefore, secure in faith and trust, we fear not the obsession of evil spirits, nor dread we the coming of the most undeveloped. In the flesh or disembodied, we would extend to them the helping hand of fraternal love, remembering that all are children of the same wise and loving God.

I have a room dedicated to meditation, to spiritual communion; its ceiling is painted blue, and studded with golden stars; sylvan scenes and spiritual figures adorn its walls in sweet pictures, whose frames are hidden among wreaths of flowers—of evergreen in winter. The furniture is blue and white; the carpet is an imitation of the grasses and field blossoms of Nature. In the evening a soft, shaded light diffuses a moonlit ray. In the bounteous summer-time this quiet retreat is redolent of flowers. I go there to write my choicest poems, to arrange my best thoughts, to pray when the depths of my soul are stirred by grateful humility, or sorrow for the world-wrongs thronging around me. Beneath the white and azure drapery of the broad, high windows, we sit in silent heart-communion—Victor and I; or we speak in low and reverential tones of the sacred ministry of pure and deathless love; of life's highest, noblest aims; of the joyous certainty of immortality.

I admit no strangers there; no one with discordant feelings, with the surgings of bitterness or uncharitableness in their souls. I do not enter it sometimes for many days, when the waves of petty discords without have left somewhat of their turbulence upon my heart. To Victor and to Lillian Vane the door of that sanctuary shall be always open.

Teresa must needs think I have a blue-beard chamber, *for* I never permit her to enter it, though she has the promise of admittance at some future time. I have shown her its beauties from the threshold, and she spoke of the place as of one "where you can talk mit de angels" (angels.)

Yes, angels come there, not alone the lovely and beloved forms once clasped as mortal, but sweet impersonal guests from the upper lands of eternal summer bloom and music. There, flower-gemmed poesy casts her flaming wreath, and the warbling of strange song birds is heard amid the solemn hush of evening. There, intuition lays her consecrating hand upon the earthly brow, and unseen choristers respond in melody to the spirits seeking love. There, color weaves its mystic veil of spiritual significance; and the messages of breeze and wave are interpreted into another tongue. There, silence is eloquent with the bestowal of exalted thought, and vocal with discoveries and suggestions, grand, mighty and beneficent. There, life outspreads in usefulness, towering heavenward in good deeds, in daily sacrifice, in continual, unwearied effort. There, prayer and calm and beauty abide with foregleams of the celestial state, the pure angelic life to come.

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And to fit ourselves for the revelations there received, the benefits bestowed, we strive in the daily living so to purify our bodies that they may become the fitting receptacles of a pure, indwelling spirit; an intellect freed from the trammels of gross feeding; a soul divested of all downward tendencies. Therefore we preach and practice reform in the minutest departments of life, allowing no swines's flesh to pass our portals; using very seldom and very sparingly any animal food; living upon the nutritious grains, the plentiful vegetables and healthful fruits of our providing generous mother, Nature. We make use of no condiments, no stimulating drinks; no greasy dishes find favor in our sight. We have abolished pies; and in their place use wholesome, savory, simple puddings. We have no nightmare dreams from the use of late and hearty suppers; we are not pursued by demons or other terrible visitations by night, nor do we awaken torpid and unrefreshed from a seven hours sleep; for there is not a feather bed in the house to cause a feverish unrest. We do not fear the night air; preferring it to the hermetical sealing up of bedrooms so much in vogue. We hail the life-giving atmosphere by night or by day. Our house is sweet and fragrant at all times, for no breath of tobacco or alcohol has has ever polluted its walls. I admit no gentlemen who smoke or chew tobacco.

I am called a *fanatic*, for this and other reforms I cling to. No matter, so I obey the dictates of my conscience.

We strive for the exercise of temperance in food as well as in drink; in sleep as well as in labor; for moderation in speech and expectation, in reproof and endeavor, in all our intercourse with the world.

I am no model housekeeper, for I am no incessant worker, no wonderful cook, nor compounder of rich cakes and pastries. I can make good bread and puddings, and the real Virginia hoe cake. I can keep order without painful neatness, and I do not follow the general house cleaning plan by having the whole house turned out of the windows twice a year.

Nor is washing day a day of torment with me. It is got through with quietly, systematically, and without confusion, by the woman hired for that purpose and Teresa, who declares she can learn of me, because I don't look cross and sour on Mondays, as most housekeepers do.

I am not fashionable, much to the discomfiture of some of my friends, who are so desirous of enshrining me in some worldly niche. I will persist in wearing my dresses shorter than the prevailing fashion; my hoops of the smallest dimensions, and I never put a bonnet on without protest. First it was a cockle shell, now it is a sky scraper—the abominable things! How I long to be in the country to don a jaunty hat, and wear a comfortable looking, picturesque short dress! And I will, as sure as my name is Jasmine, as soon as I get my cottage by the sea!

Do you know, you tens of thousands near and afar, in this my adopted North, and far away in California, Oregon and Europe, wherever these pages are waited—I am loth to part with you. There is a sense of pain about my heart strings, as if there was a sudden wrenching away from friends well known and dear, who have smiled and wept with me, followed me in anxiety and sympathy over the thorny paths of my discipline of life. I have spoken to the bereaved and sorrowing. Have I succeeded in awarding to you the balm of a kindred consolation? I have endeavored in imperfect language to portray the beauties of the Spiritual Religion; to attract you unto its pure and teaching philosophy. Abler pens than mine, and far more eloquent tongues, will continue the blessed work, even while the storm clouds of war yet lower, and the carnage rages in our midst. Now is the very time, oh brother, sisters, to turn your whole soul heavenwards! Not by neglecting earth and its daily requirements, but by cultivating the soil within, until it blooms and expands into a Heaven, blessed in receiving and bestowing Truth and Light.

The blessing of the rested wanderer be upon you, my friends, my readers. In that summer land of Love to which we all are tending, all who sympathize with the lowliest life effort shall meet face to face in greeting; soul to soul in kindred recognition of eternal Truth and Principle.

Farewell, and peace be with you!

Written for the Banner of Light.

JOHN BROWN'S BATTLE PRAYER.

BY WILFRID WYLLEYS.

Oh God of battle, hear our prayer!
Soldiers are we, a little feeble band,
Armed for the Right; in war array we stand,
The battle's fiery rage to bear.

Thy poor, oh Lord! have wailed aloud;
Up to thy heaven ascends their anguish cry;
What can we do but lift our swords on high,
To smite the tyrant proud!

"Go, break each yoke, the bond set free"—
Thine, Lord! the mandate—ours is t' obey;
And here, bowed low in dust, we humbly pray
For victory unto thee.

The race not always to the swift,
Nor victory givest thou always to the strong—
To hearts made pure, and souls that fight the wrong,
Thou grant'st the perfect gift.

Lord! we have followed after thee,
And drank deep draughts of this world's bitter hate,
And calmly borne the darkest ills of fate—
Thy servants, Lord, are we.

'Mid these rude cliffs of hard gray stone,
Ascend to thee our songs of prayer and praise:
These wilds our home, our joy to walk thy ways,
We dwell with thee alone.

Our foemen sleep adown yon dell,
Secure, while bondmen shake their heavy chains,
Appealing unto thee amid their bitter pains—
The tyrants slumber well.

But soon, oh Lord, thou 'lt hear their cry
Go up to thee, from souls of wild affright—
For fierce is justice, when the trodden smite,
When bondmen bid oppression die.

Oh! give us victory, Lord, to-night,
That we may set our bound brother free,
And lead him up, unbound, oh Lord! to thee,
And heaven's great light.

To thee, our triumph hymn we 'll raise,
And all our mountain strongholds shall rejoice,
And echo to the gladsome, glorious voice
Of thy most heartfelt praise.

The Lecture Room.

A LECTURE ON MEDIUMS,

A Lecture delivered by Henry T. Child, M. D., in the First Spiritual Church of Philadelphia, on Sunday Afternoon, December 6th, 1863.

[Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Nine years since I was sitting with our gifted brother, that poetically inspired medium, Thomas L. Harris, and he spoke the *following poem* on

MEDIUMS:

These are the deathless palms,
That rise above the deserts of this world;
In their cool shade sweet flowers exhale their balms;
Flowers of delight, whose petals are unfurled
To cheer the wanderers o'er the dreary waste,
Yet mortals pass them by in eager haste.

These are the glowing stars
Kindled above earth's firmament, the lamps
Shining on prisoned Nature, through the bars
Of mortal flesh, and casting o'er the damps
And vapors of sepulchre, the light
Of the eternal world beyond our sight.

These are the mystic lyres
That quiver, thrilled by angel hands that blow,
Waiting from where on high seraphic choirs
Chant their full anthems. Strains of human woe
Discordantly oppose their holy song,
But end, as death itself shall end ere long.

These are the Eden birds
That soar and sing, while all the world is dark,
Raining for heaven their sweet and holy words;
But few, as yet, the deathless music hark,
Being enthralled in sleep. Alas! they sing
With bruised breast and broken wing.

These are the pioneers
Treading the unknown path that leads the race
From midnight's gloom to morn's eternal years,
From the cold graveyard up to God's own face—
The champions of the race, though bearing shame,
Who bring good tidings in the Father's name.

And these shall multiply
Till each land their mighty works shall know,
And every heart hold converse with the sky,
And every spirit, freed from mortal woe,
Share in heaven's sacraments, and earth grow calm
As whitest angel singing 'neath his palm.

"Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you" everywhere throughout the broad domain of humanity where man, by the unfolding of his nature, has risen to the conception of any truth. As the light has dawned upon his soul, he has felt that many of those around him were doing homage to the same truth, though they knew it not, nor comprehended it, and in his inmost soul he has desired to "declare it unto them."

The term Medium, with its plural, in the Latin, media, have become significant words, and as our mother tongue, that divine gift of language, has a happy facility of receiving contributions from all sources to enlarge its domain, I propose to baptize this word media, and its plural mediums, and introduce them into the family of our own native language, and hereafter I shall use the terms medium and mediums to mean just what the people understand by them.

And before passing further, with the permission of the Trustees and members, I am to baptize this church and call it by the name which it is to take and be known by hereafter, The First Spiritual Church of Philadelphia.*

Before speaking on the subject of our Lecture—Mediums, as they are generally called—I will briefly describe a vision: I see before me a vast field, rich in everything that elevates and ennobles man—a bright galaxy of stars shining all along the pathway of humanity in the past, whose mild radiance is ever beckoning us on, ever calling us to come up higher, so that we may see some of the glorious and everlasting truths that shine ever on man's pathway. In all ages of the world, and among all the nations and people of the earth, there has ever been a class of individuals who have felt that there was an invisible power within and around them, guiding their footsteps, pointing out to them truths, the grandeur and sublimity of which was beyond their conception. The lives of these mediums—for such they were—has ever been a mystery, not only to themselves, but to the world around them; yet there is scarcely a phase of the modern manifestations that has not been foreshadowed more or less perfectly in the lives and characters of these.

How have these suffered from their own ignorance and that of the world around them? The gallows, the stake, the cross—ay, and worse than all these, the living death that so many of these have endured, all testify.

Millions of human beings have entered spirit life to find the painful mysteries of their earth lives solved and explained. But we must not think that, because these noble and true souls have thus suffered, there has been no compensation for them. They worshiped at the shrine of "an unknown God;" but there came a time when some apostle of light could say unto them, "Him declare I unto you." The history of some of these early mediums gives evidence that though gall and wormwood was often mingled in their cup, and crowns of thorns were plaited for their brows by an unfeeling and unbelieving world, still there were fountains welling up within the depths of their souls from which they could drink and be sustained. Even among those that many to day exult in calling heathen, may we find most beautiful examples. Aristotle, Plato, and all the old philosophers, were mediums; and many of them knew it, just as well as any medium of to-day knows it. Especially was this the case with the beautiful Socrates. He not only knew that he was a medium, but he frankly avowed that he held free and familiar converse with "his demon," which was not an evil spirit, but a kind and good guardian angel. The true nobility of Socrates shines forth in the honest, earnest avowal of his faith and conviction that he held intercourse with his demon, and to day he is revered for this honesty. Though he went to his death, it was with no fear of the hereafter, but with an unfailing trust and confidence in the teachings he had received.

Does any one doubt that Socrates was a medium, let them read his history, and they will find abundant evidence of the fact. But we must not dwell upon isolated cases. We are to speak of a large class who may be called unconscious mediums.

First of all, and the largest class, are those to whom Christ alluded when he said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." These mourning, weeping children of earth have ever drank from the fountains of inward consolation. Their souls have been fed by the manna of heaven, and they have tasted of the waters of life. It is, and ever has been, peculiarly the mission of spirits to comfort those that mourn; to pour in the oil of consolation on the bruised spirit; and these, though unconscious of the source whence it came, have had moments of blissful ecstacy. Another class is the poor, both as to external possessions and spiritual gifts. These are always to be with us, awakening the sympathy of the true and good of earth, as well as that of the dwellers in the inner life; and in all ages these have been watched and tended and guided through life's rugged paths, and there have ever been those round them inspiring them with hope:

"That they shall drink from never-failing founts,
From Knowledge's golden cup;
Where the rich shall smile a welcome to the poor,
And the poor with joy shall look up."

Aside from these two classes, there has been one who has possessed the treasures of this earth in their abundance, having everything in this way which the heart could desire, and being already full, there has been but little room in their hearts, and hence they have received less of the treasures which flow in from the depths of the inner life; for spiritual influx comes only in answer to aspiration.

Out of these classes we may separate several smaller ones of interest. In almost every age seers and Prophets have arisen; persons in whom the interior life has been so unfolded and developed that their souls have leaped forth into the arcana of the Divine, where they have been enabled not only to read lessons of the past and the present, but looking out into the dim and shadowy future, have given prophesies to the world of coming events that were casting their shadows before them. These have been mediums, many of them unconscious, however, of the source of their inspiration.

Another class—the Poets—have from time to time, in all ages and countries, tuned their lyres and given to mankind sentiments of living, burning eloquence, that have roused the nations and wakened the slumbering fires on the altars of many souls. One of the most gifted of these has said, through one of his characters:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown,
The poet's pen turns them to shape,
And gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

Poetry and music, the language of the higher life—have been translated, as best they might be, into that of earth by these. Man generally floats along on the babbling surface of time, with his face turned downward, seeking mainly to gratify his selfish nature, and very seldom lifts his head and turns his face to the clear sky of the eternal, where the stars of everlasting truth are shining; but when he does there is always an answer comes to him.

The arts and sciences, as well as literature, have received their highest inspirations and made their most glorious ministrations from those whose souls have been touched with living coals from the altar-fires of a high spirituality.

The world has stood in astonishment, knowing not nor comprehending the source whence flow all these outpourings of that which they worship and admire, however "unknown" it may be; and to-day there are millions of earth's children who are mediums, groping in darkness, and in the shadow of a dead theology, which denies the existence of a living inspiration.

How many wasted lives, aching hearts, whose soul aspiration would have led them to the fount of happiness but they knew not whither to go or what to do, and their teachers were equally dumb. But for these, light is now dawning. The spirit land, with its myriad voices, has come to earth and broken the seal and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the old sepulchre in which lay buried so many crushed hopes and unanswered aspirations, and when the tumult of surprise and the storm of prejudice shall have abated, and the calm, clear sunshine of reason shall look upon these facts and this philosophy, then will there come to these the balm of consolation.

But we can only understand the mediums of the past as we come to be familiar with those of the present, and each phase of mediumship will shed its light upon some dark page of history, and also give us a beautiful and suggestive prophesy of the coming future.

Let us, therefore, examine some of these. Forty or fifty different forms have been designated, but such a division is not necessary for us. It may be said that each one has a peculiar form of mediumship.

The first that we shall notice, is one that has opened a new era in human thought and belief—Rapping mediumship. That the peculiar sounds which characterize this had occurred in particular localities and in the presence of certain individuals, is a fact that has been known for centuries, and the popular belief had pointed to the true cause of these sounds as they occurred in what are termed haunted houses, still the evidence that could carry conviction to the mind was wanting; and it remained for a young girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fox of Hydesville, New York, to suggest, or rather to be a channel for the suggestion, that these raps were not "empty sounds;"

"Only that and nothing more,"

but that an intelligence lay hidden behind them, ready, however, to be revealed whenever the proper "open sesame" was applied to them. This was done, and new light dawned upon the world, facts and phenomena which had hitherto baffled the skill of the most acute observers, now become simple and of easy comprehension. The question as to the manner in which these raps are produced may claim our attention for a moment.

Investigations into the nature and character of electricity and the other imponderables, though scarcely as yet permitting us to enter the vestibule of this wonderful temple, have unfolded to us this fact: that whenever these imponderable substances accumulate in certain places, the natural tendency to equilibrium causes a movement often accompanied by intonations, of which the phenomena of thunder is a striking illustration. The vital fluid of certain persons thus accumulates, and under the control of intelligences who comprehend more of its nature, may be made to produce these intonations or explosions.

That the human will can control these imponderables under certain circumstances, is well known; every movement of the body furnishes an instance of this. The telegraphic lines of this sympathy and affection had been laid by the Creator; the batteries were placed at each end, and it only remained for us to discover the alphabet, when thousands of spirits came forward prepared to give positive and unmistakable evidence of their identity and continued existence; and this was the strongest and most indisputable evidence of immortality; for, of all the causes which have operated to crush out human existence on earth, even death itself fails to do so, we need not fear anything which can come hereafter.

It is impossible to select the persons in whom these manifestations will occur except by the raps themselves; and they vary in different individuals and in the same individual at different times. Nevertheless they are doubtless governed by laws as fixed and immutable as gravitation, and we will be enabled at some future period to understand them much more fully. In some cases they appear to be dependent upon the condition of health of the individual; in others this does not appear to have any effect. The same may be said of the climate and moisture; some are influenced by it and others are not. We do not know of any means by which such mediumship may be induced where it occurs. Regularity in sitting for the spirits may tend to develop it. There are many instances in which it remains persistently, in spite of every effort on the part of the medium and their friends to prevent it.

When it was discovered that the raps conveyed intelligence, it was arranged that one rap should signify a negative answer; two, a doubtful response, and three or more, an affirmative, and this has been the universal form of receiving communications through the raps. Another mode which offers greater facilities, is for a person to call over the letters of the alphabet and the spirit will rap at particular ones. By this means long and interesting communications have been received. But the interest in the raps depends mainly on their having been the first intelligent communications with the spirits on the sensuous plane, and that they are on that plane.

After this form had spread to a considerable extent over this country and Europe, another manifestation was introduced, known as Tipping, or Table Tipping. This consists of a rocking or tipping motion given to a table or any other solid moveable article when the hand of the medium had been laid upon it. This manifestation was at once received with considerable interest by a large class of the community, and was looked upon by many as an agreeable amusement and a pleasant method of passing the time, until it was discovered that a similar kind of intelligence accompanied this that had marked the raps. And when brothers and sisters, fathers and children, came and spelled out by the table, their names and told us they were happy and that they desired their friends to investigate this matter, then the fears of many of the conservatives were aroused and the matter was denounced as demonical, even more fiercely than the raps had been, by the pulpit, because it was more extended. This, however, did not arrest it. It is probable that a similar control of the electrical and vital forces is necessary to produce this phenomena.

A much larger number of persons were able to have this form of manifestation, but there are no means by which we can designate who will have it.

It has been suggested that there was an involuntary action on the part of these mediums that produced this result, but in many instances the tables have been moved without contact.

The next phase to which we shall call your attention is that of Writing Mediums. Many persons have found themselves seized at times with a tremor in the arms and hands, and on taking a pen or pencil these have been so moved as to write, and in this manner a vast amount of writing has been done. Many very fine things have thus been written, some that were wise and some otherwise. The evidence of this being an outside and spiritual control depends upon the character of the individual and of the matter written.

Trance speaking mediums are among the most interesting that have been developed by the modern phenomena. Through these we have received the principal part of the philosophy of our beautiful system of religion, and although there is much given in this manner which is not satisfactory yet the highest and most interesting revelations from the interior world have been thus received. This admixture, however forces us into a position to exercise our reason and judgment.

