

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
WINTER SKETCH.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

How chilly is this day! The sun hath hid himself behind the clouds that veil the sky; There is no beam that warms the frigid fields; All that which once my gazing eye well pleased, Looks dead—and every stream that murmured on Through meadows decked with flowers, and rattled o'er its pebbled bed, congeals and turns to ice. But just above my dwelling climbs the smoke, And forms a cloud that hangs portentous o'er the smoke. The glowing fire that heats the fire-side hot, Scarcely warms me. All is chill and whistling winds Forewarn that soon a storm will fill the air, And whiten all the tract that stretches wide. The forest groans and utters forth those sounds That tell that winter winds his tyrant rod. Methinks he now comes forth with hoary head—For, 'mong the trees, I see, thick falling round, Like leaves in Autumn driven by the wind, The flakes of snow that dress in white the ground. O chilling Potentate!—thy coming stay—Hear now my prayer—no more my limbs benumb. Ah me! how ruthless—sure 'tis that with all His blustering and sleet he hears me not. See here—the broad horizon that just now Appeared to reach as far as eye could ken, Is pent up close in bounds that reach not far. The reverend elm that high o'ertops my cot, Around whose trunk and limbs the snows, in years Gone by, here hung their garbs all colorless, Bows down his lofty top and seems to shake The flakes from off his leafless pendant boughs. I hear a sound as if the storm's more fierce—'Tis so—it comes and hurries deep in drifts The walls and fence that line the highway side, And herds and flocks, if chance they be unsheltered, See where the sleet blows on from drift to drift—And mind what strange effect the storm hath had—And how the fields appear deep-drawn in snow. The wind not yet gone down sweeps through the wood, And bringeth to mine ear a dismal sound Of creaking branches writhed and tossed about; Around my window whirl the yellow leaves That grew on the tall trees on yonder bowing low. 'Tis Winter! lo, all Nature hath a look Of sadness and an aspect void of cheer. But why complain I thus at Winter's looks? The Storm-King's rod doth rule the hour, But solar rays shall sweep the clouds away—The skies again beam brightly down on earth—The far-off hills shall lift once more the eye—The joyous jingling bells dispel the gloom—And all the town become a glad scene!

THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER I.

"Thy cheek too swiftly flushes; o'er thine eyes The lights and shadows come and go so fast; Thy tears rush forth too soon, and in thy voice Are sounds of tenderness too passionate For peace on earth." Mrs. HEMANS.

"She is an interesting girl, certainly. I have been watching her this evening. But, Hal, there is that in her looks which makes me fear for her."

"Why so? Surely, you can see nothing in her that is not good, womanly, pure?"

"No; I see she is innocent and good. There is force and strength of character, too, beneath that playful, childlike demeanor. But if you will look awhile till the conversation ceases for a moment, you will see what I have seen—a look, wistful, yearning, aspiring and tender. That mingled expression I never see without pain. I have lived longer in the world than you, Hal, and I have made human nature a study. I have seen such faces of Lena Hoy's before. I have watched them through many years, and I have always seen them passing under darkened skies and through wild tempests ere they reached the shore where night and storms never come. I have seen such stricken ones carrying their heavy life-burden meekly, sorrowfully, till, worn out with weariness they have dropped them into death's welcome stream."

And the old bachelor wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a trembling hand, for he thought of Addie Hale, the one love of his life, who thus sorrowfully, thus sweetly had passed from his arms to the home of peace above!

"Lena Hoy will yet know sorrow, and bitterness, and deep soul anguish."

"Really, Frank, I think you are giving yourself unnecessary trouble in regard to this young lady. I was thinking of her an hour ago in an entirely different strain. I was picturing a life of serene happiness for her, calm as a lake under soft, summer skies, and glad as a robin's song. I had half a mind to fall in love with her, but really, you frighten me, and I begin to think I must needs go back to old Harvard, content with brain-work awhile longer; that I must still ignore that pulsating something that does twitch so uncomfortably sometimes under a fellow's vest when a pretty girl comes along. I tell you what, there's one thing we don't learn within the college walls, and that is to do the agreeable to the fair sex. I believe a new professorship is desirable. We would call it *Dr. J. J. J. J. J.*, or something of that sort. But here, Frank, tell me what you see in Miss Hoy's future with those wonderful eyes of yours?"

"I see nothing in substance—but the reflection of a coming great sorrow is cast into those blue eyes of hers. Eyes that look thus, so searching, so wistful, as though they would penetrate a mystery, always catch such a reflection. It means something. Wait a few years. Watch Miss Hoy's progress in life. She will be pure and good. She will be true to herself. She will become allied to the angels while walking

among men below; but it will be through sore affliction, through hard and trying discipline. She will walk through a burning furnace to the land of rest and love."

"Yet she is gay now as a child; as happy and fresh and glad as she." "Yes, she has known thus far only happiness and love; and could I see her in her coffin to-morrow, I should let fall a tear, perhaps, but it would not hold so much sorrow as my heart holds hidden now for her."

"You are a strange old fellow, Frank!" "Yes, yes; but we shall see. I wish I might prove a false prophet. Hal, old bachelors' hearts are not always dried up. They are sometimes very tender toward the young and fair."

"Yes, I know. Everybody calls you the sentimental old bachelor, and wonders how you manage so much sentiment, and tenderness, and all that, alone." "An angel shares it with me!" and Frank Hoy's answer, almost stern in its simplicity, silenced his giddy young friend.

Lena Hoy's name was not mentioned between them again that evening, but each had his thoughts. She did not number amongst her admirers the elderly sedate gentleman in gray, or the rather diffident student from Harvard to whom she was introduced before the close of the evening—and yet there were none in all that company who felt the peculiar interest in her fate which these two felt.

Let us follow Lena home. No matter for that tall, magnificent looking man who wraps her so carefully in her cloak, and draws her hand within his arm so tenderly. He will not see her. His dark eyes can see only one object just now, and that is the little form beside him, which looks smaller than its wont so near his huge proportions. You and I see very plainly that Caspar Howell loves our Lena, but she, mere child that she is, does not even suspect it. They talk in so low a tone we cannot hear a word, but you hear that little musical laugh, don't you? so like the low trill of a summer-bird.

Their walk is a short one, for already he is leading her up the steps of this comfortable looking dwelling. I am not sure but I verily believe Mr. Howell raised her gloved hand to his lips as he bade her "good-night." Yes, I was not mistaken; for you can see now as she passes through the lighted hall that there is a very becoming blush on her face. She looks half vexed, half pleased, but she passes up the broad staircase, and we will follow her.

She lays aside her cloak and tasteful evening dress, and throwing a wrapper around her, sits down to muse. She cannot sleep at present. She must withdraw into those mysterious realms of being wherein self walks a god, a creator, alone with the invisible, with his angels looking on from afar!

Let us enter that inner, unseen world where the soul resides. It is our privilege as writer and reader. We will enter the inner sanctuary of Lena's thought, and see her unrolled spirit. This is a pure and lovely realm of Lena's soul existence. Purity's white robes nestle here as belonging to a constant guest. Love's smile fills every nook with radiance, and Faith clasps hands with Love and Purity. But in and through all there lies a dim, prophetic shade. What means it? Lena feels it, and her eyes take on that searching, far-off look. Yet Lena's soul, though pure and beautiful, is not developed. It is only budding now. The blossom will be the outgrowth of what? The future will reveal. There is a latent power which perhaps life's tempests alone can awaken into conscious life. It sleeps now. She dreams not of its existence.

Her thoughts are rippling at this moment in a light, childlike murmur. They wander back to the gay company she has left. Will you listen?

"It has been a pleasant evening for one of its kind. I believe I was not born for such things. They leave me unsatisfied while a stroll in the woods, or a horse-back ride makes me glad as a May-bird. Hester Fer-nald was magnificent to-night. How queenly she is, I admire her, but I cannot love her. She seems cold, heartless; but perhaps I misjudge her. Now Minnie Choever I loved at once. She is a darling. Any one can see how sweet and good she is, she is so transparent. And Mrs. Judson is a rare woman. I think she seems to me the most perfect of women, excepting my own precious mother. None so good, so perfect as my mother, darling mother! How I have missed her the past week! Life is empty without her. But to-morrow she comes back to 'home, sweet home,' and then welcome, dearest mother, best beloved of my heart! I wonder if I shall ever love any one so dearly as I love my mother. Oh, no! I am very sure not! It is impossible! I will never, never leave her. I am all that my parents have; I will be theirs always. I wonder who that gentleman in gray was. I liked him. I felt at once such a confidence in him, just from a look at his good, benevolent face. He has known sorrow, of that I am sure; but it has made him great in spirit. If I see him again, I will ask for an introduction. I think he would be a friend that I should like, one who could teach me and do me good. Harry Somers was in a sad mood to-night. Poor, silly fellow! What made him look so like a thunder-cloud when he saw Casper Howell putting on my cloak? Mr. Howell is perfectly harmless. If Harry only knew it. I like Harry, but I'm afraid he loves me too well. But I have never encouraged his attentions; I am glad of that. No man can accuse me of a particle of coquetry. I wonder why Mr. Howell kissed my hand, or glove, rather? Of course, he meant nothing by it. I hope so. It was mere gallantry—nothing more."

It would trouble me if gentlemen admired me as they do Hester Fernald. Now I suppose if I were to tell any one so, my reply, in thought, if not in words, would be, "Sour grapes!" So I shall just keep it to myself. I know that 'sour grapes' have nothing to do with it. I would rather be loved by one true, noble soul, than possess the admiration of all the world besides; but please! I was just thinking I would never marry. Well, I know nothing about it, and won't decide till I'm wiser. I know my mother's dear love, and father's, and that of my host of friends satisfy me at present. If greater needs grow up in my soul, God will provide."

Oh dear! I do not enjoy parties at all I wish I might. I feel so trammelled! I want to be free. If I were a believer in the transmigration of souls, I should certainly believe I had been a gazelle—I surely never was

a domesticated animal—and my savage propensities had extended even into my human existence. I can sometimes almost remember a glad, free life, led, perhaps, ages ago, among the grand, towering mountains. The sight of a mountain always seems to start a memory—a memory which touches past ages, and a far-off, forgotten existence of my own soul. It is a fact, perhaps a humiliating one, that the formalities of civilized life, what we call society's claims; chafe and weary me. I cannot account for it. Born and bred in good society, where did I get these wild, untamed yearnings, these savage propensities and tastes? I have always scouted at the belief in the transmigration of souls, and yet my mind will sometimes wander among the possibilities of its truth.

Well, never mind the theory. I care little for doctrines; but the spirit—oh! if in a long life of suffering and of anguish I could attain to such a high and pure spirit life as that of my mother—if my spirit could, through a life-long experience of sorrow, grow to be like hers, oh! then I would welcome every thorn in my path, every tempest which might arise, all the pain and the weariness of an unlighted earthly existence. I would gladly drain the cup of suffering, could I thereby grow to be like her, and like the white-robed of heaven. I feel now a strange prophecy stealing into my soul that all this is in store for me. When it comes I shall shrink from it. My heart grows faint with fear. I tremble with dread; and I have just said, 'Welcome!' Oh, how little we know of ourselves! How wise in our own ignorance are we! Now I can only say, 'Lord, do with me as thou wilt, yet remember that I am dust!'

Thus strange, weird, fitful as a November dream, yet still pure, aspiring and tender, were Lena's thoughts. The bells struck two. She started from her reverie.

"I must no longer sit and weave day-dreams. Better far sleep and dream!" Soon the dreams of the innocent were hers.

CHAPTER II.

"Strange that hearts can live on after breaking!" T. L. HARRIS.

When a great woe falls upon a sensitive spirit, often it is dumfounded, paralyzed. Feeling is frozen, the fount of tears is dried, and the stilled, almost pulseless soul looks out from stony eyes, and dry, pallid face. We call such calm, because no tears fall, because no sob convulses the frame, because no plaint steals forth from the dumb lips. Such calmness is not to be desired. That soul-experience which dives far down into the abyss of feeling where this calmness is reached, which seals the fount of tears and blanches the cheek with a lasting pallor, which benumbs the spirit and makes it a mere automaton, a moving statue—this anguish of the spirit writes age upon the soul. A man may live his threescore years and ten, and still be a child in feeling; while the young, pale face may veil a heart weary and old with suffering.

In this still, voiceless anguish walks Lena. Tremblingly! Whisper softly! You are in the presence of death! Lena's mother lies cold and still; nay, rather, her mother walks the paradise of God! But this precious clay, consecrated by a mother's presence, lies before us. How calm and beautiful! How serene, as though the soul ere it departed had flung back its mantle of peace upon the deserted casket! That smile resting so sweetly on the placid features, speaks of heaven, of purest peace, of bliss reunion on the "other side"! How sweet it is that Death, as though struck with a feeling of remorse and pity, lays back upon the cold, marble features the smile of beauty and of peace! It is a benison to mourning hearts.

Lena can scarcely leave the room where lies the precious, inanimate form of her mother. There, alone with death and her own deep, wordless woe, she sits and looks on the loved features till her own are as white and still. A step is heard in the passage. Her father enters. Do you shudder, reader, at the possibilities for evil in that man's nature? Do you never shudder when a stranger approaches, whose soul-atmosphere seems infested with serpents and demons? Do you shrink from his presence as from a deadly malaria? Then does your spirit shrink now from contact with this man. Lena does not. He is her father. He comes and bends over Lena, and kisses her.

"Lena, you had better retire. You are pale and weary. Be comforted, my child. Your mother is happy now."

With a strong effort Lena arouses herself to reply: "Yes, dear father, I am too selfish in my sorrow. I know it is as hard for you. Forgive me. Good-night."

As Lena kisses him tenderly, she does not see that apasm of pain convulses his features—a little outbreak of the spark of manhood still remaining in his soul. Did you see it, reader? Do you know what it means?

Two hours later, when the house was still, Lena, restless, sleepless, quietly descended the stairs, hastening to the still, deserted room where the loved form lay. As she passed the door of her father's apartment she stopped suddenly, on hearing voices, for the door was ajar. Can a greater misery be in store for one so utterly cast down and stricken? She heard her father say:

"Lena asked me this afternoon to have an examination. The child's heart was set upon it."

"How did you turn her off?" "It was Mrs. Bonn's voice! the poor seamstress, formerly in good circumstances, but reduced to poverty and widowhood, whom Lena's parents had employed and aided, whom she herself had deeply pitied for her loneliness and misfortune, while she had ever shrunk from her, spiritually, with the intuition of a pure heart. What means this? Ah! the next words will open a gulf at your feet, poor Lena!"

"I spoke harshly to her. She seemed wonderstruck—that was all. Lena is a strange child. I never understood her. We must have the funeral before Mrs. Hoy's brother can come on from Savannah. You know he is a physician, and would probably demand an examination."

"Yes; how soon can he get here?"

"Not before day after to-morrow morning. The funeral must take place to-morrow afternoon, at farthest."

"Oh well, we can easily arrange that. She died so

suddenly, no one will think strange that you have a hasty funeral."

"Yes; but I must say I dread the pure, trusting eyes of my daughter more than all the curious scrutiny of my neighbors."

"You haven't left any traces of the arsenic around, have you?"

"No; it is in the trunk of which I always keep the keys. No one thinks of going to it; but I shall throw it away the first opportunity. I don't want it about."

A laugh such as sends laugh broke from that woman's lips!

"There's no use in being squeamish about it now," she said. "The deed is done. You must look the fact in the face. You have poisoned your wife, so that you may have one you like better. How long shall you keep up your mourning?"

"Yes, I have poisoned my wife!"

The tones expressed remorse and anguish. This was all Lena heard. A half hour later, as Mr. Hoy entered the room of death, he stumbled over the inanimate form of his child. It was a long and terrible swoon, and from it Lena awoke a changed being, the owner of a dreadful secret, which burned into her heart and consumed her very life!

Six months later, Lena sits sewing. Her father enters. She looks up, but no change of expression passes over her calm, impassive features. Mr. Hoy takes a paper, and sits down. His eyes wander unconsciously over the sheet. He gets up, lays the paper aside, and takes a few turns around the room. He resorts again to the paper, then lays it down and walks to a window. Mr. Hoy is evidently nervous. He wants to say something. At last he commences:

"Lena, I am very lonely since your mother died."

There was no reply.

"I think we are both too lonely. It will be better for you to have company, as well as for me. I have thought it over, and I see no reason why there should be further delay. I intend to marry. Mrs. Bonn will make me a good wife and you a good mother."

Still no reply. How could words come from such a chaos of woe as seethed and burned through her heart? "You are not like yourself, Lena," continued her father. "I think it will be the best thing for you. You would not do so much upon your grief if she were here. She is very kind, and will do all she can, I know, to make you happy."

Another pause; and then with a voice which sounded afar off, yet which neither hesitated or trembled, Lena replied:

"When Mrs. Bonn comes, I shall go."

"Now do not be unreasonable and silly, Lena. Girls are very apt to get a prejudice against step-mothers; but I look for more good sense from you." "It is not as though she were a stranger, either. You know her well."

"Yes, too well!" Lena murmured, sadly.

Mr. Hoy started.

"Can she suspect anything?" he queried mentally.

But one glance at her calm, expressionless face reassured him.

"What objection have you to Mrs. Bonn?" he asked.

"I know she is a bad woman, for one thing," was the reply.

"You have always been prejudiced against her, Lena, and this is wrong. You should not misjudge people so. Mrs. Bonn is one of the very best of women. Well, you can think about it, and you will feel differently, I trust."

"No, father; what I said just now in hot haste, I repeat soberly and finally: when Mrs. Bonn comes, I shall go."

"Go, then!" thundered Mr. Hoy, as he stormed from the room.

Lena continued her sewing. Harsh words bounded from her heart harmlessly. Every day trials left no impress there. In that great shock which had come to her months before, her nature had seemingly turned to adamant. She cared not what life further had in store for her.

A week later, as Lena was passing through the room where her father sat musing, he said to her:

"Lena, I want to talk with you. Now do not get into a passion, and I'll try not to. Let us talk calmly and seriously, without getting excited, either of us."

Lena seated herself mechanically.

"Lena, I want to know if your father's happiness is not worth a thought? You are so absorbed in your own sorrow, you seem to have no thought for me in my loneliness."

"Father, have I failed in any instance in contributing to your bodily comfort and welfare? Have I left any duty undone?"

"No; but you seem to forget that I need comfort in my bereavement as well as you. You never play and sing to me now. You have never smiled since the day your mother died. You are selfish in your sorrow. This is wrong. Mrs. Bonn has shown me far more sympathy than you have. It is not strange I appreciate it. I want you should make up your mind to receive her as your mother in a few weeks. There is no need of your going away because she is coming. She will be a comfort to us both."

"Father, if I have failed in my duty to you, I will try to do better. If Mrs. Bonn keeps away from here, I will stay and try to be to you a help and a comfort, but I shall never remain here to see her in my mother's place! Do not urge me. It will be useless. My answer is final."

Her father's face flushed with anger.

"But if I command you to say so!" he exclaimed.

There was a pause, and then Lena in the same calm, and tones, said:

"Do you remember, father, that I fainted the night after my mother died?"

"Yes, of course I do; and you lay stupid for nearly a week, unconscious of all that was passing around you. I feared you would die of grief."

"It was not my mother's death that caused me to faint, it was the knowledge of my father's guilt!"

Mr. Hoy's face blanched in his terror; his eyes grew stony, his lips livid. That strong man trembled before his daughter who had become his accusing spirit. An immeasurable gulf lay between that father and child, and over it Lena's heart yearned to catch some glimpse of repentance, some token of sorrow for his crime, that she might once more throw

around him the mantle of her plying love, and save him even then. She looked for it in vain. Across the gulf, that bad, trembling man looked, and beheld his child, far, far above him, strong in her purity of purpose, safe in her high and womanly resolve to be true, to be faithful to duty wherever it lay, and be qualified before her mild, plying glance, and hid his blanched face in his hands.

At last he gasped:

"How did you know it?"

"I heard some words between you and your accomplice, as I passed on to my mother's room."

"Have you ever breathed a word of it to any one?" he asked sternly.

"No; my father has nothing to fear from his child, excepting to lose her esteem and affection. But now, father, oh, if you will keep away from that bad woman—if you will try by future faithfulness to atone for the past, I will be to you a loving, faithful daughter, for I love you still, dear father. Oh, beware, father, of this serpent that has entered our once happy home, and torn from it its dearest treasure, all its sunlight, all its joy and beauty. Oh, what a fiend in human form is she! She is not a woman! There cannot be a spark of womanhood lingering in her depraved, guilty heart! How can you look upon the murderer of your wife otherwise than with loathing, and horror, and contempt? I spurn her with such loathing as I could never feel for the most venomous reptile that crawls the earth and hugs the dust to its hideous self! Think what she has done for you, father. Are you the man you were five years ago? Where is the father whom I once revered, where the husband my mother loved so tenderly? Transformed, changed by that vilest of human beings—changed from a husband, a father, a man—to what? Oh, my father! You have become the abject slave of this lost, abandoned female—I cannot call her woman! Do you think I could see her in my mother's place? I were inhuman could I consent to it!"

