

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

(\$2.50 PER YEAR  
In Advance.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

(SINGLE COPIES,  
Five Cents.)

NO. 15.

## Literary Department.

### THE RICH MAN, AND THE DISINHERITED HEIRS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Upon a winter evening, as Mr. O. with his children, Allwin and Theodore, were sitting by the fireplace, a letter with a black seal was brought to him, which he read with evident emotion. After he had read it again and again, he slowly folded it up, and holding it for a long time in both hands, he gazed thoughtfully into the fire. The children watched their father with great expectation. At last he broke the seal, and said:

"You remember the splendid palace, in the neighborhood of Hamburg, which we saw last year during our journey, and which had so much about it to excite your imagination?"

"You mean the Fairy Castle," said Allwin, "which lies in the beautiful plain by the river, and even now, at this distance of time, makes such a grand impression. Oh, what an expensive house! All the walls were adorned with the most beautiful paintings, and all the stairways and saloons with statues."

"Oh, I see now the splendid room!" broke in Theodore, "where the most beautiful flowers, butterflies, and birds of paradise were painted on light blue silk tapestry, as if they were living, and the natural history cabinet, where we saw so many foreign animals."

"But the most beautiful," said Allwin, "was indeed the park, which looked to us like a boundless landscape, and recalled all that we had heard of fairy-gardens. The marble temples, the foaming waterfalls, the still and cool grottoes—all that stands still before my eyes, and I know also, how surprised we were on every open ground by something new and beautiful."

"It was just there," added Theodore, "where the gold and silver pheasants frightened us as they suddenly flew up. What a collection of rare birds was to be seen there! And how we wished we were able to enjoy all that forever!"

"You imagined the possessor of all these things to be very happy," said the father; "and I hinted to you, if I do not err, that one must desire something very different in order to enjoy such possessions."

"You said," interrupted Theodore, "that a sick man would probably be quite indifferent to all these riches; and that one who had a troubled conscience could not enjoy them at all."

"One must also have friends to partake them with," added Allwin.

"So it is, my children," continued the father, "and the history of the man who owned that splendid house, proves to too truly the correctness of the observation. This unhappy man died only a day or two ago, and this letter informs me that at last the wish, the fulfillment of which he has been so long desiring—that he might die—has been granted."

The children wished to know what had constituted the misfortune of the rich man.

The father gratified their wish by the following narrative:

Adams—for that was the name of this unhappy rich man—was the son of a small trader in Lower Saxony, who died quite young, in indigent circumstances, and left behind him this son and an only daughter. A distant relative of the deceased took an interest in the boy and brought him to a merchant in Hamburg, who took him as an apprentice. The daughter was obliged to seek service.

Adams was a boy of fine capabilities. He exerted himself to please his master, performed his duties with great attention and faithfulness, and at the same time sought opportunities to gain pleasing and useful information. His zeal did not go unrewarded. His master quickly distinguished him above his other servants, entrusted him with his most important business, and saw it prosper under his management. Several undertakings, which he had risked by Adams's advice, prospered beyond all his hopes, increased his respectability and his connections, and soon brought him into the possession of a fortune, which grew day by day, by good management. Through gratitude, from a servant he raised him to a partnership with him in trade.

Adams enjoyed his good fortune without pride. He performed his duties easily; and as they often gave him opportunities to travel, he availed himself of them to add to his knowledge, and to acquire taste. His horizon became constantly enlarged; his character increased in stability; the association with men of the most dissimilar kinds gave him tact, and it was not wonderful that he gained the esteem and love of all. The rich sought his society, because he was amiable; the poorer class, his advice and aid; and he was always ready to give the best advice and all the assistance that lay in his power.

You will readily believe, that with these feelings he did not forget his poor sister. In fact, he drew her from her poverty, and married her to an excellent craftsman, who loved her, and who was placed by Adams in a very comfortable condition.

After the passage of some years, his former master was taken sick, and as he had lost, even before his doctors, all hope of recovery, he sent for his partner, and said to him:

"I shall not live much longer, and it is time that I should settle up my affairs. To-day, then, I will deposit my last will and testament, in which I have named you my sole heir. You have merited this, for you have managed my property with fidelity, and have increased it tenfold. It will prosper in your keeping, and I am not afraid that the hard earnings of my life will be squandered after I am dead. My sister's children are thrown out. They have not contented themselves as I have wished, and I am persuaded that they look forward to my death with pleasure."

All these circumstances, I have learned for the most part of Adams himself. I had some business with him once, and made him a visit, some years since. He laid open to me his whole heart. When he came to this subject he cried out:

"Oh, how unhappy I am! I believed that I stood at the very height of my fortune at this information, and I did not foresee that destiny had set such a snare for me."

"Urgent business," he continued, "obliged me, immediately after this scene, to make a short journey, which I hoped to accomplish soon enough to find my friend still alive. But heaven had ordered otherwise. My business was in an unexpected manner prolonged; and he died during my absence, and I did not return home to take possession of my inheritance until some months after. My deceased friend's nearest relations were a nephew and a niece, who had incurred, I know not how, his displeasure. Their habits of life were perhaps not very regular, and they had become deeply in debt, hoping to liquidate it by coming into the rich inheritance of their uncle. As soon as they heard of their rich relative's death, they had hurried near him, and had caused the will to be opened. Its unexpected contents had thrown them into the greatest consternation. They had burst forth into the loudest execrations against me; they had endeavored to set aside their uncle's will; but in vain. Thus disappointed in all their expectations, and pursued by their creditors, they found it necessary to take flight. It was rumored that they had gone to England."

Adams now came into possession of an immense fortune, which became daily larger by good luck and management. His happiness was increased by the possession of a beautiful and amiable wife, and within two years she made him the happy father of a son and a daughter.

It was at that time that he built the beautiful and elegant house which you so greatly admired. He had seen much during his travels, and had a wide acquaintance among artists and connoisseurs. He soon availed himself of these, and you have seen what a large collection he had made of the most beautiful adornments. In that delightful abode he lived in the happiest manner, in the midst of his family, and in an agreeable circle of intelligent friends, whom his riches and the charms of his house collected around him.

Adams described to me the happiness which he then enjoyed, in the most glowing colors. "All my desires were satisfied," said he, "among other things, or more properly, my happiness exceeded all that I had ever imagined. When I sat by the side of my beautiful and amiable wife, in front of my house, and danced my children on my knees, I believed that I saw a paradise at my feet, and imagined that I was the ruler of it. But the happy lot which heaven had granted me, had turned my eyes away from heaven. I had forgotten the instability of all earthly joy. Alas! for the first time, when the noblest and best part of what I called my own was lost, I thought of God again, and my troubled heart sought for him whom I had forgotten in my happiness. You behold my sufferings," he added, "and still what you see is but a small part of them."

When Adams told me this, he was lying in a small room in his country-seat, into which not a ray of sunlight penetrated, and upon a bed whose curtains were seldom opened. An incurable gout had seized upon almost every limb, and affected his eyes so badly that he could not bear the least ray of light. The slightest motions gave him the most painful pains. He seldom received visits, and his widowed sister was the only person whom he could bear in the room, and whom he allowed to supply his wants. His house was deserted, and where formerly the sounds of gladness were heard, now nothing sounded but the agonized groans of an incurable sick man. Adams had at that time some comfortable moments. When he saw that I was affected by his condition, he grasped my hand and said:

"I will pour out to you my whole heart. You feel an interest in my unfortunate situation, and I shall feel better if I can confide my trouble to a sympathizing breast."

After a short pause, he went on:

"I had lived six years in the happiest state, when some business called me to London, where it was necessary that I should remain for several months. It was the first time that I had been so long absent from my family. My longing to be with it was very great, and I enjoyed the pleasures of that monster city but little. My heart was agonized, and the presentiment of some great misfortune fastened itself upon me. One day, as I was passing through a square, preparations were being made for the execution of some high way robbers. I had not the least inclination to remain in view of this spectacle, but, as by chance, I heard some one in the crowd say that one of them was a German, I sought still further information. Conceive of my horror when I heard the name of Olivier, the man's name whom my former master, through love for me, had disinherited. For one moment I hoped that it might be some one else, but when I cast my eyes toward the place of execution, the same man stood upon the ladder. In whose disturbed countenance I recognized but too distinctly the well-known features of the disinherited. I was struck as with a thunder-bolt at this terrible discovery. I hurried home without knowing what I was doing, nor what was the matter with me. And I had hardly recovered from my first shock, when I received a letter from my wife, in which she wrote to me that our daughter was taken sick with the scarlet fever, and also that the first symptoms of the disease had shown themselves upon my boy. She entreated me to be tranquil, and to hope for the best. This news would have terrified me under any circumstances; but at this time it completely prostrated me. It instantly appeared certain to me, that the condition of my children was hopeless, and I connected—I do not myself know how—their danger and Olivier's unfortunate fate sadly together. What I had scarcely yet ventured to embody in my thoughts, stood at this awful moment distinctly before my soul. I said to myself: 'Thou art the cause of Olivier's crime and death; thou holdest the property which belonged to him; thou holdest it because thou didst not offer any words in his favor, and didst not seek to reconcile his uncle with him. Now when this unhappy man, whom despair drove out of his own Fatherland, undergoes the expiation of a crime into which his helplessness forced him, thou dost suffer in the anxiety for thy children a double death, and dost penance for the carelessness with which thou hast looked upon the misfortunes of the disinherited man.'

I had not an easy moment now in England. I must go home—and by good luck I found a vessel which was

just ready to start—and the forms of my children stood constantly before my eyes. Alas! I might never see them again! While I was wandering on the sea, the dear ones of my heart had been snatched away by death.

As soon as I got on shore, I hurried to my country-seat. It was night before I reached it, and I saw afar off a portion of the house strongly illuminated; and lights were moving to and fro in the dark rooms. My uneasiness was indescribable, and although I was riding fast, it seemed to me that the carriage was standing still. We at length arrived. I hurried up stairs. Nobody met me. I threw open the lighted parlor, and saw my wife in her coffin."

Adams stopped at these words, folded his hands, and seemed lost in the recollection of his sorrows. Then he went on:

"I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings. My grief was boundless. I fell senseless by the coffin in which my beloved wife lay smiling. I was seized with a violent fever; it raged during several days, and I was given up by the doctors. But alas! I had not yet emptied the cup of my sufferings. I recovered my health, contrary to the hopes of all. From that time, my home, which before had been the habitation of joy and contentment, appeared to me like an open grave, which had swallowed up all that I loved. Wherever I walked, wherever I turned my eyes, I saw nothing but the signs of departed joys, for which I wept and sighed in vain. But the very enjoyment of a mournful sadness was denied me, for the awful image of Olivier thrust itself between the shades of my children and of my dear wife. I saw him while asleep and while awake. How frequently I started up with mortal anguish from my bed, when I saw him in my dreams, as he strangled my children, or threw them into the flames of my house, or struggled with me, and demanded my property, which he said rightly belonged to him. These dreams always seemed to me to be the voice of my conscience. What I valued most was gone, and what I still retained was no more a pleasure to me. I viewed all this as a confirmation that it was holding it unjustly."

"Alas! my friend," continued Adams, sighing, "I might have been happy; if my conscience had not accused me on this point. I could not in any way reproach myself with having obtained the will of my friend, in an unlawful manner; but, then, had I done the least thing to modify his last resolution, by which he had disinherited his nearest relatives? I was tormented now for having fully obeyed his last wish, and Olivier's deeds and his death to myself."

It was altogether in vain that I commended this idea; it constantly returned again; and if I had thrown it off during the day, it only seized me more strongly during the night. Once when I was throwing myself about restlessly on my bed, it suddenly came into my mind that Olivier had a sister, about whom, until then I had never thought, and that she had gone with him when he took flight. This thought came upon my heart with new strength. But just as quickly a faint gleam of consolation therefrom shone on me. "Thank God," I cried, "perhaps I can yet remedy a portion of my wrong. I will save her, wherever she may be. With these words I sprang up and made instant preparations to depart. No one understood my design, for I had not confided in any one. Every one thought that the death of my wife and children was the sole cause of my sadness. I came to London. After in finite trouble, I gained some news of her whom I was seeking; but the traces of her existence were almost obliterated; and the little that I heard did not give me much encouragement. From all I could learn, it seemed probable that she had gone to America. Hastened on, even there, after her, but without success. Thus I wasted several years in vain efforts, till, more discouraged than ever, I returned home. The various journeys, the dangers which I underwent, the restlessness which never left me—all this had broken down my strength, and I sank gradually into the helpless condition in which you now see me. My health is irrecoverably gone; my wealth is hateful to me; and all my hopes depend upon death, which will free me from my sufferings, and lead me back into the arms of my spouse and of my children."

This is the history of this pitiable man, whose neglect of a single benevolent action, rendered him so un-speakably unhappy.

None but a very noble man would have so severely condemned himself for such an omission, and would have so long repented of it. After he had passed several years as above described, his sister died, whose presence and care had alleviated his sufferings. This new misfortune hastened his death. When he felt it approach, he thanked God with un-speakable joy that he was about to release him at last from his condition—for his sufferings had long since withdrawn him from the world, and he longed to pass to spirit-life.

Woman.

Do you love her? Has she left home, her parents, her sisters, brothers, her friends, all, for you? Do you love her? Has familiarity induced you to carelessness? Have you forgotten the vows you made her before heaven's tribunal? Have time and the troubles incident on all life made her physically less favorable in your eyes? Have you forgotten that her youth, her hopes, her aspirations for that sphere that all honorable women covet, were pledged to you? And have you cherished her, and are you still to her all in all? If you are, then she is happy, and you have acted a part to be applauded by your fellow-men, and you will receive one day your recompense of reward.

But, on the other hand, have you become satiated? Have you forgotten the being you swore to cherish? Have you left her to her own resources, and by your continual absence caused her to pine in solitude, like a meek, yet gentle sufferer? If you have, remember, oh man! you will one day pay the penalty of your neglect.

God speed the friends of Progress  
Of Liberty, Truth and Right!  
May Heaven smile upon us,  
As a Nation needing Light;  
Till the radiant beams of glory  
Shall unlit hearts inspire,  
With the wisdom that is holy,  
Blest with Truth's celestial fire.

Lizzie Dickson.

## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
Above our heads the angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
[LAWSON: 1857.]

### LETTER NO. 2.

Dear children, when you read this letter, Christmas will be over; that beautiful, glad time, that every child wishes would come ten times a year. You will have looked at all your Christmas offerings, and have been glad over and over again for the love tokens that are yours. I can remember many glad returns of the day; far back to my childhood I can go, and think of the stocking, with its foot pressed out of shape by the load within, that I found by the chimney corner, and I can remember how my heart leaped, as I thrust my hand to the depths, and drew out one treasure after another; I can remember, too, Christmas trees, with their bright lights and gay ornaments, and happy voices seem echoing through my memory from those beautiful times, and radiant smiles seem to have left their glow even as the sunset leaves its brightness these clear winter days.

But the times that come back with brightest light are those when I made others happy; the Christmas days when I brought smiles to sad faces by some simple offering from my heart, or dearer to my memory than the thought of all I have received in all the years gone by. And in this respect I am not different from each of you. As you grow older, you will find this is true, that you remember with most delight the pleasure you have given to others.

I suppose you will all have to learn this by experience, and that you can only really know by trial the benefits to yourselves, of blessing others; that is, when you have done a kind act, you know just how happy you are, and you cannot know that sort of happiness in any other way.

How many little children do you suppose there are, that would have been blessed by some kind offering of yours; something done in love, and that would have cost you little real sacrifice? How many lonely and friendless persons needed something to tell them of a kind thought, or a tender memory?

You know that Christmas is the celebration of the birth day of one whose life was spent in doing good, and who practiced the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," so that Christmas means just this—"Let us be loving and kind." It is as if we rang the merry, glad bells of love in our hearts, saying, "Come, let us be glad together."

Many of you have heard the chimes; you know how the bells seem to speak words, and to carry through the air beautiful messages, so that all who listen feel the happier and the better. Thus it is with our love-bells, that we set ringing by our kind thoughts and deeds; all who are near us, and some far away, hear in their spirits the glad sound, and the world grows brighter, and sorrows and troubles seem easier to bear. These bells need not be silent after Christmas bells stop ringing; you can keep up their glad chiming all the year, and these will seem to you to be a continued festival of joy.

Let us then not say "Christmas is over," but by the practice of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, let us keep the festival of Love continually.

## ELSIE:

### THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

#### CHAPTER III.

Happy as Elsie felt at the change within her aunt's home, yet she had a child's heart, and longed for companionship. She thought to herself if she could only have some one to play with, she should be happy enough. The good Doctor often brought his boy with him and left him in his chair, while he visited Mrs. Moody. Elsie had seen his happy face, and thought she should be very glad to speak to him and tell him about her kitten, and ask him about the ice on the pond, for already the frosts had come, and Elsie thought winter was close at hand.

"Aunt Moody," said she, one day, "I guess I'll invite the Doctor's little boy in to stay awhile; may I?"

"Oh, no, my dear, it is not proper for little girls to play with boys," said her aunt.

"Oh, you selfish thing," was in Elsie's heart for a moment, but she tried to drive the thought away, and said gently:

"Did you never play with boys, Aunt Moody?"

Mrs. Moody turned away, and Elsie saw her tears falling.

"Oh yes, Elsie, I did," she answered, "I loved one better than myself, and he died, and the world grew dark then, and I shut myself up until my heart grew cold. Should you have loved that little boy, Elsie? Yes, I know you would. Oh, he was so beautiful to me; but you can't play with him, so you may ask the Doctor's boy to come in the next time he comes with his father."

Alonzo came the next day; he was a noble looking boy, and full of fun and frolic, and he made Elsie laugh until the house rang, and even Mrs. Moody's laugh echoed through the room, and the sun shone, and the air vibrated, and kitty frolicked, and there was joy through the whole house. When some of the neighbors came in they looked at each other to express their surprise, and went away saying, "Who ever saw such a change? Two children, and sunshine and laughter in Mrs. Moody's house!"

Alonzo soon began to come each day, and he and Elsie had their own way. They built houses out of the chairs, and piled up the books for closets, and Mrs. Moody never said, "I do not allow children to do that!" she looked on and seemed to enjoy the fun; but she called Alonzo, Henry, as if she thought him her own dear boy; and she would sometimes call them both to her, and kiss them.

