

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

{\$2.50 PER YEAR
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Five Cents.}

NO. 21.

Literary Department.

HESTER GRAHAM'S HATE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"Nice ripe strawberries. Please buy some strawberries. Only twenty cents a basket," said a sweet voice to two gentlemen, who stood conversing by the steps of an elegant mansion.

"They turned to look at the speaker. She was a little thing, the most noticeable feature being a pair of great brown eyes, that gazed pleadingly into their faces.

"See, I've sold all but these, and if you'll only take them, then I can go home. I'm so tired! I've been out all day, leaving my poor, sick mother alone."

"Oh, bother!" said one, "what story will you trump up to the next person that you meet. We can't stop to trade. Go to the basement door, and perhaps you'll find a market. Come, Leonard, we shall be late. Every minute seems an age." And springing up the steps, he knocked the basket from the child's outstretched hand, and the next instant its contents were rolling in every direction.

A flush stole over her face, and her eyes grew dark. "Only see what he's done!" she exclaimed. "They are all spoilt now; for even if I could pick every one of them up, I should be ashamed to offer them to anybody in that state. He must come back and pay me for them."

The one addressed as Leonard had paused, instead of following, his companion, and he now held out some money, saying:

"Never mind him. He's in a great hurry. Take this, and run home."

She drew back with a resolute look.

"Thank you, sir. I'm not a beggar. It isn't right that you should pay for them, because you did n't do it; and if your friend will not, why I must bear the loss, that's all!"

He laughed, and called:

"Here, Ray, you are wanted. You've upset the little girl's fruit, and she insists upon it that you must settle the bill. By my faith, she's a sturdy little demagogue."

The young man appeared again at the door.

"What's that? I tipped the basket over? Ah, I'm afraid that's only a trick, and a very foolish one besides, as you might have sold them instead of wasting them so. You see I'm posted. I've met with your class before. It's very wrong for you to try to extort money in that way. Now you had better take yourself off, and be more honest in future."

"I am never anything else," she said, indignantly; "but you are a very bad man, to knock over my strawberries, and then abuse me so."

"You did really upset them, Ray, when you ran up the steps," interposed his friend.

"Oh, if I did, I am willing to pay for them; but I should not have believed it if you had not said so. Such children will lie as fast as they can speak. It's their trade." So saying, he gave her a quarter of a dollar, and then turned to enter the house; but she called to him to receive the change.

"Oh, you may have the whole," he carelessly rejoined. "I'll make you a present of it."

"I want only what belongs to me," she retorted, with flashing eyes, as she swung the coin at his feet, "and if I was starving, I'd never receive a gift from you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Leonard Ashton; "you've got the money now, Ray, and no mistake. She's a spunky little piece, anyway."

"Perhaps I was rather harsh with her," replied the other, thoughtfully. "She's above the common run of street peddlars, and my words may have deeply wounded her."

"Oh, nonsense! She's probably used to that kind of talk. It was fun, though, to watch her."

"I can't help wishing that I'd been more gentle; but my mind was so absorbed in thinking of poor Gertrude, that her presence annoyed me. Sorry made me selfish."

"Well, I declare, Ray, before I'd let that beggar-girl trouble me so! She isn't worth another thought. I'll warrant you that her heart isn't broken."

Leonard Ashton soon forgot the circumstance, but those brown orbs, with their smouldering fires, haunted Ray St. Leon for months.

In the meantime the child slowly wended her way home. She wept a little as she walked along; but of tetter she clenched her small hands, saying:

"I hate him! I hate him! He's a naughty, bad man, to try to cheat me as he did. And then he wanted to give me five cents! Just as though I'd take it, after what he said. I suppose he calls himself a gentleman. How I wish I was rich! I would n't treat a poor little girl as he did me. Mother says it's wicked to hate anybody; but I do hate him, and I'll never forget it—no, never! I like the other one, though, he had such a pleasant smile, and was real kind. If it had n't been for him, I should n't have got anything for my strawberries."

She was out of the city now, and the green fields, the breezes, heavy with fragrance, and the singing birds, calmed the tumult in her breast. So after a time she skipped along, swinging her sunbonnet over her arm, and humming snatches of song.

A gentleman on the opposite side of the street paused and gazed at her, walked on a little way, and then, as if some memory was stirring in his heart, turned and hastened to overtake her. Presently he reached her side.

"Little girl," he said, "is not your name Graham?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, looking up into his heavy, bearded face with wondering eyes.

"What are your parents' given names?"

"James and Lucy; but father is dead now."

"Found at last," murmured her questioner. Then he added, "Did you ever hear your mother speak of a brother—Edward Grant?"

"Oh yes, sir; but he went away before I was born, and she has n't heard anything from him this great while. Sometimes she cries, and says she guesses he's

gone where father is. Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes, child, I am he."

"Oh, are you, truly? I'm so glad. Now I think of it, you do look a little like that picture that mother's got. How happy she will be. But why haven't you written to let her know that you were living?"

"I have, many, many times; but finally my letters were all returned, the postmaster saying that your parents had gone away, and although he had made the most diligent inquiries, he found it impossible to trace them."

"Oh, we moved about a great deal when father was alive. Somehow he was n't contented long in a place, so we kept changing."

"Well, I feared that you were all dead. I came from the East India six months ago, and have advertised and hunted for you ever since. When I met you to-day, I was intending to go to the hotel, pack my valise, and take the evening train to New York, there to prosecute my search. I recognized you from your resemblance to your mother. You are the very image of what she was at your age. Still I do not know as I should have noticed you particularly, if you had not been humming a tune that she used to sing. Poor Lucy! I fear that she has had a hard time of it. But where have you been, child?"

"Selling strawberries in the city. I had pretty good luck to-day, so I am going home earlier than usual."

"My God! is it possible that you are reduced as low as that?"

"Oh, we are quite well off, to what we were two years ago. You see father was sick a long time, and our money was all gone, and then mother had to run in debt for his medicine, but after he died she was so fortunate as to get work at a shop where they pay much better than she did at other places. Now she began to feel quite encouraged, and finally she did n't owe anything; but a fortnight ago she went to carry a bundle home, and got caught in the rain, and she's been sick ever since. We did n't want to spend what little money we'd laid by, so I've been out selling strawberries every day for a week. We live down this lane, in that old house."

"What! there? I should think you'd freeze to death in the winter. It looks as though the wind held high carnival there sometimes."

"She laughed. "I guess you'd have thought so, if you'd been here the other night. I was really afraid that the rafters would tumble in. Still we are comfortable there, and our landlord is very kind. He does not press us for the rent, but lets us pay when we can. There is some fruit on the place, and I made considerable money selling it last summer, or at least it seemed a good deal to me. Here we are. I guess the sight of you will do mother more good than medicine. You stay in the yard while I tell her that you've come; if she should see you right off, the shock might hurt her, you know."

"Poverty has made her thoughtful beyond her years," said the uncle to himself, as he walked outside.

"Hester!" called a voice from the inner room.

"Here I am, mother," and she tripped hastily across the floor, and pressed her lips to the cheek of a pale but still lovely woman who was reclining upon the bed.

"You are home early, darling," said the invalid, as she returned the fond embrace.

"Yes, I had very good luck to-day. Has the time been very long since morning?"

"Not so tedious as if I had had nothing to do. I sewed considerable this forenoon, and for the last hour or two have been asleep, and I had such a beautiful dream. I seemed to see all the dear ones of my youth; but Edward was not there, and somehow I feel almost certain that he must be living."

"He is, mother. I have just met a gentleman that knows all about him, and as I thought that you would like to talk with him, I invited him to come home with me. I left him out by the door. Do you feel equal to seeing him?"

"Certainly, dear; call him in. Anybody that brings me information from the absent one is very welcome."

Hester returned to her uncle, and cautioning him to be very careful, ushered him into her mother's presence; but at the sound of his voice, his sister cried:

"Oh, Edward, Edward!" and fell back fainting.

Her daughter sprinkled some water in her face, and she soon revived, and was able to listen to his story.

"So you have been suffering with poverty, while I had enough and to spare," he said, in conclusion.

"Well, that time is now past, henceforth you belong to me."

"But I thought you were married. Where is your wife?" inquired his listener.

"Her pure spirit went home to God a year ago, and our little boy survived her but one week. I am now childless and alone. Until I join my sainted Lois, you and Hester must be my care."

"Shall you take us away from here, uncle?" inquired his niece, with dilated eyes; "and shall we always live with you, and won't mother have to sew for a living any longer?"

"Quite an avalanche of questions, little one. Rest assured that as soon as your mother is able, we shall leave this old shell; and as for her working, she need never lift her finger to do another stitch, unless she pleases, and you may eat all your strawberries. Do you regret it? Is it so very pleasant, going out to sell them?"

The flush on her cheek deepened. He had unwittingly struck the chord that had vibrated so painfully two hours before, and she replied with a vehemence that startled them:

"No, I do n't like it at all. The boys and girls jeer and taunt me because I won't stop to play with them, and the grown up people push me around and are cross, and say hard things, and try to cheat me; but I should n't tell you this if it was to be no change, for while we were so poor, it was my duty to go, and then I could bear their abuse."

"She is very impetuous, Edward," said the fond mother, stroking the golden-brown curls that nestled close by her side; "but also very self-reliant. I never knew her to utter one word of complaint before. It was a great trial for me to send her into the street to mingle with the rude children, for I knew that she

would meet with much that would wound her proud, sensitive spirit. I don't know but what the discipline has done her good."

"I can't see as you could have done any different. Lucy, and she has been a nice, brave girl, a real treasure to you; but I am glad for her sake that I have found you, for she is getting so old, that she would soon feel degraded to pursue that occupation."

"Oh, I should n't have gone out after this summer, uncle, for mother said that I might help her about her sewing in the fall. You see I shall be eleven years old next winter."

"What! eleven, and no bigger than that? Why, child, I should think that you had been living on air. Just as soon as you're mother gets better, we will travel around and see the world a little, and then you you shall go to school."

"Oh, how nice that will be!" she said, gleefully; "now I can have all the books I want."

"Yes, but I must see some roses blooming on those pale cheeks first. Lucy, are you tired?"

"Not much. I feel a great deal better since you came. Joy is an excellent restorative, you know, and the sight of your face has done me a world of good. Then the thought that my child will be provided for, in case I die, is very comforting."

"But, mother, you are not going to die. You are to get well, you know."

"Yes, darling, I think I shall now; but the probability that I might pass away has saddened me at times; but I need not have been troubled, for the Lord would have raised up friends for the orphan."

Hester now went to prepare her mother's tea, while Mr. Grant, rising, said that he would go to the hotel, procure his valise, and returning, remain with them until they were ready to leave that spot for pleasanter scenes.

A week passed, and then Mrs. Graham and her daughter bade farewell to the old mansion and its memories. They had known sorrow, therefore the cup of joy did not intoxicate.

Hester said to herself with burning cheek:

"In the gay world to which I am going, I wonder if I shall ever behold those two gentlemen? They will not be apt to know me, but I shall never forget them. That cruel Ray I hate, but the other I like."

CHAPTER II.

Seven years have glided by since the events recorded in our first chapter, and now we behold Mrs. Graham again. She is seated in a luxuriously furnished apartment, gazing dreamily at the glowing grate.

Suddenly the door opens, and a radiant vision enters. The mother's face lit with a smile of pride.

"Well, Hester, darling, are you ready?"

"Yes—will I do? You know it is my first ball, and of course I am particularly anxious about my appearance; and the petite figure came forward and made a low, sweeping courtesy."

Do! In the fond parent's eyes she was perfect. Her dress of floating lace was looped up with blush roses. Her hair of dun-gold fell in massive curls to her waist, and the spray of half open buds, that caught the ringlets back from one white temple, seemed to quiver with delight that they were thus honored. A gold chain encircled her neck, while bracelets of the same material clasped the polished arms. A smile played around the tiny, crimson-lipped mouth, and a glowing light flashed from the mystical depths of the great, brown eyes.

"Well, mother, dear," she said, after a pause, "I suppose we might as well put on our things, as Peter will be here with the carriage presently. Do be very careful and not break any hearts to-night."

"Oh, be, child, cautioning me, a staid matron! Take that advice to yourself."

"But I don't think I ever saw you look quite so beautiful, *ma chere mere*," persisted the daughter.

"Flatterer!" replied the lady, bending to kiss the rosy cheek.

But some would turn from the blooming girl to gaze at the more mature charms of the parent.

She was nearly a head taller than Hester, and the black velvet robe that fell so gracefully around her slender figure, was very becoming. A diamond pin fastened the costly lace at her throat, while the brown hair was combed smoothly back and knotted low upon her neck, confined by a jeweled dart.

They were now enveloping themselves in their furs, when suddenly the maiden said:

"I have been thinking to-night of dear uncle Edward. Do you remember that to-morrow is the anniversary of his death?"

"As if I could forget! Two years have passed since then. Oh, it was a fearful, stormy night! but he went forth to fight and rest; and I in my madness prayed that I might accompany him. Time heals all wounds, and now I can speak calmly of that change. Our heavenly Father has taught my sorely wounded heart the lesson of peace."

The tears were gleaming in Hester's eyes.

"Mother, darling, you do not wish to go to this scene of gloom to-night."

"I thought of this, dear, when I accepted the invitation. It is not well to let our private griefs interfere with other people's enjoyment. It seems best to go, as this party is given in compliment to us as strangers in the place, so we will cast aside all regretful thoughts for the present."

At that instant the servant announced the carriage, and soon they were whirling away.

Mrs. Carlton's mansion seemed like fairy-land. The large, lofty rooms so brilliantly lighted; the thousand voices of mirth and gladness; the rustle of silks and muslins; the air heavy with the fragrance of rich, gorgeous flowers, that awayed dreamily on their stalks; and over all, sweet, witching music, that lulled the senses into calm delight.

Conspicuous in this scene of almost Oriental beauty, the fairest of the fair, shone Hester Graham. Light-beamed, gay and joyous, she flitted through the mazes of the dance, drawing all within the circle of her charms.

Mrs. Carlton, do pray introduce me to that little divinity yonder, who is flirting so vigorously with Charles Grey," said a young man, laying his hand upon that lady's shoulder.

"What! Leonard, mentioned already?" she replied, laughing. "I am afraid that Miss Henshaw would

not like to have me place you within the range of such a powerful battery; but come, I see you are determined, and if I don't present you, some one else will."

"Miss Graham, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Ashton. Mr. Ashton, Miss Graham."

The color came and went in the girl's cheek as she responded to his polite salutation. Ah, she knew that face, and for a moment it seemed to her as if it must be a mutual recognition. Then she laughed inwardly at the absurdity of his dreaming for one instant that she and the little strawberry girl were the same.

If he was here, perhaps that hateful Ray was also present, and even while she thought, she glanced around the room and beheld the object of her deprecation gazing admiringly upon her. A thrill of triumph vibrated through her heart, and then she turned and chatted gaily with her companion.

After a time, she carelessly inquired:

"Who is that tall, dark-complexioned gentleman yonder conversing with so much animation?"

"What? the person by the window? Oh, that is Ray St. Leon. But I warn you, Miss Graham, that he is no ladies' man; on the contrary, entirely devoted to his books. That sylph in white by his side is his sister, Grace; and by the way, you and she have displayed exquisite taste in your dress, which the various groups of butterflies would do well to imitate."

"Do you know I detest flattery," she replied, almost pettishly. "Why can't a gentleman converse with one of the opposite sex five minutes without endeavoring to compliment. There are very few that treat us as if we were sensible beings, you appear to think that we delight to be fed on froth."

"Well, is not that the case with the greater number?" he said, smiling; "most of them cannot appreciate anything more substantial, although I am happy to perceive that you can."

"There it is again. I shall not accept that libel upon my sex, and then swallow the sugar that you have attempted to administer after it. But, Mr. St. Leon is speaking now upon the 'tariff' question, rather a singular subject to introduce in the ball-room."

Her companion shrugged his shoulders.

"He's a good fellow, but somewhat eccentric."

Just then a gentleman came up, and claimed her hand for a quadrille.