"Lena! such words to your father! I command you now that you never, never reveal this to any human being. No, I do not command you, poor child. Your father has no claims upon your obedience, your esteem, or love. But I beg of you not to betray your poor old father. Would it be any happiness to you to see me on the gallows, brooding there by you, my only child? Are you going to bring me there, Lena?"

"No, you have nothing to fear from me, father."

"Then do you promise me solemnly, Lena, before God, as you value the salvation of your soul, do you promise never to reveal the knowledge of my crime? Speak, child, do you promise? Speak! or I shall go mad!"

He leaned forward, his eyes glittering, his hands clenched, his whole frame trembling.

"Father, I promise!"

How strangely Lena's voice sounded, as though afar off. She could scarcely believe, as they afterward sounded through the halls of her memory, that she herself had articulated the words.

There was a pause. Then her father said, in a tone of anguish:

"Go, child! the less I see of you now, the better."

Lena arose. A sudden tide of feeling came over her that she could not resist. She went to him, and kneeling beside him, put her arms around his neck, and kissed him again and again.

"Oh my poor, misguided father!" she said. "Why will you not let me be your daughter still? Why will you not turn from this vile temptress, and repent of your crime, and be again a man? Oh, father, my angel mother whom you once loved in happy years gone by, my mother loves you still. She will lead you tenderly through the remaining years of your life. She will bless you even now, father, for hers is more than human love. She is an angel now. And if you repent, you can look forward to a bliss reunion with her there, where love immortal shall throw a veil over the past. Oh father, let us go forward hand-in-hand toward that bliss shore where we wait for us, whither she is beckoning us now!"

"It is impossible. The past cannot be recalled. Mrs. Bonn has my promise to marry her."

Lena's lip curled with ineffable scorn.

"And do you consider such a promise made to one wholly lost to principle and every good emotion—do you consider such a promise made to such a person, binding?"

"Lena, that woman has fascinated me. I cannot get away from her. I cannot be happy without her. I must marry her, for I love her."

"Oh, father, use not that holy word in connection with her! A man who poisons his wife, can feel no love for his accomplice in guilt? They know not what the word means. The unholy passion existing between such persons is as far removed from the emotion of love, as Hell is distant from Heaven! What does one born blind know of light? What does one born deaf, know of the power and ecstasy of music? What does the worm know of the bird's free flight in air? As much as such companions in guilt can know of the pure and heavenly emotion which we call Love! Love, the highest word and the synonym of God! You say you 'cannot be happy without her.' Oh, father! can you be happy with her? Once more I pray you to pause, and think where you are standing. You are ensnared in the net she has spread for you—a poor, helpless slave to her wicked will. Father, be a man! Tear yourself from these unholy fetters! They will gall your spirit, be assured of it. All you will long and yearn in vain for freedom. Rise in the dignity of your manhood, and cast off these dreadful influences, and I will help you, father!"

"Lena!" said her father sternly. "You have talked enough! Do not let me hear another word from you! You may go now. You cannot change my intention, and the less you say about it further, the better."

The flush which had risen to Lena's face while she was speaking faded out. She turned away. Then, glancing back, she cast on her father a look eloquent with prayer and pleading, with love and tenderness and compassion. That look haunted him through the years that came afterward, appearing to him ever beside the angelic face of his murdered wife!

Lena hastened to her own room. There, in its deep, unbroken stillness, she sat like a statue, while the hours passed away like moments. The shades of evening gathered around her; she heeded them not. The tea-bell rang; she heard it as a sound without mean-

ing. The maid tapped at her door; mechanically she unlocked and opened it.

"The supper-bell has rung twice, Miss Lela."

"I do not wish for supper. Let me not be disturbed this evening."

The bell was not broken. Again seating herself,

she passed hours in that strange stupor, that unnatural, dreadful calmness.

Yet in that still, seemingly dead quiet, her mind

was struggling and striving for the mastery of her feelings. A tempest was sweeping over her soul, which only the holy eye of the Infinite and his pitying angels could scan.

At last the moonlight, as cold, and calm, and still as herself, stole in and nestled lovingly around her. She looked up. A deep sigh escaped her. She arose. A smile too bitter, too sad, too agonizing ever to breathe human lips, played gloomily over her face for an instant. The moon only saw it, and the moon tells no tales. Nature and her ministers are, sometimes, our best confidants. They betray no secrets. They breathe to us loving sympathy in all our varying moods. If sad, Nature weeps, or smiles tenderly, cheerily; if joyous, she laughs, and exults, and dances in her glee. Nature, over true, wraps her children in her warm embrace, her heart ever beating in unison with theirs.

When Lela retired to rest, her mind was fully determined on the best course for her to pursue; and though her heart was heavy with grief, her conscience was light, her trust in Heaven firm, and she slept sweetly, peacefully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THOUGHTS BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY S. B. KEACH.

CHAPTER I. LIFE.

When the reign of cold winter is over, and spring returns with brighter skies and softer airs, Nature awakens to new beauty and joy. The gay birds come to us unawares: we wake at morning, and their song fills the orchard with old-time melodies. As a cheerful, smiling face carries a charm wherever it goes, and makes around itself a light that clears the clouded brow, and sparkles in the dull and listless eye; so the cup of joy, borne on by laughing spring, overflows upon all animated things. How gladly the robins chirp on the budding trees! The song of each happy warbler is full of praise and thankfulness to him who giveth all. The trees, so long bare and leafless, seem to be longing to crowd their new leaves forth into the balmy air, thus breathing and enjoying. The brooks, no longer bound by icy fetters, leap and laugh over their rocky beds, in all the joy of new-found freedom. The earth, relieved of its load of snow and ice and penetrating frost, covers her naked bosom with a mantle of green, gemmed with the sweet wild flowers; and the soft west winds, as they sweep over the growing grass, are laden with its fragrant breath.

Spring hurries on, and hides herself amid the thick blooms of summer. And now, in the gorgeous noonday of the year, the beautiful chaplet is woven full and blossoms on her brow.

I am thinking now of the springtime of life. Fairer is the little infant in its budding beauty than the opening flowers of spring. Brighter is the eye of childhood than the clear blue sky of summer. Not hamper are the lambs in their innocent gambols than little children playing together. And the blessing of him who loved them when here in the earth-form is ever upon them now. Who has ever found such happiness as in the happy days of childhood? And their memory, like the light of the setting sun, grows brighter at night, and throws a halo over the clouds of the past. If it fades upon those clouds as we sink to the night of the grave, it shall glow again in the morning of another life.

Life, to the laughing girl around whose way no strong and terrible sorrow has yet passed, in whose peaceful home disease and poverty have never been unwelcome guests, seems an easy path, rose bordered, which can only lead to happiness. Life to the thoughtless boy, on whose feet are lavished the wealth of parental love, whose feet are ever guarded from paths that might lead astray, and who feels no care save as the meadow is darkened by the shadow of a flying cloud, quickly chased away by the golden sunlight, seems a scene to whose sunny days the sports and plays of youth will ever return, and where the joyous gathering around the winter hearth will ever be renewed. Life to the grown up maiden is mingled with clouds and sunshine, and her eyes, to which tears have learned to spring at the bidding of some startling sorrow, still see the future tinged with rosy light, and bright hopes of happy days break through the mists of rising doubt and fear. She has learned to part with many cherished treasures, learned that she cannot bring the buds of childhood with her along the journey of life; many are faded, and all are soon to fade. She turns with a year from the fading past, to smile on the golden summer. Life to the young man grows real and a rugged path, as he feels the supports to which his early boyhood clung being swept from beneath his feet by the onward wave of Time. The sky above him is not as bright and cloudless to his eye, and beyond the green fields where his boyish sports were pursued, are revealed outlines of rugged mountains, dim and gray. But his strong heart is not dismayed, for he sees the mountain tops are tinged with rosy light; serene hope dances before, and promises rest and ease in bowers upon the mountain-side; by-and-by he will scale the frowning hills, while the lines of pleasure on cheek and brow already mingle with the lines of care. Before his earnest and defiant gaze the thronging array of threatening forms, the haggard face of poverty, woe, disease, distorted falsehood, gloomy remorse, sanguinary passion, with the sleepless eye of unrequited love, are spectres that stand not in his way, but in another's. As the low cloud in the west, rising there darkly before the summer noon, is yet unheeded by the busy reapers, so the cold, gray fog of autumn, stealing upward, silently yet swiftly, gives little warning of a coming change.

Life to the woman is as the fall glory of the summer noon, when the day is calm and serene, as a rose in perfect beauty, if it stands in some sheltered spot. With kind, protecting care the rose will bloom for many a day, but growing on some barren ground, where the bleak winds chill its tender root, or where some rude, unfeeling hand may break its tendrils where they seek to cling, it fades away, and its life is forever past. Her life flows on like the peaceful river, supplied by the springs of love and affection given and received; when the springs are cast off from which it fed, the stream is dry, and the flowers cease to bloom upon its banks.

Life to the man is a stage on which the actors tread with resounding feet, and their voices thrill through the coming years, and echo in the temples of the past. The curtain has fallen upon the dimly pageant that flitted before his youthful fancy, and the smile of hope grows dim as the shadows thicken. He turns his back upon the fields of summer, for her flowers have withered in his hand. He faces the cold blasts, and struggles for a shelter, for the storm is well-nigh overhead.

CHAPTER II.

The flowers of the summer scarcely reach their bloom ere they begin to fade. Rude autumn hardly waits for the poor queen of beauty to pass from her dim and faded throne ere she strives to efface all traces of her graceful reign. His frosty breath steals over the fields,

and they begin to don a mournful dress; he touches the bright leaves, the triumph of the landscape, and pale and rare they float from their proud heights, to wave no more in green and sunny beauty.

But to atone for the cruel desolation of the beautiful, is brought the rich offering of the harvest from the bountiful bosom of earth. And as if in sorrow for the ruin wrought, the pale autumn passes her last days in subdued and pensive mood. A sterner tyrant takes her throne, while, in the tender gloom of the Indian Summer, she seems as buried in repentant thought. Relentless winter now closes the scene, and drives from the landscape the last lingering bloom, the last pale, fluttering leaf from the trees, the last sad, silent bird of passage to a more genial clime. And man, in his prime and strength, feels the autumnal frosts of age stealing upon him. His raven hair turns, as the grass withers, pale as the coming desolation; his brow is furrowed, and his eye less bright. He feels the storm approaching, yet the harvest is all ungathered. Now his flowers are cut down. The trees his hand had planted, his care had tended, and around which the tendrils of his heart had twined, are suddenly, with their promise of golden fruit, destroyed. A mother to them, an angel to him now, follows her children beyond the dark river. As the storm uproots the giant oak that spares the bending willow, the strong man bows with humility and prayer even to the earth, and is spared. He gathers the harvest and rests from his labors, while in that hour a pensive calm comes over his tried spirit, as, with those who are left him, he seeks some quiet spot, the dreams of wild ambition forgotten, and in resignation awaits the falling snows of age.

Life to the aged seems a scene in which the real and the ideal are blended, as in distant childhood. The grandmother in her easy chair forgets the events of yesterday, but remembers the companions of her youth, and lives over again, in dreaming fancies, those years and their burden of sad and happy hours. The aged man, tottering on his staff, sees trifles possessed of a same importance as in his untutored boyhood. The snows of life's winter have descended upon his whitened head; his time has come; and down the dark valley he passes unconsciously away.

The air, the earth and sea are filled with animated existence. And throughout the whole, in the pursuits of science, trade or pleasure, human forms are busy, as motes that play in the sunbeam. Life seeks to know the great mystery in which it is placed. The earnest threads his perilous way through the pathless air; the diver gropes for treasure in the depths of trackless waters; and the miner digs deep into the earth to extract the valued ore. The sailor, borne on the waves of the majestic sea, in calm or storm is ever in the hands of Providence, and, watching the star that guides him on his way, learns to trust in the powers that made the starry heavens and countless worlds. He who tills the soil has Nature in her milder aspects ever by his side, and sees the wonders of creative wisdom in every plant that sprins from the seed he has sown, and as he trusts that all his care will not be vain, he learns to trust in the Father alike of the humble and the proud. The scholar, who surveys the universal system by which the harmonious whole is perfectly controlled, and reads by the light of science a confirmation of the grand prophecies of olden time, learns to be humble as the greatest wisdom, and feels that to the lowly in heart the truth shall be revealed. The poet, as he feels the tide of inspired thought sweep over his being, hears in every voice of Nature a tribute of praise to the All-Father, sees in every tree and flower new evidence of gracious care and love. The soldier hears the crash of musketry, the roar of cannon and the shrieks of the dying upon the battle-field, where life meets life as the lightning meets midway between the clouds. Does he hear in that dread moment a calm voice, proclaiming "Peace on earth and good will to men," when the promised hour shall come? The murderer hears the dying groan and struggle of his victim. Does he hear a stern voice saying, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay?"

Life to the sinner is a cheating dream, for the past has not fulfilled its prophecy, and in the silent hours of night conscience knows that justice will surely overtake and punish, and the sun-bright palace of pleasure Fancy built while Memory slumbered, is overshadowed by the phantom fear of coming retribution. Life holds out to all alike a cup of pleasure and of pain; the cup of pleasure may be plain to behold, and its contents purest water, while the priceless jewel of Content lies beneath the symbol of Truth; the cup of pain a golden one, and filled with ruddy wine, while Time turns the gold to ashes, and the wine to poison in the veins.

The Parent of Life hath given to all a guide that will not deceive; they who listen to the voice within will never taste of the cup of pain. Sorrow and pain are in the lot of all, but none need feel that pain which comes as a penalty for violated law.

Life to the good brings rich and precious gifts. The good man ever preserves to old age the innocence of childhood. His heart was unscathed by the presence of unhallowed passions. In the same childlike peace and purity his manhood passed away, and he received upon him as a garment the mantle of age. Ere his eye had lost the fire of youth he learned to look with unwavering confidence upon the light that shone from the other side of the river. When time had dimmed his vision to outward things, he saw, by the eye of faith, the Promised Land, and knew he would soon walk with friends gone before in the green, unfading fields. And when winter covered the world with its frozen tears, the heart that had waited long and meekly for the summons was hushed to everlasting silence; angels led him through the mystic gate, and welcomed his spirit to the happy shore, where life, sweet life, is his, and endless rest.

CHAPTER III.

HUMAN LIFE.

Oh! Life is like a flower whose early bloom, Gives promise of a rich maturity, Unspringing in the shadow of a tomb, Its opening beauty sheds upon the gloom A fragrant perfume, Peace and Purity.

The joyous sunlight of the laughing spring Touches those rosy petals lovingly, Soft breezes with the tears of April bring Strength to the slender tendrils as they cling, Yielding rich tribute to the roving bee.

And childhood's life is all a sunny day, Save griefs, like April showers, so quickly past, Feeble shadows that in distance play, Growing, like flowerets, and as blent as they, Why do those bright days speed away so fast?

A streamlet, midway in its wild career, Hurries yet faster o'er its rocky bed, Its way through every hindrance cutting clear, Too proud and confident its course to veer, Though once the little brook ran round instead.

Man, unrestrained by Reason's warning voice, When midway to the grave sweeps wildly on, Impetuous on the mad wave to rejoice, Borne by the swift tide passionward, his choice, The embracing waves of Death his ocean-bourne.

When Autumn desolates the bright-green fields, The Spring's fair promise, and the Summer's pride, The singing Bird of Passage sadly yields To the imperious change, yet lingering shields His drooping plumes upon some warm hillside.

Hushed is the song of happier days, and mute Each brooding songster sits with folded wing.

The dull, gray morning wakes no feathered suit, The chill and hazy sunrise to salute, All musing sadly on the buried Spring.

And Life, when coldly the autumnal frost Of age descends, sits brooding of the Spring; In dreaming reverie the Sage is lost, Feeling but just beyond the shining coast, Hearing across the river angels sing.

As the lone bird oft waits and lingers still, Till all his mates have fled the gloomy scene, Hearing the blast of Winter o'er the hill, A warbling of the spectral monarch chill, Up soars away the earth and heaven between.

And Life, tired with the burden of her years, The clouds are parted, and the sun shines through, Piercing his heart, the shaft the archer sped, Dim grows his dying eye, forever fled, The mortal life that never more shall be.

The spirit God hath given shall ever live, Passing in peace, or in fierce anguish-pain, Let ready hearts the messenger receive; Beyond the river mourner's cease to grieve, And life, sweet life, immortal blooms again.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH.

Among the beautiful angels of Mercy, is one whom men call Death. The friend and brother of Life, he is ever with her as they gracefully do the bidding of our Heavenly Father. In olden time, when the disciples saw Jesus walking toward them on the waves of the sea, they were afraid. So, when men know that the white-robed angel of Death is near them, they seek to fly from the soft touch of his kind hand, and stay not to see with him Peace, Purity and fair Freedom, while Mercy brings to the tried spirit the boon of everlasting rest. It is only when Life can no longer bear her burden, that Death comes to ease his sister of the heavy load. The stern laws which an overruling Power has made, are never violated with impunity. If misconduct has planted in the system the seeds of disease, the Angel of Life seeks to relieve and restore. If her pleading voice is unheeded, and man continues to disobey, the atonement is hastened, and in the flower of his years the penalty is pronounced and the scene of earth life brought to a close.

When, as the sad result of some error, the young and innocent are cut down like flowers just budding into beauty, Life gives them up with tears, and Death bears them mournfully away. When the raging storm of battle desolates the land, and angels weep to see Humanity's suicide, Life can no longer perform her mission, and stay with the crushed and mangled bodies of the slain, and Death loathingly executes his appointed task. The companions of his daily journey—Peace, with her pinions crimsoned with the fatal tide; Purity and Freedom shocked and soaring away like frightened doves; and Mercy's tender heart fainting at the awful sight—leave him to his work alone.

Fairer than an opening rosebud in the fresh beauty of Spring, just blending with the richer bloom of Summer, was one upon whom all eyes looked with admiring love. Wherever she moved was felt the charm of her winning ways, and the influence of her beautiful example. She sought to make all around her happy; what more could an angel do? She loved to be with Nature and the songs of birds, and their innocent happiness was all as one with her own. She loved the sweet wild flowers, and like their fragrance, she, too, passed away—for life could no longer preserve so peerless a gem in so frail a casket, and Death bore her tenderly to the spirit-land.

A venerable man had walked with Life for fourscore years. He had seen the variable spring, and felt the energy and ardor of Life's Summer. He had gleaned the harvest when the sun was getting low, and now the winter had come, and he was about to pass from the shores of Time to the land of perpetual Spring. Calm as the hushed evening, he looked upon the future. His eye, dimmed by surrounding objects, was fixed in unwavering confidence upon the star that should guide him to the haven of rest. The angel of Death was no dreaded enemy to him, as, full of years and the honors of a virtuous pilgrimage, Life prepared to resign her charge to his arms, as a mother lays her infant to repose, knowing that it will awake smiling from its needed slumber. And when, as young and old were gathered around him, a smile of sudden joy broke over his reverend face, and he slowly pointed overhead, they knew he perceived what was invisible to them; and in that very hour Life gently stole to the other side to receive him from her brother again, as the mother receives her infant from the arms of the Angel of Sleep.

CHAPTER V.

Over the cradle of an infant two angels were bending as in doubt. The Angel of Life, with her brother, the pale-browed Angel of Death, seemed to hesitate which should have charge of the little sickly babe. But Life breathed upon the tiny sleeper, and the faint rose-tint of health began to glow upon its illy cheek. So Death gladly left him in his sister's keeping, for he was ever sad when called to transplant such budding flowers. The boy grew up in health and strength, and never knew how he was the child of doubt, nor how hardly he had been saved in his unconscious infancy. All the sports of boyhood were keenly enjoyed by him, and never was a more thoughtless, headstrong lad. Unused to control, he grew impatient of the restraints of prudence. And often, in field and forest, and by the riverside, were unthought-of dangers averted by an unseen hand.

As he rowed his little boat upon the swollen river, an unforeseen shock plunged him beneath the hurrying waves. Swept down the stream unconsciously, a friendly hand snatched him to the shore. Then above him was bending the white-robed angel, and very near to him he stooped; but Life kept her charge, and the danger passed. In the pursuit of pleasure, the youth grew near the age of manhood. Study, to others a toil, was to him an easy pastime; what others arrived at by the slow processes of thought, he felt by intuitive. Such natures consume themselves by the light and heat of genius, and he was prostrated by fever that attacked the citadel of thought, and banished reason from her throne.

In the ravings of delirium were revealed the wild chimeras of ambition, and the wilder dreams of love. When he sank in troubled slumber, again the white-browed angel bent very low, and almost lifted him in his pale arms; but his time was not yet come, and Death gladly left him still in his sister's keeping. He rose, but changed; disease was fastening upon the laboring heart, and Life knew she should not keep him long upon the earth. But the youth grew calm, and the strength of religious hope was given him, pointing to the home of the blest, and tired already of earthly love, he thought in his heart of one who had long ago passed from sight. Tender memories restored the sweetest image of the past, and a new light revealed the promise of future joy.