One day she said to Elsie, while she held her hand tenderly, "You have been the light of my house. I begin to grow young again; and let me tell you, it is because I have seen you patient, when I was cross; gentle, when I complained; and ever trying to do right when all things seemed to go wrong; and now will you love me, and be my light always?"

How sweetly Elsie slept that night! She dreamed that she was a bride of the Sun, and made everything bright and beautiful; but she thought Alonzo was the sun. You are not to suppose that Elsie now had no trials; it takes people a great while to change their characters, and it took Mrs. Moody more than one year. She used to fret at Elsie sometimes without reason, and Elsie felt like fretting in reply; but if she did not, then Mrs. Moody would soon forget her patience, and grow gentle; and Elsie was not always good and loving; she sometimes spoke cross words, and felt coming up in her heart the feeling, "Oh the cross, thing!" but she tried each day to be better and kinder, and the more she tried the easier it became.

Aunt Mary used to assist her by saying kind, gentle words to her, and by speaking of Elsie's own dear mother in heaven, and Elsie felt as if her mother knew every effort she made, and felt glad every time she overcame any wrong act or thought. When she struggled against unkindness, she felt a warm glow on her forehead, and it seemed as if some one kissed her there; and at night she thought she could see beautiful flowers and gleaming lights, and she fell asleep to dream of her mother and the blessed angels.

Now as we have said, Elsie strove within herself, and overcame her unkind, selfish feelings, and Mrs. Moody had become more thoughtful and kind; but there were still some trials for Elsie. "There are many kinds of selfishness, and we all need a great variety of trials before we can be sure that we have overcome all that is wrong. Sometimes, this world seems a very strange place, for everywhere we go we find something to test our goodness, and some trial to bear that shall reveal to us just how good we are. For example: if any one treats us unkindly, that is a trial to let us know if we have goodness enough to return good for evil, or practice the law of love; if we are ill, that is a trial to test our patience; if our friends are untrue, that is a trial to let us know how much faith we have in God, or the spiritual love that blesses us at all times; if death separates our beloved ones from us, that is a trial to help us to find out all about heaven, and to make us anxious to live such pure lives that our spirit-friends can be near us to bless and help us. So you see that all trials ought to make us better and wiser."

It was a bright spring day, the long winter had passed away with its chill winds and frost and snow. It had been a glad winter to Elsie; for she had enjoyed many a slide down hill, many a good frolic at snow-bail, and many a play in the long evenings at "blind-man's buff," and "hunt the slipper;" and she had been to school and had learned to love many children, and her gentle, kind ways won for her many friends. If there was any trouble to be settled among the schoolmates, Elsie and Alonzo were the ones to be consulted, and all were willing to abide by their decisions.

Time passes swiftly when the heart is glad, and the winter had sped away as the snow-drifts in the spring sun, and now the beauty and brightness of summer were coming. Elsie knew this by the violets and daisies that looked up so trustfully to the blue sky, and she felt a thrill of joy at every bustling bud and unfolding leaf.

Mrs. Moody was now quite well, and had commenced her spring cleaning. She kept Elsie very busy; but Elsie was strong now, and had willingly run off all the errands, and fulfilled all her aunt's commands. But May-day had come, and Elsie had looked longingly out of the open door, and as she beheld the blooming apple trees, and smelt the air sweet with its burden of perfume, she thought how delightful it would be to have a little run in the woods to hunt for the spring-flowers; and she kept wondering whether the arbutus was out of bloom, and if the spring beauties were dancing in the soft air, and if the tiarella had put on its white crown; and as she wondered, she heard a sound of merry voices.

Alonzo had summoned all the boys and girls in the neighborhood to go a-Maying, and they had come around by Mrs. Moody's for Elsie. What light sparkled in her eye! What visions of the baskets full of flowers she had before her! Bright roses seemed glowing on her cheeks, and her smile was like the dream of the sunlight.

She and Alonzo ran to ask Mrs. Moody's consent to her going, never imagining a refusal.

"Oh, he!" said Mrs. Moody, "are n't there plenty of flowers in the garden? And then I am so very busy I want Elsie every moment. I do not think I can have her go; and what is the use of tramping off into the woods and getting cold, and perhaps making yourself sick with the rheumatism?"

The tears were gathering fast in Elsie's eyes, and bitterness was springing up in her heart. Alonzo looked as if he would like to be a knight-errant, and carry Elsie off by force. She felt such a longing for a run, and it seemed so bright out of doors, that her aunt's words proved a great trial to her gentleness. There are sprang to her lips, "Oh, the ugly thing!" but she did not utter the words. She thought she heard a gentle voice, crying, "Elsie," and the warm breath came on her forehead. She brushed the tears from her eyes, and said to Alonzo:

"Run quickly; then I shall not cry."

"Well, Elsie," said Alonzo, "you shall have whole baskets full of flowers, and we will make you a wreath, and some other day we will go together."

Elsie looked out of the window once, and caught sight of the happy company, and her eyes grew dim, and something seemed rising in her throat, so that she was glad to hear Mrs. Moody say:

"Come, get me some water, and be quick, Elsie; do n't be all day about it!"

Did you ever notice that when people do wrong themselves they wish to blame some one else? Mrs. Moody knew she was selfish in keeping Elsie at home, and so she felt like reproving Elsie, that she might forget her own faults. But Elsie did not seem to hear her, and only looked up, as if wishing to do all she was told to do. Mrs. Moody tried to work as busily as before, but she seemed very forgetful of what she

Was doing. She stopped often and looked at Elsie, and then went to the window and gazed down the road that the children had taken. At last she said: "Elsie, you wanted to go I ought to have let you; but you see I am selfish. When you are away I get lonesome. Can't you think, Elsie, that it is because I love to have you here that I don't let you go? But then," she added, "it is selfish to keep you, so it is. You shall go every day, and I don't mind if I go with you; perhaps the air will do me good. Yes, Elsie, get your bonnet, and we will find the children."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters: My 1, 10, 13, 3 was found in many a home on Christmas night. My 4, 13, 9, 1, 6, 8 is what every good mother tells her child to be. My 2, 8, 9 often gives an offering to our breakfast table. My 7, 5, 12, 6 was found on every Christmas tree. My 4, 12, 11, 3 has made the name of Spalding immortal. My whole, if practiced, will make you happy.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Our Father and our Mother! Heart benign! And Sovereign Soul of all! before thy shrine Of Universal Love and Peace divine.

In reverent homage, bending heart and knee; The eager millions, thirsting to be free From Superstition's yoke of slavery.

Question sweet Nature, and the soul within; Ask of the ministry of dark-browed Sin, And seek response from the heavens to win.

Oh Mother-Heart! these souls by anguish torn For years earth's martyr crown of thorns have worn; Yet on Faith's angel-platons heaven upborne.

Seek solace at thy myriad hands of love; List for the music-voices from above, For the peace-message of thy spirit-dove.

Grant them thy light, oh Universal Lord! Teach them the inner record of thy Word; Strike thou the faint responsive spirit-chord.

Of answering love and knowledge; make them free! Exultant in their tilled-for Liberty, Conscious of Use and Immortality!

Speak, voice of God! unto the mourner's ear; Chase from the trembling heart its haunting fear; Wipe from despairing eyes the bitter tear!

Come, angel hosts! commissioned, pure and true; Proclaim the dawning of the hour, anew The watching Shepherd souls with joy imbue.

Beam brightly, Star of Promise, o'er the land! Heart-linked the human brotherhood shall stand, 'Gainst giant Wrong firm clasped each willing hand.

The discipline of life and toil shall prove A spirit-token of the Father's love, A mandate of the mercy from above.

Forth from the blood-red flower of war shall spring Immortal vintage fruit, whose wealth shall bring Perennial peace and joy: Oh patriots, sing!

Your triumph songs! For sacrifice shall gain Perpetual honor for your noble slain, And freedom for our country's vast domain.

Beneath the star-flag of the free and brave, No more shall clank his chains the rescued slave; Deliverance hymns shall echo o'er the wave.

Therefore, ye tottering millions, pray for light; For noble conquest in His righteous sight; For the fulfillment of the law of Right.

Seek not of man-made creeds to know of God; Find him upon the reeking battle-sod, Where chastening sorrow leads the trial-rod.

Find sternest Justice, Love abundant, where The dying shrieks of thousands rend the air, Where humbled pride stones in tardy prayer.

Where a proud nation sits at Wisdom's feet, Learning of War's stern lessons of defeat, In brother-love the fellow-man to greet.

There, everywhere, the eye of Faith will find The wise, angelic guidance of the blind, The eternal sway of the great Master Mind!

Our Father and our Mother! safe at rest, As babe upon its mother's hallowed breast, We ead in Thee our wayward, worldly quest.

Original.

TEMPTER AND TEMPTED.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Deep in the grave, To sin a slave, She went for rest; Poor weary heart, That had no part With aught that's best. The voice of sin Had power to win Her soul to bliss; No tears to flow— Few cared to know, Where she was cast. She once was true, Young heart, as you, And free from stain; The tempter came— With him the blame, With her the pain. And yet the world Its vengeance hurled On her so weak; But took him in, All stained with sin, With none to speak. Well, let her die! Forgotten lie. With none to weep; Her tomb shall break— A voice awake— Her from her sleep. And angel tears Shall soothe her fears, And blot her sin; And clothed in white, Crowned pure and bright, She heaven shall win. O'er him at last— Death's portals past— Remove shall roll; A gully stain, The mark of Cain, Be on his soul.

Written before she passed to spirit-land.

Original Essays.

MESMERISM—ITS SANATIVE POWERS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

At length, after years of distrust, open defiance or silent scorn, its followers turned into ridicule, its practitioners branded as magicians while healing the sick by its miraculous powers beyond the ordinary agency of natural laws, the world is just beginning to admit that mesmerism is a science. Those who performed wonderful cures by its agency were called innovators by professional men, and it was said that such astonishing results must have been accomplished only by diabolical assistance. Thus far, a time knowledge and philanthropy were depressed by ignorance and sordid malice, while the truthful power was supported under the vituperation of his enemies by the increasing success of the wonderful science. He saw paralytic and nervous diseases flee under his magnetic touch. How these cures were effected, he did not know. Why the healing life-streams were ever flowing forth from his fingers, was a mystery to him, and his patients, disgusted with medicine, blisters and the lancet, gained confidence themselves, and inspired it in others. In spite of delusion and collusion, enough remained of its startling truths, its healthful reality, to insure investigation to some extent.

Strokes or passes with the hand, are natural motions to a parent wishing to soothe or quiet a child. Nor is it strange that the nerves of the brain may be possessed of a hitherto undeveloped power, which being directed by a strong will upon the brain of a sick person, produces mental phenomena. It was known and practiced by the Egyptians; it may have been almost entirely used by them to heal the sick, as is recorded even on their tombs at Thebes, by figures dressed as priests making mesmeric passes over seated patients. If we believe the ancients, and their doctrine of transference of mind, or metempsychosis of a stronger mind into a weaker, and as a mesmerizer communicates part of the life-principle of his healthful organization to a sick person and restores his bodily vigor, may he not also infuse a portion of his mental powers without its originating in Satanic agency?

This we know: that mesmerism can penetrate all bodies, enter largely into all the elements of life, and especially has an influence upon the nervous system; but this magnetic fluid operates best between two individuals possessing affinity. As the communication of the operator's will acts on the physical sensibility of his patient, the healing process will be more surely effected. Physicians, with strange incredulity arising from want of knowledge on the subject, retard its progress; but as it is of divine origin, they cannot crush it out of practice, although a few more liberal and more progressive use it in their families when disease appears that the regular practitioners cannot cure. The day is drawing near when physicians will no longer oppose the use of mesmerism, as its important truths reveal a mystery of Nature—no longer its operators be classed with magicians. Like Harvey's and Jenner's discoveries, mesmerism will stand upon its own merits; and among medical men, whose moral characters are elevated far above suspicion, more honorable than their calculators, will the practice become a blessing.

When such physicians as Hufeland, Steffnitz and Brädel, and a vast number of men of general science, and celebrated magnetists and a host of learned believers and practitioners, tell us that the mesmeric influence can be transmitted through the air to an immense distance, and also pass through dense materials, that water can be charged with the fluid, and has a powerful effect on the system when it has been previously affected, it would be useless to doubt, for the proofs are all about us. Investigation open to all who desire it. The skeptical physician can experiment, when he has a patient who needs something beyond the power of medicine. As mesmerism gives us command of the nervous system, it is of great service in those diseases, and of the menial, as by its use contracted limbs can be restored.

The most remarkable circumstance in Spencer Hall's mesmeric history, was his cure of Miss Martineau, the celebrated writer, of a disease of long standing, which had confined her to her room for years. The cure was so successful that Miss M. publicly acknowledged it, confessed that she was able, after being but a short time under Hall's treatment, to walk a distance of five miles without fatigue.

As taking medicine would not be advisable for the healthy, so should the mesmeric process be avoided, and never practiced on the system more than is necessary for the cure of disease; and it is dangerous for a nervous person to submit to the manipulations of a person unacquainted with the practice. With all the benefits it confers, it must be used with care, or it may become a source of misery in the hands of the ignorant and unprincipled, as much mischief can be done with its use, as if a wrong dose of powerful medicine should be administered.

It is to be hoped that mesmerism will assume its proper rank as a remedial agent. Instead of physicians doubting and dogmatizing about it, experiment for themselves, carefully study its merits, and the sooner it is admitted into the Pharmacopoeia, the better it will be for doctor and patient. Mark well, that it is only for the sick and suffering that it should be used; and the application should be discontinued the moment the disease is broken up. The tendency of its power depends upon the direction given to it, for good or evil. The power of mesmerism, as it comes to us by the Creator, is pure, and should be regarded as a universal cure for the preservation of all mankind.

Of its evils, I will mention the case of a gentleman, a writer of some note, who committed suicide some years since. His wife told me that his insanity was produced by mesmerism. He became so very susceptible to the influence, that it was only necessary for any one to point their fingers toward him, and he went to sleep at once. He was possessed of a highly nervous and irritable constitution, and thus predisposed to the easy reception of mesmeric influence.

Many persons think so little of its powers that they are anxious to be put to sleep for amusement. But it should not be used in this light manner: it may engender disease and injure the constitution, and contaminate the whole nervous system. But of its benefits to the sick and suffering, the blessing it has been in rendering painless the most difficult surgical operations, all who have witnessed its powers or those who have felt the sanative influence of mesmerism, will bless its advent.

Topical mesmerizing is a process by which many people, who never saw a book written on the subject, soothe or charm away pain. They suspend their fingers over the aching spot, and draw them slowly downwards, repeating this for an hour or more. It seldom fails to remove toothache or rheumatism. This can be practiced without producing mesmeric symptoms, and as the brain is not subdued, it is a harmless process.

The phenomenon of mesmerism is that the influence is concentrated on the patient, by transmitting it to his brain, from the organs of the mesmerist, and through the channels by which it can be communicated. Now this appears to me to be different from the process generally used by those operators known as healing mediums, who perform cures by spirit influence. There seems to be no mental sympathy between these parties. They do not establish a rapport, or appear to work on the imagination. A few simple touches will often heal the sick; and we hear of cures

being made so rapidly, that it throws the mesmeric process in the background, so far as cures being so quickly performed, and, indeed, deserves the name of miracles.

But those possessing these extraordinary gifts are few and far between, and it costs money to be healed in this way, and all poor sufferers cannot avail themselves of this divine power. But mesmerism comes to them without money or price, free as the air of heaven. All have the power, if they exert the will—have a sincere wish to relieve suffering. Live a life of purity, in harmony with all mankind, and the power to heal will be freely given to all who wish to exercise it. Parents can heal their children, whole families be relieved of nervous headaches, and other ills to which the flesh is heir.

Mesmerism is a remedy; but it is not given to us that we may violate the organic laws with impunity, for if we do, the effect—disease—will appear. Man must obey these laws to enjoy health and physical harmony. To those who mesmerize and attend to it as a profession, it is a field in which he, if a Spiritualist, is called to battle against ignorance, misery and suffering. Oh, it is a noble work to conquer the despair of a brother man, to know that disease and pain will flee away at his touch, to lighten human woe, to cause the lame to walk, the blind to see, the pale cheek to flush with a healthful bloom, and the dim eye to brighten at his approach.

Surely it is a cause for gratitude that God has given to his children a loftier faith, a pure and divine gift, to enable man to comfort and aid his suffering brother. It is right to cultivate the magnetic, spiritual susceptibility to the healing power. Place yourself trustfully under its guidance, and when pain comes you will meet its approach without fear, knowing that a friendly hand can charm away suffering. A quiet mind and careful diet will aid much the treatment. The process of mesmerizing is very simple, and any one can learn from the many publications on the subject, and these instructions should be placed in the library of each one who wishes to learn its truths.

PERSONALITY VS. OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY—NO. 9.

All agree that matter is a part, if not the whole, of each atom embraced in the universe. The disputed problem is, whether each atom is composed of two distinct substances termed spirit and matter, or whether each is composed of one substance only, or matter—the term spirit being used only to define its special condition and attribute.

It seems to me the error of the schools, in their efforts to solve this problem, has been in assuming that the original atoms, recognized as the immediate germ source of the physical universe, were self-existent elements; for though the self-existence of matter be conceded, it does not necessarily follow that it was originally partitioned, or atomic in condition of being. Error, in determining this as the premise to reason from, will taint all conclusions however logically reached.

The materialist, who affirms each atom is a simple element, composed wholly of one substance, may consistently assume that matter was originally partitioned; but the spirit and Spiritualist who, affirming each atom in the universe is composed of two distinct and co-existent substances, termed spirit and matter, will, when he attempts to define the origin and economy of creation, find himself inevitably landing in materialism, if he assents to, and accepts as his premise, that "the original atoms" were self-existent, or that matter was originally partitioned.

If, like my friend, Mr. Palmer, he claims that spirit is an essence, or principle, incorporated in, and inseparable from matter, let him carry out this premise to its logical conclusion in explanation of Life, conscious identity and intelligence, and he may find that the difference between him and the materialist in their respective conceptions of Deity consist mainly in the terms used to describe and define "the Supreme First Cause, or God."

