

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Written for the Banner of Light  
BY GRACE LELAND.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Love's first step is upon the rose—  
His second finds the thorn!"

"Those were strange tales  
They told in olden days of elven chains  
And dowerly fetters—these are seldom Love's!  
His is a sacrifice of lonely thoughts—  
Of vain, sweet fancies—of rose-tinted dreams;  
His is the offering of burning tears.  
And vows the deep heart utters."

LUCK HOOPER.

To the far, far West, replete with the breath of forests and of lakes, with its sweeping prairies, its wild, uncultured grandeur, to the hills and vales of Wisconsin, Lela hastened. She had parted from her father kindly, affectionately. He had provided her with ample means of comfortable support for a time, with the promise of occasional correspondence and remittance. But she had said to him, "Father, please do not give me any more than this. I must work, or I shall die. Let me have an incentive to exertion, and it will be far better for me. I shall teach, and can easily support myself. Let me do so, father. I shall be happier for it."

And as she gave him the last lingering kiss, she had said to him:

"Father, when the time comes that you repent of your course, when you yearn for the pure love and forgiveness of my mother, when you long for your daughter's care and affection, when sorrow or sickness or trouble come upon you—then send for me, and I will come to you. Will you promise me you will do so, father?"

It was a fearful "yes" that she had received from her misguided parent.

And Lela went forth alone into the "wide, wide world."

A plain brick house standing alone just on the edge of a roll of prairie land, was Lela's new home. It was surrounded by cultivated fields and fine pasture-lands, with neither tree or shrub to break the monotony. Mr. Grover, its owner, was fast becoming a rich man. He was a thorough utilitarian. Nothing was wasted in beautifying his home and its surroundings. His house, standing unsheltered from the scorching rays of the summer sun and from the bleak blasts of winter, was far more beautiful to him than if it had been surrounded by ornamental trees and shrubbery and blooming flowers. His family were each and all hard-working and practical.

Perhaps it was better for Lela that such a home and such associates were hers. Perhaps it in part prevented a morbid indulgence of her grief, and made it easier for her to take hold of the practical duties of life. Yet Lela's feelings were morbid. Such a nature as hers must necessarily be so in the midst of overwhelming sorrow. Spiritual development alone can raise it from such a condition into the calmer, inspiring atmosphere of a true religious faith. She trusted in heaven, but she trusted sadly—with a protest, as it were. Her faith in human nature was shaken. She thought of her father, of Mrs. Bonn. The world spoke well of them; wise ones lauded them. She alone knew the foulness and the guilt of their hearts and their lives. And when she saw flowers blooming along the pathway of human life, she no longer plucked them in careless glee and sweet confidence, but she looked for the thorns surrounding them, for the hidden, stinging bee, or worse, the foul serpent lurking in their shade, and she withdrew her hand and passed them by. In other words, Lela secluded herself too much from human society. She had grown cold, stern, distrustful. She had laid aside her loving, affectionate nature, as something useless, out of place in this hard, cruel world, as something which it was too painful to hold and to keep, and had called forth from unknown depths in her soul an armor of reserve, of pride, of stoicism, by which she steered herself against human intrusion and human sympathy.

Only in her school did Lela unbend from her reserve. There she yielded to the sweet influences of childhood, and in teaching and training the young she reaped a rich reward in its reacting power upon herself. There, for five years, Lela lived and toiled and suffered. There were years of monotony, of painful, unbroken discipline. At the end of that time she accepted an invitation to teach in Milwaukee, and thither we follow her.

The last six years of Lela's life have left their record on her face, as well as in her heart. We find her changed in her personal appearance. She looks much thinner and older than when we last saw her. Her face has lost much of its varying expression, which was its charm in former years, and has settled into one constant look of weariness, apathy and pride. Her eyes no longer gleam and scintillate as formerly, now flashing with merriment, now melting with tenderness, now eloquent with aspiration and high thought. Their lustre is dimmed somewhat, and their expression is hard and cold and lifeless. Lela is painfully conscious that her beauty has fled. She is still more saddened to know that the dark pall which hangs around her soul casts fearful shadows there, which have not yet been lifted by a true, unreserved Christian faith and trust. Lela is weary. She longs for rest, only rest! Will she find it on the hither side of the Eternal Home of Rest?

It was the seventh anniversary of her mother's death—a day ever set apart to be passed in seclusion, in indulgence in grief, in forming new and higher resolves, in meditation and prayer. At noon Lela returned to her boarding place; only her morning lessons were required at school. Requesting to be excused from dinner, and also that Mrs. Turner would excuse her to any one who might call, she ascended to her own pleasant apartment. No reader, we will not follow her. Such struggles and strivings of the stricken soul, such tempests sweeping over it, are not for mortal eyes to gaze upon. Let us descend to the parlor.

The flowers which Lela has gathered are arranged with exquisite taste in the vase on the table. Thank God that she still loves flowers! The heart is not wholly callous that sees and feels the pure beauty of Nature—that loves her murmuring rills and whispering forests, her grand, silent mountains and sweetly smiling flowers and caroling birds.

A few hours pass, and a gentleman who inquires for Miss Hoyt is ushered into the parlor. I see your searching eye scans his countenance, reader. You would know him? I scarcely know him myself, yet, he is a problem for us. He has one of those deep, rich natures, lying not wholly in the sunshine, but in part in the deep, dark shade. There are points in his character which lie hidden from human vision, and a skillful hand alone, with its own plummet and line, can fathom those mysterious depths. Will Lela's, do you think?

Mrs. Turner enters, and after the usual salutation, says:

"Miss Hoyt is engaged this afternoon. She denies not only strangers, but friends, without exception." "I am sorry," he replied. "She was anxious to see that painting by Peale, at Hildreth's, and this afternoon is the last opportunity given. Perhaps she will consent to waive her present engagement for the sake of seeing the painting."

"I will speak to her about it," and Mrs. Turner left the room.

In a few moments Lela entered the parlor. She was very pale.

"You are not well, Miss Hoyt?" And Lloyd Hamilton's eyes were bent anxiously, fondly upon her.

"Yes, thank you."

"I called to ask you to go to Hildreth's with me, if it would be agreeable to you. This afternoon is the last opportunity for seeing Peale's painting."

"Thank you; but I must beg to be excused, although I am anxious to see the picture. The day is sacred to me. I must pass it in solitude."

"Of course you know your own affairs best," he replied, a little coldly, after a pause.

He disliked mystery. It was one of his weak points. Lela almost knew it. She knew he was displeased. The thought pained her. She said gently:

"It is the anniversary of my mother's death."

The momentary cloud passed from his face.

"I will not urge you," he said. "Shall I call for you to-morrow evening, as agreed upon?"

"If you please."

He bade her "good-afternoon," and left; and Lela re-ascended to her own room and solitude.

Lloyd Hamilton was a bachelor, seven years Lela's senior. He was a man of business, a merchant in the city, whither he had removed some years previous from Massachusetts. He had never thought seriously of marriage. The young ladies pronounced him a hopeless case, and had long since ceased to waste their sweetest smiles and brightest glances on so unimpressible a subject. His acquaintance with Lela Hoyt dated back but a few weeks, but he had long been an intimate friend of Mr. Turner and his wife, and the acquaintance had progressed rapidly. He had paid his attentions to Lela in such a quiet, fatherly sort of way, that she had not once suspected that they were prompted by any other feelings than those of kindness and friendship. She accepted them as from a friend whom she esteemed highly. She would indignantly have scorned the idea of trifling with the affections of any man; but in her blindness and her innocent unconsciousness she was leading him on into the charmed realm of life, whither he now roamed for the first time.

A few weeks passed. One evening Lela and Mr. Hamilton were at a public social gathering. Lela was very happy. She seemed more like herself than she had for many years past. Life was dropping precious blessings upon her head, and she took them like a glad, grateful child—not pausing to look into her own heart, to analyze her own feelings, or to study the motives of others. She knew that the hours passed with Mr. Hamilton were replete with joy, that in his presence she was satisfied, happy, at rest. If now and then the thought arose in her mind that Lloyd Hamilton loved her, she put it aside hastily, with a blush. "He has never told me that he loved me," she breathed over to the outbriding thought. "He means to be only a friend. I will love him as a friend, and only so. My affections shall never be given unasked."

Perhaps Lela was wrong not to study more closely the motives which prompted Mr. Hamilton's constant attentions to herself. But we must remember the struggles of weary years through which she had passed, and how tired she was with bearing her cross, and consequently how sweet it was to rest in the kind devotion of a friend like Lloyd Hamilton. She could not refuse his attentions, which so brightened and blessed her once darkened, sad life; and yet marriage—could she think of that? Could she marry even the man of her choice, with a dreadful secret ever in her heart laying open a fearful gulf between them, keeping them apart, hindering a perfect union of soul? Would he be willing to take to his tender love and care a wife who must ever wrap herself in mystery, even from his searching gaze of affection? Who must hold from him a secret of her own past life?

"It cannot, must not be!" she exclaimed again and again. Then she thought, "My father surely will release his daughter from her promise, when her life-happiness depends upon it!"

Such were her thoughts this evening, as she encountered again and again the fond, devoted glances of Mr. Hamilton, receiving from him so many little proofs of tenderness that her woman's heart could no longer be blind to his love for her. As I said, Lela was very happy.

"What a beautiful face!" Lela exclaimed to Mr. Hamilton, as a young lady passed them, exchanging with him a bow of recognition, polite, yet somewhat distant. "Who is she?"

"Miss Hapwell."

"I hope you will introduce us sometime."

"I cannot, Lela. She is not one with whom you would wish to be acquainted. I always treat her with politeness, of course, because she is a woman. I give her the deference due to her sex; that is all. I do not choose her for a friend. I should not wish you to."

Lela looked up with a curious half smile. She was a little amused, and a little pleased at his familiar and

fatherly way of setting aside an introduction she had requested of him. It somehow seemed to her as if he felt he had a claim upon her, and it gave her at the same time almost a feeling of dependence on him, which was pleasant to one so weary as she was.

Lela glanced again at Miss Hapwell:

"She certainly looks like one worthy of esteem," she said. "I have rarely seen a face expressive of so much real goodness and nobility of soul as hers. It seems almost the perfection of womanly beauty. You must be mistaken in regard to her, Mr. Hamilton!"

"You are right in calling her beautiful. I know nothing against her personally. Her character is, so far as I know, above reproach. Nevertheless, a terrible disgrace rests upon her."

"How can that be? How can one who is worthy of respect be disgraced?"

"Her father is in the State Prison for a term of years for the crime of forgery."

"Well, her father's crime does not disgrace his daughter!"

"Certainly it does, in my opinion. The parents' sins must rest upon their children. I never wish to have anything to do with a family into which crime has entered. I cannot forget the stigma which stains it—but, Lela, what is the matter? You are ill! Shall I get you some water?"

"No, thank you. It is only a slight faintness, and is passing off," she answered, with difficulty, after a moment.

Mr. Lloyd fanned her, his eyes fixed upon her pale face the while tenderly, yet searchingly.

A strange change had come over Lela. She was sad, abstracted. Her eyes seemed fixed on some distant object, and to take in nothing that was around her. She endeavored to arouse herself from her abstraction, and at last she succeeded, and was so strangely gay that Mr. Hamilton regarded her with surprise.

He was perplexed; he did not again speak of Miss Hapwell. He saw that in some way a hidden, painful chord had been touched in Lela's heart, and he would not prolong the vibration.

It was late that night before sleep came, either to Lloyd Hamilton or Lela. His feelings were strangely stirred. He had loved Lela from the first of their acquaintance, and yet there was a mystery connected with her which he disliked, and which he regarded with impatience; and that mystery has been this evening deepened. His thoughts scanned all their past acquaintance. Through all its pleasant windings they now and then alighted on some circumstance—a look, a word, a sudden change of tone or of countenance, which at the time had perplexed him, but which his great love for her had brushed tenderly aside. Now his thoughts took all in, and he was troubled.

The apex at which his thoughts arrived was this—"Wait and see." Mainly resolve! It is so much easier for men to wait the tide of events than it is for women. One would think suspense were a pleasant thing than otherwise to the "lords of creation," who suffer the long months and years to slip by while their love remains unspoken, and the objects of their affection strive with womanly pride to forget them.

"Yes, wait and see" is a manly thought. It is hardly the outgrowth of a woman's soul. It is an ex-otic there, transplanted thither often in anguish un- speakable, and often fading and dying till the dews of God's grace revive it into strength and beauty.

So Lloyd Hamilton, wisely murmuring to himself, "Wait and see," fell asleep. But his dreams were disturbed and fantastic. Miss Hapwell and Lela Hoyt were strangely commingled together. Now Lela Hoyt looked up at him with Miss Hapwell's face, and again she implored him not to forsake her because her father was a forger. Then he saw a man swinging upon the gallows, and Lela wept, saying, "Oh, my father, my father!" Then she clung to him convulsively, pleading with him not to send her away for her father's crime. But he gently unbound her arms, and led her to Miss Hapwell, saying, "Be sisters," and left them.

He awoke with the memory of his strange dreams lingering in his mind, but he shook it off with never a thought. Mr. Hamilton did not believe in dreams; they never troubled him. And when in his store that day Lela Hoyt's face often rose before him with its expression of hushed music, the refrain ever followed, calmly vibrating, "Wait and see!"

The bells tolled two before Lela slept. She dreamed she was in danger. She had slipped near the summit of a precipice, and was rapidly nearing the fatal edge. Mr. Hamilton stood afar off. She called to him for help, but he did not hear her; and then Miss Hapwell came, and would have taken her by the hand and saved her, but it was too late, and she slipped into the fearful abyss. She awoke in terror, weak and panting, but soon again fell asleep.

She fancied she was alone with Mrs. Bonn, who held a dagger above her head, and with a fiendish laugh was about to plunge it into her bosom. Again she saw Mr. Hamilton, and cried to him for protection; but he looked coldly away, and with seemingly superhuman strength she wrested the weapon from the murderous hands that held it. Again she awoke, trembling with fright. Changing her position she was once more in dream-land. Strangely fantastic had it become, changed to a realm of furies and demons. She heard demoniac laughter around her, and yells of fury. She heard the hissing of serpents, and felt their cold, slimy coils winding around her. Again in her dream she called, "Oh, Lloyd Hamilton, save me!" But there was no reply—she was alone.

She awoke well nigh exhausted, and springing up, walked back and forth across the room. She threw open the blind, and looked out into the calm, still night. The street and dwellings seemed full of repose, and her own heart how full of unrest! She heard the distant tread of a policeman, that was all. The street-lamp burning near by had a cheerful look. Gradually her thoughts took on a more cheerful tinge; her spirit rose on the wings of prayer to the Heavenly Throne, and found there the answer of peace. Again she retired and slept sweetly till day dawned.

A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton called on Lela. He found her alone, for Mr. and Mrs. Turner had gone out to spend the evening. They had finished their second game of chess, and were looking over some en-

gravings which lay on the table. Lela's heart palpitated painfully, but her face was calm, her voice un- tremulous.

"Lela," said Mr. Hamilton, "the Hutchinsons are to give a concert here next week. I think you have not heard them yet?"

"No."

"I want you to hear them. Will you go?"

"Thank you, Mr. Hamilton, but I shall not be there then; I leave town to-morrow afternoon."

Mr. Hamilton spoke not a word in reply, but Lela felt the strong tide of his feelings rushing over her. She knew his eyes were fixed upon her; she felt their gaze, but she could not look up to meet them. Never had she so fully realized the "sublime expression" of a man's feelings as then. She felt the regret, the dis- appointment, the deep tide of suppressed tenderness which swept over his soul, though no word came from his lips. She felt all this, yet no flush, no tremor, no change of face expressed the recognition.