As it is through the vital force that the will of the individual acts upon the various organs to express our sentiments and feelings, so it must be, through this that spirits take possession, for the time being, of the organism of the trance speaker and use this for the expression of their sentiments, but as the facility for executing any mechanical operation depends somewhat on the perfection of the instruments used, so there will be a great variety in the different communications from the same spirit.

Another class is called Healing Mediums. These are quite numerous, and have been known in all ages of the world. They operate as dispensers of their own superabundant vital forces to those in need of it, and more effectually as channels through whom the spirits can pour out such forces as they may be able to control. This class of mediums are surrounded by strong physical spirits who operate effectually by controlling the magnetism around them.

There is in the human system a sympathy which attracts us to those who are suffering, and frequently point out the locality and character of the disease and thus enables the medium to apply the proper remedies.

Another form is the Seeing Medium, or those who see spirits. There are two methods by which this is accomplished. In the first place, the spirits, under certain conditions, can be clothed with a material which will render them visible to the natural eye, in which case several persons may discern them at the same time. It is probable that soon after the change we call death, the spirit has so much materiality about it that it requires but little more to render it visible; hence the numerous instances we have on record, of persons being seen shortly after death, often at great distances from the place whence they departed.

An interesting case of this kind occurred recently. A lady of my acquaintance lost her only child, suddenly, and in the anguish of a mother's feeling, exclaimed, "Oh! if I could only have one more sight of my darling I could give her up then." As the shades of evening drew around them she sat in her chamber with her mother and sister and a little niece. There appeared upon the wall an oval luminous spot, and in that came the form of the child that a few hours previously had passed out of the body. It was as perfect and as real as she had ever been, and each one recognized it. Just at this moment the father entered the room and seeing the form on the wall, exclaimed, "Oh there is my child!" and it vanished at once. There were five persons who saw this. Spirits tell us that to clothe themselves in this material, after they have been for some time in the spirit world, is a painful thing, and especially where there is a sudden disturbance of the conditions, as is apt to be the case. The other mode of seeing spirits is a psychological action; and this is by far the most common, some persons are almost always able thus to discern and describe spirits, and the proof of this, aside from the individual testimony, is, that the spirit described is recognized, or, it may be, is seen by several of these mediums.

Some years since, I saw a lady by the side of a gentleman who was lecturing for us, who appeared to have her right fore arm behind her, and was using her left hand in making gestures. On speaking of this to him, he remarked that his mother had lost her right arm from the elbow, and that mediums had frequently described her as appearing to hold it behind her.

Another form is called Clairaudient, or Hearing Mediums. This is not a new thing. Almost every one is familiar with the account of the child Samuel, and the prophet Eli. The manner of the latter gave evidence that it was not a very strange thing for him. I have a friend, an old man, who passed into his eighty-second year last Sunday, who has been a hearing medium for seventy-three years, though he knew not what it was until modern Spiritualism gave the solution. At the age of eight years, he heard a voice say distinctly, "William, you will live to be a very old man, and will see many wonderful changes in the human family." He was walking in the field alone, and was somewhat startled at this; but he heard it afterwards in other places. And now, having passed more than four score years in this life, he is one of the happiest men I know, enjoying a "green old age," and that because he is a medium, for it is this that keeps the garden of the heart green and fresh, and makes the flowers of cheerfulness bloom there—and thus draws to these innocent spirits, who delight to dwell in such an atmosphere.

But I have already detained you too long in the minutiæ of mediumship. In our investigation of this subject, we must not lose sight of the fact that there are many cases in which much inconvenience and suffering, both physically and mentally, have resulted from most of the forms of mediumship, whether they be conscious or unconscious.

It is a law of being everywhere that in proportion as the sensitiveness increases, and there is a capacity to appreciate a high degree of pleasure and enjoyment, there is also a like power to experience pain and suffering. In the main, there can be no question as to which side has the advantage. But there are isolated cases where, from extreme sensitiveness and ignorance on the part of the individuals and those around them of the proper conditions to be observed and maintained, in which the suffering is intense, and for a time outweighs the highest enjoyment, and it is sad to witness these cases in which the distress is so much increased by the misdirection of those around them. I have seen a sensitive medium bled and blistered, and dosed with nauseous drugs, to remove or counteract some influence of a mediumistic character. The medical profession has among its *terra incognita*, a large domain which it designates as "hysteria," into which it summarily banishes all forms of mediumship.

The question of obsession is one that has always been difficult to determine. That this does occur, and has always occurred, there can be little doubt; that spirits not very highly developed can and do take possession of certain organisms, and cause suffering, disease and deformity, is evident not only from the peculiar actions of certain persons, but also from the fact that these spirits may be seen and conversed with, and more especially from the successful treatment of these cases.

In many instances these spirits can hear the words and perceive the motives of those who are endeavoring to relieve these poor ones of their troubles. In some cases they cause the obsessed person to reply, and will argue very strongly against any interference. Each case requires its own particular treatment. Kindness and firmness are essential in all cases, and it is often necessary for the operator either to be a medium or to have some one who is, so that they may be able to receive suggestions from the spirits, or to the course to be pursued. Frequently these spirits have been induced to leave this class of persons, and go away with other spirits. Sometimes they adhere with great pertinacity, finding either in the physical or mental condition of the patient the means of gratifying some old and long continued habits.

Mediums frequently suffer from resistance to the proper influence of spirits, caused by a repugnance either on their part or that of their friends, and the result may be an injury to their mental and physical condition. More cases of insanity have resulted from abused and misunderstood mediumship, connected with other physical violations, than from any or perhaps all other causes; but Spiritualism is not to blame for this; on the contrary, in the hands of the judicious physician, it is the *sine qua non* of the treatment; it is the blessed and holy balm soothing the troubled waters of life, and opening the windows of the soul to that bright land where the sun of reason shines in all its radiant beauty.

There is no class of humanity who should rejoice more earnestly in the advent of modern Spiritualism, than the insane and those who are predisposed to it. And the medical man who attempts to treat insanity without a knowledge of Spiritualism, is like the mariner at sea without compass or rudder. But important as these topics are, we must hasten on.

There is another form of mediumship that is the highest and best of all inspirational, a condition in which the spirit within the form is so far progressed as to come in rapport with spirits who have passed on to the higher life.

We are floating along, as we have said, on the surface of the ocean of time, too often looking down into the turbid waters, seldom turning our faces up toward the bright sun and the beautiful stars that shine above us. It is only as we become developed on to this inspirational plane, that we can lift our heads above the waters of time and realize that the clear atmosphere of eternity is around us, and though we are still compelled to see many things as through a glass darkly, yet there is much that is beautiful and attractive that flows in naturally and spontaneously to the soul. This form of mediumship is attainable, in greater or less perfection, by all. The requisites are, obedience to all the divine laws of our being, strong and earnest desires for the reception of the truths which may be thus received, willingness to give ourselves up to the cultivation of this by a regular system of devotion to it, not in utterances alone, but by acting honestly, spontaneously and naturally, and especially in yielding to the promptings of our higher and better nature; for not only does this plane of mediumship develop these noble traits of humanity, but they in turn bring us on to it, and he who is truly inspired will

"Count that day lost,
Whose low descending sun
Sees from his hand
No worthy action done."

It is well, in seeking the development of this form of mediumship, to devote a certain period regularly every day to sitting alone in the quiet, and yielding passively to the influences which may come when the aspirations are high and noble.

Many persons are asking how they may become developed as mediums. We have said that the various

* This church, which is situated on Thompson street, between Front street and Frankford Road, was formerly a Universalist church; but the Trustees and Members having accepted the Spiritual Philosophy, have desired it to be thus dedicated. Spiritual meetings are held here every Sunday.

forms of mediumship which depend upon personal peculiarities may not be reached by all. This, the highest and best of them all, is kindly opened to all who rightly seek it, though all may not attain an equal degree of it. Go away from the cares and excitement of the world around you, and let the aspirations of your souls go up for light, more light, and a response will come to you. The world of the invisibles will become more familiar to you. Your friends who have passed on to the higher life will come and minister unto you the consolations which they alone can bring, and your lives will be made both happier and better.

We have dwelt at considerable length upon the painful and distressing influences of the different forms of mediumship. There is another phase, which cannot be so fully delineated. It has been said that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," but not of the superabundance of the heart the lips are dumb. There are thoughts and feelings which it were sacrilege to attempt to clothe in the rude garments of earthly language. Such are the feelings we experience, when, through the channel of mediumship, there comes to us a conviction of the reality and nearness of the inner life, when, by giving a new version of the text, we can exclaim, "I know that my *brother* liveth, and because he liveth, I also shall live." Those only who have fully realized this conviction, know the calm, serene happiness which flows from it. The soul, conscious of the presence and communion of the invisibles, leaps forth from its prison-house, and rising above the storms and tempests of the material world, experiences for a time a foretaste of the Divine realities of the inner life.

The early reminiscences of true mediumship, when the soul first experiences a conviction of the reality of spirit communion, will ever remain with many as the brightest spot in their journey through life. Like the Apostle of old, when on the mount of transfiguration, in the ecstacy of our feelings we have exclaimed, "Let us build here three tabernacles; one for Moses, and one for Elias, and one" for the beautiful medium who has lifted us up into rapport with these. But it cannot be so. They must return to their blessed abodes, and we to our labors. But if we appreciate the glorious light that has dawned upon us, we shall go on our way rejoicing evermore.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Will you grant to me, Mr. Editor, the favor of placing before your readers Sir John F. W. Herschel's result, or what follows from the supposition of a star's annual parallax of one second of a degree.

"Taking, therefore, the earth's radius for unity, a parallax of one second of a degree supposes a distance of 49148039760, or nearly five thousand millions of such units; and lastly, to descend to ordinary standards since the earth's radius may be taken at 4000 of our miles, we find 197832390400000, or about twenty billions of miles from our resulting distance."—*Herschel.*

If the scientific readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT will take the trouble to test Herschel's conclusion, they will find that he gives but *one-half* of the resulting distance that arises from a star's annual parallax of one second of a degree. If we suppose a star when viewed from the extremities of the diameter of the earth's orbit, suffers an apparent displacement of one second of a degree, this amount of displacement is called the star's annual parallax, and it indicates a distance of about forty trillions of miles, or twice as many as Herschel and other astronomers have thought it to be. If the geometers and mathematicians who read your paper will take the trouble to construct a right-angle triangle, whose base line equals the diameter of the earth's orbit, or the base line of observation for the annual parallax, and then say:

As the sine of the star's parallax :
Is to radius or ninety degrees : :
So is the distance of the diameter of the earth's orbit :
To the star's distance from the sun's centre ;

They will have a demonstration that the least distance of the stars cannot be less than twice as much as Herschel's distance.

In this age of grand and lofty tumbling in politics, morals and religion, the subject of astronomy, because of its assumed infallibility by Infidels and Christians, occupies a permanence that the giant mental Lilliputs of the age have no disposition to meddle with. But if the scientific flathead traditionists will let a small amount of common sense animate them, they will, through the above demonstration, see that the Copernican system of the stellar distances has no claim to the mathematical assent of reasonable men.

Yours respectfully,
Founder of the American System of Astronomy,
WILLIAM ISAACS LOOMIS.

Pastor of Baptist Church at Martindale Depot, Columbia Co., N. Y.
Nov. 13, 1863.

Correspondence.

"Sabbath Schools a Curse to Humanity."

Noticing in your columns of late, Mr. Editor, numerous articles devoted to and favoring the system of Sunday Schools, I felt it a duty, more than a desire—having commenced the agitation of this question, or reform—to give vent to a few words.

Custom, habit, man's being craves, and whether beneficial or blighting in its effects, to him 't is ever the same, his highest God. Habits formed in youth cling closest to man—mature. Hence, 't is music to chant the blessings of Sabbath Schools, and physic to curse the tendencies of these fossilized lullabys. Spiritualists have nobly leaped the confines of church, yet one more leap must be made ere freedom claims them as its honored friend. The soul of the world demands growth. Bottle it up in Sabbath Schools and creeds, how can its necessities be supplied? The Sabbath School is but the second edition of an iron foundry, molding the mental instead of metal. A mold given each to suit itsism. A child comes forth a catechism. Blind zeal for particular faiths breeds dishonest efforts. "The end" scatters the belief, "sanctifies the means" with such. To prejudice the mind of the child, is to rob it, in a measure, of its individuality. Though your belief to you is the highest, and seemingly worthy your child's adoption, is it right to *force* it into them? any more right than to force on them your wedding garments, worn twenty years before, yet the best that could be had for the time.

Progress is the watchword of the hour. Fashion moans, conservatism groans, still 'tis marching, marching along, and will Spiritualists, who to this profess so much loyalty, stand loitering in the rear, hugging to their bosoms this creature of the past, and drift into a church the ultimate of all such stunted institutions? If any class should feel the curse of these schools, 't is the Spiritualists—Spiritualists who were obliged to scour the soul of borrowed whims, of forced beliefs, ere reason climbed to power. If for the Orthodox 't is wrong to force the child into his religious mold, why less for the Spiritualist? Both fifty years hence will have the soul to remodel. Why hurry the young soul, take advantage of its youth, and force in your belief ere reason has commenced to develop? Your sin is heathenish, and deserves the severest condemnation. Opinions and ideas offer freely, but given as authority 't is not your right.

A school is but the synonym of a copying press. Its office is not to originate. Authority is its basis, and copying its highest office. True religion needs none of this. Higher, higher the soul reaches. Reason must guide the way, bending to no authority, for on the pinnacle of human greatness it stands, the grand masterpiece of God's mighty works, to which all things else must be subordinate. The Sabbath School is the child of creeds. Its system, the very life, the chief corner-stone of all religious bigotry throughout the world to-day, and are Spiritualists about to inoculate this same curse into their forms or habits. What matters it, though the child is without a special belief? Acts, not beliefs, tell us of man's true destiny, and in the words of Pope:

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

When reason develops, 't is time enough for the young to build its faith with the hour. This loading the tender brain with tedious thoughts on the Sabbath, when at the common school it must drill, the six days of the week, is monstrous. Heaven spare the child this excess. Kill the body to stuff the brain, is doubly wrong. The body lives to feed the soul; hence give it a good start for eternity's sake. Unbiased let the young soul commence its journey, for to heaven its own path it must mark out alone. Death, then, to Sunday Schools, is obedience to the soul's first demand, growth. And until to the contrary this fact is clearly proven, I shall ever remain loyal to my motto, "Sabbath Schools are a *curse* to humanity."

Quincy, Mass., Dec. 5, 1863. L. S. RICHARDS.

Egypt, Ill.

My many friends who are waiting my report on the fruit hills of Illinois through the BANNER, must be patient, and in due time they shall have a reliable description; but a month is not sufficient to do justice in examination to those even along the railroad.

The following may be taken as a geographical and geological outline of Egypt, in which are located the fruit hills, or "fruit region," as it is termed on the geological maps of the State. The Ohio and Mississippi railroad, which crosses from Vincennes, Indiana, on the Wabash, to St. Louis, is now considered the north line of Egypt, but formerly it extended much further north, but the line of towns on that road and most of the country north, has been partially enlightened and Yankeefied; and although much of it is yet religiously "dark as Egypt," yet it is, politically, rapidly growing lighter, and the social and religious light must soon follow. This road crosses some of the best lands in the State, rich and broad prairies, interspersed with extensive groves of excellent timber, with swamps and marshes so rare that there may be said to be none, which is also true of most of the State below or south of this line.

By glancing at the map, the reader will see that Egypt is in a very irregular triangular shape with three rivers on two sides, and a railroad on the other and north side, with the Illinois Central Railroad passing from the north line to the south point, and nearer the west than the east side, with the cities of Cairo at the south end, and Centralia a few miles below the north, at the junction of the two lines of the central, one of which runs to Chicago direct, and the other to Dunleath, at the northwest corner of the State. The three lines of the triangle, if straightened, would not vary much in length, nor much from one hundred and fifty miles, as it is one hundred forty-eight miles from Vincennes to St. Louis, and one hundred twenty-one from the crossing to Cairo by rail, and containing an area of near ten thousand square miles.

More than three-fourths of this tract is marked as coal lands on the geological survey, and much of it has coal near the surface, and easily accessible, and of good quality, but most of that section being covered with timber, and having no roads, or poor ones, it is of little value at present. The section without coal lies geographically and geologically below the coal region, being in the south-west part of the district, and on the new red sandstone, with occasional croppings of cliff lime stone. What is known as the fruit hills, is mostly on this tract, below the coal, and as they do not comprise over one-fourth of even that section, it will at once be seen they are quite limited in extent—their centre and summit may be said to be about Makandy and South Pass, in Union County, a more particular description of which I leave till I have examined more thoroughly.

There are some quite extensive prairies in the north part of Egypt, but most of the tract is hilly, timbered, and much of it broken with jutting cliffs and huge fragments of rock, that reminds a New Englander of his native land; but he soon finds the timber is not evergreens—the rocks are not granite, the fissures are not filled with ice and snow—the climate is not winter nine months in each year, and the soil both above and below the cliffs, is rich and mostly free from loose stone, and especially from the troublesome boulders of New England.

The fruit hills are about the latitude of Richmond Va., and Cairo near that of Norfolk, Va., but the climate is no doubt different at this distance from the ocean.

I have been here in March and November, both of which were mostly very pleasant, and I have friends who have been here several years, and are delighted with the "whole year round."

WARREN CHASE.

South Pass, Ill. Dec. 2, 1863.

A Reply to O. H. Wellington.

In the BANNER of Nov. 7, I notice an article on "Insane Mediums," discarding the idea that their disorderly conduct was *caused* by physical derangement. Now every physiologist knows full well that to overtax the system in any way will disarrange some part of the system. If the brain is overtaxed, it will cause disease of some sort; in some acute inflammation, in others aberration of the mental faculties.

I see nothing to be gained by laying it to disorderly spirits. We may with equal propriety attribute the rheumatism or neuralgia to disorderly spirits, when they were occasioned by our own mismanagement and carelessness.

I doubt not by "making vigorous passes" from the head down, would help to restore the equilibrium, and would benefit an insane person, or a sick one.

I have had some experience with insanity in my own family, and I know full well that "disorderly, and all kinds of spirits," at times, possess insane persons, but they all take their departure when physical health is restored.

I claim to be a Spiritualist, as far as I am capable of understanding Spiritualism, but I think natural laws operate to cause insanity in some persons, and in families, by transmission, without the aid of disorderly spirits. I would just as quick send an insane person to an Asylum for the benefit of their health, as I would send a dyspeptic to a Hygiene Institute. I think a *sound mind in a sound body* will be the best antidote for destroying those "disorderly spirits" that our friend Wellington has managed so well.

Yours for the truth. LIZZIE FRANK.

Delphi, N. Y. Nov. 10.

Practical Spiritualism.

Though in many places Spiritualism has seemingly slumbered, yet beneath the ashes have hidden the fires of spiritual light. This has been clearly shown in many places by the renewal of the energy which broke forth so resplendently when the Star in the East was first seen and heard at Rochester.

Last Sunday I had the pleasure of listening to one of those close philosophical efforts of Hudson Tuttle's. His subject was "Practical Spiritualism." He pointed out most clearly the landmarks of a Spiritualist. He drew a vivid picture of the somnambulic, dreamy believer, and the one who believed from heart and head both. He showed that physical manifestations are good, but for one to rest contented with these alone would be like supposing that a grain of sand upon the seashore comprised the whole bulk of the earth.

Mr. Tuttle addresses the reason of his hearers, who must ever be entertained by the close logical deductions he makes. Every sentence of his productions is full of a deep, rich meaning. There is no tinsel glitter or gaudy display, but a deep, rich vein of genuine original thought in his addresses. Mr. Tuttle bears the relation to the spiritual world that Horace Greeley does to the political, both in manner and style of diction. Both hew to the mark, let the chips hit whom they will. Equally they are both independent, and speak without fear or reserve. Neither attempt to please so much as to instruct. Let those who wish to hear Mr. T., remember ere they become his auditor, that he is a philosopher after the Franklin school, and need not expect a spread eagle verbosity, but plain, unvarnished truth, consecutively and logically arranged.