Why, some of those spirits and Spiritualists who so confidently and zealously impeach our faith in the Personality of Deity, do not meet the question asked, "Why did the alleged self-existent atoms first begin to combine in new and compound states of matter?" I cannot understand. Surely, if we cannot solve this, we should hesitate before dogmatically determining "what and where is God?"

To intelligently comprehend our own nature we must have a rational conception of the source of our being, and if we accept that all animate and inanimate organizations are effects, having their origin in self-existent atoms, originally in non-cohering and uncombined relations, how can we consistently recognize a Great Designer as "the Intelligent First Cause?" And yet those who deny the Personality of Deity, eloquently and earnestly avow their reverence for "The Great Architect," who first designed and then built the universe, as though such avowals could be harmonized with the dogma, that each atom is a self-existent element, composed of spirit and matter, inherently and inseparably connected. I doubt if any one can, from this premise, consistently account for the combination of atoms or for the phenomena of Life, conscious identity and intelligence, otherwise than from necessity and the result of combinations—a conclusion which ignores all idea of a preëxisting "Great Designer and First Cause." If I am wrong, I ask that all such doubts may be dissipated by the opposite view being presented, for we all want to find the truth, if we can, and if any one has it, let it be shown to us also.

When we invoke aid and strength from "our Father in heaven," we need to have some clear mental conception whether we shall address "a principle," or an essence incorporated in matter, or a living, conscious identity, external to us and to all the atoms embraced in our organization as an entity. It is better that we should cautiously consider these points, than thoughtlessly and blindly adopt new phrases, such as "Father and Mother God," which some of our teachers seem so partial to. What they mean by this and kindred forms of expression, I am unable to discover, and doubt if they themselves know; but I feel such transcendental phrases should be satisfactorily explained, or abandoned, if Spiritualists desire to escape the ridicule and pity of those who have not yet accepted the fact of spirits communicating, or their infallibility as teachers, though they do so communicate.

I do not want to be captious, but candor requires me to reluctantly own, that even in the lectures of Mrs. Hatch, kindred ambiguities and inconsistencies occur. In her lecture published Nov. 23th, in the BANNER, it is claimed that matter, in its primitive condition, was void and motionless; to give it life there must have been something else, something superior added to that inert substance.

Now surely this assumption implies the preëxistence of two distinct and self-existent sources of creation, each originally existing unconnected with, and separate from, the other. In her general argument, she terms one spirit the other matter, and claims that spirit is superior to matter—or, to quote her words, "There is no such thing as action without spirit." Now if these propositions are true, why should Mrs. Hatch, or the spirit speaking through her, assume that all self-existent matter, originally void and motionless, has already been changed by that superior something, or spirit, being added thereto to

give it life? There are parts of her lecture which conflict with this assumption. Her argument is, that mind, or spirit, being a structure, is the life of matter; but that it can separate itself therefrom. "The matter going back to its original inert condition, but the mind, or spirit, which existed in the beginning, still continues to exist," and she then adds, "It exists definitely, absolutely, so that one individual soul can never be another soul, no matter what form of sphere it may assume, any more than one primitive atom can be merged in another, such primitive atoms being the basis of all forms of matter, and precisely alike in all, whether in rock, water or gas."

Surely this proposition is, that mind, or spirit, can, and at times does, exist wholly unconnected with matter, and that matter can, and at times does, exist alike unconnected with mind, spirit, or life, and therefore inert. Now if this be true, and we thence infer the union of spirit with matter had a beginning, do we not recognize a separate preëxistence and a special inherent nature of each? And may we not also infer such beginning was local, inasmuch as all our philosophy of creation recognizes the division of the universe into solar systems with their respective central suns? Unless it is assumed that the organization of all these suns was simultaneous, we must accept that new suns and systems will be added to the present universe, and thence infer that the matter of which they will be composed, now existing, because self-existent, is still destitute of that added and superior something, or spirit, which she alleges is the life of matter, and in which alone action inheres. But when we reason thus, how can it consistently be said that spirit is Omnipresent? and if spirit is not, why claim that the First Cause, or Deity, is?

Again, if, as Mrs. Hatch asserts, the individualized soul of man can exist outside of, and disconnected with matter, why assume Deity does not so exist also as an Individuality? These and other points in her lecture seem to me to sustain my theory of the origin and nature of "the original atoms" as effects, or secondary causes, having their origin in two preëxisting sources, coexisting and inherently distinct from each other, hence each localized. This proposition, that mind, or life, can so exist unconnected with matter, harmonizes with, if it does not also confirm, my exposition of the phenomena of germination, whether manifested in the vegetable or animal kingdoms of Nature, and in doing so helps to sustain the solution offered of why the original atoms did first begin to combine. I admit, the spirit speaking through her, though long a resident of, or of enlarged experience in the higher life, may not have met a personal Deity, or known any who has; but this does not decide the question. We all have eternity before us to progress in, and it may be, very much of our own moral and intellectual nature to develop ere we shall be able to find and recognize either the centre or the circumference of the universe. When we shall have thus grown ourselves, it may be, we can then see and identify intelligences that are now invisible alike to our departed friends, and our present spirit lecturers. Hence, as negative testimony should yield to the deductions of reason, based on what seems positive truth, let us still keep open the question: "What and where is God?" until we can determine the origin and nature of "the original atoms," and why they began to combine.

Dec. 24, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SOLDIER-BOY OF GETTYSBURG.

A SONG.

BY COURTESY DENIA.

The cannon's mouth had ceased to hurl Its deadly missiles through the air; From fiery lips no longer o'ert; The smoky clouds of dark despair; And not a sound the silence broke. Save now and then a moan was heard Beneath some hedge or shattered oak. 'Upon the fields of Gettysburg.

A soldier boy—an only son— With matted locks and faltering breath, Lay resting on his sword and gun. Fast sinking in the arms of death. He raised his hand, and brushed a tear: "Take home," said he, "one little word— For one I love now waits to hear. The latest news from Gettysburg.

'Tis of my mother I would speak, For great I know her grief will be; And tears will wet her faded cheek. When she shall hear again from me, For I am all she has to love— My father's voice no more is heard; From Antietam he went above, And I shall go from Gettysburg.

Take home to her my sword and gun— Mementoes of my early call— And hang them where the setting sun Shines red 'pon the cottage wall. 'Tis all I have I can bequeath. I've served them well by deed and word. 'Ere I was called to sleep beneath The blood-stained soil of Gettysburg.

Tell her I've tried to do the right, And be to all a friend and brother; That in the thickest of the fight I often thought of home and mother. The sun had kissed the mountain-tips— One struggle more his bosom stirred, And with her name upon his lips, He fell asleep at Gettysburg.

They gathered round the youthful brave— The drum-beat echoed through the dell— They laid him in his new-made grave, Beneath the tree by which he fell, And on its bark, in letters deep, They put his name with his own sword, And left him in his dreamless sleep— The soldier boy of Gettysburg!

Thatchwood Cottage, 1863.

Dry and Humid Atmosphere.

The great defect of our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew-point of England is fifteen or twenty degrees higher than that of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman, and the lean, juicy body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. It is also shown in the well-known difference in the influence of house heat upon furniture. Our chairs, tables, sofas and wood-work warp and shrink, while nothing of the sort occurs in England. On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. In considerable part this immunity is attributable to the remarkable humidity of the atmosphere. The dew-point on the Pacific Coast is very high.

As we cannot change the amount of moisture in the atmosphere of the country, we must limit our practical efforts to the air of our houses. If we use a stove, its entire upper surface may be made a reservoir for water. Ornamental work of but little cost may be used to conceal it. The furnace may be made to send up, with its heat, many gallons of water daily, in the form of vapor.—Dio Lewis, N. D.

Correspondence.

U. Clark's Ectings.

In and Around Boston—Miss Doten, Mrs. Chappell, Mrs. Cuppy—Conferences, Societies, Sunday Schools—Tour in Maine—The Workers—Itaetra.

Domestic for the winter among Boston printers and publishers, my etchings for the present will be less itinerant than local. But in and around Boston there is enough material for a thousand fertile pens. The cause of spiritual progress, however, is supposed to be the theme of chief interest among the BANNER readers. Boston and vicinity continue to afford numerous signs of increasing spiritual interest. The Lyceum Hall meetings are largely attended, Cora L. V. Scott occupying the platform during December, and Mrs. E. L. Chappell of New York, and Lizzie Doten, during January. Miss Doten continues to be one of the most efficient women speakers, and wears well wherever she speaks. She is a woman of sterling character and earnest spirit, constantly flashing inspirations which touch and uplift the inmost soul, and quicken all the slumbering energies of those who read or hear her. Her volume of poems just published will indicate her peculiar gifts, and become one of the richest contributions to the rising literature of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Chappell's appearance in New England has been as successful as her many New York friends could have anticipated. Having known her for years, and been a co-worker with her and others in the Empire State, I was the more interested in her first appearance in this new field, and I can assure her New York friends that she is entirely safe in New England, and will give a good report of herself.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy has appeared in Boston since my last. She left good impressions, and her superior womanhood exerted a fine influence over her audiences.

Most new speakers coming into Boston and vicinity make a vital mistake in supposing it necessary for them to attempt to do something extraordinary. Human nature here in Boston and New England is about the same as it is all over the country. Boston may be the "hub of the universe," but it is one with the spokes and the tire, though, being in the centre of the great wheel, it may not move any faster or get any further ahead than the outside spokes and tire. A little common sense of grace is now and then good for the hub. Boston audiences embrace many of the most advanced minds, but minds equally advanced may be found all over the land. Many a country school house or rural village may furnish critics and thinkers, as well as Boston. I have heard Bostonians complain that many of their speakers become altogether too stilted, and fall to give the people that sort of spiritual food which is adapted to daily life. While lecturing in Lyceum Hall in November, I observed the audiences giving the most soul-fused attention whenever I touched on plain, practical, home-ent Spiritualism. True, there are those who go to our meetings only when they are attracted by something novel, startling, abnormal, and who care more for style than anything else; and there have been some speakers who have attempted to set up a sort of aristocratic, high-priced monopoly in this line; but all things will find their level at last, in accordance with their practical value.

The Lyceum Hall Conference is still continued every Thursday evening in the Broadfield Street Hall, over Bela Marsh's. As an indication of newly awakened interest in Spiritualism, a new social conference is held every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets. The object of this convocation is to render practical the gospel of charity and fraternity. The evening is spent in speaking, singing and social intercourse.

A new interest in the Spiritual Sunday School line appears to be awakening in this region. The great need has been for a suitable MANUAL to aid in forming and conducting schools on broad unsectarian principles. The public will be glad to learn that Messrs. Wm. White & Co. have endeavored to meet this want, and have now in press a book adapted to all places and conditions; and not only to Sunday Schools, but circles, conferences and home use.

A recent trip on the ocean steamer, Katahdin, to Maine, afforded encouraging signs for the cause in that State. I spoke one Sunday in the Pioneer Chapel, Bangor, and on one week-day evening, one evening in Bradley, one in Camden; one evening and on Sunday in Bucksport. The Bangor friends are strong and prosperous, own their chapel, and rent seats to meet expenses. The band in Bradley and Old Town are alive all over, and with a Hosea of the modern Israel in their midst, they stand like a citadel on the Penobscot, defiant of all the logs rolling down the river of un-Christian Orthodoxy. Our good friend, and brother, G. B. Hopkins, the speaker and healer, is doing good service in Upper Stillwater, and is especially successful in treating the sick; Maine, has a strong and noble band of public workers, among which are M. Taylor, C. A. Hayden, J. P. Greenleaf, J. C. Woodman, W. K. Ripley, J. L. Lovell, J. N. Hodges, J. H. Williams, D. H. Hamilton, E. P. Averill, J. E. Jordan, and others whose names I am not able to recall.

In Camden, new spiritual life has recently been made manifest. Mrs. Fox and her daughter are laboring here for the winter. Capt. Caleb Thomas, the powerful healer, is still here, and disease trembles and departs in his mighty magnetic presence. Rev. N. O. Fletcher, long well known as a popular Universalist minister, resides in Camden, and attends the spiritual meetings; and though while a guest at his hospitable board I did not quiz him very sharply, I had strong suspicions that he was leaning in a direction opposite to sectarian meeting-houses. With towers of strength like Alden and others, Camden is safe.

The cause is advancing in Bucksport. A "Colossus of Rhodes," and others, are there, as well fortified as the fort on the other side of the Penobscot. Mrs. H. Sturtevant, a new and promising speaker, is here in waiting for the field that opens.

Good news comes from my old field in Central and Western New York. Buffalo, and several other places, are reviving. Dr. J. P. Bryant, now at the Waverly House, Rochester, N. Y., for several weeks and to stay there till March, is working New Testament wonders in behalf of the sick, the lame, the deaf, dumb, halt and blind. I heard of his works in Utica, Syracuse and Binghamton with some incredulity; but facts were related me at Watertown, and corroborated by similar facts in Rochester, which place Dr. Bryant among the greatest healers of the age; and he has a great heart of philanthropy and devotion, prompting him to treat the poor without money or price, and manifest deeds of mercy and benevolence.

Before closing this discursive paper, perhaps the readers of the BANNER may expect a reply to what has appeared in a New York sheet. I beg to be excused!

U. CLARK.

Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, in an article in the Danville Review, in referring to the approaching end of the rebellion, says: "It never was a question, with us, of Greeks against Asiatics, but of one American against four or five others—either of the four or five as good a man as the one—perhaps better. It never was a question with us, of the weak party fighting in some sacred cause, and the strong one in some vile and dishonorable one, but of the strong party upholding a cause of the highest glory and the supremest necessity, and the weak party fighting without even a decent pretext, for objects in part utterly preposterous, and in part desperately wicked. How, then, is it possible to doubt that the cause of the nation, in respect of an adequate warlike population, is invincibly strong, in any comparison whatever, and in comparison with the weakness of the Confederates, growing stronger continually?"



Prompt Payment to our Soldiers.

Our soldiers serve for pay. They leave other occupations and go to fight our battles, perilling their lives and health, and we agree to pay them thirteen dollars per month. We have also stipulated to aid their families in cases where there is a clear necessity, by giving to a wife with four or five children a sum not to exceed twelve dollars per month—or to a wife alone the sum of one dollar per week, provided the marriage took place before the soldier enlisted. But we have hedged the allowance round with all possible obstructions, so as to keep out as many as possible from participating.

If, as in the case of our colored troops, a man brings his family with him, after agreeing to enlist, he is only an alien, and has no aid.

In fact, all these people are constantly told that this allowance is a gratuity, a charity, and no part of the consideration which the soldier receives for his service; but simply to keep his wife and children out of the almshouse! Now it seems to me idle—worse than idle—wicked, for us here at home, enjoying all the comforts of quiet life, to treat these men in this manner, and I cannot refrain from protesting against the spirit which actuates us.

Our papers preach patriotism, love of country, the importance of crushing out rebellion, and try to induce our workmen to go and fight. But it will not answer. The cost of going to war has been ascertained, and chaff will not tempt the birds now, or hereafter. We may therefore as well make up our minds to meet the case fairly, and treat our men fairly. We must not only pay them, but see that their families are provided for, and the soldier also, when he comes home diseased or disabled by wounds. This is simple justice.

Without stopping to discuss the question as to amount of compensation, I wish to make a suggestion as to the necessity of prompt, regular payment during service, and immediate payment of all pensions at the close of such service, if due. Those who make and administer our laws at the seat of government, seem to have no idea of the consequences of this endless delay in payment. Those of us who come face to face with widows of our soldiers, who are obliged to wait for months (I might say years, by anticipating a little,) for the pension due as an equivalent for the loss they have sustained, (valued by us at eight dollars per month,) know that prompt payment would double the value of all such sums.

Suppose the fact of death is brought to the knowledge of the city or town authorities where the pensioner resides. The service of the soldier is known beyond dispute; the time of death fixed, and the rate of compensation determined. Let the pension be paid, and continue to be paid. At stated periods let the State reimburse the cities and towns, and present its claim to the General Government at Washington, which would then deal only with States—they, in turn, dealing only with towns, the officers of which should be held responsible for the proper exercise of their trusts.

By this subdivision of forces, all cases could be met at once and understood. The payments could be made by parties having a direct knowledge of persons and circumstances, and therefore little liable to error or imposition. We should then have, as it were, millions of agents using up fractions of time which would hardly be counted, while the results would be wonderful.

Now, although there is an army of agents at work, who must all be paid the more for delay, there is nothing but delay and disappointment. It cannot be otherwise, so long as this tendency to centralize everything at Washington prevails. We want an entire, radical change, and it will sometime be had.

Massachusetts, always among the first to do good things, provided last winter in the Legislature, upon recommendation of our excellent Governor, that if the General Government would consent, or would assume the payment of all our own troops in the field, and thus secure immediate distribution to their families at home of a portion of the pay, and the transmission of the balance, if wanted, to the soldier much earlier than he could obtain it otherwise. But it was argued that if Massachusetts was permitted to do this, other States must, or the men would be dissatisfied—and so we were not permitted.

Massachusetts had funds, had currency, and also the machinery then in operation to do the work perfectly, and only asked reimbursement in twenty-year bonds, which the Government was only too anxious to sell. But "centralization" and "red tape" said no!

Now this plan was founded upon precisely the same idea already advanced, that States should take thus much from the shoulders of the General Government, and so contribute, in anticipation, a portion of the sum necessary to carry on the war from our daily earnings at home.

Here would have been a sure sale for millions and millions of bonds to just the right kind of purchasers who would not have been inconvenienced at all.

We have only to say in conclusion, that there is but one way to carry on this war, which is not yet half through; and that is, by paying the men who go to fight and bear the burden, a fair, even liberal compensation, and doing it regularly, promptly.

Let us make them feel that we are willing to do just as much, and go as far as they, each one in his calling. I am too old to march and fight as they can, but not too old to work for them at home and make their families happy. Let them feel that we are right, here, and I am sure their courage and endurance will be doubled.

Let us be wise in season, and not prolong the war unnecessarily by failing to do justice to our brave men who go to fight the battles, which shall in the end liberate not this nation alone, but all nations—not from black slavery alone and the hated domination of the South, but from all slavery—sectarian, social and political.

Correspondence.