Finally he asked:

"You will come back soon?"

"Perhaps; but not to stay, probably. They wish me to return to B—, to teach. Just observe this engrav- ing," she continued, handing him a view of a storm on the ocean. "How grand in its fury is the raging sea! How dull and leaden the sky appears, so in unison with the stormy deep!"

"Yes, but I like this better," he replied, taking up a beautiful sunset scene. "See how beautifully the sun reflects on those clouds and on the hills. The picture is full of repose, of sweetness, of holy beauty."

"There are times," said Lela, "when I cannot endure to look upon a peaceful picture. Its repose almost maddens me. I cannot enter into its rest. But I can exult in a raging storm. Its fury rests me. Those waves piled high in glorious, destructive confusion have a hidden beauty for me, and breathe in my ear a music that is sweet, that my soul can comprehend. Here is another," she added, as she saw he was about to speak; "how do you like this Evange- line?"

It is a favorite picture of mine," he replied, "and the poem is, I think, the sweetest of the present day. What is your opinion of it?"

"It is something I cannot express. It sinks so deep into the heart that it reaches the mute, voiceless depths, and words are too empty, language is too bare to speak of its beauties."

"That is true," he said.

A ring at the door announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Turner. Mr. Hamilton soon took his leave, after inquiring in what train Lela was to depart.

Lela went to the depot in good season. She some- what expected to find Mr. Hamilton there, but he was not. The train came in. She entered a car with a sigh of mingled regret and relief. "It is well," she murmured. "It is far better so."

Lela was in an excited mood. She exulted in the swift, rushing speed at which they were moving. She seemed to lose her own identity in that of the rushing engine. Just so she seemed to be rushing onward into the unknown future. Restless, despairing, she seemed speeding to a hidden, terrible destiny, and a strange exultation filled her soul at the thought.

"It is best that we never meet again," she repeated to herself again and again.

"And you will stay with us and teach our school again, Lela?" Mrs. Grover asked, a half hour after Lela's arrival in B—.

"I think it will perhaps be better for me to remain in the country. The town has many advantages over the country, yet it must yield the palm, during the warm season."

"Yes, it must be terrible hot in the city in sum- mer."

"The air here seems delightful, Mrs. Grover, and I am impatient for a stroll in the woods."

"Fiddletick! I thought you were going to say you were impatient for your supper. That would be far more sensible," laughed her hostess.

Lela smiled.

"Oh, the supper shall be appreciated," she said.

"But you must let me ramble in the woods and over the prairies, and be the same idle girl that I used to be. I fear I shall never learn to save all my moments and make myself constantly useful."

"Well, it ain't in some folks," was the good-na- tured reply, as Mrs. Grover left the room to prepare supper.

A week later Lela's school commenced, and she was once more a resident of B—. But life now, how changed! She had found the sesame which would unlock Life's mysteries—Love! Love, that mystery of mysteries, that deep experience of the human heart, which awakens it to its own powers, its own capac- ities for joy or sorrow, which links earth with Heaven, the human with the Divine! Love, which penetrates into the deepest recesses of our being, awakening all of heaven that is therein, arousing the sleeping angel, and planting it to its stately home!

Thus it was with Lela. Life's sorrows had aroused the latent forces of her spiritual being into strength and action, but they were not as yet sanctified. Love in all its bitterness and woe, and in its bluest after- sweetness, was to expand her soul into the beauty and serenity of Christian life.

Lela believed herself loved by Lloyd Hamilton, and yet she sometimes doubted it. The belief and the doubt knew each its own peculiar poignancy of grief. Now she would feel that she had suffered herself to be deceived, and that he regarded her merely as a friend, and she would murmur with a sad smile: "It is better so. I will be content." Then, oftentimes when alone with Nature—in the dim woods, by the tiny waterfall, her eyes scanning the vast prairie, watch- ing the glorious sunset, or the falling rain, listening to the rolling thunder or the sweet songs of birds, or looking up into the starry deep of heaven in the still solemn night—there would come over her the con- sciousness of his love for her; doubt would give place to certainty. "He loves me; I know it. I feel it. God help us both!" and she would weep bitter, burning tears.

One pleasant evening a few weeks after her return to B—, Lela sat at her window watching the glow- ing western sky. The gorgeous tints were rapid- fading from view, passing into that Eternal Day of

beauty, whose bright hues never grow dim; and the new moon looked like a tiny canoe bearing some bright angel over those cloud-waves of beauty. As it sailed along the deep blue ether, it seemed to drop from shining oars rays of sweet comfort and hope for the weary watcher by the window. And in reply, Lela caught up pencil and paper, and rapidly wrote the following lines. You will see that Lela was no poetess. Her feelings, which were generally too deep, too intense for utterance, now and then overflowed in rhythm, which she never was so presumptuous as to call poetry. But after replying now to the deep, mys- terious whisperings of the moon, Lela felt calmer, stronger, more hopeful.

#### THE NEW MOON.

That tiny, silver barque careering  
Across the high, ethereal main,  
Comes with its shining freight, appearing  
To eyes that watched for it again.

'T is past: that holy, sweet revealing  
Of soul to soul, and heart to heart,  
Comes back like purest music stealing,  
To bid th' unwonted tear to start.

He did not know the blight and darkness  
Which sorrow in my heart had wrought—  
He could not know how bright a picture  
He limned to deck my memory's thought!

He led me 'mid the smiling flowers,  
Till I was like a child again;  
He led me through such peaceful bowers,  
That I forgot my grief and pain.

He caught for me such strains entrancing,  
Outgushing in sweet music's tone,  
That, weary now, and backward glancing,  
I seem to make them all mine own.

That silver moon looked on us kindly,  
While leaning on his stronger arm,  
I smiled upon my joy so blindly,  
Forgetting 't was a transient charm—

Forgetting that the swift to-morrow  
Would bring its heavy load of care,  
My spirit would be crushed with sorrow,  
My life would be bereft and bare.

The placid moon as bright is shining,  
As purely sheds its mellow light,  
But nevermore through all my pining,  
Instream into my moonless night.

Shine on, thou radiant Queen of Beauty,  
Teach me to drink Heaven's blessed light,  
That, faithful to Life's sternest duty,  
It may break in and bless my night.

Lela's feelings, which had found vent in the above lines, no longer pressed so hard upon her. She was calm, almost happy, as she watched the moon while it sank gradually out of sight. There was a rap at her door, and little Maggie Grover brought in a light and a letter for Lela. As the door closed upon her, Lela, with trembling hands broke open the envelope.

The letter was from Mr. Hamilton. It was that of a friend rather than a lover, and yet Lela could not fail to detect the hidden undercurrent of his love, flowing deep, mighty and still. She was conscious of a re- pressed tenderness throughout the whole. It seemed to her like an offering of beautiful flowers, but so thickly laden with thorns, that while their beauty and fragrance cheered and blessed her, the thorns pierced her soul; and smiles and tears commingled on her face.

She now learned that he had gone to the depot to bid her "good-by," and ask the privilege of writing to her, but had only arrived there just in season to see the train passing out of sight.

There were some passages in his letter which she read with a peculiar interest, because they opened to her a new phase of his character, which indeed she had at times caught glimpses of, but that was all. She knew it was a vein in his nature but lately opened, and little explored. She knew, from that intuition which comes to the truly spiritualized, that there was a mine of wealth in his soul to which she held the key. He would not write thus playfully, thus poetically to any other person, she well knew. It was merely the echo which her own poetic soul had awakened in his more practical, more worldly nature—a strain of music, which he himself never could have called forth from his spirit-life.

That night in dreams Lela saw the face of her angel-mother. It was radiant with beauty and happiness, and unutterable love, as she gazed on her child. Lela felt that darkness creeping around her, the form of her mother, only being enveloped in a soft, mellow light. Obeying the glance of her mother's eyes, she looked forward, to gaze only into an abyss of unfa- thomable darkness. No ray lighted it, but soon, beyond, soft, clear, peaceful, a bright light shone in which she could faintly discern things of beauty: temples, blooming flowers and flitting birds. Now and then a strain of sweetest melody floated out from the bright- ness, and as she looked and listened, peace filled her soul. Again she looked at her mother, who stood pointing to the vision of Beauty.

She spoke; her voice was the same that had filled Lela's childhood with music echoes, and said:

"Not yet; wait in patience, and do right. It will be thine, my child!"

Lela awoke refreshed and strengthened. She took her mother's words to her heart as a prophecy, and walked forth into the coming darkness with a brave, trusting heart. She felt that with her angel-mother ever near to guide and to guard, to love and care for her, she need not fear. She knew that her mother's love, pure and deep and lasting as it was, was yet less than that of the Infinite, who was leading her on through the purposes of his will, in love and wisdom. And day by day she learned to trust Him more, day by day she grew to be more like a little child, confiding in the hand that led her along her darkened way.

Two or three weeks later she answered Mr. Hamil- ton's letter. On reading her reply, she was con- scious of a coldness throughout, which contrasted strangely with his, so full of repressed feeling. Her experience was deeper than his, so that she dared not let the tenderness of her soul gleam even through care- less, playful words. Besides, she was a woman, and a



very proud woman, and she hid her love jealously from her lover's eyes till his own should be declared to her. Also, she would not give encouragement to any hopes he might entertain in regard to her, for she remembered the gulf between them, over which neither might pass.

As Lloyd Hamilton read her letter, he contracted his brows a little, while he murmured:  
"If Lela only had more heart! If she were only more affectionate in her nature! She is too cold; and yet sometimes I think she does feel deeply. I wish I could read her better. Anyhow, she's a splendid girl, and —"

Here his reverie took a decidedly affectionate turn, and I imagine he might not like to have all his tender thoughts reported to the public, so I leave the dash for your own imagination to fill out, reader.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—NO. 3.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Wide contrasts in the spirit-realms betwixt the desolate and barren wastes of selfishness, and the Paradise of Garden expanse, the mountain-possessions that are the divinely-gained inheritance of the self-sacrificing and "the pure in heart." To all interior conditions correspond the visible surroundings; the garnered wealth of the spirit is made manifest in lavish wealth of abundance unto the unveiled sight of all. And on the earth those souls admitting the Impressions of the Beautiful, the sun-rays of Illuminating Truth, the benign influences of that inner world of glorious revelation; the spell of music, and the charm of coloring; those souls exhibit in their choice of dress and ornament, in their simple preferences, the faint foreshadowings of glorious immortal joys and everlasting realities. Thus the calm and peaceful spirits, inclined to contemplation and poetic reverie, to celestial teachings and their attendant harmony, will clothe themselves in heaven's azure draping, and love the pure white folds, emblematic of eternal purity and rest; and they will cultivate the fragrant flower-treasures, simple and holy interpreters of God!

So in the choice of all pertaining to the embellishment of the person or the home, can be read by the interior sense, the spiritual condition, and the position held upon the varying life-planes by each child of the Great Father and beneficent mother.

Do you see the oval and the spherical forms adopted by the lovers of harmony? Do you note the vestal garbs of simplicity preferred to gorgeousness and pomp by the virginal in soul? Do you know wherefore the faithful adherent of fixed principles delights in the fall flowing sunshine, in the awe of purifying air, in the aroma of the myrtle and the sweet forget-me-not? Why great souls love the stalwart pine and winter-dwelling evergreens of the forest? Why truthful and transparent spirits love the rainbow-gardens, the light-gleaming gems, the star-eyed flowers? Why some love amber and coral; some find pleasure in the products of the sea, the mysteriously-whispering shells; others love the offspring of the darkened mine? Because to all things there is an interior response, a greeting of allied spirits; a recognition of kinship with a thought, a truth, a symbol, now in its first alphabet of accepted comprehension. In the coming millennial time of peace, when murder, lust, and rapine no more shall darken human hearts, all this, seemingly so visionary and intangible, shall become real, because truly and fully understood.

#### Worth of Life.

Man or woman, in your constant poverty and toll and petty ministrations to the needs of every day life, or you, ye human butterflies, who come not in contact with its rough realities, but flutter and dangle in gilded plumage, have you yet bestowed a thought upon the value of Life?

Has the great and exceeding blessing of your having become an organized being, quickened with the life that never dies—has this yet penetrated in any measure your dim consciousness? Have you not, on the contrary, sent forth your bitter wall that you had been permitted to be born, when the trifling of your heartless life had failed to satisfy the one, or the weariness of the overburdened had crushed down the other?

Assuredly the time will come when deep down in your souls will be discovered a mine worth the working. Then the follies and the fancies lying upon the surface will gradually fall off, and the intelligences bringing such woe to the evil-doer will be replaced with deeds of justice and self-reformation; then the overburdened will be freed from the pressure, and the great worth of this blessed boon be duly prized by each and all.

Happy he who in this present life, with all its cares and anguish, obtains that faith and trust which enables him to utter daily, and with fervor—

"Thank God that e'er I drew my breath!"  
for death has indeed no sting, and my soul shall attain to all it desires of knowledge and excellence.

A. O. GRAY.

#### Power of the Will.

There is a kind of philosophy, or which may be called a moral force, that often enables men to live above disease, and survive for many years, ravages on the constitution, which, prey upon persons of less strength of mind, would hurry them to the grave in a very short time. We remember to have heard of a man named Hume, who was a great miser and very rich, and who, apparently, was at the point of death, and giving the items of his will. As his broad and fertile acres had been disposed of, and he ceased to dictate, his lawyer, who knowing he had a large amount of gold and silver in his house, said to him after a pause: "Well, Mr. H., what disposition will you make of your money?" "My money? Do you expect me to give away my money, too? I will not do it," and summing up to himself what, under the circumstances, seemed superhuman energy, he rose from his bed, dressed himself, broke the spell of disease, and lived some years afterwards to advocate the making of his hats, as they would not wear out soon.

Of two persons having consumption, with apparently equal chances of life, the man who abandons himself to his fate, hugs the fire, and is afraid to stir out of doors lest he should take cold, inevitably dies in a short time. The other having force of character, indomitable determination, and a true philosophy, considers that life is worth striving for, that he can but die anyhow, and braving all winds and weathers, fights courageously against his malady, and lives many years.

So it is in some other diseases—the exercise of a true philosophy is manifested in brave resolves to live down disease, to live above it, and by sheer force of will to break the spell which was thrown over the succumbing body; thus the mind may, and often does become a power over human maladies more efficient than the most famed medicines of the apothecary.

TRUE AS A BOOK.—If we are cheerful and contented, all Nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky seems more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars all appear more beautiful.

WORK.—Man is like a snowball. Leave him in idleness against the sunny flame of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like butter. But kick him round, and he gathers strength from every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche.

For the Banner of Light.

#### A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM MUNA.

DEAR BANNER.—The following poem was written through my hand, to a few dearly-beloved friends in the Granite State, by an Indian spirit, whose name is appended below, and to whom she has endeavored herself by her manifold ministrations of love and mercy. Though I claim for it no particular literary merit, yet the ideas embodied in it, I have no doubt, will find a cordial response in many hearts who have asked the very same questions, the answers to which are embodied in these lines. Though necessarily and unavoidably long, yet if you deem the poem worthy a place in your columns, and shall have sufficient space in time for it, it would oblige and gratify your numerous friends in this State, and among them, yours for the waving of the BANNER OF LIGHT everywhere.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

Dear mortal friends, you have desired that some fair angel's hand Might trace upon these snowy sheets the beauties of its land; Might paint before your inner sight a panorama fair, A vision of that Holy Life, exempt from pain and care.

I know that many cherished friends, those whom you fondly love, Adorn alike thy paths of earth and those in heaven above, Friends who will ever prove the same in gladness or in ill, And who, when mortal loves shall fall, will cling more firmly still.