Sacred is the memory of early childhood. Sacred is the love that has been purified by death. And now the autumn of life came to him, when to another it would have been the prime of Summer. He had learned to feel that he was walking daily within the

shadow of a change; the intuition of his early youth taught him that he would soon depart. Then the Angel of Peace came to her bedside in the silent hours, and made all ready; the Angel of Hope was there, too, and pointed him toward heaven, and Faith gave him the precious assurance that all was well. Though it was not permitted that he should be old, he thanked God that he had been spared from many snare, and most of all for the light that had been vouchsafed him from the other side. And he fixed his eyes upon that light, gazing until he slept.

Now to his side came the invisible company of those who loved him. Life was sad, as they sang a solemn song. The white-browed angel once more bent low above the sleeper, and his cheek grew pale as marble, while Life, in the Happy Land, received him to her immortal arms, from the cold embrace of Death.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH.

Once, when a playful, thoughtless child, I found some bright and shining seeds; Pleased with my glees, my mother smiled, And so explained they were not beads, But made me bury in the ground The little wonders I had found.

Obedient, yet I wondered long At counsel which I deemed so strange, And patiently, with Faith full strong, I waited for the promised change. And soon, upspringing from the earth, I saw the magic plants come forth.

I had a plant I tended well, And long I waited for its bloom; I watched the budding petals swell, Its blossoms rare, and rich perfume; Its roots I watered carefully, And kept it growing fair and free.

But when the days grew short and cold, And frost was in the chilly air, The bright leaves fluttered to the mould In spite of all my pains and care; I mourned their fate, but in their room Another Spring restored the bloom.

I loved a robin in the Spring, When orchard trees grew green and white, I heard his plaintive twittering, And marked him in his wayward flight, With crumbs I overcame his fear, Until at last he ventured near.

And so I fed him till he grew To be a well-established pet, But Autumn came—away he flew; With this great grief my eyes were wet. But Spring-time with its bird and bee, Brought Robin back again to me.

With Childhood, then, hath passed away A loved and cherished one; Yet I recall her day by day, And cannot deem her gone; For birds return with Summer's reign, And roses sweet will bloom again.

The voice of Nature we will trust; We see her beauties fade, To spring to life again from dust, In brighter robes arrayed, Within the churchyard mould may rest Only the forms our love caressed.

Life, all her beauty shall renew, Beyond the mystic shore; There shall our spirits join the true, To live forevermore, There is no Death—they are not dead, But changed and glorified instead.

CHAPTER VII.

IMMORTALITY.

When Life leaves the stress, voiceless form to mingle in the darkness of the grave with the insensible Earth, passing to the invisible shore, her name is Immortality. Still she guides the spirit on its way, and a light, too radiant and pure for the gloomy air of earth, attends her footsteps. The tried spirit of one who had well performed his duty through the weary course of years, who had lived with the promptings of guiding guardians ever in his heart, and had listened and obeyed their precepts, had left in that trial scene those burdens that he had borne faithfully to the end, and the reward of well doing is given him at last. The pale form, now perishing in its low resting-place, is laid off as a worn-out garment; the grass is green upon the mound that covers the clay; only a little while ago we knew him even as we now are, but he is no more the aged pilgrim we have been wont to see. His eye was dim, and its uncertain vision but feebly conveyed to his mind the passing events and changes about him. Now his clear gaze reaches far back in the illumined past, and penetrates the grand mysteries hid from mortal, by the Wisdom of the Creator. He sees the green fields and the eternal cities which here alone the inspired prophet hath seen, and around him the loved ones unto whom in the pale presence of Death, he had said farewell. The Earth that Age had deced to the sounds of the busy world, had ceased to bring to his impaired sense, the musical voices of children, or the glad songs of birds. Now he hears the harp of the blessed as they rest in the bowers of Peace; the choral hymn of thanksgiving to God, as the balmy air is filled with the celestial melody. The voices of Childhood, whose memory had haunted his dreams, are speaking to him; they restore the enchantment of that olden time. The Hand, long trembling with the palsy of Age, is now blending with the dust in the churchyard, but forgotten is all the weakness, all the pain that is past, as with delighted ease and strength, he waves the graceful palms, and gathers fruits from the perennial trees. The aching head, the painfully beating heart, the fevered breast, are all left with the frail body, in its oblivious rest.

The flowers we love to gather and admire, turn to dust, and are no more. The gems we seek to preserve crumble in the hand of Time, and are mingled in obscurity. The proudest temples meet one fate at the last; where cities have stood, filled with the beauty of the past, and adorned with the magnificence of an unsparring hand, perhaps a pile of ruins may be yet discerned; perhaps the wave of Time has swept away the whole to unmarked oblivion. The stately monarchs of ancient days sought to embalm the cherished timent in which they could no longer stay the tenant. Forgotten art has lavished its pains upon them, yet vain is all the care, for they sought what may not be attained. The outer air rushes through those unearthed tombs; for a moment is seen the pomp and grandeur of royal state, then crumbles all to common dust. Vain is the toil that seeks to save the mortal from decay. Immutable is the decree that consigns to earth all that springs from her unconscious breast. Life parts gracefully with the fading things of time, but she takes with her to the other side of the river that which shall live immortal as herself.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the land of eternal sunshine, the wreathing flowers of Hope sweet Life entwined upon her brow, are renewed in a brighter, everlasting bloom. And Faith, that looked so steadfastly to the unearthly joys beyond the Grave, still lives and lights the forehead of Immortality, revealing brighter glimpses of heavenly

happiness in the ever-new delights of the beautiful hereafter; while Memory, renewing her youth, restores the pictures that Age had dimmed; scenes of that blest Childhood when angels came down so near, and walk with us in our unschooled innocence. There Life, herself immortal, keeps immortal too; and Love, all the same, unchanged and true, for God is Love. Love tells the mother that her child will come to her again, though parted by the swift waves from her celestial home, when the merciful angel knows that its part has been all acted, its mission accomplished below. Faith reveals to the guardian angel that the light of truth and the power of goodness is imparted to the object of her cares, in answer to her earnest prayers. Love smiles to know that all her blooms are unfaded, and all her treasures safe; kept till the surely coming hour when the parted, the sorrow-filled shall meet forever. And Memory leaves behind no delight of the past, but gathers all in her silent bower.

In the distant Dream land, I thought I unclosed my eyes, and before me floated the celestial form of Immortality. Unstartled, I was motionless, held by the magical hands that bind the spirit in sleep. Awake, I had been dazzled by the unearthly radiance that filled my room, but I beheld all as I were myself a part of the entrancing vision. Around her form at a distance, floated the cold, gray clouds of our earthly atmosphere. Far beyond I traced the shining track she descended, and almost heard the singing voices. Around her bright forehead centered the rays of golden light, and her eyes were earnest, deep and fathomless as Heaven. A wreath of flowers, such as never grew on earth, encircled her pure brow; one lily held the sacred emblems, the other pointed to the Happy Land. Her ethereal form floated upon those golden rays as I listened to her voice: "I point thee to the Happy Land. Behold the shining path. It is not far to the border. The angel of Death is not far away from thy side, and he will bear thee safely there. It is the home of the blest. When thy mission of earth is finished, Love awaits thee there. Peace will welcome thee from the raging storms of Passion. Do good, be true, and the smile of God shall light thy way to Paradise." And as her radiant form slowly faded from my sight, it seemed that I had heard the voice of her who long ago passed to the invisible shore and received upon her head the crown of Immortal Life.

CHAPTER IX.

IMMORTALITY.

Beyond the mountain, where the dawn, The dusky veil of night hath drawn, The promised smile of morn appears, And sparkles in the dewy tears That fairies shake through golden bars, On which they climb up to the stars, And wakes the song of birds that lay All night a dreaming melody.

And opens up the floweret's cup, From which the wandering bee shall sup, And brings the hours whose echoing feet Wake children from their slumber sweet, To wander with the fragrant morn, And feel her kiss before she's gone.

This beauty all is quickly past, It is not in its power to last, And when the Winter comes 'tis fled, And Death and Silence reign instead. Each bird that hailed the rising day, To warmer climes has flown away; Each flower that glistened in the dew, Is faded from the landscape too; And Summer airs, with concord sweet, No more the early traveler greet, But on the desolated plain, Where children erst on daisies tread, Cold Winter wearily hath spread Her snows upon the beauty dead.

The temples, filled with gems of art, In which the painter would impart The inspiration he hath felt, The eye to charm, the heart to melt, Shall all in ruin pass away, And all their treasures too, decay. The scholar's love, the storied page, That holds the lore of many an age, The Bust that would perpetuate The image of the good and great, With all the breathing forms of men, Who suffer or enjoy the scene, To cold and dark oblivion By Time's strong wave are swiftly borne.

But animated by the will That hath created to fulfill His grand Design, Death's mystery Shall leave the immortal spirit free. And while the fingers of decay Are busy with the mortal clay, The spirit soareth far away To realms of everlasting day.

When o'er the bowers of Eden lay The smiles of Heaven, each a ray, To light the blessed as they stray, With Love, and Hope, and Memory, While hearts, earth parted, shall forever stay, Crowned by Immortal Life, in Peace for aye.

Providence, R. I., 1863.

Plain Guide to Spiritualism.
This work sets forth pretty fully the design of the volume, which is still further indicated in the author's preface, in which he tells us, "It embodies the labors, studies, observations and itinerant experiences of years. I make an honest effort to sum up evidences and opinions, and leave individuals and the public to judge. I have endeavored to guard all my positions, compilations and statements with the utmost care and consideration." Any book of which the author can honestly say this must be of considerable value, even though, as in the above sentences, the writer sometimes confesses his tenses, and gives other evidence that in preparing it he has not paid "the utmost care and consideration" to the laws of prosody. The author is well known to American Spiritualists as editor and lecturer; and, as may be expected, many of the topics discussed, as well as the general presentation of the subject, is from the American standpoint. But, though it has what may be called a local flavor, the fruit is sound and wholesome, and we doubt not, to many, pleasant withal to the palate. The author is earnest, without dogmatism; religious, without being sectarian; and practical, without the narrowness which is so often painfully conspicuous in those who claim to be preeminently "practical," as witness his exposition of "Practical Spiritualism."

Practical Spiritualism is summed up in one word, love; love to God, manifest in love to humanity. While Spiritualists seek no central creed—no fixed platform of intellectual opinion—no rigid system of theology, blinding the conscience and trammeling freedom, they are united in the one grand central element of fraternal love enrolling the family of earth and heaven. We can all agree, without controversy, in regard to this central principle; for there is one common chord of benevolence running through the great heart of humanity, which needs only to be touched aright to vibrate in harmony with the eternal world.

Dear departed ones from the spirit land bend over humanity with messages of love to souls long waiting for some influence to touch them, and call forth angel responses. Nothing is so mighty and magical in the human heart as the consciousness of spiritual intercourse, the great fact that heaven is open, its guard-neph constant, and its inspiration direct. Spiritualism has already redeemed thousands once darkened, buried in materialism, and hardened in heart, but now lifting songs heavenward.

In a little more than twenty pages the author has condensed "a multitude of pointed facts" in evidence of the reality of spiritual manifestations. Hints are given in the volume on such topics as "How to Investigate," "Bible Evidence," "How to conduct Circles," "The Popular Objections and Theories Answered."—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

The man who contends that, in the construction of political obligations, his conscience should be his sole guide, is sure to think that it should be not only his guide but every body else's.

Original Essays.

THE MATERNITY QUESTION.

Sense of duty prompts me to express the heartfelt joy I feel in seeing the important question of matrimony and parentage discussed in the BANNER; and why should not all who feel so say it? Who knows how much good "Susie A. Hutchinson," "American Woman," and "Cora Wilburn," may do in giving those words of warning and advice through the BANNER. Only a line, to let the world know that you have found a better way, is, perhaps, preferable to silence.

Therefore let wives and mothers, let true and just, loving men, speak. But do you think I, belonging as I do to the old maid class, cannot know anything about these things? But have we not friends who have married? One of mine tells me that though the love for husband is true and deep, it costs her an effort to make the personal surrender. What, then, must it be to those many who do not love their companions? Have I not seen suffering, agony, and at last death, where the still young mother of the tender child was laid upon her bed of woe for ten weeks? Well for that death came. There was no other relief to hope for, for that husband and father did not realize the wrong he had done. Have I not heard tales of brutal persecutions, of awful outrages, of agonizing submission and years of mental and physical sufferings? Can any one wonder I prefer to remain an old maid? Since this terrible knowledge has come to haunt me with forebodings of such dreadful misery? Would that it could come to all of you, this knowledge, before too late—ere you wake up to find the one you truly loved without that holy tenderness a woman needs, without regard for your feelings.

Did girls know more of this which most concerns them, I think many marriages would be prevented, and some be made endurable, at least, where they now are not. Young girls, I warn you, enter not the state of matrimony without thinking this matter over. Get Henry C. Wright's book on "Matrimony and Parentage"; put it in the hands of your chosen one; converse freely and modestly with him; know yourself. Do not scorn this advice; for, when you are deceived, what remains? Not divorce. Law does not grant it. But you must live on, no matter how diseased your body, how neglected your mind. And for what purpose? To benefit mankind? To produce healthy, noble beings, who shall become reformers and saviors of the world? Not so; for, with rare exceptions, "like begets like." These words express enough? When will you learn that this is a crime? If not, punished by human law, the laws of Nature cannot be broken, without terrible consequences to all human kind. Do not say you must submit. Suffer everything else; be true to yourselves; let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

Rape is punished out of wedlock, but in it paid no attention to. Ah me, that it should be thus! May the day soon come when the small but noble band of men and women tramping on this crying wrong shall be a might host, strong enough to crush it under feet, the constant wish of a friend of progress. E. W.

RIDING ASTRIDE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The artificial exactions of society have fixed woman's position on horseback in what to me appears a ridiculously unnatural posture. I am heartily glad to see some of the women of our country independent enough of time-old and foolish usages, in adopting a better, more becoming, and natural style. All honor to Miss Anna Livingston, and the ladies who follow her example at home and abroad!

For horseback riding nothing can be more appropriate than the masculine attire; and that presented for public approval by Miss Anna, is to my mind the chastest, neatest, most becoming equestrian costume that can be imagined. I am not partial to the stove-pipe hat worn by gentlemen, and for myself, think another style of hat or cap would be more becoming; but this is all a matter of taste. The flat gilt buttons essential to the riding dress constitute its chief charm. I wish all the ladies in the land would adopt that elegant and simple riding-suit.

I believe that we should dress in accordance with our avocations. A silk dress would be out of place while in the performance of our household duties; and in the afternoon or evening reception of friends we would not shock our own sense of fitness and the honor due to them by appearing in our working clothes, if we could avoid it. I do not advocate masculine attire for women as a constant dress; for I like to see the distinction made; but I hope the day is not far distant when the long trains will be abolished forever; and a National costume take the place of the erratic, immodest French fashions; when we shall wear becoming short dresses, not above the knee, but reaching to the ankle, so as not to serve for street-sweeping purposes; when coal-scuttle bonnets shall be no more known, save in caricatures, and pretty hats and warm boots shall exist no longer for the imprisonment of fettered limbs; when, erect and free, woman shall emerge from the slavery of fashion, worthy the fit companionship of angels.

In the meantime all hail to every sign of reform! Let us welcome the better mode of horseback riding; let us favor, more conducive to health, and in reality, far more becoming than being perched up on one side of a horse. The new equestrian style and dress has my best wishes for its complete success.

"ASTRONOMICAL."

BY JOEL E. HENDRICKS.

I have been a reader of the BANNER for nearly a year, and, as it contains many good things, I have not felt disposed to find fault with, or criticize it. I beg pardon, however, for presuming to offer a few brief remarks upon an article in your last issue, (Dec. 20th), under the head "ASTRONOMICAL."

I submit the following remarks, not that the article is profound, or the subject upon which it treats new, or particularly interesting, but because I have not been able to see what the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy" is driving at, and suppose that others of your readers may find themselves in the same quandary, and, more particularly, because, in all that part of the article which is intelligible to me, the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy" is entirely mistaken.

In that part of the article that I understand, the writer assumes that Sir John F. W. Herschel, and other astronomers have made a mistake in calculating the distance of a star, from an observed annual parallax of one second of a degree.

For the information of the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy," I wish to say, that his definition of annual parallax differs from that of all other authors; and that, as Herschel was an astronomical observer, as well as calculator, he probably knew what he meant by annual parallax. But Sir John says that annual parallax is "the difference in the place of a body as seen from the earth and from the sun." (See Worcester's dictionary, article Parallax.)

Without stopping to inquire into the derivation of the term parallax, or to argue with Sir John, as to the propriety of his using this term to represent the angle he has employed in his calculation, as he has definitely stated what angle he has used, we know that his calculation is correct.

Instead of the angle under which the earth's radius is seen, as viewed from a star, being the star's annual parallax, as defined by Sir John Herschel and others, the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy" assumes that the annual parallax is the angle under which the diameter of the earth's orbit is seen as viewed from the star. It is probable, therefore, that he has neglected to examine his dictionary as to the meaning of the term parallax, otherwise, he would have taken exceptions to Sir John's definition. Instead of denying a legitimate conclusion based upon that definition.

What is most embarrassing, however, in the discussion of this subject by the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy" is, that in his solution of the question he has apparently endeavored to compromise the matter with Sir John by partially adopting both definitions, for he has solved the question on the supposition that he has a right angled triangle, and that its perpendicular is the distance of the star from the sun's center; thereby recognizing the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit as the measure of the star's parallax, as defined by Herschel and others. But, on the other hand, he has assumed the "distance" (the length I suppose he meant) of the diameter of the earth's orbit as the base of his triangle; in consequence of which, his triangle would necessarily be isosceles, and his answer, if his question had been correctly solved upon this supposition, would be the distance of the star from the place of observation on the earth.

I am free to say that I cannot see how the "Copernican system of stellar distances" could be affected by the author's criticism of Sir John Herschel's calculation, even if he had succeeded in detecting an error. Nor do I know what he means by "Giant mental Lilliputs" and "Scientific flathead traditionalists." &c. Perhaps he may feel disposed to explain.

Finally, though the "Founder of the American System of Astronomy" may be very clear in the discharge of his functions as "Pastor of Baptist Church at Martindale Depot," his criticism upon Sir John Herschel's calculations would indicate that upon the subjects of Mathematics and Astronomy he is very much in the fog. Waterloo City, Ind., Dec. 28th, 1863.

Correspondence.

An Interesting Letter from Colorado.

Being conversant with a felonious finger, and having some lonely hours, I have concluded that I might give your many readers some interesting items relative to our rich and fast-growing Territory of Colorado, and at the same time pass hours pleasantly that otherwise might be stunted with ennui; therefore if you should see fit to give my penning a place in your valuable paper, you may accomplish the two-fold object of giving a knowledge of this part of the Great West, of which but little is known in the Eastern States, to your numerous readers, and give pleasure to me.

About six hundred miles west of the Missouri river, on Platte river, and in nearly the latitude of St. Louis, is situated the city of Denver, which is the entrance gate, as it were, of Colorado Territory. Almost the entire bulk of emigration and produce which finally spread themselves throughout the various ramifications of this Territory, pass through that ever busy little city. Denver is literally the "hub" of this Territory. It is situated on the Platte, in the valley about twenty miles from the first range of mountains, contains some six thousand inhabitants, has several large and well-kept hotels—its largest and best, the "Tremont," being kept by a Boston man. Its stores and warehouses are large, handsome brick buildings, and the business of the place is very large. It supports two daily newspapers, has a daily mail to and from the States, also a telegraph, from which we so readily learn of that which interests us most, the war.

The traveler having rested himself a few days in Denver after his fatiguing journey across the plains, resumes it, and wends his way into the mountains, where there are many thousand men engaged in gulch and quartz gold mining. Gold was discovered here in 1859. Several very rich gulches have been discovered and worked here, but as a general thing gulch mining in this country does not, and I do not believe ever will pay very well.

In 1860 the first gold lead was discovered. It proved very rich, and since that time thousands of leads or lodes have been discovered in various parts of the mountains. But few of these, however, have ever been opened, as it takes capital to open a quartz claim. The most extensive quartz mining is carried on about forty miles north of Denver, where they have about a hundred mills in operation crushing quartz. When a man gets through the "cap," and gets his claim open, his fortune is made. The common profits from a good claim are from one to six thousand dollars per week. Owing to the peculiar circumstances attending the first discovery here, together with the unsettled state of the country, but little capital has ever found its way here from the States, to help develop the resources of this country. The attention of capitalists is just beginning to turn this way, and quite recently I have learned of several companies being formed, with large capitals to develop the mines. The largest is one in New York, with a capital of \$2,200,000.

It is my humble opinion, founded upon a pretty extensive knowledge of the lodes scattered all over the mountains, that this is bound to be the greatest quartz mining country that has ever yet been discovered. It will take time, but now that the attention of capitalists is turned this way, the resources will be developed very fast. There is no better investment for capital than in these mines. Capitalists will soon learn it, and then these mountains will be opened with wonderful speed, and the rich deposits of gold which have so long been hidden from the eyes of man will be brought forth to his admiring gaze. The resources of these mountains are inexhaustible. Besides gold, is found silver, iron, lead, lime-rock, quicksilver, coal, salt springs, and I believe almost all the minerals are found in these great upheavals of Nature.