A. V. HENDRICKS. To Mrs. CORA L. V. HAYDEN—We, the undersigned and others, tender you our thanks for the pleasure and gratification we have received during your course of lectures in New York, and especially invite you to commence another in January next, when your present engagement shall have expired. (Signed) A. V. HENDRICKS, H. LAWRENCE, and others.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN—Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of thanks and invitation published in the New York Times of the 1st inst. Most fully do I appreciate your tribute to my humble gifts, and I shall avail myself with pleasure of your kind invitation to return to New York when my present engagement in this city expires.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully yours, CORA L. V. SCOTT.

To H. LAWRENCE, A. V. HENDRICKS, and others, Boston, Mass., Dec. 17, 1863.

Announcements.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, with whom our readers are well acquainted, is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Saturday afternoon and evening next.

Mrs. Spence has drawn such good audiences in Charlestown, for the last two Sundays, that she has been engaged to speak there for the first two Sundays in January. Our friends in that city appear to be alive to their spiritual interests. Such also appears to be the case all over the country.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription, see eighth page.

LUTHER COLLY, 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 gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one broken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm 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 New Year.

To all our friends we send a New Year's greeting. The time is ever a turning-point in the little lives of each one of us, to which we look forward with much interest. In the course of the year that is passed we all have great cause for rejoicing and for gratitude, in spite of temporary trials and sorrows; even for these we have as much reason to be grateful as for what we unhesitatingly accept as delights. While we live in this sphere, we live best when we cheerfully submit to all life's demands, no matter how hard they may seem at the time. War has robbed many a household of its dearest treasures during the year just gone, but it has left in their places images and remembrances and holy aspirations such as never dwelt in those households before, but which are calculated to exalt their occupants for the rest of their lives. It is a good deal to be drawn nearer to the upper sphere, by whatever bond.

On this New Year's occasion, we ought all of us to assimilate the results of the year just past, whether sweet or bitter, to our own natures, that they shall become an actual part of ourselves through contemplation and voluntary acceptance, as well as through the less willing processes of an unthought experience. In this way only do we master Nature—by obeying and submitting to her. Let us once frame our thoughts to a determination not to be overcome by the incidents of life, but rather to overcome them, and all will be well.

For all we have a warm greeting on the opening of the year. We wish it may prove a Happy New Year to every one. As a visitor in the Home Circles of the land, the BANNER would bring nothing but the most cheerful looks and the most heartfelt wishes on this occasion. It comes to elevate, to warm, to cheer, to spiritualize. For the year which has just opened its doors to us all, it will labor to be a bearer of good tidings in the highest and truest sense—a friend in reality—a safe counsellor—and a welcome guest. The beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy it will aim to teach in all their purity; so that hungering souls may be fed with meat, after having so long taken up with the dry and unsatisfactory husks which have been thrown at them. May the New Year, in fact, prove indeed a new year to all who would have the earth improved and themselves exalted!

The Removal of Slavery.

That the institution of Slavery has long ago ceased to stand in this country as a political power in the State, nobody presumes to doubt; and that it has been smitten with the hand of death as a prevalent and controlling social and local power, scarcely admits of any more question. Its day is spent; its doom is sealed. So many years it has been a problem and a puzzle to the progressive minds of the nation, and none could see the way out of so dire a perplexity. But the ruling powers above us work according to designs that are inspired as ours are not. Even by indirectness do they compass the higher ends for which national, no less than individual life is projected. Little thought the rebel leaders, when the order was given to flash the first hostile gun in Charleston harbor, that its sullen echo across the waters would the doom which had already fallen upon Slavery. They might have known—for their wiser men had told them of it—that so surely as they stirred a single stone of the governmental arch under whose even-handed protection their peculiar institution remained secure, it was already doomed and destroyed; but their eyes seemed to have been suddenly blinded that they should not see, and their ears to have been stopped that they should not hear.

And 'tis this very faculty of theirs was but a part—and a not inferior part, either—of the providential design. Had they not plunged themselves, voluntarily and rashly, into this red sea of war, it would have continued the same problem as before, to perplex humanitarians and debauch public men, how to get hold of it at all for the purpose of removal. The pretext that alone was wanting, slaveholders themselves furnished to our hands. Blinded, with the frenzy begotten of the habits of their own favorite system, they voluntarily showed the Government the way to its citadel, and gave it the occasion, too, for assaulting it with all the weapons in its control. Since the war broke out, what a change has taken place in the status of the slave in the Southern States! There are nearly a couple of million of the poor creatures, huddled like wild beasts in a corral in the States of Georgia and Alabama, where they must be fed as idle consumers from the storehouse of the rebel Confederacy. A great many more have been driven for safe keeping, like so many cattle, across the Mississippi, and down from the plains of Missouri and Arkansas into Texas.

On the plantations, even in what may yet be called the heart of rebellion, their tenure as permanent occupants of the soil is exceedingly precarious; while through the whole tier of Border States, where hostile armies have alternately driven one another across the plains and valleys and through the mountain passes, the great body of the enslaved blacks are fairly in motion for the speedy attainment of their own freedom. The light has fairly dawned over these portions of our land. In Missouri, they have tasted the bitterness of war for themselves, and will tolerate the presence of that which was the cause of it no longer; both slavery and its rebel abettors must go to the wall. In Delaware, the institution is practically obsolete already. They are seriously proposing the overthrow of the institution in Tennessee and Arkansas, for there the people have been ridden over and mangled beneath the wheels of this car of war, and they are resolved to end its existence forever as a disturbing element in their society. They are much slower in coming to the same conclusion in Kentucky and Maryland, but there they have not been subject to that iron discipline which is proving itself the great missionary of the time.

A recent speech of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, in the Senate of the United States, furnishes peculiarly strong proof of the state of things we have just affirmed. He is one of the two Senators from Maryland. In his speech he alludes to an opinion expressed by himself in

1847, when he said "that slavery was an institution which could not be defended, if the question was whether it should be introduced among us, either upon moral or Christian grounds, and still less upon economical grounds." He referred now to that opinion, given sixteen years ago, as a matter which gave him both cause of pride and satisfaction. He admitted that, in the Slave States, "the people have grown wiser than they were before." And he comes forward himself at this time, a Senator from slaveholding Maryland, to sustain the claim that slaves could be made soldiers by our Government, and that they were free forever after. On that point, his language is so emphatic as to merit quotation:

"It would be a reproach, a blasting reproach, even more acute and bitter than that which the learned Senator's resolution assumes in the case to which the resolution refers, if the United States should use these men for the purpose of putting down the insurrection and maintaining the government in its existence and restoring it to its power, and were then to permit them to be used as slaves thereafter; and I therefore individually have never had a doubt that whenever these slaves are called into the service of the United States, either into its armies or into its navies, and render the service, they are, by the fact of the service, free; and once free, thank God, they can never again be made slaves."

This is a marked advance on what has been the public sentiment of Maryland and the Border States. It has not been such a great while that we of the free North would admit that black soldiers ought to be enlisted at all; but war, and its bitter experiences have wrought a great change with our current opinions on that subject. We all of us used to affirm, and with a great deal of emphasis, too, that when it should be necessary to call in the negro to help us save the Union, we had better let the Union go; for that this was a white man's contest, in which none but men of a white color had any business to be interested. Events have rapidly conspired to modify such a view. A public man like Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of this desirable change. He says, on this subject of slave enlistments, that if Congress has power to employ negroes to repel invasion, it had the same power to employ them to suppress insurrection. In the raising of armies, he affirmed that there was no intimation in regard to color, and black soldiers had always been plentiful in the navy; no constitutional objection had ever been raised to their employment, and none could be.

Now while we are in no sense frantic and frozied in seizing and holding notions, on the subject of slavery or on any other subject, but prefer to await the slower operation of time, which suggests at the same time that it ripens—we are free to admit that the march of events is fast placing this question of slavery out of the controlling reach of those who have hitherto had it at their disposal, and dragging it forth to the light of the world's closer investigation and severer scrutiny. We do not think that, as a local and social institution, it will undergo a sudden and miraculous change, and that a community of four million slaves will at once be transformed into four million capable citizens, self-sustaining and wholly free. But we are not able to shut our eyes, either, to the fact that the collision of arms, undertaken in the interest of slavery, is fast destroying the only props and supports slavery ever had, so that it can never stand again as the same element of the social and political state it once was, the way being thus opened to a change in the system, that will have to obey the same laws of progress to which all other institutions in this age are to be subjected.

Cold Bedrooms.

Every idea given forth by writers of deep thought and great experience, should be duly considered by those of less knowledge. The subject of health is of paramount importance to the welfare of the human race. We are too apt, in the hurry of business pursuits, to overlook the causes which oftentimes produce disease and premature death. Did we pay more attention to what we are too apt to consider little things, we should doubtless be much healthier than we are, and as a consequence, need the physician's advice less.

Much has been written upon the deleterious effects engendered by sleeping in heated rooms; but still we heed not the admonitions of the wise in this respect, and when we awaken with a sick headache, we attribute it to every other cause, but the true one, and resort to medical remedies for its removal. Many persons prefer warm sleeping-rooms, because "it is more comfortable," little dreaming that they are to be more uncomfortable in consequence during the day.

Now we believe that a person accustomed to dress in a room without a fire, and seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. Simply for this reason: The natural heat of the body will speedily render us more comfortably warm than though we slept in a heated apartment, and we shall not be liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dispensed. But 'tis not all; we shall be more robust and far less susceptible to the sudden changes of the atmosphere so prevalent in this climate. We have practiced sleeping in a cold room for many years, and attribute our uniform good health to this cause alone.

Dr. J. T. Gilman, M.D.

This gentleman, whose office is located at room No. 2, Hancock House, (Court Square,) Boston, deserves more than a passing notice. While evidences of remarkable cures by other physicians are given to the public from time to time in the newspapers, the merits of this skillful physician are nearly lost sight of by our community.

Every one is aware that those who practice the healing art should be thoroughly competent to discharge the varied duties incident to such a calling; and they are also well aware that there are many in our midst who are not.

When a man is sick, he is anxious, of course, to recover his waning health as rapidly as possible; and he can in no better way accomplish that desirable end than by employing a skillful physician. Such an one we know is the gentleman whose name heads this article. We speak not thus because he is our friend, but because we consider it a duty we owe suffering humanity. We have seen with our own eyes what his skill has accomplished in severe cases of fever, and would cite several, were we not aware that by so doing we should incur the Doctor's disapprobation. But we can and will cordially recommend him to our citizens as one of the best eclectic physicians in this country.

Poems from the Inner Life.

We issued on Tuesday of last week a large edition of these Poems in book form, and we feel gratified to inform our friends and the friends of Miss Doten, that nearly the whole edition was ordered in less than three days after word. This shows conclusively the appreciation in which these Poems are held by the public, many of them having appeared occasionally in the BANNER. Poe's last poem, "FANSWELL TO EARTH" (never before published) is well worth the price of the book. His brother Masons, especially, will no doubt fully appreciate it.

In consequence of the rapid sale of this work, we have ordered a second edition.

Christmas Remembrance.

"Cousin Benja," in whose warm and genial heart ever vibrates a chord of sympathy with the great world of humanity, intuitively remembered us, while dispensing his Christmas Gifts, as a bag full of choice apples and several elegant wreaths will testify. The laurel and the holly, two of Nature's most beautiful evergreens, intertwine their tendrils as harmoniously as we wish Cousin Benja's life may ever be.

Social Pleasures.

Among the many mistaken ideas of the masses is the one of social pleasures; to which the majority aspire with a feverish avidity; that of itself is proof of their essential worthlessness. If society were organized upon the rightful basis of a just equality, if the distinctions made were those of heart and principles, then indeed it would be worth striving for—this eagerness to obtain admittance to its choice circles, and pure and elevating pleasures, would be worthy of the object. But as it is, there is outside glitter only, and no inner warmth; there is display of meretricious graces, and no heart-offerings of truth, no soul-homage unto goodness. There is a bowing down before cold intellect, heedless of that intellect's favorite bias, whether it be for the world's advancement, or engaged in bitter biting sarcasm against it. Enough that it is intellect, crowned with bays, and applauded of the multitude. Fashion seeks not to penetrate beneath the surface; its criticizing eye judges of externals only. If the apparel be faultlessly correct, in strict accordance with the prevailing mode, what matters it for the state of the mind, the capacity of the spirit? Observe the cool, investigating glances of the ladies, (the fashionable ones) when a new candidate for social reception and honors is presented to their notice; her beauty, her dress, her jewelry is scanned, and the sum total expended on her "getting up" is mentally produced; the gentleman's broadcloth, fine linen, and dainty shirt-studs, or diamond pin, are valued; and thus to externals only, is the favor of society gained. To such homes, who that has a remnant of common sense left, desires to be invited? Who, that respects the beneficence of intellect, would degrade it to the mission of the customary small talk, in vogue among the so-called "select circles?" Who, with a heart yearning for redress of the multiform wrongs of the present, could content himself in an assembly of giddy butterflies and perfumed coxcombs?

And the pleasures of such minds, what are they? Hours of precious, fleeting time are consumed in preparation for the fete, or ball, or stylish party; and when the eventual night arrives, (evening being long past) there is "vanity and vexation of spirit," as the result of so much labor and inconvenience—for, the Argus eyes of society will note the slightest deviation from the established rule, and veto with displeasure all the shortcomings of her aristocratic requirements. In the balls and great parties now in vogue, there is no pleasant relaxation; etiquette, stiff and severe, stands sentinel before the door of every honest emotion, every enthusiastic demonstration. It is not considered polite to manifest feeling; a cold and polished indifference is the *ne plus ultra* of the good breeding of to-day.

Dancing, that healthful exercise, in these gatherings carried to excess; and late suppers, stimulating drinks, and heated rooms, add to the debilitating effects of late hours, and leave their impress on the frame and soul. Lassitude, weariness and disgust follow inevitably upon a "fashionable season"; the pure and moderate enjoyments never pall, nor leave the sting of utter satiety. If, in accordance with Nature's dictates, we were to assemble on the sunny afternoon, in the bounteous summer-time, on some fair spreading lawn, or wild-wood carpeting, and there dance to our heart's content, young men and old, maidens and matrons, children and acquaintances, then, indeed, would there be pleasure, social and elevating in the exercise.

The hospitalities of the table, extended to congenial friends, would be productive of genial influences; pleasant gatherings of young and old around the winter hearth, with a dance to while away a portion of the long winter evenings, would be beneficial and inspiring; worthy of the name of social reunion. But to sing and feast, and trip it "on t'light fantastic too," while sensible people are in bed, is as unwise, in a physical point of view, as it is injurious to mind and morals. Rest is as necessary as action, and should be enjoyed by all, at its appointed time. The wit that sparkles by gas-light, is as evanescent as the beauty that flashes there for awhile, then returns to obscurity, blighted by the artificial glare. Excitement is unwholesome; cheerfulness is heaven-sent; dancing, singing and music, are a portion of the heaven-life. Let us assemble the loved ones of our household, and with them enjoy these simple pleasures.

Credit where Due.

Gen. Burnside is conscientious, whatever criticism may be passed on his military capability. In a speech which he has recently made in Cincinnati, in response to a serenade, he frankly says that he did not claim for himself the credit of the campaign in East Tennessee—that belonged to the private soldiers, non-commissioned officers and officers. He never was associated with an army in which every man seemed more determined to do his whole duty, than was the Army of the Ohio, through all the trying scenes they had passed. During the siege of Knoxville, not a man flinched. Every one did all he could, and neither by look, or word, or deed, gave expression to a possibility of failure. In this unanimity of devotion to the cause was their safety, and out of it came success. When the history of this war shall be fairly written, and its facts fully understood, it will appear that in all the armies and campaigns it has been as he testified it was with the Army of the Ohio in East Tennessee, the honor belonged chiefly to the rank and file. There were as good men serving as private soldiers as any of the officers; and the cases were not few in which the men were better than the officers.

Cora L. V. Scott

Delivered two lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city on Sunday, Dec. 20th, to large audiences. An excellent discourse was given in the afternoon, abounding with wholesome truths, on the commandment to honor and obey parents. All such as travel in crooked paths and make unjust and unreasonable requirements of their children, could but have felt the force of the argument, to say the least.

In the evening, a Committee from the audience gave the subject for the lecture, which was treated with ability and conciseness for a half hour, and then the audience propounded questions which required about three quarters of an hour's time to answer. Each question, however, was promptly answered by the speaker.

Mrs. Cuppy in Dayton, Ohio.

This lady is engaged to speak every Sunday evening in Harmonical Hall, for the present. Our friends there have organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 1/2 o'clock a Conference Meeting is held. Mrs. C. is very much interested in the Lyceum, and has assumed an active part in its management, and is one of the teachers. Her amiable social qualities and goodness of heart admirably fit her for such a position, as she will win the love of all who look to her for instruction.

New Spiritual Bookstore in Philadelphia.

It is with pleasure we announce that Mrs. C. W. HALE purposes immediately establishing a Depot in the city of "Brotherly Love" for the sale of Spiritual books and papers. We understand from reliable authority that she is a lady of much energy of character, and will no doubt do great good in her new vocation. We hope the friends in that quarter will render her all the aid they can, by patronizing her establishment. Further information on the subject will be given in our next.

New Publications.

We have the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January on our table. The contents are various and of the first interest. We mention some of the papers, as follows: An article on Gov. John Winthrop; the Planting of the Apple Tree; a poem by Bryant; House and Home Papers, No. 1, by Mrs. Stowe; Three Cantos of Dante's "Paradiso," translated by Longfellow; External Appearance of Glaciers, by Agassiz; Memorial Postum—a stone set up in Versé by Lowell, to the memory of the brave and gallant Col. Shaw, of the colored regiment of Massachusetts; My Book, by Gail Hamilton; The Minister Plenipotentiary, a capital article by Holmes on the mission of Henry Ward Beecher to England, and worth everybody's perusal; the Beginning of the End, a comprehensive, accurate, racy, and well written paper by that depository of History and General Literature, O. O. Hazewell, furnishing us with an account of what has been accomplished during the last year of the war, and a prophetic view of the closing up of the contest. Besides these, there are book notices, and editorial notes of interest. This number of the Atlantic is a noble one, worthily opening the new year.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This is an exceedingly interesting novel, and is fully up to any of the popular author's previous works, and as a matter of course will be eagerly sought by the reading public. It is printed in Peterson's usual good style, for the low price of twenty-five cents.