Yet oh! among the friendly hosts upon thy side arrayed, I trust that none will dearest be than your true Indian maid; Through many waves, o'er many rocks, thy life-barks she has led, And countless blessings on thy heads her spirit-hands have shed.

Ah! when across thy sky was seen the lightning's vivid flash, And when above thy heads was heard the answering thunder's crash, Could you have pierced the gauzy veil which hid this world from view, How beautiful a scene, dear friends, would have been opened to you.

Above your forms would you have seen loved Muna's soul of light, Entwining round thy brows sweet flowers of deathless colors bright, And sprinkling in your paths of earth the blossoms of her love, The sparkling gems of purity, culled from the shores above.

The songster and the muse have sung of classic valleys fair, Where flowers of poetry and song perfume the ambient air; And where perpetual summer reigns, by fragrant zephyrs fanned, Where not a wintry gale or frost can reach that Eden-land!

In Fancy's chambers have they walked—in corridors and aisles— Through every mystic labyrinth, and every dark dell, To pluck the diamond-gems of song—the radiant pearls of thought— Which sparkled so effulgently in every secret spot.

Ah! the shining pearls which have their earthly pathways strewn, Poor mortals, in their ignorance, have gathered as their own; Have wreathed them into diadems of glorious beauty rare, And placed them on th' historic page, and bade them glisten there.

Oh, loving friends, our walks of life with countless gems are lined; Where'er our spirit feet may tread some diamond we shall find, Some leaf of song and poetry upon the heavenly tree, Which our immortal hands may cull, and earthward wait to thee.

It once was thought a yawning gulf—a deep and dark abyss— A veil of blackness intervened between your world and this; That those you dearly loved on earth—those early summoned home— Would never speak to you again, or to your firesides come;

But now you feel a Bridge of Light connects your life and this, And 'cross it angel friends can float to tell you of their bliss, And bear to him, our Father kind, whose throne is everywhere, Each aspiration of your souls, each heartfelt, fervent prayer.

Each day your deathless spirits bathe in Inspiration's ray, Bask in the ever-gorgeous light of Truth's Eternal Day; Each hour, perhaps unknown to thee, you're treading Fairy Land, And clasping in your gentle palms a dear and loving hand.

How many sorrowing hearts have asked that some translated friend, A testimonial of their life, a word of love, might send, That they might know the destiny of those gone on before, And realize what will be theirs on that once mystic shore.

The labyrinths of dark despair their tortured souls have trod, Have wandered here and there to find the shortest route to God; Now nearer, and now further off, their weary feet would go, Until their frail canoes would sink beneath the waves of woe.

Now friends come from the Summer Land, the curtain to upturn, That they may see the fires of Truth which on heaven's altars burn, To dash aside the sombre veil which Error's hand has spun, And breathe of joys in store for them when their world's work is done.

The question, too, has oft been asked, Shall I my dear ones know, When Death's bright messenger shall come to lay my body low? To bear my living spirit on, where dreary night, they say, Is never known to come, to dim the glory of life's day?

Ah, thou inquiring soul of earth, wouldst that a heaven be, If those we loved in life below we ne'er again should see; If we could not their hearts and hands of friendship link to ours, And spend with them, in peace and love, eternity's long hours?

Oh, what a dreary world would be this so-called Paradise, If we the dear and true of earth could not here recognize; If those who made our outer life so happy and so bright Could not be near to love us still in realms of fadeless light!

Far rather would I bless the Power that would my soul consign To dark annihilation's grave, than such a fate be mine; For heaven would be a hell indeed, were such a link of pain Inwrought among the shining ones of life's unmeasured chain.

Ah, well we might distrust the Power who gave our spirits birth, If life did not extend beyond the transient things of earth; And, if the friends who made our lives so beautiful and grand, We could not recognize when they had reached the spirit-land.

Tell all the doubting ones who live amid the scenes of woe, When they shall step upon the shore where endless pleasures flow, That at the city's pearly gates their loving ones shall stand, And they shall know them as the loved of their terrestrial land.

Then, tolling ones, dispel your doubts, dry up your falling tears, There's nothing lost, but much is gained, in this exchange of spheres; Know that the images enshrined in memory's star-gemmed hall, Are peering through the ether blue in love upon you all.

How often, too, earth's ones have asked, if flowers As fair and redolent as those which flourish in their spheres; If they are subject to the law of swift and sure decay, And, like short-lived ephemera, as quickly pass away?

The flowers which bloom in gardens fair beyond the world of strife, Bear on their little petals there the seal of deathless life; No chilling frosts, no wintry blasts, with their destroying powers, Can come to blight the brilliant hues of Heaven's immortal flowers.

No pelting storms, no freezing gales, sweep o'er that golden shore— That shore unshowered by discord's waves, undrenched by human gore; There fragrant zephyrs only blow, and angry billows cease— The only air which angels breathe is redolent of peace.

That land must be a heaven indeed, where war is never heard, And where from seraph lips there comes no harsh, discordant word; Where flashing steel and cannon's fire no brother's life has shed, Where, thank God! is never seen the war-dread's bloody band.

Ah! could you take one little glance behind the curtain bright, Which separates our world of day and your dark world of night, What a most splendid sight would burst upon your ravished eyes! What a celestial vision fair of our unclouded skies!

You there would see a mighty hand, joined in one Brotherhood, Whose happiness in main depends on one another's good; Whose efforts, ever pure and true, united are given, To lead mankind from ways of death to fadeless life in heaven.

While walking in that Fairy Land, before you would have loomed Ambrosial fields and grottoes fair, by orange-groves perfumed; Aspiring mountains, lowly dales, and flower-encircled hills, Updashing fountains, sparkling lakes, and music-murmuring rills.

You would have seen immortal birds, of plumage rich and gay, Dancing within the gorgeous light of Eden's nightless day, And the warbles of their throats which floated on the air, As each note upward rose to Him whose soul is everywhere.

The food which nourishes our life in this its Second Birth, Is more refined, dear ones, than that you use upon the earth; From every flower, from every fruit, aroma sweet we draw, And live and move in harmony with God's Unchanging Law!

Our spirit-bodies, too, are clad in either black or white, In garbs of deep and darkling hue, or robes of dazzling light; The more advanced a spirit is in Wisdom, Truth and Love, More beautiful will be the dress which decks its life above.

And there, are palaces most bright, most kingly and most grand, Adorning every circling sphere of that resplendent land, Castles whose turrets upward reach far in the azure skies, Whose splendors rich are only seen by our immortal eyes.

In that most radiant Spirit-World, where holy joys endure, We know no difference between the so-called rich and poor; For man's life is not measured there by what he has or lacks, But by that better rule of right—the wealth of noble acts!

Most of the landmarks mortals draw are not here recognized; Each one, by reference to his deeds and moral worth is prized; We ask not how much wealth of goods a person has in store, But of the noble thoughts and deeds that he has sent before.

Thus, while engaged in worldly works, in gaining treasures vast, Will not the earth child strive to win those which for ever last, And in the princely bank of heaven a goodly sum invest, That surely will, as ages roll, bring compound interest?

Remember well, each generous deed which you perform on earth, Each word in love and kindness breathed, will prove of priceless worth, Will be as precious gems affixed to that resplendent crown Which will adorn your spirit-brows when your earthly work is done.

Then oh! put forth thy energies in thy well-chosen work; Mind not the obstacles which may within thy pathway lurk; If ye are steadfast in the right, and stand on Wisdom's rock, Ye need not fear the winds or waves, or dread the tempest's shock.

Thus I have tried, in language poor, a picture here to paint Of my most glorious spirit-home, but oh! I know 'tis faint, For earthly words cannot describe the glories of the land, Where dwell your parted friends of earth in one United Band!

Yet please accept this poor attempt thus to delineate The glowing beauties of the life beyond the mortal state; Your spirit-vision may behold in these few lines of mine, A feeble picture of the home which will some day be thine.

Oh! may this new-dedged Bird of Time, so happily begun, Be rich in many a noble work, until its race is run; That, when its terminus shall come, your lips may truly say, "I've done my duty, dying year, during thy pleasant stay."

And when thy earthly day is o'er, thy mortal work is done, A grander, nobler, higher race, your spirit-feet will run; Your souls, as seasons roll, will find still mightier work to do, And spend in joy and peace the years that are forever new!

THE BEAUTY OF FAITH.—The world's ideas of beauty are as false as its ideas of holiness. A little roundness of feature and freshness of color, and many cry out, "How lovely!" But it is the loveliness of a statue or of a painting, not of a being made in the image of God. Within that rounded and painted cast, there may be a dull pebble or a paste diamond instead of a gem-like soul. He who is attracted by the outside show, is disgusted when he sees the poverty within—a golden case for a penny-worth of glass beads! But spiritual beauty will so mirror itself in the plainest features, and flash out from the smallest, the most deeply set gray eye, as to make deformity lovely. It will etherealize a pale, furrowed, irregular face, until it seems angelic.

#### Original Essays.

#### WHAT BECOMES OF THE BIBLE WHEN SPIRITUALISM IS PROVED UNTRUE?

BY MOSES HULL.

The Bible is but the history of the communion of spirits with the inhabitants of our earth. This is generally admitted. But the position is usually taken that the spirit which communes through the Bible is either the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, or angels. Suppose this to be the case; suppose God—the infinite Jehovah—has condescended, himself, individually and personally, to commune with man, he must commune in the same way that spirits now commune. There is no way of one mind controlling another but, by psychological influence. This is the way that minds on this earth commune. All communion must come in the same way.

But it is said that God is infinite. True; but even an infinite God cannot commune with man, unless he had a mind himself. Nor could he then commune with the human mind without coming in rapport with that mind. All spirit communion works upon the same principle. All true prophecy is a result of communion with beings of other worlds who have once inhabited this.

In the case of Saul, the woman of Endor, and Samuel, we have an undeniable case of spirit communion. This is a case of prophecy which was literally fulfilled. "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," was a more definite prophecy than many other Bible predictions; yet, if the record be true, Saul and his sons were in the spirit-land before the next day closed.

This case of Spiritualism can only be denied by denying the record. The Bible says Samuel was there. The theory to which the writer of this has hitherto held upon this subject, has been no less than a denial of the record. Formerly, denying a conscious state of existence for the dead, I have been compelled to deny that Samuel was there, and thus falsify a record which I called "infallible inspiration."

Not only is the Bible the history of spirit communion, but there were in those days evil spirits, which were as anxious to communicate as others. For instance; take the record of the prophet's prophesying before Ahab, and persuading him to go up to Ramoth-Gilead to lose his kingdom and life. Elisha declares that he saw a lying spirit sent into the mouths of all of Ahab's prophets. Lying, or undeveloped spirits, are as anxious to communicate now as in the days of Ahab. There is no objection to the philosophy of spirit intercourse now, in the fact that communications are sometimes unreliable, more than there is to the Bible, because the only prediction in the book of Jonah proved to be untrue.

The Bible rule for proving spirits would prove most spirit communications to be true, while it would prove the book of Jonah, and many other portions of the Bible, to be false. See Deut. xviii: 22. But it is not the design of this article to say anything about the "errors of the Bible." I leave this division of the subject. I only mentioned it as an offset to much that is said about unreliable communications which come through modern Spiritualism.

All Bible writers seem to understand that they were only mediums, through which others communicated. The whole book of Ezekiel goes to show that he was a well-developed medium. In chapter eleven, verse twenty-four, he says, "The spirit took me up," &c. If this is not an evidence that he was a medium for physical manifestations, then I do not understand it. But if the reader has any doubt upon that subject, let him turn back to chapter three, twenty-fourth verse, and read: "Then the spirit entered into me and set me upon my feet, and spake with me, and said unto me, Go shut thyself within thy house." Please read the connection; it will show him to be a speaking medium; yet it seems that he was not so good a speaking medium as he was for physical manifestations. At least, his communications were so unreliable that it became a proverb in Israel that "every vision faileth."—Ezekiel, xli: 22. The spirit seems to admit it, but hopes to get better control, and hence promises to "make this proverb to cease," saying, "There shall be no more any vain vision nor flattering divination."—See verses 23-24.

Daniel was both a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. Hence he not only sees the "man—not God—clothed in fine linen," but hears "one saint speaking to another saint," and others talking to him.—Daniel, x: 5; xli: 5-7; viii: 13-14. Here these celestial beings are called both saints and men. Who dare dispute it? I cannot.

The circumstance of the young man clothed in linen at the sepulchre of Jesus, conversing with the weeping friends of the Nazarene, finds its antitype in thousands of similar cases occurring in the present century.—See Mark xvi: 5-8.

The appearance of Moses and Elias at the Mount of Transfiguration, is one of the most beautiful evidences that spirits do return and communicate with the inhabitants of this sphere. If Moses and Elias could return in the first century and communicate with those who were in an entranced state, (see Luke ix: 32-33,) why could not the same thing be done now? Many more evidences might be given, but they are no better than those presented.

Now I am led to ask, What becomes of all this testimony when modern Spiritualism falls? The facts are just such as are daily occurring. The testimony upon which they are based is at best only human testimony—testimony of men of other ages, men whom we do not know; we never have seen them, nor have we seen any one who has. We never would have heard of them had it not been for the Bible. Yet we do not think of doubting this testimony. No; it is infidelity to be guilty of the sin of having doubts. Now is it not strange that when facts of the same kind occur around us every day, established by ten times the amount of testimony—testified, too, by men whom we know, and know to be men of unimpaired reputation for truth and veracity, we doubt, and sometimes even dispute it. Why is this? Oh, may the time soon come when men shall be rational—when they shall look facts fair in the face, no matter where they are found.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 2, 1864.

#### "ASTRONOMICAL."

I have just read, Mr. Editor, the remarks of the self-styled "Founder of the American System of Astronomy,"—Mr. Wm. Isaac Loomis—on Herschel's deductions in regard to the distances of the fixed stars, published in the BANNER OF DEC. 26th, 1863.

I wish to show your readers that Herschel is right, and the "Founder of the American System" is wrong. Mr. Loomis says, "If we suppose a star, when viewed from the extremities of the diameter of the earth's orbit, suffers an apparent displacement of one second of a degree, this amount of displacement is called the star's annual parallax."

This is not a correct definition of Annual Parallax, and it is this false assumption that has led your correspondent into the belief that he has demonstrated that the "Copernican system of the stellar distances has no claim to the mathematical assent of reasonable men."

If he had studied all parts of Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy with as much care as he seems to have studied Article 801, he would have known that his definition of Annual Parallax is as follows, "It is that optical displacement of a body which is due from its being observed, not from the centre of the sun, but

from that of the earth." Taking this definition, the base of the triangle of which Mr. Loomis speaks, should be the radius of the earth's orbit, instead of its diameter. Making this correction seems to have Article 801 to harmonize with Article 839, we at once see that Herschel's figures are correct.

Yours for the truth, M. O. STEVENS.  
Providence, R.I., Dec. 20, 1863.

#### Correspondence.

##### Matters in Washington.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I read in the BANNER OF LIGHT the weekly record of the progress of our cause; and I trust our friends may be glad to know of our progress in the Capital. To those who have not been conversant with the religious status of Washington in the past, it may not be amiss to say that here, as in the South generally, the severest creeds have been dominant. A liberal church has never been sustained here. Universalism is almost unknown. Unitarianism is the nearest approach which has been made toward liberality, and of that but one church has barely been kept alive, of which the Rev. W. E. Channing is the pastor. The society is very small, although gradually increasing. The great influx of Northern population has had a very marked effect, however, on the religious societies, and many of their pastors preach a more liberal faith than formerly, the most prominent of whom is the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who stood almost alone at the commencement of the rebellion, as a Union preacher. Nearly all the popular churches had long been under the domination of the South, and held fast to their idol—slavery. But Byron Sunderland stood manfully erect, and while he saw one after another of his society falter and leave, he never hesitated; and now he is the most popular church in the city, and he is, to say the least, very tolerant to us Reformers and Spiritualists. Success attend him, is the heartfelt wish of all the Unionists of this city. As an evidence of the great change in this administration over all previous ones, it is well to note the fact that Messrs. Channing and Sunderland are the Chaplains of the present Congress—both outspoken advocates of the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Channing has for years been an open, avowed Abolitionist.