Mr. T. has just commenced his series of lectures, and already the calls are greater than he can supply. He signifies his intention, however, of passing through the New England States some time next spring. Let success attend him. S. H. L. D.

Milan, Ohio, Dec. 6, 1863.

Letter from Mrs. Hutchinson.

Knowing the crowded state of your columns, I beg pardon for my intrusion, promising to be as brief as possible. In answer to the many inquiries of friends, I will say that "I still live," and am striving to help roll the car of Progression in my feeble way.

I am not going to the Capital at present, as was anticipated. My address is still Milford, N. H., where, in the private walks of home life, I find both labor and love, when not occupied in public. Yes, dear friends, *it is true* that at the early age of five years, I saw and conversed with departed spirits, and was developed as an unconscious writing medium, and continued to write until eleven years of age, at which time I attempted to learn the art of writing; since then I have seldom written under spirit-control. Some of the poetic emanations of that time are still in my possession, and are far superior to anything coming from my brain at the present time.

It is also true, that through clairvoyance and my natural *rebellious* organization, I was, at fifteen, as arrant an infidel as the world ever knew. Twice has my life been saved by invisible agency, and all this before Spiritualism was known. Six years since, I attended my first Spiritual circle, and there learned what this strange power ever leading me, was. And from that time to this, have I been a *learner*, as well as a *teacher*, in the beautiful Harmonial Philosophy.

Strive for that condition of peace, dear friends, which your sister Susie would bless you with, had she the power. With the editor's permission, through his columns, I will greet you again ere long.

SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON.

Milford, N. H., Dec. 8, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY GRACE LELAND.

We are standing on the threshold
Of a brighter world than this,
And through all our earth-born striving
Come dim sounds of far-off bliss;
Some stray note from harp of seraph
Falls upon our careless ear,
And we start, and wondering, listen,
Though we know not what we hear.

Now and then the portals open,
And we see our loved ones go,
And we lose them in the brightness,
While we weeping walk below;
But we know they 're only folded
Closer to that Heart above,
Which is tenderer than a mother's,
For we know our "GOD IS LOVE!"

What doth matter though we weary,
Standing on the threshold dim,
If we catch some heavenly cadence
From the great celestial hymn?
If our Saviour's hand we 're clasping,
In this world of blight and sin,
Blest are we, when ope the portals,
Then to hear his "*Enter in!*"

Dec. 9, 1863.

Grove Meeting in Dexter, Maine.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The Grove Meeting that was to have been holden at Dexter, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 26th and 27th, did not, on account of stormy weather, come off till Sunday and Monday. On Sunday the meeting was held in the Town Hall, two miles from the grove, which was deemed much more fitting, as the ground was very damp and the weather cool. The weather not being very propitious on Sunday, it was thought by many that the commencement had better be postponed till Monday; but the people round about, all alive for the meeting, began to gather, and by proper meeting time an audience of two or three hundred was assembled, and Mr. Williams, of Norridgewalk—a gentleman who is obliged to sit when he speaks, because he has been so crooked up by disease, or doctors' poison, that when he stands his hips are higher than his head—addressed them upon the subject, "What is the good of Spiritualism?" I did not arrive till Sunday noon, and consequently did not hear him; but others who did, said the discourse was good enough to have come from an upright man—that, crooked as he was, the spirits had no trouble in getting through him a straightforward, logical discourse. In the afternoon the large hall was filled to overflowing—some five hundred persons being present—and Mrs. Spence was called for, much to the annoyance of some of the Committee, and all those who say, "Speak unto us pleasant things." She talked between two and three hours upon the "Mission and Uses of Spiritualism" under a most powerful inspiration, with a manner and in a tone of voice which said *you must hear*. Her discourse was *delightful* to all the radicals—*devilish* to all the conservatives—*startling* and *impressive* to all the liberals. Some clapped their hands in approval, some left the house in anger and disgust, slamming the doors after them; some turned white, some red; some gritted their teeth and held on. None slept, none were idle or indifferent; and if mental agitation is good for the soul, then all were benefited. But many of the limber-backs—those who cry out, "What will the people say?"—who have the weakness and yet the presumption to think that the destiny of Spiritualism is in their hands—said, "Spiritualism is dead henceforth in Dexter." Why, don't you think, she went so far in her impiety and blasphemy as to say that she cared no more about Peter, James and John, God, Jesus and the Devil, than she did about Tom, Dick and Harry, only so far as they told more truth, and lived better lives! Furthermore, she slammed the Bible down upon the desk, and said it should be read just the same as any other book, and be reverenced only for the *truth it told*, and not for any "Thus saith the Lord" it contains. She cared *no more* about Sunday than she did about Monday, only as a matter of convenience, by common consent, for people to assemble together to listen to lectures, or to edify each other in conference, and in that case one day in four might be better than one in seven. And then how she talked about Adam's Fall, Noah's Flood, Lot's Wife, David's Free Love, Solomon's Concubines, Daniel's Dreams, Christ's Miracles, Paul's Conversion, &c., &c. Why, she made out that the Bible is nothing but the history of Spiritualism in the past, and that ancient Spiritualism was no better than modern; and that the mission and uses of modern Spiritualism were to demolish all God-worship, and set people to venerating themselves and the truth wherever found. And now what won't people do when the fear of God is taken away? No wonder she is called an infidel and a *free* lover. Nothing is too bad for such people to do.

In the evening, before the lecture commenced, some of the village Spiritualists who thought that the Convention was going to do the cause more hurt than good, maneuvered with the design, if possible, to have the meeting close up that evening, and they made remarks to this effect, by saying that it would likely be uncomfortable in the grove—that the hall that they were then seated in was to be used in preparation for the Cattle Show and Fair, and that no other place had been secured. I saw at once which way the cat was jumping, and forthwith responded to these remarks by saying that I had come nearly a hundred miles to attend a two days' Grove Meeting in Dexter, as notified through the BANNER, which notice stated that if it stormed on the days specified, the first fair days were to be used—that hundreds like myself had come, and would come on the morrow from a distance to attend, and they must be much disappointed to have the meeting close up so—that we were ready, if it did not rain pitchforks, to go to the grove and have the meeting out, and if it did rain we would remain in the village and have it in somebody's kitchen, if the Committee could provide no better place, (for some of us knew that the Universalist church could be had).

Mr. Rhodes, from Bucksport, some fifty miles away, followed with additional remarks in favor of continuance, and a vote by rising was put, which carried almost the entire audience.

Charles A. Hayden was then called to the stand, and for nearly two hours he made eloquent appeals for individuality, backbone and principle among Spiritualists, and less of that time-serving policy and catering to public opinion, which made so many wishy-washy dough-faced I-do-n't-know sort of Spiritualists. It was hoped by some that he would put a plaster upon the wounds which Mrs. Spence had made in the afternoon; but he, too, used only the probe, the lance and dissecting-knife, laying bare, at every stroke, some corrupting element in the body politic of old theology, making energetic, earnest, whole-souled, truth-loving Spiritualists feel that the angel-world was highly dependent upon *them* in their efforts to redeem the race from superstitious ignorance, and to bring around the millennial era when all authority shall be put in subjection to reason and right.

After Mr. Hayden closed, Mrs. Hollis made a short speech, well adapted, as her speeches always are, to the occasion; backing up Mr. Hayden and Mrs. Spence in their call for more honesty, self-sacrifice, and devotion to truth among those who bear the name of Reformers, and the meeting closed.

SECOND DAY.

At 10 o'clock Monday morning a goodly number, say two hundred, were in the grove. The meeting was called to order by one of the Committee, and Mr. Rhodes chosen Chairman for the day, and D. H. Hamilton, Secretary.

Mr. Rhodes, on taking the chair, made a few appropriate remarks, and suggested that an hour be spent in conference, which was done.

The choir was called upon for a song, and "How cheering the thought" rang through the grove.

The Secretary then made a few remarks about the renovating power of true Spiritualism upon the hearts and lives of all those who receive it in sincerity. Showed how it called upon every man and woman to cast out, if he would progress rapidly, envy, jealousy, wrath, strife, malice, hatred, and every other evil spirit that dwells in the human heart—that self-justice, self protection and happiness demanded it—that we must be honest with ourselves, true to the laws of our being and the principles of righteousness. If we would do credit to the cause we advocate, and the angel-world which was engaged to aid us.

"For every individuality
Must pay its own accounts :
The great law of compensation
Will suffer no affronts."

Another song—"Joyfully."

Mr. Williams remarked that he had been told, since he came to the grove, that the talk of yesterday had killed Spiritualism, and if so, he thought it ought to die. For his part, he thought one of the mottoes of Spiritualism was to listen to everything, whether it came from God, man or the devil, and then to use the riddle-sieve of reason to sift the chaff from the wheat. Said he had always looked at Spiritualism with a great deal of caution; does still; finds a great many things in it, or among its professors that he can't endure; still, finds enough to make it vastly superior to all other religions he has ever known anything about. He soon flowed into the trance condition, and spoke several minutes about the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, declaring that Moses was the Father, Christ the Son, and Spiritualism the Holy Ghost of the Bible. He then spoke of the power of love to redeem the world, and bring about the Millennium.

Mrs. McCormick, of Illinois, having heard that he was the inventor of a gun called "the infernal machine," which would keep firing all the time, and throw a ton of lead every ten minutes, in grape, canister or what not, asked him how he could invent such a machine as that when he believed that love was more potent, as an instrument of reform, than all the guns in creation.

Mr. Rhodes made answer that he accepted no authority but his own interior, and that everything which transpired was in exact accordance with the different planes of development. Take out one iota of what exists in the history of mankind, and you rob me of an experience that may be useful to my soul growth.

Mrs. McCormick thought the question was not answered, and Mr. Williams was called upon to answer to the charge of making an infernal machine, and tried to excuse himself on the ground that this war was gotten up to rivet the chains of the slave, and having taken the sword, they should perish by the sword, or some other machine.

Mrs. McCormick arose to remark upon or question his position, when Mr. Rhodes said the hour had expired, and requested the choir to sing, preparatory to regular speaking. The choir made two or three unsuccessful attempts, and we suggested that the choir were out of place in their efforts till Mrs M. had a chance to say what she wanted to. "That 's so," went all over the audience. The choir held on, and she was allowed to speak, and asked if it was not inconsistent to call one's self a Christian and teach the doctrine of love to our enemies, and then invent machines that would mow down or murder a whole regiment in five minutes? She wanted to know which was the higher plane, the practice of war or of love.

Mr. Williams being called upon to make answer, admitted that the invention of war instruments was not one of the Christian graces; that he did believe in the power of love to conquer foes, and thought he must have been on a lower plane when he invented the *thing* than the true standard of Christianity or Spiritualism would have placed him. This manly avowal stopped the discussion, and restored the audience to harmony and cheerfulness, and then the choir could sing without hesitation.

Mrs. Hollis gave the morning lecture, using for a motto these words: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship." Said there were all grades of mind and of comprehension among Spiritualists. Some were intellectual, some spiritual, some wanted meat, some needed milk, and it was impossible for one speaker to please all grades. Said Spiritualists were just as fault-finding as the outside world, but as they grew better themselves, they will see less to find fault about in their neighbors. If what has been said has killed Spiritualism in Dexter, why let us bury it, and have the funeral sermon to day. Spiritualism has begun its war with superstition, error and injustice, with wickedness in high places, and it has many heavy guns yet to fire. Wait till the world is ready, say some; and so said the old Jews; but Jesus says, Go work in my vineyard—that is, the vineyard of humanity. And if we are true Spiritualists, we shall imitate the fidelity of old St. Paul, and not be so much like Peter, ready to deny whenever it costs anything of self-denial or money to maintain our principles. The whole discourse, considering the circumstances and the occasion, was exceedingly appropriate and edifying.

After Mrs. Hollis closed, "Old Father Clark"—an old pilgrim, well known all through the East for his devotion to interior or spiritual life, who is always *happy*, always in a "*good condition*," always has *peace like a river*; who has literally forsaken all for Christ or true Christian principles; who travels from one end of the country to the other on foot, without purse or scrip, preaching everywhere as he goes; calling everybody, both saints and sinners, brethren; treating everybody he finds clothed in the human form with respect; never upbraiding, but always encouraging—was called for, and for a short time gladdened all our hearts with his charitable utterances. Said he was happy, very happy, to express his feelings. As he looked back into the past, toward the beginning, he saw that Spiritualism was as old as Nature itself; indeed, it was the only law of Nature, that everything in the vast universe was controlled by this great spiritual law, the lower forms of life as well as the higher; and he rejoiced that he was in rapport and could sympathize with all departments of human life. Paul was one of the most profound spiritual philosophers of his age, and yet he exclaimed, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Unless I can sympathize with all human beings, I cannot be happy; for charity is built upon the law of the universe. I don't want to throw out a single thought that won't be acceptable to every creature present. If I would be perfect, I must be impartial; and if I am impartial, I shall seek to please all without distinction. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love works no ill to his neighbor. Love begets love. Love drives out of the human soul every evil passion. Love makes heaven. Love expands the human soul. Love makes its subject lovely; makes him youthful; harmonizes his features; smooths out his wrinkles; makes life desirable, death easy, and prepares an abundant entrance into future life. Get your hearts filled with it, and you will have no room for envy, jealousy or discontent. Then your peace will be like a river, and *nothing* shall offend you.

Charles A. Hayden then arose and said: Friends, you have often heard me, under trance; but I wish now to speak a few words of myself, and for myself. He then thanked all his acquaintances and friends for their kindness toward him, and for the unselfish interest which they had manifested in his welfare. Hoped he should continue to merit their approval, and become more and more fitted as a channel through which intelligences of another sphere could communicate. Spoke of the BANNER OF LIGHT as an indispensable disseminator of spiritual truth, and hoped every Spiritualist would continue to read it, even if they had to sacrifice one meal a week to obtain it.

Mr. Hamilton then in love fired a few random shots at old Orthodoxy, and the meeting adjourned till half past one.

The dinner baskets were opened. All our stomachs were duly filled, and yet much food remained.

The first discourse in the afternoon was through Hayden, in the conscious trance. Subject—"The Triumph of Truth." He eloquently portrayed the power of truth to surmount eventually all obstacles. Showed how all reformers in the past came forth out of the wilderness of error, through much tribulation and opposition; that the Church had ever been afraid that it would be destroyed, but was never so fearful as at the present, and never was threatened with complete annihilation till the advent of Spiritualism; but now Spiritualism was showing it that it had not one single vitalizing principle in its whole formula. The discourse was listened to, as all his discourses are, with interest and delight.

Mr. Hamilton, your worthy Secretary, was then called for, and spoke from these words: "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." He first showed there was a power at work in the universe, inimical to man's happiness; that this power had been personified into all sorts of shapes, and endowed with all sorts of names, but really

The uncontrolled propensity
Of heads too full at the base,
Answers well to all the Devil
That ever cursed the race.

Now the question is, does such a Devil need any resistance? Will the propensities of mankind properly take care of themselves, without the regulating hand of reason and intelligence? Is it safe for a man who wishes to make the most of his own individuality, and to get the most happiness out of his existence, to follow without curb, the instigations of this ever present Devil, who knows no law but his own gratification? The Devil of the propensities, he admitted, is just as essential to our existence as the God of reason, and the higher faculties. But shall the lower rule the higher? Shall the Devil control the God? or the opposite? Jesus taught resistance. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, for it is better for thee to enter into life, or happiness, with one eye, or one hand, than to go into hell, or misery, with both. He said he thought the idea, so prevalent among many Spiritualists, that we are to give loose rein to, and follow out, all our attractions, was a pernicious doctrine, and against the very laws of life and being. He asked if the great object of life was not the harmonization of all our faculties with the dictates of reason. How is a man to gain self-respect, manliness and dignity, but by the consciousness that he is bringing all his faculties under the great law of rectitude. Is he that ruleth his own spirit greater than he that taketh a city? Whence comes the "Well done, good and faithful servant," at the portal of the kingdom, if there is nothing for us to do but to live as we list. Would you say to the smoker, smoke on; to the chewer, chew on; to the drinker, drink on; to the luster, lust on, till you get enough of it? Would you advise a man with an undue development of combativeness to give vent to his anger every time he felt it? Or would you tell him that every faculty gains strength and power by action; that habit becomes second nature, and that they thereby gain double power over him; that they will lead him right straight to hell, where nothing but the fire and brimstone of mental and physical suffering will purify him, or give the power of true self control. There is a better way for most persons to gain the victory over their propensities than to drown them out in perdition. It can be done by cultivating those more noble qualities which offset them. How is it that the skillful musician gains such a power over his instrument?—the singer over his voice?—the painter over his brush?—the tradesman over his craft?—the logician over his hearers? How do we learn anything good or useful?

Answer. By *habit*, by *practice*. Habit and practice, then, always give strength, and the larger the faculty, the more power by habit it gains; so then, the cultivation of propensities will never weaken them unless it is carried so far as to destroy them in hell, and no faculty of our being should be destroyed, for they are all necessary in their legitimate, harmonious and reasonable action to true manhood and womanhood. If individual experience is the only source of knowledge and happiness to all—if nothing can be learned by the experience of others, or from the deductions of reason, then all should follow their unbiased attractions, even though they lead to purgatory; and if so, then let us cease our Conventions, Grove Meeting, Lectures and Circles, and be done this everlasting talk about *truth* and *righteousness*. But if fathers and mothers can teach their children how to be happy, or how to steer clear of *trouble*, and gain self-respect—if the wise can benefit the unwise, if the angels can teach mortals for their good, then the Devil of undue propensity must be resisted, if we would take the shortest cut to heaven. To illustrate this subject, I would say, I heard one man ask another the other day, how he voted. He said, "Republican, of course. Why," said he, "I have lately left off smoking;" and added, "Did ye ever know a man to leave off smoking, or drinking, and become a copperhead? Rum, tobacco and copperheadism are well known affinities."

After my harangue, Mrs. Spence was called upon to make the closing speech, and if I could do her any thing like credit, I would try to report; but being too much interested in her discourse to bother myself with taking notes, I did as the boy said by the animal he could not hold, "let her went."

She remarked, by way of introduction, that the appearance of the crowd present gave the lie to the reports of yesterday, that she had killed Spiritualism. The fact is, said she, you all like to hear radical speakers, and I know it. You all wait to hear me for this reason, and if I don't talk radical things you will be disappointed; and now I don't want to disappoint this large audience, and I won't, so prepare yourselves for some of the biggest guns I can fire, and if, like brother Williams's "infernal machine," I keep firing all the time, you will like me all the better. Then she went on telling what modern Spiritualism had done, and what it would do for the race. How it had broken the bands of a false theology, had let millions of religious captives out into freedom, had redeemed reason, had reconciled science and revelation, had converted thousands of infidels, had set the whole world to thinking, would destroy all the church idols, kill all the angry gods, and demolish all institutions opposed to religious, political, and social freedom. She preached and preached till the going down of the sun, yet nobody left; but as some looked anxiously toward the West, to see what had become of old Sol, she cried out, Never mind the sun's going down; this is the *day of judgment* to the nation, and to you, too. *Set your houses in order, and prepare yourselves to fight for principle, right and justice*, and thereupon made a most earnest appeal to all the mediums and speakers, not *to dash with untempered mortar*.

About thirty dollars were collected and distributed among the speakers, all of whom were graduates from the Methodist church.

A vote of thanks to the owner of the grove, who would accept nothing else for all his trouble, was given, and to the friends for their bountiful entertainment, and the meeting broke up, all hands feeling that the day had been well spent, and would not soon be forgotten. D. H. HAMILTON.

Lewiston, Me.

GONE!

BY MARY MARDLE.

Gone from the earth, in her innocence, purity,
Gone 'mong her bright sister angels to dwell;
Gone to explore the dark shades of Futurity,
Gone to her final home! Sweet one, farewell!

On this cold, freezing earth, sensitive, shivering,
Standing but feebly before its chill blast;—
Into the Future, her face with joy quivering,
Into its warmth, its more genial, at last!