THE MASONIC MONTHLY, Vol. 1. Boston: Edward L. Mitchell, 24 Congress street. Price \$2.00 a year; single copy, 20 cents.

This Magazine is devoted to the interests of the Masonic Order. It appears to be ably conducted, and will doubtless be of great service in familiarizing the public with the benefits and beauties of this Social Fraternity. It is very neatly got up, and makes one hundred printed pages. It is a credit to the Order, and deserves their liberal support.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by Edward I. Sears. A. M. September. For sale in Boston, by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. This sterling publication is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. It contains, as usual, lengthy reviews of a large number of works from some of the ablest writers of the present day, penned in a style which at once commands the attention of the scholar, student and general reader, and from which is generally gathered the cream of the whole work.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for January, comes with its freight of fresh literature, in most respects an improvement on what it has furnished during some parts of the year past. It is a vigorous and up-to-the-times number, and promises well for its power in the current literature of the country. The Continental has long been a favorite with us, and we wish its success as a magazine may never fall behind its merits.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January is also crowded with interesting articles and elegant illustrations. It has ever been the aim of its publishers to furnish so great an amount of matter in every department of literature that it should be indispensable to every cultivated American reader; and they have succeeded well in the undertaking, for the magazine now stands at the head of the list.

MADAME DEMOREST'S Quarterly Mirror of Fashions and Journal Du Grand Mode for the winter ending Feb., 1864. This number contains a splendid cloak plate, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings and elegant colored fashion plates, five full-sized patterns, and other valuable novelties.

A Drop of Comfort.

Reader, you have ills of some kind, have you not? I will venture to say that, if a man, you do at times become perplexed or harassed in your affairs, or you discover so much dishonesty in political or business relations that your temper is sometimes soured, and you feel unpleasantly toward yourself and the world in general; or, if a woman, with household and family cares—the causes being too numerous to specify—we know your nerves are often strained to their utmost tension, and your hopes of happiness or beauty in life flicker and almost die out in darkness. There is a panacea for these ills. I will not be selfish and see you and your neighbor suffering for want of this accessible remedy without hinting at its use.

When the soul becomes thus mired in the slime of earth, and murky clouds obscure the heavens, this talisman dissolves the hated bonds and sets the prisoner free. Wouldst know its name? It is a household word—BANNER OF LIGHT.

It is a prayer to God! It is the catholic's saint and intercessor to Higher Powers. You must not put it by to read exclusively on Sundays, and evenings when cares are over and tempers sweetened and toned down by rest, but during the busy turmoil, when tired, outraged Nature will bear no more; then take it up and glance wherever you will, though the quivering nerves for a time forbid concentration of thought, imperceptibly you will be led away by the relations of its many contributors—sometimes wandering with the traveler over our earth-planes; visiting the home-scenes and making the acquaintance of many now tolling for humanity—sometimes being led away from earth, catching glimpses of the great hereafter, until the little present recedes too far to pierce us by its angusties. Thus we rest, and soon come back to toil, refreshed and strengthened for further conflict. A. C. GRAY.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Owing to the large number of letters sent to the lady medium who advertises to answer them, there has been some unavoidable delay of late in returning them to the writers. But they are all safe, and will be mailed each to the proper address as soon as answered; otherwise, the money will be returned. Every letter is numbered, and will be answered in turn, as they come. A letter may not be reached for two weeks, and the time may extend to four, and over.

We have recently received testimony of the reliability of the medium from many who have sent letters for answer, several of which we may make public at some future time. Now we have only room for a brief one. Mr. H. D. Jones, writing from Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 18th, says: "Your medium has answered several letters for myself and friends very satisfactorily."

Social Levee in Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown a few weeks since gave a social entertainment, which was so successful and satisfactory, that they have decided on a second edition of the same. On Tuesday evening, January 5th, a grand Social Levee will be held in the City Hall, on which occasion there will be quite a spiritual feast offered for the mental digestion of our friends. Addresses will be made by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, and probably Miss Lizzie Doten; also short speeches from others, as time will permit; all to be interspersed with good singing. After which, those who delight in dancing will have an opportunity to indulge in that exhilarating amusement. This is sufficient to insure a pleasant time to all.

Blossoms of Our Spring.

Dealers in Spiritual Literature will find it to their advantage to order this book. The Poetry is excellent. We shall notice the work more fully hereafter. In the meantime the reader is referred to the contents, which may be found in the advertisement elsewhere.

**To My Spiritualist Friends.**

I greet you from the town of LaSalle, in Illinois, glad to inform the many kind hearts and generous hands that, aided me in the pursuit of health a year ago, that thanks to the good Father and his guiding angels, I am much better and stronger than when I left the city of Brotherly Love, Incapable at that time of physical or mental exertion, I sought rest of body and of mind. As much as was needed was awarded me in the hospitable homes of the spiritual friends I met with. With recovered energies I am now in search of labor for my pen, and it is to ask at the hands of my near and distant friends the employment I need, that I now address you. The brotherly editors of the Banner of Light, Herald of Progress, and the Progressive Age, with sister Daniel, of the Rising Tide, have always been as liberal toward me as the unparalleled hard times permit; but they cannot afford me the remuneration of past years. Feeling it the duty of every self-reliant and honorable mind to seek for its own career of usefulness in the sphere best adapted to its powers, and having an invincible aversion to the thought of encroaching upon the hospitality of friends or strangers, I ask you to help me to live, to pay for my own shelter and frugal fare.

I propose writing a number of discourses on the Spiritual Philosophy, Dress and Health Reform, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Inalienable Rights of Parity, and True Motherhood, and other kindred subjects bearing upon the vital interests of humanity. In places remote from great cities and towns, unvisited by our speakers, these discourses may fulfill a mission of good. I will answer applications by sending the written lecture, as I do not feel myself adapted for public speaking. Some of the friends can read them, and thus not miss their Sunday services. I will receive in return such compensation as the friends are willing and able to give, making no price for the truths freely bestowed upon me, and demanding only "live" without the fear of privation, or the sense of intrusion upon others.

I claim that all I write is given by impression in my normal state. Hoping my friends will assist me, I ask a speedy response by letter, if this meet your views. Address me at LaSalle, LaSalle Co., Illinois.

Yours ever gratefully and for Truth,  
 CORA WILSON.

**ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.**

We published in our issue of Dec. 19th, on what we considered good authority, an item stating that Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch had received the necessary documents from the Supreme Court of New York, divorcing her from Dr. B. F. Hatch. We have since received from Dr. Hatch a counter statement. He informs us that there is not a word of truth in the information given us, and fears that we have been imposed upon in this matter. In justice to both parties, we therefore desire, so far as we are concerned, that the public suspend judgment until the facts in the case are made manifest, one way or the other.

The Sanitary Fair closed its doors last Monday evening, after an exhibition of one week. Judge Russell, in the closing speech, said they would be able to add at least \$100,000 to the Treasury of the Sanitary Commission, from the proceeds of the Fair. Quite a successful termination for so worthy an object.

In our "Message Department" will be found an interesting communication from the spirit of Caleb M. Dyer, late Elder of the Enfield, N. H., Society of Shakers, who was murdered some time during last summer.

The spirit of Gen. Sam. Houston, of Texas, manifested at our circle on Thursday, Dec. 17th. He left some earnest words for his friends, which, if heeded, will be of lasting benefit to them.

War matters are rather quiet just now. It is enough to know that our armies are being filled up, enlistments, the large bounties offered being the prime inducement for men to enlist. We learn from an officer just arrived from the Potomac army, that the men whose time is nearly up are re-enlisting with a will. Any number from the British Provinces have joined our ranks in the mighty cause of Universal Liberty. So the work goes bravely on.

We had terrible cold weather in this quarter last week—all owing to the Gulf Stream hugging our shore"—"over to the left," says Digby.

The death of Lord Elgin, Governor General of India, on the 20th of November, is confirmed by the latest foreign news.

Gen. Michael Corcoran, of our army in Virginia, died on the 21st of Dec., from injuries received by a fall from his horse.

Commodore Van Brunt, one of the oldest veterans in our naval service, is dead. He was a brave and loyal officer.

Pitt's American Threshing Machine beat all the threshing machines in the Paris exhibition, say the newspapers. But they have a threshing machine in England—so Digby informs us—that can beat Pitt's all to pieces, viz: The one that recently experimented so successfully on Heenan!

There are a class of men in community, who, while poor and dependent on the assistance of their friends, appear affable and kind-hearted; but the moment fortune smiles upon them, they turn the cold shoulder to those very friends, and seek to injure them in every way possible. We pity, but do not condemn such people. They condemn themselves.

"Can man control his own destiny?" was the subject discussed at our Free Circle recently by one of the invisible intelligences. See report on the sixth page of this issue.

"Nearly every evil has its compensation," said a poor soldier the other day, on Digby's sympathizing with him in consequence of his having lost both arms in battle. "How so?" inquired Digby. "Because, you see, having lost my own arms, I am now receiving alms from others."

For a lady to sweep a carpet with her embroidered under-sleeves, would be considered very improper; but to drag the sidewalks with her skirts, seems to be quite genteel. Digby says, "Tread on 'em!"

The murder of Ex-President Comandante of Mexico, has been confirmed.

Farm.—The stock on which we now print the Chronicle and Gazette, costs us \$3.15 per year. Former price, \$1.00. Who says high prices?—*Portsmouth Chronicle.*

According to the late report of the Secretary of the Navy, the per centage of costs and expenses of prize vessels at the various ports, for the year, was as follows: Boston, three per cent.; New York, twelve and a half; Philadelphia, eight; Key West, nine; and Washington, sixteen and one-half. Quite a percentage in favor of the honesty of the Boston officials. Better send all such vessels here.

Colonel Wm. Whittier, who was the oldest member of our in the United States, except Gen. Scott, died at his residence in Cincinnati, on Friday morning, at a very advanced age.

A child four years old, attending the public school in Twenty-Fourth street, New York, was "kept in" recently because she "neglected her studies," and was so frightened that she fainted away and never recovered. The idea of punishing a four-year-old infant for neglecting its studies is preposterous.

We invite the attention of our readers to the lecture on our third page, delivered in this city Dec. 13th, by Cora L. V. Scott, giving a spiritual explanation of the 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th verses of the 11th chapter of John. Also the questions propounded by the audience, and the answers to the same. It was a very interesting discussion, and will well repay a perusal. It was phonographically reported for the Banner. It was phonographically reported for the Banner by Mr. H. W. Parmenter, one of the most expert short-hand reporters in the city.

A German Jew in New York hoarded two hogheads of nickel cents recently for a rise; but owing to their great weight they went down—collar, to the serious damage of his premises. Digby thinks Shylock's operation in cents was not a very profitable or profitable speculation.

W. A. D. Hume, one of the earliest mediums in Springfield, Mass., and now a lecturer, favored us with a call a few days ago, on his way to his old home in Wilbraham. Mr. Hume's address is Cleveland, Ohio, in which State and other Western States he has been laboring three or four years.

Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for the husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing.

**Correspondence in Brief.**

**ANOTHER REMARKABLE MEDIUM.**—Mr. Wm. Church of Springfield, Ill., has at length consented to enter upon public service a portion of his time as a test and demonstrative medium. Mr. C. is one of the best and most remarkable mediums I have met in my long journeys and many years of travel. In select and quiet circles in his presence, tied or not, with the room darkened, relatives and friends, men, women or children make themselves sufficiently tangible to handle or converse with those in the circle, and often give positive proof of their identity. With a fair opportunity I think any candid and intelligent person can be convinced that their deceased friends are present, unless he or she has an omnipotent devil to lay it to.

Mr. C. is a man of small stature, and *Nem senescit*, the presiding spirit, an Indian, of a severe look, and with a hand larger than that of Mr. C.'s, and he walks the room and talks with the guests as familiarly as if he had not cast off his earthly load. These are strange things, but we live in the midst of strange events, and may as well be prepared for stranger ones yet, for there are evidently more things in heaven and earth than our religion has ever taught, or the mind of man ever dreamed of. Mr. Church is visiting the East next summer. If he does, the friends may be on the lookout for many a rich treat in spiritual food.

WARREN CHASE.  
 Decatur, Illinois, Nov. 12, 1863.

**A NOTE FROM MRS. WILSON.**—Mr. Editor: Your issue of Dec. 5th was received from the office this evening, and as usual, everything was laid aside for a nice copy about with the BANNER, which is ever freighted with the richest treasures, moral and spiritual. On the fourth page there is a letter from Mrs. Julia B. Brown, of Prophetstown, Ill., in which she refers to myself. There are some slight mistakes in this letter that I should like to correct. Mrs. Brown was undoubtedly actuated by the kindest and most truthful motives in her statements with regard to myself; but she must have misunderstood me about a number of people who were called in to examine a course of a day to see our spirit-pictures. It was a dozen instead of fifty; and also about the wealth; some one has given her a wrong impression altogether in this respect, for a very moderate competence, acquired during the earth-life of my husband, by our united industry and economy, is all that I can boast of. But as my wants are few and my health good, I have something to spare for the advancement of the Harmonical Philosophy—or, in other words, the cause of Truth. She asserts that I have strong medium powers; this is more than I can justly claim. It is true, I can and do hold converse with the spirits of my husband and children; but my very life is centered in them, and it would be strange if I could not commune with the larger part of myself. I have been so highly favored to obtain spirit likenesses of my husband and children through the mediumship of my husband and child. They are perfect likenesses, to me, and I prize them above all material things. If the editor of the BANNER, or any other good friends should ever stray to Providence, Illinois, the writer of this would take great pleasure in showing them the spirit portraits of our loved ones.

Yours for the truth,  
 MARTHA WILSON.  
 Providence, Ill., Dec. 5, 1863.

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Mrs. Nellie Wittels has been with us since the second Sunday in Nov., and will remain during the present month of December. She commenced with large audiences, and they have increased, until the Court-house, where her lectures are given, is not capacitated to hold much more than one half that come to hear her. She has, up to this time, delivered fourteen lectures, which have awakened a great interest in this city, and will, I believe, do much good. I believe she is the first Spiritualist lecturer who has been able to call together and hold a respectable sized audience for more than one or two lectures, in this city. We have concluded to call a few of our best lecturers here during this winter, hoping thereby to build up a society of free thinkers, who have heretofore been kept subservient to the tyrannical reign of church creeds and popular superstition. F. R. G.

**As the onrout year is fast drawing to a close,** I am reminded that I must forward the needful, or I shall miss the Banner's weekly visits to my humble home. I can do without many of the luxuries of civilization, but I cannot do without that. The many inspiring truths contained within its ample folds are as "a healing balm to my sensitive spirit," which often feels the chilling breeze of opposition from the superstitious bigotry and religious intolerance with which I am surrounded in this benighted portion of "The Empire State."

L. J. FRANKLIN.  
 Howard, Steuben Co., N. Y., Dec. 14, 1863.

I enclose \$2.50 with which to renew my subscription for the BANNER. I do not wish to miss a copy. The children are delighted with the new Department, and are lavish of love and good wishes for Mrs. Wittels for the fine treat she gives them weekly. I am sure we all wish her success in her noble and beautiful undertaking. "A Happy New Year" to her, and to you also Messrs. Publishers. May the blessing of those whose hearts would have grown faint with affliction and sorrow, but for the words of solace and cheer which reached them through your blessed paper, descend in abundant measure upon you. Is the wish of your subscriber.

OLIVER F. BRYKERS.  
 Providence, Bureau Co., Ill., Dec. 11, 1863.

**WHITEWATER, Dec. 18th, 1863.**—The following typographical errors occur in my papers on the "Mutations of the Seasons," recently published in the BANNER, which need correction, viz:

In the fifth line, on third page, article 1, "elements," for "element." In the twenty-fourth line, "portions," for "appearances." In the sixty-ninth line, (art. 2.) third page, "potate" for "potato." In second column, (art. 2.) after "within the parallels of thirty-five to forty-five of north latitude, to north-west," should be north-east. In second column, (art. 2.) the word paramagnetic is misprinted "paramagnetic."

O. H. AMES.

We have been lost without the BANNER, and again renew our subscription, believing that we can in no way so well invest that amount of money. The excitement of Spiritualism has, to a great extent in our pleasant valley, subsided into that peaceful calm that always succeeds a storm. The five-thinking class of our community has become well convinced that the principles set forth in the doctrine of Spiritualism are true and correct, and based on the immutable laws of Nature. We are happy to say that the footprints of Orthodoxy are almost obliterated in our quiet town. There is once in a while one who gropes his way along on the other side of the fence, up to his ears in weeds and tares; but we have strong hopes that they will, in due time, see the error of their ways and strike off into the path of light that leads to true happiness.

Sheehyville, Pa.  
 O. H. AMES.

A friend in one of the General Hospitals for wounded soldiers writes as follows:

"Please accept my acknowledgment of a package of BANNERS received from your office, and my thanks for the same. We have but very little 'spiritual' food, although the demand for it is great. Those papers have already been read by about three hundred men, and are still in circulation. There is scarcely a day that some of our most intelligent soldiers do not come to my room asking for Banners or Herald's; also

questioning me upon the subject of the Harmonical Philosophy. Many have been converted to its happy sentiments.

There are no lecturers here. Why is the true light shut out from our hospitals, where it is so much needed! Can there be no arrangements made to send a speaker to lecture at the different hospitals of each department? Orthodoxy is about as objectionable to many as 'hard tack,' and almost as indigestible."

Success to the light cloud in the distance. May it continue to move over us till all shall catch a glimpse of its glorious truth, and be led to an investigation of its glorious truths. And may the gospel that was once delivered to the saints be again preached on earth, and peace, good will toward humanity haste to chase away the fog of war and devastation at present overshadowing our once happy but misdirected country.

MARIA WEBSTER.  
 Farmington, Mich., Dec. 5, 1863.

**To Correspondents.**

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

We desire our correspondents to distinctly understand that in the future all articles of a personal, antagonistic nature will positively be excluded from our columns. We do not intend that the BANNER shall be a battlefield for belligerents to waste their powder upon.

W. P. DANBY, VT.—Probably soon. We shall announce it as soon as received.

"VERITAS," BOSTON.—Please call at this office when convenient.

W. O. CALHO, ILL.—\$3.50 received.

B. T. JAMESVILLE, WIS.—\$2.50 received.

**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. Address and normal speakers are especially invited. Bro. Shrewsbury, Mrs. W. H. Jones, 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 70 cents a day; fifty cents a day for horse keeping, with grain.