Bro. A. E. Newton has given us some of his best thoughts, and many have been led to investigate, after listening to the clear and interesting manner in which he has presented his knowledge of Spiritualism. We owe much to him for the success we have thus far met with in sustaining our meetings. We are expecting Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson here in a few days, to lecture for a number of weeks, after which Bro. T. Gates Forster, so well known as to need no commendations from me, is to occupy the desk for one month. There is much interest felt to witness physical manifestations, and any good medium visiting Washington at this interesting season, would undoubtedly be well patronized.

I have had much pleasure in attending different Methodist churches (white and black), where revivals are going on. There does not seem to be much difference in the extravagance of manner while under the psychological or spiritual influence, and no one at all acquainted with the phenomena of modern Spiritualism can doubt the cause. More especially is this the case with the colored folks, who are more easily influenced.

A few months ago a camp meeting was held a few miles from here, by the Methodists, and a fence divided the blacks from the whites—brethren of the same church, yet the distinction had to be kept up. Query: Do they expect God will recognize the difference in color when they arrive in their heaven, and have a fence built to keep the black sheep from the white in the Methodist camp?

I recall to mind that we have a small Swedenborgian Society here, whose house of worship is near the Capitol. Services are held in it regularly; Mr. Fox, a clerk in the Treasury Department, preaches. He is a very interesting speaker. A sermon which he recently delivered was full of very good Spiritualism, and I judged by it and his appearance, that he is more tolerant of Spiritualism than most followers of Swedenborg whom I have met.

Yours, ALFRED HORTON.

Washington, Jan. 11, 1864.

##### Notes from Vermont.

With mingled feelings of reluctance and pleasure do I commence this communication for the BANNER—reluctance, from my consciousness of inability to do justice to the cause, and the speakers whom I was chosen to represent to your readers, and pleasure that I have opportunity to tell them how much I love the BANNER, its glorious truths and philosophy, and how dear it is to many homes in Vermont.

A goodly number of progressive minds met the new year in Convention at Bridgewater, and spent its first three days in gathering strength to nobly dare to be, not to be thought, supporters of truth and right. Sisters Townsend, Wolcott, Works and Matthews, and Brothers Randall and Abbott were the principal speakers. Bro. Abbott's discourse was much liked, and as it was written, I hope it may sometime reach you for publication.

Bro. Randall spoke of the "Philosophy of Religion." There is a principle in the soul that craves food of a spiritual nature—a spiritual affection. Our relation to Deity is often supposed to be separate and distinct, yet we subsist and exist by a divine process. The relation is intimate and close, and thus, as mighty ones, we exist with him whom we adore. Who is faithful to humanity is also faithful to God and to himself. Our labor and our efforts are essential. The true man, who finds he is valuable to the world, cannot help working for the world. We, the human race, constitute individual existences in his existence. And there is demanded a concord or compliance of one body, or nation, with another. The Indians and negroes need our sympathy. We need to be just and good; get virtue into the world, and vice out of it. Charity is a determination to correct wrongs and remove evils. The happiness of the whole is the right object in life, and makes the time pass pleasantly and swiftly away. Be true to ourselves, and we shall be true to all the progressive movements of the age.

Several friends from Granville, N. Y., made some good remarks in conference, and Bro. Wing, of Granville, introduced the following resolution, which was laid upon the table to be taken up in Annual Convention, next September, at Montpelier, Vt., viz:—

"Whereas, Spiritualists are taking a prominent stand among the Christian communities, therefore, resolved, that it becomes necessary that we have some organization or rule by which we may more effectively exert our influence as Spiritualists."

Several other important resolutions were introduced by Bro. Geo. F. Baker, of Granville, but want of time excluded the action of the meeting.

Bro. Slocum remarked, that woman must so cultivate her mind as to be competent to fill those places to which she aspires, and that work is the reformatory power of the world. The law of kindness was urged as a reformatory power, and the greatest beatitude of the human soul. We sanction love, and love is free; but we do not sanction lust, yet there will be wolves in sheep's clothing.

Mrs. Townsend commenced the closing discourse by reading a passage from Matthew, commencing "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." Preceding and succeeding the discourse were some beautiful lines in verse, which I can only wish to give you here. A striking contrast was shown







atio arrangement and action of matter controlled by intelligence?

Q.—But does not matter act upon matter?  
A.—But it must have some object in acting, and that must be an intelligent object; because we find that this matter is controlled by law, and that those laws are fixed. There can be no laws without an intelligent source of their existence.

Q.—You only derive intelligence from the result. When you see matter acting intelligently, you say there is intelligence.

A.—We do. We see intelligence existing in the germ of all things, and it is this intelligence acting upon matter which produces all these results.

Q.—Not at all. It is matter acting upon itself which produces certain consequences, and they renew themselves over and over again. In regard to intelligence, allow me to give you and those here an idea. All this idea of soul results simply from the power of the brain and spinal marrow to expand and contract, creating a vacuum, and hence motion. Those that have a larger brain, have what we call a greater capacity to think; those that have a more solid brain, have what we call less knowledge. That is where the whole thing lies, and if you will take the trouble to examine it closely, you will find that I am correct.

A.—Well, we may say that the gentleman's coming back to such an argument proves, as his idea for the existence of soul, that which has been argued for a thousand years—that something is made from nothing, and we do not believe it. We believe it originated from something, and not from vacuum. If vacuum can produce soul, then the gentleman must admit that the soul must exist everywhere, proving conclusively our argument, and not his own.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

The *Revue Spirite* for December contains, as usual, much interesting matter, showing the earnestness and progress of our friends in France. Contents of this number: Utility of the Teaching of Spiritism; Spiritism in Algeria; Elias and John the Baptist; St. Paul the precursor of Spiritism; Case of Possession; Period of Warfare; Instructions of Spirits, &c.

The "Period of Warfare" divides Spiritualism into six periods: the first, characterized by table-turning, is that of "Curiosity"; the second, the *Philosophic* period, marked by the rapid appearance of spiritual books; third, the period we are now in, denominated that of "warfare." First, it was but for sarcasm and ridicule; then the attacks became more violent—furious sermons, anathemas, excommunications, individual persecutions, pamphleting distortion and calumny. We are in the midst of this period now; but they are changing the mode of attack from open combat to subterranean warfare. It is now apparently calm, but it is only the precursor of a storm. Yet the struggle is necessary, and the triumph will be the more glorious. Then we shall be brought into a new phase of Spiritualism—the religious period. Then will come the fifth, the intermediate, natural consequence of the preceding, and which will later receive its characteristic denomination. The sixth and last period will be that of *social renovation*, which will open the era of the twentieth century. At this epoch, all obstacles to the new order chosen of God for the transformation of the earth, will have disappeared. The generation then on the stage, imbued with new ideas, will be in all its strength, and will prepare the way for the inauguration of the definite triumph of union, peace and fraternity amongst men, blended together in the same belief, and in the practice of the Christian law.

In the article noticing the attack of the Bishop of Algiers on Spiritualism, the editor says: The clergy are by no means all with him in this attack. We know personally several ecclesiastics who sympathize with us and accept the consequences of such belief, as proves the following fact, the authenticity of which we are assured:

In a compartment of a railroad car there were two gentlemen—a *monk*, materialistic and atheistic, and his friend, on the contrary, very spiritualistic. They disputed warmly, each sustaining their opinion. At a station a young priest entered, who at first listened, then took a part in the conversation. Addressing the incredulous, he said:

"It appears, sir, you believe in nothing—not even in a God!"

"That it is true, I own it, sir; priest; and no one has yet proved to me I am in error."

"Ah, well, sir, I engage to take you among the Spiritualists, and you will believe."

"How, sir, priest? Hold you such language?"

"Yes, sir; and I say it because it is my conviction. I know by experience that when religion is powerless to convince, Spiritualism will triumph."

"But what will your bishop think, if he knows what you say to me?"

"He may think what he likes. I shall tell him the same, for it is not my habit to hide my thoughts."

"Here is another significant fact: one of our most fervent believers went to see one of his uncles, curate of the village, and found him reading the *"Livres des Esprits."*

We transcribe the recital that he gave us of their conversation:

"Ah, what, my uncle, you read that book? Are you not afraid of being damned? But it is, without doubt, that you may refute its teachings in your sermons."

"On the contrary," he answered, "this doctrine tranquillizes me upon the future, because I now understand mysteries I could not comprehend in the Evangelists; and thou believest it also?"

"I—of course; I am a Spiritualist, heart and soul; and, moreover, something of a medium."

"Then, my dear nephew, we can converse. We have never been able to agree upon religious matters; now we shall understand each other. Why hast thou not spoken with me before of thy faith?"

"I feared that you would be scandalized."

"Thou hast scandalized me formerly by thy incredulity."

"If I was incredulous you were the cause of it."

"How was that, nephew?"

"Did you not educate me, and teach me of religion? You always wished to explain that you could not comprehend yourself. When I questioned, and you could not reply, you would say, 'Be silent, unfortunate; thou must believe, do not seek to comprehend. Thou wilt be an *Atheist*.' Now, perhaps, I shall be able to teach you. I am instructing my son, aged only ten years, and I assure you he has more faith than I had at his age under your care, because he comprehends everything as well as myself. But, do tell me, uncle, do you preach Spiritualism to your parishioners?"

"It is not that I do not wish to, but thou knowest it would not do."

"But do you preach of the devil's furnace as of old? I tell you truly that it now only makes people smile. Amongst your auditors there are only three or four women who believe it; the young girls often fear, yet go to 'Jouer le diable' after the sermon. Ah, my dear uncle, it is time to change the battery, for the Devil has finished his cause."

"I know it, and the cause is, they no more believe in God than the Devil. I am often much embarrassed to reconcile my duty with my conscience, so I try to take the middle course, and preach morality, the duties of the family and society, and I see I am better comprehended and listened to. I believe if religion could be preached from the spiritualistic point of view, that in ten years there would not be an unbeliever in the parish, and that all would be more moral; for morality without faith has no basis, and Spiritualism would give them this faith; for these country people, notwithstanding their want of instruction, have much good sense."

This certainly shows that many of the *Catholic* priests are more open to conviction than the *Protestant* preachers of our own country.

E. M.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

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Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

#### The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

but 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 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.

#### Our Free Circles.

The public are informed that we hold Free Circles at this office (158 Washington Street) for spiritual manifestations, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON, commencing at 3 o'clock precisely.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

#### Tried as by Fire.

There is a very meaning expression in the New Testament, to the effect that men are, in passing through the world, *tried as by fire*. Were it not the case, this primary life of ours would be given to us no purpose whatever. We get nothing except through discipline. No man knows what is in him, nor can know, except by the process of being opposed. Obstacles are naturally our allies, and Necessity is our best friend. We fall at what we consider, in our short-sightedness, the misfortunes of life, and wish, from our hearts, they might be got rid of altogether. But we know not what we would have when we long for so impossible an earthly condition. If we could but see how these trials and perplexities, these vexations and delays and disappointments, all operate to call forth courage, to summon all the resources of patience and fortitude, to stimulate activity, to practice the mental and spiritual faculties, to open up every day new and unlooked for powers both actively and passively, and, in fine, while they duly develop and likewise impart a strength and balance to the whole nature—if we could but see all this, we say, there is no man in his senses who would not willingly go forth to encounter these vexations and trials, rather than wait to have them come to him, and with joy hail them all as his choicest friends and truest deliverers.

What many, if not most, persons think to be success in life, is anything but that. It is more often the greatest misfortune that could occur to the character. The only success which we can any of us call such is the thorough discipline which calls forth our true manhood and womanhood. Money is turned into this account as a mere incident, and not as an original element at all. All earthly things are furnished but as most convenient means to this end—the development, growth, and discipline of the character. Nature conspires against us in order to draw us out. We lay a plan, push on bravely to its completion, begin to grow encouraged with the hopes of success as we proceed, believe all is coming out at last just as we have devised, and are beginning both to congratulate ourselves and to receive the congratulations of others on our performance—when suddenly we find our heels tripped from under us, our calculations all spoiled, unforeseen impediments thrown in between our exertions and our hopes, the beautifully radiant sky all darkened, and ourselves whirled dizzily away from the path in which we had found so firm a footing, to some strange and untrod position to which we feel that we are in no sense equal. It strikes us with amazement, the whole of it. We secretly wonder if this is according to the rules of Nature. We ask if we are, at best, but little chips on the huge waves of chance, to be tossed about with no directing or controlling power of our own. If there is no better security—we say—for the results of meritorious labor, of ceaseless watchings, of long tried patience, and of profound faith, what can be the use in putting forth any exertions at all—in striving or hoping for anything—in putting faith in any future?

This is the tempest by which our minds are driven temporarily from their moorings. We cannot yet find the rift in these dark clouds, nor fathom the depths of Nature's own purposes, nor believe that anything has been done to the point as a result of all our efforts. We are yet as blind persons to the meaning and intent of all this, and walk with the unsteady feet of little children. And it is just when we arrive at that condition where we are willing to admit our helplessness, that help really begins to come. We are brought to that receptive mood of spirit in which we can be impressed, and ministered to by superior influences with effect. For the first time in our lives, we have been brought into the right condition of mind. Up to now, we have neither asked for nor felt the need of any sort of help; but as nothing is plainer than the fact that superior help must certainly be had in order to carry out superior designs through our agency, it follows very clearly that until we had been brought to the state where we were compelled to ask for that help, and were willing to be glad to receive it, we were of no special use in the grand spiritual economy. Hence this disappointment, which has opened our eyes, and thus produced discipline. Hence the chastisement, which has subdued and regulated our passions, and put each in its right place. Hence the entire experience for us, so different from anything we could have foreseen, in order that we might be made entirely receptive to spiritual influences, and ready co-workers with the higher powers in their comprehensive purposes.

All this works in perfect and beautiful obedience to law—the very laws which run through the universe. If we apprehend and recognize that law, we at once come voluntarily within its gentle, yet powerful, operation, and there can never after be anything like disappointment for us. We thus rise superior to Nature by obeying her in her smallest demands. When we have acquired discipline in this way, there can be no more feeling of fear lest we may not reach success as the world reckons success; there can be no further anxiety for results, after we have once put our heart in our work with manliness and faith; there can be no possibility of disappointment again, for in that would be implied the nurture of certain hopes which are at variance with the plans of the invisible power which rules and governs all. Thus does the trial, which is well styled the "trial by fire," purify us by passing us through its heated furnace. We are made better men and women by the discipline, though we may not have made a fortune, or even a dollar, by passing through the experience. And he who has had the most discipline of this sort, is richer than all of us whose lives have been lived with none of it.

#### Current Events.

No marked change has taken place in the army of the Potomac the last week.

The rebel General Longstreet has been reinforced by about fifteen thousand men from Gen. Ewell's command, which, added to his former force, gives him an army of about forty thousand men, with which he is intending to make another attempt to drive our forces from East Tennessee. He will probably make another demonstration on Knoxville, to detain Sherman's forces while Hardee attacks Gen. Thomas, hoping thereby to reverse the strategic movement by which Gen. Grant routed the rebel army under Bragg.