It is not in mining alone that man is able to succeed in this Territory. Agriculture is carried on with wonderful results, for on land that has heretofore been considered valueless, the largest of yields toward the industry of man. All kinds of grains and vegetables are very profitably cultivated by proper irrigation, with but little trouble. The yield of potatoes, both as regards quantity, quality and size, is almost without a parallel. From two to three hundred bushels to the acre is a common yield, and I have seen whole loads that would average a pound in weight each, all sound and of a very fine quality. I have seen an onion that weighed two pounds, and the largest and best cabbages I have ever seen were produced here. Potatoes are now worth ten cents per pound, onions twelve, and other vegetables in proportion. Wheat sells at from five and a half to eight cents per pound, corn from four to six.

Farming has but just commenced, everybody has been astonished at the results obtained, and people are just beginning to turn their attention more toward agriculture.

Stock raising is another branch for which this Territory is peculiarly adapted, and I believe no country excels it; the grass has a peculiar strength and richness, and the climate is such that stock have plenty of feed both summer and winter, without any labor of man—an advantage that Eastern farmers, who work nearly all the warm season to garner up feed for their stock in winter, can very readily appreciate. Cattle fat on the grass alone in winter, and make the best beef I have ever seen. A man by the name of Maxwell came into this section fifteen years ago, without

pecuniary means, he commenced raising stock; now he can't tell how much he has got, the only way he has of counting his cattle and sheep, is by the acre. He is estimated to be worth several million dollars.

The stability of trade has been one of the noticeable features in the history of this Territory. While hundreds of merchants have been accumulating a speedy fortune, there has been none of those commercial panics so frequent in new countries, and I have yet to learn of the first business firm that has failed to liquidate all debts.

Freighting from the Missouri River to Denver furnishes profitable employment to thousands of men. The settlement of this country has been of vast importance to the extreme Western States, as it has opened a ready cash market for a large amount of their produce.

Labor commands a good price here. The common wages for day-laborers in the mines being from two and a-half to three and a-half dollars per day.

Government has established a branch mint in Denver, which will be a great convenience to the Territory. The decided loyalty of the Territory is one of its most pleasing features; although there are many Southerners here, yet they have the good sense to keep their feelings to themselves. The result is, that while so many States have been in a constant turmoil, we have enjoyed the most thorough peace. At the fall election not a candidate was elected in the whole Territory who was nominated on the ticket opposed to the Administration.

Colorado has raised three regiments, two of which are in the States battling for their country, and the other is spread over this Territory for home protection from the Indians.

Above and beyond all the advantages enjoyed in Colorado is its climate. It is the most healthy country I have ever seen; the atmosphere is light and dry; not a particle of dew is seen here from one year's end to another. One can hardly meet a man or woman who will not tell you of some ailment they had previous to coming here, which has entirely disappeared, and they are well persons. Persons with consumptive tendencies, if not too far gone, find a sure and permanent cure here.

Thus I have given you a general outline of the resources and state of prosperity of this Territory. I believe my statements to be true in every particular; and what I have said relative to this Territory I believe to be equally true, in most particulars, of all the Territory north and south, through which the Rocky Mountains run. The attention of the world is not just being turned to the vast resources of these mountains. They have long been called the "great backbone of the American Continent," and considered a big thing to have in the atlas; but now it is found that for long ages there have been lying here idle many things that man wants, and who can tell what a century will develop out of these rough and rocky piles of earth that have so long been considered valueless?

The Pacific Railroad will soon be winding its way across the continent; then with this war ended, and our now unhappy country once more united and peaceful, the resources of the Rocky Mountains developed, and rich and growing States being formed all the way from the Missouri River to California and the Pacific, what a glorious and mighty nation will stand before the world! God and all good angels speed the day. W. B. FELTON

Fairplay, Park Co., Col. Ter., Dec. 9, 1863.

Egypt and Egyptians, Illinois.

This section of the State has been settled as long and is as thickly settled as many other portions where schools, education, and refinement are marked characteristics of society. This is the region where the Democratic voters, uniting with the foreign population of Chicago, so often outvote the Republicans and progressive party. The settlers here came mostly from the Slave States, and retain many of the characteristics and peculiarities of the poorer classes of whites in those States, especially a hatred of free negroes and abolitionists. They pay little regard to order, taste, or refinement in their farm or household arrangements. Most of them live in log or timber houses, with stone or stick and mud chimneys out side, and great smoking fireplaces. Even on farms with large orchards of old seedling trees, and rich corn or cotton lands, and soil and climate, where one half the labor would support a family better than the full amount in New England or New York, yet they have not improved their farms, houses or families, as in other and colder regions North and East, or even in Minnesota; but in schools they are still more behind. Yet this people seem on an average as honest and candid as in other parts of the West, but certainly they have been imposed upon by designing politicians, and voted often against the best interests of their own children.

It is singular to see in this Free State so much prejudice against abolitionists and free negroes, and such attachment to dogs and donkeys. Most of the women ride on horseback, and the men have several dogs for company, which fare about as well as the children. The State has a large school fund, and this section, from its large numbers of children, gets a goodly share; but it has made very poor use of it, and hence has but a small advantage from it. Industry, ambition, and education seem greatly lacking among these Egyptians, and hence they have been so often imposed on and so often vote wrong. In their living they are also rude, which causes many diseases which other citizens will not be troubled with. Pork, corn-bread, tobacco, whiskey and wild berries form the principal part of their diet, and Sorghum for sweet. But if the pork, tobacco and whiskey were left out, and beef and butter supplied, the health and ambition would improve.

I have not found that degree of wickedness so often charged to the people of this section, and think they are at par in honesty. There are many farms that have been cleared and cultivated for twenty or thirty years, and yet have only rude, old log houses, distant from a road, without furniture or the least sign of refinement, or Yankee enterprise, or even of literature, except of late in an occasional copy of a daily paper with the list of killed or wounded soldiers, where they look for their sons and brothers; and often they have to get the school-teacher, or some Yankee, to read even that for them.

Politicians and southern friends have filled them with bitter prejudice against northern families, and they are slow to get over it, and often distrustful; but the time is coming when they will discover that "the rogues have lied," and they have been cheated, and they will adopt the habits and style of the Yankees, except some of the least useful among them, who will sell out and go to Arkansas or Missouri.

The winter is rainy, soil muddy, as in Southern Virginia; but I like both climate and soil better than any section further north, and the people as well as in the same latitude, and have selected a home here for my family among the fruit hills of Union County at South Pass. WARREN CHASE. Dec. 17, 1863.

The Right of Withdrawal from a Church.

This is the title of a well written and handsomely printed pamphlet. It presents a clear and conclusive argument in favor of the right of free thought and spontaneous belief, over the pretending claims and inefficient rulings of sectarian organizations. The writer has been a faithful member of a Baptist Church in this city for twenty-five years, and the treatment he has received from it after his withdrawal, to say nothing of brotherly love and Christian manliness, is

uncourteous and unchristian. He speaks generously, in kindness, to his former fellow members, and asks them to hear his reasons for withdrawal, which they virtually refuse to do.

He shows that the relation of membership in a Church is one of reciprocity, that it is a union between the two parties who unite together; that the Church is one party, and the person who unites with it is another; that this union is a matter of mutual agreement, and for mutual purposes and benefits, and that it may be dissolved by the mutual consent of the two parties to it; that in churches founded on the principles of Christ, either party may, for the sake of conscience and religious freedom, seek for a dissolution of the relation, and that if a request to this effect is not complied with, such party may, by his own act, and by virtue of a right inherent in himself, sever the tie that binds him to them. It is this act that the author of the pamphlet has done, and the tie of the Church appears to have been kindled against him as surely, though not to the same degree, as was the wrath of the Jews against Saul, when they went about to kill him for changing his religious opinions.

We know that the sentiments iterated by the author in this little brochure, are also entertained by other honored men among the Baptists. We also have reason to believe that sentiments of great liberality in this respect are held and avowed by one, who, from the position which he long held as President of one of our Colleges, from his valuable contributions to moral and intellectual science, and from the greatness of his talents and the purity of his character, has long been regarded as one of the most eminent clergymen in that denomination.

A. E. Giles, the author of this pamphlet, is a counselor at law in this city. He sustains a high moral, and deeply religious character. His utterances are gentle, but forcible—kind, but powerful. He comes fearlessly from sectarianism on to the unsectarian platform of Christ and true Christianity—out upon the broad arena of universal liberalism, undisguised before the world, a true man. His pamphlet closes with these words:

"Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,"

We regret to say that only a few copies are printed for private circulation. PROGRESS. Boston, Dec. 26, 1863.

"Why Don't you Lecture on Spiritualism?"

Again and again am I met with this query and others of a similar character, and again and again do kind, well meaning friends endeavor to convince me that I have mistaken my "calling" and am wasting time, and perhaps talents, in attempting to call the attention of people, and especially the spiritual public, to the fact that every part of our natures should receive some attention—the physical as well as the spiritual. To these inquiries I would say I do not lecture on Spiritualism, simply and solely, because I cannot; but because the brave and noble spirit who has for years stood by my side, cheering and urging me on, when the soul has well nigh given up in despair in view of the prejudices, the opposition and censure that must be met with by one who attempts to live above the iron law of custom and fashion, has said, "go forth and preach the gospel of health, and I will be with you"; because reason, observation, and experience have convinced me of the necessity of a reform in this department of life; because I see health, happiness, and life sacrificed for the want of a little attention to the most common laws of human existence; because I deem strict obedience to the laws of our physical being as obligatory upon us as though they related directly to that division of matter termed spirit. Though it is a well known and acknowledged fact that everything in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, can, by or through the knowledge man possesses, be vastly improved upon; yet, when one speaks of physical improvement in the human kingdom, he is thought by one class of minds to be trying to supersede the Creator and take the control of things into his own hands; and by another, as dealing too much with things of an earthly, gross, and undeveloped nature, instead of those refined and spiritual; while the few consider no department of nature as too sacred to be investigated and improved upon, nor too low or undelivered to demand the attention of minds the most highly cultivated and refined.

We find man at present weak and diseased, if not absolutely sick and deformed; far, very far below that standard of vigor, symmetry and beauty which he is evidently capable of attaining to. We might quote a thousand facts to show the importance and urgency of physical education. Observe the great multitude of puny and deformed children; look to the records of infant mortality; to the almost universal ill-health which sustains an army of physicians; to the general lack of physical vigor in both sexes. Who does not desire to be healthy, strong, graceful and beautiful in body, as well as educated, refined, and intelligent in mind? A popular journalist has said—"The desire for beauty, or at least completeness and comeliness of form, is felt wherever a human heart palpitates." Where is the individual living who has not at some time in his life been obliged to deny himself some mental or spiritual enjoyment on account of physical disability; yet the numbers are few who realize the great extent to which the spirit is dependent upon the conditions of the body it inhabits.

In view of these things, how essential it is that we inquire into some of the causes of these evils, with a view to being a little more practical in the common duties of life. How many there are to-day talking, preaching and writing; hearing and reading true and noble thoughts, but who fail to live them, and are thus perpetuating the very evils which they are laboring to eradicate and prevent. While we teach let us practice, for I very much doubt the moral right of a person to expect or claim a new truth until he lives in accordance with the one he already has. Yes, friends, just as long as the still small voice within says, Preach the gospel of health, I must obey, and I neither fear nor would shun the consequences, be they what they may. Ever for Practical Life. LOUISE T. WHITTIER.

For Lake, Wis., Dec., 1863.

Departed.

DEAR BANNER—Thrice welcome messenger Light, Love and Truth, always rich with the blessings of angel ministry. It is my privilege to inscribe upon thy radiant folds one more name to the "dear departed," that glorious throng who have chosen thee as the best angel of their loving ministrations.

In Worcester City, Mass., on the 14th of Dec., 1863, ripe with the maturing experience of seventy-two years, Mr. Ebenezer Cox, awoke from the night of earth and the dreams of matter, to the gorgeous scenes and blissful realities of the "Rosy Morning Land." Born and living in the midst of spiritual darkness, he was early trained by the teachings of ignorance, into the acceptance of sectarian creeds where he lived as best he could, the life his inward nature claimed the right to live; yet, though the struggling energies of his soul sought to leap forth into the atmosphere of freedom, they beat in vain against the prison-bars of education, until, in his later years, the morning dawn was heralded to his receptive soul by the advent of spirit communion, when, bathing in its waters of living inspiration, the fog bars of creed were completely washed away, and his imprisoned spirit at last set free, rejoicing in anticipation of the real life, into which, as he was thus happily prepared, he has now entered with an "abundant entrance," while the aged partner of his joys and sorrows, happy in the assurance of his continued presence, patiently waits with loving confidence and trust, the return of the birth angel to bear her also to the home of the angels, to the place he has gone to prepare for her.

There was a circumstance connected with the funeral service, which I am pleased to place on record, as another test of the glorious truth of angel ministry. The relatives of the deceased, unable to obtain a Spiritualist speaker, called in a Mr. Richardson, a talented and liberal Congregational minister, of Worcester, who kindly officiated, and read from the 16th chap., 1st Corinthians, on the Resurrection, which he

made the basis of his discourse; and though its conclusions were as good as could flow through a mind biased by an Orthodox creed, and ignorant of the life and condition of the now resurrected one, it fell all too tame and comfortable upon the bereaved and yearning soul who had already been baptized by the power of a living inspiration; and they would fain in turn have ministered unto him, by "showing him the way of (God) more perfectly."

The funeral was on Thursday, and Saturday it occurred to Mrs. Stearns, one of the family, that Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, was to speak the next day in Worcester, and might yet have a spiritual funeral discourse. Accordingly, at the request of Mrs. B., that evening I sought the place where Mrs. Bliss was stopping, and when conducted to her room, found her sitting in a trance state, apparently giving a communication to another lady, who sat beside her. I was requested to be seated, until she came out of the trance, when I could make my own remarks. But I had hardly seated myself, when the controlling intelligence (an Indian female spirit), excused herself from the lady, saying, in broken English, "I must talk to the man now," and turning directly to me, said, "I am going to talk to you now. I know what you have come for; you want my soul to preach a funeral sermon. My soul is a spirit-medium; if you ask her, she cannot tell, so I will answer for her." She then assured me that our desire should be gratified, and that, if possible, the departed should preach his own funeral sermon. She would help him all she could; but if he was unable to control sufficiently, he would give his mind to another, and they would speak it for him; he was desirous of giving his views of spirit life in contrast to what they were before his entrance. She then described some of his characteristics, which were correct. Said, "She saw him come to the door with me, and that was the way she knew what I had come for." She also said, "That he had suggested the plan to the impressive mind of his daughter, as he wanted a spiritual funeral, and was dissatisfied with what he had;" adding, also, other things designed to comfort the bereaved family—and all, without one word from me, and in an entire stranger to all present, except the spirits, and no previous thought of such a revelation ever in my mind. And what adds further interest, before commencing her discourse the next day, Mrs. Bliss was moved to take the Bible and turn to the very chapter which the minister had read, and read it with a meaning that I never felt from any other reading. And the prayer which followed surpassed anything of the kind I have ever listened to. In its deep comprehension of spiritual things, in the beauty and power of its expression, and fervency of utterance; and to draw a comparison between the two discourses from the same text, would simply exhibit in the first case, a strong mind striving to curb its thoughts and trim its utterances to suit the interpretation of a creed, while in the other, a strong mind was indulging in the largest freedom of thought and utterance, swayed by the impulse of a mighty inspiration.

History, science, and a deep spiritual philosophy were brought to bear upon the subject with a thrilling power of eloquence seldom equaled by our best speakers; and if this discourse is a fair sample of her inspirations, she stands not one whit behind our most gifted ones. I only wish that she had preached her discourse to those who have reported and placed in the hands of every mourner in the land, and they are many now. JOHN H. DEWEY.

"Man is but a reed, the fraillest in Nature; the universe need not conspire to crush him. He dies from an exhalation from a drop of water, but he is greater than all else, because he knows that he is crushed while the elements that have crushed him, know it not."

So passed away the spirit of Isaac Kendall. You may have seen him all along these thirty years at his post of duty and of business—an unpretending, quiet, business man, working steadily from boyhood all through life's journey, as partner or confidential clerk of the late distinguished merchant, John H. Pearson. He had the confidence of all who knew him. He was a man of frugal habits, of correct business ideas, and of the strictest integrity. Largely connected with commerce, his ideas were commercial, and it told in his investments, and he left a handsome property, the result of his good judgment in financial matters.

In characteristics, though he was the furthest remove from the man of show, there was none of the abuse of the term "frugality," which narrows the souls of so many who accumulate wealth slowly; if from long habit the indications of profusion were not visible in his person and habits, the testimony of the multitude of poor in his own city (Charlestown) and elsewhere, who have been warmed, clothed and fed by his liberality, will mark him as a generous, noble-hearted man; his benevolence, like his life, was marked by its unobtrusiveness. He gave not for the sake of credit, but from organic kind-heartedness, being satisfied with the pleasure of giving, not with the reputation of benevolence, and verily he had and will have his reward.

A man in active life, suddenly taken out of the community as he was—a few days of severe suffering, and his career in human life was ended—was necessarily missed from his accustomed business walks, but his family, his wife and young children call for our deeper sympathy, the latter too young, perhaps, to realize their loss. Still may we not hope that in the years that are to come to them, the testimony of his influence will be still around them? And though unseen, he may still be their guide in life, and may be, the inner whisperings that may well up in their souls in sorrow and in joy, in life's chequered career, are the promptings, or the angel-voice of their father, who, taken away with no parting words to them, still lingers around the circle which was so dear to him.

"And is he dead? His voice is hushed;

The casket could not hold the mind;

His brittle lamp of life is quenched;

But yet its light is left behind." W.

From Pepperell, Mass., Nov. 11, 1863, Moses Parmenter, aged 60 years, 2 months and 23 days.

For about twenty-seven years, the subject of this notice has suffered greatly from spasmodic asthma. Often for weeks being unable to lie down at all, and not unfrequently during the winter months getting no rest but what he took in a chair.

But his dark and gloomy hours were cheered and brightened by the presence of those who had "gone before."

His last sickness, lung fever, followed by ulceration of the lungs, was most painful and distressing. He was unable to lie down at all for four weeks—the duration of his illness—and had not had one night's rest in bed since the 10th of last Aug. But he was an example of gentleness and patience through the whole of it, saying, "it is all right."

The teachings of our beautiful faith were a comfort and support to him, as they are to us who miss him constantly, but think we ought not to mourn a spirit freed from suffering, and indeed, passed on to higher life.

O Thou who wondrous formed this frail existence, And blended life and death, for ends sublime; I bless the hope that glids the shoreless distance, And soothes the trials of benighted time. E. M. P. HOBART.

The immortal part of Charles Berry left its clay tenement at New York City Nov. 17th, 1863, after sojourning therein for fifty-three years, and during that period the house of clay stood the storms and trials of life remarkably well, but the zeal of Bro. Berry to help save his country from her enemies, induced him to enter a service that has proved too rough for the oak that had braved danger so often before, and after two years and a half of sunshine and storm in the army, the good old man, of sound sense and liberal ideas, bade adieu to his comrades in the field; but alas for his friends at home; the form they received safely, but the living, vital principle was walking its beat and standing sentry over the friends he once loved so well.

In Bro. Berry we have lost a kind friend, and one whose liberal ideas were far in advance of the world at large, and whose extensive experience and honest investigation after truth made him a pleasant and fact-producing companion, and one who was fond of argument for the sake of further light and knowledge in the Harmonical Philosophy, of which he was a firm believer, and his life was as pure and spotless as friend of friend desires.

Our loss is great, his gain who can compute. SAMUEL MELVIN.

Left the floor at Quincy, Dec. 31, 1863, the spirit of Mrs. Eunice Glover, aged 83 years 3 months 3 days. Sustained by the faith that Spiritualism imparts, she, with the closing hours of the old year, left the aged and worn-out body, to join with the angels in the opening scenes of the New Year of spirit life, leaving one son, (not to mourn, another as lost), but knowing though the form has left him, her spirit still hovers near him still; and with his firm reliance on the truths that flow to him through messengers from the bright land of peace, he can rest on the promises and feel that God doeth all things well. Two aged and firm sisters of the departed still remain in waiting for the summons to join with her in that home of rest where all shall meet to part no more. Somerville, Mass. SAMUEL GROVER.

Gospel of Charity.

At the meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 4, at Fraternity Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, the subject discussed was "To make ourselves happy by making others happy."

Dr. CHILD.—Our unhappiness for the most part comes upon us as a compensation for the unhappiness we cause others. The retribution of Nature's laws is stern and inevitable. Every deed we do that makes others happy or unhappy, sooner or later, somewhere and somehow, shall be reflected back upon us and make us happy or unhappy. The pursuit of man is happiness, and to make ourselves happy we must make others happy; and making others happy we make ourselves happy. Thus we have a higher and nobler way of displaying our supreme selfishness than that of only trying to make ourselves happy at the expense of the happiness of others, as is the present order of the world.