CHARLES WALKER, NATHAN LAMB,  
 D. WILEY, DR. HOLY,  
 B. F. SOUTHGATE, M. E. KENNEDY,  
 E. B. WILLS, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS,  
 THOMAS MIDDLETON, GEO. G. RAYMOND,  
 JOE. E. WILLS, CHARLES BABCOCK.  
 Bridgewater, Vt., Dec. 7, 1863.

**"Joy to the World!"**  
 The introduction of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER  
 To the suffering humanity of this age, has relieved more pain and caused more real joy, than any other one thing that can be named.

**"BALM FOR EVERY WOUND."**  
 OUR FIRST PHYSICIANS USE AND RECOMMEND IT.  
 The Apothecary Bids it Best among the medicines used for, and the wholesale druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the dealers in medicine speak of it in favor; and its reputation as a medicine of great merit and virtue is fully and permanently established.

A few extracts will show the character of nearly every letter we receive.

A. N. WILLIAMS, Parkersburg, Va., one of the oldest and most respectable druggists of Western Virginia writes: "I can say of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, what I could say of many of the medicines of the day. In my trade it is a leading article. I sell largely of it, and it gives entire satisfaction to all. I would not go to account to be without it."

JOHN PARKINS, Druggist, at Athens, Ohio, writes: "I sell considerable of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in this place, and it is well liked and highly commended by all who use it."

Geo. WILLIAMS, Druggist, at Bakersport, Ohio writes: "Perry Davis's Pain Killer is quite generally used by the inhabitants of our town, and is much extolled. I think it is the best medicine I have for the use for which it is recommended."

**GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.**  
 WALTER CURTIS, Esq., an old and very reliable farmer, residing on his farm near Chester, Meigs Co., O., writes: "Your Pain Killer, for Colds or Hoarseness, is an infallible cure. And for all cramp, pain, colic, burns, &c., we find it, in our house, a never-failing panacea." Sw

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

**Nature's Sovereign Remedials!**  
 Eucletic Fluid Compounds, Extracted From Plants.  
 WM. R. PRINCE, Fishkill, N. Y., having devoted his whole life to the study of a basis in PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICAL VIRTUES, has selected fifteen species as the most POSITIVE REMEDIALS FOR DYSPEPSIA, and will guarantee a cure, if the patient has sufficient vitality for recuperation. These medicines are all spiritually magnetized. SCROFULA, eruptions, all tubercular, rheumatic, syphilitic diseases, Leprosy, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Small Pox, Varioloid all Liver Diseases, Tumors, Ulcers, Humors, Bula, Skin Eruptions, the severest Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, and all blood poisons, are cured by these Remedials. CONSUMPTION and all other Lung Diseases; Asthma, Group, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Gout and Rheumatism. UNINHABITABLE, sovereign specific for all Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs. Kidney Disease, Injunctive Diarrhea, Gonor, Gravel, Piles, Strangury; regulates harmoniously all female organic affections and maladies. CANNOT ERADICATE. Two compounds for external and internal application. All these Remedials are sold in \$2 and \$5 bottles. Sent by express, Pamphlets and advice gratis. Jan. 2.

**VERONICA QUINQUEFOLIA!**  
 THIS purifier of the blood ranks next to the Scrofularia. It is a most grateful tonic, and gradually eradicates disease, and causes the blood to "take" more recuperates the system. A stuporous medicine under this name is fabricated in New York, and sent by peddlars throughout the country. None is genuine except obtained from HOBAN & CO., Broadway, New York, or from myself. In bottles, at \$2, \$3 and \$5. Sent by express. Wm. R. PRINCE, Fishkill, N. Y., Jan. 2. Sw

**"STOART" PIANOS.**  
 A FIRST CLASS PIANO, and an other.  
 Full Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass, and all modern improvements. The most durable Piano known. The extraordinary good qualities of these instruments have for a long time been recognized. Nothing has ever been made to equal them in finish, quality of tone, and touch, as is proved by the testimonials of thousands of our best families who have them in use. Those in want of a PIANO, or BROTHER PIANO, of very superior quality, can be supplied from our manufacture, and at a low price.

STOART & MORRIS,  
 Warehouse No. 526 Broadway, New York. Sw Dec. 26

**MRS. L. ELDER.**  
 TRANCE MEDIUM, has removed from 14 Taylor St. to 232 Harrison Avenue, in nearly opposite Florence St. Sw Dec. 26

**Sunday School Class-Book.**  
 BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.  
 THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile mind around him. The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. The usual discount to the trade. For sale at this office. June 14.

**"I STILL LIVE!"**  
 A POEM FOR THE TIMES, BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.  
 This noble work is the result of a long and arduous life. It is a beautiful and touching story, and is the last written by her which has been published in pamphlet form. It makes a volume of 22 pages, and was published by the lamented author, just before her departure to the better land. The Poem is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price, 10 cents; postage free. July 11.

**A Grand Holiday Present!**  
 JUST PUBLISHED,  
 By William White & Co. 159, Washington Street, Boston, Mass.,  
 A SPLENDID VOLUME!  
 ENTITLED,  
**POEMS**  
 FROM  
**THE INNER LIFE!**  
 BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

BOOKSELLERS throughout the Loyal States and the British North American Provinces are hereby notified that the Publishers are ready to receive orders at the usual discount to the trade.

Retail price of the full gilt edition, (got up expressly for the Holidays,) \$1.75; postage free. Retail price of the edition in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents. Dec. 20.

**BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING,**  
 A POETIC WORK,  
 BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE,  
 FROM THE PRESS OF WILLIAM WHITE & CO., (159 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.)  
 IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

Amorita: a National Poem; Vision of Death; The Curse of Empire; A Visit to the Ocean; The Snow; Pot; Loulou; Boddler; Weary; The Second Wife; Heaven; Nutting; I've Been Thinking; The Dedicative; Sleight; Weep; Strango; Love; How She Came; Eversally; Joan D'Arc; Commiseration; A Kope; Spirit-Voices; A Dream; Light; The Three Patriots; Memorial; Why dost Thou Love Me; Leonard; An Indian Legend of the Alleghenies; The Old Bachelor; Bird Musing; Lolo; The Dying Robin; Death of the Year; Lights and Shadows; My Home; On the Sea; An Invocation; The Undeveloped; Life's Passion Story. Price, in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 20 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 30.

**LOVE AND MOKK LOVE!**  
 (OR HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION.)  
 BY GEORGE STEARNS. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and which the Boston Obituist says, "a more unique, racy and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:—

1. Vulgar Concepts of Love.
2. What the Poets say of Love.
3. Scientific Principles of Love.
4. Characteristics of Mook & Mook to Marry.
5. Rationale of True Love.
6. The Pathology of Love's Proclivities.
7. Parity of Courtship.
8. Guide to Conjugial Harmony.
9. Guide to Conjugial Harmony.
10. Wedding Without Wooing.

**THE MISTAKE OF OBSESSIDOM!**  
 (OR JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.) BY GEORGE STEARNS. "The Truth shall make you free." Price, \$1; postage, 20 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 18.

**DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.**  
 A SURE CURE  
 For those distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to pre-pay postage. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. Sw Dec. 10.

**THE WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE.**  
 ALSO,  
**TOM CLARK AND HIS WIFE,**  
 THEIR double Dreams and the Curious Things that befel them Therein; or, The Rosicrucian's Story. By Dr. F. R. BARDOLPH, author of "Pre-Admited Man," "Dealings with the Dead," "Isn't All Right," "The Unveiling of Spiritism," &c., &c. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 19.

**THE ROSICRUCIAN'S STORY;**  
 OR THE  
**LITTLE WINDOW AT THE FOOT OF THE BED,**  
 AND THE  
 Very Strange Things that Came Through It.  
 BY DR. F. R. BARDOLPH.  
 Price, 25 cents; postage, 4 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 19.

**A USEFUL BOOK.**  
 FRAGS AND IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR YOUNG MEN: BY S. B. BROWN, M. D. Price, 12 cents; postage free. For sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Dec. 12.

**1000 AGENTS WANTED!**  
 A GOOD reliable Agent wanted in every town, to take the entire control, for his neighborhood, of one of the best and most profitable articles ever presented to the public. The right man will make from \$10 to \$20 a week, and never having failed in a single case. Address JACOB LEWIS & CO., 85 and 84 Nassau St., New York. Sw Dec. 15.

**Western Depot for Spiritual Books!**  
 (FIRST DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE.)  
 A GENROY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and all other Spiritual Publications.  
 NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY, &c. supplied to Western News Dealers at the lowest prices.  
 Address, TALLMADGE & CO., Box 2922, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.  
 Dec. 5.

**A. I. PENN, M. D.,**  
 No. 148 ALBANY STREET, - - BOSTON,  
 GIVES SPECIAL ATTENTION TO Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Diseases of the Lungs. Charges reasonable, and examination and prescription free to those who are unable to pay.  
 Office Hours from 2 to 4 P. M. Sw Dec. 5.

**CHICAGO INFIRMARY**  
 AND  
**HEALING INSTITUTE**  
 No. 139 South Wacker st., cor. of West Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.  
 N. B.—Treat the MADISON STREET CLARK FOR THE CONSUMPTION OF RUGER STREET, near 81-83 SOUTH SOUTH.  
 WHERE afflicted and suffering humanity are clairvoyantly examined and Medically, Electrically and Magnetically treated for all diseases to which the human system is heir, of both chronic and acute form. We in a special manner invite the attention of ladies who have Chronic Difficulties peculiar to the sex, such as Private Weakness, Heart Disease, Nourishment, Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, &c., &c., to our Female Physician, MRS. JENNY DUTTON, Clairvoyant.  
 N. B.—Examination Free \$1. City or transient patients accommodated with board and treatment at this Institute.  
 N. B.—Medicines prepared and forwarded by express to transient patients. After one examination. We visit personally all the afflicted, when called, at their homes.  
 Address: P. O. Box 4667. Sm L. BASCOM & Co., Nov. 21.

**TRUSSES, ELASTIC HOSE, &c.**  
 PREPARED a complete assortment of articles intended for the exclusive use of the Medical and Dental Professions, and for the relief of the afflicted. The following articles suited to the wants of the general public.

**TRUSSEES.**  
 WHITE'S SPRING LEVER TRUSS, and every desirable style of the best patterns. Also, Spinal and Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder and Pelvic Trusses, Elastic Hose, for varicose veins, swollen or weak joints. Of Elastic Hose we have several grades of Silk and Cotton at corresponding prices. Directions for measurement of Trusses and Supporters. Also, SYRINGES of every description, Breast Pumps, Hearing Trumpets, Conversation Tubes, and Auricles for the Deaf. CRUTCHES of best pattern, Rubber Insoles to wear on the iron day or night for males and females. Gaiters, &c., &c.  
 GUNNAY & SHURTLEFF,  
 15 TOWNSEND ST., BOSTON.  
 MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS, GROCERY Dec. 20.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
**"PECULIAR."**  
 A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL,  
 BY EPES BARGENT.

A NOVEL of rare power in respect to plot, characters and style, entitled, "Peculiar." The materials have been supplied in the testimony of Gen Butler, Gov. Shepley, the Provost Marshal, and others, in regard to certain social developments consequent upon the occupation of New Orleans by the United States forces. In his treatment of these thrilling and extraordinary facts, the author has exhibited at once a delicacy and a boldness that commands admiration.

The enthusiasm of the few to whom "Peculiar" has been submitted, has a ring of genuineness which cannot be mistaken. "I scruple," writes one, "to say all I think about it, lest I should seem extravagant. I have so wept and laughed over it, that I could not criticize it if I would. It is in truth a most charming book. Few novels can I name in which the interest is so early excited, and so absorbingly kept up to the end."

"I wish," writes another, "every woman in the land could read 'Peculiar'; for it is a work that goes home to the feminine heart, and eloquently interprets much that has never before been so well expressed. The book has all the elements of a large and striking success."

"Peculiar" gets its name from one of the characters, who has been named, by his whimsical master, *Peculiar Institution*.

"... This is eminently a book for reading aloud; so spirited and foible, so elegant and natural in the style; so clearly delineated and grouped around the characters; so throbbing with vitality and interest in the whole wonderful story. Read the interview at the White House, in which the President appears; the scene in which Mr. Jefferson Davis is photographed; the scene at Mr. Pompllard's; the vendue at New Orleans, at once so humorous and pathetic; those inimitable scenes at the St. Charles Hotel, in which George Sanders and Senator Wigfall gloriously figure; the steamboat scene on the Mississippi; and that unparalleled story of Estelle—which we will supply any one with heart of flesh to read without tears."

"We have rarely read a novel so startlingly bold, and yet so gentle; so truthful, and yet so tender; so glowing with unflagging interest as a story, and at the same time so vivid and overflowing with ideas. The scene lies half in New York and half in New Orleans."

"Peculiar" forms an elegantly-printed 12mo of 500 pages; so spirited and foible, so elegant and natural in the style; so clearly delineated and grouped around the characters; so throbbing with vitality and interest in the whole wonderful story. Read the interview at the White House, in which the President appears; the scene in which Mr. Jefferson Davis is photographed; the scene at Mr. Pompllard's; the vendue at New Orleans, at once so humorous and pathetic; those inimitable scenes at the St. Charles Hotel, in which George Sanders and Senator Wigfall gloriously figure; the steamboat scene on the Mississippi; and that unparalleled story of Estelle—which we will supply any one with heart of flesh to read without tears."

In addition to these features of rare attraction, we need but remind our readers that this work is bold and strong for Spiritualism. The eminent author leaves no doubt as to his views. EVERY SPIRITUALIST SHOULD READ IT. That it will form an important instrument in calling increased attention to the Spiritual movement, no intelligent reader will fail to perceive. It should lie upon the table of every progressive family.

One beautiful 12mo, 504 pages, cloth bound. Price, \$1.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price.  
 Dec. 5. Address, "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

**HOME'S NEW BOOK.**

**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,**  
 Recently published from the advance English edition, is meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in

**THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS**

OF  
**D. D. HOME,**  
 THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM,  
 ENTITLED,  
**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,**  
 With an Introduction by  
**JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.**  
 ONE ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND CLOTH-BOUND 12mo. PRICE, \$1.25.

- CONTENTS:**
- Introduction.
  - Chapter 1.—Early Life:

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the spirit of the person whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of a medium.

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

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, Nov. 22.—Invocation: Question—“When a Spirit leaves its natural body, how does it take on the spirit-body, as from whence is that body derived?”

Tuesday, Nov. 23.—Invocation: “Where people remain unconscious for a thousand years, is the cause constitutional, or acquired, or both?”

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: “The unconsciousness of spirits.”

Thursday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: “Questions and Answers about the Spirits who control at the present time, Margaret W. Warren, of South Berwick, Maine, to the step-mother of her child, Calvin Gibson, of Richmond, Va., to his wife and to Richard Crane.”

Friday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: “Questions and Answers;”

Saturday, Nov. 27.—Invocation: “The Vision in Judge Edmonds's Book.”

Sunday, Nov. 28.—Invocation: “Spiritual Advancement in the Arts and Sciences.”

Invocation.

Our Father, thy smile beams in upon us through the darkness of the eternal world. There are no clouds dense enough to hide thy face, no raindrops with power enough to extinguish the fires of thy love, for thou hast kindled these fires upon the altar of our being, and ever since the morning stars sang their first song, these fires have burned, and will continue to burn through all eternity.

Can Man Control his own Destiny? SPIRIT.—What subject will the friends offer for brief consideration?

Q.—Can a man control his own destiny? If so, how? A.—“Can a man control his own destiny? If so, how?”

Q.—Can a man control his own destiny? If so, how? A.—It is contended by a certain class of minds who believe in the doctrine of fore-ordination, or pre-destination of all things, that we can have no control over our destiny; that there is a superior influence guiding us; that we are ever controlled by forces we cannot govern.

Again, another class of minds take the opposite extreme, which is to be held accountable for every act which takes place in our human experience; that at a certain period of time we are to be called before an infinitely wise Judge—which time they are pleased to term the resurrection day—and are to be held responsible for all acts committed while in the body.

Now when spiritually understood, this platform is a very good one to stand upon; but when we attempt to stand upon it and try to work out our human experiences, we find it is continually trembling beneath our feet.

We believe that to a certain extent you have the power to control your destiny, for we believe that you are endowed with a certain degree of what we shall term God-power. We believe, in other words, that you are all miniature gods, and if you are, certainly you have a degree of power with which to control destiny.

Now we believe that ignorance is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the theory of fore-ordination. Because we are ignorant of the power God has invested in us, we are apt to believe we have none at all.

In order to know how far we are to control our destiny, as individuals, we must first understand what God-power is, and how much power the Great Infinite has conferred upon us. This may be considered a very difficult problem to solve. Is it not? We have only to compare notes with the universe to learn what power we have.

“How shall a man control his own destiny?” How

did a Franklin perseverer in his electrical investigations? Did he stand still and expect the elements to serve him when he made no effort himself? Certainly he did not, or he would never have given to the world of science such grand results as he did.

Your strength, your power, as spirits divine, is unlimited. You look at the mysteries of to-day, and you say, “Oh, it is impossible for me to understand this or that mystery,” but when you really strive to do so, the darkness passes away, and light is given you.

Q.—What course of training is the best adapted to enable a man to control his own destiny? A.—Make use of all the means offered in your day and generation. It is impossible to enumerate them, for they are legion.

Q.—Does not the formation of the brain control man's destiny? A.—It does to a considerable degree.

Q.—How can the formation of the brain be altered after maturity? A.—By cultivating and stimulating those organs that are dormant and inactive, and suppressing those that are too active.

Q.—How can persons see themselves dearly enough to know when it is necessary for them to do this? A.—You have only to compare notes with Nature. Read Nature in her outer volume, then turn and compare what you read there with your inner self.

Q.—Can all persons become mediums? A.—Yes, to a certain extent. If your bodies are mediums for your own spirits, they may be, to a certain extent, for any other spirit.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

Q.—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits? A.—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate.

not sorry that I lived as I did. I return with no regrets for the course I took when on earth, but I rather thank God for the blessed light which I was permitted to enjoy for long years.

I am aware, friends, that you of the world look upon us with a feeling of distrust; but allow me to say, before God and my own soul, that there is no need of it. I know we strive to do our duty humbly before God.