"Pardon me, Miss Graham, I intended to have engaged you for this dance," exclaimed Mr. Ashton; "will you favor me for the next?"

She smilingly assented, and then taking her partner's arm, walked away.

Leonard Ashton stood watching her graceful movements for a while, and then crossing the room, he laid his hand on his friend's arm, exclaiming:

"Ray, you are in luck. Miss Graham, the belle par excellence," he honored you so much as to inquire who you were. Probably attracted by your distinguished figure. Come with me, and I'll introduce you."

Five minutes later, as Hester Graham stood face to face with Ray St. Leon, her long eye-lashes swept her cheek to conceal the sparkle of triumph that flashed forth.

"I vow, she's a beauty!" exclaimed Leonard Ashton, as he paced the floor of his chamber, after he had returned from the party; "and if it's true, that she's an heiress, as Mrs. Grundy declares, why, I don't know but what I'll make her happy by asking her to become my wife. In that case, why Louisa Henshaw will have to look somewhere else for a husband. I'm glad I have n't committed myself in that quarter. She'll feel badly, I suppose; but land! I can't marry all the girls. I must have the tin, anyway, and of course I prefer a fair to a homely encumbrance."

At the same time that he was soliloquizing in that strain, Ray St. Leon's thoughts were also dwelling up on the same beautiful object.

If she is as good as she is lovely, then have I indeed found the ideal of my dreams. God grant that I may win her love."

Ah, if Hester Graham could but have read their hearts she would not then have been saying to herself:

"What a pleasant agreeable young man Leonard Ashton is; but Ray St. Leon, I hate you!"

The next evening both gentlemen were seated in Mrs. Graham's parlor. They tarried an hour or two, and then withdrew.

After they were gone, Hester said:

"You are a very good judge of character, mother; tell me what you think of those two young men that have just left us."

"I was the most favorably impressed with Mr. St. Leon. His high, open brow, and the tones of his voice spoke to my mind of a strength and integrity of purpose, a nobleness of soul that all the wiles of sophistry could never turn from the right path. As for Mr. Ashton, I should think that he always floated with the popular tide. Very superficial, he is all things to all men."

"You have read two characters, only you have given to Mr. St. Leon that which belongs to Mr. Ashton."

"It is singular that we should view them so differently, but I judged by my first impressions; perhaps I shall find them erroneous."

"Isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed Leonard Ashton, as they walked down the street.

"Yes, she truly is; but her chief charm is her freshness. There are no studied ways, no artificial manners. Most of our other belles are flowers of hot-house growth; she is a wild rose with the dew still sparkling on it."

"Well, old boy, you are getting poetical; but I see how the land lies. Cupid has shot one of his arrows from those brown orbs of hers, and it has pierced the heart of the fastidious and the hitherto inviolable Ray St. Leon. But I'll warn you that I intend to enter the lists, and, judging by past conquests, shall prove a formidable rival. Look out that I do not bear the prize off from under your very eyes."

"If I only had a dash of your conceit, Leonard," was the laughing reply, "I might be more hopeful than I am now. I acknowledge that she strangely interests me. By the way, speaking of her eyes, they somehow remind me of that little strawberry girl."

"Ha, ha! I am thankful that Miss Graham does not bear that observation. She would not feel very highly

complimented to be compared to that little ragamuffin."

With a good-night, they separated.

The seasons came and went. A year tripped by. Hester Graham had many suitors, but gradually they all withdrew from the field, except Ray St. Leon and Leonard Ashton. Madam Remor was very much puzzled to decide which would be the fortunate one, sometimes she concluded that it was the former, and then was as positively certain that it was the latter.

One evening, Ray St. Leon sought the object of his love, determined to know his fate. Sometimes he had an unpleasant conviction that his friend always received a more cordial welcome than he. Still he felt that Mrs. Graham encouraged his suit.

They conversed for a while upon indifferent subjects. Several times had his confusion of love trembled upon his lips, but she seemed to read his thoughts, and skillfully evaded all tender topics.

At last, in a voice tremulous with emotion, he told her how dear she was to him, and asked her to become his bride.

With burning cheek and throbbing heart, she listened, and then, when he had finished, she briefly recapitulated the strawberry scene.

"Mr. St. Leon, that girl has ever remembered your harsh words, and grown up hating you."

"Is it possible that you are so?"

"I am. If I ever found myself regarding you with any interest, I mentally rebuked that interview, until I was steeled against you."

He arose and paced the floor.

"Oh, Hester! my ill-humor, then, has brought a heavy, heavy punishment. All my bright dreams are vanishing, and I have only myself to blame. You may not believe me, but I do most solemnly affirm that your pleading eyes have haunted me ever since. I was almost crazy with grief at that time, and that must excuse my conduct in part. We all err sometimes, you know. I had a twin sister that I almost worshipped. She was good and beautiful. One morning she left home with our parents to go on a journey. How did I dream, as I kissed her cheek upon which the roses of health bloomed so brightly, that when next I gazed upon her death would have claimed her for his own, but it was even so. A railroad casualty occurred, and my dear Gertrude was one of the victims offered upon the altar of man's carelessness. Just before you came up I received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the sad fact, and bidding me hasten with my younger sister. I fled to look upon her once again in life. It was too late; she was travelling the cold and starless path ere I arrived. Leonard Ashton was going in the same train to meet a friend, so he had accompanied me to my father's house to break the news to Grace, while I prepared for departure. It was then you accosted us. Everything seemed insignificant aside from my great woe, and your presence annoyed me. Five minutes after, how gladly would I have recalled my words! but they had gone forth and were recorded against me. Will you not at least grant me your forgiveness?"

His tone, so indescribably mournful throughout his narration, affected her deeply, and she now extended her hand, saying, with childlike frankness:

"It is I that ought to crave pardon. I have been a cruel, merciless judge, totally unkindly that there might be palliating circumstances."

He caught the slender fingers eagerly, and pressed them to his lips; she withdrew them, flushing crimson.

"Now you will reconsider your decision? May I not hope that the hour will come when I can call you by the sacred name of wife?"

"I will think of you as a friend, Mr. St. Leon; further than that I can be nothing to you. I am to be married in two months."

His face grew deadly pale.

"Is it possible? May I inquire who the happy man is?"

"Leonard Ashton."

"And you love him?"

She raised her head proudly, her sweet countenance illumined.

"With my whole heart, or I should not give him my hand."

"God bless you, Miss Graham! May you never regret your choice," and the next instant the street door closed after him.

"That is the man I have hated for eight years," murmured Hester; "but to-night my heart is so softened that I pity him. Well, I am a consistent creature!"

CHAPTER III.

"Miss Everett, you look ill," said Hester Graham to her seamstress the next morning, as she entered the library, where a pale, sad girl sat at work. "Confess, now, that you are pining to see that mother and sister of yours. You've been here a fortnight, I believe. Well, you have accomplished so much more than I expected during that time, that I can let you have a couple of holidays, just as well as not."

"You are very kind," and the grateful tears sprang to the eyes of her listener. "If all my employers were as thoughtful, my lot would be comparatively easy. Still I do not think I had better take advantage of your generosity, for there is a great deal yet to be done. So, with your permission, I will take the will for the deed."

"No you won't do any such thing. I exercise despotism away in this house, and woe to all those who attempt to disobey my commands. I can ply the needle myself while you are gone, and the thought that I am giving you a pleasure will be a great incentive. Besides, it will not be such a terrible affair if everything is not finished off *a la mode*. Now no more remonstrances, either with eyes or lips. Put on your bonnet and shawl. I am going out in the carriage, and will take you right to your mother's door."

"Well, Leonard Ashton, I just beheld a sight that I guess would have made you open your eyes," exclaimed a young man, as he met that gentleman on the sidewalk.

"What marvelous object was it?"

"Why, that elegant, Miss Graham was riding out with her seamstress."

"Impossible. Hester would not so demean herself. You must have been mistaken."

"It's a fact, nevertheless; and I honor her for her

independence, I suppose, however, that you will teach her better when she becomes your bride."

"I most certainly shall. She's a young, and somewhat romantic now, you know; but then she will do for all such matters to my superior judgment." And lifting his hat, he passed on.

"Superior intellect!" muttered honest Charley Grey, looking after him. You are a conceited fool, Leonard Ashton, and God pity that fair young creature when she becomes your wife."

That evening Hester seated herself on an ottoman by her mother's side, saying:

"You can't think how pleased Miss Everett was that I gave her leave to go home. I am glad that you suggested paying her for her work in advance, as she really seemed to need the money."

"Ah, child, only those that have passed through a similar experience can understand how welcome their hard-earned wages are. I should judge that she had seen better days."

"Oh yes. She told me that she had known much sorrow; but I think she rather shrinks from conversing about the past. I am becoming much attached to her. Do n't you call her very pretty?"

"Who is that?" said Leonard Ashton, who had entered unobserved by the absorbed girl, and now as she turned her head, he bent and caught a kiss from her ripe lips.

"Be careful how you announce your presence in that way again," she exclaimed, springing up with a sparkle in her eye.

"Pardon me," he replied, bowing with mock gravity; "but, really, I found it impossible to resist the temptation. I was like a bee sipping honey from a flower. But who were you speaking of, when I came in?"

"Well, Mr. Corjostly, it was my seamstress."

"Oh!" There was contempt in his tone. "I supposed that it was some of your friends; and, by the way, I was told that you were seen riding with that person this morning. Was it so?"

"Yes; and she was a most entertaining companion. I think I shall invite her to go out with me again some day."

"Oh, Hester, you are very Utopian in your ideas; and in your ignorance of the world's ways you are liable to be imposed upon by any designing creature. You must not allow familiarity in your servants, or you will become the town talk."

"I believe I understand the rules of propriety," she coolly replied, "and rest assured that as long as my conscience does not upbraid me, I do not feel at all concerned if I do become the subject of conversation among the people, only regretting, for their sakes, that they have not a more worthy topic to discuss. As for the lady that you refer to, she once moved in the same circles that I do; and is poverty such a crime that she is now to be debarred from association with intelligence and refinement? She is much more beautiful and accomplished than many of those whom you term the upper ten."

"All that may be; still, as she has fallen into obscurity, it is better for her to remain there. Society has pronounced her edict of banishment upon all such, and it is useless for us to attempt to set it aside."

"Society! And do not we help to compose that wonderful tribunal?" she said scornfully. "If we openly condemn all such selfish acts, instead of applauding, we might in time reverse the decree."

"You are an eloquent little pleader," he replied, laughing; "but your logic is not very sound. Your heart rules your head. Women were not made to argue on such subjects as these, and all your talking will never amount to anything."

"But, Mr. Ashton, I think that the position that you have endeavored to maintain during this conversation is a false one," remarked Mrs. Graham, who had not before spoken. "In this country, where fortunes are made and lost in a single day, such petty distinctions ought to be dispensed with. Worth should be the standard, not wealth."

"That will do very well for a theory, but can never be carried into practice. We may respect worth, but it is mistaken kindness when we endeavor to raise it from its natural sphere." And now feeling that the conversation had not placed him in a very favorable light before the ladies, he requested Hester to sing for him.

She soon forgot everything that had been unpleasant; but not so the mother.

"Ah, I fear that he is not calculated to make my child happy, but she trusts in him so implicitly that she beholds nothing but what her fond love excuses. He hides his faults under a fascinating exterior. Oh, if she had only preferred Mr. St. Leon, I should have been much better pleased;" and with a sigh she left the room.

The days of joy and mirth flashed in and out, until a month passed. One morning as Hester and Miss Everett sat at work, the latter said:

"During the time that I have been here, I have never happened to hear the name of the gentleman to whom you have pledged your hand."

"That is certainly very singular. I thought that I had mentioned it a dozen times. Well, then, in three weeks from to-night I shall become Mrs. Leonard Ashton."

Maud Everett started, turned deadly pale, and pressed her hand to her side.

Hester glanced toward her, and then sprang up in alarm.

"You are ill. Shall I not ring for something?"

"Oh no; I am better now. It was only a sudden spasm."

"You sit too steady. I shall not allow it. Come down stairs and practice that last duet with me. You need a change. No remonstrating. Do you think that I want that white face of yours haunting me in my dreams?"

The weeks sped quickly, and the night before her wedding-day Hester Graham sat alone in the parlor. Presently the door opened, and her lover stood by her side.

"Darling, to-morrow night at this hour you will be all my own—my blessed wife. How slowly time lags. It seems as if the precious moment would never come."

He attempted to draw her to him, but she shrank away.

"I am in a strange mood," she said, with a faint smile. "I hardly know what ails me. As the time draws near I am almost overwhelmed with an awful sense of the important step I am about to take."

"But you do not regret that I possess your troth-pilgrimage?" he anxiously inquired.

"Oh no, Leonard. I love you too well for that. Come, let us have some music; perhaps that will banish my gloomy thoughts."

An hour slipped by, and then, with a long, lingering kiss, he bade her good night.

She went into the library, thinking she would read a while before retiring. The gas was burning low. Turning on a bright jet, she paused and looked around the room, and her eye fell upon the pallid face of Maud Everett, who lay extended upon the lounge.

"Poor thing!" she murmured; "she has fainted here all alone. I am afraid she has overtaxed her strength lately. She is so proud and independent that she will not let me favor her when I would. The life of a seamstress is a hard lot for her. I wish I could get her some other employment."

A glass of water stood on the table, and after sprinkling some in her face, the suffering girl opened her eyes and looked about in a bewildered way. Something attached to a slender gold chain she held tightly clasped in her hand.

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard! how could you be so cruel," she said, faintly.

Then meeting her friend's curious gaze, she blushed scarlet.

"I believe I am not well," she murmured, rising with a painful motion. As she turned to leave the room, her companion, rousing from her lethargy, exclaimed:

"Stop a moment. I want to speak with you," then perceiving a locket at her feet, she added, "Here is something you dropped."

Maud sprang forward and caught it from her hand, but not before Hester had beheld the handsome face of Leonard Ashton.

"How came you by that?" she inquired almost sternly.

"Some other time I will inform you, but not to-night," and again she moved wearily toward the door; but the next instant the key turned in the lock, and Miss Graham, cold and calm now, led her back to the lounge, saying:

"Tell me now. I must know."

The poor seamstress laid her head upon the pillow, while convulsive sobs shook her frame.

"Would to God I had died before I ever came here," she wailed. "Let me go from the house, and forget that I ever crossed your path. Oh, why did I not flee ere this terrible moment arrived?"

Maud Everett, listen to me! If you were my sister I do not think I could love you better, or feel a greater interest in your welfare than I now do; and if you have one particle of affection for me, you will tell me, without reserve, why you became so pale when I mentioned Leonard Ashton's name; why you fainted here to-night, and how his picture happened to be in your possession. What has he been to you?"

"The same that he is to you, Hester Graham—my affianced husband. Five years ago, when I was seventeen, I moved in the highest circles. Thoughtless, light-hearted and gay, with every luxury that wealth could procure, the idol of my proud father, how should I ever dream that such a thing as misfortune could rear its head in my paradise. I lived in perpetual sunshine. There were many then that sought my smiles, and foremost among those, and the most attentive was Leonard Ashton. I loved him with all the strength of my passionate nature. His honeyed words were sweetest nectar to my soul. A year passed away and we were engaged. He was all devotion; the joy of my life. At last it wanted but one week of our marriage. One evening I returned with my lover from a pleasure excursion, and as he had an engagement, I bade him adieu at the door of my home, and then tripped lightly into the house. I entered with a heart full of joy and gladness, and oh, what a sight met my gaze. My father was dead. He had cut the thread of life with his own hands. My mother lay in a fit. Several physicians were in attendance. The afflicted servants were huddled together, speculating upon the cause of the tragedy. The explanation was soon apparent—my father was a bankrupt. Oh, what a terrible funeral that was! The cold greetings and averted looks that we met on every side! He who should have supported me in that hour of trial, he who had himself aloof. Still, it was long before I would admit, even to my own soul, that he to whom I had given my heart's best affection had deserted me in my adversity. We left our splendid home and sought obscure lodgings. The creditors kindly allowed us to take a few mementoes of our former grandeur, but our other household gods were placed under the hammer. Now, by sighs and tears, did I learn the bitter truth that Miss Everett the heiress, and Miss Everett the seamstress were two different persons. One day my little sister came to me with eyes swollen from weeping—

"Let us go from here, Maud," she said, "I don't love to stay in this place. The children plague me and call me a pauper; and Mary Lovett says that she heard Mr. Ashton tell her brother that he should not marry you now, for it would be such a disgrace to him that he should die of shame in a week."