Gone from her earth-home, where all were but blessing her
In the cold, heart-chilling language of earth;
Now, in her heaven-home, all are caressing her,
Not as the Clay, but the soul of New Birth!

Slowly the days, which once fleeted so cheerily,
Floated as though we could never know pain,
Drag their dull length along, sadly and drearily,
Wearily praying for Lethe in vain!

Yet, though 't is hard that the young and the beautiful,
From loving hearts should be torn thus away,
Still will we try to be patient and dutiful,
Knowing that after the night comes the day.

Continental for December.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

☞ For Terms of Subscription, see eighth page. ☜

LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

The Issue.

"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";

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my eyes. 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 President's Message.

The country extends to President Lincoln's latest address a cordial welcome. It is the happiest conception of his or any other man's presidential life. While numbers were becoming dissatisfied with what they were pleased to call the entire want of plan on the part of the Administration in relation to the termination of the war and the practical restoration of the Union, professing to believe that the President and his advisers did not wish the contest to end so long as it could be made either politically or pecuniarily profitable, the sequel has demonstrated the fallacy of all such mere partizan notions, and proved the fact, more to be prized than almost all other facts combined, that in the politics of the day there exists, after all, a very large element of patriotism.

The Message of President Lincoln, with its accompanying Proclamation, marks an era in the history of constitutional liberty. The country is arrived at that point where mere theorizing and dogmatizing on Freedom *is* exchanged for practice and reality. The Slave Power, announcing itself as such through the public speech of Vice President Stephens, boldly took up arms for its own expansion and perpetuity as a distinct power. It revolted against the best government on the globe. It held nothing sacred which belonged to the past, and was entirely reckless in respect of the possibilities and promises of the future. The contest which it so rashly challenged has now been going on for nearly three years, and always to the loss of Slavery and the gain of Freedom. The critical period is at length arrived, when a single battle, or series of battles, is decisive of the remaining fortunes of the revolted and factitious power. In Tennessee and Georgia that final struggle has been entered upon, and the rebellion has lost. Its armies have everywhere been pressed back, or routed and demoralized. Its best generals have been beaten. The large territory over which it boasted to exercise control, has been torn from the hands of the leaders, piece by piece, until now they find themselves in comparatively close quarters.

With defeat behind and before them, their armies scattered, their people discontented and disposed again to revolt, starvation staring them in the face, cut off from supplies of meat, medicines, and foreign aid, and unable to obtain more men, even by practising the most rigid conscription, for recruiting their forces in the field, their society crumbling in pieces before the fierce heat of the war which themselves invited and defied—it was time to think an entirely new stage had been reached, not only in the history of the rebellion itself, but in the history of the institutions of the country. The people of the loyal States began to look for the ending of the war, and to think of welcoming blessed peace once more to the land. They felt that it was time for the Government to take yet another step forward in the direction of the settlement of this great question of the age on solid foundations.

The President has, therefore, come forward with his new proposal at just the right moment. It would clearly have been too early last summer, when many were actually wishing him to take such a step; and it is not so plain that it would not have been too late next year, after the opportunities offered by the present crumbling fortunes of the rebellion had passed out of reach. The President would seem to have been impressed by the higher powers to bring forward his plan of reconciliation and reconstruction at exactly the right time. He has waited long enough, and he has clearly not waited too long. His plan is original, and wholly his own: and still it is perfectly simple and wholly practicable. It consists of an offered pardon to such people of the South as will take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of Congress under it, including likewise the Proclamation of Emancipation which was issued as a war measure strictly, on the 1st of January last—those persons only being excepted from the benefit of the offer, who were concerned in bring the rebellion on, and in waging active war by their own personal authority within the United States. The offer of pardon is a liberal one, and contemplates the great fact that the body of the people of the rebellious States are misled and mistaken citizens, rather than deliberate and determined traitors.

The Proclamation is calmly argued in the body of the Message, and its several terms candidly set forth to such as might be disposed to think them unfair. The temper alone of this portion of the Message ought to carry with its reasonings great weight. The President proposes, that when one-tenth of the number of voters in the revolted States (taking the vote of 1860 for the basis) shall have taken the oath of allegiance, and duly expressed their desire to organize and carry on regularly republican governments again in those States, they will be permitted to do so, and will likewise be protected against violent interference at the hands of the rebel leaders by the whole military power of the United States. In this way, he hopes to establish a fixed rallying point, or nucleus, around which the elements of order and obedience will gather in the rebel States, and become strong enough to take into their own hands again the management of the whole revolted districts. It is a simple plan, and yet wholly the product of the President's mind. It bears his impress on its very face. It is offered in his candid and open manner, and supported by his frank appeals and arguments.

It is evident, therefore, that the adoption of terms like these by the people of the South will prove the final blow to that social institution which has proved their own greatest tyrant. They will have to take the monster into their own hands, and strangle it by violence. *They* will finally do the desired work, and not we—not the *Government*. Already they are weary of the war, weary of the sufferings which the armed defence of Slavery has entailed upon them to no purpose, and weary of the despotic rule of the men into whose ambitious hands they too easily surrendered control. They begin to feel that it would be better for all interests concerned, to let Slavery go and save themselves. It is already a matter of life and death with them. In making a vigorous effort to save themselves, they will insensibly work for the gradual elevation of the slave. Thus, by indirection, are the ways of God made clear at last to the short sight of his creatures. We are all of us let into the pleasures of a new and more glorious light, in the latter half of this advancing century.

"The Same Sort of Evidence."

The Boston Advertiser has a very complimentary notice of Mr. Sargent's new novel of "Peculiar," pronouncing it "interesting, and full of life and plot," and adding: "We cannot conceive that it has anywhere disappointed the expectations caused by its announcement. If the book is regarded as a study of the social changes and developments which caused and accompanied the *great transition*, Mr. Sargent will be credited with much power of philosophical investigation and analysis, and no little skill in expressing the results of this power in the varied conversation and action of fictitious personages."

So far, well. But the Advertiser finds a stumbling-block in the Spiritualism, and says: "If any proof was necessary of the cruelties of slavery, Mr. Sargent has injured the effect of his book as an argument from invented example by asking in some places *the same belief in the common juggleries of the so-called spiritual manifestations*, that he demands for his narratives of plantation-life, *on the same sort of evidence*."

Of course he does; and we thank the Advertiser for stating the case so candidly. The evidence on which the two classes of facts must *rest is* precisely "the same." And herein lies the fatuity and inconsistency of our modern *savans* and critics. They would judge of facts, *not by the character and amount of the testimony substantiating them*, but by their own preconceived notions and inferences in regard to the possibility of certain phenomena. They would do well to bear in mind the following remark, quoted in Peculiar (page 382) from that great evangelical divine, the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, who, though he meant the remark to apply especially to the so-called "miracles" of the New Testament, could not but have foreseen that it was susceptible of a much more extended application:

"It is a very obvious principle, although often forgotten in the pride of prejudice and of controversy, that what *has been seen by one pair of human eyes* is of force to countervail all that has been reasoned or guessed at by a thousand human understandings."

How true this is! And yet how constantly the truth is ignored and unheeded by those persons contented and strong in their intellectual conceit! Our own notions of the fitness of things—notions frequently shaped by early adopted prejudices, or by vices of education—must be our standard for measuring God Almighty's more occult truths!

Far be it from us to deny the obligations the world is under to that bold and penetrating materialism which swept like a wave over the human mind during the last century, clearing it of many unmanly fears and demoralizing errors. As William Howitt has well observed, it is idle to speak of faith in the Supernatural as though it were an unmixed blessing. The truth is that the Supernatural has been an oppression and an infliction in all ages and nations. Protestantism, perfected in Utilitarianism, has taught men to regard the affairs of this life as their prime concern and task appointed by Providence. Thus the Supernatural—angels, devils, spirits and fairies—have been altogether eliminated from modern civilization. Hosts of men live and die, work and sleep, without a thought of the *presence of spirits; and in the midst of this indifference* to Unseen Powers we see wealth, culture and prosperity in rapid increase.

We are not approving of this denial of the Supernatural, but we cannot hide from our eyes the fact that materialism has, under Providence, effected a salutary purpose. It has liberated mankind from the tyranny of the Supernatural. It has proved that joyous and prosperous life is possible beyond the let or hindrance of angel or devil. It has forever abolished ghostly terrors. Henceforth the services of the Supernatural can be nothing but friendly, for we have learned to walk in perfect independence alike of spiritual hate and of spiritual favor.

At the best, however, life on Sadducean terms is dreary. The human intellect, in its highest range, is barren without faith in the Supernatural. What gives to Mr. Sargent's "Peculiar" its eminent charm is his abounding faith in—or rather knowledge of—spiritual agencies and instrumentalities. It is the sentiment springing from this knowledge that gives the book its vitality, and, we may add, its popularity.

We cannot sympathize with those who object to having belief in the immortal life fortified and vivified by the great facts of Spiritualism. These facts rest on a basis as solid as any facts of history. We have before us Pierart's "Revue Spiritualiste" of last September, in which a correspondent quotes from the archives of France the most overwhelming testimony, entirely confirming the occurrence of phenomena like those for which Mr. Sargent quotes the testimony of Cotton Mather and six respectable citizens of Boston in 1693, not to speak of the thousands who will bear witness to similar facts in 1863.

One of the French documents to which we allude is signed by "Marc, archbishop of Toulouse; Nicolas, bishop of Rennes; Henri, bishop of Rodez; Jean, bishop of Chalon-sur-Saone; and by F. Morel, Nicolas Cornet, N. Grandin, Philippe Le Roy, all doctors of the Sorbonne, Jan. 20th, 1602."

Another document, signed by members of a royal commission appointed to investigate these phenomena, and by two distinguished physicians of the period (1642), is equally conclusive, careful and intelligent. The *phenomena* were repeatedly witnessed by able and conscientious persons especially appointed to test them. The same phenomena are testified to, not only by the author of "Peculiar," but by tens of thousands of educated men and women of our day.

And yet, in the face of all this testimony of the past and the present—testimony governed by precisely the same laws as those in regard to all other facts—resting on "THE SAME SORT OF EVIDENCE"—the Advertiser quietly and coolly brushes them aside as "*the common juggleries of the so-called spiritual manifestations!*"

But you are not up with the times, Mr. Editor! You may not be aware of it—but it is a fact nevertheless—that the most advanced minds of the present time are beginning shrewdly to suspect that there must be *something* in these despised phenomena—some truth in them; that the great intellects of the past, the Platos, the Plutarchs, the Luthers, the Baxters, the Blackstones, the Bacons, the Mores, the Cudworths, the Swedenborgs, and the Wesleys—and such minds of the present as Davis, Edmonds, Owen, Gray, Tallmadge, and a long list of men equally intelligent—have not been and are not fools on this one essential point of spirit agency, and wise on others. In the language of "Peculiar"—"It would seem that the eternal chariot-wheels must continue to roll and flash on, however professors, conjurers, quarterly reviewers (and editors) may burn their poor little hands by trying to catch at the spokes."

Personal.

The Newburyport Herald says that Rev. Charles Beecher has had a call to settle at Pittsburg, a proposition that his society at Georgetown will not hear to, notwithstanding the action of the Association. His salary for the coming year was raised with unexampled promptness, four persons subscribing four hundred and fifty dollars. Next month Mr. Beecher will take his seat in the Legislature. Persecution has its uses. Here are its practical results.

A Story, entitled "THE RICH MAN," translated from the German for the BANNER OF LIGHT, will appear next week.

Deceit.

It is practised in such varying forms, that it takes the acutest spiritual perception, or, in lack of that, a fund of worldly wisdom and experience to tear off its perfect mask. For so often deceit will thrive beneath the well simulated smile of friendship, and pursue a successful course of intrigue under the semblance of an exalted benevolence. Yet is it well to learn the lesson, and pay its demanded tribute of bitter tears, and the anguish of disenchantment; for by its use we not only learn the need of a circumspect choice of friends, and a greater prudence, but we are taught to look beneath the fair seeming surface of honeyed words, and flattering smiles and eulogies, to the hidden wealth of affection in the spirit, that by some humbly great souls is never revealed in language.

As long as we ourselves practice deceit, though it be in the minutest, the most world-approved matters, so long shall we be tormented by its retributive returns. We may revere great truths; and yet shrink from the fulfillment of the daily duties of sincerity. We have not the moral courage to break through silly rules of etiquette, and the by-laws of an accepted ceremonial, for the sake of truthfulness. We invite those to our homes for whom we feel not only lack of attraction, but repulsion; we smile upon the individual we despise, as cordially as upon our dearest friend. We tell of a person's faults to all save to the one who needs the telling most—the faulty individual himself. We sit in judgment and denounce, but dare not face the accused with a well-timed reproval. What is all this but cowardice and deceit?

We are theoretical worshipers of truth, and practical, every day deceivers at the same time. We do not say what we think, nor act in accordance with our professions. Words of tenderness are uttered, the more exaggerated the terms in which affection is couched, the more adroitly veiled is too often the heart's indifference and deceit. But we need not grow hopeless for this; for all we need in order to discern truth from falsehood, is a clearer insight and a spiritual intuition, only to be gained through the discipline of wisdom.

Let us not repine, therefore, when we are pierced by the sharp stings of ingratitude; when we are awakened from some fondly cherished dream of love, or friendship. Rather let us return thanks for the bitter, but salutary draught, and be grateful unto God and his saving angels for the timely escape. With the fixed purpose of a pure intention, the safeguards of intuition and experience, we shall be saved from the deceitful inroads of the false and undeveloped ones around.

Re-capture of the Chesapeake.

The Steamer Chesapeake, which was captured Dec. 5th, by some rebel pirates, (who took passage on board of her at New York,) after killing the engineer, and attempting the lives of the Captain and others, has been recaptured, so a telegraphic despatch says, by the U. S. gunboat Ella and Annie, in Sambro harbor, not far from Halifax. The despatch goes on to say that the movement of the Chesapeake, since her first appearance in Sherburne, had been narrowly watched by United States officials and American citizens of the Province. Her whereabouts were daily known, but the absence of gunboats has caused delay in her capture. On Tuesday, the 11th, the Ella and Annie, Lieut. Commanding Nickels, arrived at Halifax, for coal, and was immediately supplied at Cunard's wharf. Receiving information that the Chesapeake was at Lahore, she immediately steamed for her, arriving at her rendezvous at 3 P. M., but she had left at 9 A. M. The Ella and Annie immediately turned back and steamed to Lunenburg for orders, arriving there in the evening. In the meantime the officials receiving information that the Chesapeake was at Sambro, notified Lieut. Nickels, who immediately steered for her, determined to take her at daylight. On Thursday, he accomplished his object, the crew offering no resistance, but, at the sight of their pursuer, immediately fled to the woods, leaving a sumptuously prepared breakfast. Three of the crew were captured, only one of whom was engaged in seizing the Chesapeake, the others having since shipped in Nova Scotia.

The Chesapeake was immediately taken in tow, and Lieut. Nickels started for an American port. The Dacotah then came up and ordered Lieut. Nickels to take his prize into Halifax for the sanction of the act by the Government.

Our Foreign Relations.

At no time in our national history have we been entirely free from all sorts of foreign complications before. One would not have thought such a state of things possible but a brief year ago; yet such has been the wise management of the hands in power, so favorably have outside and inside circumstances combined, and, above all, so kindly have the powers above looked down on our trials and discipline, that the President was able to say in his last Message what no previous President has ever been able to say, that the state of our foreign relations is entirely satisfactory. Heretofore there was always some question up, *in connection with some foreign power; a difficulty of* some sort, or size, which required the attention of the foreign Committees of Congress. But the current message happily makes no such disclosures. It is a remarkable fact in our history. As a New York journal says, it is much more so, when the fact is noted that heretofore nothing has been so prolific of international trouble as the relations of neutrals to belligerents. The very time when it would be naturally anticipated that we should have the most serious controversies with other nations, and especially commercial nations, is the very time when our National Executive has nothing to complain of, and most decidedly testifies to the universal fair dealing.

The Way to Overcome.

In reading over a *critique* of a musical performance in one of the New York papers, the other day, we came upon the following passage:—"The simplest way of *courting* failure on any subject is to be over-anxious concerning it. One half the breakdowns of life arise from too much effort. It is the pale-faced student, with the overwrought mind and a large consciousness of responsibilities, who is in danger of being plucked—not the phlegmatic drudge who cares for nothing in particular, and would just as soon march out without a degree as with one." It is agreeable to find so much good common sense afloat in the newspapers. Emerson says that "the highest prudence is the lowest *prudence;*" meaning just what the writer already quoted means, that too much care spoils everything. Only those who put their *heart* in their work, no matter whether it be humble or lofty, and leave the rest with God, can expect to succeed. Excessive caution and prudence is so much draft on the energies beforehand, so that they cannot be used to so good a purpose as they otherwise would. More men fail from that than from lack of it.

Pardee in Indiana.

In the West our cause is making rapid strides. The Spiritual Philosophy is shedding its rays of light into many places hitherto shrouded by the dark pall of superstition and false teachings.

We are informed by a correspondent, that our friends in Madison City, Ind., have secured the use of the Christian Baptist Church for the purpose of holding meetings during the week, and have engaged Bro. L. Judd Pardee to deliver a course of twelve lectures—one or two each week—on the facts, philosophy, religion and use of the new unfoldings. From the well-known ability of Bro. Pardee as a lecturer, something worthy the attention of the profoundest thinkers may be expected.

Starving our Prisoners.

On the subject of starving our poor fellows in the Richmond prisons, we prefer to base our comments upon the voluntary testimony of a member of the rebel Senate—Mr. Henry S. Foote—to the vague and vagrant denials of the rebels who are interested in denying the fact but continuing the cruelty. Mr. Foote openly charged, in a speech made in the rebel Senate, if we are to believe the Richmond Enquirer's own testimony, that "a certain Commissary-General, who was a curse to the country, was invested with authority to control the matter of subsistence. This monster, Northrop, had stealthily placed the Government in the attitude charged by the enemy, and had attempted to starve the prisoners in our hands. From the 1st to the 20th, meals were furnished the prisoners very irregularly and in a meagre manner; for twelve days the supply was inadequate, and for eight days they had none at all. This Commissary-General, said Mr. Foote, was a pepper doctor down in Charleston, and looked like a vegetarian, and actually made an elaborate report to the Secretary of War, showing that for the subsistence of a human Yankee carcass vegetable diet was the most proper. For the honor of the country, this Northrop should be ejected at once."

Cora L. V. Scott's Lectures.

It rained all day Sunday, the 13th, yet very fair audiences assembled in Lyceum Hall, to listen to the choice inspirational discourses from this favorite speaker. In the afternoon, as on the previous Sunday afternoon, she spoke upon the Mosaic Commandments: taking for her text on this occasion, "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal." She gave the spiritual idea in regard to these injunctions, and wrought out a very instructive lesson from them.

Her evening discourse was selected by a committee from the audience, who chose a couple of verses from Christ's teachings to his disciples. After speaking about forty minutes, the controlling influence announced to the audience that they were ready to answer any questions relative to the subject under consideration. Quite an interesting time then ensued: the questioning being kept up for a long while with much spirit and earnestness; especially so, but in a very gentlemanly manner, by two worthy deacons of the Orthodox persuasion. The answers were given with promptness and clearness, and at times were very startling to those not of the spiritual faith.

The spiritual interpretations given to many of the passages in the New Testament will no doubt have a tendency to lift the veil of false teaching from off the souls of many and let in the light of truth.

We engaged the services of Mr. H. W. Parmenter, an excellent phonographic reporter, to take notes of the lecture and the questions and answers, and shall print them in the BANNER next week, our columns being too crowded to admit them this week.

Next Sunday closes this lecturer's engagement in this city.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Book of Poems.