I would be very glad to speak with that individual who has succeeded me in the eldership of the family I was located when upon the earth.

Oh, I hope I shall not fall to do that work which the Father has entrusted to me. I will make an earnest appeal in behalf of the poor benighted soul who is now awaiting sentence.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourns my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them.

who are highly developed, whose mediumistic powers are grand and beautiful, who have lived very low in the moral scale. When we have seen this, we have paused in wonder to behold the depths of immorality in which such highly developed mediums seem to live, when out of the trance state.

Q.—Why do those who die suddenly awake to consciousness first? A.—We are not sure that this is the case. On the contrary, we are quite positive that in those cases where individuals are suddenly deprived of their physical bodies, they remain in a state of stupor for a great length of time.

Q.—But many who are killed in war return here very quickly. A.—The rule which may apply to a few individuals, cannot and does not apply to all. You might now be suddenly struck down by the angel, Death, while in the full enjoyment of earthly life; and yet, by virtue of your own inherent tendencies toward that life, you might, as a disembodied spirit, so soon awake to consciousness as to be able to return here within a few hours; while another, perhaps one at your side, might pass to the spirit-world at the same moment, and yet might remain slumbering for a thousand years.

Q.—Do you mean to say for a thousand years? A.—We do, certainly. Q.—That's a long time. A.—Yes, according to your human standard of time, it is very long. We speak with reference to your definition of time when we say a thousand years, not to ours.

Q.—Is it made to appear to them a thousand years? A.—They are generally made aware of that fact, but on their first awaking to consciousness or life, it finds them precisely where it left them.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Q.—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awaking to consciousness? A.—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time.

Now a word to my son—my youngest boy, here in your country. Oh, my son, you have been kindly cared for by the American Government. I charge you to do all in your power to battle for the right. And if your own right arm is needed to do this, give it, and give it willingly.

I am dead, you say; but Nature says I am alive. I know there is a strange contradiction between Nature and human education. Now come and talk with Nature, and set human education on one side. Get a good medium, and let me come and talk with you, and if I do not prove myself to you beyond the shadow of a doubt, then you may turn to education for strength and support, and set Nature aside. Farewell. Nov. 10.

Catharine Tilson. I hoped to be able to send some intelligence to my mother and brothers, living in New York State. I died at Galesburg, Georgia, on the 7th day of September last.

I was married seventeen years ago, and lived here at the North near one year after marriage; the rest of the time I passed at the South. My husband entered the service early in the rebellion. At first I was able to correspond with my friends, but after awhile I was not able to correspond with my friends at the North at all.

My name before marriage was Crafts—Catharine Crafts. After marriage, Tilson—Catharine Tilson. I wrote to my mother while I was sick; but from what I can learn since my death, she never received it. I've also learned of her sending letters to me that never reached me.

I wish to tell her that when Albert died, there was scarce enough in the house for me to live upon a single month. But I managed to live until death claimed me, which was not long, and I said then, “I would to God that we could all die.” But my youngest is left.

I had thought that perhaps by coming here my brother William would go to our home and take the child. There's not much to settle there. It is easily done. How do you send our letters? [We publish them in a paper.] Yes, yes, and we have to wait, I suppose, till it reaches our friends. [Is your mother in New York?] My mother is at Auburn, New York—yes. [Then she will undoubtedly receive our paper without delay.] Yes; thanks. Nov. 10.

Walter Emanuel. I feel myself very strange here, Capt'n. [Do you?] Yes, sir. This is Boston, I suppose? [Yes.] I never tried this before. I do not know much about talking this way, but I got folks here in Boston I like to speak with if I could. [You can do so.] My name was Walter Emanuel. I belonged to the 54th Massachusetts Regiment. I lived right down here, sir, in Cambridge street. I suppose you know where that is? [Yes.]

When I was dead about six weeks, I learn about this coming back. Now I do not know much about it, anyway, but I expect to learn more about it as soon as I get roused all up, Capt'n. I was very glad, for I could come here and speak, I was very glad, for I thought that would suit me nice, Capt'n, because I was so near home. I'd like very well to go home and talk awhile. [We can't allow you to take our medium's body.] I was told by my teachers that I could come and speak to my folks, but with truth. I can't say great things like many who come here, but I can tell you the truth.

Now the most what I'd like to say is, I want to let my folks know that I can go home and talk with them if they'll let me. White folks is very good to talk to, but you know folks that was black when they were on the earth. Likes to talk to black folks when they comes back. You do not make any difference between black and white. [None.] You let us come as well as any white man. You know we've been put down a good deal by the white man if we go anywhere's, we can't get into the best seats like the white man. We have the very worst seats in the house. We feel very bad about it, but the time is coming when black folks will have all the help they need, and I bless God for that, though I ain't got any folks but what are able to take care of themselves; yet there are plenty others that want help, and I'm glad they're going to get it, too.

I wanted to help the black man get his freedom; but I could not. The truth is, the white man was determined to keep the black man his slave; but God did not mean he should. I beg your pardon, Capt'n, for talking this way in the presence of white folks; but you know, Capt'n, as well as I know, that this is so. Capt'n, if I was here in my own body, I do not know but that I might serve you some way. I'd have you as nice as the next one. [Could you?] That was my trade.

Well, I'll tell my folks I want to come home and speak this way. [They'll give you an opportunity, I guess.] I hope so. They ain't so much bigoted and prejudiced as some folks on your earth are, but then you know they got the idea in their heads about this ere shutting down things after you die, so they won't think of my ever coming back again. Shall I say to them I am happy, and find myself off just as well as when I was here on the earth—only I have not my old body? [If you choose to.]

I suppose I was, as high as I can tell, about twenty-nine years old, and lived in Boston. [Where did you work?] Oh, down on Cambridge street. You see my sign, W. Emanuel. It's not there now, because I left Boston with the 54th Regiment. [Then you were at Morris Island?] Yes, sir, I was. Oh, that was a lively fight, sir. I like to be in it now. I'd have another body to use. I lose it that way just as quick! I'd show you that the black man could fight as well as the white man. [Did you get inside the Fort?] I did not myself; but it was not because I did not want to, but because I was wounded too early. Ah, it's nice; I tell you it is more fun than there is in anything else. Good-by, sir. Nov. 10.

Wishes. How many sick ones; Wish they were healthy; How many beggar men; Wish they were wealthy; How many ugly ones; Wish they were pretty; How many stupid ones; Wish they were witty; How many bachelors; Wish they were married; How many Benefits; Wish they had tarried; Single or double; Life's full of trouble; Riches are stable; Cleopatra's bubble.

The women of Belchertown, Mass., have aroused the men to action, and there is quite a temperance revival in that place.

Evelyn Knox.

I died last January, and was nine years old. My name was Evelyn Knox, and I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. My father is at the South. My mother is in Brooklyn. I have two sisters, and my brother is in New York City, keeping books. My sisters are at home. I thought if I should come here and send a line to my mother, that she might let me come home, instead of coming here, or anywhere else.

I was sick with the fever and sore throat. I died on the fourteenth day after I was taken sick. I—I wish my mother would ask me to come home. I do not like to come here among strangers.

I do not know what else I shall give to make my mother know me, except I tell about my hand. It was deformed. I had not only two fingers on the left hand, and they had no nails on them; and when I was dead, they covered the hand with flowers, so it was not seen, because my mother knew I did not like to have it seen. I was there and see them do it.

Do you remember what part of Brooklyn you lived in? Yes, sir: Myrtle street. I'm dead now; I do not live there now. [You mean when you were on earth.] Oh yes—with my body.

Give my love to my father, too. [Is he in the army?] No, sir; he is not in New Orleans now. He has been there, was there before I died, but he is not there now. I do not know the name of the place he is in, but it's not New Orleans.

[Why don't you call on your mother, at Brooklyn?] I did. Because there isn't any medium there it won't do any good. I do not like to go home when she can't see me, and don't know I'm there. I want her to get somebody and take home, then I can come. It won't do any good to go home unless I have some one to talk through. [Can't you make her know you by going home?] No, sir; I can only make her think of me; that's no satisfaction to me.

My grandfather said if I would come and send a letter from here, she'd very likely invite me home. My grandfather was a baker, and says, perhaps something about him will help me. He died by accident, when my mother was a little girl, but old enough to remember him well. Something fell on his head in the bakery, and caused a trouble, of which he died in a few days. Tell my mother he knew me as soon as I come to the spirit-world, but of course I did not know him until he told me who he was. I'm going now. Nov. 17.

Oh life, as we turn the leaves of thy volume, we stop over and anon ask, What next? what new revelation hast thou to offer to the human soul? Oh life, the past has been filled with blessings; the present is filled, also, with blessings, and what are we to expect in the future? That thou wilt continue to bless us? Oh life, we are certain, notwithstanding the clouds are heavy in the horizon, and the human soul seems to have lost sight at times of the great Infinite Spirit of Love; yet the clouds we know are blessings in disguise. Midnight is but the harbinger of morning, and all these seeming evils are but watch-dogs that shall herald in the morning of a brighter day. Oh life, in our great desire to penetrate thy future and our future, we must continually ask, what next? We find ourselves in the midst of action, heard of action, everywhere we turn, for thy voice is heard calling all thy creatures higher and still higher in the scale of human goodness and wisdom, and progress seems written on all things. Oh life, what though we do stretch out our hands and our spirit senses unto the future? What though we strive to comprehend thee and thy works? What though we curse us, and cease to bless us? Nay, say, for oh life, even as thou hast endowed us with power to penetrate the future, we know that power's for our use. And so we ask, to-day and forever, what next? Nov. 10.

The Resurrection of Spirits, etc. SPIRIT.—Have the friends any subject to propose? If so, we are now ready to hear it, at least.

SPIRIT.—Please state some particulars of the resurrection of spirits—their first looks, notions, etc., at their new birth, and of their first reception and teachings.

It would be impossible to convey any positive conception to you, while you dwell in the flesh, of the condition you seek to know about. It would be impossible to describe to you the condition of the spirit



WHEN THIS BATTLE-LIFE IS OVER.

In a new and an interesting little volume now in press by Uriah Clark, he has the following parody on "When this cruel war is over," which will be read and sung with subdued joy by thousands of sad and loving souls:

Brothers, sisters, we remember Friends and loved ones gone, Some on earth, some in heaven shining, Bright as heaven's dome; While hither yet we are roaming, Sometimes lone and sad, Hoping yet, and loving, trusting, Trusting Father God.

Sometimes sad and lonely, Hoping ne'er in vain, Yet knowing, when this battle-life is over, Knowing all shall meet again. When the summer breeze is hymning Woodland tops among, Or when autumn leaves are falling, Sweetly breathes the song Of the loved ones, absent, roaming O'er life's battle plain.

Or in glory, singing, shining, 'Tis this world of pain. Brothers, sisters, friends and lovers, Oh, how dear to know Scenes nor times can ever change us, Never change the true. Soul to soul speaks holy comfort, Thought to thought, like light, Flashing tidings of life's battle Over darkest night.

God and duty loud are calling; Some have gone before; Let us each be up and fighting, Like the sons of yore. Strike for Right, for God and Liberty! Dash each tear aside; Loved ones here and loved ones yonder Stand all side by side.

Sometimes sad and lonely, Hoping ne'er in vain, Yet knowing, when this battle-life is over, Knowing all shall meet again.

From the Lion on Spiritual Magazine.

A Sign of the Times in England.

An extremely visible change has come over the Press in this country within the last six months. Frantic as was the outbreak on the publication of Incidents of My Life and the History of the Supernatural, and reckless as were the expressions of anger and feigned contempt on the part of the reviews and newspapers, a wonderful calm has now fallen on them, and those journals which have taken time to think, have made many and large concessions to the spiritual principle. We need not recapitulate these cases, they are sufficiently known to our readers; but we may note briefly the last appearance of this kind. This is on the part of the organ of the Methodist body, the London Quarterly Review, which has devoted nearly fifty pages to prove that Spiritualism is, and is not, as it had rather that it was not. It goes to work with an air of great candor, but nevertheless digs at the foundations of the spirit theory with a sly tenacity. It makes no question about the facts recorded in all ages, and especially in our own. It admits that it would be a folly and a madness to call them in question. It has watched the troop of the learned who had already made their displays on this subject, and profited by their folly. One had strongly recommended a committee of the scientific to determine whether the thing were or not; another, with haggard looks and hurried words, not only declared that the thing did live, but was about to spring upon them; a third thought it was no living creature, but only a property of matter; a fourth thought it might be alive, but would soon die out; a fifth, that it was dead already; a sixth, a very long-headed fellow, put a lemon to his nose and declared that it was an epidemic; and a seventh that it was a very odd thing that it had frightened so many mighty editors, and therefore, it must be the great Old One itself.

All this appears very contemptible to the London Quarterly. As for ghosts, it claims them as old friends of John Wesley's, and claps them on the back with a "Well, old boys, here you are again!" It deals on them, and introduces fresh ones to their acquaintance; but yet, after all, it would fain persuade itself that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are not the work of ghosts or spirits, which are the same thing. It would rather have them to be magnetism or zoëmagnetism, forgetting that this principle was the other day as violently rejected as Spiritualism is now, and that it is so yet by a large public. Forgetting that the few rounds of the ladder of belief that it has got upon, are yet denied by others to be in the ladder at all. Forgetting that in admitting the facts it has admitted the spirits as the agents of them; for no part of the facts are more palpably proved than the agency of spirits in these manifestations. Spiritualists do not reason upon this point, because they know it, and can any day bring volumes of proofs of such facts, followed by such a host of living witnesses as would put them and the whole army of skeptics out of any court in the three kingdoms. We must regard it as very unkind in the London Quarterly, toward its friends the ghosts; after having endorsed their reality and respectability, to refuse to admit them to séances. And when they venture to leave their old ruinous castles, and haunted houses; to warm themselves by Christian firesides, to insult them by denying their entity, and nicknaming them magnetism or zoëmagnetism. Does it not know that on all occasions at these séances they insist and persist in asserting that they are spirits? Now if they had denied regularly that they were spirits, and claimed to be od, or magnetism, or the like, would not the London Quarterly, and every other London journal have most kindly and politely admitted their right to name themselves as they thought proper? Undoubtedly they would; most gladly they would. Why, then, this reluctance to admit them to be what they uniformly say they are? There must be a reason for this reluctance on the part of the men of letters, if they would obligingly tell us what it is.

But, in truth, the literary and religious worlds are already reduced to a dilemma. They say as plainly as possible:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath and infinite despair? The conviction of the truth is bursting upon them, and they cling convulsively to every twig of sophism, which they hope may delay awhile their fall into open confession. The great Methodist organ admits that numbers of Athelists and Delists may have been converted to Christianity through Spiritualism; but then it says, "Men are so much more easily converted by visions than by arguments. If the Methodist writers really think this is true, would it not be desirable that they should earnestly recommend all their preachers to lay aside their pulp arguments, and pray for visions? Let them recollect that St. Paul was converted by a vision. Whatever means are found the most effectual for men's salvation, it behooves Christian ministers instantly and energetically to adopt. It is a sacred and indispensable duty."

Now we do not hear of any of their mighty host of preachers converting Athelists and Delists by "the foolishness of preaching;" but men must be saved, and if "visions" will save them, by all means let visions be adopted. Like St. Paul, let them "be all

things to all men, so that they may save some." This is our view of the matter, and we think it is a Christian view. But let it be clearly understood, that the employment of visions is not our idea, but that of the London Quarterly. The Athelists and Delists to whom the "History of the Supernatural" alluded, were not converted by either arguments or visions, but by plain and simple facts. These facts the Methodist Quarterly thinks poor and mean facts; and that if Spiritualism is to be judged by its facts, "it is lost." But surely facts that convert Athelists when the preachers' arguments cannot do it, must be infinitely less mean and poor than the arguments. And facts that reassure souls in the faith of their own immortality; which reconstruct the mere breath of air residing in the brain, or the heart, or somewhere to which the Orthodox religions had reduced it, into the real, complete, and undying man, of which the body is but the covering, as a glove is of the hand; which brings the future world of the race palpably before the soul, with its mountains, seas, and cities; a magnificent fact, and no longer a misty idea to be obtained, after ages of lying in the damp, senseless grave; the facts and doctrines that demonstrate that world as a world of progress in purity and felicity to those who desire progress, instead of a world of useless and senseless eternal damnation; facts which commission the departed to bring to us tidings of re-union with them and with God; these are facts infinitely more noble, and more consolatory; more partaking of the Divine and glorious nature of Christianity, than the flat and repulsive doctrines which have destroyed in the soul the vitality and substance of the hope of salvation, and driven countless thousands into the remorseless regions of Materialism.

The Methodist Quarterly, casting about for something to weaken, if but for a moment, the effect of "The History of the Supernatural," at one instant represents its author as a Friend, on the principle that an old frog must still be a tadpole, because it was so twenty years ago; and at another instant, that he must have turned Papist—the author of the History of Priestcraft turned Papist, because he accuses Protestantism of having destroyed all faith in the spiritual, which it admits to be a fact, and on the same showing must itself be Papist too.

All these are miserable displays on the part of the Orthodox, whether of Church or Dissent; but grand testimonies to Spiritualism. This very organ of Methodism declares that a change has become obvious in the public mind; that the stolid and petrified infidelity of the last and present age, is fast breaking up; that there is a rapid return to belief in the invisible. What has produced this? That despised and foolish Spiritualism, with its tables, and raps, and spirits, and a few things besides; such as good writing and fine spiritual drawings, and useful inventions, by-the-by, such as they will bear of anon. These, like the fool leanness of preaching to the Jews and Greeks, are, as the enemies are compelled to confess, turning this old infidel and earthly world upside down. The entire race of the learned, the scientific and the theologian, feel that the whole scaffolding of their fabric of sacrilegious is giving way. In vain they run distractedly hither and thither, propping and tying, shoring up and holding on—it is going, going, slipping irretrievably down with them and beneath them, and great will be the fall thereof. W. H.

Gospel of Charity.

At the meeting on Monday evening, Dec. 21st, the subject was—"To return kindness for unkindness."

DR. CHILD.—It is always better to treat others with kindness. If others offend, be kind to them by forgiving them. Who does not love kind treatment? And who is there that is unmoved by kindness? Kindness is a great power, by which humanity may be moved to great effects in goodness. Kindness produces and invigorates goodness—unkindness produces and invigorates what we hate. We must meet kindness before we can act it. Kindness is mighty for success—unkindness is mighty for failures.