In Texas, the rebel General Magruder appears to be getting very unpopular. He is charged with acts of tyranny and oppression and most gross immoralities. The popular voice of Texas never heartily sided with the rebellion, and it is thought the successes of Gen. Banks in that region will soon restore the authority of the National Government.

Representative Stevens, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill in Congress for the abolishment of slavery, and its consideration has been postponed till February next, which provides that within all the territory of the Confederate States which has been or may be conquered and subdued by the National arms, all laws and parts of laws which permit slavery are henceforth abolished, and that slavery shall never again be established within said territory; that hereafter no portion of it shall be admitted into the Union as a State, or be represented in its Congress, excepting by delegates. If the same should be authorized, until the people within the territory forming such State shall, by its organic law, forever prohibit slavery therein.

Congress has passed the bill extending the time for paying bounties to volunteers to the last of February. If the quotas for the last call for three hundred thousand men are not filled by that time, the draft will probably be enforced.

Three regiments from Maine have been ordered to New Orleans to reinforce Gen. Banks.

Many of the three years' regiments have been refurnished, and are now home on a furlough of thirty days.

Gen. Banks is said to have informed the President that he expects soon to be successful in reorganizing the State of Louisiana and bringing her into the Union again.

#### The Canada Frontier.

The Government is warned by the late attempt of the prisoners at Johnson's Island, how great is the danger which impends over any further delay to overhaul the defenses of the Lakes. Had those prisoners made their escape, as was planned, and succeeded in capturing steamers and possessing themselves of the city of Buffalo, they would have had it in their power to obstruct for a long and damaging while the majestic current of commerce of a continent, and to put back our national successes a long way on the dial. Two steamers on two lakes are not enough to protect the American interests on the hither side of the lakes, however well they may answer the demands of Great Britain on the Canada side. But these are all the defenses we are permitted by the existing treaty. The exposed condition in which we find ourselves by this threatened escape of a couple of thousand prisoners, is opening the eyes of the Government and the public journals to the fact, and doubtless the whole matter will in due time come up for revision. At all events, we cannot afford to let our vast interests along on the lakes lie exposed to the visitations of bandits and ruffians.

#### The London Press on the Message.

We have space to notice the comments of the London Times only, on the President's Message. It proves a foregone determination to make light of everything our Government has done and is trying to do to suppress the rebellion, and to put as good a face on the desperation of the rebels as possible. The Times lets out a variety of comments, in the course of its article, and all the more varied because made with a design of appearing to be open and fair. It admits that the Government has the advantage in the field, up to the close of last year's campaign, but it is not able to see where more men are coming from, either to the ranks of the army or the needs of agriculture. It gives the North credit for stoicism in its resolve to push forward the war to a successful termination, yet it affects to believe that Jefferson Davis and his friends are nowise behind us in their determination to hold out. On the whole, however, the Times seems to show that it knows very little about the matter, and will leave that impression on the minds of its readers by its article.

#### Reducing the Rebellion.

Not only have the geographical limits of rebellion been greatly reduced within the past year, but its armies have suffered to a corresponding degree. These have been weakened by battles, in the loss of prisoners, and by disease, to a greater extent than is generally supposed. The places of these absent men can never be supplied. Davis has at present the last large army in the field he will ever be able to put there. But in addition to the reduction of its area and its armies, the Confederacy has become worse crippled in respect of its financial resources than in any other way. The rebels have thus been reduced to the verge of despair. From being in a condition to purchase what they wanted, and even to negotiate loans in Europe, they have fallen suddenly to one of proposed repudiation and confessed bankruptcy. All the hopes of the previous year have been dashed during the year just passed. The last expectation even of foreign interference, whether from France or England, has finally departed.

#### Thackeray.

This great modern novelist, now passed on of the earth-form, probably wrote as pure English as any man who held a pen. He was but fifty-two at the time of his death, and had just begun a new novel, *"Vanity Fair,"* "Pendennis," and "Newcomers" are masterpieces of fiction, and will last with the language in which they are written. His death leaves a void not easily filled. He was full of his plans and purposes, and anticipated death by any other mode than that in which it finally came to him. We lose in him a shining light in literature. He had a warm heart, a wholly manly nature, and was a deplorable of shams in every form and shape. Had his life been spared, it is probable he would have made the world better still for what he was yet to do.

#### Miss Lizzie Doten.

People like to listen to this lady's inspirational addresses, and they crowd the hall whenever and wherever she speaks. Her discourses generally are of that character which command attention, and engender free thought and wholesome agitation. We are pleased to learn that she is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city for the next three Sabbaths. If some of our skeptical friends would avail themselves of the opportunity to listen to her, we think they would derive much benefit thereby.

#### Spiritualist Convention.

In our next issue we shall publish an interesting account of the proceedings of a Convention of Spiritualists held at McHenry, Ill., in October last. It is rather long, so much so that the crowded state of our columns has delayed its publication; but better late than never. And as the various speeches are reported in brief, the reader will get the gist of all that was said.

#### Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism.

The above was the theme of Miss Lizzie Doten's discourse on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 10th, in Lyceum Hall, in this city. We will attempt to give but a brief synopsis of her remarks:

She commenced by saying that too little attention has been paid to Swedenborgianism by Spiritualists, and too little attention has been paid to Spiritualism by Swedenborgians. Spiritualism is a fulfillment of Swedenborg's teachings, but in a more developed and advanced condition. After briefly showing why this was so, she gave a short biography of Swedenborg, pronouncing him a man of destiny—born for his peculiar work. His father was a man of marked ability, and gave character to his son, in whom he saw a foreshadowing of what he was to be, and gave him the name Emanuel, which means, God is with us; and in later days he had occasion to exclaim, "God has been with him."

Swedenborg's writings are so formidable and scientific that but few minds dare undertake to master them. Yet they are lucid, simple and comprehensive to minds capacitated to receive their spiritual and true meaning. Swedenborg was not so spiritual, intellectual or mystical but what others can arrive at the same conclusions he did. He was an accomplished scholar, but the theological views of his time somewhat tinctured his spiritual writings.

He aimed to solve mysteries. All difficult problems challenged him, and in his investigations he took careful steps, that he might be able to solve them aright. He studied and analyzed the various mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, up to man, making himself thoroughly acquainted with science and philosophy, as far as they were known in his day, and therefore when he came to Spiritualism, he well understood his work. He was well assured that great spiritual revelations lay before him, although he knew not whether these truths would be made apparent to him in this world or in the next. He pursued his investigations step by step, till he was able to go forth from his body and contemplate the celestial realms, and discover their hidden meaning, making them known to mortals.

The speaker dwelt at some length, and with much earnestness and beauty, upon the new developments of Spiritualism, and its rapid growth among the people of all lands, remarking that Swedenborg could now look back and smile at the limited character of the revelations he had made.

She then spoke upon the various points of difference in Swedenborg's teachings and modern Spiritualism, and then related many incidents relative to his clairvoyant powers or ability to foretell coming events, as well as reveal the condition of spirits in the other state, and also other phases of manifestation, showing the range of his mediumship.

In alluding to some specialities of Swedenborg's belief, she said he believed in the infallibility of the Bible, and notwithstanding the powers he possessed, of being able to go out of himself and revel in the grand realms of Nature and the realm of spirit, to see and realize the truth of the spiritual knowledge given him, he could not escape from this idea—thus proving that he was not wholly free from the popular opinions of his day, and the bias which education had given to his mind.

She then rapidly touched upon other points of the Swedenborgian faith, comparing them with the more recent and refreshing doctrines of Spiritualism in the present day, proving that the latter was far in advance of the former. It comes home to our everyday life and instills its teachings into our souls, and we more fully realize its truths. She was touchingly eloquent in her remarks on our "dear departed"—their condition, aims and objects—repudiating Swedenborg's idea that it was disorderly for spirits to communicate with mortals, for everything was created in order, and according to law, for God did not forget himself in this particular instance. If we better understood the laws and workings of Nature and of spirit, we should discover that everything works in perfect order and harmony. It is orderly and perfectly natural for spirits to communicate with the human family. It is ordained that they should do so. All spirits, however, do not comprehend this matter, and so do not attach themselves to mortals.

We should not fear evil spirits, for if we are in the divine order ourselves, they can do us no injury, and we shall benefit them.

The lecturer then spoke of the peculiar mediumship of Swedenborg, comparing it with that with which we are familiar at the present day, remarking that there will be many Swedenborgs in the coming time. They also will be educated in the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual sense, and will have a love for their work. They will be no "strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." Then men will not feel that they are bound by creeds and dogmas, but will realize that they stand face to face with the angels, and that the wisdom they receive comes fresh and pure from the great fountain of truth itself.

In the evening, Miss Doten spoke, by request, on the subject of the "Destiny of the Earth," which was treated in an able and scientific manner.

#### New Publications.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING. By Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street. 328 pp.

The authors of this stout and handsome volume of Poems do not offer the same to the public as the direct productions of any particular spirit, or class of spirits, but as the fruits of their purely normal moods and condition. In truth, they present them as common verses. But among them we find many of true excellence, both in respect of pathos and power. There are in the volume, forty-two different poems, the last, "Life's Passion Story"—being the only one of any length. This is in dialogue form, and has a thoughtful and truly dramatic story. The smaller, or minor, poems we like best. They are like the little flocks of snow-birds of the season, that come flitting about our yards, our porches, and around the very windows. They bring sweet love on their wings, and the reading of them inspires genuine thankfulness and content. "America, a National Poem," has many strong and fine lines in it; not of such length as the last one in the book, but long by comparison with any of the rest. There is the true—how could it be otherwise?—spiritual flavor to these poems. They are homely in their topics, some of them; but topics and treatment are both very dear to the reader. As purely literary performances, we should say—Well done! Their authors ought to feel that they possess the "divine afflatus," by which all poetry is breathed into life. Literature, labor, and art. We shall always be glad to give Hudson and Emma Tuttle a warm welcome. We hope all our friends will bestow on these "Blossoms" a thorough reading, and prepare themselves for the ripe fruitage which will certainly come in due time from the same bough. There are many of these shorter poems that will stick in the hearts of their readers for a long, long time. Those who would keep up with the progress of some of our best mediums, will want to secure copies of this volume of Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for February, contains a list of thirty-seven original articles. Enough for one number we should think, considering the low price of the Magazine.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.—Published in New York by J. W. Orr, 75 Nassau street. This monthly commences its third volume, under very favorable auspices. The January number contains a valuable article on "Life Insurance by Lodges."

#### "Poems from the Inner Life."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. By LIZZIE DOTEN. Published by Wm. White & Co., Banner of Light Office, Boston. For sale at this office. Price \$1; postage 20 cents. Full gilt, prepaid, \$1.75.

This volume has been looked for with interest, both by those who remembered the poems as they appeared after delivery and by those who scarcely knew that such had been given, but whose curiosity had been excited by the somewhat singular announcement that they were inspired by the great poets of the past. The volume comes a most grateful sign of promise for the new year; for however it may be received by critics, it is a sign of the times.

The introduction gives a direct and desirable history of the reception of the poems; there is no attempt at making anything more of them than they are; they are given as records of a high spiritual influx, and Miss Doten does not claim their originality, though she does justice to herself in admitting her poetic temperament. All who understand the laws of spiritual influx, know that it is necessary that a channel should be able to permit a measure of the supply, and that to give poetical inspirations, a poetical temperament is required; hence Spiritualists will not doubt the spiritual origin of the poems because of the insertion of some that were written before Miss D. could define the power that rested upon her spirit. It may be doubted if any poet is wholly intellectual, although we are told of the hours of study that are given to a single line by the most celebrated authors. It seems to us that all genius is inspired, or that there is an intensification of the natural gifts by an inflow of spiritual life. An intensification of the gifts of music and of language will make an inspired poet; for poetry is thought set to time, and language made musical.

The poem "Resurrexit," it seems to us, gives unquestionable proof of the origin it claims. It is as beautiful as powerful. It is inspiration individualized, and we can feel in the ring of the words the very life of the author as he embodies his heart-history in the spiritual life.

"The Kingdom" is another poem of great beauty, and bears the stamp of genius; also "The Prophecy of Vala." It seems to us that the inspirations from Poe are more perfect, and give better evidence of individuality, than any others (if we except "The Streets of Baltimore"). A Scotch friend and admirer of Burns, however, assured us, with glowing face, that "Words O' Cheer" was Robert himself. The poem, "Compensation," is a great moral lesson; "The Spirit-Child" an epitome of love; in truth, the poems mostly speak to the heart and inspire faith and hope.

Whether we have expected too much from the poem entitled, "Farewell to Earth," and so were likely to be disappointed, or whether the effect of long expectation and certain prepared conditions marred the inspiration, we are not ready to say, but it seems less poetical and beautiful, and less fitting to be the parting song of an ascending angel, to earth, than other by the same author.

Perhaps it is unwise for us to criticize the position taken by Poe through the language of another, but we are surely left at liberty to interpret the meaning of that position to ourselves. Our interpretation of Poe's declaration that he should bid farewell to earth, is, that he does not intend to convey the idea that he shall no longer individually influence mortal spirits, but that he has by his spirit's progress risen above personal, intellectual ambition, and entered a sphere of more universal love; hence the inspirations that he may hereafter give will be marked with a greater spirit of love and purity, and be less personal histories. His "Farewell to Earth" is, perhaps, a farewell to his passions and their haunting memory, but not a farewell to his individuality or to his individual expression through mortals. We shall be surprised if we do not hear from him in that brilliant hereafter, when earth shall rise nearer to the ascending heavens and mortal lyrics echo the music of the perfected life of Heaven.

This volume will be eagerly sought for throughout the country, and it will bear on its wings thought and inspiration to many a one.

Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door.

—[New York Herald of Progress.]

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: Wm. White & Co. 1864.

The author of this work had attained an excellent reputation as a writer for the popular magazines of the day, before she received any conscious inspiration from the spiritual intelligences which she attributes to the dictation of the poems here published. In some extended prefatory remarks, entitled, "A Word to the World," she gives an interesting account of her spiritual experiences, and the manner in which those poems were produced. They were delivered before public audiences under direct spirit influence, without preparation of thought, and without any knowledge or premeditation of the subjects upon which she was to speak. Without undertaking to produce upon the imagination the effect of the spirit-influence which the author claims for these poems, we are constrained to testify to the remarkable power of expression and beauty of thought which characterize them. Their origin and the circumstances under which they are given to the world have nothing to do with the merit of the poetry, nor the truthfulness of the moral and spiritual lessons they teach. It is a book well worth reading. —[Morning Farmer.]

"POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE."—This is the title of a volume recently issued by Wm. White & Co., Boston, from the pen of LIZZIE DOTEN. They purport to be emanations from the spirits of departed poets, as the writer claims no poetic power. Among the contributors appear the names of Shakespeare, Burns, Poe, and others, and the influence under which they were written is described in a lengthy preface. Some of them are good imitations, to say the least, and many have the true poetic fire. It is a singular volume, and worth reading, it only from curiosity. —[Boston Weekly Reporter.]

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE.—Miss Lizzie Doten has compiled in a very neat book, the various poems that have hitherto been coupled with her name, not assuming for them at the moment a spiritual source and the ones latterly delivered from time to time, in public, as inspirations from the other sphere, of those who have passed beyond. For all of these she claims that they are from her "inner life." They possess great merit, and though the world regard them but as the mere productions of a gifted woman, ignoring their claim to the supernatural, it cannot help according to them the merit of superior ability. Wm. White & Co. are the publishers, and a large sale for the work may be anticipated. —[Boston Evening Gazette.]