Mr. THAYER thought this subject very interesting. He heartily believed that the practice of this rule was the most certain means of securing our own happiness. If we do all we can for the happiness of others, we do a great work to the end of our own happiness. The memory of good deeds done to others always fills us with joy. The memory of evil deeds done to others always makes us unhappy. This is a cheap way to secure happiness; it costs us nothing, and the reward is rich beyond our expectations. Let us comply with this precept, and cast our bread upon the waters, which shall surely return to us after many days. The great Spiritual Teacher suffered and died that others might be happy, and he is glorified and made happy for his sufferings. His example commands our admiration, and is a worthy example for us.

Mr. GILES.—There is a sentiment in this precept that I heartily sympathize with, and that is, that we should try to make others happy. But the phraseology of the precept seems to me to imply that we are to strive for our own happiness first, and seek to make others happy only so far as we can thereby promote our own happiness. With that idea I do not agree. It is selfish, and if we practice on it we shall not attain the object of our pursuit. Though many do not understand it, yet what Jesus said is profoundly true, that he that would save his life shall lose it. And the same principle is applicable here—that he that seeks his own happiness as an end will lose it. History appears to teach what seems to me to be a law of Nature, that they that live to themselves die; and that in a sense far more sad than a mere dissolution of the body. Happiness differs from pleasure, joy, and other terms that are sometimes used as synonymous with it, because it implies continuity. To be happy is to be in such circumstances that our desires are responded to as they arise. People become happy as their natural desires are gratified, and inasmuch as every person differs in some respect from all other persons, the modes and degrees of happiness are as numerous as are people. The science of phrenology proves this. Every desire, emotion and capability of a soul has its appropriate dwelling-place in the material organism. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" so is it not true that in the house in which each of us live there are many mansions? Is there not a sense in which each of the convolutions and elevations and depressions of the brain and the nervous system may be regarded as an apartment? Hence every one of us have in ourselves our music halls, our studios, our churches, our schools; yes, and more than that, we have our parks, our aviaries, our groves, our forests. And it is to believe that we also have within ourselves our prisons, dungeons, and instruments of torture. One man finds his happiness in what is misnamed good living; that is, in eating and drinking; another in music; another in science. If the second should devote himself to promoting the happiness of the first in that department where he chiefly finds it, it is evident that by just so much is he deprived of that special pleasure, music, which contributes to his own happiness. The illustrations might be indefinitely increased. Let us not keep to the present, but inquire in what the ancients considered happiness to consist. Look into the Bible, that rich repository of Spiritualism. Look into its oldest book, which probably existed long before the time of Moses. One of the friends of Job said, "Happy is the man whom God chastiseth." One who has been accounted the wisest of men said, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding, for the merchandise thereof is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her. Happy is every one that retaineth her." Come further down the pathway of history. James said, "We count them happy which endure." Peter said, "If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye."

As Mr. Giles's time had expired, he was here stopped by the Chairman.

Dr. CHILD.—Is not the desire that all have for happiness after death pure and holy; and also is not that desire a selfish desire?

Mr. GILES said he heard the question, but as his time had expired, he should not undertake to answer it.

Mr. BRONX.—This question of Dr. Child implies that our best desires are selfish. Selfishness is implanted in our nature, and an attempt to ignore it is to go against nature. We have a right to seek our highest happiness through the happiness of others, even though it be through the acknowledged selfishness of our nature. Our desires should be tempered and governed—they are given to us for use, not for abuse. I believe this rule to be a great means by which the happiness we desire may be ours when we shall practice it. I believe it is a secret germ that God has planted in our Nature, that shall unfold in deeds of goodness to all, that shall make us visit the sick, give to the needy, help the suffering, sympathize with the afflicted, make ourselves happy by making the world around us happy.

Mr. CORLEND.—I am surprised to see the way that this precept is stated. I would leave out a part of it and have it read alone, to make others happy. It is fallacy to say the pursuit of man is happiness. I think the pursuit of man is virtue. We should not strive to make ourselves happy, if we do, happiness eludes us. If we seek virtue, we gain happiness. Our mission in this world is to learn and practice virtue; not to seek happiness. Let us become noble and divine in the pursuit of virtue. Let us not seek our own happiness and salvation, but the happiness and salvation of the world.

Mr. WETHERS.—All our happiness is enjoyed by ourselves; so it is selfish. Our efforts to gain happiness for ourselves are selfish. I think that self attacks out everywhere in life. Everywhere I go self is prominent. I think that happiness is the great main spring of human life. In religion, the same as in secular affairs, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. The ways that men go in their pursuits for happiness are different with different tastes and desires. It is true that with Spiritualism comes a new order of things. It shows us in this rule a better and higher way, a more liberal and noble way of going after happiness than that which the world is in the practice of, viz., of making ourselves happy by making the world miserable. This rule opens a new and higher form of selfishness, viz., of making ourselves happy by mak-

ing others happy. And speaking after the manner of a business man, I think this latter mode will pay the best. That man is not acute in business who does not see that greater happiness is gained by making others happy than by making others unhappy. Call this selfish; that is right. Selfishness moves the world, and this rule is a higher, broader rule in the code of selfishness than has yet been practiced.

Dr. GARDNER.—It is natural for some to think that others are made happy by the same thing that makes themselves happy—to say to others, do as I do, believe as I do, think as I do, and you will be happy. We are too apt to ask others to follow us, to go with us, forgetting that each one has different tastes, desires and pursuits. That which pleases and makes one happy, may not please and make another happy. It is utterly impossible for any one to act without selfish motives. It is absurd for a man to think he can act unselfishly. The universe is moved by selfishness. The great motive power of human action is selfishness, and the more perfect development of human life shall be the fruit of this development.

Mr. EASON thought that selfishness implied the appropriation of goods to our own use that might be to the injury of another. Thought the appropriation of goods for our own use that did no one any injury, was not necessarily called selfish. I would not call an act selfish that benefits self, and injures no one. The healthy gratification of any desire gives us happiness, and if this does injury to no one, it may not be called selfish. This precept, before us this evening, leads us to study our own nature in a deeper, truer way than we have been accustomed to heretofore.

Mrs. SPENCER.—We look over human Nature, and we find that everywhere it acts true to itself, whether her acts bring joy or sorrow, happiness or misery. The works of Nature are right, and misery is not to be lamented, for it has its uses. He who acts true to his Nature, need not care for misery, for misery makes its victims better. Change is the voice of Nature everywhere. All progress is born in unhappiness. From the deepest suffering the world drinks the richest pleasure. Selfishness propels all the pursuits of human happiness. There is no prosperity without selfishness. Selfishness is everywhere in all the great moving powers of Nature, both in the animate and in the inanimate world. The attraction of gravitation is the selfishness of the earth that hugs all things earthily to its own bosom; the atom attracts its kindred atom in inanimate selfishness. And life, vegetable, animal and spiritual, all have attractions that proclaim the subtle power of selfishness in all things.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.
"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to tread through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the 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.

Thoughts for the Time.

Happily for us all, the arbitrary divisions of time which are habitually accepted by the civilized world furnish us with convenient points both for forecast and reflection. The death of an old year and the advent of a new, forms a stopping-place, at which we can conveniently, as well as fitly, sit down and scan the Past with the eye of reflection. It is as necessary for us to do this, from time to time, as it is for the mariner to take observations at high noon each day, and regularly reckon his latitude and longitude. While we live in the dizzy whirl of events such as signalize this era, the head would be completely turned that does not stop to cast up the reckonings and apprehend the laws which operate.

Our country has reached a very significant period in its career as a nation. Many speak of our situation as being environed with numberless perils, which, at best, are but the conditions and incidents of the discipline which we are to undergo; but, for ourselves, we attach no fears to such a fact, because we rest in the assurance that no more is sent us than we can really endure, and nothing that is not for our permanent happiness and good. We who confide in the upper and invisible intelligences, who do the will of the Father in our national affairs, have no cause to regard all present perils and trials with any feeling like trembling. There is just so much to be passed through by us as a people, before we can expect to emerge into that brighter and more glorious light which has been reserved for this planting of the continent by the ages.

The work of suppressing the wicked revolt which has already desolated the industry and broken up the social status of the section lending itself to it, has made quite as rapid progress within the past twelve months as could have been expected. It is a vast and difficult area, in the first place, to penetrate, and we could not have expected to pass with our armies around it, and through it, and make ourselves masters of the same until many and many an obstacle had been surmounted, that was not at the first taken into the account. Such operations, with rivers and mountains and morasses and wide-stretching wastes to intervene, are never carried to a successful termination save with the help of time and long perseverance.

On the west and southwest we have the rebellion, and on the north and the south, Coastwise and along its mountain boundaries, it is compressed by the unbending lines of our patriot soldiery. Its territory has been severed in twain once, and now divided again; and present operations render it morally certain that, by the opening of another season, the territory which is bounded on two sides by the Atlantic and the Cumberland mountains, and on two others by Lee's army and the farther limits of Alabama, will be sliced into at least two, if not three, divisions by the penetration of the Union armies, isolating the rebel south at Richmond from the body on which it has fed so long, undermining and sapping the influence of the rebel leaders thus separated from the people they have bullied and commanded, and breaking up the physical pretensions of the so-called Confederacy into such fragments that the ingenuity of the most inveterate politician can never hope to place them together again in their original form.

This geographical result we can see plainly before us even now. The past year has been weighty with its important results on our national history. Though the battles and skirmishes have been fewer by far than

those of the year before, they have been of vastly more consequence both to the nation and the rebellion in their results. Larger bodies of armed men have been moved up against the rebels, and much more has been accomplished by strategy than ever before since our new military experience began. The ablest minds are at length concentrated and brought directly to bear upon the operations of the rebel commanders, so that it may be said of them that they have at last found their superiors and masters. Never until the latter half of 1863 have the rebel leaders been driven to confess that their experiment is certainly come within sight of its close.

We begin a new year, therefore, with a new point of departure. Other conditions, forces, and circumstances are to be taken into account than those alone which we have been accustomed to reckon with. The present year will unquestionably witness the termination of all the organized violence which the rebellion can bring to bear against the Government. With pacification in near prospect, a brood of new and most important questions will at once spring into being, whose treatment and settlement will command the purest hearts and the clearest minds which the nation is to day silently preparing to furnish. These questions will not refer, as heretofore, to mere party limits and interests, but a far broader and profounder class of views will be brought to the front, in whose discussion and adjustment the whole people of the land will take such an interest as they have never manifested in public affairs before. It is both natural and necessary that it should be so, too. It is high time that the moral sense of the republic, which has now for a long course of years been appealed to in the most marked manner relative to reform and reconstruction, should finally crystallize and become actively operative as a power in the State. It is just for this that we have been receiving these lofty spiritual teachings, and passing through this severe and bloody discipline.

Europe will without doubt have all it can attend to at home, without hastening, as it has done since the outbreak in our own country, to meddle aggressively in aid of the rebellion and against the Government. France is the heart of the great European web, where are spun the destinies of the several States and powers of the continent. In France alone has the old feudal system been even measurably removed from the social state; Germany, including Austria and Prussia, and England likewise, all feel the influence of that stranger overshadowing institution, which will ere long have to be rooted out from their soil before they can have permanent peace. The time, too, is close at hand for the collisions to take place which are the sure heralds of the inevitable movement behind. Russia, to be sure, has been beforehand in the work of reformation, freeing her twenty millions of serfs voluntarily, and placing them on the road of progress and development. But with Great Britain the great struggle of all is yet to come. We are not of those who believe that a doom is to overtake that nation, and that it is to be wiped out of the list of nations of the earth either for fancied or real sins; but it is nevertheless true and entirely according to the law of Nature, that the delinquencies of that government must be atoned for in some way, and at some time, and for the final advantage of the nation itself. The general strife which is impending in Europe is likely to be carried on until the field has been thoroughly plowed and sown with the seed of the new promise.

Between one side and the other, one hemisphere and the other, an entirely new state of things is at hand—a new era for the whole world. Those who would help in the work must be awake and alive to the great issues of the time. If they do not desire to take a part in the movements of the day, they must make up their mind to stand aside. Nothing can avail to hinder any longer the advance of those great events on which turn the progress and reform of the civilized world.

The Future.

Standing on the threshold of a new era, at the opening gates of the new year, we look down a glorious vista of the possibilities of human advancement. We look away from blood stained battle-fields and desolated homes, to the interior and imperishable gains of the spirit, won amid the encircling turmoil and the deadly strife. We see the true spiritual graces blooming out of human souls; we behold white-robed Charity walking serenely amid the believing multitude; we are refreshed by the sight of spontaneous human sympathies; we are delighted by the heavenly aid of friendship and the steadfast truth of love. For this, and for a life consecrated to noblest uses, for the expansion of the soul, the cultivation of thought, the reign of peace and universal harmony, it is that we toil in the present, that martyr-blood is shed on Southern battle-grounds, that poverty and bereavement, sudden change, befall us. Through the smoke and din of war we shall win the glorious heritage of everlasting FAREWELL. From the incomplete and unsatisfactory life below, thousands have arisen to the progressive, unfolding life of the spirit, the fulfillment of the yearnings within, that is to be found only in the immortal lands. But here, too, we have been aroused from apathy, out of indifference and coldness to others' welfare, by the tramp of war; and sweetest sympathies, holiest amenities, loveliest aspirations, worldwide and embracing heaven, have nestled to the bosoms once so stony proud and careless of all save self. Oh, a great teacher is this terrible necessity of war, for it brings home to forgetful hearts the value of true liberty; it awakens thought upon mighty themes, and calls for the redress of hideous wrongs we slumbered upon and waived aside, because their galling fetters did not reach the me or mine. Now we are compelled to acknowledge the Brotherhood of man, to revere the majesty of womanhood, to listen to the cries of outraged childhood, despite of the difference of color and of caste. A great and needed lesson this, for the Republic of America.

And when once again—the ordeal of purification past—Peace shall unfurl her snow-white banner over the land, it will wave over humbled, bettered hearts, over souls keenly alive to the needs of fellowship, and the demands of a kindred humanity. There will be more reverence for the Deity and his divine attributes, and less sham ceremonials and creed forms; more true and quiet philanthropy, and less ostentatious displays of charity; more respect paid to intrinsic merit, and less to external trappings; more interior culture, and less flaunting pomposity; more truth and faith and love, and less conventional misdeeds.

The signs are hopeful, though the political horizon may be dark. The promises of the angel-world are golden with the glory of a near fulfillment. Let none despair, but strive most earnestly, and with unwearied effort, for the establishment of that Kingdom of Harmony that makes for itself a heaven within the soul. Through the dark Present we shall be led into the glory of the Dawn.

Spirit Manifestations in Buffalo.

Our correspondent at Buffalo, N. Y., sends us a very lengthy account of physical and other manifestations witnessed there not long since through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Reed, a person of humble pretensions, whose mediumistic abilities have been but recently brought to the attention of the Buffalonians. The manifestations, as described, were similar to those given in this section at various times through the instrumentality of Jenny Lord. We regret that the crowded state of our columns preclude the possibility of our publishing the account in full.

Hudson Tuttle lectured in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, to a good audience.

WEAVE A SHROUD.

[The following poem was given under inspirational influence at the close of a lecture in this city, on Sunday evening, Dec. 27th, by Cora L. V. Scott.]

PART I.

In every home there's a silent room,
Where strange, dark shadows fly;
And in that room is a silent loom,
Where a weaver sits all day.
With downcast eyes the shuttle he piles,
Weaving with every breath,
Both early and late, the web of fate—
And the name of the weaver is Death!

Weave a shroud, weave a shroud,

For the gay and proud;
For the thoughtless young,
With their fickle tongues;
For the aged man,
Who has filled life's span;
For the honored great,
With their pride of state;
For the lowly poor
By the cottage door;
For the flowers of spring;
For each fleeting thing—
Weave a shroud!

For the maiden fair,
With her shining hair,
And her form of grace,
And a lovely face;
While her witching glance,
Through the merry dance,
Pierces many a heart
With Love's quick dart—
Weave a shroud!

For the mother's child,
Who has wept and smiled
On her loving breast,
And whose lips she pressed,
Whose laughter clear
Echoes far and near,
And whose tiny feet
Bring pleasures so sweet—
Weave a shroud!

For the lover that's joined
In Hymen's bond,
To a fair young bride
Who walks by his side,
While his strong, true arm
Shields her from harm,
And his manly breast
Is her place of rest—
Weave a shroud!

For the mother, wife—
The joy of home life—
To whom children cling,
And hasten to bring
The first young flowers,
And who fill her hours
With sweetest joy,
Which naught can alloy—
Weave a shroud!

For the hero pale,
With his coat of mail,
And his shining sword,
And whose low, quivering word
Rings through rank and file
Like a victor's smile;
A wreath of fame
Entwines his name—
Weave a shroud!

For the monarch proud,
With his mandates loud,
With his sword and crown
Trampling millions down,
While his chariot rolls
Over thousands of souls,
And his minions tread
Over myriads dead—
Weave a shroud!

For the summer flowers
That fill the hours
With their odors rare
And their colors fair;
Let the snow be pressed
On each lily's breast,
While frost needles sew
Them through and through—
Weave a shroud!

For each lovely form
With life's glow warm,
For every face
With beauty's grace,
For every name
And all earthly things,
For each living thing
Which Time doth bring—
Weave a shroud!

PART II.

But above the loom,
And through the gloom,
Breathes a whisper low,
Yet so sweet and slow:
"For the living dead
To those in need,
For the word of cheer
To the lowly near,
For the thoughts that burn
In the mind's pure urn,
For the gifts that shine
In the life divine,
For the honest name
On no scroll of fame,
For the beauties that live
In the hearts that give,
For the human soul,
And its endless goal—
Weave no shroud!"

Exchange of Prisoners.

After exchanging five hundred and two prisoners with Gen. Butler, the rebel authorities suddenly found out that our commissioner of exchange had been "outlawed" some time ago by Jefferson Davis, and flatly refused to go on with the business. The rebels thus place themselves out of the pale of civilization before the world. They refuse to have anything to say with us on the subject of exchange, because our commissioner is so odious to them. Davis hates Butler, because Butler long ago found him out and exposed him. But the arch rebel will have to learn that he cannot insult this Government and the very maxims of civilization beside, merely because he has conceived an aversion to our particular commissioner. If war is to be carried on according to Jeff. Davis's rules alone, there will come a long struggle to find the fact out.

Mr. Lincoln's Reputation Abroad.

The London Spectator says, with reference to the news of the President's late illness, that "the mind naturally glances at the possible calamity which the country might sustain in his death. Few men of average abilities ever managed to inspire a more profound trust in their integrity and firmness than Mr. Lincoln has contrived to implant in both his friends and foes, and certainly there is no man in his Cabinet, not even Mr. Chase, whom the world would trust as well."

A Gloomy Growler.

Among the many notices of Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life," we find one in the columns of the Springfield Republican, which is eminently characteristic of the literary "power" that presides over the utterances of that paper. It is well known that Dr. Holland once spoke, in the Republican, in terms of the highest praise of one of Miss Doten's poems, which is published in the present volume; but in his review of the book itself he seems to entertain a very different opinion. How can this be explained except on the ground of envy and jealousy, which we have heard charged quite frequently against the rather too prolific "Timothy Titcomb" of late. He loves popularity too well to be just in his criticisms of other authors. His notices of Spiritualism are full of contradictions and halting opinions. Where he is very sure the public judgment, or popular prejudices will sustain him, he is as brave as a lion, and comes out strong on that side.

In noticing Miss Doten's Poems, he says, "We believe she is wholly unconscious of any effort at imitating the style of another, and yet her book is but a collection of imitations of various authors, not so apt and clever as those of the brothers Smith, who wrote the 'Rejected Addresses' fifty years ago." That's merely as much as to say, "I want to appear to have an opinion on the subject, but things are so very uncertain I hardly know what to say." So he follows Capt. Cuttle, and practices "profundity." In another place he says—speaking of Miss Doten's remark that "it is often as difficult to decide what is the action of one's own intellect, and what is spirit-influence, as to determine what is original in ourselves, and what we have received from the minds of others."—"We have not a doubt of it. Most gifted writers will tell you that their finest thoughts come to them as inspirations, that their grandest poems are breathed through them from a higher source; every striking idea is a visitant; not a possession; every live novel even, takes on a vitality of its own, and shapes its plot in utter disregard of the advice of friends, and often also of the writer's will."

Then what is there to growl and grumble about? Miss Doten has simply given poems—and beautiful poems, too—to the world, which are the products of states of mind which the Springfield Literary quack is forced to acknowledge the existence of. And she has the honesty to confess the sources of her inspiration, too, where Dr. Holland takes pains to make it appear that what he writes is his own. That is the wide difference there is between them.

We would give little for such reviews, or notices of books, knowing the petty motives from which they spring. There is neither fairness nor judgment in them. Because a man thinks he is a poet himself, is it necessary that he should refuse to believe there are any other poets in the land? Is "Bitter Sweet" the only specimen of versification we are to have in the century? The Roman satirist styled the "scribbling race" "irritable genus," and for exactly the reason which betrays itself in the Springfield Republican; but Dr. Holland must not expect that the irritation of envy leads to inspiration, or that popular verses are in all cases poetry. Could he settle his mind down long enough to accept the faith in spirit presence and spirit influence which he has over and over again testified to, he would soon find his heart purified for far better work than he has ever been satisfied with in the past.

War News.