JUDOR LADD.—The spirit of kindness is the general good that belongs to the soul. It is the smile of human nature. The way to acquire good will and kindness is to cultivate in ourselves uniformity of character. There is an expression with those who are kind. A lost child in a strange city, will perhaps pass many persons before he instinctively asks the kindest person to tell him of his lost way. This precept does not interfere with the exercise of justice.

MR. LEONARD.—(A very old and good man.)—He had lived a great many years, and had learned by experience that there was nothing so powerful as kindness. A great many years ago he had lent money to poor people who have since gone to the spirit-world without being able to pay him. All these spirits have manifested to him, and have expressed great gratitude for his kindness, and a willingness to do anything in their power to aid his spiritual progress. Thus he claimed that he had been ten times rewarded for all the kindness he had shown by lending money to the poor. There is nothing like kindness. Nothing will subdue an enemy so quick as kindness.

MR. GILES.—The first precept, and this is among the precepts that have been under consideration before this Society, I fully accept. It is not the meaning of this precept to return kindness for kindness, for this is natural and easy for us to do; but it means as it reads, to return kindness for unkindness; this requires effort. Kindness applies to human beings, not to things. Kindness belongs to man's falser, holier, diviner nature. Unkindness belongs to man's lower faculties. The influence of unkindness is from below; the influence of kindness is from above. So far as happiness is above unhappiness—so far as beauty is above deformity, so far is kindness above unkindness.

Mrs. CHAPPELL.—The first question that the people will ask, Shall we get our pay for being kind to those who are unkind? Yes. Whoever can do this, shall reflect light and love on all around. Let us learn that to return kindness for unkindness in others, is being kind to ourselves. It is a good precept to give good for evil. Kindness has power to do many things that now are not done—to heal the sick, cast out devils, banish evil, and produce harmony everywhere. Kindness is a twin sister of Music—the two shall lull the turbulent world to harmony.

MR. PARKER.—No one can deny the virtue of this precept. It is good in infancy, in childhood and in manhood. Nature is kind all through her various works, and there is a demand upon us at all times to be kind to one another. Heaven demands the fulfillment of this precept at our hands.

MR. CLARK.—We all pride ourselves in maintaining our own dignity. This often makes us combative, and is fruitful in unkindness. Let us return kindness for unkindness, not because we expect a reward in return, but because the act is a reward to us. Virtue is its own reward. We all need kindness every day and every hour; so let us give it all the time, every day and every hour. There is no human being that will not give a kind response to a kind appeal.

MISS DORR.—The exercise of kindness requires great discrimination. She asked if it would be right to allow the Southerners to have their way in all things? Different persons have different ideas of kindness, the same as they have different conceptions of God. Sincere, genuine, generous kindness, that gives good for evil, is like the warm sunshine that melts down all the icy barriers to goodness. He who entrenches himself in real, true kindness, finds himself in a fortification better than Sumter or Gibraltar.

MR. WELLS.—I subscribe to all I have heard to-night. The principle is a good one, to return kind-

ness for unkindness. It is worth a thousand pounds a year for the man who is so fortunate as to have the element of kindness so large as to forgive all unkindness. The world has yet to be largely reformed before it will return kindness for unkindness.

MR. BACON.—No one expects, to-day, for mankind generally to return kindness for unkindness. It is an individual work. To practically benefit and bless the world we must begin by informing and reforming ourselves. This rule appeals to the consciousness of every son and daughter in humanity. It is the test, or measure, of one's moral and spiritual development. It is neither fair nor just, however, to consider it with undue reference to the Rebellion, because other questions of mighty and modifying import intervene. Kindness, like all things else, has its restrictions. It does not imply so much, it does not go so deep, or ascend so high as love or charity. If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, if moral power and truth is more available and superior to physical force, if a soft answer turneth away wrath—surely it is wise and practicable, under most circumstances, to return kindness for unkindness.

Subject for next Monday evening—"To suffer, rather than cease suffering."

For the Banner of Light.

INCIDENTS OF A CITY RAMBLE.

BY B. DAYTON.

A few weeks since I visited Chicago on worldly business. In my rambles through the city, and while passing a grocery, my ear caught the following words: "Only a cent, sir." This arrested my attention, and I turned suddenly around, and looking in, beheld a small boy, whose patched garments bespoke his poverty, pleading with the proprietor of the store to throw off one cent from the price of a loaf of bread—stating as a reason that it was all the money his mother had, that she was sick, and that the doctor said she would not live long. The grocer evidently considered this a pretence, for he turned a deaf ear to the pleading boy. I scanned the little fellow with much interest. He had a well-formed head, a large blue eye, and a good intellect. I had heard of such beggar children, but had never before seen one asking bread for a sick mother. This was a new thing in my life, and I determined to learn whether it was Angel or Mammon that plead for bread.

"My little boy," said I, "where does your mother live?" "A long way down the street." "Will you go and show me, if I will carry her some bread?" "Yes, sir." I took several loaves of bread, and some other things I judged beneficial for a sick person, and in company with the beggar-boy, started to find his sick mother. After traveling a mile or more, the boy entered a small brown house, saying as he did so: "This is where my mother and sister live, sir; walk in."

The apartment was small, but very neat. It was evident at a glance that the shadows of death were fast gathering around the inmates of that little house. The little boy ran to the bed, which was in one corner of the room, exclaiming:

"Ma! ma! here is a good man come with me, and has brought you some bread and other things."

I entered into conversation with the sister, who was about thirteen years old, and who was stitching her young life away to earn bread for her sick mother, self, and little brother. She told me the sad story of their present dependence, which I need not here repeat. Her mother was fast going with consumption; the doctor said she could not live long; and so I thought, when I had seen and conversed with her. They had evidently seen better days. Before the mother's sickness, she had supported her family by the use of the needle. But for three months she had been unable to work, and the whole burden of support had fallen upon a little girl of but thirteen years; and that, too, while the sorrows of death compassed her about. The mother cared little about death; but the thought of leaving her children cast a gloom over her spirit. I talked with her for more than an hour, revealing to her, as best I could, the glories of the "Summer Land"; how she would be permitted to watch over her children and direct their youthful steps while struggling with poverty and sorrow in the future. These things were new to her; and though she did not fully believe, she seemed to derive much comfort from the bare possibility that these things might be so.

A knock at the door put an end to our conversation. A large, muscular man was admitted. Directing his conversation to the girl, he asked:

"Have you got that money yet?" She replied that she had not. She had not been able to sell her needlework, and if she had, it would not be sufficient to pay the rent—in fact, it was more than she could do to get food for her dying mother, her little brother, and herself.

"Then," said he, "you must leave. I cannot give away my rents; they are cheap, and I must have them." "Friend," said I, "how much does this sick, dying woman owe you?"

"Six dollars for last quarter, and I must have next quarter in advance, for she never will live to pay it; and it's very cheap, sir, very cheap, for these times—not half the value, sir."

"I don't doubt but it's cheap, friend; but you see this woman is surrounded with poverty and sickness; and death stands but a little way off, and will soon leave these fatherless children also motherless. Now, friend, let us be generous while we can. I am a stranger here; I called to look at grim poverty linking hands with sickness and death. Remember, 'Blessed is the man who feels mother's woes.' Tell me, friend, what will you take if I will pay the two quarters?"

"Five dollars for last quarter and five for this." "I paid his price, thinking after all that he might be a generous man; for, as he said, it was a very cheap rent. He thanked me, and took his leave. In a few minutes he returned, saying:

"Stranger, I don't know, since you are so generous as to pay this rent, but I ought to take a little less." And he handed me two dollars, for which I thanked him, and he again took his leave. Well, thought I, there is goodness in that man's heart, after all.

After a visit of nearly two hours, I left this house of sorrow, having first left my good wishes, and a prayer in the form of the national currency. And I received the blessings of mother and children, which will remain long after money shall have perished. May that kind mother, when she shall have passed from her earthly home to the one not made with hands, be permitted to watch over her two fatherless and motherless children through the uncertain future that awaits them.

"Peculiar, a Tale of the Great Transition, by Epes Sargent." The story of this book is founded on the social revelations which Gen. Butler, Gov. Sibley, Gen. Dillman, the Provost Marshal, and others, abundantly authenticated in New Orleans after the occupation of that city by the United States forces. These materials, highly dramatic and of thrilling interest, have been handled with the well-known skill of Mr. Sargent; and the result is a novel which in the gripping and engrossing character of its plot, the vigor and animation of its style, and the graphic presentation of its characters, many of them living and moving—Abraham Lincoln, Jeff. Davis, Geo. Saunders, Senator Wigfall, and others—cannot fail to be widely read and admired.—Boston Trumpet and Freeman.

Hon. Benjamin F. Copeland, of Roxbury, died suddenly, last week.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 17 CORNHILL, Tenth Street, (opposite the Court House). Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/4 and 7 1/4 P. M. Admission free. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Sophia L. Chapman, Jan. 2 and 10; Miss Lizzie Dagen, Jan. 17, 24 and 31, and Feb. 7; Mrs. H. B. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONFERENCES, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, THURSDAY.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

FRATERNITY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening, at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield, corner of Third street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

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. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Norton, Jan. 3 and 10; Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 17 and Feb. 21 and 28.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in the Loo Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening—Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmonds, during two Sundays next; Mrs. O. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Norton during March; Charles A. Hayden during April; S. J. Winoy during May.

WONASTON.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Norton, Jan. 3 and 10; Emma Houston, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Norton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

CHORONOX, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists to hold Sunday meetings, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Norton during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

FOXBURY.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged—H. B. Storor, Jan. 10; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILTON.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Street, Foxboro. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Fanny Weston, 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 Lectures in the forenoon. Lecturers engaged—afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Rev. Samuel Johnson, Jan. 3; Rev. I. C. Knowlton, Jan. 17; Theodore D. Wood, Jan. 24 and 31; Nellie J. Temple during second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, April 3 and 10.

BANON, 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, capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Emma Houston from February to last of July.

NEW YORK.—Dedworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free.

SECOND EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK.

PLAIN GUIDE

TO

SPIRITUALISM!

A Hand-Book for Skeptics, Inquirers, Clergymen, Editors, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, and All who need a Thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion and Reforms of Spiritualism.

BY URIAH CLARK.

CONTENTS:

THIS book is exactly what every Spiritualist and Reformer has long needed, and every skeptic and unbeliever has long wanted. It is a plain, practical, searching, and free, fearless, off-native to none but the persistently blind and infatuated, liberal and charitable to all; safe to be put into the hands of all; concise, eloquent and attractive style; clear, bold, and forcible in its reasoning; and pointed in its application, and overwhelming with arguments and facts in proof of Spiritualism. The author has had a large experience in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual life, and has written for the press, and in the most able and successful manner, all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Border States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of years. It is the first and only book going over the whole ground.

Its Contents, in brief are:—1. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Celestial foot-steps, walks from numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse; Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, and progress of the spirit and the spiritual philosophy explained; mediums numbered and classified; how to form circles, develop mediumship, and enjoy celestial communion free to all. Chapter 2.—Quotations from nearly a hundred spiritual writers and lecturers, and a full and complete explanation of the phenomena, facts, and forms, etc., how to advance the cause, form meetings, conferences, Sunday schools, etc.; lecturers and mediums; consultations, warnings, impostors. Chapter 3.—Address to Spiritualists; the great orators; wars, revolutions, alarming prophecies, and the great things to come; the present, personal and general reform; touching incidents; stories, conversations, consolations, stirring appeals; healing services; message from the spirit-world. Index.

Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 128 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Do. 12. If

INDIAN REMEDY.

"The roots are employed internally in hemorrhoids or bloody urine, uterine hemorrhage, immoderate menstrual discharge, blood-spitting, hoarse fever, anasarca, dropsy, and various other humors, either in the male or female. In female complaints, such as leucorrhœa, menorrhœa, and after parturition, they act as good astringents—the Indians value them much as such, both in Canada and Missouri. It is also used in the treatment of the venereal disease, and is very beneficial, nay, a certain cure for inflamed carbuncles and ulcers—after a purge, it is said, they obviate or prevent gangrene and the need of cutting off mortified limbs. Even the leaves are useful applied to tumors."—Medical Dictionary.

"The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them—and he hath given man skill that he might be honored in his marvelous works—wisdom both to heal men and to cast away their pains."—Ecclusiasticus, in Apoc. chap. xxxviii.

By the structure and shape of the roots, Nature seems to have indicated it as her powerful remedy for a certain class of female complaints. Its shape is a perfect fac simile of the uterus and its Fallopian tubes—hence its power in the prevention and arrest of parturition and other floodings, and the cure of the complaints mentioned in the extract above. Were it a female, this medicine as a prophylactic, and remedy for such ailments, would have been in the hands of every woman before the world. I have prepared it with the most scrupulous regard to the laws of the materia medica, in its uses and applications.

This medicine cured my cough, healed my sore throat, arrested my hemorrhoids, and made me healthy. It has saved my life and I cannot speak of it too highly. Quantities sold for cure or relief, with advice and directions, sent per mail or express, subject to charges, on receiving \$10. HURACON DRIBBLE, M. D. Washington, D. C.

THE KORAN;

COMMONLY CALLED THE ALQORAN OF MOHAMMED, TRANSLATED INTO English immediately from the original ARABIC, BY GEORGE SALE, Esq., to which is prefixed THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED; OR THE HISTORY OF THAT DOCTRINE.

Which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him in Arabia, and has since been propagated nearly at large portions of the globe as the religion of Jesus has at liberty. Price, \$1; postage, 10 cents. For sale at this office, Sept. 12.

THE RELIGIOUS DEMANDS OF THE AGE. A Report of the Preface to the London Edition of the Golden Rule, by Francis Parker. By Francis Parker, Cobbe. Price, 25 cents; postage, 8 cents. For sale at this office, Sept. 12.

THE NEW RELIGION; TWO DISCOURSES, delivered to the First Congregation of the New Catholic Church, in the city of New York, October 12 and 19th, 1852. By the Pastor, Rev. EDWARD HOWARD PARSONS, D. D. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office, Dec. 7.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS! CRETCHES FROM NATURE, for my juvenile friends. Price, in plain cloth binding, 25 cents; half gilt, 50 cents; full gilt, 85 cents; postage, 8 cents. For sale by Mrs. S. K. Kozart, 288 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

BANNER OF LIGHT;

A JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE;

AND ALSO An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT DORRINGTON, MASS., BY WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICE, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROVELL.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR, ASSISTED BY SOME OF THE ABLEST INFORMANTS WRITERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The distinctive features of the BANNER OF LIGHT are as follows:

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.—Under this head are published Original Novellists of reformatory tendencies, and occasionally translations from the French and German.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.—Under this head we publish weekly a variety of Spirit-Messages from the departed to our friends, in their own words, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. COMBART, from the educated and the uneducated, which go to prove spiritual intercourse between the mundane and supermundane worlds.

REFORMER'S DEPARTMENT.—This portion of the BANNER is devoted to subjects of general interest, the Spiritual Philosophy, Current Events, Entertaining Miscellany, Notices of New Publications, etc.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.—Original Stories, Poetry, etc., suitable for children's reading, by one of our most gifted correspondents (Mrs. Wills), will appear weekly under this heading.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.—In this Department we shall publish from time to time Essays upon Philosophical, Scientific and Religious Subjects.

REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES, given by Trance and Normal Speakers. All which features render the BANNER OF LIGHT a popular Family Paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious scientific Religion.

CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR S. D. CRITCHFIELD, of New York City. HENRY D. DREYER, in Paris, Washington, D. C. HENRY T. O'NEIL, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. HENRY WARREN CHASE, of Baito Rock, Mich. HUBERT TUTTLE, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Ohio. GEORGE STARR, Esq., of West Acton, Mass. HENRY PARKER, Esq., of New York City. H. M. GIBBOLD, M. D., of Cleveland, Ohio. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y. A. B. O'NEIL, M. D., of Boston. REV. FRANK L. T. WILSON, of Coldwater, Mich. URBAN G. GIBB, of Auburn, N. Y. W. W. H. McGUIRE, of Ohio. MISS EMMA HARDISON, of New York. MISS ANNE WILSON, of Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. A. H. BROWN, of New York City. MISS BELLE BURN, of Norristown, Pa. MRS. EMMA TUTTLE, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, and many other writers of note.

Terms of Subscription, in Advance: Per Year, - - - - - \$2 50 Six Months, - - - - - 1 25 Single Copies, - - - - - 5 cents each.

There will be no deviation from the above prices. When drafts on Boston or New York cannot be procured, we desire our patrons to send in lieu thereof, United States Government money. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 20 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage. Post-Office Address.—It is useless for Subscribers to write, unless they give their Post-Office address and name of State. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent.

Specimen Copies sent free. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the most favorable terms. All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the Editorial Department, should be addressed to the EDITOR. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private" on the envelope. All Business Letters must be addressed "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

Williams White & Co.

To Our Subscribers.

Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; & the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you subscribed is over. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:

JOHN J. DYER & Co., 35 School street, Boston. A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington st., FREDERICK & Co., 9 South St., NEW YORK. JOHN B. WALSH, Madison street, Chicago, Ill. TALLMADGE & Co. First door north of the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

RETAIL AGENTS.

W. D. ROBINSON, No. 20 Exchange street, Portland, Me. J. W. BARTLETT, Bangor, Me. G. H. ANDERSON, 458 Seventh st. (opposite the Post Office) Washington, D. C. SAMUEL BABY, Southwest corner 4th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to our paper one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age!

MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered, in one of our COMMON PASTURE WEEBES, a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a pimple.

1 to 8 bottles will cure the worst kind of Pimples on the face. 2 to 3 bottles will clear the system of Biles. 3 bottles are warranted to cure the worst Canker in the mouth and stomach. 4 to 6 bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas.

1 to 2 bottles are warranted to cure all Humors in the eyes. 3 to 4 bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Eruptions on the face. 4 to 6 bottles are warranted to cure Eruptions and running Sores. 3 to 5 bottles will cure Sore Eruption of the Skin. 2 to 3 bottles are warranted to cure the worst cases of Ringworm. 3 to 5 bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of Rheumatism.</