This splendid *waif* upon the sea of Literature, will make its appearance the present week. It has been got up in fine style, and is just the book for a Holiday Present. The contents are—A Word to the World, (prefatory); The Prayer of the Sorrowing, The Song of Truth, The Embarkation, Kepler's Vision, Love and Latin, *The Song of the North*, The Burial of Webster, The Parting of Sigurd and Gerda, The Meeting of Sigurd and Gerda, The Spirit Child, The Revelation, Hope for the Sorrowing, Compensation, The Eagle of Freedom, Mistress Gleneare, Little Johnny, "Birdie's" Spirit-Song, My Spirit-Home, I Still Live, Life, Love, For A' That, Words O' Cheer, Resurrexi, The Prophecy of Vala, The Kingdom, The Cradle or Coffin, The Streets of Baltimore, The Mysteries of Godliness—(a Lecture;) Poe's Farewell to Earth. It may be purchased at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, of Bela March, 14 Bromfield street, of Miss Doten, at the Pavilion, Tremont street, and of booksellers generally.

Napoleon.

We hear little or nothing of the movements or intentions of the French Emperor, of late. He is becoming mythical and mysterious again. His scheme of a European Congress has been acceded to by fifteen out of twenty powers of Europe, which were invited to take a hand in it, but it so happens that the consenting powers are the very ones which are likely to gain by the decisions of such a Congress, while the powers which hold off on the subject, are liable to have taken from them the territory which they possess. It is not likely that they will voluntarily come into any such arrangement; or that, most of all, they will tolerate the proposed meddling of an imperial *parvenu*, like *Louis Napoleon*, in affairs which involve what they esteem sacred and traditional rights and possessions. New Year's draws nigh, and then comes the Spring. If Napoleon has any fixed policy relative to the events of the approaching year, and especially to the conduct and position of *Russia*, he will probably give some signs of it soon, so that we may begin to see whether Europe will pass through convulsions during the year, or not.

Christmas Books.

The bookstores never drove a brisker business than now. Customers are "as thick as leaves of Vallambrosa." People want to observe the time. They would make presents to husbands, wives, children. The contagion of the feeling which marks this era of the year, is also wonderful. There are all sorts of gifts in the book line, on the counters and shelves of our prominent booksellers. We need but name Ticknor & Fields, Crosby & Nichols, J. E. Tilton & Co., Lee & Shepard, Walker, Wise & Co., N. Braughton, and others. There are always Christmas haunters of bookstores—epicures in the line of books and binding, who regularly count on being feasted at this time of year, and look forward to the holiday season with all the zest of children. Such persons we like to meet in the shops and libraries at this season, for we believe we know what they enjoy. Every new discovery is a plum in their Christmas pie, which they take a solid delight in pulling out into view. They may not be extensive buyers of books, but they love to see old friends between covers, and seem to extend to them their congratulations on their regular and improved appearance.

Daring Murder and Robbery.

On Tuesday forenoon, 15th inst., a little before twelve o'clock, the assistant cashier of the Malden Bank, Mr. Frank Converse, was shot through the head by a person who entered the bank, and then robbed him of $5,000. Mr. Converse was alone at the time the murderer entered. A customer had been in but a few minutes before, and another person coming in a few minutes after the fatal shot was fired, discovered Mr. Converse on the floor, just breathing his last. The deed was a bold one and quickly done. The wonder is how the perpetrator escaped detection at that hour of the day, when so many people were astir. No clue to the whereabouts of the murderer has been discovered. A reward of $5,500 has been offered for his arrest and conviction. Young Converse was but 17 years of age.

The Blossoms of our Spring.

This book of Poems, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, has just been published by us. It is a work all Spiritualists should have. It will be sent by mail on the receipt of $1 00, and postage stamps to the amount of twenty cents.

A Fine Story!

We take pleasure in announcing to our thousands of readers, that we shall soon commence in the BANNER the publication of an Original Story, entitled

THE PROPHECY!

AND

ITS FULFILLMENT.

This fine Story was written expressly for the BANNER by GRACE LELAND, with whose literary labors our readers are already familiar.

Those subscribers whose terms of subscription are nearly out, should—if they intend to renew—remit us at once, in order that they may secure the Story complete.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell in Charlestown.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, of Potsdam, N. Y., made her first appearance in New England, in Charlestown City Hall, Sunday, the 13th. The afternoon and evening were exceedingly stormy, yet the audiences were quite large considering the weather, the attendance being increased in the evening. Though Mrs. Chappell did not deem herself in a good condition to speak, her inspirations were fully equal to the anticipations which had been created by the announcements in the BANNER, and in some respects she excelled what was anticipated.

Her subject in the afternoon was, "Unseen Influences, Psychological and Spiritual;" and in the evening the same theme was in part continued. Her evening discourse was preceded by an invocation which seemed to have an uplifting power seldom produced by public, oral prayer. The lecturer, however, is confined to no forms in her labors.

Though Mrs. Chappell has been through none of the schools of art or education, and had little or no study or external training, her appearance at once indicates a true womanhood, a mind well disciplined under spiritual influences, and tested by experience calling out all the better attributes of her nature; and her style of thinking and speaking is so marked as to give demonstration of a high inspirational influence. She has been a medium about twelve years, and has lectured occasionally for four or five years in Central, Western and Northern New York. Though she speaks under strong influences, she has full possession of all her senses, and evinces an intense individuality, which gives her entire command over herself and her audiences. Her style, though wholly unstudied, is free, easy, natural, and highly dramatic. She is full of action, and every word she utters is accompanied by looks and gestures evincing the intensity of her own spirit and fastening the attention of her hearers. She has the peculiar gift of coming into full fraternal sympathy with her audiences, not only reaching their heads, but sometimes touching the deepest and divinest chords of their hearts. Though entirely fearless and free in thought and speech, bound by no books, creeds or conservatisms, and thoroughly reformatory on all subjects, yet she is highly devotional in the recognition of a Supreme Father.

Mrs. C. is cordially welcomed by all who have seen and heard her, as a valuable acquisition to the spiritual platform of Boston and vicinity, and her mission promises to be one of great use in quickening anew the elements of spiritual life. She is engaged to speak in Quincy the second time next Sunday; the first two Sundays in January in Lyceum Hall, Boston; and the third and fourth Sundays in January in Chelsea. Her address is at the BANNER office.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

While Capt. Albert M. Gammell, of the 11th Massachusetts Regiment (just arrived home on a short furlough), was driving across the track of the Eastern Railroad in Chelsea, on Wednesday morning, Dec. 16, in company with his wife, the horse becoming alarmed at an approaching train of cars, stopped suddenly just as the chaise was upon the track, and would not move, although the engineer repeatedly sounded the whistle. Every effort was made to "break up" the train, but it proved ineffectual, the distance being so short when the team was discovered, and the engine struck the carriage, killing instantly Capt. Gammell and his wife. Their bodies were so terribly mangled that they were only recognized by their clothes. The horse was uninjured. Capt. Gammell and wife resided in Charlestown, which place they left a short time before the accident happened. Capt. Gammell's age was twenty-three, and his wife's twenty two years. Capt. Gammell has been in the army since the formation of the 11th Regiment, and has participated with that regiment in all of its hard-fought battles.

Suffering at the South.

When any cause, no matter how loudly it may profess for liberty and progress, is kept alive by violent and unnatural methods, it is surely dead already. The rebel leaders, by this rule, confess their scheme a failure without qualification. The stories of cruelty inflicted on the unwilling citizens of the South, because they still feel an attachment to the old government and the old flag, make one's flesh creep with horror. The leaders issue their barbarous orders as if all men, and all species of property, were entirely their own. In one instance now before us, a military order was given by superior to inferior military officers, to scour certain districts in Louisiana, where Union men were known to be, and, after capturing, to execute them without the least mercy on the spot. This proceeding has the open endorsement of rebel military authority. It is a step beyond that of East Tennessee, where butcheries and hangings without name or number have taken place, making that locality one vast Golgotha. The end cannot be far off, when it is approached by so rapid a grade as these acts naturally imply.

Fires and Reading.

The time has come when pleasant fires are set a-going in every house, and the rooms shut in circles of happy and contented persons, whose hours would hang heavily but for the pleasures of reading. There are books to be had in plenty, and there are topics enough to attract the attention of all. The long evenings of winter furnish many a coveted opportunity for improvement, which all discreet persons will be prompt to avail themselves of. We have known men educate themselves, and do it well, too, on the leisure obtained during these evening hours. Then the attractions of a warm and cheerful fire are many, and generate a taste for reading which leads to such excellent results. A winter well spent with the assistance of books is ever regarded, when looked back to afterwards, with a satisfaction which no other feeling is quite able to parallel. Improve the time, therefore; the season is well worth making the most of.

The Sanitary Fair.

The Fair was opened at Music Hall, by an Organ Concert, on Monday Dec. 14th, at which $2,500 was taken. On Tuesday the hall was crowded with visitors to its utmost capacity, and the amount of money taken was about $35,000. On Wednesday the hall was still more packed than the previous day, although the price of tickets was raised to $1, instead of being reduced to 25 cents, as previously advertised. On Thursday a snow-storm commenced early in the day, and continued into the night, yet a very large number of visitors were in attendance. The severe rain-storm on Friday had a tendency to check in some degree the rush for tickets. The affair may safely be set down as a complete success. The entire receipts will undoubtedly exceed $100,000.

New Publications.

LADY OR SHADOWED PAINS. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

Mr. Arthur's stories are too well known to require any description or dissection at our hands. He is a welcome visitor in many a household circle. His fictions do not appeal very powerfully to the imaginative faculty, nor do they specially enlist the operation of the sympathies: yet their steady and constant appeal to the moral sense, wins their way for them, and by the employment of this method alone, he has succeeded in making an impression on the public heart, not easy to be effaced. He refuses to pander to the baser passions, and never countenances deceit, or prevarication. His books have a wide circulation, not only in this country, but in England. It is said that more than a million copies of his books have been sold in this country alone, within the past few years. The present story, or novel, attracts the reader by its perfect truthfulness in depicting the scenes of common American life, by its tenderness, and by the manner in which the author finally raises the curtain of doubt in order to let in the rays of blessed light.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? By Richard B. Kimball. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The author of "Undercurrents," "St. Leger," and "Student Life," has given us another of his captivating and powerful novels, marked by all the finish and care of his previous productions. The characters in this tale are marked and original. The hero is a son of a Connecticut deacon, brought up after the rules of the strictest sect, who, finally, after serving his time as clerk in a country store, takes it into his head to seek the great metropolis and a fortune. By the art of saving and multiplying, joined with the still lower art of marrying a woman possessed of money of her own, he manages to become rich—what the the great body of men are chiefly anxious to become. The question is, therefore—"Was he successful?" The reader can see for himself how it was. There are striking characters in the story, and very impressive sketches of society and life in town and country. Aside from the practical moral which the book carries with its reading, it has a story which will hold the attention of all who begin to read, until they have come to the last page.

THREE TIMES DEAD: or, The Secret of the Heath. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers. Boston: for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. Price 50 cents.

A bare announcement of a work of fiction from this popular author is sufficient to insure a ready sale. Those who have read "Lady Audley's Secret," "Aurora Floyd," and the other favorite novels by Miss Braddon, will need no urging to induce them to read this last work from her pen, which is published from the author's advance sheets.

EUTOKIA. A word to Physicians and to Women upon the employment of Anæsthetics in Childbirth. By Horatio Robinson Storer, M. D. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This is a very important treatise on a subject of vital consequence to every woman in the land, and coming, as it does, from one of our most eminent physicians, and a man of great practical common sense, it should receive especial attention. It is printed in a neat pamphlet edition for general circulation; and for the good it may do to suffering humanity, we hope it will freely circulate.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST. By R. M. Ballantyne, Author of the "Red Eric," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington street.

This is a fine book, written expressly for boys, by this well known author, giving a lively picture of life in the West. The hero, March Marston, is one of those daring, noble-hearted fellows, the life of every party, whose presence alone makes all lively and gay. It gives a description of his wild and daring adventures during his search for the Wild Man of the West. Price, $1·00, postpaid.

DICK RODNEY, OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN ETON BOY. By James Grant, author of "Jack Manly," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is a book full of thrilling adventure, showing how the hero, Dick Rodney, a young Eaton Boy, was compelled by a series of accidents to travel half round the globe; giving accounts of his life on shipboard, of startling adventures with a Spaniard, "Antonio el Cubano," who takes the ship; final destruction of the ship; life on an island; rescue by a Spanish ship, and arrival at home. Price, 1,00, postpaid.

THE RED ERIC; OR, THE WHALER'S LAST CRUISE. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Coral Islands," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Another work by the celebrated author whose stories are always received with joy by the boys. This book is filled with thrilling adventures through which the Red Eric passed on her last cruise, and her final wreck. The adventures of Glynn Proctor, and little Alice, the captain's daughter, give a charm to the whole book. Glynn is a character full of life and energy, which will just suit the boys. Price, $1,00, postpaid.

The three above books are from the house of Crosby & Nichols, who have the well-deserved reputation of issuing books always worth the money they ask. They may be ordered at our office, and will be sent postpaid for the price of each.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for January is out, with its usual variety of entertaining reading and illustrations.

Jeff Davis's Message.

The message of the rebel President is in decided contrast with that of President Lincoln. It is one long jeremiade. He confesses just what we have been trying to make him confess, any time these three years past. He can raise no money on taxes; *his* armies are decaying, and cannot be recruited; the members of the rebel Congress at Richmond have exempted their own property, which represents the slave and plantation property of the South, from taxation; foreign powers have turned their backs on the Confederacy, and he even has the grim hardihood to speak of a measure of retaliation; the body of the people are subjects of an unaccountable "alienation"; there is no hope left but in fighting it out still, and falling if they have not the power to stand; and general desperation is professedly all that is left them to rely on. This style of message will, we think, have a decided tendency to open the eyes of England and France to the character of the rebel concern, and to make them rejoice that they have deserted the bloody bantling as they have.

Death of Major-General Buford.

This distinguished cavalry office died of camp fever in Washington, on the 10th inst. He received his promotion but a short time before his death. He was one of the most efficient officers in the cavalry service, in which he has been actively engaged since the rebellion broke out. He was a graduate of West Point, and a native of Kentucky. He was not quite forty years of age.

The "Stodart" Pianos.

These instruments have the reputation of being of an exceedingly good quality. Thousands who have used them bear testimony of their unequaled finish, quality of tone, and touch. Stodart, the inventor, and Bro. Morris, his partner, are gentlemen of the right stamp, and will be happy to see any of our friends at their warerooms, 526 Broadway, N. Y. A look at these beautiful instruments, will, to say the least, pay for the visit.

The Confederacy Bankrupt.

It is a fact which cannot be disguised any longer, that the rebel concern is bankrupt in men, means, and hopes. The report of Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the rebel treasury, establishes this fact by an open confession. Jeff Davis had not the courage to say as much in his Message, but Mr. Memminger was obliged to say it because there was nothing else to say. To show just what the rebel Secretary and head financier thinks of the condition of matters in the revolted districts of the South, we quote for the readers of the BANNER the following overwhelming passage. It proves all we could ask for it:

"The continuance of the notes as a circulating medium to their present extent, involves the ruin of public and private credit, and will deprive the Government of the means of defending the lives and property of its citizens. If the currency remains in the present expanded state, no measure of relief can be made effectual. Prices must advance, and the means of the Government to pay these prices must daily lose efficiency. Taxes become fruitless, by reason of the depreciation of the money. The army can neither be paid, clothed, nor fed; arms and munitions of war can no longer be supplied; the officers of the Government cannot be supported; *and the country must succumb.*"

Municipal Election.

Frederic W. Lincoln, Jr., was reelected Mayor of Boston, on Monday, Dec. 14th, by a plurality of over four thousand votes. The opposition vote was about two thousand. The entire Republican ticket was successful.

Announcements.

Mrs. A. M. Spence speaks again to our Charlestown neighbors next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Foxboro' next Sunday.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is in Connecticut, and speaks in Norwich next Sunday.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. E. G., SOUTH READING, VT.—We should be pleased to receive the Poems. Will print the one you have sent in our next issue.

S. M. J., SPRINGFIELD.—Induce all that you can to subscribe, and tell them to remit by mail. This is the most expeditious way of doing the business. Thanks for your kind offer.

V. P., HENDERSON, N. Y.—We are always pleased to receive suggestions from our patrons. Your idea is a correct one.

B. N. K., DESMOINES, IOWA.—As you say, the lines are not, as a poetic composition, very creditable. The invisibles allude to the subject you refer to, as you will see by reading their messages on the sixth page of last week's paper.

R. D. P., OSHKOSH, WIS.—It is not best to notice such things at all. "The least said the soonest mended," is a homely old adage, but nevertheless one that should be heeded oftener now-a-days than it is.—Do n't know the post office address of the parties you allude to.

J. M. J.—"Mesmerism—Its Sanative Powers," is accepted. The article will appear in our next.

W. C.—$3,50 received from Cairo.

I. H. R., BUCKSPORT, ME.—$5.00 received. Much obliged for the interest you manifest in behalf of the BANNER.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Poe's last Poem, "FAREWELL TO EARTH," given recently by Lizzie Doten in New York, and published in her new volume of Poems—contains the following lines, which to our minds are pregnant with a mighty truth:

"Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,
Break Temptation's magic spell!
Truth is *Heaven*, and *Falsehood, Hell!*"

Fernando Wood would be kicked out of the United States House of Representatives, if "Uncle Sam" was n't a very clever fellow. Fernando deserves to be, to say the least. His "peace resolutions" mean something else.

NOTICE.—Mrs. R. Osborn, independent clairvoyant, desires us to inform her friends and the public that, owing to illness, she cannot for the present sit for those who desire to consult her. Due notice will be given when she will be able to resume her profession.

The Machinists' strike in New York is over. Most of them have gone to work on advanced wages.

A FRAGMENT.

Life has sweets, and many bitters
Mingled to its beaker's brim;
Quaff we must, and if we loathe it,
As our lips approach the rim,
We can turn our eyes in pleading
For some drops without alloy
From God's fount, to suit our needing—
Then the whole will give us joy.

They flog women in the Mass. House of Reformation. It is quite time a *reformation* in this respect was made.

The Government has information, it is said, that about ten thousand deserters from our army are now in Canada, and in a destitute condition, not caring to come across the line for fear of arrest and sentence. It is believed that the President will issue a Proclamation pardoning all who rejoin their regiments in thirty days from its date.

A fine Christmas Story, by Cora Wilburn, will appear in the forthcoming issue of the *Wide World*.

Two persons occupying a bed-room will weigh at least a pound less in the morning than at night. This is owing to the escape of matter that has passed off in the meantime through the skin and lungs. The exhalation is carbonic acid gas, which is *poisonous*. This is diffused in the air, or absorbed by the bed clothes. The fact suggests the necessity for ventilating sleeping-rooms and airing bed clothes in the morning before making a bed.

We commend to the attention of several of our estimable correspondents the following paragraph. It embodies the reason why we do not print some of their communications:

"The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression. By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior."

Thieves are on the increase in New York City. A bad place that.

"I am astonished, *my* dear young lady, at your sentiments. You make me start." "Well, sir, I have been wanting *you* to start for the last hour."

Digby apologizes to his readers for not treating them to more of his jocose cogitations of late. But he says all his fun has been knocked out of him in consequence of his disgust at the recent disposition of Spiritualists to quarrel with one another. He is of the opinion that the "*Harmonial* Philosophy" needs *revising!*

Many a spiritual shepherd takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woolen suit and a joint of mutton.

Well-managed faults often make a better figure than ill-managed virtues.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium 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 imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

Vermont Quarterly Convention.

The friends of Progress and Reform in Vermont will hold a Quarterly Convention at Bridgewater, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of Jan. 1864. They earnestly invite all seekers of truth to be present. Mediums and normal speakers are especially invited. Bro. Simmons, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Works and Mr. Woolcott are expected to be present.

Mrs. Mathews will take rooms at Dr. Wiley's, and give tests to such as may desire.

Arrangements have been made at the hotel for all who cannot be otherwise accommodated, at the moderate price of 75 cents a day; fifty cents a day for horse keeping, with grain.