"Now my cup of bitterness seemed overflowing. That decided me to leave the city and go among strangers. I had only remained there in the fond hope that he did love me, and would seek me again. That speech revealed him as the mercenary and heartless wretch that he really was. I have never beheld his face since that awful evening, nor heard his voice until to-night, when old memories thronged upon me so that I fainted. Now, Hester, forgive me the pain my recital has caused you."

Her listener had sat quietly all the time she had been speaking. Her color never went nor came; not a muscle moved, but now she said, in a hard, unnatural tone:

"I should never have forgiven you if you had not told me. You can go now. Good-night."

When the sun rose in the morning, it looked into the library windows, and beheld Hester Graham, seated there just as she sat when Miss Everett left her.

She entered that room a joyous, impulsive girl; she went out a calm, resolute woman.

CHAPTER IV.

About nine o'clock, as Leonard Ashton was leaving his boarding-house, a note was handed him from his bride elect, requesting an immediate interview.

"How very fond of me she is," he soliloquized, "I was there only last evening, and now she can't wait until to-night before she sees me again. These women are queer creatures. She need n't expect, though, that I shall always run at her beck and nod after marriage. Then it will be her turn to obey me. One thing I am determined upon; that Argus-eyed mother of hers shall keep a separate establishment."

Half an hour after, he entered Mrs. Graham's elegant parlor, and found his betrothed alone.

"What is it, darling? What is wanting, my own wife, so soon to be?"

She raised her beautiful face and looked into his eyes.

"I sent for you to say that we shall not be united to-night, nor ever."

"Why, Hester, you are crazy! What does this mean?"

"Simply, that another has a prior claim. Come, I will introduce you, and throwing open the folding-doors that separated the two parlors, she led him to his former love, saying:

"Miss Everett, Mr. Ashton. Mr. Ashton, Miss Everett."

If she had desired further proof of his duplicity, she had it in his changing color.

"My darling—my Hester, come back into the next room and let me explain."

"I can listen to what you have to say here," she coldly replied.

"It is true that I once esteemed Miss Everett very highly, but I did not know what it was to love until I met you. In an impulsive moment I rashly made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted. When I had had time for reflection I saw my folly. Then a circumstance of a painful nature occurred in her family. My prospects were fair, but I knew that they would be instantly blighted if I married the daughter of a suicide. Was it strange that I should shrink from such an alliance?"

"Poverty is a hard master, Mr. Ashton. I think I understand your feelings. If she had inherited more wealth, instead of losing what she had, your esteem would have changed into love," rejoined Hester, in the same calm tone; "but what I most admire, is your gentlemanly conduct in leaving her without a word."

He bit his lip.

"I sought to spare us both the agony of an interview."

"How very kind and considerate. You thought that it was better for her to hope on until her heart grew sick. Quite an idea. If you have concluded your explanation, your presence can now be dispensed with. We both wish you a very good morning."

"But, Hester, you will not turn me off in this way?"

"Better I turn you off before marriage than you turn me off after, if I should happen to lose my money. Besides, I am afraid you have not had time for reflection."

"But just think in what a predicament you will be in to-night when the wedding guests arrive. What will they say when the bridegroom does not appear? Can you bear their smiles and jests?"

"Oh, that does not trouble me in the least. I can be as gay and joyous as the rest. Aye, and thankful, too, when I think of my narrow escape."

He gnashed his teeth in impotent rage as he went down the steps.

Hester then went to her chamber, telling her mother that when the company began to collect in the evening, to send her guardian, Mr. Tracey, to her. When he came, she told him how she was situated, and then when she descended to the parlor clad in her bridal robes, with the exception of her veil, he addressed the crowd as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—Miss Graham desires me to announce to you that her wedding is indefinitely postponed; but that she hopes you will all enjoy yourselves in the highest possible degree, even if you do not witness a marriage ceremony."

Then the band discoursed sweet music, and soon light feet were tripping gaily in the dance.

Never had Hester appeared so radiantly beautiful. True, she heard many whispered remarks, and some ill-natured surmises, but she performed her part with unflinching composure, although she drew a sigh of relief when the last guest had departed. Then the mask fell from her face. She was alone with her seething heart.

A month passed, and Maud Everett's mother, worn by grief and care, departed for the better land.

In the meantime Hester received a letter from the principal of the seminary in which she had acquired her education, stating that the teacher in music and French had left, and that she was desirous of filling the vacancy as soon as possible.

A reply was immediately despatched, recommending Miss Everett for the situation, and the result was, the next day after her mother's funeral, Maud bade adieu to her kind friends, the Gabriels, and with her little sister started for Dudley.

Leonard Ashton married six months after his dismissal by Hester. With his usual conceit he beheld the flattering illusion that she had long since repented of her decision in sackcloth and ashes; so with all the petty malice of a weak mind, he sent her his wedding cards.

Could he have seen the smile with which she cast them aside, he would have realized that no thought of him had power to ruffle her serenity.

True, she had suffered, and her trust and confidence had, in a measure, departed; but she had learned wisdom, and though for a time she felt that she had paid a high price for the lesson, yet still she was glad that it had come to her, although her soul shrank from passing through another such an experience.

So she mingled in society, and listened with a cold smile to the adulation that was poured upon her shrine, repelling all expressions of love.

Sometimes she met Mr. St. Leon. His manner was respectful, nothing more. He neither avoided nor sought her society.

"My dear, did you hear the fire bells last night?" said Mrs. Graham, to her daughter, as they sat at breakfast one morning.

"No, mother, I slept unusually sound. What was destroyed?"

An old house on Elm street. It was occupied by many families, but it was supposed that they had all got out in safety when, to the horror of the bystanders, a child appeared at one of the windows in the third story. They said its cries were heart-rending, and its poor mother was almost frantic. It required two men to hold her to prevent her rushing into the flames after it. None dared attempt its rescue, for it seemed certain death; but at last one brave man risked his life and brought the child forth in safety, although he broke his arm, and was also badly burned."

"That was true heroism," exclaimed Hester, her cheeks glowing. "Do you know his name? Probably some one in the lower walks of life, for none of the rich would peril their precious necks for a beggar."

"Oh, my daughter, that is a hard speech. There is courage, bravery, and a noble forgetfulness of self among all classes, and my hero is one that I should expect would do such a deed. It was Ray St. Leon."

"Such a man I hated," thought Hester to herself; "dingling aside his noble heart for one that was worthless, blind fool that I was, and now, God help me, I love him; but pride shall wrap my secret in its winding sheet, and the world shall never suspect my weakness."

"Why, mother dear, you are not intending to go out this afternoon," exclaimed Hester, as her parent entered the parlor equipped for a walk, one cold, bleak day.

"It is certainly very imprudent when you are suffering so severely with that cough. Can you not postpone your call until some other time?"

"Not very well, love. I promised the old blind woman in Bickford place, that I would bring her some broth to-day; and then I thought I would surprise little Nora Flannigan with some grape jelly. They are always so grateful for every little attention, that it is a pleasure to me to go."

"I do not doubt it; but still you are more fitted to lie on the lounge, than to face this northeast wind, so why not let me play the good fairy; I should like it very much."

"If you only would I should feel quite relieved. They will be as glad to see you as me, and I shall be perfectly contented then to stay at home. I had thought of inviting you to go in my place, but I had an impression that you had an engagement."

"Oh, no, nothing of any consequence. I will go at once."

She found it a long, cold walk, but the pleasure with which she was greeted, amply compensated her for her trouble.

Observing a book upon the bed where the blind woman lay, she offered to read to her.

"Thank you, Miss; I should like to have you very much," was the grateful reply. "Sometimes the children come in and spell over some of the words, but it doesn't sound nice and smooth as it does when your mother talks it, God bless her."

Hester opened the volume, which was "Pilgrim's Progress," and was soon so much engaged in her occupation that time passed unheeded. Suddenly the gathering twilight roused her, and she hastily prepared to depart.

It was several minutes before she could free herself from the loquacious old lady; and then when she had descended one flight of stairs, Nora's mother detained her to tell her how pleased her child was with the fruit; so that by the time she reached the street, she was startled to find that night was fairly upon her.

Inwardly blaming herself for her imprudence, she summoned up all her courage and hastened on. To add to her discomfort, a drizzling rain began to fall. Drunk men reeled by her, cursing and swearing, causing her heart to throb with terror. She had now nearly gained the crowded thoroughfare, when, suddenly, her arm was caught in a rude grasp. She screamed involuntarily.

"Oh, don't be frightened pretty one. Don't you see how it is raining. I shall be obliged to insist upon your sharing my umbrella; besides, I do n't like to see you walking alone—it do n't look well."

"Unhand me," she exclaimed, as she vainly strove to free herself from his hold.

"Could n't, possibly. As I told you before, it is against my principles to allow—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for the next instant he was extended in the gutter.

"Lady," said the new comer, as he spurned the prostrate man with his foot, "the brute is now powerless to molest you. Will you accept my escort home?"

The well-known voice caused Hester to spring quickly forward.

"Many thanks, Mr. St. Leon, for your timely appearance."

"Why, Miss Graham," he exclaimed, in astonishment, as he drew her arm within his own, "how came you forth at this hour unprotected?"

"I went to Mrs. Brown's, in Bickford place, for mother, and night came before I thought of it. I had no resource, however, but to make the best of my way home, which I was in hopes I might do without molestation. How happened you to be on the spot so quickly? Did you hear me scream?"

"Yes, and then I saw you struggling in the ruffian's hands, although I did not recognize you. You must promise me now that you will not be so imprudent again."

"You may rest assured that I shall not. I got too thoroughly frightened to desire to repeat the adventure. They had now arrived at Mrs. Graham's door, where they were met by that lady herself, who, in her anxiety at her daughter's protracted absence, was about to send a servant in quest of her.

Ray accepted her invitation to walk in, while Hester hastened to change her wet garments. When she returned to the parlor she found Mr. St. Leon pacing the floor. Her mother had just been called from the room.

They chatted gaily for a few moments, and then a pause ensued. At last the gentleman said:

"Hester, it was here that you once refused to me the greatest boon that man can ask of woman. Will you think me presumptuous if I again dare my fate, and plead for you to become my wife?"

A flush of glad surprise overspread her countenance. "But you are aware that the Mechanic's Bank has failed. Did you know that my property was nearly all invested there?"

"That makes no difference to me, darling. It is you I want, not your money. Will you at last crown my highest hopes?"

She placed both her hands in his.

"Ray, I am yours now and evermore. Pardon the ruse by which I sought to test your love. I said my funds were invested there, but they were withdrawn before the crash came."

"Did you think that I was so mercenary?" he inquired, in an accent of reproach.

"No; but after I was so deceived in Leonard Ashton, I said I would try all that bowed before me. I knew what the result would be in your case."

At this instant, Mrs. Graham returned, and Ray led the blushing Hester to her, saying:

"Will you give your treasure to me?"

She glanced from one to the other, and while the glad tears welled to her eyes, exclaimed:

"To none could I so cheerfully relinquish her as to yourself. May she prove as good a wife as she has been a daughter."

Then he took his first—his betrothal kiss, from the maiden's lips. While she, looking archly in his face, said:

"Although I tenderly nourished my hate, dear Ray, it would change to love."

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WE WRITE BLESSINGS IN SAND, EVILS IN MARBLE."

BY HENNA TUTTLE.

I saw a young girl with an innocent brow, And eyes to which beautiful Juno would bow, And cheeks that were glowing with roses and health, Bow her head on her hand, and sigh, "If I had wealth!

My efforts for happiness all seem in vain, My beauty is nothing, my dress is so plain; Compared with a lady I merit disdain, And I own it were foolish not to complain.

My parents are old-fashioned people, although They are upright, and loving, and noble, I know, But the last in the country to make any show. I am quite out of place in this glittering world, And the darts of misfortune upon me are hurled."

It is strange, it is strange that our minds are so planned: We write evils on marble, and blessings in sand.

I looked on a poet with that on his face Which naught but Divinity's finger can trace; A heart in his bosom which happiness caught: From the great soul of Nature, and throbbled into thought:

Thought burst into music, and music took wings, And whispered the listener of rapturous things; Dim eyes were turned skyward, wan faces grew bright, And the sinner grew heartless, and searched for the Right.

Oh, nothing can rob him of pleasure, I said, With his great, loving heart, and his great, thinking head;

But a beautiful lady rejected his hand, And married his rival, with houses and land. She chose to wear diamonds in tangible shape, So the poet sold his, and bought jet and black crape.

He cursed his brain, and, in face of his God, He cursed his existence, and frowned on the rod. It is strange, it is strange that the mind is so planned: We write evils in marble, and blessings in sand.

I saw a fond husband. The joy of his life Was a bright, laughing boy, and a true-hearted wife. He built a home, filled with beautiful things, As costly and grand as the castles of kings.

Chill airs never blew on the idols he loved, And the world bowed before him wherever he roved. He laughed at the look which had filled to the brim His goblet of gold, while his brothers had tin. And scantily filled. But reverses came on, And ere he scarce knew it, his riches were gone.

A strange freak of fortune which favored mankind, Dispersed them, like thistle-down blown to the wind. Love still wore its evergreen—they are the same In palace or cottage. Want, even in name, Was a stranger, but nothing of joy could be borrow: Who ate cream yesterday must have cream for to-morrow.

His ill-gotten splendors he could not forget, And he died—died a victim to foolish regret. It is strange, it is strange that the mind is so planned: We write evils on marble, and blessings in sand.

I saw an old man, who was nearing the tomb; He knew that it led into glory through gloom; His life had been long, his adventures few, His nights broken in sunshine, his clouds into blue.

His children were dutiful, talented, true; His wife had as much as Penelope's truth. And she loved him in age as she loved him in youth. He, too, was forgetful. He shook his white head—

"This world is all emptiness," gravely he said— "Our hopes are delusive—our joys only baubles—We have one enjoyment to legions of troubles!"

It is strange, it is strange that the mind is so planned: We write evils on marble, and blessings in sand.

Original Essays.

FINANCE, BANKING AND CURRENCY.

The time will come when the development of new forces will so far increase production, that we shall only need to put forth the hand and take without cost, what we need for consumption. All will labor, and all be satisfied. Thus is it in the spirit world, and thus have we reason to hope it may be here. But, until the time arrives, we must have commerce, and with commerce, we must have currency, and with that, banking.

The merchandise which each creates must have a representative—and this is all currency. The form is immaterial; the essential nature of all representative of merchandise is one and the same—differing only in degree.

appears, and reason is found occupying the supreme bench in the mental court, judging "sacred things" just as it ought to.

And now, dear "Christians," I have no battles to fight with you. The inharmonies of which I have complained, or pointed out to you, are only what appear when Christ's teachings, or the whole Bible, if you please, is viewed from your own standpoint or platform; or, in other words, through your own glasses. But when I step forward to the point from whence I view things—(viz.): reason and experience—all is harmony; even the Bible is full of harmony. All of God's universe, and that which pertains to it, are in the most perfect agreement with the causes or conditions which produce them, and the ends to be accomplished. Ends? No! There are no ends, but everlasting cycles of progression. Inharmonies appear only when mistaken views prevail—when we take things for what they are not, instead of what they really are. Here is the great mistake of the people called "Christians" with regard to the Bible. It is taken for what it is not; hence inharmonies appear, and painful perplexity is the natural result of such conditions or circumstances.