The news from the Army of the Potomac is very meagre. Not much activity there except by reconnoitering parties.

Gen. Grant's Army is actively preparing for as early a movement as the season will permit. A large forage train was pounced upon by fifteen hundred rebels and captured, but a Federal force coming up immediately recaptured it before the enemy had time to destroy or take away of any it. Several hundred of the rebels were captured and many more were killed.

An engagement took place on Christmas, between the U. S. gunboat Marblehead and some batteries erected by the rebels in Stone Inlet, in which the vessel was badly handled. Other steamers coming to the rescue, the batteries were afterwards taken. The siege of Charleston is progressing favorably.

We have accounts from Florida, that the extensive salt works of the rebels have been destroyed in St. Andrews Bay, and St. Andrews City was leveled to the ground by the crews of the steamers Bloomer and Beardless. The salt works destroyed were valued in all at nearly \$3,000,000.

A fight took place near Fort Gibson in the Cherokee country, Dec. 18th, between one thousand rebels, under the notorious Quantrell, (who burned the city of Lawrence and slaughtered its inhabitants some months since,) and Colonel Phillips, of the Indian Brigade, which lasted several hours, and resulted in the complete defeat of the rebels, who were scattered in all directions, leaving fifty killed and wounded on the field. Our loss is reported to be small.

It is said that short rations, insufficient clothing, suffering families, and a hopeless cause are precipitating hundreds of Lee's soldiers into Gen. Meade's department, and then will follow the oath of allegiance to the good old Union and an amnesty.

Another secret expedition left New Orleans Dec. 30, the strength and destination of which, remains unknown. Little doubt is entertained but that eventually it is intended to operate against Mobile. For the present, it is supposed, Pascagoula will be occupied, an entrenched camp formed, and preparations made for an advance on Mobile as soon as the rainy season ends.

Re-Enlistments.

So far as heard from, the number of re-enlistments on the part of the veterans in the field is so large as practically to amount to the consent of the whole army to serve until the war is ended and the Union restored. It is indeed a noble sight, to see men who went forth from their homes into the field, under the spur of impulse, return to the work now after having endured war's privations and perils for three years, obediently to the persuasions of their reason alone. Such a fact argues everything for the stability of the Government for whose preservation and authority our brave soldiers fight. No danger that, with such defenders, a nation will wreck itself on the breakers of treachery and defeat. There is no feature of this war so gratifying as the one contained in this single circumstance. We need entertain no fears for our future, while there are such brave and self-denying men to rally around the country in its danger.

The Congress of Europe.

Nothing could have occurred more opportunely for our national interests than the proposal of Louis Napoleon for a European Congress. It is paralleled only by the timely arrival of the Russian fleet, last fall, in American waters. The attention of meddlesome and envious foreign powers is thus drawn away from our affairs, and concentrated on their own. Europe has now all it can attend to, to look out for itself. It is not at all probable that the Congress in question will ever be held, at least on the basis of its present call; but the very fact of such a summons precipitates thought into new and striking forms among the several powers concerned in such an assembly, and removes an incubus from American affairs which will allow us to manage our own troubles with greater directness and better effect. It may be said, in reference to this Congress, as also to the Russian fleet, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Volunteer Bounties.

The following important message of the President of the United States, on the subject of volunteer bounties, was transmitted to Congress on the 5th inst:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives: By a joint resolution of your honorable bodies, approved Dec. 23, 1863, the paying of bounties to volunteer soldiers, as now provided by the War Department, is, to the extent of \$300 in each case, prohibited after the 5th day of the present month. I transmit for your consideration a communication from the Secretary of War, accompanied by one from the Provost Marshal General to him, both relative to the subject above mentioned.

I earnestly recommend that the law be so modified as to allow bounties to be paid as they now are, at least until the ensuing 1st day of February. I am not without anxiety lest it appear to be important in thus recalling your attention to a subject on which you have so recently acted, and nothing but a deep conviction that the public interest demands it could induce me to incur the hazard of being misunderstood on this point.

The Executive approval was given by me to the resolution mentioned, and it is now, by a closer attention and a fuller knowledge of facts, that I feel constrained to recommend a reconsideration of the subject.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

January 5, 1864.

It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Wilson's new enrollment bill, introduced on the 5th, exempts those who are physically disabled, and also makes the following exemptions: The Vice President, the Judges of Courts, the heads of Executive Departments and the Governors of States. It receives as substitutes only those who are not liable to the draft, and a penalty of 100 to \$1000 fine, and thirty days' to six months' imprisonment, is provided as the punishment of enrolling officers who are engaged directly or indirectly in procuring substitutes.

Spiritualist Sunday Meetings at Lyceum Hall.

With the commencement of the present year, Dr. H. F. Gardner assumed the exclusive management of these Sunday meetings, and will conduct them, as in times past, by charging an admission fee at the door to those who do not purchase tickets for the season. It is well known that the Doctor has been an efficient worker in this immediate field for eight years, and we feel gratified that the Lyceum Hall Committee, who carried on the meetings free for the past two years, have transferred the control to such able hands; and we call upon all who have the good of our cause at heart to second Dr. G.'s efforts.

The Doctor is in correspondence with many of our best speakers, in order to secure their services, whose names will be announced from time to time. Miss Lizzie Doten has been engaged to speak on next Sunday afternoon and evening.

The Great Rebel Weeps.

The Richmond correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser communicates a fact that is of decided interest to the whole of us. He writes that the rebel President wept when he heard of the misfortune of Gen. Bragg at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Davis was, as the same writer remarks, very much attached to that General. No matter, however, for that. The Government of the Union, which Davis has labored for three years to destroy, has at last made the great head rebel weep. It has extorted tears from his flinty heart. But all his crying will avail nothing. His tears will never wash out the "damning spots" of his fearful guilt as a traitor to his country. It is high time that he should cry, though weeping is now of no use. But we rejoice to know that he has been brought even to this pass. It is in sight of the end of his journey.

The Fraternity Lectures.

The tenth lecture of the course before the Parker Fraternity was delivered on Tuesday evening of last week, in the Tremont Temple, by Rev. Jacob M. Manning, of the Old South Church. The final lecture of this course will be delivered on Thursday evening, 14th inst., by Henry Ward Beecher, at the Music Hall, preceded by music from the Great Organ.

After the close of these lectures, a supplementary course of four lectures will be given in the Music Hall, on successive Tuesday evenings. Three of the speakers of this new course will be Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, and the distinguished English abolitionist, George Thompson. Tickets admitting a gentleman and lady will be \$1.50. Many tickets have already been disposed of.

A Sign of Renewed Prosperity.

The Semi-Weekly Publisher, a well-conducted sheet, printed at Haverhill in this State by Woodward & Palmer, has just entered into its sixth volume, and will hereafter be published tri-weekly, as it was previous to the war. We feel thankful when we see that our brethren of the press are prospering. It encourages us to persevere.

Bread Tickets.

Funds have been sent to this office by Dr. E. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y., with the request that we expend the amount in the distribution of bread to poor Spiritualists in this city. We have accordingly made arrangements with a baker to furnish two hundred and fifty loaves to those who may apply for the requisite tickets at this office.

Mr. Foster, the Test Medium.

It gives us pleasure to endorse the following note, coming, as it does, from a lady of undoubted veracity:

Mr. Editor.—Not being a professed Spiritualist, I never intrude into your columns unless prompted by a sense of duty either to the living or the dead. I have just passed an hour at the room of Mr. Foster, No. 6 Suffolk Place. At the wish of my friend, I had prepared some twenty questions, addressing about that number of spirit friends, and in every instance a response was given, and communications entirely satisfactory were received. Other tests were added, identifying dear ones who have long since passed to the summer-land. I write this voluntarily, not at Mr. Foster's suggestion or request, but acting from a sense of duty to the cause of Truth, and in accordance with the time-honored maxim, "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum." Respectfully yours, VERITAS.

Announcements.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will speak in Marblehead, Mass., Jan. 17th and 24th.

Selden J. Finney speaks during this month to the friends of progress, at Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Laura M. Hollis will lecture the last Sabbath in January inst., at West Gard, Me., and in Monro, Me., the second Sabbath in Feb.

P. B. Randolph is lecturing, Sundays, in New York City, corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway.

Susan M. Rodgers, the gifted Psychometrist, of Watertown, N. Y., does not wish to be considered a public medium; and her liabilities are such she cannot answer letters without some remuneration in advance.

A Conference of New York Spiritualists in held every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the Cooper Institute, Room No. 30; also every Wednesday evening, at the same place, commencing at 7 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to participate in the proceedings of the Conference. Subjects of the greatest moment are freely proposed and ably discussed.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL for 1864 has just been issued by A. J. Davis & Co. It contains an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a General Calendar of Reform. It may be had, wholesale and retail, on application at this office. For full particulars see advertisement in another part of this paper.

Georgiana Shapleigh.

[The following message was given at our regular public circle on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 5th, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, and a request made that we publish it in advance.]

I was born in New York, and died in New York, and was nine years old. My father died when I was five years old. My mother is living there now, and she is—she's asked me to come. She's sick in—a consumption, and got, the doctor says, the spine complaint.

I been dead just since the 1st of December. When I was took sick, they took me away from my mother, and I—I don't know where they carried me; but the floor was so white, and the walls were so white, and the shades to the windows were white outside and green inside. I guess it was a hospital, but I don't know. I think it was a hospital.

I used to make a living for my mother and myself, in selling apples and candy; and so—and I took the small box going into a place to sell things, I suppose. If you could go and see my mother, on Centre street, she would tell you about me, and she'd tell you that she wished I'd come back, if I could, and send somebody to take care of her. [Can you tell the number of the house you lived in on Centre street?] Did n't have any. I could take you there. [Have you given your name?] Georgiana Shapleigh. My mother's name was Eunice—it is Eunice now; mine was Georgiana. If you'll—if you'll print my letter, with my name to the head of it, my mother will know it, 'cause that colored woman that goes in to make her fire and look after her, sometimes reads your paper. And she told her about folks coming back. That's why my mother wished I'd come. Oh dear! If you'll let me come again, I'll do better.

My mother'll do pretty soon, and then she'll come to me. And this gentleman here says I can ask you to publish my letter ahead. And—and tell Mrs. Brown—I don't know her other name, she's a colored woman—that I'm much obliged to her. And tell her that her Bill's here, and says he'll come the very first chance he gets. And tell—and tell Mrs. Brown to go to Mister Ellison—I don't know the number of his store, but it's down East Broadway—and tell him that I come, and ask him to go and see my mother, and ask him to give her some money. He told me once, when I could n't do any better to come to him; he'd give me money. He give me four dollars once. Tell him I'm away now—I'm here. [Can't you remember the number?] No, I can't. Mrs. Brown knows, 'cause she washes for him. She sent me down there to get some money when I could n't tell anything. Good-by.

Thomas Gales Foster in Baltimore.

Mr. Editor.—You and your readers are aware that this pioneer among our trance media is again in the field. My former communications have mentioned the fact, but nothing that I have heretofore said could give you an idea of the power that has been displayed recently through his organism.

Closely confined to his desk in the War Department during the past two and a half years, I was apprehensive that the channels which had been so widely opened to spirit influx might have become closed—that material cares and secular labors might have drawn the mind from higher contemplations—and that the instrument which had been so carefully attuned might no more be played upon by angel fingers. But not so. Our city being in close proximity to the field of his labors, he consented, after much solicitation on my part, to fill our desk upon the evening of each Sunday, deeming one lecture a sufficient tax upon his physical strength after the close confinement of the week.

For a time the control was not so perfect as it had been in former years; but the discourses were always highly acceptable to intelligent and discriminating audiences. During the three last Sundays, his spirit-guided, Professor Dayton, seems not only to have regained all his former power over his medium, but, indeed, to have deepened it into positive and complete control of every faculty of the man.

His subject, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," has, I presume, never been handled with the same ability since the hour when Paul first pronounced the words. Indeed, if Paul himself was a listener to these discourses—which, by the way, I think likely—he must have been delighted to learn how vast a field of thought there was in this little sentence—thought of which his mind, perhaps, had not taken cognizance at the time when he gave it utterance.

During the last eight years I have sat under the teachings of nearly all of the most popular and eloquent of our trance-media, and have listened with pleasure to the best normal speakers of our faith, but have not heard anything that was comparable to those three lectures.

In his research after the components of the natural body, he penetrated each stratum of the mineral world, passed thence into the vegetable, and along his ascending pathway into the animal kingdom, until its ultimate—man—was reached. Thus far he went hand in hand with physical science, as recognized by our advanced schools of the nineteenth century; but here he bid adieu to schoolmen and their theories, and leading his hearers fearlessly into the broad, ethereal domain, he revealed amid the sublimities of that world which no school but the Spiritualistic has ever dared to enter.

I will not attempt to follow this upward flight of the spirit, but will say, in conclusion, that an audience composed largely of strangers and skeptics seemed spell-bound under its influence, and admiration and wonder were freely expressed by those who are not yet convinced that spirits and mortals may commune with each other.

The Spiritualists of Baltimore are not "waking up," as you said in a late issue. We have long been wide awake to the truth and beauty and harmonizing power of intercourse with the angel-world, but we deem it unnecessary to make loud demonstrations of our progress. The principles of a Divine Philosophy, supplying all the needs of man's physical, intellectual and spiritual natures, are the objects of our research. The sensational, or wonder-seeking phase, is not predominant with us, as we desire to present to our people only a true and rational Spiritualism.

Yours truly, WASH. A. DANSEIN.

Baltimore, Dec. 31, 1863.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

S. E. B. PHILIPS, N. Y.—If you had read the BANNER carefully, you would have found a full description of the article you allude to which appeared in its columns some time ago. Write to Dr. Harlow, Chagrin Falls, Ohio. He will give you all the information you desire.

O. A. P. AUBURN, ME.—We submitted the message to which you refer to the invisibles, as you requested, and they have decided negatively.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—Thackeray, the author, is dead.

An old lady, nurse, girl and four children were burnt to death at Birmingham on the 25th.

The American Ministers at London and Paris are making persistent efforts to prevent the sailing of the Rappahannock from Calais.

The Messrs. Lelands refused to sell the Mercury rams. The Danish Ministry has resigned.

People so disposed, are enjoying the fine skating all round about us. It is capital exercise, and of course conducive to health. Old and young may be observed among the jovial crowds that visit the Public Garden and Jamaica Pond.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Friend Randolph (we see by the last Herald of Progress) has "made up" with Mr. Davis—buried the hatchet—just as we expected would be the case some time. It leads us to exclaim, "Truly, there is good in human nature, after all!" and in this particular instance it goes to prove that we were not mistaken in our treasured belief that Bro. Randolph's heart was as tender as a child's, and his sympathies as large and acute as the most refined of the opposite sex. It therefore does us good to notice such generous sentiments as we find recorded in the last Herald of Progress from Mr. Randolph. And Mr. Davis's reply is also just right—could n't be altered for the better. He says, in his closing remarks, "Doubtless the year 1864 will be adorned by 'peace' between two great contending sections of one vast, progressive country. Let us hasten, then, to secure lasting 'peace' in the more interior departments of life and society." Allow us to congratulate you, gentlemen, and bid you a thrice HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We publish in another part of this paper a very interesting letter from our friend, Mr. W. B. Felton, who has taken up his residence in Colorado Territory. If all the writer says be true—and we have no reason to doubt his statements—Colorado must indeed be one of the most favored spots for man on the earth, and destined in the coming time to be densely populated.

A Poem, given through the instrumentality of Joseph D. Stiles, medium, by an Indian spirit named "Muna," will appear in our next issue.

Archbishop Hughes, the distinguished Papal Prelate, died at his residence in New York, on Sunday evening, January 3d.

COMING BACK.—A mass meeting of all the loyal people in Louisiana was called for the 8th inst. The object was to take into consideration the formation of a Free State Government. Nearly enough are enrolled to enable the State to return to the Union under the President's amnesty proclamation.

The Beaver Dam Citizen, alluding to a debate between E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and J. F. Wilcox, Adventist, says: "Mr. Wilcox showed himself throughout to be a gentleman and a scholar, and entirely master of his own peculiar system of doctrine, while the other speaker (and we regret to say it) manifested a bullying spirit on 'points of order' quite unworthy of his cause."

A LARGE CAVALRY FORCE.—We learn that it is the intention of Government to organize a cavalry and mounted infantry force, to number at least a hundred thousand men, and to be commanded by major-generals, as the regular infantry are. It is believed by military men that such an arm will prove, at this stage of the rebellion, of the first importance.

DIBBY, the wag of the Banner, has already re-covered, else he might take our hat, in view of his New Year's present.—"two babies laid out in egg shells!" "Gee" is inclined to "Haw! haw!"—Herald of Progress.

Hope he will.

Dibby says he knows of a capital healing medium on Joy street, who not only heals human "understandings," but repairs their noses also.

It is said that the whole city of Charleston is mined. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest. Mark that!

Married.

In Tunbridge, Vt., March 31, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Ezra Willis, of South Royalton, and Ruth Moody, of Tunbridge.

"No cards," except the following: We are located in Tunbridge, Vt., and our house is a *bed* for all mediums and Spiritualists who may be pleased to favor us with a call. Mr. & Mrs. EZRA WILLIS.

Departed.

For the spirit-land on Christmas night, Dec. 25th 1863, in the 66th year of his age, Chester Packard, of Albany, N. Y.

The deceased was long a believer in the truths of Spiritualism. An earnest exponent and fearless advocate of its principles, laboring zealously to convince his fellow-men of the correctness of its teachings.

During his last illness he gave unmistakable evidence that that which he had held as a theory, he could then claim as a fact.—Com.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TOWNSEND ST., (opposite head of South street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Feb. 7, 14, 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 5 and 12.

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

CHARTERED.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Fremont Hall to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. J. Grandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Mrs. Sophia L. Chapman, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 7 and 14; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Feb. 21 and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Mrs. Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Annie E. Stimson, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. O. P. Works last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during March; Charles A. Hayden during April; S. J. Finney during May; and Martha L. Beck with during June.

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

ONEIDA, MASS.—Muscle Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

ROXBORO.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Feb. 21 and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Rev. I. C. Knowlton, Jan. 17; Theodore D. Weld, Jan. 24 and 31; Nellie J. Temple during February; S. J. Finney during March; Lizzie Doten, April 6 and 13.

BAXTON, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from February to last of May.

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

PERRY DAVID'S PAIN KILLER. This great medical benefaction, wears happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief; and alleviating many of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world, and wherever a Yankee has set his foot, may be found doing its work. Its virtues have been so thoroughly tested, that it needs no lengthy recommendation to entitle it to the public confidence. It is emphatically a household remedy, and if kept on hand and used as occasion may require, will save much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Providence, R. I. Weekly Times.*

Price, 35 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 29 J'n. 18

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D. R. LISTER, No. 23 Lowell street, Boston, Mass., can be consulted by mail. A few questions answered for fifty cents; currency; a written reply, all events in life for the future, from the coming of the world, to the end of the gentleness \$5. Time of birth wanted. Medium sent by express with full directions. The Doctor has resided eight years in Boston. All confidential. 8m Jan. 9.

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THE MEETING OF SIGMUND AND GERDA.

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A POEM FOR THE TIMES, BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. THIS above is the title of a beautiful POEM, by Miss SPRAGUE, 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 for 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.

UNION SOCIABLES!

THE third course of the UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5th, 1863, and continue every Tuesday evening

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

THREE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 7 o'clock. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers about the spirits who control the circles; Margaret Waterhouse, of Liverpool, Eng. to her son; Patrick Quinn, to his wife, in Boston, Mass.; Lucy Lee, to her father, General Robert Lee; Timothy B. Vanduyke, of Montgomery, Ala. to friends in New York State.

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

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Invocation: "Are not order, adaptation and law evidences of conscious intelligence?" Questions and Answers: Charles Grant, to his mother, in Reno, N. Y.; Ann Louisa Wight, of South Norwalk, Maine, to the mother of her child; Calvin Gibson, of Richmond, Va., to his wife and to Richard Crane.

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

Monday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: "Spiritual advancement in this life and in the next." Questions and Answers: Andrew J. Garret, to his friends, Mr. Andrews, of Salem, Mass.; Dennis Doyle, to his wife and children, in Troy, N. Y.; Horace Jennings, to his parents; Lucy Green, to her father, John Green, at present at New Orleans, La.

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

Thursday, Dec. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sam Houston, of Texas, to his friends; William Allen Crane, to Thomas Pettigrew, in New York State.

Monday, Jan. 4.—Invocation: "Imperfect Control." Questions and Answers: Thomas Harrigan, to his sons, Thomas and Richard, residing in Halifax, N. S.; Walter Adams, to his friends, in this city; Harry Coburn; Miss Lizzie Edmonds, to her mother, in this city; Mr. P. P. Davis, to his wife, sons and friends.

Tuesday, Jan. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dr. Aaron Moore, to his family, in South Carolina; Georgiana Shapleigh, to her mother, residing on C. street, New York City, and Mrs. Brown, a colored woman—(quintessence of this number of the Banner); Wm. H. Smith, to his friends, in Augusta, Maine, and brother Henry.