CHARLES WALKER, NATHAN LAMB,
DR. WILEY, DR. HOLT,
B. F. SOUTHGATE, M. E. KENNEDY,
E. B. WILLIS, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS,
THOMAS MIDDLETON, GEO G. RAYMOND,
JOS. E. WILLIS, CHARLES BABCOCK.

Bridgewater, Vt., Dec. 7, 1863.

A Word to the Boys Going South.

It would not be strange if, with the change of climate and exposure to which you will be exposed in the land of "Dixie," you should stand in need of some medicine to be used immediately; such a remedy is Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. The Pain Killer has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant friend of the missionary and the traveler on sea and land—for the cure of Colds, Coughs, Weak Stomach and General Debility, Indigestion, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Colic, Diarrhea, Cholera, etc. Don't go without a bottle in your knapsacks. To be had at the Drug stores.—[*Prescott Journal.*

☞ SCURVY AND SCROFULOUS ERUPTIONS will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, cold food, and drenching rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cents per pot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported *verbatim*.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

☞ THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Invocation; "Can a man control his own destiny?" Questions and Answers; Enoch Owens, to his friends in Cleveland, Ohio; Elder Caleb M. Dyer, of Enfield, N. H.; Evelyn Knox, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to her parents.

Thursday, Nov. 19.—Invocation; "The Resurrection of Spirits;" Questions and Answers; John Wallingford, of London, Eng., to his son, in the United States; Catharine Tilson, to her brother, William, and mother, residing in Auburn, N. Y.; Walter Emanuel, (colored), late of the 54th Mass. Regiment, to his friends, in Boston.

Monday, Nov. 23.—Invocation; Question—"When a Spirit leaves its natural body, how does it take on the spirit-body, and from whence is that body derived?" Questions and Answers; Wm. Biggs, who died yesterday at Annapolis, Md., to his parents, in Elkhart, Ind; Ben Amies, to his friends in Vermont; Col. Andrew F. Powers, rebel, to his friends at the North; Leonl, a slave daughter of Major Thomas Gurney, of New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, Nov. 24.—Invocation; "Where people remain unconscious for a thousand years, is the cause constitutional, or acquired, or both?" Questions and Answers; Geo. B. Little, to his friends; John Gallagher, to his wife, in Fredericktown; Henry Vancoor, of Frankfort, Ky., to his father.

Monday, Nov. 30.—Invocation; "The manner of spirit progression in the spirit spheres;" Questions and Answers; Lieut. Col. Ezekiel Mason, to his father, in or near Charleston, S. C.; Carl Zimmerman, to Edward Casey, in New York City; Emily Austin Williams, to her brother, Judson Williams, at present sick in the Hospital at Fort Hudson.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—Invocation; "The unconsciousness of Spirits." Questions and Answers; Philip Redmond, to his friends, in Salem, Mass; Lord Lyndhurst, of England; Adeline Edwards, to her mother, in Utica, N. Y.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers about the Spirits who control at these circles; Margaret Waterhouse, of Liverpool, Eng., to her sons; Patrick Quinn, to his wife, in Boston, Mass.; Lucy Lee, to her father, General Robert Lee; Timothy S. Vandyke, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in New York state.

Monday, Dec. 7.—Invocation; "God a progressive being, and his relation to unprogressed things;" Questions and Answers; Ben. Frazer, to his father, Benj. Frazer, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Alexander Ripps, of Scotland, who died in Hampton, Eng., to his two sons; Theo. Collins, to his brother, William in the army; Amelia Truman Davis, of St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Invocation; "Are not order adaptation and law evidences of conscious intelligence?" Questions and Answers; John Grant, to his friends, in Terre Haute, Ind.; Ann Louisa Wiggin, of South Berwick, Maine, to the stepmother of her child; Calvin Gibson, of Richmond, Va., to his wife and to Richard Crane.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Agnes Brown, to her mother and sister, of this city; Charles H. Hill, to friends in Hartford, Ct; Lieut. John Allenwood, to his family, at Charleston, S. C.; Enoch Barnett, (colored.)

Monday, Dec. 14.—Invocation; "Spiritual advancement in the Arts and Sciences;" Questions and Answers; Andrew J. Gavett, to his friend, Mr. Andrews, of Salem, Mass; Dennis Doyle, to his wife and children, in Troy, N. Y.; Horace Jenkins, to his parents; Lucy Green, to her father, John Green, at present at New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Invocation; "The Vision in Judge Edmonds's Book;" Questions and Answers; Archibald Lang, to his oldest son, Archibald; Wm. Smyth, to his father and mother, in St. Paul, Minn.; Lucy E. Rayner, to her father, in Concord, N. H.; Bill Kelley, to his mother, in Boston, Mass.

Invocation.

Oh Eternity, Time turns its face toward thee, asking for the blessings of thine own infinite Wisdom. Oh Eternity, true thou hath placed in the hands of Time a wondrous problem; but time cannot solve it without thine aid. The form of the present must know something concerning the form of the past, ere it can understand itself. Oh Eternity, Time asks to comprehend thee, and wilt thou not allow it to comprehend thee? Do we soar too high? Are our aspirations too lofty? The answer comes within our souls, and that answer is, No; for our Father hath created us to understand thee, and hath set no limits to the desires of the human soul to know thee. So, oh Father of the Past, Present and Future, we know as thou hast given us these desires, thou wilt also give us power to outwork them; as the desire hath been born with us, we know it will be gratified sooner or later. Oh, Eternity will kiss the cheek of Time in love in the future, and we shall no longer remain ignorant of thy law; for thy wondrous alphabet is open for our inspection. Oh, teach us to read aright that language which is written throughout all Nature. Oh, guide by thy ministering angels our footsteps. Time is weak, Eternity, and thou art strong; therefore we give of our strength to strengthen Time. Oh Infinite Spirit of the Future, wilt thou unroll somewhat of thy scroll to us? May we with clairvoyant vision be able to interpret the language of life. Oh Infinite Future, what art thou to us? How art thou related to the present hour? Oh, we know there is much of the future contained within the present, in order that the present may know something of the future. Oh, for this blessing, as for all others, we praise thee; for darkness and for light, for the present and future, we praise thee, oh our Father. Nov. 11.

The Resisting of Evil.

SPIRIT.—What subject will the friends present for review this afternoon?

SUBJECT.—"The Resisting of Evil."

The subject presented is "The Resisting of Evil." One of the able teachers of the past informed the children of that time, that they should not resist evil, but should overcome all evil with good.

Now it remains for the human soul to ascertain whether it is right or wrong to resist evil. But it is impossible for us to overcome evil with good, unless we understand what evil is. That seems to be the first object to be attained, and unless we are successful in taking the first grand step, we shall be likely to fail in all the others.

It has been said it were hard to know what evil was, very hard to understand it, to fully define it. Now if it is impossible to understand evil, it is also impossible to understand good. If impossible to understand good, it is impossible to know the way of life, and we are not accountable then for immortal or spiritual life. We can only be held accountable by virtue of our knowledge of what is good and what is evil.

Again, it is impossible to know what good is, and how to make it of use to ourselves and others, unless we know what evil is and how to make it of use to ourselves and others, too, inasmuch as evil is coexistent with good; for there never has been a time when evil did not exist, there never was a time when all of goodness, all of perfection, all of light and nothing of darkness had an existence, either with you or any other generation of God's earthly children.

Evil seems to be the left hand of good. Now this being the case, we are to suppose that a wise intelligence suffers it for good and use. It *is*, and if it *is*, it bears sufficient proof of its being, of its use. We purpose taking this view of the case. It seems to me, as an individual, that we have no right to resist evil; have no right to stand up and declare that evil is not of as much consequence as good; have no right to set the one upon a great white throne, and the other behind it. We believe that as good, or the element of harmony, peace, happiness, or heaven, is that which you all desire, all seek for, is that which brings you into the better condition, you, as human beings, as spiritual beings, have the right to demand it by your own powers, by the unfolding of your own spiritual capacities; if not, how shall those powers be strengthened? Not by resisting evil. We do not believe in resisting evil with a spirit of evil, but in overcoming it with good. Meet all the imperfections of life with a spirit of good; all inharmony with a spirit of harmony, and believe us, by so doing you will very soon learn to look upon it with more lenient vision; you will see that it is not a devil, but an angel.

Evil has been but poorly understood. It has been the angel holding in his hand a whip of small cords to quicken you to divine duty. Without it you would never have know good, for it is only by its existence that you know of the opposite. It has been said that it was placed in your midst by the great Author of your being, and he does not demand that you resist it, but rather that you seek to understand it, and how to make it serve your highest interest. When you do not understand evil, it is your master; when you do, it is your servant.

Oh, then seek not to flee away from evil, for you cannot do so; but rather seek to understand it, rather seek to fathom its inmost depths, seek to overcome it with goodness, and then you shall be able to lead it into heaven and to follow it there yourself.

Nov. 12.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—What do you do, in cases of emergency, to check evil?

ANS.—Overcome it with good. There never was a condition of evil so great that it could not be overcome with good.

Q.—How would it be in case of sudden mutiny on board of a ship?

A.—My friend, there are as many different kinds of good as there are of evil. Now to know what to use for any special case, you must understand the whole catalogue. Doubtless with regard to the case you describe, where a spirit of goodness seemed to fail in producing the desired result, the friends offered that to effect a cure of the evil which was not adapted to it. The means used were doubtless good, but not the good adapted to that particular case of evil. By resisting evil, we mean meeting evil with evil. In all cases of resisting evil, the element of evil is met with an element of the same nature. Nov. 12.

Dr. Ebenezer Emmons.

My friends, I am ashamed of the ignorance with which I seem to be surrounded. I lived over half a century on earth, and never gained even the first correct idea concerning this spirit-world, not one, and I was so bewildered and completely crazed when I entered this world a few weeks ago, that I could hardly believe myself to be a human spirit.

I seemed to be surrounded by a strange atmosphere, and found it difficult to establish the equilibrium between the spirit atmosphere and my poor ignorant spirit. Still I seemed to be whirling in the midst of earthly scenes, and thanks be to the blessed friends who have been around me, I have learned the way back to my former dwelling-place, and am feebly uttering thoughts through a female organism.

I contended against this Spiritualism a long time before my death. I had no fixed ideas concerning the hereafter myself, yet I thought this belief which the Spiritualist professes a delusion, the most stupendous delusion that humanity had ever labored under. To-day I am here begging my friends to hear me, to turn and look at the light. I know they have been in spiritual darkness so long that light will be exceedingly painful to their eyes at first.

I am from Brunswick, North Carolina. I was thoroughly Union in my sentiments, and did all I could to advance the Union cause, although I believed there was wrong existing on both sides. I am not prepared to say now that I believe all of wrong may be attached to the Southern cause, nor all of wrong to the Northern cause; but my sympathies are with you at the North. I feel that your cause is the best. I feel that slavery is the mighty lever turning the wheel of the rebellion; and as it is, it seems to me that the rebellion is wrong. I believe in human freedom. I thought I did when here; but since I have been in the spirit world, I see that I did not do one-half as much as I might have done, and I regret it exceedingly.

A few years ago I moved from Albany to Brunswick, North Carolina. I practiced medicine many years in Albany, and followed the same profession at the South. You can inquire of persons residing in Albany about Dr. Ebenezer Emmons, and I think you will find that my story is correct, so far as the relating of facts are concerned. I am only here to-day to ask my friends to earnestly look at this spiritual light without condemation, without fear. I lived in darkness when here, and I pray God they may not continue in it as I did. Farewell, sir. Nov. 12.

Joseph Whittier.

Good day, sir. Is this the place where we come to send word to our friends? [Yes, sir.] I have been dead, sir, since the 17th of September, 1862.

I belonged to the 35th Massachusetts. I was killed at Antietam. I have got folks here in Boston I should like like to come across, if I could, and I have got some in New Bedford. I've a brother in New Bedford I should like to talk with, if I could.

His name is Moses Whittier; my name, Joseph. I was nineteen years old, most twenty. I don't care to say much here to-day, for I only come to ask the privilege of going to talk at home. Good many of the boys say they've been, and most of them say they've got to send for a pass from this place to their friends; that means, I suppose, before they can get a pass home it's a good deal harder to get a pass home from here than in the army. [In this way?] Yes, sir. Well, there they don't know anything about your being able to come back and talk this way, so they think you're fools, you suppose, and you *know* they are. I heard something about this before I went away; did n't know personally anything about it.

I was learning the boiler-maker's trade, in East Boston. I did n't have much chance to look into any sort of spiritual matters; think I should if I'd had the chance when here.

Now my folks know I'm dead, and I wish they knew I was alive. I can't do any more, can I, than to come here and ask for a pass home from them? [Which part of the city of New Bedford do your friends live in? You say you have a brother there?] Well, sir, I wouldn't be able to direct you right, I'm afraid. [Which company of the Thirty-Fifth regiment did you belong to?] Company C. I'll tell you—my brother in New Bedford lives pretty near Howe's Chapel, because it only took us a few minutes to go in there when I was down there.

Well, sir, I suppose you'll do what you can for me? [Oh yes.] It's new business to me, but I suppose we've all a right to take our first lesson. Good-day. Nov. 12.

John Dean.

Won't you be kind enough to say that John Dean, of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, died at Port Hudson, and would be glad to speak with his friends. What do you ask? [Not anything.] Hey? don't ask anything? [We wish to serve you; that's all.] Much obliged. Good day. Nov. 12.

Frances S. Bridgely.

I—I wish to tell my parents, who live in Utica, New York, that I—that I—I shall not come home again in the body. I left them on the first day of May last, in company with my uncle. We was to go to Italy with the view to gain my health; I have been much better until about the middle of September, when I began to fail, and three days ago only I died.

In my last letter to my mother, I—I wrote I was much better, and felt sure I should come home well, but I suddenly failed, and I am here to announce my death before they could receive the intelligence in any other way. [Where were you when you died?] I was at Florence, sir.

I was twenty-one years of age, and my name was Frances S. Bridgely. My uncle has started for home with my body, and I am here to give my friends an assurance of my life beyond the body that they could get no other way. Tell my mother, when she feels satisfied that I have spoken here, to meet me, and I shall talk to her. Nov. 12.

Mary Babcock.

It's my father. [Little Mary?] Yes. I'm so afraid. [Do n't be afraid to speak.] Ask the gentleman to let me come, to tell mother I came here. They promised me long ago I should come. [Won't you come down to my house if I'll give you a medium to speak through?] Yes, I will. Tell my mother I do come to her—do come to her at nights. Good-by, papa. Nov. 12.

[The few words uttered by this child-spirit, were given almost in a whisper, the medium exhibiting strong symptoms of fear, and holding fast the hand of the child's father, who was in attendance at our circle.]

Invocation.

Oh Holy Spirit of Life, we make our petitions unto thee, devoid of all fear; for thou hast never taught us to fear thee, but to love thee. Therefore in all love we present our petitions unto thee, not because we hope thou wilt turn aside from the wondrous law of being to please us—for we know that thy laws are immutable—not because it is actually necessary that we should present our thoughts to thee, but because we love to give form to our inner inspirations; love to ride in the chariot of prayer; love to see the glistening armor that thou wilt place upon all those who appreciate and acknowledge thee in prayer; because we love to commune with thee in spirit. Oh Spirit we call our Father and our Mother, what shall we ask of thee? Shall we ask that thou wilt roll away the clouds that have enveloped this, the home of our mortality? Shall we beseech of thee to remove this cloud of war from the American nation? Oh, in our sympathy we must ask this; nevertheless, we know that thou canst not step aside from thy laws to aid us, and though we stretch forth the powers of our being in prayer unto thee from morning until night for deliverance from our sufferings, still we know thou wilt remain ever true to thyself and to us, wondrous Master of Life, working in thy great workshop, continually creating new forms of government and building up wondrous thrones of power throughout the world. And as we learn this lesson from thee, we finite portions of thine infinite self, oh guide our footsteps aright in the path of life. Oh may we know the way, our duty be plain to us; may darkness be light to our eyes, and may the stumbling-blocks thrown in our way be mountains of power that we ascend to view the holy courts of wisdom and of love. Oh our Father and Mother, we would ask that thine American children may forget the follies of the past and present in the future. Oh our Father, may the furnace of affliction be seven times hotter than it is now heated, if need be for their regeneration, purification and freedom. And may liberty reign in their midst, not as a phantom, but a reality, a spirit of power, that shall rule over and direct the affairs of the nation. Oh may this beautiful American Continent be the soil whereon the true seeds of liberty be sown, that shall blossom throughout all time. Oh may all forms of slavery disappear—and they are many. Oh our Father and Mother, everywhere we turn we hear the clanking of chains, the groans of the oppressed. Oh our Father, may they learn the truth of thine immutable presence. May they know that thou art with them in spirit and in truth, and asking that they leave folly and come and reason with thee in truth. Then shall the nation know peace, the individual learn to worship thee; then shall liberty dwell with them in spirit, as now only in name. Nov. 16.

The Influence of Undeveloped Spirits.

SPIRIT.—What subject have the friends to present for our consideration this afternoon?

SUBJECT.—"Can undeveloped spirits so control a circle as to prevent bright ones from communing? If so, by what law?"

In the outset we will say they can do so, most assuredly, provided conditions are more favorable to their control than higher spirits. Now these conditions are dependent upon conditions spiritual and physical surrounding the mediums employed by them. If there is a preponderance of the spiritual—the higher element—then the lower cannot control. But if the opposite extreme is with them, then the lower can control. You are not to suppose that the higher class of spirits can overcome your lower conditions of life unaided. They only do so by virtue of the power you invest them with. If you do not give them power such as must enable them to subjugate for the time being the physical conditions surrounding you, then you must not expect their presence.

Again, if you give the undeveloped spirits great power, then, as a natural consequence, you should expect they will be with you and minister to the lower conditions of your being. Nov. 16.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Will the intelligence please discourse upon the positive vitality of spirit power, beauty and virtue?

ANS.—The positive vitality of spirit power may be answered in one word, namely, *life*. Its beauty is apparent to your external senses; its power is also apparent.

Q.—How is thought developed?

A.—Through organic life. You can only conceive of thought through the medium of matter. Some believe that thought unfolds itself through certain spheres of sensual life always acting independent of matter. But we know this cannot be so, for all thought is as much dependent upon matter as the spirit-world is dependent upon your world for existence, and your world dependent upon the spirit-world for its existence. We can conceive of no condition of mind as detached from matter. Now if matter in our spiritual condition cannot conceive of mind without matter, surely you should not attempt to, for when you do you are lost, have no guide. The infinite powers of life commonly furnish you with a guide within the boundaries of Nature. We know of no life outside that, no manifestation of life.

We have been requested to be as brief as possible in answering questions propounded by our audiences, in order that all may have a chance to question, if desired.

Q.—What is the difference between spirit and intellect?

A.—The condition is different relatively only. Spiritually, intellect and spirit are one and the same. By the term intellect, we understand that peculiar spirituality that belongs to the human; that portion of the great element of life that makes you mortal beings. In essence it is the same, belongs to the great ocean of spirituality, but in manifestation there is a difference, a relative difference only.

Q.—Are soul and spirit the same? Is there any distinct difference between the two?

A.—There is none. The terms have been coined in human senses, to express a certain quality of life, but both mean the same. Nov. 16.

Andrew Persons.

I'm a stranger to this way of sending information home, but suppose if others can do it, I can. You see it's like this: my folks don't exactly know whether I'm dead or alive. They know I was in the engagement at Morris Island, but know nothing further. I was reported wounded; should have been reported killed. Some of the folks are anxiously hoping that I've been taken a prisoner, and will soon turn up on this side of Jordan; but in that they'll be mistaken.

I was private in the 20th New Hampshire. I belonged in Rindge. My name was Andrew Persons. I have a brother somewhere in the army of the Potomac. I should be very glad of getting the privilege of speaking with him if I could. I should also be glad to speak with my aged mother, though I suppose she is set against this "delusion," as most folks call it.

I was wounded early in the fray, in the left hand, but managed to use my pistol, and did some execution in that way. But later, I got so well peppered, that I had to give in.