Let the Bible stand a perfect representative of the condition of the numerous minds that produced it, or from which it was a natural outgrowth in all its parts and bearings, and perfect harmony and agreement will appear, and not till then. The mistake is in you, my honest but misguided friends, and not in the Bible; and the very course you take with respect to it in this age of progression and increasing light, is more calculated to "destroy" that book than any course you or any one else can pursue. But I am disposed to stand up against all odds, and boldly vindicate the true character, and perpetuate the proper use of the Bible, in my manner of treatment, it will live to bless. In yours it will be forgotten, or remembered as foolishness. How would we succeed in establishing and maintaining the reputation of scholar and gentleman for an individual who is constantly making blunders in etiquette and general information? But should our aim at reputation for this person be no higher than his real condition, don't you see how easily maintained would be the conscious, truthful witness who fears no cross-questionings? Here, then, is the whole difficulty of our harassed and troubled "Christians," whose perplexity increases with the march of mind around them. I highly prize the Bible, and would not dispense with it, or "destroy" it.

Monticello, Iowa, Jan. 4, 1864.

REPLY TO JOEL E. HENDRICKS.

DEAR SIR—In an annual parallax, the distance from the center of the base-line of the parallax to the object is its distance, and not from the ends of the base-line; because the sun's center coincides with the center of the base-line of the parallax. I said the star's distance from the sun's center, and not because I partly adopted Herschel's definition. Your reference to Sir John's and Worcester's meaning of annual parallax, is harmonious without doubt with your own view; but Worcester's dictionary on Astronomical Terms, is, I think, susceptible of great improvement. Noah Webster, the grand Master of Lexicographers, and the key-stone in the arch of literary men, says:

"Annual Parallax: the change of place in a heavenly body, in consequence of being viewed at opposite extremities of the earth's orbit."

I commend this definition to you, as being in agreement with the facts in the case; and when you, or any other man, bisects the isosceles triangle, which is formed from the diameter of the earth's orbit with the observed star in its vertex, and from this data reason trigonometrically, as Herschel has, you are guilty of a rape in science.

To find the star's distance:
As the sine of 1" is to radius:
So is the diameter of the earth's orbit in miles:
The demonstration by simple proportion—
To the star's distance from the sun's center in miles.
As 1" : 206, 264" :: 88 : 100, 000, 502 miles :: 39.210 : 882,865,988 miles. Hence the star's distance is proved to be twice as much as Herschel's distance.

The measure of the diameter of the earth's orbit, which is the third term in the proportion, is the result of my own determination of the sun's horizontal parallax, and it is exact to the fraction of a barley-corn. Contrast this accuracy with the looseness of T. Dick, who says that his given distance of the sun from the earth is within two millions of miles, more or less. The Astronomer Royal of England makes an allowance in his distance of five hundred thousand miles. The Royal Republican Astronomer, discarding these wide differences, found the distance to the sun so accurately, that it is true to the merest fraction. I have given the example to find the star's distance in simple proportion, that all your readers may understand the certainty of my claim.

I expect that theoretical men will pitch into me, as they did into Galileo and Newton; but men of thought will, I hope, take the pains to look before they leap. I am prepared to do for the Copernican System of Astronomy what Galileo did for the Aristotelian Philosophy of the Law of Falling Bodies. My book is written.

There lies before me a manuscript book, which is a disproof of the Copernican System of Astronomy. Any reliable man wishing to buy one-half of the Copyright, with the privilege of being a joint partner with me in procuring copyrights from other nations, can do so by paying me (10,000) ten thousand dollars. None need apply without the cash. To obviate all marvel, the Yankee who has demonstrated that Sir Isaac Newton failed in his application of the law of gravity to oblate spheroids, may be thought to have written a book worthy the attention of his countrymen.

WM. ISAACS LOOMIS.

Pastor of the Baptist Church in Martindale, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Jan. 29, 1864.

TO MY MOTHER.

[From the German.—For the Boston Post.]
With deep attention of the heart and mind,
I read the "Book of Life" thou gavest me;
And on each blessed page impressed I find
How very great the debt I owe to thee.
With sweet emotion do I oft reflect
How thou for me exulted hast and wept—
How thou my orphaned childhood didst protect,
And carefully my youth from error kept.
How me thy love hath followed, near and far,
And all my faults hath patiently endured;
In every strait thou wert my guiding star,
And grief-dispelling was thy every word.
How can I thee repay? My heart doth bring
Its grateful tribute, though of little worth;
My wanderings o'er, I come, as in life's spring,
To find again my truest friend on earth.

The Church and Mammon are closely allied in a "parish" in England, as the following paragraph conclusively shows—
"The Bank of England covers an entire parish, and it has a clergyman whose salary is \$700 a year. A room in the bank is kept to represent the church for the sake of keeping up the living and its emoluments."

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a "long prayer."—Fensdon.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY DR. J. DWIGHT STELLMAN.

"You have loved, and have lost the treasure forever, And cold is the heart once genial and true." Why should you grieve? 'T is conditions that sever, And the love that has fled is in heaven for you.

Angels are hovering, and upward will bear you From the jarring externals that rob thee of peace; The burden will fall from thy soul as they tear thee From idols and sorrows that hourly increase.

There are strands on the ocean no ship hath encountered, Where the waters are placid and the sky ever clear; Though the mariner's hope in his compass is centered, His course is a conflict of doubting and fear.

Look forth to the stars, as night doth enshroud thee; Seek light from above, and joyfully wait For love that more holy and pure shall enwrap thee, Unfurnished by passion, unswayed by hate.

Thus pure in thy thoughts and soul's aspiration, Pure spirits will seek to cheerfully blend, Till silent and still there will come inspiration, To fill thee with heaven, that never shall end.

A heaven on earth is a rational pleasure— A heaven diffusive, 't embrace in its fold The sighing and earth-worn that seek for a treasure In mystical shadows of a "City of Gold."

Then love on and live on, fulfilling love's labor, Seeking outcasts in tears from affection and home, Who sensibly feel the worth of a neighbor, While driven by hate or ambition to roam.

Harmony within will make heaven around you; And smiles that are genial and beaming with love, Will radiant gather, till hands that have bound you More glorious shine than you dream of above.

Whitewater, Mich.

Correspondence.

"A New Year's Gift from Muna."

The above is the title of a most beautiful poem from the spirit authors, "Muna"—an "Indian" spirit—given through the mediumship of Joseph D. Stiles, and published in the BANNER of Jan. 23, 1864. The medium claims for it "no particular literary merit," which shows either excessive modesty on his part, as disclaiming credit for that which he affirms himself to have been the unconscious instrument of penning, or that he does not sufficiently appreciate the esthetic in poetic numbers. If Mr. Stiles can command the attention of his muse frequently enough, I doubt not the readers of the BANNER would welcome the appearance of effusions like the above, weekly, the year round. "Literary merit," in poetry, we conceive to be the projecting before the mental vision of conceptions and imagery, not only ornately expressed, but lifelike in their susceptibility to apprehension, and graphic in delineation; and if the poem of Muna's does not realize in a most happy and striking degree these conditions, it is either a misfortune or felicity (I hardly know which) to be over critical or appreciative.

Respecting the interest which attaches to all revelations concerning the spirit-world, we are often told by mediums and lecturers that the curiosity phase of Spiritualism has about done its work, and will soon give place to the philosophical. So long as faith can never take the place of sight, nor speculation, nor belief, even that of realization, Spiritualism can never dispense with its numerous auxiliaries without the hazard of retrograding. For five years I have resided at Niagara, and though the physical conformation of its scenery became minutely stamped upon my memory, yet I found that seeing was, after all, the only way of realizing the vastitude of the great spectacle—that knowledge itself, even, lost its power of conveying to the mind the fullness of reality, without constantly replenishing it by re-witnessing the scene.

The primary and immediate object of Spiritualism is, to demonstrate the immortality of the soul; and to enjoy intensely an immortal existence, the spirit must earn its right to enjoyment by fighting manfully the battles of life, in all things pertaining to progressive existence. It is its incumbent duty—when mature enough—to enter the lists and ally itself with all moral, social and political reformatory movements. But before it can exercise a potential influence as an auxiliary instrumentality, it must acquire strength from its own inherent province and its own specific design. Spiritualism may acquire a resultant influence by its advancement to reformatory objects, but in proportion to the moral weight of its associations; in this respect, it will be ignored and eclipsed as a deserving cause. 'No; let Spiritualism for the present expend its chief efforts in self-development, relying wholly upon sensuous demonstrations of its reality, and the philosophy of immortality which its truths must necessarily evolve.

The moral effect of perusing one such work as "Life in the Spheres," is worth more than the reading of the best miscellaneous reform journal every week for a year. Mankind needs constantly to realize the evidence of the life to come. It needs a constant efflux of divine realities to reassure its ever-recurring doubt and misgiving respecting the certainty that we shall live beyond the present. There is but one way of fulfilling this desire, and that is by constant intercommunication with the invisible world.

By the way, a series of communications on "What and where is the spirit-world," by our lately departed brother, W. S. Courtney, through Hudson Tuttle, would be of profound interest to all Spiritualists at the present time.

Jackson, Mich., Jan. 25, 1864.

Experiences in Spiritualism.

Having read the account of "Experiences in Spiritualism" in the BANNER of Jan. 9th, by Aaron Dow, of Grass Valley, Cal., I feel it my duty to respond; I have been a subject of spiritual experiences from infancy, but my knowledge of the fact was not made clear until five or six years since. I have been consciously controlled by all classes of spirits—by those who had lived good lives while on earth, and whose happiness in the spirit-world was great. The influence of such, as I have many a time realized it, cannot be described, but it is a happiness that will ever remain unknown to those who have never enjoyed it, while the influence or presence of spirits less happy and less progressed, is exactly opposite.

The disease or pain from broken limb or mangled form of each spirit, is vividly daguerreotyped on my sensitive being, the pain and distress being the same as that suffered by the spirit previous to leaving the form. The spirits tell us that they are permitted to cast the effects, or memory, of the complaint from which they left the form, upon sensitive persons or mediums, and thus free themselves from what they consider actual aches and pains. Mediums suffer from these unfortunate spirits. The spirits say they get relief by such means as Mr. Dow states, and also by the simple fact of controlling mediums. The relief experienced by the spirit is instantaneous. The pain experienced by mediums often lasts for hours after the spirit has withdrawn. The explanation of this interesting phase of Spiritualism I have never satisfactorily heard. I have often thought that many of the diseases and aches and pains of man and womankind might

possibly be attributed to those spirits who have left mangled or diseased bodies. There is evidently light and knowledge needed on this point. My experience assures me of the truth of what the spirits say concerning this mode of freeing themselves from the effects of the diseases by which they left the form. I can inform Mr. Dow that there are very many such cases as he relates occurring every day in every part of the land.

With a desire for more light on this important phase of spiritual manifestations, I remain, yours, H. S. Chicago, Ill., Jan. 23, 1864.

A Social Talk.

I read the discussions, as reported in the BANNER, that have engaged the attention of our spiritual friends, with much interest and pleasure—that of Dec. 21st, "To Return Kindness for Unkindness," with especial gratification. Perhaps the view taken in a more recent discussion, that our efforts to promote human happiness originate in selfish motives, is incorrect. To my mind it seems a thorough and most unfortunate misapprehension, which practical benevolence could never tolerate nor suggest.

The Omnipresent Ruler of the universe has given us a beautiful world, stored with rich blessings, of which the whole human family are invited to partake. Some of us return daily thanks to this benevolent and all-bountiful Providence. But why thank our Heavenly Father, if the selfish desire to please himself is the sole motive for all the loving kindness and tender mercies which we are daily and hourly receiving at his hands.

Christ tells us, "By love serve one another; love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." Christ taught his heavenly and soul-obeying doctrine to a barbarous and benighted world, well knowing the inevitable consequence, the punishment of a cruel death. Yet, for our sake, he braved it, and was nailed to the cross. Shall it be said, we may not bless and thank our Saviour for this sacrifice, for he poured out his heart's blood, not for our sake, but to please himself?

To perform an act of kindness, and of tender mercy, prompted by the sincere desire to relieve suffering or promote the happiness of another, and at the sacrifice of time, labor, health and life itself, shall we call this selfish? The life of a fellow creature is in imminent danger; we rush to the rescue at the peril of our own. Is this the prompting of selfishness?

We may not from mixed motives; we may perform an apparently good act from bad motives; but shall we, therefore, say disinterested benevolence is to be found in no human breast?

There are men, there are women—yes, thank God! there are children, too—whose hearts are full to overflow with love and good will for the whole human family, the natural language of whose countenances declare to you at the first glance that a loving, gentle spirit, a kind and trustworthy heart, is there. But we may be told there are counterfeits; there are smiling but deceitful faces, there are seducing smiles which are prompted by base and sinister motives, that are designed to lure us to disappointment or ruin, to say nothing of that too numerous portion of humanity who gratify their evil propensities without disguise and without remorse.

The character of selfishness is then well understood; it is to seek our own gratification, whether corporeal or spiritual, regardless of the welfare of others. Can we so misconceive or deprecate the godlike virtue of benevolence as to identify its motive with the same odious term? If so, all virtue is a fallacy, and disinterested benevolence can have no existence in heaven or on earth.

Such is not the meaning of language in its ordinary acceptance, nor in the straight forward apprehension of sound common sense. Philology is an interesting and no doubt useful study. It sometimes assumes to tell us not only from whence words came, but whither they are going; yet we cannot consent to see the term selfish applied to acts of godlike benevolence without an earnest remonstrance against so barbarous a profanation, such a thorough, practicable and inexplicable confounding of all that is lovely and all that is hateful.

Our worthy friends must not call these remarks a disrespectful, unkind or aimless criticism. It is an effort to redeem the first, the best, the most indispensable duty of man, which is the cultivation of the benevolent affections from the stigma of a term, most incongruously applied, which comprises all that is base and demoralizing. Our own happiness is best secured by striving to promote the happiness of others. This motive, so far as the human character may be compared to the divine, is godlike. And so far as sound common sense prevails, and the just apprehension of words to express the language of the soul may be found, this motive for action not only comprises all that is lovely and divine in the character of man, but all that may be esteemed purely unselfish.

W. S. W.

Mrs. Wilson, Chicago, Ill.

The above-named lady, Mr. Editor, requests the name of the unfortunate family spoken of in "Incidents of a City Bangle." I will simply say that I am not at liberty to give more than was revealed in that article at present, as there is a reservation of much that transpired, and is transpiring, to be revealed in the future. I am promised by my impressions, that the future of this family will furnish a sketch of much interest to those who believe "truth more strange than fiction." I will say that the mother has passed to the higher life, and through her influence a radiant future awaits her children, who are now cared for from a source little expected, which convinces me that the spirit "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform;" mysterious to those who see not, and believe not; that the bending heavens will yet mold the oppressors of humanity into humanity's protectors; and the interior history of human suffering and human selfishness shall be given to the world—the philosophy of which shall light with gladness the dying mother's soul, and wipe the sad tear from the orphan's eyes.

Huntly, Ill.

Who Can Tell?

MR. EDITOR—Are Uncle Samuel's Post Office functionaries the only parties responsible for the non-delivery of my BANNER? I have received but one copy, since my return from Boston, now nearly a month. If I do not receive one to-day I shall feel somewhat inclined to be a little troublesome; that is, to ask you to take steps to ascertain fairly if my paper has been regularly mailed. If it has, and then from no cause explainable at this end of the route, it has been literally spirited away, I shall indeed be astounded. A few words explanatory may be interesting, and enable you to solve the difficulty.

Shortly after the appearance of my letter in the January 9th No. of the BANNER, I received through the P. O. a very interesting and ably written letter from an unknown correspondent; my reply brought forth another exceedingly convincing and beautiful production, in which, in the form of a postscript, was contained a caution of singularly forcible meaning. The writer says he was induced to open the letter, after having closed it for mailing, with the view of clearing up and preventing my misunderstanding his views on a certain proposition discussed in said letter—when lo! he was influenced to substitute, instead of his own thoughts, a message interesting and valuable to me beyond expression. In this I am forbidden impetuous haste, and told to practice patience—that to know all

I desired now would be "the greatest calamity that could befall me!" but that all would be made clear gradually and as fast as I could receive it. There are specific reasons known to me why this caution was needed, and I have to acknowledge my deep sense of the wisdom and beneficence of the directing mind from whence it emanated.