SPIRITUALISTIC POEMS.—William White & Co., of Boston, have published "Poems from the Inner Life," by Lizzie Doten. The volume is published by those visible intelligences whose presence and power" the writer fully acknowledges. Among the spirits whose communications are published are those of Shakespeare, Burns and Poe. The volume is curious, to say the least, and will attract the attention both of believers and unbelievers in Spiritualism. —[Boston Transcript.]

#### Prof. C. Pinkham.

We are informed that this gentleman, who has been lecturing in California, and along the Pacific coast for the last ten or twelve years on Scientific subjects, is about to return to this part of the country, and make a lecturing tour through the Western States, Canada, and then the New England States. The Professor lectures upon Phenomenology, Physiology and Spiritualism, and their application to the best interests of mankind. He also lectures upon our present national crisis, foreign intervention, and the final ultimate of the political and religious revolutions in our country, as well as in the old world, when justice, peace, and universal brotherhood shall triumph. He will proceed from New York to Washington, thence to Ohio, and so on. His lectures, we understand, have been largely attended.

#### Books! Books!

Located at the "Hub of the Universe," we of course have extra facilities to fill all orders for books, no matter by whom published, at publisher's prices. We are continually adding to our own book list works of a progressive character, which books will be mailed promptly to any address on receipt of price. See advertisements.







## Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Cushman,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages were not names attached, were given, as per order, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to 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 freely to the hungry multitude, will please address: *Answers, or Letters, to the Editor, Messrs. Cushman, of 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 AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Invocation: "Are not order, adaptation and law evidences of conscious intelligence?" Questions and Answers: John Grant, to his friends, in Terre Haute, Ind.; Ann Louise Wagon, of South Herwick, Maine, to the step-mother of her child, Olivia Gibson, of Richmond, Va., to his wife and to Richard Crane.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Agnes Brown, to her mother and sister, of this city; Charles H. Hill, to friends in Hartford, Ct.; Lieut. John Altonwood, to his family, at Charleston, S. C.; Enoch Barnett, (deceased) in the Army and Science; Questions and Answers: Andrew J. Gavett, to his friend, Mr. Andrews, of Salem, Mass.; Dwyer, 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. 12.—Invocation: "The Vision in Judge Edmonds' Book." Questions and Answers: Archibald Lang, to his oldest son, Archibald; Wm. Smyth, to his father and son, in St. Paul, Minn.; Lucy K. Rayner, to her father, in Concord, N. H.; Bill Kelley, to his mother, in Boston, Mass.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sam Houston, of Texas, to his friends; William Allen Orace, to Thomas Pettigrew, in New York State.

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

Tuesday, Jan. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dr. Aaron Moore, to his family, in South Carolina; Wm. H. Smith, to his friends, in Augusta, Maine, and his brother Henry.

Thursday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: "The foreknowledge of God as consistent with evil." Questions and Answers: Horace L. Roberts, a medium, to his friends, in Clarksville, Md.; James McGuire, to his wife, in Springfield, N. Y.; Mary Smith, who died at the Catholic Institution in Worcester street, Boston, to Sister Agnes, who had charge of the infirmary.

### Invocation.

Our Father, Infinite Spirit of Time and Eternity, in union with the rolling worlds and changing atoms, we lift our song of thanks unto thee. Oh, thou who art our Father yesterday, to-day and forever, why do we stand trembling, fearing to take up the mighty cross of the present, fearing its weight? Oh, our Father, is it because thou art not with us, and therefore we are weak? Nay, we know thou art with us; thy right hand of power sustains us wherever we turn our wandering footsteps, and thy benediction is ever sounding in our ears. Oh, our Father, we rejoice that it is our privilege to minister unto the necessities of the children of this nineteenth century. We rejoice that though we have lost our bodies, we are still permitted to return to earth, to whisper of the hour to thy children. Oh, we cannot thank thee enough. We feel that we are almost powerless when we essay to praise thee, yet praise thee we must, for there is a something within us that tells us we must ever offer sacrifices unto thee. Oh, our Father, though darkness is around humanity, yet the star of thy love still shines through the darkness, and peace is nearing them. Oh! that Peace that is the child of Freedom, how few there are that are acquainted with thee. Oh, Peace, such as the world knows little concerning thee, we know thou art near this nation, whose days of warfare are fast drawing to a close. Oh, Peace, Peace! wilt thou linger long in the distance? Oh, is not the heart of the nation ready to receive thee? Have they not woven thy mantle yet? Oh, Peace! we feel that thy garments are nearly ready. The heart of humanity is open to receive thee, and the American nation courts thy presence. Come, Peace, and with thy wings unfold these sorrowing people, and lift them unto the mountain-peaks of Wisdom, that they may be able to look down on the valleys of the Past, and thank God for their escape! Oh, Peace, thou child of Eternal Truth! wilt thou free all who are in slavery? Oh, strike off the chains and bid the captive go free! We hear thy voice, and we know that infinite law demands this, and thou wilt render obedience to it. Oh, Peace, come; come and baptize this nation anew! Come, and lift it nearer to God! Come, and wash its garments! Come, and wipe away the tears of the widows and orphans! Come, and let the morning star of the nation no longer be clouded! Dec. 8.

### Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—What subject will the friends present for discussion?

Ques.—Are there as many different spirits who speak at this place as there are messages? Or are there only one or two spirits who control the organism of the medium?

Ans.—Sometimes the messages are given by proxy, but generally by personal control. In the answering of the letters before me, one influence generally controls through the entire question; but it is not always so. For instance, the question is directed to a child; a child's peculiar magnetism is required to answer the question properly, and the adult cannot answer it. Therefore, the child must take control of the medium, or the letter remains unanswered.

Q.—Please discuss the relation of the spirit to the body; or, the condition during dreams of men?

A.—The subject presented seems to be the condition of the spirit during the hours of sleep. You are all aware that under all conditions of life it is absolutely necessary for the spirit to rest at certain periods. Now what we mean is this: that it is actually necessary for the spirit to retire from the action of outward life, or from the use of the outward sense to the inner, the more spiritual, the more harmonious. The spirit wearies in consequence of its being surrounded by imperfect, or non-unfolded conditions. For instance, we contend that the human spirit is in itself very good, although many contend it is exactly opposite; yet we know that the human spirit is in itself good, that it is a perpetual kingdom of heaven in itself.

It hath been so ordered, that this human spirit should outwork a certain mission through human organic life. That organic life is in no way adapted to the unfoldment of the spirit, because it is in a crude and inharmonious condition. Now inasmuch as the spirit is required to take hold of these inharmonies while dwelling in the body, what should you expect? Why, certainly, that the spirit would get weary, and require seasons of rest, during which periods it may retire to its inner realm, that it may live awhile in its own native home, and thus recuperate its own spiritual energies. One of these seasons is the phenomenon, sleep, quiet sleep. Then the spirit does not only rest from its labors, but oftentimes absolutely departs from the physical body, and wanders at will through various

spheres; and yet its connection with physical life is retained through certain magnetic or electric laws. The connection is not severed because the spirit holds positive—yes, in one sense positive—control of the physical body. Yet it has no direct use of that body, only to keep it in perfect order, and see that no danger comes nigh it.

The spirit is ever related, closely related to matter in all its forms. You cannot conceive of spirit devoid of matter, and that which seems to be devoid of matter is only etherialized matter that your crude senses are incapable of analyzing. Now there is a condition existing in the spirit spheres corresponding to those in your sphere; for as the spirit passes on from one stage of unfoldment to another, it becomes, by virtue of the law of progression, more and more perfect—more and more divine—more and more grand in itself. Therefore that condition of materiality of those spiritual senses which we find in the spirit-world, corresponds to that in your mundane world.

When the spirit is free from the physical form and has taken a step higher, then those spiritual conditions begin to show forth their imperfections, and the refined spirit is shown that they have still to deal with imperfections, still to deal with inharmonies, and therefore must weary, and rest must be required. So the spirit sleeps in order that it may recuperate its energies. It retires from the outer realm of its spirit sense, or spiritual kingdom, into its inner realm, into a still higher order of the kingdom of heaven. There it rests secure in joys all its own, and recuperates its energies for future action.

What relation does spirit bear to the dreams of men? There is a spirit sensorium and a physical sensorium. Now this sensorium may be called the grand tablet whereon the spirit is ever writing. The physical is used to make notes upon concerning the physical or mundane. For instance, during the hours of sleep, such as you are acquainted with in your mundane sphere, it is often the case that the spirit seems to be very active in the material or mundane world—seems to be very active in taking cognizance of things in the past, and writing the same upon the physical sensorium with a strong impression, and so deeply are they engraved thereon that remembrance is taken of them, and when they rouse from slumber they remember the dream, and wonder what occasioned it.

Now there is a vast number of causes for dreams. One may be traced to certain obstructions in the physical system. Then your dreams take on strange forms; the writing upon this tablet is imperfect. You cannot fix it anywhere within your memory, and when you awake, what a strange conglomeration of fancy and reality! When it so happens that the physical is in good health, and there is perfect harmony between spirit and body, your dreams may, to a certain extent, be called real; for the spirit will write out a diary of its proceedings apart from the physical body. It will be able to make out all the signs of the times of the spirit.

Again, we say, when it so happens there is a loss of harmony between body and spirit, then your dreams will be but abortions upon reality. The full idea you have not, because of the inharmonies, because of the muddiness of the waves of life.

It is contended by certain philosophers that there is no reality in dreams, that they are but the children of overwrought imagination. The children of the present time certainly refute their theory, for you have strange records in your times of dreams, in which the spirit seems in dreams to wander forth from the physical, and gathers certain knowledge of the future. When it enters the physical realm again, it remembers this. The spirit very often carries a remembrance into outer life, and the result is oftentimes very good, exceedingly beneficial.

Have you other questions to offer? We should be glad to answer them.

Q.—Does not our sorrow and grief here, on account of the loss of friends, have a tendency to interrupt their happiness in the spirit-world?

A.—If they look entirely at you physically, then surely your sorrow causes them to sorrow. But if they look at you spiritually, then they know that your sorrow is transient, and it has little effect upon them. And again, there is no such thing as lasting sorrow, for all sorrow is the precursor of joy. So surely as you sorrow, so surely that sorrow will be followed by a corresponding joy.

Q.—When that sorrow is in a spiritual direction you mean?

A.—All sorrow pertains to the spirit. It comes through the spirit, and is related most closely to the spirit. Dec. 8.

### Margaret Waterhouse.

I come here to announce my death to my three sons, who are in America. I have a very little power, as I have but just said farewell to earth through my own body; but as little as I have, I want to use it.

About eighteen months ago I became a firm believer in this Spiritualism. It came to me like a blessed light to light me through the tomb. I was eighty-eight and a little more than one month.

I got one of my grand-daughters to write to my sons here, to tell them of my belief in Spiritualism. They wrote back begging me to give it up, for it was of the Devil. My grand-daughter wrote again for me. I said, "God Almighty giving me power, I'll come to you when I go to the spirit-world with unshakable proof."

I died this morning, at my own home in Liverpool, England—in Convent street, Liverpool, England. Fourteen days ago I was stricken down with paralysis, but I was conscious and happy all through. This morning I was set free from my earthly body.

I've read your papers nearly a year, or had them read to me for nearly a year, and I thought of coming here the last thing I thought of when I was leaving my body, and I believe I came direct here.

I want you to say to my sons that Margaret Waterhouse, or Aunt Peggy, as I was generally called on earth, comes to greet her three sons—John, William and Archibald—from the spirit-world, and she asks that they hear and answer and believe. Dec. 8.

### Patrik Quinn.

I am not much in the way of this kind of talking, but I thought I'd like to send to send a word or so to my folks here. [You can have the privilege.] This is Boston? [It is.] I lived in Washington Square. I was Patrik Quinn, of the 30th Massachusetts, Company B.

I've been well since I got out of purgatory. I call it passing through purgatory, this getting free from your body, and I've been free, as high as I can make out, about seven weeks. I closed up here from the General Hospital, New Orleans. [Are you sure you're out?] What, sir? [Have you really passed through purgatory, and are you free now?] I suppose so. I find things here not so hard as I expected, for this coming here is very much easier than learning to handle a musket rifle.

Well, sir, I'm back here to ask the folks to do their best toward giving me a chance to talk at home, and to do what I can for them. I tried hard to bring things out right, and got some money from the Government to send home here; but it somehow seems slow coming. I don't know how it is, but when I try to go near home I see some trouble about not having the money, or something; I do n't know how it is, sir. I think I can set things right if they'll let me talk with them this way.

I use up—I use up something on the last accounts

myself. They need n't expect it, for I use it myself. I tried to save it for them, but I need it myself. I say this so they won't think that Government has cheated them out of it.

Here I am, just as much anxious to talk as I ever was, and with not a whit of a body, except a borrowed one like this. Oh, there's plenty, sir, that's in a worse condition than I'm in, for there's plenty that's got folks that do n't help them through purgatory at all, while mine do their best to pray me out. Somehow I'm out myself. I can't tell how I got out, but here I am back again, the same as I always was in spirit, only changed, you see, in body. That I left on a little iron cot in the General Hospital, myself going away from it, and getting into a sort of another world right close to this one. Ah, sir, it's nothing like what you expect it there.

I've a wife and one child, sir. [Can you give your wife's name?] Yes, sir, Mary; and the child, Patrick. Well, sir, here I am. If they should like to talk with me, they can do so. Faith, I know something more than to tell them to do what's wrong, and it's this or talking with spirits has been known for years. [But the priests may forbid your friends communing with spirits.] Faith, they practice it themselves all the time. [Undoubtedly; but they do n't wish their parishioners to hold communion with spirits.] Ah, well, I do n't know about that.

[What time did you leave your body?] I left it, sir, as high as I can tell, about seven weeks ago. It's very difficult to tell time in the spirit-world, for there is nothing to take note of, no dividing off into weeks and days. You have to judge from what you see about you here. Oh, I think I'm pretty near right. I think I got things pretty near right.

Well, I'll be obliged to you for what you can do for me. [We shall publish your message, and it may reach your wife.] Thanks, sir, and when I can pay you, I will, that's all. Dec. 8.

### Lucy Lee.

My father is General Robert Lee. I hope to be able to send a letter to him. His father says, "let me talk with you." He says, Go to Charleston, and visit that person who is known by the name of Andrick—William Andrick.

I can speak through him. Let me, if you value your own happiness. I was fourteen years old. I was called Lucy here. I died in Savannah. I have been away three, most four years. My father will understand, sir. Good-day. Dec. 8.

### Timothy S. Vandyke.

My friends at the North have not been apprised of my death. I wish here to say, that I received some half-dozen letters, which I was unable to answer before my death. I wish to inform them, also, that I left my body on the 29th of September.

Whatever effects I have left here at the North, if I could dispose of them as I would wish to, I would like that my oldest sister have the most. There is a very good reason for my making this request, which will be best known to my family.

That request is from Timothy S. Vandyke, of Montgomery, Alabama, to friends in New York State. Farewell. Dec. 8.