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit of Eternity, we would worship thee in Spirit and in Truth, and bring unto the grand altar of the Present all the offerings of our human spirits. Oh, our Father, we perceive the star of Infinite Good shining above us, and although we are surrounded by what seems to be Infinite Evil, yet we will have no fear. We will not fall of confidence in thee, for under whatever circumstances we may be placed, we shall know that our Father is with us. Though darkness and we surround us, and we seem to be submerged in hell, yet we will lift up our voice in thanksgiving unto thee, knowing that thou dost all things well. Oh, our Father, humanity is weak and thou art strong; and we fall oftentimes to walk in the way of life, and seem for the moment to forget thy presence. But soon thy voice is heard beyond the wild tumult of earth, and recognizing thy voice, no picture of hell shall bear us fear; no darkness, oh Father, is so dark that thy love cannot see through it; no time so full of woe that eternity cannot compensate for it. Our Father, thy children who are gathered here to-day have each some offering to bring unto thee. We need not ask that thou wilt accept all, that thou wilt remember each desire. We need not ask that thou wilt minister to the necessities of thy children, for if the atom is remembered by thee, we need not fear to be forgotten. So we know that each desire that is presented to thee will be answered. Oh, we only ask that we may understand the answer. And if it comes in the form of human sorrow to thy children, may they not fail to appreciate it. Oh, we ask that thou wilt give us power to teach thy children that sorrow is abundantly useful. Oh, may we so impress them with thy goodness that they shall look upon it, not with distrust, but with confidence and love. Oh, teach humanity, Father, that the darker shades of the picture of life, that even this wild civil war that is raging around us, is for good; that all is for good; that nothing is lost in the great scale of humanity, but all is weighed in the balance, and nothing is found wanting. Oh, our God, we return thee thanks, though we know that thou hast no need of our thanks. Oh, our Father, we bless thee, though we know that thou hast no need of our blessing. But thou hast made us that thanksgiving and infinite prayer is part of our being.

Nov. 30.

Progress of Spirit in the Spirit-World.

Spirit.—What subject will the friends propound for our discussion this afternoon?

Spirit.—Will the controlling intelligence please discourse awhile on the progress of spirit in the spirit-world, from one sphere to another? The way or manner of its accomplishment?

Progression, either with mind or matter; is an infinite principle, a something which you cannot analyze. You may speculate forever concerning it, but a just analysis you cannot give. The spirit passes rapidly from one condition of being to another, throughout eternity. Progression is its own through all the future, as it has been through all the past. You may look upon the external manifestation of progress, or this wondrous principle; but the inner mechanism you may never know. Would you know aught concerning the manifestation of progress in its sphere, look at the same in yours. We can give you no better illustration of spirit progress than Nature gives you North and South, East and West. Read Nature's volume through, and you have an answer to your problem.

Nov. 30.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Do the inhabitants of certain planets visit in a spiritual condition other planets?

Ans.—Yes, certainly; mind is aspiring wherever it may be located, whether it dwells in yonder star, or in your planet, the earth. It makes no difference. Mind desires to know somewhat of mind that is far above it in wisdom. Thus the inhabitants of all the various planets that stud the beautiful spirit-spheres are constantly traveling from one planet to another, gathering more, and still more of knowledge. They come to you, but you do not recognize their presence, because you have no affinity for them, and they have none for you. They come to earth to inform themselves simply, not to gratify any sense in yours.

Q.—Does all mind preserve its own identity and consciousness, whether in this sphere or the next?

A.—Mind is an independent entity, therefore it

must preserve its own powers inviolate through all eternity.

Q.—How is phosphorus generated in the brain?

A.—It is the refuse physical matter of thought. The faster you think the faster phosphorus is generated in the brain. We might give a variety of explanations. This will serve you perhaps as well as any.

Q.—Have spirits in the material form as good an opportunity to progress as when in the spirit-world?

A.—So far as the things of mortality are concerned the embodied spirit's advantages are superior to the disembodied spirit; but so far as the things of the spirit are concerned, the embodied spirit's advantages for progression are greatly inferior to those of the disembodied spirit. All experiences pertaining to mortality are gained more easily through a physical human machine; while on the other hand, the experiences that belong to the spirit are more easily gained without the incumbrance of the physical form.

Q.—Are those experiences of as much importance to the disembodied as the experiences of earth-life are to the embodied spirit?

A.—Most certainly they are. All knowledge comes only by or through experience. You may believe, but cannot know, unless you have actual experience. You may believe that there is a land beyond the confines of the tomb, but you cannot know or be sure of the fact until you shall have passed through the chemical process of death. That is one of the experiences pertaining to spirit that cannot be acquired through the mortal form.

Q.—Does knowledge in the spirit-world come to the spirit by influx, or by the process of education? Is the spirit taught?

A.—Yes, certainly. When a desire is born within the spirit for knowledge, then it is very easy to acquire it. But where there is no desire for education, it is very hard to acquire knowledge. For instance, you have a great deal of spiritual light yourself, and desire to inform your skeptical friends concerning the reality of your spiritual philosophy. But in your eagerness to impart your own knowledge to them, you try to force your light upon them. What is the result? It only confuses them without dispelling the darkness that surrounds them. Light knocks and knocks in vain at the doors of their souls, and retires, like Noah's fabled dove, finding no place to rest upon. But when one earnestly desires to receive spiritual truth, then knowledge comes easy and natural. If your friend asks you to give him of your spiritual light, then when your light is shed upon him it is immediately absorbed, taken up into his spirit chamber, and there made use of.

Q.—I have given people who were skeptics in Spiritualism advice, and told them they would return when they passed to the spirit-world, and tell me that I had given them truth. Some of them have already done so, I believe. Now what I wish to know is, whether it were possible for them, as spirits, to recognize these truths?

A.—Most certainly. All spiritual truths—and all truths are of the spirit—are intuitively recognized and appreciated by the spirit. Not one is lost. Now when the spirit casts off its earthly form and begins to take upon it the conditions of spirit life, then it perceives the truth that was given it while dwelling in the form. It is the first ray of light that is shed upon the mysteries of the spirit-world. It becomes a light to their feet, and by it they recross the bridge and commune with mortality.

Q.—Does not the faculty of clairvoyance give us a knowledge of life in the spirit-world?

A.—Clairvoyance will talk louder to the spirit dwelling in earth life concerning our spirit-world than aught else you have. Though the faculty of clairvoyance at the present time is frail and feeble, yet, nevertheless, it is possessed with the power which will sooner or later do much for your spiritual unfoldment. Clairvoyance to-day is but poorly understood. But when the future shall grasp at its power and send it out on the wings of inquiry into the spirit-world, that it may return with tidings from that unknown land, then, and not till then, can you properly estimate its value to mortals, because mind shall better understand it. And yet even in the present, though but imperfectly understood by mortals, you can make it your servant. Send it out with all the powers of your being into the spirit-world, and, believe us, it will return—will bear you tidings of that spirit-land. It will give you at least a shadow of the bright light of the morning-land.

Nov. 30.

Lieut. Col. Ezekiel Mason.

I have been informed that you send letters or messages from departed spirits to their friends in earth life. Is this true? [Yes.]

I have very little to say concerning this new world, for I have hardly made up my mind that I am really an inhabitant of the spirit-world. I seem to be so closely related to earthly scenes, that I fancy I am neither here nor there.

At all events, I parted companionship with my body on the 18th day of October last, and I feel exceedingly anxious to open communication, if I can, with the friends I have left on earth. I am aware that my friends are not near at hand, and I may have some difficulty in reaching them; but I am told that others have succeeded in doing so under more difficult circumstances, and why may not I hope to reach mine? [You may hope to.]

When this rebellion—you call it such, I believe—first showed its head, I threw down Coke and Blackstone, shouldered the musket and went to war, because I really felt that my portion of the country demanded my help, and that I ought to do whatever I could toward sustaining her.

I suppose you have no sympathy with the spirit of Secession, none at all. I am aware that I am standing on different ground from what I stood on when I was here in my own body. You are aware that sometimes people act conscientiously when not doing right? [Oh, yes.] Not doing what the world would call right, perhaps, but what must be right to them, else conscience would disapprove. What do you think of it? [We think so.]

I am not prepared to say that I think the spirit of Secession is entirely devoid of good in its results, nor am I prepared to say it is devoid of evil. But I really believe it is a principle introduced between two extremes, and the result, I believe, will be harmony; though it do not so appear at present.

Now from what I have been able to learn since I came to the spirit-world, I should say you are in a half-way state. I have about come to the conclusion that there is something of right on both sides; that there is an unseen power forcing both sides together, and as they near each other, the inharmonious is felt on both sides for a time, after which a season of tranquillity will follow. I honestly believe that a power that you or I could have no control over, will finally restore peace and harmony to your beautiful continent.

I have a father—an old man—living near Charleston. He is sad, and life seems to him a burden, for he has lost nearly all his worldly property since the rebellion broke out, three of his children and his companion, and he seems to be, as it were, alone.

I do hope I shall be able to reach him, hope to be able to commune with him face to face. When consulting with him as to whether it were not best for me to offer my services to the Confederate Government, he said, "My son, I don't know what is best. I am not prepared to advise, but do what you think is right, and leave the result to God."

I did; and for the course I took when here I am not sorry. And although I am unable to see God just as I expected to, yet I fully believe that some day I shall know him better—be better able to comprehend my-

self; which is to comprehend our God, they tell us in the spirit-world.

Oh, my name. I had well nigh forgotten to give it you. I was called Ezekiel Mason when here. I was in the practice of law in Charleston when the rebellion broke out. My father, William Mason, resides about sixteen miles from Charleston. Fourteen years ago, I married. Two years after marriage, I lost my wife and child. [Were you an officer?] I was lieutenant-colonel.

I would ask that my father—should this communication reach him—seek out some one of those persons who are in the habit of standing between death and life, and give me a chance to talk with him—mediums, I believe you call them—the same as I am talking with you now.

My brother William, also, is present, and desires the same privilege. My mother—indeed, there are seven of us in all, who are anxious to commune. I am also anxious to commune with other members of our family; but I am more anxious to commune with my father, because I feel that he needs it most.

I was wounded in battle, and died of my wounds. I felt then that I was doing right, and I cannot feel now but that I did right. Pardon me; you stand on your ground, and I stand on mine, and God shall judge us both. [Certainly.] Farewell, sir. Nov. 30.

Carl Zimmerman.

I have something, something to come for, else I should not come here. I have lost my body where I give it to help on a cause I think was good; and I am not sorry I give my body to service. But I am sorry I have so much trouble to come back. When I found out that spirits could come back, I said, I like to go where my friends are. I like to go where they are, so that I can speak to them. But I was told we should come here, come to this place and send out our word, like as we come to a post office, or telegraph office, or something of the sort.

I have not been in this country but about nine years—little more than nine years since I first tried to see what I could do at my business in New York. When the war came, I thought I would try my fortune there. I did, and that is the last of my body.

Now I have a sister in New York I should like much to come onto, to talk with—what you mean commune with. That is it; I should like to commune with my sister. She is without any protector, and then she is not much to help herself to.

I'm from Germany; have many friends there that I'd like to commune with; but I see I can't do much there at present in talking this way, because there's too much materialism about my friends there, so I'll be content with a little here high by, just enough to enable me to send word to my sister.

I was, in all, twenty-eight years of age. My name, Zimmerman—Carl Zimmerman. I have three brothers, in all—two living and one dead, as they say—and my sister. I have no parents here on earth. You know I say here, because I am on the earth myself now. But I have friends, and one I would like in particular to speak with. I made his acquaintance shortly after coming to this country, and he's proved my friend all through. Now I should like to know if I can come and talk with him, as I do here. But I'll ask him to look after my sister, who is all alone; to be kind to her, and advise her. I'm here I cannot talk as I would to my sister, were I in my own body. She needs somebody nigh by to advise her. She's almost a stranger in this country. I was foolish, if I'd well, no I was not—I was going to say I was foolish to go to war, and run the risk of losing my body, and so leave her alone. But there was a great cause demanded all the help that could be given it. [Is your sister living out in New York?] She is in New York. Oh, no, sir; she's not at service there. Well, before I went away to war I placed my sister to board with a family by the name of Dohne, two old people, an old lady and gentleman.

I gives her my own bank-book to keep. I put a little money in her purse, and then I send her remittances, you know. She's not know how to do work here in this country, and she's pretty face, pretty face, and she's in danger, and I want her to go back to Germany.

I was a musical instrument maker. I have enough to do, plenty of work, before I went to war and lose my body. I take something over with me, so I not come so poor to this country but what I could start myself in business.

Well, sir, whatever you can do to help me send word to my friend, I'll be very thankful for. [Give his name, please.] Oh, yes, I will; I had like to forget. He is not German; you understand it? That is, he tell me something that his father was of Irish parents, but was born in this country. So you see my friend is of Irish descent, but American born. His name is Casey—Edward Casey; fine fellow, you see, and I'll tell you what regiment he went to war with. He went out in the capacity of drummer, in the Seventh New York, but from some cause about the chest, from some reason or other, he got his discharge, and went home. [What is your sister's name?] Marie.

Now I should like to talk with him, if I could. There are plenty, they say, of such folks there. [He'll probably give you an opportunity to speak to him.] I hope he will. I can take care of her, put her just where she'll be right, if I can come and talk myself to her, because I'll send her home; that's what I'll do. I'm much obliged. Good-day. Nov. 30.

Emily Austin Williams.

My brother, Judson Williams, is sick in the hospital. I have come here to send him a letter. I have been dead since a year last March; was only sick four days. I lived in Williamsburg, New York State.

My brother is lieutenant in the army, and he is sick in the hospital. He is twenty-two years old. I was thirteen. They say he is sick of fever, brought on by a wound and exposure. Before he went away, I went with him and my Uncle Lewis to see a medium in New York. We did not know anything about these things, but my uncle did. He took us to see the medium, and my brother did not believe. He said it was very strange, but that he did not believe. But I did; and I told him if I should die first I would certainly come back in such a way that he should know it was me.

And he said if he died first he would come back so I should know it was him. I didn't think then I should die for a good many years; but I was taken sick, and died very sudden. I was called Emily Austin, after one of my mother's sisters.

I wish to tell my brother that I was with him last night, and I was sorry to hear him swearing about that candle. [What hospital is he in?] I don't know what they call it. It's at Fort Hudson. I don't know what the name of the hospital is, but I know that's the place.

I wish to ask my brother, when he gets well, if he comes where there are mediums, to let me come and talk with him. He knows that I have come back. I promised to, and this is the first time I have been permitted to come here, because I wasn't strong enough to come before. [Can you see your brother, as well as hear him?] Yes, sir. I can see his body, sir, but I see his spirit. [Does your brother belong to the Massachusetts Cavalry?] No, sir.

[What influence does blasphemy have upon the spirit?] I suppose, sir, it depends upon what the character of the spirit is that hears it. I never liked to hear my brother swear when I was here. I don't like the influence that it engenders. When I heard it, it rather repelled me, as it used to when I was in my own body. I speak of it more as a test for him than for anything else. Good-day, sir. Nov. 30.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, thou who art parent of the atom as of the human soul, we address ourselves unto thee. We ask no blessings at thy hand, but we simply return thee thanks for those blessings we have already received. Oh, Spirit of the Hour, as we look abroad through the beautiful garden of thine earth, we perceive that Nature is drinking in the glad beams that flow from our sister planet, the sun, and again, with renewed strength, the treasures shall be given to thine earthly children. Oh, we know that that truth which is flowing from the great centre of mentality will reach us. We know that we shall be baptized with truth every day and every hour of our lives, whether on earth or in the spirit-spheres. We praise thee, oh Father, in common with all Nature here, and we only hope that our instruments may be well tuned and fitted to give forth the higher harmonies of the upper kingdoms. Oh, Spirit of the Age, shall we ask thee to baptize these thy children anew? Nay, we will not; for thy blessing thou wilt not withhold from them. It is with them now. The messengers of mercy are waiting at their right hand, waiting to open the doors of the kingdom to them; waiting to preach the gospel of infinite truth to them; waiting to take away the dead past and substitute the living present; waiting to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of their hearts; waiting to be admitted. Oh, shall they be welcome? Time answers yes, and Eternity says amen. Dec. 1.

Spiritual Consciousness and Unconsciousness.

Spirit.—We shall be glad to answer any question or questions, if the friends have any to propound.

CHARLES.—Brother Hall, of the State of Maine, who visited our circles last week, in a letter to us, asks the following questions. To quote his own words, he says: "In reply to a question, the spirit said, in substance, that while some of the race awake to consciousness almost immediately after the change from earthly to spiritual life, others remained unconscious for thousands of years. First, then, may I ask what is meant by consciousness in this connection?"

All honor is ever due to the investigating mind; and we hold with sacred reverence all problems that may be sent to us from time to time. And although we may not be able to clearly unfold those problems to humanity, yet we shall ever do our best to solve them, ever reach out into the mysterious future for wisdom to interpret them.

With regard to the subject in question, there is much to be said. It should be remembered that there are many ways of defining spiritual, as well as temporal subjects; and while I, as an individual, might define a subject in one way, another individual might define it in an exactly opposite way, and to external sense there would appear inharmonious, but to the internal or spiritual sense it might be harmony.

It is declared by certain philosophers in your mundane sphere, and in the spirit-spheres also, by those who have their bodies and those who have not, that progression is an infinite and ever-present principle. When once you are thrust upon the great ocean of life, you are there bound by immutable decrees of the Almighty to progress forever. Inaction belongs not to you, but eternal action is an element inherent in the human soul. Therefore if this theory be true, then the theory of certain religionists must be false. Now if this theory is true, true to the external letter, then unconsciousness, as generally defined, is a nonentity. It does not exist. It cannot be found anywhere in the realm of life; and as God is infinite, ever here and ever there, we are to suppose that there is no place where life is not, nor was there ever a time when life was not. If Deity is infinite, there ever was, is and will be action, not only with regard to time, but space.

Viewing the subject of spiritual unconsciousness in this light, we have a vast realm to travel through. Here in your mundane sphere we have certain manifestations of mortal unconsciousness. The spirit seems to slumber, and so far as outward sense is concerned, it does slumber. But we believe there is an internal domain, a holy of holies, in which the spirit, the infinite spirit human, lives, acts and has its being through all eternity.

Now mark us: If it lives, acts, and has its being through eternity, it cannot be unconscious; for action and unconsciousness are at war with each other. You cannot be active and unconscious at the same time. You cannot work without consciousness. It is true, the external sense may not receive the telegram of consciousness, but in the internal we believe there is perpetual consciousness.

With regard to the statement made by a certain individual at this place in regard to spiritual unconsciousness after the change called death, he doubtless spoke with reference to consciousness in the outer life. To be conscious in spirit-life, according to the common acceptance of the term, is to be fully awake, sensible, and cognizant of all that is passing around one. To enjoy a full remembrance of our past life, a full acquaintance with the present, with an intense reaching out toward the future, that is a full condition of consciousness in spirit-life.

Certain human spirits, who pass from your earth-sphere, are bound about by the chains of ignorance that may have been thrust upon them through remedial agents—ignorance that may have been thrust through mental chambers, or through theology, for they are both agents that tend to promote unconsciousness in the spirit-world. Now when these ignorant ones enter the spirit-world, or cast off their physical forms—for you are as much in the spirit-world now as you ever will be—when they cast off their physical forms, so far as externality with regard to your sphere is concerned, immediate unconsciousness, so far as human life is concerned, succeeds death.

This we do not believe but we know, from the fact that we are unable to break down the high walls that conditions have reared around them. Loving friends in earth-life call upon their departed ones to return in vain. The spirit seems to have retired into the inner sanctum, there to remain, shall we say, in unconsciousness? Yes, so far as material scenes and objects are concerned, perhaps for years. Shall we say thousands of years? Yes, years it may be, ten, twenty, a century, or thousands of years.

But all Nature proves to us that the law of progression cannot be suspended. Now then if it cannot be suspended, we are to suppose that these souls who seem to be unconscious, are still living under the grand law of infinite progress; and if they are conscious, it is through the avenues of internal sense, and not through the avenues of external sense. For if infinite law could be suspended, then you and I might appeal to them satisfactorily. But as we cannot, we very justly infer that those who seem to be unconscious, are still subjects of law; that there is an internal law and an external law; a wheel within a wheel. The crude outside, the human senses takes cognizance of; the next step belongs to the senses of the spirit, which senses are enabled to perceive the internal, the Holy of Holies, that which you and I may not comprehend. It is the Infinite of our being. It is the God of Humanity, and who is there among us who shall dare to say he slumbers? Surely, not you or I.

Ques.—Then the disembodied spirit is not really insensible to things that are going on in this world, is it?

Ans.—So far as external life is concerned, they are unconscious.

Q.—If progression is one of God's laws, then what are the acting agencies at work that brings it about?

A.—Their name is legion. To enumerate them

would be like striving to enumerate the grains of sand upon your sea-shore.

Q.—The gentleman remarked that the disembodied intelligence did not know everything, any more than the embodied. Is it right?

Q.—Will the spiritual belief ever become universal, and its teachings heeded throughout the world? Will such a time ever arrive?

A.—We are so disposed, we might perhaps prophesy favorably. But we are not disposed to prophesy at all.

Q.—Truth will undoubtedly prevail.