Now, coupled with the failure of your BANNER to come to hand, I am perplexed—or convinced? How am I to account for the simultaneousness of the two transactions? The caution not to explore too hastily coming from one place, at one time, and the withholding the papers, which I counted upon as an aid in my investigations, going on at the same time, in a different locality, both point to the same end. Can it be possible that both acts are directed by the same power, and that power an invisible and external intelligence? What a stupendous question! Who can answer it? Yours truly, J. FOASTYR.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 30th, 1864.

From Vermont—Singular Incident.

MESSES EDITORS.—At the base of one of our highest green mountains lies the busy village of East Middlebury, where there is a large and appreciative audience on the 24th. Having heard of the interest of the friends of reform at this place, I was somewhat surprised to find the neat white church filled with listening auditors, and, while the sweet tones of the melodeon vibrated on the air, I looked around and thought, if Spiritualism had "died out" here, what must its living manifestation be.

I found considerable excitement on the subject of spirit photography, occasioned by the fact of there having been the face of a child, so life-like and real, impressed on the plate as to be recognized by the lady for whom it was taken. The likeness was not a photograph, but a daguerreotype retaken from an old one that had been taken many years ago, of a mother; and the sweet face which came upon it was a representative of the child of that mother and niece of the lady who desired the likeness of the departed mother. But the lady refused to accept one on which the child's face was impressed until by repeated efforts it was found the mother could not be obtained without the child's face also. It is thought by some who have seen the spirit-photographs by Mummer, to be far more distinct and life-like than those produced by him.

In conversation with the artist, Mr. B. I found him unacquainted with the manifestations of our philosophy, and when asked how it was produced, he answered, apparently in good faith, "I cannot tell. I supposed at first it might be the re-appearance from an old plate; but, selecting one from a new, unused pack, and finding it, if possible, even more perfect than the former ones, I stand in ignorance of the whole matter." I have succeeded in obtaining a few subscribers for the BANNER, and hope in due time to obtain more.

E. M. WOLCOTT.

Elm Cottage, Rochester, Vt., Jan. 26th, 1864.

THE SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY ORAH K. CAMERON.

Talk not of death—there is no death;
The passing of this fleeting breath
But usher into higher life
The spirit, with new beauties rife.

The heavenly germ will not expand
Until we reach the spirit-land,
Where all the budding flowers will open
To full fruition, born of hope.

A higher life we all might live;
God would the new existence give,
If we that power would exercise,
Which every spirit deifies:

Which makes us of himself a part,
And purifies the mind and heart,
No human wisdom e'er can learn,
No mortal vision can discern.

The glorious wonders we can trace
Above us, in the world of space,
Unheard by the unpracticed ear
Are the celestial notes we hear.

No human wisdom can declare
The language written everywhere,
Save unto whom hath God revealed
This new existence; ever sealed
In Nature's book of mysteries,
Unladen, all her argosies.

A halo of glory to earth is descending.

It comes from the glorified regions above!
The footstep of angels our pathway attending,
Reveal the rich fullness of God's tender love.

When the spirit is fainting with earth-wearing sorrow,
She seeks for communion with souls that are freed,
And longs for Eternity's endless To-morrow,
Whose sunlight of glory no shadow will heed.

Oh, earth-weary spirit! toll up o'er the mountains;
You'll soon reach the summit where joy is supreme;
Where the waters are gushing from life's flowing fountain,
And the rainbow of love will eternally gleam.

Jabez Hinchshaw.

Our venerable friend, Seth Hinchshaw, senior, of Greensboro', Indiana, sends us the following communication, which he received through the spirit dial from his son in the spirit-world:

DEAR FATHER.—I have often heard you wish you could hear from your son through the dial. I never had the opportunity till now. I heard that you, or rather Mrs. Mary Thomas, wrote me a letter, but I never received it. Sampson gave it to another of my name. I am not away from your side much of my time—only when I am with my dear Mary and my dear children. Father, you do not know how I love my dear daughter, and feel interested in her welfare. You have had a happy time in your belief, father, but you will be so much disappointed when you really know how much different it is here—you will then be sorry you had not come here long ago. I am so happy it is not worth my while to try to describe it to you on paper.

Father, I have not much more time to talk, or I could fill twenty sheets. I still remain your own son, JABEZ HINCHSHAW.

To my dear father, sisters and brothers.

Meeting at Lockport.

The Friends of Progress in Niagara county held their second quarterly meeting of the year at Lockport, on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th of the present month.

The most prominent among the speakers were Mrs. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. E. C. Clark, of Eagle Harbor, and Mr. Havens, of Livingston county. Standing upon a free platform, the speakers seemed to be inspired to utter the most wholesome truths and those of the greatest practical importance, which were listened to by an attentive and appreciative audience.

Our next quarterly meeting will be held on the first Saturday and Sunday of March next; and our yearly meeting, of three days, the second Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of June, 1864. Speakers passing near Lockport about the time of these meetings, and who would be willing to attend them, can address our Corresponding Secretary, Ira Bronson, Lockport, N. Y. S. J. GAZETTE, Sec'y.

Lockport, N. Y., Dec., 1863.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—No. 4.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Deception, that bane and dread of earth, is there unknown; for no false smiles can there mask a perfidious design, nor can the lips be recreant to the heart's utterances, nor disloyal sentiments usurp the place of sun-bright honesty and truth. The flashes of jeweled light that emanate from the spirit reveal its growth, its mental and its moral status. Oh, blessed land of everlasting realities! there no hypocrisy assumes the saintly garb of truth; there never brood the serpents of suspicion; the basilisk gaze of enmity is never met there, where the sunshine of love divine fructifies the life-needs, and the fiat of decay goes never forth. Oh! land of loveliest repose and most unceasing action! oh, soil of most beautiful endowment! angel birthplace of pure thoughts and soul-ennobling deeds! what earthly language can portray thy glories? what combination of imperfect words suffice for the prolation of thy satisfying loveliness?

The winds there never chill; there is no wailing sound in their majestic sweep of power; only music; joy-fraught with messages of love and peace. The sunshine there calls into existence only beautiful forms; it vivifies and never scorches; no palling change is on the flower's face; no storms disturb the azure and golden tranquility of sea and sky; the purification of the exalted heart has led to the serene enjoyment of Nature's eternal summer reign; the banishment of evil has conducted to the contemplation of the respondent loveliness of good. Harmony has attained to perfect music the lyre-chorus of spirit, and never-ceasing inspiration has breathed the balm of love and joy over the flower-domain, as o'er the hearts of the thrice-blessed dwellers there!

There wander hand in hand the linked Beneficents, the glowing Charities, the rose-garlanded Sympathies. There Knowledge, crowned and sceptered, walks with amaranth-wreathed Humility, and Patience wears the symbols of fruition in star-clusters on her placid brow and loving heart. There, clad in transparent folds of alvery-gleaming whiteness, Purity, the High Priestess of the skies, leads worshipping souls unto the unveiled shrine of Love. There, vestal lilies form the marriage chaplet, and holiest birds of song nestle mid the bridal bowers, and the poet's dream of Eden is verified, and the dreamer's visions are fulfilled.

Laurel, Ill.

Departed.

The mortal form of another new-born spirit was interred here in the presence of surviving friends on the 23d of Nov., 1863. Yes, sister Sarah Boony, after a lingering illness of nearly 20 years, "thou hast gone to thy rest, and we will not deplore thee." She was in her 70th year. The twenty years that preceded her departure she was crippled with rheumatism, and had to be waited upon like a child. Although she suffered so much during this protracted illness, her soul bore up above it all. The certainty of a future and happier life was more than all her suffering, and while her outward body was decaying, her soul was ripening for heaven; and all who came within the sphere of her influence felt called upon to be purer and better. She was a Spiritualist, and a firm believer in the ability of her spirit-friends to aid and comfort her in her hours of anguish, never forgetting to cherish the spirit of internal purity taught by the Nazarene. Her spirit was eminently devoted; she loved to commune with God and the angels. She almost daily received sweet and refreshing draughts from the upper spheres. She embodied in her spirit an angel as well as a sister. She was a Spiritualist, and a firm believer in the ability of her spirit-friends to aid and comfort her in her hours of anguish, never forgetting to cherish the spirit of internal purity taught by the Nazarene. Her spirit was eminently devoted; she loved to commune with God and the angels. She almost daily received sweet and refreshing draughts from the upper spheres. She embodied in her spirit an angel as well as a sister.

She left several children to mourn her departure; but they would not call her back, knowing that their loss is her gain.

Sigourney, Krakak Co., Iowa, Jan. 21.

PASSED ON TO THE INNER LIFE—Edward I. Behn, son of Isaac and Abigail Behn, of this city, in the 20th year of his age.

Among the influences of a faith in the Spiritual Philosophy, there are few that are more important or consoling than that which it brings not only to the departed, but to all of us, when our loved ones are called home to the better land; and in this instance we have been sustained by the satisfactory evidence that our young brother was not to be a pilgrim and stranger in the land to which he was going, but that he was in reality "going home."

This young man responded to the call for volunteers to defend our Government, and spent more than a year in the army; and while on the peninsula of Virginia—that graveyard which has swallowed up so many bright hopes and fond anticipations—he was taken with typhoid fever, from which he recovered, but not in a condition of health to remain in the army; he received an honorable discharge and returned home. Soon, however, the pale and emaciated form indicated that that fell disease, consumption, was lurking in his system.

During the past month, as he grew weaker, his interior faculties became unfolded, and at times he was enabled to see some of the dwellers of the inner life, and near the close he realized the presence of these loved ones, and declared that "they had come to lead him home." Thus he passed quietly over the river to the Better Land, where around him flowers of immortal beauty shall bloom forever.

Brother! when affection prompts thee to return to earth, remember that the loved ones here who cherish thy memory now, will hold thee dear, and welcome thee to the inmost sanctuary of their souls, and thus shall the links of true affection remain forever unbroken.

H. T. C.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1864.

Instantly killed at the storming of Mission Ridge, Tenn., on the 25th of November, 1863, Sergeant Don P. Wyman, of Co. G, 74th Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

This brave soldier was a firm Spiritualist, and an honor to his profession. He was an excellent medium; a citizen beloved and respected by all, a tried friend and brother, a noble husband, a brave and trusty soldier. He has joined in spirit-life a beautiful daughter; and though passed from earth, he works for the cause so dear to him—the promotion of the truths of spirit-communion. He selected the subject through the organum of the writer, who delivered the funeral address.

WILLIAM L. WILBURN.

Coldwater, Mich., Jan. 24, 1864.

From Foxcroft, Me., Jan. 17th, Alvin Blood calmly passed through the "Golden Gateway" to the ever-green fields of Immortal Life. Fifty-seven years and five months of their varying shades of joy and sadness, of trial and discipline, had he spent in this sphere, and to the many friends who knew of the firm moral principle, the untiring energy which characterized his business and social life, he has left an example worthy of imitation.

He became an early investigator in the Spiritual Phenomena; his philosophic teachings found a responsive chord in his heart; thenceforth he has been a zealous and firm advocate of its beautiful truths. He met the "Angel of Death" trustingly; calmly made arrangements for his funeral; requested that a speaker of our beautiful faith should be obtained to conduct the services. We know although the material has been removed from our view, that our brother still lives and walks and talks with us, rejoicing in the knowledge that

"There is no death; what seems so is transition; This life of mortal being Is but a portal of the life eternal."

The Western Pacific Railroad is complete to San Jose, fifty miles. Cars ran the entire length Jan. 16th, taking 20

Spirit Manifestations.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. W., well known and worthy citizens of Charlestown, where he has been in business and they have lived for twenty three years past, the narrator, with other gentlemen and ladies, being about twenty-two in number, met on the evening of January 23d, at the house of their host in Charlestown, to witness such manifestations (sometimes called spiritual) as might accompany or be made in the presence or through the organism of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, of South Malden, known as a spiritual medium.

The company gathered together in a small dining-room, in which was an extended black walnut table about ten feet long, with rounded ends. The medium—of fair complexion, slight constitution, finely and regularly cut features, spiritual cast of countenance, and apparently not much over twenty years of age—was seated at the head of the table, with a smaller table behind and touching both the back of her chair and the end of the room. The hostess sat next to and on her left side, and another lady on her right side; their chairs were placed on the lower part of the medium's dress, and thereby prevented her from rising from her seat until the chairs were removed, which was not done till the close of the seance. The ladies and gentlemen seated themselves alternately around the table, commencing with the narrator on the left side of the hostess, and the group closed with the lady who sat on the right side of the medium. As the company was large, and the room comparatively small, they sat so close to one another that their chairs adjoined continuously around the table. After the company were seated, there was not sufficient space for even a child to pass on the outside of either end or either side of the oblong circle formed by the seats around the dining table. A violinist, with his violin, sat in one corner of the room, remote from the medium. There was no room for the friendly host to sit in the circle. His heart was larger than his dining-room. As he was desirous of witnessing the performances, he stood by himself in a place from which he could not have approached or reached to the medium or the musical instruments which were on the side table, without being noticed by some of the company, and especially by the narrator.

In one corner of the room was a tenor drum, but not within reach of the medium. A base viol rested against the small table. On this table were a guitar, a tambourine, an accordion, a small music box, and eight or ten bells, varying in size from a tea bell to a large dinner bell. A base drum, with a musical triangle tied to it, was secured close to the ceiling, just above and over one end of the small table, which was behind the medium's chair and against one end of the room.

The company were requested to clasp hands, and on no account to unlock their hold, lest happen what might. The narrator, in compliance with request, put his right hand, with the fingers toward the medium, between the hands of the hostess, which were upon the table. Mr. C. A. P., a citizen of Charlestown, who sat next to the lady on the right of the medium, placed his left hand, with the fingers toward the medium, between the hands of the lady, which were also on the table. The medium then began, and continued during the whole seance till a moment before its close, to rapidly pass each of her hands, touching on and over the little pile of three hands on either side of her. She said that thereby she acquired the magnetism of the whole circle, and that it was necessary, to sustain her during the seance.

Some familiar melodies and tunes were then sung. In a few minutes the medium appeared to be partially unconscious. Her eyes were closed and her muscles and nerves apparently relaxed. The hostess said that she was in a trance. Up to this moment the room had not been lighted with gas, as was usually the case, but by the flame of a small lamp. It was now, at the request of the hostess, blown out.

The singing and the constant passing of the medium's hands on and over the little batteries of three hands each, on her either side, continued. This movement of the medium's hands was felt without interruption throughout the whole seance by the two ladies, one of whom sat next to and on either side of her, and by the two gentlemen, namely, the narrator and Mr. C. A. P., who each sat one remove beyond and on either side of the medium.

In a few minutes a slight sprinkling of water was perceived on the faces of nearly all the company, who quickly and in pleasant moods expressed their surprise. It seemed as if the spirits, if such they were, whose performances were heard, were disposed to be frolicsome. Soon were heard sounds as if proceeding from twanging the strings of the base viol and the guitar. Then prolonged strains of sweet and plaintive music, evidently from the guitar, which, to judge from the sound and the vibration of the air, was swiftly carried around just inside and over the heads of the company. This was repeated two or three times. At one moment the sound appeared so near to each one's forehead, so they said, and so it seemed to the narrator, that each one thought that he or she felt the vibration of the strings; then the sounds receded, as if going around the room, just over and above the heads of the company. The click of the music-box, while being wound up, was also heard, and it played one or two melodies. Next were felt delicate and quick touches on the cheeks, heads and necks of the company. So soft and gentle, yet so quick and gliding, were they that they seemed like the sprightly movements and graceful pranks of a sportive child. There was nothing in the temperature of the touch to attract attention. Then the touches were heavier; the whisks and hair were stroked; the arms, shoulders and ankles were pressed and sometimes clasped. This was done, not only once, but again and again. One person, on saying that she had not been touched, was instantly, and before her utterance was completed, smartly yet gently struck.