I was thirty-one years old, and knew very little about sickness, so never thought much about dying. I suppose folks that are sick a good deal, think something about going across. But I did n't know anything about the spirit-world; had no idea what sort of a place it was. Though I was religiously brought up when young, yet I did n't care much about it when I got old enough to think for myself.

I find the spirit-world altogether different from what any one ever told me, and I think all my folks will get wonderfully mistaken. I'd like to say to James, if I could, that we don't care about coming back to live on earth, that I would n't come if I could as well as not. And if I ever can be of service to him on the battle-field, or anywhere else, I certainly will. I should say he's a twin brother. Nov. 16.

Frederick Alonzo Chase.

I have n't been here long enough to learn much, but I thought I would try and come, as ignorant as I was.

I lived on earth thirteen years. My parents called me Frederic Alonzo Chase. I died in Baltimore. I was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia.

I have heard my father discuss Spiritualism many times, and I've always heard him say that if it was true, he should think that the undeveloped and wicked spirits would not be allowed to return after death for certainly he thought their influence, if they had any at all, must be a bad one. And if it was under the control of a Wise Intelligence, he should think these things would not be permitted. On the whole he had no faith in it; felt Spiritualism really to be one of the greatest delusions of the present age.

I once heard him say that he believed unless it was crushed out, it would overpower or overshadow all other religions, and so far incorporate itself into those bodies, as to entirely change the spiritual sphere of the churches. In this he was right. There never was a truer thought born than that, so my kind friends here tell me.

I've lived in the spirit world seven months. I lived on the earth thirteen years only, and died of disease of the throat. I was not so sick of my throat, but had a heavy fever with it.

My father was away at the time I died, but returned to attend my funeral; and it was then and there I saw what appeared to me to be a hope that this Spiritualism might be true. Now I want my dear father to know that the God of this spirit-world is by no means a respecter of persons, but seems to be very impartial, and allows the good and the bad to live up to what they really believe to be right. Now if the bad desire to come and speak to their friends, the blessing is not denied them. On the contrary, they find plenty of kind teachers in the spirit-world, who stand ready to do all they can to make their journey here pleasant and profitable, not only to themselves, but to those they come to.

When I first questioned my good teachers in the spirit-world with regard to evil spirits returning, they answered me in this way: "You used to read a book called the Bible when on the earth?" I said I did. "Well, do you remember a passage like this? 'Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'" "Oh, yes," I said; "I remember that passage well." "But can you not see a deep spiritual lesson in those words?" I replied, "that I thought I could." "Do you not know," said my good teacher, "that it is absolutely necessary for evil or undeveloped spirits to return to earth? Do you not know that their repentance commences there? That their first steps in progression are to be taken in this way?" Then he told me that he would give me many practical lessons concerning the absolute necessity of evil spirits returning to earth; and he has given them to me.

And if my father will give me the privilege of speaking to him, I will soon convince him that God is no respecter of persons; that the gambler, and the thief, and the murderer even, have just as good a right to walk over the bridge that spans the two worlds, as I have.

And my mother, she is sick and weighed down with grief. Oh tell her I send a blessing from my new home. I shall never cease to love her, never forget her, and when she's ready to leave the earth and come to me, I shall meet her, whether she expects me or not. Farewell, sir. Nov. 16.

Major Thomas McFadden.

Friends, I am aware that I stand on Northern ground. I am aware that by coming here I shall be under the deepest obligations to you. I am aware also of the sympathy you extend to that class of individuals who may be called your enemies. I appreciate the sympathy. I hope I shall deserve kindness at your hands. [Certainly.]

I am Major Thomas MacFadden, of the 2nd South Carolina Calvary. I yielded my life for what I thought to be right; in that surely I was not to blame. I have left at the South a wife and five children, destitute—positively suffering for the necessaries of life. I threw my all into the scale—and lost.

I am not disposed to despond over what cannot be helped, but I am earnestly disposed to benefit those I love; and I hope I love all mankind. Oh, I am changed somewhat, and yet it seems to me I would not willingly have committed an act I thought to be unjust when in the body. I would not have gone to war against you, my countrymen, if I had not thought I was doing right. But I was mistaken. Surely you should be lenient to those who committed errors here, that seemed to be right to them.

My family are near Charleston—about four miles from Charleston. I visited them before coming here, and I thought I could never leave their presence until I should be able to visit you at the North, and devise some way for their deliverance.

I was told to come here; that there was a place for me, room for me; that there was a way open for me; and although I might be impatient and think the door would never be opened to me, yet in due time I should reach my friends, and benefit them in many ways. I know not how that is to be accomplished, but I expect by earnest labor in their behalf.

My good old grandsire—a Scotchman—who is in every way opposed to war, is in the spirit-world, and has told me since I came to it that all those who participate in war are sure to suffer in some way; and that they can never hope to gain Heaven until they have outlived their warlike elements. If his theory be a true one, and I believe it is, I must expect to dwell in hell until I have made my peace with God, man, and the Intelligence you call the Devil.

My family are aware of my death, but they are not aware that I can return to earth. I have only one friend that I know of on the earth who is at all acquainted with these manifestations. Shall I be allowed to give his name? [Certainly.] His name is Matthew Crown. I am not sure that that is his whole name. I am of the opinion that his name is Matthew P. Crown. Will it make any difference? [None.]

I hope, if he has any knowledge of these spiritual communications, that he will endeavor to do what he may be able to in forwarding my message to my family, and in obtaining some medium at home by which I may speak to my wife. [Is your friend this side of the lines?] No, he is not; but I am told by friends in the spirit-world that your paper passes the lines freely. I know not how true that is. I thank you, sir. Good day. Nov. 16.

Lucy Green.

Please to tell my father that Ida is dead, and to come home to her funeral—I mean Ida Green, of St. Louis. My father, John Green, is down to New Orleans, and Ida is my sister.

I died three weeks before her, of sore throat; and Ida is dead now. She died this morning. I told my mother I would send my father home. And the gentleman (spirit) here says, you will publish this in your next paper. Dec. 14.

[A spirit wrote: "The child's name is Lucy; the father's name, John."]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DOUBLE LIFE.

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

Outer and inner is the life of man,
Each earthly, each divine—each life twofold;
The outer life is but the welded can
Which without lock the inner life doth hold—
The casket which contains the precious gold—
The calyx which holds fast the flower unblown—
The robe the spirit wears, spotted with sin,
And yet so daintily and deftly thrown
Over the stainless soul, no spot strikes in.
Nature attracts without and God within:
And so each hour we live these double lives,
And when we outward go too long or far,
With her rude ministers, stern Nature drives
Us in to God with many a stain and scar.

New Orleans.

A Frenchman has discovered a new method of manufacturing gunpowder, at Paris, and a company has been formed to carry the discovery into effect. A gentleman representing the company has proceeded to Washington, to lay the invention before the American Government. It is claimed for this new powder that it will not cost over eight cents per pound; that the raw material can be obtained from the ground almost anywhere without danger—a stew-pan, an empty bottle, water and fire being alone sufficient, in half an hour, to transform the raw material into powder. It can be used in ashes without granulation, and is twenty to thirty per cent. stronger than ordinary powder, and explodes with a vapor instead of smoke, and does not foul the gun. It can be used for blasting, hunting, or war purposes. If this powder will realize all that is claimed for it, it will be a discovery indeed.

Passed to Spirit Life:

From Wataga, Ill., on the morning of the 18th of Oct., the physical senses of Mary Nation, weary and worn with pain and suffering, were quietly hushed to the repose of death, while the freed spirit, liberated from its clay prison, sought the purer, better atmosphere of the Summer Land. It seemed hard to the remaining members of the already scattered household to see Mary, just as life was opening bright and beautiful before her, "wither, droop, and die." But it was because they could not, with "tear-dimmed vision," see the hand of Divine Love that held the vail of sorrow so near their hearts, nor behold the sublime realities of that glorious life upon which she has now entered. But fifteen years of earth-life had passed over her head, so her fresh and pure young soul will have no bitter life lessons to unlearn, no tears of remorse to shed for wrong doing here, but like a pure, unblemished page, be ready to receive those impressions of higher, holier things that surround her now.

The subscriber was used to offer consolation to the afflicted at the funeral, and also gave the following poem:

Oh! why should we weep for the soul that is gone,
Or grieve for her absence with hearts that are riven?
Hath not Jesus said he'd protect her from harm,
And give her a place in the kingdom of heaven?

And to thee, lonely father, who art waiting below
For the summons that to this angel-child hath been given,
Let this thought console you, wherever you go:
That of such as dear Mary, "is the kingdom of heaven."

There's many a trial that you have passed through—
And many such sorrows as this have been given;
But this sweetens the cup; this knowledge is true,
That with the spirits we love is our kingdom of heaven.

There's many a joy that in life you have known,
And many rich blessings to you have been given.
If one flower be transplanted, oh! why need you mourn?
Well knowing 't will bloom in the garden of heaven.

Oh! trust it to her who has waited so long;
And to whose mother-love 't was long ago given,
And let this new voice burst forth in the song,
That with the spirits we love, is our kingdom of heaven.

There's no need of waiting for the years to go by,
Or the sun of our lives to go down at its even,
Ere we hold sweet communion with those we saw die,
With those who inhabit the kingdom of heaven.

For this dove that has folded its wings in our home,
This child of our hearts for whom we have striven,
Will bring us sweet blossoms from the heavenly home,
And tell us of joys in the kingdom of heaven.

And when we have drifted away from this shore,
Our lives and our hopes to the death-angel given,
The friends we have loved, like her gone before,
Will bid us thrice welcome to the kingdom of heaven.

These children will miss her, so kind and so true,
The love and the care that to them has been given;
But still she will cherish, will watch over you
From her sweet, blissful home in the kingdom of heaven.

Be kind to each other, be gentle and good;
Remember the lessons dear Mary has given;
For now you are standing where once she has stood,
Just learning the way to the kingdom of heaven.

And for him who has gone, with his soul all on fire,
To fight for his country that to him has been given,
May the love of his sister call him up higher,
And lead him the way to the kingdom of heaven.

We thank thee, our Father, our Friend and our Guide,
For all the rich blessings thou ever hast given,
And for more than all else in the wide world beside,
We thank thee for friends in the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. C. A. PULSIFER.

Oneida, Knox Co., Ill., 1863.

From Bellows Falls, Vt., Nov. 29th, Henry A. Green, aged 11 years.

Bro. Green was a man very much respected by a large circle of friends. He was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. He leaves a companion who sadly feels the separation. N. H.

From Bradford, N. H., at the home of her mother, Dec. 6th, Mrs. Lizzie W. Shattuck, wife of David Shattuck, of Cambridgeport, Mass., aged 42 years 10 months and 15 days.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the *appointments* of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

CORA L. V. SCOTT (formerly Hatch) will speak in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during December. She will receive calls to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Boston during that month. Present address, Boston, care Banner of Light.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL, of New York, speaks in Quincy Dec. 27; in Boston Jan. 3 and 10; in Chelsea Jan. 17 and 24. Is at liberty to engage elsewhere, at convenient distances, after the above. Address immediately at the Banner of Light office.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Charlestown Dec. 20 and 27. Address, New York City.

MRS. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Chicopee during Jan.; in Worcester Feb. 7 and 14; in Lowell during March. Address Brandon, Vt.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND's address for the present is Bridgewater, Vt.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON will lecture in Taunton, Mass., and Somersville, Ct., during Dec.; in Stafford, Conn., Jan. 3 and 10; in Worcester, Mass., Jan 17, 24 and 31; in Bangor, Me., from Feb 1 to July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

MRS. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Somers, Ct., the third and fourth Sundays in January; in Stafford, the month of April. Address, West Killingly, Conn. She will make her fall and winter engagements immediately.

MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON will speak in Bangor, Me., during December; in Old Town and Bradley, during January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., care of Capt. C. H. Gordon.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during Dec.; in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Stafford, Ct., during Feb. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storer, Boston.

J. M. PEEBLES will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

MR. A. B. WHITING will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April. Those desiring his services should address him at once at Albion, Mich.

MRS. HEATH, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second do.; in Laphamville, third do.; in Alpine, fourth do.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Bridgeport, Conn., in Dec.; in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 3 and 10; in Bridgeport, in March. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., in Dec; in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. and Feb. Intends visiting Vermont in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

MISS NELLIE J. TEMPLE will speak in Chicopee, Mass., during December; in Lowell, during January; in Portland, Me., during February; in Worcester, Mass., March 6 and 13.

MRS. H. M. MILLER will speak in Newport, N. Y., Jan. 3, and will receive calls to lecture in the State of New York during the winter.

PROF. JAMES M. and MRS. C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in East Bridgewater, Mass., during Dec. Permanent address, East Bridgewater, Mass.

WARREN CHASE is lecturing in Southern and Central Illinois and Missouri. His address will be at South Pass, Ill., till January 1st. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN's present address is Cleveland, O., where she is engaged to speak for the present.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 20 and 27. Will speak in Massachusetts or New Hampshire the month of January, if desired. Address, Exeter Mills or Bangor, Me.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Little River Village, Me., Jan. 3 and 10; in Stockport, N. Y., during February. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

MRS. F. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Lester, Vt., Jan. 10; in East Middlebury, Jan. 24. Address as above, or [illegible], Vt.

MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass., will speak in Worcester, Dec. 27.

F. L. H. WILLIS will speak at 806 Broadway, New York, through Dec. Address, New York, care Herald of Progress.

AUSTEN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

MRS. CLARA A. FIELD, trance medium, will speak in Palmyra, Me., the two first Sundays in Jan. and Feb. Would like to make engagements in the vicinity the rest of the present winter. Address, Newport, Me.

DR. L. K. COONLEY will speak in Harrisburg, Pa., during January. Is agent for the Banner of Light, and also for the sale of Spiritual and Reform publications.

MRS. LAURA M. HOLLIS will speak in Stockton, Me., the first Sunday in each month; in West Garland, Dec. 27; in Exeter Corner, Jan. 10.

GEO. A. PEIRCE, trance medium, will lecture (if requested so to do) and attend funerals in the vicinity of Lewiston and Auburn, Me., the present winter and coming spring. Address Auburn, Me.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during December; in Troy, N. Y., January. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Oldtown, Me., during December; in Taunton, Mass., the two last Sundays in January and the first in February; in Providence, R. I., Jan. 3 and 10; in Charlestown, Jan. 17; in Foxboro', Feb. 14; in Charlestown, Feb. 21 and 28; in Worcester, the two first Sundays in March; in Lowell, the two first Sundays in April; in Dover, during June. Would like to make arrangements to speak in Massachusetts the two last Sundays in March.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, (formerly Mrs. A. P. Thompson,) speaks in Danville, Vt., half the time till further notice.

WM. DENTON is desirous to deliver his Geological course of six lectures in any of the towns of New England, or neighboring States, and would engage with parties to that effect. He may be addressed to the care of this office.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published *gratuitously* under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

DR. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston will answer calls to lecture. ap11—†

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN's address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. dec5—†

MRS. LAURA CUPPY. Address F. P. Cuppy, Dayton, O. dec5—†

MISS EMMA HARDINGE. 8th 4th Av. New York. s19—1y*

JENNIE LORD's address for the present is Warsaw, Hancock Co., Ill., care Prof. A. H. Worthen. sep26—3m*

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will make engagements for the coming Fall and Winter. Address, Cazenovia, N. Y. may9—6m*

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will answer calls to lecture. Address, Chicopee, Mass. dec5—3m*

MRS. M. C. TUCKER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Liberty Hill, Conn. nov7—3m*

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. nov21—*

MRS. FRANK REID, trance speaker, Breedsville, Van Buren Co., Ind. dec19—*

MISS B. ANNE RYDER, trance speaker. Address, 22 Chapman street, Boston. dec19—3m*

W. W. RUSSELL, magnetic healing medium, Rutland Vt., will answer calls to lecture. oct3—3m*

JOHN T. AMOS, magnetic physician and progressive lecturer, 6 Pearl street, Rochester, N. Y., P. O. box 2001. oct3—3m*

FANNIE BURBANK FELTON, South Malden, Mass. nov28—6m*

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals through the West. Address, P. O. drawer 6305, Chicago, Ill. nov28—3m*

MISS LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak week evenings and attend funerals. oct3—4m*

MRS. H. T. STEARNS lectures at Jonesville, Mich., alternate Sabbaths for the winter. P. O. address, Jonesville, Mich. dec12—6m*

MRS. C. M. BROWN, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, or visit the sick. Examinations by letter, on receipt of autograph, $1. Address Janesville, Wisconsin. dec19—3m*

E. WHIPPLE, Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich. dec19—3m*

MRS. JULIA L. BROWN, trance speaker, will make engagements for the coming fall and winter in the West. Address, Prophetstown Illinois. Will answer calls to attend funerals. aug29—4m*

MRS. MARTHA HARSON, trance speaker. Address J. C. Howard, Milwaukee, Wis. nov7—3w*

MISS L. T. WHITTIER will answer calls to lecture on Health and Dress Reform in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis. nov7—6m*

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 87 Spring street, E. Cambridge, Mass. dec5—3m*

O. H. HAMILTON, Lewiston, Me., (twenty years a practical phrenologist,) lectures now on the science of Matrimony, or the laws of compatibility. oct31—9w*

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. oct24—1m*

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, No. 4 Warren street, Boston, or for the present, Foxboro', Mass. nov21—†

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O. dec19—†

HUDSON TUTTLE will receive calls to lecture, after the 1st of December. Address, Berlin Heights, Ohio. oct31—†

BENJAMIN TODD, Janesville, Wis., care of A. C. Stowe. oct31—3m*

J. S. LOVELAND, will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, Willimantic, Conn. ap11—†

LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. nov28—†

REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. ap11—†

L. JUDD PARDEE's address is Madison, Ind. ap11—†

W. F. JAMIESON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. ap11—†

A. B. WHITING, trance speaker, Albion, Mich. ap11—†

MISS MARY A. THOMAS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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☞ Price, 40 cents; postage, 3 cents. For sale at this office. tf June 27.

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OR, GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST. Being an Exposition of Biblical Astronomy, and the Symbolism and Mysteries on which were founded all ANCIENT, RELIGIOUS AND SECRET SOCIETIES. Also and explanation of the Dark Sayings and Allegories which abound in the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Bibles. Also, the Real Sense of the Doctrines and Observances of the Modern Christian Churches. By G. C. STEWART, Newark, N J.

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Chapter 2. Proofs of Immortality drawn from History concluded. The Roman Sibyls; Oracles of Delphi; Selection of Pythia; Dodonian Oracles; Brutic Oracles; Pythagoras; His Doctrines; Socrates; His Teachings; Platonism; Biblical Records; Christ; Early Church Fathers; Witchcraft; The Solution of the Problem by the Present Age; A new Argument drawn from the Nature of the Human Spirit.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LEIGH HUNT.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Mother, listen—Christmas 's coming!
All the shops are bright and gay;
There are dolls and flowers and pictures—
All in wonderful array.

I have chosen all my offerings,
As I thought would please you best,
But I cannot tell you of them—
You must wait with all the rest.

And I tried to find a treasure
For our little darling Belle;
She 's an angel—and, dear mother,
What to buy I could not tell.

There were flowers, a necklace golden,
And a little silver dove,
And I thought of all the playthings
That she used to keep and love.

Then I thought, how can I send them,
To let her know I don't forget?
For she 'll never be forgotten,
And I 'm sure she loves me yet.

Then I said, I 'll ask the angels:
They must know—if they will tell;
So I asked them, very softly,
And I heard their answer well:

"If you 'd send a beauteous offering—
One that is most bright and rare—
One that shall look bright in heaven,
We will gladly bear it there;

But it is an offering only,
Bought by pure, unselfish love;
For the gifts in shops and windows
Cannot bless the homes above.

Every gift you give in kindness—
Every act of love you do—
Has its counterpart in spirit,
For it forms itself anew.

We will take these gifts of beauty,
All these gifts of love and light,
To the spirit-home we 'll bear them,
Where they 'll never grow less bright.