### Invocation.

Our Father, we perceive thy presence even through the darkened windows. Thickly stained though those windows may be, yet we are able to perceive thy presence, and look forward with glad thanksgiving to the time when we should understand thee more closely. Oh Spirit, who art our Father and Mother, who art parent of the atom and the world, we know thou hast no need of our thanks; that we worship thee, that we fall down before thee, for thou art great and good and holy forever. Our Father and our Mother, may we look up to thee with that childlike confidence, that begets love. Infinite Love, oh may we trust thee forever; may we never fear that thou wilt forsake us. Though the thunders may roll, and the lightnings of opposition flash before our position, yet we will fear no evil; for if thou art around us, above us, and beneath us, no evil can possibly befall us. Therefore, all things are good, very good. Oh, our Father, we rejoice that it is our privilege to return to earth, the home of our mortality, to minister unto the wants of thy children dwelling in the prison-house of the flesh. Oh, may we so study the demands of their spiritual natures, as to help them to learn to find Heaven by assisting others. Oh, may we never forget to extend the hand of strength unto the weak ones of mortality. May we never forget thy right hand sustains us wherever we turn our steps, that at all times thy hand is closely pressed to our brow. Oh God, our Father, may we look with charity upon the fallen ones of earth. May we be even willing to descend, if need be, unto the very Hells of earth, to minister unto thy children; and through Time and Eternity may we ever be found praising thee, ever be found acknowledging thee, our Father, our Lord, our Friend, our Time and our Eternity. Dec. 7.

### God's Relation to Unprogressed Things, etc.

SPRIT.—What proposition will the friends offer for discussion this afternoon?

SUNYER: "It is said God is a Progressive being. In what relation does he stand to those things he has not progressed in?"

That which is entirely perfect according to the common conception of the term progress, cannot progress. We believe that our God is a progressive intelligence, so far as the manifestations of that intelligence are concerned, and with direct reference to finite mortality. The infinite progresses, according to human acceptance. But when spiritually and divinely considered, he does not progress. Do you understand us? Have you other questions to offer?

Ques.—What effect does progression have upon those who pass away at an advanced age, respecting their statue and features. Do they throw off wrinkles and gray hairs in the spirit-world?

Ans.—The spirit never grows old. It is only the form that grows old, that being subject to the laws of the natural world, which laws are renovation and decay. The spirit, understand us distinctly to declare, never grows old. When the physical form crumbles into dust, and the spirit wings its flight upward, then the spirit will stand forth in newness of youth. Mortality is its own, but old age has nothing to do with it.

Q.—In the last century, Swedenborg said, in about fifty years there would be a spiritual influx upon the world. How was he able to perceive it, and what was the nature of that influx?

A.—Swedenborg was one of the seers of his time. In other words, he was gifted with the faculty of stepping beyond the boundaries of the physical into the higher, or spiritual kingdom. Swedenborg was enabled to prophesy concerning this spiritual influx, as our mediums to-day are able to prophesy concerning the future of your generation. The same law that governed the manifestations of his time are given them to-day. The same natural laws that existed in Swedenborg's day, exist now, but he was by no means exempt from the law. It is sometimes declared that these spiritual manifestations cannot be entirely suppressed, for Nature's laws are so exact you cannot infringe upon them, and there is nothing we can do to alter those laws. All that is, comes within the range of Nature's law, therefore spirit manifestations, when they occur, are but effects that must come. Hold them in check as long as you please, yet there will be a

time when they will escape your thralldom, and assert their right to obey natural law.

Q.—What is the nature of that influx? Is it a new development that comes from another sphere?

A.—There is nothing new that pertains to the spirit. It is only the unfoldment of the manifestations of spirit. That influx may be seen and felt, and positively known, through modern Spiritualism.

Q.—How are spirits enabled to prophesy in regard to the future? Does it come by intuition?

A.—The soul is in full possession of all knowledge, all pertaining to the past, present and the future. Now at certain times spirits are enabled to look through material conditions and prophesy accordingly. Although the soul is possessed of infinite knowledge and power all its own, still it is governed by that same infinite law. That law governs the atom and it also governs the manifestations of the soul. This theory would pre-suppose our belief in fatality. Do you indeed believe in the fatality of all things, you ask? Yes, when spiritually considered, we profess faith in the doctrine of fatality, for we believe that every form of life that you can conceive of, has a plane marked out for it by infinite law, and it must move in accordance with that law, if it moves at all.

Q.—Does not the extent of that prophesy depend upon the unfoldment of spirit?

A.—No, not of the spirit, but of the telescope through which the spirit looks. As matter becomes etherialized and therefore in close rapport with spirit, then that prophesy becomes more apparent, more clear, and where you have the feeble glimmerings of light to-day, you shall then have the clear noon-day sun.

Q.—Is either system of marriage, monogamy or polygamy, more natural than the other?

A.—We believe that both, when properly considered, may be called the children not of reality, but more of fancy. We do not believe that natural law in the abstract controls them. Do you understand us? Dec. 7.

### Ben Frazer.

I have parents living in Tennessee that I would be glad to talk with if I could. [We shall print what you say, and try to reach them in that way. You can also give them an invitation to furnish you with a medium.] For some cause, I do n't know as I ought to tell it here, I took sides with the Confederate Army. I was what you call a reb. Does it make any difference? Do you send your ticket through as quick as anybody's else? [Yes.] That's good.

Well, I've got a father in Knoxville I'd be glad to send word to if I could. My name was Frazer—Ben Frazer—and I was twenty-two years old. I've only been away from my own body a very short time—only a few weeks, and the folks have n't heard of the news of my death as yet.

[Did you die on the battle-field?] Yes, sir, I did. Some smart Yankee gave me the privilege of going directly to the spirit-world, and rather indirectly the privilege of coming here. So I suppose, as I had Yankee help about it, you'll be willing to throw yours into the scale, to assist me in reaching my parents. [Certainly.]

Yes, sir, I was helping garrison Fort Sanders, and lost my life in that siege; perhaps you have not heard of it? [Oh, yes.] You have your papers, I suppose. [Yes, we get nearly all the news through the papers.]

Well, I should like to have my parents know that I've lost my body; that I want out pretty quick, and very soon learned, too, there was a pretty good chance of my coming back again to speak here.

My father do n't believe there is—that is to say, he believes when we lose our bodies, that's the last of us. Now you see, Major, I'm no more dead than I ever was, except in the loss of my body; so they need n't make it out that I am. Now if it was really possible that I was dead and alive at the same time, I do n't know as it would be well for me to tell my father so, because he'd be likely to look upon it as a bigger lie than that there is a world beyond the tomb. He's quite sure there ain't. Oh, yes, positive there ain't a spirit-world. Now you see it's the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken, after all.

Well, tell the old gentleman that there is a life independent of the old body, and that he'd better give me a chance to talk at home, and not send his son here talking amongst strangers. I'll tell him the very last words he said to me before I went to war. I had thought then of going into the Confederate service, but I did n't tell him so at the time, for he was, I knew, entirely Union in his sentiments.

He said like this: "Ben, just so sure as you're hired agin your own conscience, you'll be sorry for it." He had sort of an idea that I was hired against my own conscience, and did n't think it was right myself. "You'll be sorry for it," he says. Well, I do n't know as I am sorry. No, sir; I ain't come back here to say I was sorry that I enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy. I see pretty tough times, I know; but I'm not agoin' to say I was sorry.

Well, sir, how do you send my letter? By post, or telegraph, or how? [If you wish, we'll send your father a paper containing your message.] I should n't like anything better. Direct it to Benjamin Frazer. [You want to say that the oil is on the other side of the stream, do you?] Yes; and you may head it like this: A call from that place that you say don't exist. Will you? [Yes.] Well, Major, I've nothing to pay you with, so shan't offer it. Good day to you. Dec. 7.

### Alexander Rippis.

I am here, sir, to testify to the existence of a hell more potent than the one our priests talk about. If you'll have patience with me a few moments, I'll rehearse a small portion of my earthly life, that I may be recognized by that.

I was born in Wolpey, near Dundee, in Scotland, in March, 1872. I lived there, as I was told, until I was about seven or eight years of age; then my parents meeting with some reverse of fortune, moved to England, and settled at Wolverton, near Lyne.

My father was a dealer in sheep wool. I remained there during my minority, and until very nigh to the time I took the business upon myself at the death of my father. I think it was about something like three or four months before I entered into business myself. I moved to Hampton, about thirty-four miles from Woolwich.

I conducted my business for a long time. I gathered much money, had many hundred pounds. I cannot here say how much I was worth, but the property I had was all my own. I thought of nothing else, and I was only happy and contented when I could make a good trade, when I was doing well, and receiving a great price for my goods. Then I was happy; then I was satisfied with my business.

I had two sons and one daughter. My daughter died, but my two sons live. It is nigh nineteen years since I took sick and died, as they said died, and I was so suddenly struck down with sickness that I made no disposition of my property, so it passed to my two sons; and I find, after I got out of the way, that they scattered that I had worked so hard to get together. But the worst of it was that I was there in my own premises all the time, for I could not free myself, and I was, by some strange power I could not understand what, compelled to witness the loss of my property. My sons, they scattered it as fast as possible. I took years to gather it together, and they squandered it in a short time.

Now I want to tell my sons—and I give this as a warning to all who think only of amassing property—that there is a hell more potent than our priests tell about, and that hell I realized in being compelled to

witness the throwing away of that which was my God, my all, my only heaven. I could have no voice in its disposition whatever. Oh, it was hell to me. I had no power to speak, to control it, and all the while my sons were spending it so profusely, I was compelled to stand by and witness it going. Now with one organized as I was, with my strong love for money, you must perceive that I could but be in hell all the time.

When I saw my sons scattering my money, I said, "Oh my God! I wish I had some other God beside gold to fall down and worship." I had worshipped all my life. I had no other God to turn to in my hour of need but my gold, which I had made an idol of for years. I could not use that gold, but I was obliged to stand by and witness its leave, without even a voice in its disposition. I could not get away from that locality. I seemed bound to it, and for years could not break the chain that bound me to my old home, and it's only within a very few months I have been set free.

Upon entering the spirit-world, I resolved to come back, as I learned something of the laws of return, and tell my friends that there is a hell more terrible than the one we are told about in the Sacred Book. Why, I would rather have been plunged into twenty such hells than to be compelled to stand by and witness the squandering of my property. I know that many persons here will say, "Oh, it was nothing; it was very good to be allowed to linger in your old home, and take cognizance of what was passing about you." It is very easy to talk that way when you are not a slave, as I was, to property. But if you are compelled to bow before the god of gold, you'll agree with me that it is the worst kind of a hell to live in.

I see plenty here who are as bad off as I am, but that can't better my condition any. Now I am told I must create for myself a new God and a heaven, and I see no other way to do this than by coming back here and giving my own experiences as a warning to others. It is these false gods that cause our misery after death, in nine cases out of ten; that is, our trusting Gods here that will fail us in the spirit-world.

I have some hope of reaching my sons. [Are they alive, on the earth?] Yes, they are. They're not, either of them, like their father. They're like their mother: have not the strong love for money that I had. I thank God for it! I am rejoiced, now the money's gone, that they got rid of it so soon; but it was hard for me while it was being spent. Oh, it was dreadful! You have no idea of the hell I lived in while my property was being squandered. But I thank God—if there is a God, and I'm told there is one within our own souls—that it's over now. I thank him that I'm most free—I can't say I am entirely.

[Are your sons carrying on your business?] Oh no, that was closed off at my death, for they were profigate, and not inclined to business at all. They enjoyed life while the money lasted, and they lived, when their money was gone, by their wits. They have a good education, write well.

You shall say this description of hell comes from Alexander Rippis. I do hope to reach my folks—I do hope to reach them, for I know it will benefit them and myself. Oh, you talk of heaven and of quiet and rest after you lose your earthly body, but I assure you there's much to be done all the way through life, whether you are here or beyond the tomb. Good-day, sir. Dec. 7.

### Theodore Collins.

I am from the Tenth Wisconsin, Company I. I just got a furlough, about sixteen days ago, as high as I can make it out, from the hospital. [What one?] General Hospital, in New Orleans.

Colonel, I feel pretty strange here. I—I do n't know as I know these tactics. Maybe you'll have to enlighten me a little. [Give some facts as your friends will recognize you by.] Well, I suppose my name, age, and place where I hail from—that's what you want? [Yes, together with any incident of your life.] Oh, I understand; anything that I know and my folks know. [Yes, something they know and we can't know.] I do n't know as you know me, sir. [No, we do n't.] My name was Theodore Collins. I'm from Huntsville, Wisconsin. I was twenty-four, most twenty-five years old, five feet four and a half inches, light complexion, rather so—about your complexion, I should say, as well as I can judge.

I do n't know as I've got exactly the right idea, but it may be well for me to here state that my father was killed by accident in Ohio about six years ago. My mother has once been insane, but is all right now. Her insanity was caused by some sort of a religious excitement, I believe.

I have brothers and sisters—four of 'em. One of my brothers is in the army. I concluded he'd gone to the other side, but as I've not seen him since I came to the spirit-world, I'm inclined to think that's a mistake, that he's still on the earth. So I should like to get a chance to talk with him, if I could. This is coming this way is new to me, so you must n't think strange if I can't talk as well as some of 'em. I can tell you the truth: that, I suppose, is what's most wanted.

I have been through a pretty long campaign. I entered the service about six months after the war broke out. I've seen some pretty hard fighting. I've been wounded, I can't tell how many times, but I've been hit pretty sharply in two different battles. It might have been worse for me if I'd not been taken sick. I do n't claim the glory of going from the battle-field, you see. I wish I could. [Will you name some of the battles you were in?] Well, I







## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address 140 West 21st street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, 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.]

## THE BROKEN CHINA CUP;

OR, THE

## LESSON OF TRUTHFULNESS.

"Could you pattern this china cup, sir?" said a gentle voice just above the counter of the large crockery store of Messrs. Dickson. It was a kindly man that was spoken to, and a gentle smile seemed to pass from his face to the brow of the pale, but sunny-faced child.

"Pattern it? Why, yes, we can have one made to order."  
"Just like it?"  
"As like it as one hair to another."  
"And will this pay you," said the child, holding out a silver quarter.

"That pay! Why it will cost more than that to send to the potters."

"But it's all I have, and the cup must be patterned."

"Can't do it, little girl: it will cost two dollars. But here are plenty of china cups for half a dollar, and maybe I'll find one for a quarter."

"Oh no, sir, those won't answer; it must be like this, or—"

"Or what, my child?"

"Or I'll lose my place."

"Your place, did you say? Where is your place?"

The little girl grew assured as the kind voice thus questioned her.

"Why, I live with Mrs. Green up in D—street. She lets me live there to play with the baby, and help take care of her and sing her to sleep, for she don't like babies; and so I sing soft and low, and baby loves me, and then mamma do n't have to take care of me, and I can learn some things too, and have shoes and dresses."

"Yes, but the cup."

"Oh, yes, the cup! Well, you see the baby was crying and I could n't stop it, and I just jumped her up a little and she stretched out her arm and knocked off this cup that stood on the shelf and broke it. I felt very sorry about it, for Mrs. Green told me that if I ever broke a dish, she should call me a careless girl, and send me away. One day I broke a dish, and she whipped me and shut me up. I was sorry, and cried, but I did not care so much as I should to have been sent away, for mamma would think I was a bad girl, and she would not know what to do with me, for Johnny and Tim sleep on the floor, and Amy and Eliza and Gertrude sleep in the bed with her, and we have n't another blanket, and so you see I must have another cup, or else—"

"But," said the crockery merchant, "you did n't break the cup; the baby did."

"Yes, the baby did, but I made her do it by tossing her up."

"Can't you tell Mrs. Green that the baby broke it; then she will not whip you or send you away?"

"But I should tell her just how it was done, and then she would—"

"But you need n't tell all about it," said the kindly gentleman, with a questioning look.

"Oh, yes, I must! You know I must!"

"Why must you?"

"Why, if she did n't know all about it, I should; and I should be ashamed just the same; then when I said, 'dear papa, help your little child,' he'd say 'Annetta, the cup!' and then if I said, 'what cup?' to papa, he'd know all about it, and I should want to hide from him and never ask the dear Father in heaven to let him come to take care of his little girl."

"Who told you this?"