For the purpose of acknowledging the kindness of the spirits, (for by this time the phenomena, by common consent, were attributed to them, and to no other source whatever,) and at the same time to indicate to one another when and how often the touches and movements were perceived, every one, as he or she personally perceived the touch, audibly said, "Thank you!" The manner of its utterance was as various as were the emotions of the speaker: some of the company having enjoyed a longer acquaintance with spiritual tests, were very familiar and on the best of terms with the spirits; others spoke with hesitation and in a scarcely audible voice, as if they felt it to be a solemn matter to converse with the spirits of the dead.

Lively and stirring music was next heard, apparently from the tambourine and the bells, marked with a degree of melody, volume, sweetness, crispness and exactness of time, that those of the company who were familiar with the use of such instruments said they had never heard equalled by mortal hands.

The violinist during all this time was in that corner of the room (as was evident by the music drawn from his violin and the sound of his voice) where he had been barred by the chairs of the company when the circle was formed. He had, when requested, played upon his violin such airs as the taste of the company had called for. Part of the time his performances had been accompanied by the music of the guitar, tambourine and bells, played by the invisible. Now he was called upon for some of the national airs. He commenced "Hail Columbia." Instantly a noble accompaniment from the base and tenor drums, beat by the invisibles, joined in. Great power and exactness of stroke were apparent, yet the beat was not too loud nor too slow, but just right.

Occasionally a book or a bell would now be thrown as from above the medium, diagonally upon, and

glance off, the large table. Then, as if the invisible performers preferred that way of relieving themselves of the instruments, they were thrown with force upon the table, and finally the guitar and base viol were thus disposed of, and the base viol slid off into the laps of two of the company, to their amazement, who sat next to and on the left of the narrator, and its head rested against his right breast.

The hostess then said that the manifestations were ended, and that it was necessary to remove the medium into another room before the gas should be lighted; otherwise the effect of the light on the medium, in the peculiar condition she then was in, would injure her. She was accordingly, at a few minutes before 9 P. M., in an apparently in-sensible and helpless condition, carried out by two ladies. The gas was lighted, the books, bells and musical instruments were seen scattered on the table and about the room, and the base viol was in the position just before described. The seance had lasted little more than an hour. The room, table and other circumstances were again carefully scrutinized, the personal experiences at that seance, of those there present, were exchanged and compared, and the cause of the phenomena sought for.

After a few days' reflection several of the company, who from their situation at the time, being next or near to the medium, or from other circumstances, knew of their personal knowledge that she did not and could not have handled or even have touched, without their knowledge, the musical instruments, that she did not and could not have made the touches and material impressions which were at the time attributed to spirits; that no other living person either in or out of the room produced the phenomenon, or was privy to producing them, subscribed a carefully drawn statement of the facts and circumstances, which were as are herein stated. They also attested the sincerity of their belief in the statement. To authenticate the evidence and to attest the sincerity of their belief, they made oaths to the statement before a magistrate. This document has been in the possession of the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Any person having the single object of investigating the truth of the foregoing can perhaps obtain further information by applying to him.

January 28, 1864. A. E. G.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

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

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

but have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Grow or Shrink.

We might as well convey our leading idea by a caption of this sort, so long as it accurately expresses what lies in our mind to say. It is the one fact which not all persons, by any means, are apt to keep in their minds, that unless we grow we are certain to shrink; there is no mean between these two points, and no possible alternative. The forms of faith—or subscription and assent rather—to which we adhere with such an irrational, unchangeable, and thoroughly bigoted tenacity, exert either one or the other of these two tendencies—to make us expand or contract, rich or poor, large or small, better or worse. Which is it, now, in the case of each one of us? This is a question that nobody can afford to put aside as if it were not worth an answer, or its urgency did not demand an answer, or would in some way and at some time answer itself. Creeds may have been useful, but they are cramping; we are willing to give them full credit for what they have done for man, but insist that just so soon as man sees and feels that he hindered instead of helping him, and blind instead of releasing him, they are to be thrown down and abandoned. The scaffolding of the first service in erecting a structure; but it is not suffered to remain after the edifice is completed, an unsightly and needless appurtenance. Just so with creeds, and formularies, and modes of worship, and prearranged plans of conduct; they are well so long as they are a help to growth—after that they are a dead hindrance. We have discussed this matter over and over again in the BANNER, and suppose we shall continue to discuss it until a great many more minds have tasted freedom than know of its sweets now. An extract from one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, recently delivered, comes in so fitly into the body of our remarks on this score, that we cannot well refrain from making the quotation. Still, the matter for comment and wonder is, that all this is the exception instead of the rule—that a single word should have to be uttered about the liberal tendencies of men and ministers like Beecher, when the only point deserving comment ought to have been that men are all so creed-bound as they are, and that the attempted independence of even one ex-cites general remark. Beecher's ideas ought to be the rule, not the exception.

Said this self-willed preacher to his audience, touching on this subject of free-thinking: "There is nothing imaginary in the statement that the creed power is being to prohibit the Bible as really as Rome did, though in a subtler way. During the whole course of seven years' study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an unauthorized statement, spiked down and stereotyped, of what he must find in the Bible, or be martyred. And does any one acquainted with human nature need to be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that freedom of opinion—the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free? Rome could have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find the Pontifical creed, on pain of death. Was that liberty? Hence I say that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumbscrew of criticism, by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the study consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass, that the ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or, if they do study and search, they cannot show people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them." It is high time some such ground was taken by the leading preachers of the day. Orthodox never can stand the

pressure of the popular faith and conscience upon it. It must either abandon its old ground—which it will certainly do just as fast as it is driven to—or it must be trampled under foot by the great and free spiritual movements of the time. The human mind refuses to take stones for bread much longer, or to subject itself to the iron tyranny of a class of men who style themselves the only agents of the Father to his children.

Reading such a passage as the above, it is perfectly easy to see what changes are rapidly going on among the people in respect of those cramping formulas of belief to which a strict subscription is no longer of any use. The day is dawning. The light comes streaming from the east, and finds its way into all hearts. If the thousands of now silent ones who say no word about the working of the spiritual forces within them, were to break forth on a sudden, encouraged by a greater freedom and liberality on the part of those whom they are habituated to follow, what strange mysteries would they not disclose to us, what astonishment would come over us at the thought of such an amount of real spiritual life having been buried under the weight of forms and subscriptions and conformities and fear! Yet all these strange disclosures are to be made, also we must believe that there is no growth, no stretch to the spiritual faculties. The world does move, and we must go with it or be thrown off. Who would stay to defend the uses of the shell, when the sweet kernel is reached after all this pain? Who cries out against his neighbor, simply because he tells him where he can enrich himself, and become greater and stronger?

Rev. Moses Hull in Boston.

We clip the following extract from the World's Crisis of February 2d:

"It is but a few days since we saw an account of a prominent and able preacher, who had been for years preaching the coming of Christ, the sleep of the dead, and the destruction of the wicked, who had been led by Satan's devices to renounce his faith in these great truths and join the Spiritualists, to preach for them, and endeavor to prove that man is immortal. The Lord foresaw that such things would take place, and moved the apostle to write—Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

The "prominent and able preacher" alluded to in the above extract is the Rev. Moses Hull, one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates the Adventists ever had in their ranks; and we take pleasure in announcing to our readers, and to the Adventists generally, that he is to speak before the Spiritualists of this city, in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday next, and we hope that not only Spiritualists, but his late Advent brethren, will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear what he has to say. We understand that he will, in his afternoon lecture, give his biblical reasons for renouncing the doctrine of the sleep of the soul. This is a subject which cannot but interest all who believe in that doctrine. Bro. Miles Grant, editor of the Crisis, will undoubtedly be present, and perhaps challenge the "prominent and able preacher" to a discussion, as he is the champion of the Advent faith in this part of the country.

We would remind our friends that Mr. Hull intends to remain here a few weeks, and will answer calls to lecture before Spiritualist Societies in this vicinity. His address for the present will be BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Rebel Re-enlistments.

We might naturally expect to hear from the rebels that they had been re-enlisting again, for what else is left them to do? Either be conscripted and swept into Jeff. Davis's armies by his barbarous press-gangs, that go scouring the hamlets and plantations of the South, or else come into the arrangement voluntarily. It is Hobson's choice, in any case. The Davis order for a levy en masse—a thing never heard of, much less practiced, in a civilized corner of the world—is so cruel, so inhuman an order, sweeping all males between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five into the rebel ranks, that it is just as well, if not a good deal better, for the men in the army whose terms of enlistment have honestly expired to offer to enlist over again, as to offer to go home and then be dragged straight back again by the merciless clutch of military conscription. Such a sort of volunteering is quite on a par with the whole of the Jeff. Davis arrangements in reference to raising armies, and ought not to be set down as meaning anything more than that he has managed to get about all the power there is left in his hands.

The Pope Getting Frightened.

In the columns of a European paper we read that the Pope—says his son!—has become so badly frightened by the presence of Mr. Home, the distinguished medium, at Rome, that he ordered him to depart from the limits of the Eternal City within seventy-two hours, taking all his baggage and baggage along with him. Mr. Home protested against this summary sort of treatment, but to no effect. He then laid his case before the British Minister resident, he being himself a British subject, and the minister protested for him; the result was, as might have been expected in a case of this character, that the American-born medium was permitted to remain unmolested, although, in order to compromise the affair and let the Pope down "easy," he was forced to sign a positive agreement that he would "practice no fascinations" while he remained, nor call up spirits, or demons, from the nether world, or down from the upper one. The Pope is scared, and the joke of it is he does not seem to know what he is scared about. We hope Mr. Home will insist obstinately on staying near to "His Holiness" until the latter gets completely cured of his childish superstitions.

Good Advice.

Warrick Martin, of Waukegan, Illinois, has written a very sensible letter to the Herald of Progress, from which we make the following extracts:

"I do not like to see Spiritualists trying to write and dog each other down. It is too much like the angry-God, Church policy, of the past, which we, in words, despise. We should abandon the practice of evil speaking, both in public and in private. It injures, but cannot benefit us, to dwell upon the imaginary or real faults of others. If we cannot speak well of persons, let us say nothing about them. If we could only see the interiors of those we accuse, we might, perhaps, see much cause for praise and none for blame. At least, let us be silent about others until we become perfect ourselves."

It is often the case that we are the most severe upon others for the very faults of which we ourselves are guilty. We fancy, at such times, there is something in our case, which we understand, that excites us, but that there is nothing of the kind in our brother's or our sister's case that will excite them. Let us remember that "love works no ill to its neighbor"—"love thinks no evil"—"love covers a multitude of sins"—"love is not puffed up." I have always found spirits careful not to injure the reputations of persons. If they can say no good of them, they say no harm. We should imitate them in this."

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

Her lecture on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 31st, was, "Quietism," during which she gave a history of the sect called "Quietists," which originated from their religious belief in Sanctification and Justification. And in the evening she continued the same subject, but explaining more particularly the doctrine of Sanctification and Justification. Both lectures were treated in her usual acceptable style, and were appreciated by large audiences.

"THE PSALMS OF LIFE," by John S. Adams, is one of the very best books that can be used in Spiritualist meetings. Buy it.

The French Assembly.

M. Thiers has recently pronounced a speech in the French Legislature which causes general commotion with that body and outside of it. He has finally both shown up the pretence of Napoleon, that the people of France really live under a constitutional form of government, as a sheer delusion; if it were not that, then the people themselves would not be so profoundly pleased with his speech, neither would the Emperor manifest so much dissatisfaction and anxiety. Thiers, who is an experienced statesman, demands for France a free press, free speech, free elections, and a return to the system of ministerial responsibility. The press is now at the mercy of a Chief of Bureau at the Ministry of the Interior. Free speech is not tolerated, since it is not permitted individuals or public bodies to discuss the acts of Government. He supported his positions with arguments, too, which were irrefutable. How the Emperor will get over them, or over the excitement in and out of the Assembly which they create, it is not easy to understand. We think he has his hands about as full of business as they will hold.

Another Call for Men.

The President has just issued a call for 500,000 men to recruit the army up to the standard at which there will be some security for a final triumph and enduring peace, before the end of the current year. It is supposed that this call only means two hundred thousand men, over and above the three hundred thousand summoned to the field in October—altogether making a half-million of men. With this number of fresh men, in addition to the number previously in the field, the expectation is that a sufficient force will be in readiness to take hold of the spring campaign with a will, overwhelm the rebel power and authority, and make an end of the war forthwith. The heavy cost of war, increasing now with alarming rapidity, makes it necessary that one grand movement of this sort should be undertaken, with a view to the reasonable closing up of this weary business. Foreign relations, too, enter more or less largely into this logic, as elements urging us to reach the end as quickly as we can.

Lectures by Cora Wilburn.

We wish to call attention to the proposition of this talented and highly inspirational writer, to prepare discourses on the Spiritual Philosophy, Dress and Health Reform, Anti Slavery, and other kindred subjects bearing upon the vital interests of humanity. Our friends living in places remote from cities and large towns—where lecturers rarely, if ever, visit—can assemble together and have some one of their number read these lectures, and thus sow the seed for a coming harvest. In this way much good can be done in spreading the light of the Spiritual Philosophy. This project should command the serious attention of all Spiritualists and Reformers living in such remote places, especially.

Of the ability of Miss Wilburn to write suitable discourses, none of our readers can doubt, for they have often had opportunities to read many choice productions of her brain. The expense of one of her lectures is quite small, compared to their worth. Write to her at LaSalle, Illinois.

Your Mother.

Yes, young reader, are you kind to your mother? Who was it that took care of you in the cradle—watched over you in the long and weary hours of sickness—maintained her equanimity under all your fretfulness—alleviated the burning fever of your parched lips—and piloted your aching head on her sympathizing breast? What man or woman can afford, even from selfish considerations, to forget his or her mother, to put her away from him, to be careless whether she is at all times happy? We some of us think we can see faults in our mother; but have we never asked ourselves if she has not seen faults in us, years ago, and over and over again? And how did she behave toward them, painful as they must have been to her? Did she not have patience, and use charity toward them? Was she not long suffering? Then can we not at least remember this much in her favor? Can we not remember, too, that a man lives to have but one mother?

Lena De L'Orme.

The above is the title of a song written and composed by A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Mich. It is not often that one meets with a prettier musical gem than this. It is arranged in the unusual key of five flats. The soft, low strains are breathed forth with a sweet and melodious richness which perfectly thrills the soul of the listener—especially when the execution is done by artists. The words of the song are highly spiritual, and bid us listen to a voice from the skies, for

"Tis the voice of an angel love:
It tells of a spirit hovering high,
Revealing its joys from above.
The love of the soul ends not with death,
But breathes forever on high.
Thus my Lena speaks in the zephyr's breath,
In the night wind's sweetest sigh."

We congratulate our friend and co-laborer for the success of this morsel of an echo from his harmonious soul. It will become very popular, and we doubt not all our musical friends will be anxious to procure a copy. All orders should be addressed to A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

The Parker Fraternity Course.

The second lecture of the supplementary course before the Parker Fraternity, by Rev. Robert Collyer, on Tuesday evening, 2d inst., was listened to with profound attention by the appreciative audience present. As a specimen of the speaker's style, we subjoin the following:

He wanted to stand where he could catch a glimpse of the great meanings of the events of the day, believing that all is right because God exists, and that in all the future there shall be no slave here forever. It has been observed that the great continents have two slopes from their principal mountain ranges down to the sea: the one is four or five times greater than the other, and the long slopes are in a general way directed toward the Atlantic or its dependent seas, as if long ago God had determined to group the continents together within the circle of the Atlantic. In the life of the world, Asia is seventy years old, Europe fifty, and Africa we cannot exactly state, but probably just about being born again. We see that every new civilization thus far has sprung up to the westward of the old one. We come then to ask the question, What does this mean? And I think you can find but one answer. It means that when this grand domain lay still and wild far back in the first fresh morning of creation, unnumbered centuries before Monroe's greatest grandfather had opened his eyes to the light, God had said, "I will make a new world, separate from all the world, and I will keep it for a new man. I will make it for a great common home, all of which shall work out some part of my plans, and that new world I will give utterly to my new man—every mountain and lake, and river, and sea—and I will arrange it that all the treasure that my people can need from the mountains and grandeur of the earth to the stinging birds in the woods, shall be to them an inheritance forever. Every foot of land shall be given to him, and every river shall be given to him from the head waters to the sea."