And while I was busy thinking
Of all the loving angel told,
And was hoping that my offering
Be a beauteous chain of gold,

Came two poor and ragged children,
Gazing at each pretty thing;
And one said, "If I 'd a penny,
You should have that pretty string."

It was a lovely chain, all glowing
With its beads of golden hue,
And I bought it with my silver,
Though it took the old and new.

When I gave it to them, waiting,
And the little one blessed me,
I thought the angel whispered, saying,
"Now I bear the gift from thee."

So you see I 're sent for Christmas,
Up to little angel Belle,
The prettiest and costliest treasure—
But, dear mother, do not tell.

ELSIE:

OR,

THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

CHAPTER II.

Elsie did not pause until she found herself beside the little house from which shone the friendly light she had seen. As the moonlight fell on vines that clambered over the doorway, they seemed to Elsie to have beckoning hands that bade her go in; so she entered with soft step, and glad enough she was to see the pleasant light and feel the gladness of a home.

"Who is this?" said a pleasant voice.

"It is Elsie."

"And who is Elsie, and where did she come from?"

"Oh, I ran away," said Elsie. "I hate Aunt Moody!"

"Hate is a very harsh word, and hate in the heart makes a great deal of sorrow," said the same pleasant voice.

And Elsie saw that it was a very pleasant face that looked upon her, so she put her hand down, that half shaded her eyes, and looked around. How cheerful and bright the fire looked. How clean and tidy the room was, and how good the toasting bread smelled to Elsie.

"You can call me Aunt Mary," said the lady. "My name is Mrs. Mary Smiley. I love little children very much. Come and warm you. Your hands and feet must be cold; and then you shall have some warm milk and some toasted bread, if you are hungry."

Now Elsie had eaten very little dinner, because she was thinking of the little kitten up stairs in the closet, and her aunt had sent her to bed without her supper, and she felt very thankful that the lady had thought she might be hungry. When she had finished eating and had grown warm and comfortable, she began to feel social and forgot her troubles.

"Oh, this seems like home," said she; "like my own dear home, and you talk just like my mother."

"Tell me all about her," said Aunt Mary.

So Elsie unburdened her heart. She told how she lived with her mother so happily in just such a nice cottage home; how her mother had loved her and taught her to be good, and when she died she came to live with her Aunt Moody.

"And I hate her," said Elsie. "I won't live with her. She 's the ugliest old thing you ever did see."

"Let us leave out those bad words, hate and ugly, and you tell me why you do not love her," said Aunt Mary.

"She threw my kitten out doors and shut me up, and she won't let me touch a single thing, and says, all the time: 'I do n't allow little girls to do this,' and 'I do n't allow little girls to do anything but just to sit still.'"

And then Elsie burst into a fit of crying.

Aunt Mary took Elsie into her lap, dried her tears and smoothed her hair.

"I want to do you good, Elsie," said she; "but I can do nothing half as good for you as making you forget that word *hate*. I know your Aunt Moody very well; she does not love little children, and thinks them very troublesome. But I think you can make her love you, and that will be doing her a great deal of good. Little girls like you, Elsie, can do a great deal of good. You can be like sunshine to your aunt's heart, that needs to be warmed and brightened. But you can never do it by hating. When I was a little girl I had no home. I had to live anywhere, and with all sorts of people; and I found out that the only way to be happy myself was, not to be cross when other people were, and to be happy let what would come."

Elsie's face brightened a little, for she had heard her mother say the same many times; but the thought of making her Aunt Moody love her, did not please her very much.

"I do n't think I care about her loving me," said she. "I would like to be a good little girl, because my mother wants me to, and you want me to. And—and—I am willing to try to be good; but Aunt Moody won't be good herself, nor let anybody else."

"Well, Elsie, will you go back with me to your aunt's, and try one week and see what your goodness will do to bring sunshine to Aunt Moody?"

"Yes," said Elsie, in a very faint voice, and with a very sorrowful face.

"If we go to night we must go now, for your aunt will miss you, and perhaps search for you. Much as you seem to enjoy my bright fire, I am sure you will in the end enjoy doing right better."

Aunt Mary put on her bonnet, and gave Elsie a shawl to keep her warm, and they took hold of hands and went out into the soft moonlight.

"Come," said Aunt Mary, "let 's run; I love to run."

Elsie began to laugh and jump, and in a few moments they were at Aunt Moody's gate with glowing faces.

"Let 's go round to the back door, and then we 'll leave no dirt on the carpet," said Aunt Mary. "Can't you feel, Elsie, as you go in here, that you can take the beauty of the moon and the stars and the sky in with you?"

Elsie did not answer, for she felt a little anxious about her reception.

The house was empty, and a light burned in the back window. They sat down to wait for Mrs. Moody.

After a time, Mrs. Smiley said:

"Now, Elsie, I want you to go to bed and sleep sweetly all night; and when you wake in the morning, remember how beautiful it is to be good and do good. I will wait till your Aunt Moody comes in, and we will talk about you."

Elsie was glad to escape seeing her aunt that night, and she was so weary that she soon fell asleep.

In the morning she was wakened by her own joyful spirit; for she had still a happy heart when she allowed its happiness to be felt.

When she went down stairs all was still. She stepped softly into her aunt's sleeping room. She lay on the bed, groaning with pain.

"I am sick, Elsie; you must get the doctor and you 'll find some breakfast in the pantry. And Elsie, shut the door to keep out the flies, and do n't drop the crumbs. And Elsie, put down the curtain. Oh dear, what a pain! Go quick, Elsie. Oh dear!"

"Oh, Aunt Moody," said Elsie, "I'm afraid you got sick hunting for me last night. I 'm very sorry I was so naughty and gave you so much trouble. I hope you will get well, and I sha'n't run away again."

A tear gleamed in Mrs. Moody's eye, but she only said, "go quick."

As Elsie ran after the doctor, she thought, "Oh how glad I am I told Aunt Moody that I was sorry, and meant to be good. Now I feel like a bird." And she ran with gay steps. Her way led her past Aunt Mary's cottage; it looked as bright as Heaven to Elsie, in the bright light of the morning, and, as she returned, she stopped a moment at the door.

"Aunt Moody got sick hunting for me," she said, quickly. "And now I can show her how good I am. Good-by."

The good Doctor said Mrs. Moody had a rheumatic fever. She groaned and complained a great deal, and said, "Oh, dear," till Elsie grew quite frightened; and she was all the time calling upon Elsie.

"Elsie, bring me some water. Oh dear! Elsie, fix my pillow. Oh dear! Elsie, do n't make a noise."

There was a great struggle going on in Elsie's heart. She felt like saying, "the cross old thing," but something better in her heart said, "Poor Aunt Moody! I 'll take care of you."

She went often and opened the door, and as she looked out to the bright sunshine, she thought of Aunt Mary's words—"You can bring sunshine to Aunt Moody's heart." She did not understand how, but she felt as if she ought to be very gentle and attentive to her wants.

"Elsie, Elsie," said Mrs. Moody, "you wanted the kitten, did n't you? Well, you can go and coax it in, and feed it; for, Elsie, I see you are trying to be good."

It made Elsie very happy to think that her aunt was willing she should have the kitten. And away she ran down the garden walk to catch a sight of it.

"What a kind, good Aunt Moody. I guess I do love her a little," she said.

As Elsie ran through the garden, full of gladness and joy, she felt how beautiful was the world, how good was Aunt Moody, and how very happy she was herself. The difference in her feeling from the time when she stole away, hating Mrs. Moody, seemed to Elsie so great, that she felt as if it was a great many years ago, when she was a very small girl.

She found her kitten and gave it some milk, and Mrs. Moody called:

"Elsie, Elsie, now do 'nt be fooling all the tin a with that cat; come quick and fix my pillow, and then run over and get Aunt Mary."

Elsie's hands were very small, and her arms were short, and in trying to reach over Mrs. Moody's head, she hit her cap.

"Oh, you careless girl, do n't you know better than that?"

Elsie's happiness was all gone. She felt like crying, and saying, "the cross old thing!" but it seemed as if a gentle voice spoke by her side, and said, "Elsie."

"Dear Aunt Moody," she said, "I did not mean to hit your cap."

When Elsie had gone for Aunt Mary, Mrs. Moody thought to herself, "What a strange child! How pleasant, how gentle! I wonder what makes her so. I must not be cross to her."

Now when Elsie ran to get the kitten, she felt very happy, because her aunt was kind to her; but when she felt that although her aunt was cross and impatient, she herself was gentle and kind, she was ten times happier. She thought she must be almost a woman.

Elsie had a great many trials with her aunt; but you can hardly think how much easier it was for her to be kind and gentle after she had once governed herself.

Mrs. Moody was sick a long time, and Aunt Mary came to take care of her, so that Elsie had more time to herself for play. But when Mrs. Moody was able to sit up, Elsie had all the care again, and she thought it very tiresome, sitting in the darkened rooms.

The good Doctor came in and found her looking very pale and unhappy.

"Why, Mrs. Moody," said he, "you 'll kill that child, and yourself, too, shut up in these dark rooms. Open the blinds; let in the sunshine all over the house."

"On the carpets?" said Mrs. Moody.

"Faded carpets or rheumatism," said the Doctor. "Which will you have?"

"Oh, well, if I must have light, go, Elsie, and let it in; but do n't touch the parlor; let me have one place that 's fit to be seen."

What a change there was in the house now, with the sunshine streaming into it. It lighted up everything; it fell on the carpets till they glowed; it touched Mrs. Moody's cap, till it seemed like a halo of light, and she smiled to see it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A fashionable lady appeared at a concert in Hartford, a few nights since, without hoops, and the Hartford papers inquire pathetically, "Has it indeed come to that?"

Letter from H. S. Brown, M. D.

MR. EDITOR—As resolutions have been adopted in a Convention calculated to prevent a full and free discussion of moral, political, social and religious subjects, upon what we have been pleased to consider a free platform, where every person had a right to appear and present their views when done decently and in order, and these resolutions have been published, and we are warned to beware of certain lecturers and teachers because they have not a good moral reputation, I wish to present a few propositions and ideas upon these subjects for the consideration of every thoughtful person.

1st, All Reformers and Spiritualists condemn the creeds, laws and moral regulations at present existing in society as cruel and unjust, and say they should be changed or abolished. This leaves them without any acknowledged public standard by which to judge people, to uphold or condemn them.

2d, The Orthodox Christians have so long taught that there is a better way to save an individual from continued trouble, and a nation from destruction, than virtue, and have so corrupted the minds of the people by such teachings, that it is difficult to tell what good morals are. And their opinions are no better guides to common sense people than their creeds and laws.

3d, Reformers generally have agreed that virtue alone will save an individual or a nation, but they have not generally agreed upon what is virtue, and made that agreement public, for the guide of individuals and societies. And for such reformers to denounce publicly certain lecturers and teachers as unworthy to be heard, until public rules are agreed upon by which to judge them, shows a greater moral degradation among reformers in their way of condemning persons in their ranks than any other society of Protestants of this age.

All Spiritualists and Reformers are condemned together as Free Lovers by their opponents, and their personal denial of it by words and deeds, and excluding certain persons from their platforms who have an especial reputation for such practices, will not prevent accusers from condemning them, unless they agree upon and make public the moral principles by which they are guided, because societies must be judged by their principles, and the effect they have on the members. People are fully aware of the fact that there are great immoralities practiced under the present existing rules in society. But to expect them to change such rules, without having something better to put in their places, is not consistent with the common sense practices of the times.

All persons are held responsible for uttering their private judgments; and they are held still more responsible for their private acts which are calculated in any way to tax community. This makes the Free Love question loom up with such magnitude. The present practical moral standards to be observed in society by the heads of families are, 1st, A public marriage; 2d, For the unmarried to give bonds to prevent their children from becoming a tax upon the people. These regulations, and the despotic powers given to fathers, have cursed Northern country society with quarreling families, and the cities with brothels, that are pestilential, corrupting sores on the face of their society. In addition to these, Southern society is cursed with fathers that sell their own children into perpetual slavery. The Free Lovers' plan is to give every woman the right to choose the man who shall become the father of her child. Experience and common sense observation have shown that giving despotic powers to men, and unrestrained license to women, are equally fatal to good morals in society.

Therefore I would propose that the first principles for Reformers to adopt, should be to give men and women the same legal rights, and subject them to the same restrictions. If any person is in favor of this plan, they belong to our society; if they are not, are our enemies, and the enemies of peace among mankind. Thus each person has the privilege of joining our society, and turning themselves out. A high order of spirits or men never turn any one out of their societies. But the low, selfish and degraded leave them, because it is not agreeable for them to be in society where good principles only are acceptable. We do not judge them—they judge themselves.

A Church Militant and a quarreling household are formed by judging others not accused of wrong doing as unworthy of becoming members of good society, entitled to all the rights they claim for themselves. These are the foundation of a warring society, of contending armies, and bloody battlefields. A Church triumphant, and a harmonious family, are based upon principles of equal rights. These bring reason into society, and peace among the people and nations of the earth.

If reformers are prepared to consider these subjects for the purpose of adopting justice as their creed, and virtue as the only means of salvation, it would be a pleasure for me to join them in the examination and discussion.

Yours truly,
H. S. BROWN, M. D.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 28, 1863.

Spiritualism a Blessing.

An old friend of mine, and fellow associate in business for many years, a highly respected and prominent church-member of one of the straightest and most rigid of the evangelical sects worshiping in the neighboring city of C——; one whom in past times I have had frequent disputations with respecting the phenomena of Spiritualism, he—a good representative of a class of religious opposers—while never having witnessed, nor caring to witness, anything in connection with it, would maintain with no little positiveness, that all the manifestations, their cause and consequences, were simply and solely the work of his Satanic Majesty, the Devil!—in all of which he was sincere as he was simply ignorant. This friend of mine has recently had presented to him evidence of such a soul-satisfying nature, and from a source least expected—his own family—that his belief, as to its evil origin, &c., has been entirely, completely removed.

Convinced of the truthfulness and reality of direct spirit communion, he and his family to-day are rejoicing in the blessed light and consolation which flows therefrom.

Some six months ago, his only son, a noble youth of twenty-two years, died, and daily, if not hourly, since then, have both parents wept and mourned their loss, as those not to be comforted.

Two weeks ago, the eldest daughter, who up to that hour was, with the rest of the family, totally indifferent to, and practically unacquainted with Spiritualism in any of its phases, was suddenly influenced to such a degree, that friends from the other side then and there demonstrated their presence and their identity—so far, at least, as communicating by writing can demonstrate such a fact.

While preparing herself to attend an evening meeting—being at the time in the room where her brother died—she felt a mysterious chill pass over her, and her arm strangely and violently exercised with a short, swaying motion. Not knowing what it meant, nor divining from what or whence it proceeded, she was naturally somewhat alarmed.

The second time she experienced this peculiar sensation, it was accompanied with a feeling that she must write. She obeyed the dictate, and in a perfectly wide-awake state wrote—what was more surprising to herself than it possibly can be to any one else—what claimed to be a letter from her deceased brother to his parents, and bearing all the internal evidence of its genuineness. This communication, in his own hand-writing—which from its singularity and the rapidity which characterized it, is exceedingly difficult to imitate, and very different from her own—is also naturally expressed in his peculiar phraseology. He is full of filial love; is joyously happy in his spirit home; is very desirous that those who loved him should no longer mourn his departure; assures the family of his continued presence; how earnestly he has longed to talk with them, and how rejoiced is his soul that the way has been opened.

Since the first communication, several others have been received, each confirmatory of what was first so providentially transmitted, with additional evidence of the most convincing and satisfactory character.

Thus Spiritualism, in its high and holy mission to afflicted humanity, is slowly, it may be—for the best growth is gradual—but very surely and orderly, entering such homes, removing the shroud which hides the presence of loving and beloved kindred and friends, touching the hearts of the bereaved with the divinely healing rays of this Sun of Righteousness.

Thus, whereas this family once mourned, they now rejoice with joy unspeakable. The glory of heaven has shone upon their spiritual hill-tops. Light from beyond the river, which men call death, has dawned upon their vision and streamed into their souls. Henceforth the glad evangel of divine peace and joy is theirs evermore.

G. A. B.

Melrose, Dec. 14, 1863.

Correspondence in Brief.

In this simple note, dated Ida, Mich., are portrayed with evidently trembling words, the feelings of an old man, who has just embraced the Spiritual Faith of the nineteenth century, namely, that departed spirits can and do return and communicate with their friends of earth. After writing for a few copies of the BANNER for distribution, he says:

"I am an old man, just born into the glorious light of this great gospel of truth and love, and want to do something for my fellow beings, and do n't dare to wait to do great things lest I should fail to do anything. I know no better way than to do what I can, and be satisfied with that; and am thankful to be permitted to enter in at the eleventh hour.

Truly yours for the truth, BEEN CURTIS."

ANOTHER LABORER IN THE FIELD.—Mrs. Frank Reed, of Breedsville, Mich., spent October in Kalamazoo County, lecturing to appreciative audiences. In addition to her rare qualifications as trance speaker, the spirits control her to improvise and sing beautifully, and at the close of each lecture she gladdens the hearts of her audiences by a correct description of spirit friends. She will answer calls to lecture in Western Michigan.

DR. MAYHEW IN THE WEST.—Bro. Enos Gay writes from McGregor, Iowa, under date of Dec. 9th, as follows:

"This thriving town is situated on the Mississippi River, opposite the terminus of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad. It is, strictly speaking, a place of business: there is very little else thought of. But even in this dark place, the glorious rays of the light of the Harmonial Philosophy have begun to shine, and the trump of truth has been sounded here. We have had a visit from Mrs. C. M. Stowe, who gave us three lectures; and also from Dr. John Mayhew, who has just finished a course of seven lectures. He is a good lecturer, and the people here were very much pleased with his argumentative and scientific manner of delivery. This is his third visit to this place, and the friends have invited him to come again. The Doctor has been the means of doing a great amount of good here. He intends lecturing during the winter in the Northern part of Iowa. Friends wishing to secure his services can address him, care of Judge Tabor, Independence, or W. Edwin Hall, Desmoines, Iowa."

Samuel Melvin, in a note renewing his subscription, says:

"Long may the 'light' of the 'BANNER' continue to shed its effulgent rays over the citadels of dark theology, and eventually illumine *all* with the gentle, adorning glow of intellectual and spiritual light."

Please find enclosed $1.25, for which send me the BANNER OF LIGHT for six months, commencing at Vol. 15, No. 10. My health being very poor, and not being in very good circumstances, I at one time concluded to try and get along without the BANNER for one year, but I found it was impossible to do so. There are no Spiritualists in our neighborhood, and being surrounded by old Orthodoxy, and confined to the house on account of ill health, your paper seems like a "ministering angel" to me, for in its columns I find that which gives hope for the future. D. OZRES.

Ilirese, Ohio.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT ST., (opposite head of School street.)—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 P. M. *Admission ten cents.* Lecturers engaged:—Cora L. V. Scott (formerly Hatch) through December; Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, Jan. 3 and 10; Miss Lizzie Doten, Jan. 17, 24 and 31, and Feb. 7; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 27; Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 17 and Feb. 21 and 28.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon:—Miss Martha L. Beckwith during December; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb; Mrs. C. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during March; Charles A. Hayden, first two Sundays in April.

WORCESTER.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Dec. 20 and 27; Miss Sarah A. Nutt, Jan. 3 and 10; Emma Houston, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in the afternoon at 2 1-2, and in the evening at 6 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Dec. 20 and 27.

ORDWAY, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Nellie J. Temple, during the month of December; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

FOXBORO'.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 20 and 27; H. B. Storer, Jan. 10; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Isaac P. Greenleaf, Dec. 27; Rev. Samuel Johnson, Jan. 3; Rev. I. C. Knowlton, Jan. 17; Theodore D. Weld, Jan 24 and 31; Nellie J. Temple during February; S. J. Finney during March; Lizzie Doten, April 3 and 10.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, during December.

NEW YORK.—Dodworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock. The meetings are free.—At 806 Broadway, F. L. H. Willis speaks each Sunday in December.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT BOSTON, MASS., BY WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, | ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

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