Ans.—As it ever has.

Q.—And be universal?

Ans.—Truth is universal.

Q.—Yes, in the abstract; but is this merely belief, or do you give it as a fact acknowledged?

Ans.—Your question demands a prophecy on our part. We decline to give it.

Q.—But if Spiritualism extends as fast as it has the last fifteen years?

Ans.—And if you should judge from that, what would your conclusion be?

Q.—Just double calculation.

Ans.—Should you extend your calculations into centuries, what then?

Q.—I think I should be taking in all the peoples of the globe, some few millions at least.

Ans.—If human records are not false, believers may be counted by millions at the present time.

Dec. 1.

Philip Redmond.

Ha! I know very little about this new mode of telegraphing, but I will make the best use of my ignorance, and let it go at that.

I feel strangely joyful at being able to come so near the place I once called home, and at the same time I feel as though there is a cold air of skepticism blowing on me that well nigh chills me. But I suppose all experience more or less difficulty in returning here; have to meet the fire of the enemy as best they may, and if they're a good shot themselves, their visit here may prove successful; if they ain't, they'll be likely to fall in their attempt here.

Now I don't profess to be an adept in this new line of operations; on the contrary, I am wholly ignorant of this method of speaking, but I still hope to send a shot home to some hearts—I don't care who, so long as it lodges in some hearts.

I have had but a few days—yes, I'll say few days—wide awake experience in this new world, for the first week or two was passed in not exactly a dreamy state, but a sort of half-here and half-there state, during which it was impossible for me to tell where I was or who I was. But in the last few days I've been wide awake; and learning that I could come here and send word to my friends, I availed myself of it as quick as possible. Maybe I'm too soon to do just the right thing in coming here, but I'll try it, anyway.

I hail from Salem—old Salem. [Massachusetts?] Yes, where they hung their witches a few years ago. Mediums, I suppose you would call them at the present day. Now if I may speak my mind in regard to Salem—and I'm recently from that place—there's a damning influence hung over it ever since, so it's never been able to wipe off the stain, or hold up its head from that day to this. So much for old Salem.

Well, I did what every honest lover of his country ought to do; that was all he could do for the restoration of the Union, not as it was, but as it should be. Early in the civil trouble, I entered the 9th Massachusetts, and worked my way up to a Lieutenant. I saw some hard fighting—terribly hard. I have stood by the side of some of our privates and officers who fell in battle, and I've heard strange words from their dying lips, very like what I am going to repeat to you. "Oh, there is a world beyond this, there is surely a place of soul re-union, for there's my father! there's my brother! there's my sister! or, there's my mother! Well, poor fellows! Death has robbed them of their bodies, and those who heard them talk this way, believe they must have been not in their right minds, when in fact they were never more so in their lives.

Well, at last my spirit is free from its old body. I

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
Tut on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

WAIT, MY LITTLE ONE.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you get to the beautiful land;
Tarry a little my darling,
Ere you join the heavenly band.
Stand close to the shining gates of pearl,
Look out on the narrow way,
For I want the first glance of my heaven-born sight
On my little one to stray.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the celestial shore;
Look down with the light of thy beautiful eyes,
On those that you used to love.
Whisper sweet dreams in our earthly ears
When we lie down to sleep;
Paint bright pictures before our eyes
When we awaken to weep.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the celestial strand,
For thy mother may be toiling up
To the heights of the better land.
Pay the years that fall like molten lead
On the hearts this side of the sea.
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
My little baby, or the.

Where one man or woman is injured by loving too
much, nine hundred and ninety-nine die from not lov-
ing enough.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Put not faith in mortal seeming;
Lightly would they hold and leave thee,
E'en thy friends may all neglect thee;
But in the depths of thine own soul
Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
Energies that long have slumbered
In its trackless depths unnumbered,
Speak the word! the power divinest
Will awake if thou inclinest.

Whatever we love becomes thereby above self, and
we pay unconscious homage to it.

GOOD DEEDS LAST FOREVER.

I dropped a single grain of musk
A moment in my room,
When years rolled by that chamber still
Retained the same perfume—
So every deed approved of God,
Where'er it is let be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind,
Which shall forever last.

It is not the number of our friends that gives us
pleasure, but the warmth of the few.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address 146 West 21st street, New York City.

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

BENEDICT AND BERTIE;
OR,
THE WISHES.

The events of the story I wish to tell you happened
many years ago; but it is a story of the New Year,
and perhaps you can remember some children who are
so like those I am about to tell you of, that you will
think it all happened only a short time since.

Four children lived together in a poor cottage on
the borders of a beautiful wood. They had no father
or mother, but were under the care of an older brother
and sister. Their father had died of a long, tedious
illness, and their mother did not live long after he
died, for she had become worn and ill from taking care
of her husband, and she had spent all her property in
giving him the comforts that he needed. So when she
found their cottage was to be sold, and she must
hunt up a new home, her heart broke, and she died.

Thus Natalie and Hurlbert were left to care for the
two little ones, Bertie and Benedict. They found a
little humble cottage on the borders of the wood, near
enough to town to enable them to buy what was neces-
sary for their existence, but far enough away to enable
them to pay their rent and escape the evil influences
of bad example.

Natalie and Hurlbert were gone all day about their
work, so that Bertie and Benedict were left alone. In
the spring-time they sometimes wandered into the
woods and gathered beautiful flowers, and adorned
their humble cottage, so that their brother and sister
might be pleased when they came home. In summer
they picked berries, which Natalie carried to town and
sold, getting them some new garment, or some better
food. In the autumn they gathered fruit for the
farmers, and earned a few pennies to save for Christ-
mas time.

These children grew to be very loving and kind to
each other, and they had many sweet ways of showing
their love for each other and their elder brother and
sister.

Their cottage was a very poor one, made only of logs
and thatched with straw; but they learned to sweep it
nicely, and to keep the dust from their scanty furni-
ture. In the spring they transplanted little vines from
the woods, and flowering shrubs, and made a little
garden on one side, and they twined the wild vines
over the door, and brought fresh bouquets to strew the
floorway; they gathered white sand by the river, far
down the road, for Natalie to strew over the floor, and
they hunted for moss for Hurlbert to make into beds
for the winter, and gathered sticks for their fire.

The beautiful spring had passed, and the golden
summer and the fruitful autumn; and now that winter
had come, it seemed dreary and cold enough to them.
They could go out on sunny days, but they were obli-
ged to remain in and keep warm as best they could.

Christmas time had come and gone, and they had
spent all their pennies, sending by Natalie to town to
get a tipper for Hurlbert, and by Hurlbert to get a
hood for Natalie, and they had received mittens and
candies and cakes, and had sung their Christmas
hymn, and burned their Christmas candles.

It was now the day before New Year, and a bitter,
stormy day it was; the snow came flisking down like
powder, and sifted into the cracks between the logs,
and the wind blew into every crevice. These good
children were not afraid, for their mother had taught
them that no real harm could come to good children;
but they felt very lonely, and wished it did not storm,
and that Natalie would come, and that they could see
Hurlbert with his smiling face. They looked anxiously
out of the low windows, and then went back again to
the fire.

"I wish," said Bertie, "that it was never winter,
or, that I lived in the sun!"

"No; I wish," said Benedict, "that Natalie was
at home to bake us warm oat cakes; but I guess wish-
ing don't do any good, so let's brush up this snow
that lies in under the door; and let's put Hurlbert's
old shoes down by the fire to warm, and then let's lie
down upon the bed and have a nice nap."

Natalie and Hurlbert the same account of what hap-
pened when they came home.

The storm raged fearfully; the winds whistled loud-
er than ever; the snow sent its showers even on to the
bed where they lay. Just as the storm was heaviest,
a loud knock came to the door. They ran to open it,
and found a poorly-dressed and shivering stranger stand-
ing there.

"Will you let me warm me a little before I go fur-
ther? I am cold, and I have a long way to go to-
night."

"Oh, yes!" they said, both at once. Come in!
We'll make more fire, and let us brush the snow from
your shoes."

Bertie placed a chair by the fire, and Benedict got a
broom to brush off the snow.

"This is a cold day," said the stranger; "but you
seem very comfortable."

"Yes," said Benedict, "we keep up the fire and
make the room warm for Natalie when she comes home."

"Where is Natalie?"

"Oh, she's gone to town to do some work to buy
some meal, and Hurl has gone to town with some coal
for Farmer Dean, and we wait for them back. Do you
think they will come soon?"

"Very likely; but can you give me a little bread?
I am very hungry," said the stranger.

"Oh yes," said Bertie; "I can go without my sup-
per, and Benedict can eat only half his, and that will
make enough for you."

So they brought out their bread, and they filled a
cup with water, and the stranger ate and drank; and
they noticed tears were in his eyes. When he had
finished all they had given him, Benedict said:

"Here, take the rest. I can wait till Natalie comes
to bake an oat cake."

So he took the rest, and ate it all.

"Now," said he, "I must go; but it is very cold.
I wish I had a warm muffler to put around my neck."

"Well," said Bertie, "I can let you have mine;
but then I cannot go out in the woods to get haw-
berries when the storm is over."

"And," said Benedict, "I have to make a path in
the snow, and how can I do without my muffler?"

"Well," said the stranger; "good-by." "You'll
freeze. Here, take one of these mufflers, and we will
cut the other in two, and tie some strings on to fasten
the pieces about our necks."

The stranger took the muffler and wrapped it closely
around his throat, and went away.

When Natalie came home the children were fast
asleep; but on waking they told her all that I have
just related. She wondered, but only said:

"I am glad you did not let him perish."

The next day the storm had passed away. The sun
shone brightly, and the ground glistened as if thou-
sands of diamonds strewed the earth. The children
wished to go into the woods, but the snow was too
deep. So they bade good-by to Natalie and Hurl, and
bustled themselves with brushing a path from the door.
Then they built a snow house, and got very tired and
cold. This made them very sleepy; so they went in
and laid down on the bed again. Whether they
dreamed again what I am going to say or not, I can-
not tell; but they told all to Natalie, when she came
home, that I shall narrate.

They heard a knock again at the door, and ran to
open it, and the stranger who came to the door the
day before, stood there. Now he had on no longer
poor and faded garments, but fine clothes, and nice
fur mittens, and a band of fur was round his cap; but
they knew him by his pleasant eyes and his white
beard.

"How are you, little ones?" he said. "I have
come again. You see that I am no longer a poor pil-
grim, but have everything that I wish. You were
good children, and did not mind my poor clothes, but
gave me the best that you had; and now I come to
grant you any wish that you may make—only you
must both wish the same thing, or I cannot grant it."

"Oh, that will be easy," said Benedict. "You
wish first, Bertie."

"Well, I wish it would never be cold weather,"
said Bertie.

"Oh, what a foolish wish!" said Benedict. "I
shall not wish that. Hurl says that if it was not cold
sometimes, the summer would not be half so beauti-
ful, and that we must have cold weather to make the
ground fruitful; and then we could not slide on the
ice if it was not cold, or hear the bells on the high
road over there, or throw crumbs on the snow for the
birds to pick. I shan't wish that, anyway."

"Well," said Bertie, "I do not know about it, but
I guess my toes would not ache if it was not cold; but
you wish now, Benedict."

"I wish fathers and mothers would not get sick
and die," said Benedict.

"Why, Benedict! how could you wish that?" said
Bertie. "Don't you know that Natalie says it's
beautiful to have fathers and mothers in heaven, and
I'm sure it's selfish to want folks to stay away from
such beautiful places as there are up there; and then
when mothers die, you know, they are beautiful an-
gels, to bring good children beautiful thoughts; and
when fathers die, they are like great suns, to shine
down love. I shan't wish that, Benedict."

"Well, Bertie, I don't know about that; but I
know I should be glad to see my father and mother.
But it is your time again now, and you think a long
time before you wish."

"Well, I've thought now," said Bertie. "I wish
I had a nice house to live in, away in the city."

"That's a nice wish; but then if we lived in the
city, we could not go in the woods and get flowers,
and we could not run to meet Natalie when it is not
snowy, and Hurl would not like to put his old shoes on
in a nice house. I don't think I should like to miss
the beautiful woods; and then I want to hunt haw-
berries to-morrow, and if I was in the city I could not.
I don't think I can wish that."

"Well, Benedict, I'm glad it is your turn now, for
I was all tired out thinking the last time."

"I can wish quickly, Bertie. I wish I had two
horses and a fine carriage."

"Now, Benedict, that's not so good a wish as mine,
for if I had horses, what would they live on? And
we have no place to put them, and they would starve
and freeze. How could you wish that? I have
thought of a good wish. I wish we had a whole house
full of toys, such as we saw in town."

"Oh, lie, Bertie. If the house was full of toys, how
would Natalie get in and Hurl? I wish I had lots of
boys to play with, that's what I wish."

"Now Benedict, how unkind!" said Bertie; "for if
you had lots of boys to play with, I could not play
with you, and I should have to play alone. I am sure
you can't expect me to wish that."

"Well, Bertie," said Benedict, "I did not mean to
be selfish. Now you wish, and it shall be your last
time, and then I will wish once more."

"I wish," said Bertie, "that I was rich, and could
buy you and Hurl and Natalie all you wanted."

"Oh," said Benedict, "that's fine; but you know
that papa used to say that rich people were selfish;
that money made them so, and that they had a great
deal of trouble. Now I am sure I do not think we'd
better wish to be rich, if we should become selfish; do
you? You know there's a dear mamma's brother, who
is very rich, and lives in a fine house, and he does not
have much love for anybody, they say; and he was too
proud to love mamma, and perhaps if we got rich we
should not love mamma in Heaven so well, and then
we should not be as happy as we now are."

"Well, Benedict, I have made my last wish, and I'm

glad you didn't wish it too, for I would not be rich
like Uncle Gream for all the world."

The stranger smiled now, but waited patiently to
hear what else the children would say. They neither
of them spoke again, and he said:

"Two little children so unselfish that they could
give their last mouthful of bread to a poor stranger,
surely can agree on one wish."

"Yes," said Benedict, "we can wish one thing; we
can wish to be good and loving, and to grow better
every day."

"So we can," said Bertie. "If you'll wish that,
Benedict, I will, and then I am sure we shall not do
each other any harm by our wishing, or any one else,
but a great deal of good."

So they decided on this wish, and the stranger went
his way; but he smiled very gently on them as he
went, and they noticed that he wore the grey muffler
they had given him underneath his nice cloth coat,
as if it were made of fine lamb's wool.

When Natalie came home at night, the children
were fast asleep; but they soon awoke and told her all
that had been related, and they agreed in every word.
Natalie was surprised, but said nothing.

This was New Year's Eve, and she brought the chil-
dren some cakes and some little pies, and they had a
merry time.

When Hurl had come home, and they had hugged
and kissed him enough, and Natalie had lighted the
little candle to read to them a hymn, they heard a rap
at the door. Hurl opened it, and there was a coach-
man, and in front of the door a fine coach, and he
said he had come to take them all to town, for a good
friend had sent for them; they all looked surprised,
and were afraid to venture with him, but Bertie said,

"Perhaps the stranger has sent for us; let us go."

And they all went and came to a fine house, and
there the stranger met and welcomed them to his
home. He had some new suits of clothes for them,
and he served a fine supper unto them, and then he
took them into his drawing-room. After he had shown
them many beautiful things—pictures and books and
shells, he bade them sit down, for he had something to
say to them.

He said he had found that many rich people were
selfish, and he thought he would try and see if all
were so; so he put on a suit of pilgrim's clothes and
went from house to house, but no one would take him
in. Then he wandered off to a poor cottage, and these
children gave him all they had and proved their good-
ness by a good wish. He looked lovingly at Benedict
and Bertie, and then on Hurlbert and Natalie. Then
he went on to say:

"If they had agreed on any one wish that I could
have given them, I should have granted it and left;
but as they agreed only to wish to be good and loving,
I then thought to fulfill all the other wishes that I
could. I now will try to be father and mother to
them on earth; they can still have their father and
mother in Heaven, but I will give them a nice home;
and horses and warmth, and boys to play with, and
books to read. You know that one said long ago, if
you seek to be good and do right, all other things
shall be added to you."

I am your Uncle Gream, whom the world has rightly
called a selfish man, one who had little love for others.
But I have lived a selfish life long enough. I
found that I could not take my riches with me into
the other life whither I shall soon go, and that I can
carry only love and goodness there. I tried to gain
love from the rich, but I found that I was loved for
what I would do, or what I would give. Then I
thought I would see how much pity the rich had, and
I found so little that I thought I should have to be-
lieve the world all very selfish.

But a good angel must have guided me from all the
rich and un pitying to these children, who pitied
and loved more than all I had found. They were so
much like my dear sister, whom I forgot in my pride,
that I knew them and loved them for her sake. Now
let us all be happy together, and learn this beautiful
New Year's lesson—that pure love and holy wishes bring
us all the blessings we need."

Enigma.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 11, 2, 9 is an article of food.
My 1, 11, 7, 5, 6 is a part of a ship.
My 10, 3, 5, 1, 8 is a component part of all fruit.
My 10, 11, 6, 8 is a common female name.
My 7, 11, 4, 8 is what we should not be.
My 10, 2, 7 is a noted Scripture personage.
My whole is a name which often adorns the pages of
the BANNER.

COMMO.

The writers of Enigmas must be very careful, and
not make mistakes. C. S. B. spells nothing, but C.
A. B. "is useful in traveling."

Letter from Henry T. Child, M. D.

I have said that Spiritualism is now taking a deeper
hold and exerting a wider influence on our people than
it has ever before done. Our meetings are thronged
by eager inquirers; circles, public and private, are
well attended. One of the former class, which was
established more than a year since in a room at the
north-east corner of Fourth and Green streets, has been
a decided success. The room is usually crowded to its
utmost capacity. Our object in the formation of it
was the mutual improvement of spirits in the form
and out of it, on the physical, mental and moral
planes. We have the satisfaction to know that many
mediums who have been with us have been strength-
ened on all these planes; and we have the testimony,
too, from the interior, that many of the invisibles
have been made to rejoice and go on their way hap-
pier and better from the influence which has risen like
incense from an altar at our meetings.

So well satisfied were we in this, that some of the
friends who live in the southern part of the city, and
who have long felt the need of a place for public meet-
ings and social and spiritual circles, have rented and
fitted up a nice room, that will accommodate about
one hundred persons, for this purpose, and this, on the
first Sunday of the New Year, we have dedicated.
The services were deeply interesting. Many were in-
fluenced to bear their testimonies, and to act as chan-
nels for the spirits.

The following poem was read on the occasion, by
one of the mediums, who remarked that a request was
made to a spirit who has recently entered the sphere of
inner-life, to give some lines on this occasion of the
New Year. Shortly after, Mrs. Hemans and she were
seen together, and this was given:

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR, AND A GREETING TO
THE NEW. BY C. O.

The changing seasons, days, months and years,
Belong alone unto the mortal spheres.
Time is but a ring; all its changes
Are but drops lost in the vast, wide ranges
Of Eternity's surging ocean.

Though they're lost, each thought and emotion
That throbs and burns in the human breast,
Ne'er can sink in Oblivion's rest.
Farewell, thou Old Year! thy lashing scourges
Have scarred many a soul; thy dirges
Reverberate in solemn note,
While sad memories o'er us float.

The grim, old king, Death, has swept the land,
And gathered souls to the other strand,
Leaving aching hearts sadly to weep,
Bowed in anguish and sorrow deep;
Still o'er all there is a golden sheen—
In the purple glory a rainbow seen;
For our God in love doth chastise earth,
Teaching us there is a higher birth.

Farewell, thou old and dear-worn Year!
The changing seasons, days, months and years,
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Farewell, thou old and dear-worn Year!

Long will memory hold thee dear!
The cradle of Liberty was rocked
O'er land and sea; God was not mocked,
And out of the fierce struggle and fire,
Man, in nations all, shall rise higher.
Then welcome, welcome to the New Year!
And on its natal day sing words of cheer:
For angels are bending to many a estate,
And opening wide the portal-gate
That leads to the world of love and light,
Where truth shines ever, and there's no night.
Then let us gladly welcome the New Year,
Though war and strife are still lowering near;
Gird on the armor of Truth and Light,
Do battle in its strength and might.
Each one must be a soldier now,
Stretching the arm and baring the brow,
In the glorious struggle to be free;
Asking for all heaven's own liberty.
Not with carnal, bloody weapons all,
But Truth, before which Error must fall.
Be strong! Let Truth be your battle-cry;
Then will darkness, crime and error die.
Welcome, then, the New Year brave and true!
Resolve each truth to know, and knowing, do;
And you will find that this New Year is blest more
Than all the years that have gone before.
Joy, then, to the New Year! and bright hope
Before you a pathway light shall open;
Walking there you shall find peace and rest,
And with these shall all the land be blest!

This room is over the northeast corner of Second and
Pine streets, entrance No. 337 South Second street,
and at present there will be meetings held every Sun-
day afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. It is an encouraging
feature in the progress of Spiritualism here, that these
public circles, in which the old Pentecostal idea is re-
alized, and many are made to speak, can be held with-
out any unruly or disorderly manifestations; and I
know of no means better calculated to develop me-
diums and spread the truth than in these circles.

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

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