The next lecture, on the 16th inst., will be delivered by George Thompson, of England.

Circulating Library of Spiritual and Miscellaneous Books.

We would remind our readers in Philadelphia and its vicinity that they can procure all the Spiritual Books of note for perusal at Mrs. C. W. Hale's Circulating Library, 331 Race street, at a moderate fee. This lady keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other spiritual publications.

Two Heretics.

The two men whom the theological and sectarian world are talking about to-day with most vehemence, are the Bishop Colenso and Renan. Both have written on the Bible and Bible characters. A sketched, writing to one of our American Journals from Paris, furnishes the following description of these two noted personages, from his own standpoint: "Almost seven feet high, slender, but well formed, remarkably erect and handsome, with clear cut features and full of light, there walked the present Danquo of the English Church—Bishop Colenso." "If you chance to pass, on a fine morning, over any of the bridges which lead across the Seine toward the Institute, you will probably meet a thick-set man of moderate height and stoop-shouldered, looked closely at he passes, and you shall see a strongly marked face, somewhat Jewish in cut, flecked with red spots, not wanting in signs of resolution, but yet pre-occupied, and with an indescribable air of uncertainty. The man seems to be disputing with some invisible opponent, and shakes his hand, and even clenches his fist now and then. You have seen the author of 'The Life of Jesus.'" "It is something to know how noted men look, whether you take much interest in them yourself or not. We seem to see these two men right before us now. But it is fearful to think there are thousands of poor bigots, ready to pray for their decease any day, just as they did for the removal of Theodore Parker."

Slavery Gone.

A Baltimore Journal prints a letter from a Georgia planter to a friend in East Tennessee, in which he remarks:

"I am fully satisfied that slavery is done in this country, and am not much sorry for it, if we could only have peace and quiet the remainder of our lives. The Legislature of Georgia has passed a militia act requiring all men to be enrolled between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to be turned over to the Confederate Government on a call from the President. So, you see, after being robbed of everything we have made, our negroes all gone, then put all the men in the army, and leave our wives and children to starve under the name of freedom for our homes and firesides, is a rich idea. Capt. John, and old John, will be the only men left in the district, and not one of them able to cut wood or make a fire. This looks like 'getting our rights in the territories.'"

This is the same story we hear from all sides—Border States and Cotton States—in relation to slavery. As a local institution it has "kicked the bucket." As an element of political weight, it long ago disappeared. We are glad to see these proofs of its decay and decrease from those chiefly interested in sustaining it, because it will tend to open the eyes of old Hunter politicians of all parties to the fact that slavery no longer has an existence to be talked about, and they can dismiss that dead subject and address themselves to the living questions of the time.

Current Events.

We have heard in confirmation of many of the rumors which have reached us from Richmond, of the unhappy condition of affairs in Rebeldom, from a gentleman who left Richmond on the 16th of January. He has been in the employ of that Government, but having recently lost his wife, he desired to come North, and watching an opportunity, he succeeded in making his escape. He says the story above is true. He gives a gloomy account of affairs in that place, and the scarcity of provisions and clothing. Of the forty thousand inhabitants, but few find employment except those in the Government service. He gave it as his opinion that the leaders of the rebellion would make a desperate show of resistance for a while, and during the time make preparations to leave the country, unless the soldiers got the start of them by refusing to fight and accepting the President's Amnesty Proclamation. The feeling among the people and soldiery in that direction was getting to be quite general.

Early on the morning of the 1st inst., the outposts at Anchester's Creek, N. C., were attacked by about fifteen thousand rebels, and driven in. At the same time the rebels also attacked the south side of Trent, and were severely repulsed.

The rebel papers are complaining of a scarcity of almost everything, and are especially bitter on the Davis Government for conscripting all the men between the ages of sixteen and sixty. They say there will be none left to till the soil, and consequently starvation must follow.

A revolt of the rebel garrison in Fort Morgan, in Mobile harbor, took place Jan. 17th, and the rebel gunboats were sent to quell it, when all the guns of the fort were turned upon them and they were driven off, and the stars and stripes were floated over the fort; but during the night while the garrison were off their guard, a large force surprised and captured them, with the exception of four men who made their escape in the darkness in a small boat, and arrived within our lines at Ship Island. Seventy of the rebels were deemed to be shot in Mobile. There is great dissatisfaction among the rebel soldiers in and around Mobile.

From the insinuations through rebel sources, it is surmised that Gen. Banks has attacked and captured Mobile. He has been fitting out an expedition lately and marching troops in that direction, and therefore there may be truth in the rumors.

The Convention in Arkansas has adopted a Constitution which provides for the immediate abolition of slavery.

The Legislature of Maryland has passed a bill calling a Convention to provide for the abolition of slavery in that State.

Several engagements have recently taken place in Tennessee, in which the Federal arms were victorious. Gen. Longstreet's second attack on Knoxville was a decided repulse.

Considerable maneuvering is being carried on by the armies in Tennessee—each striving to checkmate the other. They will come to blows soon.

Hon. George Head Riddle, a Representative to Congress in 1854, has been elected U. S. Senator from Delaware, in place of Senator Bayard.

The U. S. Gunboat Etowah, made a trial trip on Saturday week, during which she ran twenty miles in an hour on her outward trip, and on her return seventeen and one-seventh miles per hour, wind and tide being against her. This shows that the navy possesses some of the fastest steamers, as well as some slow ones.

Social Levee in Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea and their friends will hold a Social Levee, in City Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17th. In the early part of the evening there will be speeches from some of the ablest speakers in the field. After which there will be dancing for those who delight in that rational amusement. Music by Walker's band. Refreshments to be obtained in the hall.

The object of this Levee is to raise funds to defray the expenses of the spiritual meetings in Chelsea. The horse-car will leave for Boston at the close of the Levee.

Tickets for sale by the Committee; also at the Banner of Light office, and at the door. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, one dollar; single tickets for ladies or children, twenty-five cents.

Announcements.

Rev. Moses Hull speaks in Lyceum Hall in this city next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes speaks in Charlestown next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Providence, R. I., the three remaining Sundays in February.

Charles A. Hayden is to speak in Foxboro' next Sunday.

B. J. Finney will lecture to the friends at Troy, N. Y., during the month of February.

Uriah Clark will hold his select spiritual assemblies in Exeter, N. H., Wednesday evening, Feb. 10th; Lynn, Friday evening, the 12th; Taunton, Wednesday evening, the 17th, and will lecture at the latter place on Sunday, the 14th.

Message Department.

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

DR. J. H. CANNON.

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

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

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

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

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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, Mo.; 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.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—Invocation; "The Seven Spirits of God." Questions and Answers; Alexander Finney, of Georgia, to his brother, Theodore; Michael Murray, to Mr. Tom T. Brower, of New York City; Alice Gentin, to her mother, Hannah Gentin, of Ulster, N. Y.; Wm. Bowie, (colored), to his sister Golia, and brother.

Monday, Jan. 18.—Invocation; "A Literal Resurrection." Questions and Answers; Gustavus Moody, to his mother in the vicinity of Oulpooper; Thomas Harris, to his mother Hannah Harris, New Haven, Ct.; Cordeila Vernon, to her brother William C. Kenney, New Bedford, Mass.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; "Stone-wall" Jackson, to his friends; Clara A. Sargent, of Worcester, New Hampshire, to her parents; John Daly, to his wife, Ellen; Edward Middleton, to his mother and sisters, in Alabama.

Thursday, Jan. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Gen. Michael Corcoran, to his friends, in New York; Theodore Rogers, to Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Telford, N. J.; G. H. Cooper, to her mother, in Jersey City, N. J.; George (a slave), to his master, Mr. Shelton.

Invocation.

Oh Life, thou art so vast, so grand, we cannot comprehend thee. We know that we live, and we believe that we ever shall live; but from whence we have come and whither we are going, we do not know. Oh Life, we may call thee "Lord, God and Jehovah, and still thou art only Life—a mighty, mysterious, incomprehensible power, summed up in one small word. We may analyze the rainbow and the cloud, the tempest and the calm, for these are thy manifestations; but Life we cannot analyze; Life our senses cannot grasp. We may return to earth with tidings from our Summer Land, but we cannot tell why we come; and when questioned of the power that propels us, we are speechless. Oh Life, if thy manifestations are so beautiful, what must the entire body be? Oh Life, we are here by thy power, and we feel assured that that power is able to sustain us, for, Life, thou hast given us, if not a knowledge of immortality, surely a belief. If we cannot comprehend the mighty past and future, we can realize the present. If we cannot tell where we dwell thousands of years in the past, or where we shall dwell in the far-distant future, we know concerning our present abiding-place. We know that there is a mysterious power guiding us, and swift feet are leading us over mountain and through the valley. Oh Life, we will praise thee in the present, which is our eternity. Dec. 17.

Questions and Answers.

SENTRY.—What theme will the friends offer for consideration?

QUIN.—Is there any intelligence greater than that contained in the disembodied world?

ANS.—Supposing you refer to the mighty spirit-world of all conditions, we will answer, we know of no greater.

Q.—At our last sitting I gathered from the speaker that the science of theology was the one he was best acquainted with. Now in view of the experience the controlling spirit has had in this world, and in the spirit-world as well, we wish to know whether there is any science which in its results is as useful as the science of theology?

A.—When measured by a material standard, the science of theology is indeed useless. When measured by a spiritual standard, it is of great value.

Q.—Is not the study of it on earth useless in its results to the soul of man?

A.—No; for the soul lives as much on the earth as it will live in the spirit-world. The soul requires as much food, according to its condition, as the body. You can starve the soul, as you can the physical body.

Q.—Is absolute and certain knowledge that is obtained on the earth useless?

A.—The science of theology, as it is understood in earth-life, will give you only an approximation to knowledge. It can only furnish the soul with sufficient food, while dwelling in the physical form, to prevent it from retreating into its own inner temple, and for the time being, abandoning all thoughts of Nature and heaven. Now the more you think concerning the spirit-world to which you are hastening, or absolute spiritual condition now, the better prepared you will be to understand it when you enter upon it hereafter.

The soul receives its food by mental action; and the religious element and material element in which soul floats, is the grand highway between human and divine.

Q.—I understand that the religious sentiment is the element in which the soul floats; but if that sentiment is not confined wholly and exclusively to our conceptions of God, then the question is, whether in final results it would not be better for the soul of man if it made theology no science at all, and devoted no study at all to it?

A.—We must ever admit that we are ignorant concerning the reality of a Supreme Intelligence, because we cannot comprehend that intelligence as an entity. Theology may give us and will give us a faint glimpse of that atmosphere in which our soul's ideals exist; but aside from its image in our own being, we each and all have separate and distinct ideas with regard to Deity. Therefore in this sense there is a different God contained in every living human being, each one thinking for themselves, their own God being the only one they have any knowledge of, the only one they can worship or understand; and in our opinion it is the only one they ever will know and worship.

Q.—As every person has its own particular Deity, there must then be just as many Deities as persons. Must there not be just as many systems of God-worship as there are Deities?—else where the certainty?

A.—Each one has a certainty peculiar to themselves. Yes, we believe there are as many Deities as human souls. Each one forms, or great religious element, fashions its own Deity.

Q.—Does not our knowledge of God entirely depend upon our own unfolding?

A.—No, we think not. Man seems to have been created a religious intelligence. If we look down into the lowest strata of human life, we shall still find God-worship corresponding to the individual, still find that the human bends the knee and lifts the voice in prayer to a Supreme Intelligence. And often when it would seem that the former uncivilized races of men who appeared but half developed as instincts that had merely mental power enough, and hardly that, to sustain their physical lives, still we find the human then had a God and worshiped that God. Therefore we cannot think that principle or power is dependent upon our own unfolding.

Q.—Is not the study of theology a most useful one, when it does not interfere with practical duty?

A.—Yes, it is, because it will serve you beyond the conditions of mortality.

Q.—Is not the value of any science known from its uses?

A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—What are the uses of theology in this world, if it come to us simply in the next world?

A.—So far as material life is concerned, theology is but of little value, except as a means by which you shall lay up for yourselves treasures in the spirit-world. That treasure you cannot make use of while you dwell in the flesh, but when you cast off the physical form, that treasure will be given you with interest in the spirit-world.

Q.—Then the study of Brahminical theology, Egyptian theology, or Heathen theology is as acceptable and good as Christian theology to God, is it not?

A.—Most certainly the Heathen and the Christian stand upon the same God-plane. Each form of worship is adapted to the condition of the races worshipping. What better can they do? Is not the worship of the Hindoo mother, who casts her babe into the Ganges, as acceptable to her God as your worship? Is it not as acceptable a sacrifice to her God as that of the Christian mother? True, it is a barbarous and unnatural custom, but it is adapted to her peculiar condition, and if she lives up to her highest life, she need not fear that her sacrifice will prove unacceptable to God.

Q.—And who knows that that sacrifice is acceptable to God?

A.—No one, save the individual who makes it. If they are satisfied, it is the answer returned in consequence.

Q.—Does not the same principle apply in the case of an individual who commits murder as with the Hindoo mother? Is it not as applicable in the one case as in the other?

A.—One pertains to crime, to an undeveloped condition of mortality, the other to the highest elements in which the soul lives. There is a great difference, very great. There never was a murder committed where the individual who committed it was at peace with self. That they were self-satisfied, may have no asserted; but there was over an interior antagonism, a light striving to shine through the darkness, but perchance the thick fog of material conditions would not permit it to show itself to the world. It is not the element of soul-life, or the power of religion, that causes men and women to commit crimes. It is the absence of that element in material life. Perhaps they had they more of the religious element in their being, they would have traveled in a different path.

Q.—What is the difference between the Hindoo mother that throws her child into the Ganges, and the Massachusetts mother that throws hers into Charles River, in order to save her good name?

A.—One does so feeling that her God, the embodiment of her religious nature, demands this; the other because she fears the iron rule of society.

Q.—Does not the Hindoo mother fear the anger of God, in the same way that the Massachusetts mother fears the anger of the world? In both cases is it not fear?

A.—Yes, it is, doubtless; but one is the fear of God, the other the fear of human society.

Q.—But if that God of the Hindoo mother is a mere imaginary idea?

S.—True, that God is an imaginary idea, in the same way as our God is an imaginary idea. Nevertheless, our God is quite as real and tangible to our souls as her God is to her. Dec. 17.

Sam Houston.

I am forced by the strength of human attraction to return to my friends. I said, when I lived here in the body, that there was no truth in Spiritualism, and no spirit ever did come back, or ever could. But I found myself floated along with the great current as soon, almost, as I entered the spirit-world; and it seemed to me, whether I would or no, that I must return to earth again and declare that I was mistaken when here; for certainly no one could have been more mistaken than I was.

Although I lived seventy-odd years on earth, and did, probably, as much as any other human being in a certain direction in that given amount of time, yet I now feel as if I had lived only a moment, that I've been but an atom floating on the sunbeam of an hour; and the past seems more like a fitful dream than a living reality. But the present, with all its vagueness and its ghostly apparel, is the only reality that my soul was ever baptized in. It is not utterly impossible for the enfranchised spirit to return and bear positive intelligence from the land of the hereafter, through the feeble lips of woman. Yet it cannot become such to the receiver, for positive knowledge is the child of experience. I tell my friends of a hereafter, and that I can return to earth and commune with them under lawful conditions; but they cannot know until they have experienced it.

I propose to relate briefly my experiences here to-day, and, through weak female humanity, endeavor to identify myself. But I cannot give the real, I can only sketch outlines.

I hope I shall be able to undo all the wrong I committed when on the earth. I did not stand upon a platform with Truth and Wisdom for its foundation, and I worked therefrom as one in a dream. And now I see many instances in reviewing my earth-life where humanity might have been benefited. And I see, too, that I failed in my duty to God. But where is God—the God we have sought for so long? I have not found him. I've turned to numerous friends in the spirit-world to know where I could find God, and the answer is, He's within. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and when we attempt to look for heaven outside our own being, we find ourselves continually asking, where, oh where?