"Oh, mamma told me some, and the rest I know."

"Well, my little girl, go home and tell Mrs. Green all about it, and if she sends you away you come here."

Netta's heart was rather sorrowful as she left the fine shop. It was a dull, cheerless day, and she had been so anxious to do right, and had felt such hope that she could remedy the mischief done, that as she went on her way back a tinge of sadness crept over her naturally sunny face.

The world had been a hard place for Annetta to come into, for she had known little but poverty and sickness and death since she was born. But she had a sunny spot in her heart that made her almost always find some good, even in the midst of trouble.

As she entered the fine house of her mistress, a sad foreboding seemed resting upon her. Mrs. Green was fond of doing good deeds to be known of men; but she had little kindness for those who needed love, and who would not be likely to praise her to the world.

Netta felt sure that Mrs. Green would condemn her if she told her the truth. Could she not tell her that the baby reached out for it and threw it down—that would not be a real lie. But, then, if Mrs. Green should punish the baby, thought Netta, I should feel worse than to be punished myself, or sent home. But there's dog Tip; could n't I say that Tip jumped up and knocked it off? and then perhaps Tip would get shut up; or could n't I say that the cup fell down itself? that a great cat was passing along the street and jarred the house and knocked it off. But then it did n't, and all the lies I should tell would n't alter the thing, and then dear papa would have to say, "My little girl I know all about it, and you told a lie."

Netta began to cry from just thinking of doing such a mean thing. It was fast growing dark, and Mrs. Green would soon be at home; and she must make up her mind what to do.

"I shall not tell a lie," said Netta to herself. The baby was just waking up, and Netta ran to care for her. How glad she seemed to see Netta, and she patted her cheek and crowded, and Netta said to her: "Birdie, birdie, you love Netta cause she's good; do n't you? Netta sees your little eyes, and sees herself in them, and there's no bad little there. If Netta was bad, then 'baby's eyes would show bad Netta," and she kissed the baby over and over again.

Just then, Mrs. Green came in. She had on very beautiful garments, but they did not clothe a beautiful spirit. Netta laid the baby in its crib a moment, and looking up to Mrs. Green's face, said:

"I made the baby break your beautiful china cup. I am very sorry, and—"

"Made the baby! You did it yourself, you deceitful thing. I suppose you know what is to be done now," said Mrs. Green, looking very angry.

"Yes," said Netta, "I am to go home. I am very sorry, but I would n't tell a lie."

"Go home! No, indeed. I'll send you to the attic and have you shut up, and I'll have you go without your supper, and I'll take your ears off, you naughty hussy."

Netta's heart grew sick; she thought Mrs. Green would do all she said; she trembled sadly and grew very pale.

Now Mrs. Green was too selfish to let Netta go from her; she only wished to punish her and frighten her as she had done many times before; so she put her in the closet and locked her in and went down stairs.

Netta cried a little at first, but soon the closet began to look quite light, and she thought she heard a gentle voice, saying, "Do right and fear not." Soon the baby began to cry, being left alone. Netta placed her mouth close to the key-hole, and began to sing. The baby listened and stopped crying. Netta sang louder and louder, and the baby laughed and crowded as she heard the sweet sounds.

Now it so happened that the crockery merchant was an acquaintance of Mrs. Green's. He felt curious to know about the little girl who would not tell an untruth, and so he went up to make a call. He heard the clear voice ringing out such sweet melody, and said to Mrs. Green:

"Madam, you have a rare singer in your house. I wish indeed I might hear that voice close by."

"Oh, that's nobody but Netta."

"Are you willing to let me hear Netta, and see the baby?"

Mrs. Green could hardly refuse her husband's old friend, and ushered him into the nursery. She opened the closet door and Netta appeared. As she beheld the face of her friend of the morning, she looked much surprised.

"You see," said the gentleman, "that I know the little girl. She came this morning to offer me all the money she had for a cup, and she said she was to leave here if she did not get one. As she did not, and you are to part with her so soon, I wish to engage her to live with me; of course, you will let her go, as you do not wish her to remain?"

Mrs. Green looked too much ashamed to speak, but she replied:

"Oh, yes, certainly, certainly."

"Can she go to-night?"

"Yes, of course; go directly, Netta."

Netta soon found her awe and bonnet, and was walking through the streets with her new friend. He proved a friend indeed. He treated Netta as a child of his own, and had her taught singing until her beautiful voice was a wonder to all who heard it, and he cared for her mother and brothers and sisters, and found homes for them when they were old enough to work. He often said to Netta, as she put her arms about him to kiss him and thank him for his kindness:

"Oh, the thanks should be given to you; you made me an honest, truthful man, and learned me to trust in the watchful eye of heaven. I shall never forget your lesson of truthfulness, and how some good hand seemed to lead me from my store to Mrs. Green's."

"Oh, that good hand was my own dear papa in heaven, I know," said Netta; "for he said, when he turned his last look to me, 'Never do anything to shame your own self, Netta, and then you will do nothing to shame your father, who will care for you, and help you to do right.'"

We have received the following lines for the Children's Department. They express a truth that ought to be familiar to us all; that a tender spirit of love is about us everywhere, and that we need not look afar off to find it. In the poem called "The Kingdom," published by Miss Doten, we are told by the angels that the Lord's temple is the heart of a child, "of a trustful and teachable child." Oh, how many beautiful temples might we find, if each child would try to be loving and good; and how like heaven would this world seem with the light and love that would flow from such temples of beauty and purity. L. M. W.

**GOD IS EVEN HERE.**

When night had hushed the busy world  
In Nature's sweet repose,  
And not a sound the calm disturbed,  
Scarce e'en a murmur rose;

'T was then I sat, enwrapped in thought,  
And watched the stars above,  
Strange peace flowed through my quiet soul,  
I felt that God is love.

No words my parted lips breathed forth,  
Yet I was full of prayer,  
And as I gazed on high,  
I knew He must be there.

A little whisper by my side,  
Scarce roused me as I dreamed,  
It fell so softly on my ear,  
A voice of heaven it seemed:

But as a little hand was placed  
Most gently on my arm,  
I started from my reverie,  
But not with fear of harm.

And as I turned, I saw what seemed  
A glorious angel child,  
One tiny hand to heaven was raised,  
As was her face so mild.

Awfully, transfixed with mute surprise,  
I gazed with fond delight;  
Then gently asked her mission there  
At that lone hour of night:

She spoke—her voice was soft and sweet—  
And told me, "He is there!"  
Then waved her tiny hand around,  
And murmured, "Everywhere!"

"Not in the azure vault alone  
Which bounds our earthly sphere,  
But you must also think of this:  
That He is even here."

The angel vanished from my room,  
As melts a summer's dream;  
Oh! was this not, to earthly sense,  
Of spirit-land a gleam?

The lesson that it taught was true:  
Too apt we are, I fear,  
To think of God as far above,  
And not as even here.

Luxemburg, Mass., 1864. GIPPIN COUSIN.

**Charade.**

My first is all the soldier has  
In place of home and cheer;  
He enters it with wishful heart,  
And thinks of those most dear.

My second's what each child now thinks  
His portion of is small,  
Yet when he's older, he'll perhaps  
Not reckon it at all.

My whole, when brought from spirit-homes,  
Has dried the mourners' tears,  
Has brought the earth its sweetest trust,  
And calmed its anxious fears.

Answer to the Enigma by Cosmos.  
Cousin Benja.

**Quarterly Meeting at Greensboro', Ind.**

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in South Hingham's Free Hall, on the 5th, 6th and 7th of February next, at Greensboro', Ind. Mrs. Laura Coppel, of Dayton, Ohio, and Dr. James Cooper, of Ohio, will be present as speakers. All are invited to attend.

The New York correspondent of the London Times sees the drift of things, and writes:

"Every month, every day the war is prolonged, tells the death-knell of the 'peculiar institution' of the South; every day adds strength to the uncompromising abolition party, and compels the democrats and the modern republicans to resign themselves, and acquiesce in the inevitable."

## TO MY ANGEL SISTER.

BY FRED. W. WEBSTER.

Thank you, darling sister, for the tender love you bear me.  
For thy gentle spirit-presence fondly lingering near me,  
Sweet it is to know that thou art hovering o'er me ever,  
Sweet to feel that death the bond between us cannot sever.

"True affection" is thy greeting—oh, what welling gladness,  
Fills my heart where oftentimes is nought but tearful sadness,  
For I love thee, angel-sister, and the loving token,  
Brought by thee from spirit-land, must heal the heart once broken.

Broken? Yes, when angels bore thee to the realms of glory,  
Anguish like flood of waters, wildly rushed o'er me—  
Heart and eyes were bursting as I sadly cried, "Oh, Heaven,  
Why hast thou taken back so soon that bud so lately given?"

But thou'rt with me now! I seem to feel thee near me,  
And the moments passing now appear to me the sweetest  
Of the moments I have lived, for happy moments leave us  
Sooner than the ones wherein we meet the things that grieve us.

But they'll all be numbered shortly—then I'll gladly meet thee  
In the happy spirit-land, and with affection greet thee;  
"True affection" will I give thee, and it will be ours  
Treasures of purest love to twine in amaranthine bowers.

This poem was written at the request of the spirit to whom it is addressed. The request was made in the following manner: at a private circle, where the writer, at that time a skeptic, was present. The entranced medium said that near his (the writer's) side she beheld the spirit of a little girl bearing a wreath, inscribed "TRUE AFFECTION," which she held toward him, and for which she desired him to send a metrical message to her. This young spirit was described so accurately that the writer was obliged there- in to recognize his own sister. It might be well to say that the medium and himself were but little more than strangers to each other.

Charleston, Nov. 25, 1863.

## Correspondence in Brief.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.—The writer begs permission to acknowledge the receipt of many letters from states desiring her to visit those places periodically during the present season. She takes this method of informing them, and her friends generally, that she is engaged for the entire season in New York, and will only visit adjacent towns on week day evenings—for which purpose she may be addressed at New York; and to avoid confusion, will retain professionally her usual name.

Very respectfully,  
CORA L. V. HATCH.

New York, Jan. 11, 1864.

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**—Our thoughtful friend, John Langdon, Esq., of Monmouth, Ill., in a private note to us, says:

"Mr. Editor.—Enclosed please find a draft for twenty-five dollars, being my respective Christmas gifts, as follows: Five dollars to Dr. Gardner, to assist in paying expenses of Lyceum Hall lectures; five dollars toward keeping open the free circles at the BANNER office; five dollars to assist in waving our glorious BANNER over the whole world; and the balance as I shall hereafter direct."

Friend Langdon will please receive our thanks for the substantial interest he takes in our welfare. And we are requested to thank him for Dr. Gardner, who wishes him a long life and all the happiness vouchsafed to mortals.

**OUR CAUSE IN MAINE.**—We have been holding lectures and circles in this place and vicinity for two weeks past, and there is a glorious prospect for the angels to manifest and build up the standard of truth along the hills of old Dixie. The fact of holding communion with the love-links who have been born into higher life, is becoming more and more plain to the people in this section of Maine, and there is also a corresponding liberality attending its reception. A large and splendid hall is commenced and under finishing orders by our noble-souled Brother Bassett, of Boston, who has purchased a large amount of property in this place. Medinism is being gloriously done, the fire is burning and light from the glorious morning land is shining all around.

Yours for the truth,  
M. TAYLOR.

Look's Mills, Maine, Dec. 29, 1863.

**AWAKENING INTEREST.**—A profound interest has been awakened in this city and vicinity by a three months' visit from that most excellent musical medium, Miss Jenny Lord, and during the present and coming week we expect a course of lectures from Belle Scougell. A worthy medium, or good speaker on the Spiritual Philosophy would be welcomed in this city, and would find a wide field for useful labor opened for them in this region. Truly, the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. A. H. WORTHEN.

Warsaw, Ill., Dec. 28, 1863.

**THE BANNER A COMFORTER.**—Mrs. C. Bacon, of Barre, Mass., writes:

"I enclose \$2.50 for the BANNER of LIGHT another year, for I feel as though I could not be deprived of seeing that old familiar friend. It is my man and my drink in my sad hours of life. When the BANNER of LIGHT is unfurled, all is sunshine and joy."

N. FRANK WHITE.—I. H. Haslett, writing from Port Haven, Mich., under date of Jan. 5th, says:

"Lieut. N. Frank White is here, in the recruiting service for the 27th Regiment. He gave us two soul-inspiring lectures on Sunday last. Truly the angels have power to clothe their philosophy in beautiful language through his organism. We still struggle on, slowly gaining light."

**RESIGNMENT.**—Harvey Morgan, of Randolph, N. Y., sends us \$2.50 for the BANNER, and says:

"We have long been famishing for the nourishment we once gladly obtained from a journal of your pages. While we publicly and privately impart the inspirations which come from the spirit-world to the needy multitudes that earnestly listen for a sound from the other shore, we in turn need the strength derived from the thoughts of the thousands who communicate through your pages. We earnestly hope you will continue to be a strong advocate of the truth and the right, and will not permit that you will continue to wave over error, eliminate light, and bless humanity."

"CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT."—Mrs. M. P. Cogswell, writing from Beloit, Wis., to renew her subscription, remarks:

"I am much pleased to see the Children's Department. Much good may it do to the precious little ones. I have a little boy and girl much interested. Mrs. Willis has the good wishes and prayers of their mother for her success. Can she not portray in still more forcible manner the necessity, to the rising generation, of obedience to and respect for parents? For it seems to be a virtue so old-fashioned as to be rather unpopular out here in the West. Would that I could in some way aid her!"

One of our patrons, who resides at Cascade, Iowa, in renewing his subscription, writes as follows:

DEAR BANNER, I love thee; thy visits, how sweet,  
As weekly thou comest, my vision to greet;  
Richly laden with truth from the bright "Summer Land,"  
Where my "roses" are blooming—a beautiful band.  
I cannot be happy without thee, my friend,  
Coming week by week, a course of lectures from Belle Scougell.  
Then make no delay, but hasten to me,  
Lost a week should elapse, and no BANNER I see.

"INCIDENTS OF A CITY RAMBLE."—Mrs. P. Wilson, writing from Chicago, Ill., asks if E. Dayton will give her the address of the poor family alluded to in his story which, the above title, which was published in the BANNER of Jan. 2d.

EMMA HARDING.—A correspondent writing from California, under date of Dec. 1st, says: "Miss Emma Harding is lecturing here to large audiences. She is much liked, and, I might say, almost worshipped."

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Jos. G. W. W., KINGS Ferry, N. Y.—Letter received.

A. P. EAGLE HANSON, N. Y.—Thanks for the interest you take in the BANNER. Money received.

J. C. ROCKLAND, ME.—The communication has been received, and placed on file for publication.

Dr. J. T. WILKINSON, DEL.—We have been in the habit of receiving questions from abroad for the higher intelligences to consider, for a long time. Some have been fully answered in this way; others have not.

ANONYMOUS, LOWELL, MASS.—Visit our circle, and ask the question yourself.

G. N. MEADVILLE, PA.—You wish to know where the spirit-world is located. The answer is, Everywhere; in our earth-atmosphere, and beyond it. You are right in your suppositions.

Mrs. S. D. OWING, N. Y.—Mr. Mansfield's address is San Francisco, Cal.

J. M. O., OLIVEBURGH, O.—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Condemnation never reformed the erring. Take such by the hand, and lead them up, if possible, to your own standard of goodness.

W. F. PORTAGE, MICH.—The articles are acceptable; but we are so crowded we cannot promise to print them for some time to come.

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HON. CHAS. L. D., of New York City.  
HENRY T. ORRILL, M. D., 684 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
HON. WARREN CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.  
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