Oh, I would to God I could enforce the truth, the mighty truth, of this God-doctrine upon all that underlies our present administration in all its beauty and grandeur. Oh, I would to God I could do this! But I am powerless to do so, for I am only one drop in the great ocean of spiritual life. Well, never mind if I am only one drop, I will thank the Infinite Powers that be for this.

Tell my friends I have returned. Some say I am not dead. Very well, they tell the truth. But so far as humanity is concerned, as the physical body is concerned, I am dead. Sam Houston, of Texas. Dec. 17.

William Allen Crane.

Humph! So "Richard is himself again," divested, however, of his crown of human flesh. You seem to be very fortunate, you folks here at the North, with regard to your means for sending letters. You have not only a great variety of public schools, you north-erners, but your postal and telegraphic arrangements

are the most perfect to be found. A very fortunate set, you Yankees are, and we unfortunate Southerners are obliged to come North when we wish to send our letters home.

Many thanks are due to you Northerners for your courtesy to us of the South. We hope to be able to return it some day.

Now that I have laid down the sword and the musket—now that I have no North, no South, no East, no West to fight for—I hope you will consider me not as an enemy, but as a friend. I wish to say as little as possible with regard to your civil war. If I engaged in it, it was from a sense of duty. I believed I should do right by doing so, and I suppose you all feel about the same. I sha'n't condemn you, and I trust you'll not condemn me.

I have a wife and two young children—one four, and the other six. I suppose they are at present in Richmond. Before the breaking out of this civil war, we were very comfortably situated; had a very fair supply of the necessities of life. But at present my family is destitute, and I thought it might be well for me to return and do what I could toward aiding it.

In my younger days I fancied Shakespeare, and took to the stage for a livelihood. But when I was between twenty-two and three I lost an uncle, who left me a certain amount of money, and with that I informed myself somewhat in another branch—I will not name at this time—that I found very remunerative, and which I abandoned for musket and sword. But we unfortunately at the South are, if not compelled, to throw our all into the scale; yet ready to do so because we feel that we ought to do so. We do it most of us feeling sure of success upon the part of the Confederacy, and believing that if we are successful, we shall be amply rewarded for every sacrifice made upon our part. We play very deeply, and stake our all. If I mistake not, that is what you at the North do not do. If I am to judge from appearances. So you see if we happen to lose our bodies rather suddenly, those who are dependent upon us for support are apt to suffer; and I for one am very glad that there is an opportunity given us for returning to earth again, and doing what we can for those who are dear to us.

Now I don't like to ask favors of those I don't know, either friends or foes, unless I expect to be able to pay them in some way in the future. But I will ask this much of my brother-in-law, who is now residing in the western part of the State of New York, and who can, if he is disposed, relieve my family. I may not be able to reward him here for any kindness shown to my family, but when he comes where I am, I will endeavor to do so.

He is Union, I know, and I was the opposite; but that should make no difference in a case like this. He does not know of my death, and perhaps will be disposed to do all he can without my asking him, as my wife is his sister, his only sister.

Perhaps it will be well for me to ask you to aid me in saying simply this much, from William Allen Crane to Thomas Pettigrew. Will you do that? [Yes; is there any particular town you wish me to direct a paper to?] No, it is not now in my mind. I might give you the wrong one should I attempt to do so. [Do you think a paper containing your letter will reach him?] Yes; I am told your method of circulation is what is necessary to reach our friends.

[A gentleman present said, "May I ask whether the speaker was acquainted with Rev. James B. Taylor, and Mr. Thomas Rust, of Richmond?"] I had no acquaintance with them. I think I remember the names, but I had no acquaintance with the gentlemen. Farewell, sir. Dec. 17.

James Marsh.

Be kind enough to say that James Marsh, of Company B, 20th Massachusetts, reported here and asks for a privilege of reporting to friends personally. Dec. 17.

Susan Sylvester.

My—my—my mother asked me to come here, if I could. She—she wanted me, to tell her where my father was; if he was dead, or if he was living. He's—he's—he's living; he is n't—he is n't dead, and he'll run away—run away, and come home as soon as he can. He was—he was put out with my mother at the time he enlisted, so my mother don't know whether he's living or not. He's not dead, but went with General Banks' expedition to Texas. He feels very sorry indeed, that he went off as he did. I was with him last night, and he was thinking of my mother. He'll run away the first chance he gets, and come home to her. [Can you tell all the time what your father is thinking of?] Yes, sir; when I'm there I can. Mother thinks he's dead, and she's got on a black bonnet for him. She's believing in folks coming back. She reads the paper every week, and she said for me to come here and call my name, Susan Sylvester. [What did you die of?] I don't know, sir; I was sick. I can't talk any more. [You can go if you wish to.] Dec. 17.

Invocation.

Oh God, our Father, as the new-born year entered eternity with its offerings to lay them upon thine infinite shrine, and with its myriad mouths uttering praises unto thee, Infinite Father, so would our souls come to thee this hour with their offerings. So do we join the New Year in singing glad songs of rejoicing unto thee. We would rise from earth on the wings of mortality and come into nearer communion with thee, Infinite Spirit of all Spirits. Oh God, may thy presence and power baptize us with consciousness anew. May we feel and know that thou art with us, though we walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death. Oh Spirit, whose name we may utter, but whose infinitude we can never understand, yet we will call thee our Father and Mother, because we live, move, and have our being in thee. Oh our Father, while Time lies stretching before us, and Eternity compasses Time, may we feel conscious that thy love, like sacred melody, is filling every avenue of our being with joy. Oh, may we drink deep from the fountain of thine Infinite Love, that we may be enabled to so baptize thy mortal children with that love, that when they, like us, shall come to walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, they, too, shall know no fear; they, too, shall meet Death as the messenger of Eternal Life. Oh, may we give them that holy assurance of immortality that shall forever dwell with them, and may they in kindly acts as well as words, worship thee, our Father. May form cease to be a part of their worship. May they lose sight of forms, and worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. Oh God, Father and Mother, Brother, Sister and Friend, may we resolve within the Holy of Holies of our being to so instruct thine earthly children, that they will banish, as far as it is possible for them to do, all that is inharmonious and impure from their midst, that they may turn from the dead Past and rejoice in the Living Present. Oh our Father, may they be determined from this moment to worship thee in the beauty and spirit of holiness. As Spiritualists may they be Spiritualists, not alone in word, but in deed. May they show to the world that they believe they are surrounded by an innumerable company of angels watching over them at all times. Oh our Father, may this year, as it passes out of time, find them higher in the scale of wisdom. May they stand nearer unto thee; and when another year sings its songs of new-born joy in their ears, may they feel that they have done their duty, that their God is pleased with them, and may the white dove of Approval rest in their bosoms because of their well doing. Oh, receive our thanks, feeble utterances though they may be, and

gather them into the mighty treasury of thy loving soul. We know thou wilt do this. We feel, oh Spirit of the Universe, that thou wilt not only receive our offerings, but will reward us according as the offering may be. So, our Father, we praise thee in this hour of time, and in Eternity may these thy children learn to tune their harps anew to praise thee. Jan. 4.

The Cause of the Trouble at Lyceum Hall.

SENTRY.—What theme will the friends present for our consideration this afternoon?

QUIN.—Was this intelligence cognizant of conditions at Lyceum Hall on yesterday?—and if so, please explain why the Invisibles could control that organization but imperfectly?

The effects the audience were able to perceive, but the propelling cause they were not able to discern; consequently many speculations were adroit concerning the poor controlled one at Lyceum Hall yesterday afternoon and evening.

Now we have very little to say upon this subject this afternoon, but what we do say, we trust you will understand clearly and fully. You ask to know something concerning the cause of the effects that were apparent to the audience assembled at Lyceum Hall yesterday afternoon and evening.

Now the cause existed in part with the audience—many of whom were prejudiced against the speaker—and in part with the speaker, or subject herself. Instead of throwing herself entirely upon the powers controlling, she relied too much upon her own individuality, and that was not able to sustain her. Jan. 4.

Questions and Answers.

QUIN.—What is the best course to pursue in order to become positive to those evil conditions that exert such a powerful influence on our character in life?

ANS.—The very best course to pursue we believe to be the educating of those evil influences by whom you seem to be surrounded. This is not only a duty you owe to yourselves, but to them and the powers that be. It is useless to contend with evil, but not useless to overcome evil with good.

Q.—If mind is developed with the material organization, and cannot act without it, how can we know otherwise than that it is a product of matter?

A.—We believe that mind must ever manifest itself through matter; that it cannot manifest itself aside from matter. Now in speaking of matter in this connection, we do not refer entirely to that class of matter which is in its nature order and unrefined, for there are as many kinds of matter as there are kinds of influences in the universe. You can only know of spirit through matter. This answer is the only one we have to give to the question propounded.

Q.—Does matter have an existence in the spirit-world?

A.—Most assuredly it does.

Q.—Will the intelligence please give us a few thoughts upon the power of magnetism as a healing agent?

A.—Magnetism is one of the forces by which all life is sustained. When there is a superabundance of magnetism, then disease ensues. When there is a lack of it, the same effect is produced. But when magnetism and its sister element is in harmony, or there is an equilibrium between the two, then health must ensue as a natural consequence.

Now magnetism is no more a healing element than electricity, or the many thousand elements that lie beyond your comprehension. When any portion of the body is diseased, you seek to fill up the vacuum, or bring about, if possible, harmony, or an equilibrium between the various organs so, that the physical machine may work harmoniously and well.

There are many ways of using magnetism as a healing agent, but one of the most common is by physical manipulations. There is a constant emanation of magnetic and electric currents from the human body. Thus the power of mediums is at all times dependent upon the exhalations of their magnetic and electric life. The human will is capable of controlling these imperceptible, and of making them very valuable servants. If this is so, by action of will you can transmit of your magnetism a sufficient amount—to others who may be deficient in quantity—to do much physical good.

S.—Are there other questions upon this subject or any other?

Q.—Which do you consider the positive element, the magnetic or the electric?

A.—We believe, contrary to the opinions of a large class of persons, that they are both positive and both negative. Each are positive to their own peculiar condition; or, in other words, magnetism and electricity are both positive to their own negative, for each element holds the positive and negative within their own calibre. Magnetism, we believe to be equally positive and negative with electricity. Both are dependent upon each other.

Q.—What relation does the magnetism of the human body bear to the magnetism of steel?

A.—These elements are of the same family, but differ in kind and quality, as respects the purpose they are intended to serve. Again, animal magnetism and that which pervades our atmosphere, are the same in essence, yet by strict spiritual analysis, you will perceive that they differ in quality for one is adapted to the unfolding of physical human life, the other to the unfolding of physical human nature. The rock, the tree, the beast and the human all have their separate electric elements, and this difference in quality exists oftentimes where you would suppose there would be not even a difference of form, to say nothing of spirit. We believe, however, that the magnetism and electricity of the human is superior to all other classes. It is far more subtle, far more powerful, because it is brought in direct contact with human intelligence.

Q.—If the mineral, the vegetable and the animal lose their identity in man, is it not reasonable to suppose that man will, eventually, on the same principle, lose his identity in God according to the law of progression?

A.—In one sense you have all lost your identity in God, and in another you are strictly individualized and ever must be. The law of progress teaches us that every atom in the universe is continually stepping up and becoming more and more refined. And although thousands of ages may be required to produce any visible change, yet that change is slowly and steadily going on. And the human, we believe, is a compound of all that ever has been, is, and ever will be, for the spirit, the internal, the individual—the real individual—we believe, holds within its calibre the entire future.

Q.—Is the spiritual principle of man an organized substance?

A.—So far as it is related to the future it is an organized substance; but so far that relation, and it is not an organized substance. But we do not believe there can be any separation made, therefore we must believe that it is an organized substance. Jan. 4.

Thomas Harrigan.

Before I experienced death I had no belief in a future existence. I went down to the grave, after living eighty-one years on earth, without even the shadow of a belief in the hereafter. But I speedily found I was mistaken, though at first I thought I was dreaming and could hardly be convinced that I was not in a dream-like condition.

I was opposed to the clergy, and felt that instead of their being servants of God they were servants of popularity and man-made opinion. I have n't changed my opinion about that.

It is only about four months since I was in possession of my own body, and I—I hardly know as my brief experience will be of much use to those I've left on earth; but I could not rest knowing that I'd brought up my two sons in infidelity. I could n't be happy knowing, as I well did, that they thought I did n't exist—that all that ever was of me was in our old family tomb. So when I heard about folks coming back, I said, "I don't see why I can't come as well as any body else. I think I ought to come, for if I've made a mistake, I ought to try to rectify it."

My name was Harrigan, Thomas Harrigan. I was from Halifax, Nova Scotia. I have two sons there who are in no way disposed to look into this spiritual philosophy. Now I want to call them out, if I can, and make them put to a better use than I did, what is now theirs—that's the money I left. They're following right in my footsteps as fast as they can. It's true I made a very good foot-path for them in some respects, but in others it's very bad, very bad, and they'd better get out of it as soon as they can and get into a better one.

If they will give me the privilege of coming to them as I do here, I'll be very glad to avail myself of it, and think I can overthrow, very soon, all ideas about the non-existence of the soul after death that I instilled into their minds when on the earth. I ought to overthrow it. It's my business to do it, and I'm sure God thinks so, else he would never permit this great highway to be open for such as me.

They say there are folks like this in—in our place, and if there are, I want my sons to go to some one of them—go and let me come—go and let me tell of many things that'll make them know that I am who I say I am here.

I do not understand your rules here, sir. I make them to suit myself. [That's right. Give such facts as you think your sons would be likely to recognize you by. Do as well as you can.] Well, I think I have. [Please give your sons' names?] Thomas and Richard; Thomas is my oldest, Richard my youngest. Jan. 4.

[From a spirit who came to our circle on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 6th., we learn that the cause of Mr. H.'s demise was cancer in the stomach.]

Walter Adams.

Halloo! halloo! this is Boston is it? [Yes, Boston, that's sure.] I'm a green hand and can't turn the engine far.

I hailed from Port Hudson. I belonged to the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, Company B. Name, Adams, Walter. If I've made a faithful record I was killed in a skirmish near Port Hudson, November 10th; can't tell much about the lapse of time since then. [It's January, '64, now.] Little later than I thought it was. I heard something about this coming back, but did n't know anything about it. Please say to the folks I've got here, I'm right side up with care on 'other side. [Where do your folks reside?] Here, sir, within a gunshot. Jan. 4.

Harry Coburn.

I volunteered my services to help that boy along this way, as I'd heard a little more about it than he had, and as a consequence of helping him, I got so very near myself, I was obliged to run a little way on the track, in order to go off square. I'm very glad of the opportunity, I did n't expect it, though I hoped I should have the privilege of coming, sometime. [We're glad we see you.]

I was called Harry Coburn, here. I took sick at the hospital at Port Hudson, and died of fever and bowel complaint; that is common there.

I was steward of the hospital. I should be glad to manifest to any of my friends that I could. I have not much power this way. I did n't know much about this coming back. All I learned was through your paper that was circulated through the hospital. Whenever I had a spare moment I'd look into it. You see when I came to find myself a spirit without a body—these kind of bodies—I began to look into what I could n't find time to here. I'll try to come again. [Did you give your name?] Coburn, Harry Coburn. Good-by, sir. Oh! I died the 9th of November. [Do your parents reside in Boston?] Aye, sir. Jan. 4.

Lizzie Emmons.

Some of you can doubtless understand why I return, when I tell you I have a mother on the earth, and that if I had no other friend, methinks the spirit-world would hardly present beauty enough to prevent my spirit from returning to its own home.

Like the hundreds who return, manifesting through your foreign, medium bodies, I am, a stranger to the laws governing this wondrous theory. I only know that love predominates, and our intense attraction to those we love makes us become speedily acquainted with enough of the powers—enough of the law to avail ourselves of these human bodies for a brief time.

I visit you to-day with my sister, and we are so intimately related that I can scarce give you my thoughts without echoing hers. She has little ones to mourn her loss. She has stronger ties than I have, but her excessive physical weakness prevented her from taking advantage of the conditions that are offered to-day.

