

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A SPLENDID NOVELETTE,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I would rather be hated by all mankind, than
Sully my inner purity by small, specious
Falsehoods. Rather the finger of public scorn
Should point with its continued pointing, than
Yield one tittle of that interested love of
Truth that generates within me."

The funeral was over. The last sad rites that
loving hands could render had been performed,
and Beatrice, with her white, sorrowful face and
aching heart, had returned to her cheerless home.
A week passed, and at the expiration of that
time she found that her cup of woe, which she
had deemed was full to overflowing, had room to
contain one more bitter drop—the concentrated
essence of wormwood to that proud spirit.

One morning the kind old housekeeper rapped
at her door, saying:
"Miss Beatrice, Mr. Edgar is in the library, and
he bade me inform you that he must see you im-
mediately, upon very important business."
"Very well. Tell him that I will be down di-
rectly."

Mrs. Manners moved away, muttering to her-
self:
"How I do pity the poor young thing! She will
mourn that sweet face of hers under the sod, if
something does not happen pretty soon."

Ah! the arrow that was to arouse her had al-
ready left the bow.

When Miss Lascelle descended, she found her
cousin pacing the floor with rapid, impatient
strides. He came forward eagerly, as she paused
upon the threshold, exclaiming, as he attempted
to take her hand:
"My dear Beatrice, you can't think how de-
lighted I am to behold your countenance once
more. You are looking pale. I fear that your
health will suffer, if you confine yourself to the
house so closely."

"I am not at all concerned about that, neither
is there any necessity of your being," she coldly
replied. "If I understood your messenger aright,
you solicited this interview with regard to a mat-
ter of business. Please to waive all compliments,
then, and proceed as expeditiously as possible."

"Do not be impatient, my sweet cousin," he re-
joined, with a bland smile. "I have several in-
teresting subjects to converse about; but I cannot
broach them all in one moment. We should not
do justice to any of them in that case. The world
was not made in a day."

"I believe that I was informed of that fact when
a child," she returned demurely. "May I inquire
if that is one of the important affairs to which I
am indebted for the honor of this call?"

He bit his lip. Her apparent indifference to his
society chafed him, and he replied, in a slightly
acid tone:
"You will probably have an opportunity to
judge of that matter for yourself before you leave
this room, as well as of other curious things. In
the meantime I wish to speak of the earnest de-
sire of my late uncle—of the hope that he cher-
ished for many years. Are you prepared to testify
your affection for him by obeying what was al-
most his dying request?"

"Do so kind as to explain yourself more fully.
I will not for one instant do you the injustice to
imagine that I understand your meaning."

"You are dull of comprehension," he rejoined,
with a forced laugh. "You cannot have forgotten
that it was his wish that you should become my
wife?"

"Ah! I did you no wrong, then, by supposing
that that was what you had reference to. I an-
swered that question two years ago, and I do not
think that my manner since has been such as to
lead you to imagine that I had revoked that de-
cision. You must excuse me if I say that I had
fancied that you were too much of a gentleman to
introduce that disagreeable subject again."

His face flushed hotly.

"Then you have no intention of honoring the
memory of your parents by complying with what
you know was the ardent desire of their hearts?"

"Stop. I am sorry that you have had the mis-
fortune to labor under a delusion, as you most
certainly have if you have imagined, for one mo-
ment, that they ever wished that any hopes of
theirs should be fulfilled at the expense of my
life-long happiness. They were too just, generous
and loving to want to make so dear a purchase.
They urged the matter for a time, it is true, think-
ing that I did not know my own mind; but find-
ing that my determination was unalterable, they
kindly desisted, and it is my firm belief that they
finally came to the conclusion that a marriage be-
tween us was entirely incompatible."

"But why is it, Beatrice? You know that I
love you dearly. Oh, how I love you! I throw
you the affection of a true heart. As my wife,
every wish should be gratified. I should deem no
sacrifice too great that brought you joy or pleas-
ure."

She arched her eyebrows.

"Such ardent protestations make me smile.
How can I place confidence in them, when I see
you so utterly unmindful of my feelings now. I
should at least respect you if you ceased your
pleadings; but if you continue to press the pain-
ful subject upon my attention, I shall consider
you as wanting in the courtesy of a gentleman."

He laughed ironically.

"I can bear a few saucy flings from you, my
pretty cousin, because I mean that those red lips
shall pay me with a sweet coin for every harsh
word they've uttered. You see, I am very cer-
tain that you will yet call me husband, and I also
know that the reason you object to my plan is be-
cause Cecil Ware—curses on him—has attracted
your wayward fancy."

She arose with dignity.

"When you are ready to apologize for the in-
sulting language that you have used this morn-
ing, I will see you again; until then, do not dare
to enter my presence."

So saying, she turned toward the door. But
her cousin was too quick for her; springing for-
ward, he turned the key in the lock, and then
withdrawing it, placed it in his pocket.

Her eyes flashed now, and the color blazed in
her cheeks. She was superb in her anger.

"What am I to understand by such conduct as
that?"

"It means, my dainty maiden, that you do not
leave this room until I am willing that you should,
and that when you do go hence, you will go as my
promised bride."

"You can disabuse yourself of that last idea as
quickly as possible," she coolly replied.

"Oh, you do not know all the persuasions that
I can bring to bear upon that stubborn will of
yours. A few more words from me, and I should
not be surprised to behold you kneeling at my
feet, begging me, in piteous accents, to have mercy
upon you, and make you my wife."

She looked incredulous.

"Oh, you doubt me, do you?"

"I regard your boasts as so absurd that I do
not even take the trouble to consider them. One
thing I know: that if my life was in danger, and
my only hope of salvation was in marrying you, I
would reject you with the same scorn and loathing
that I now do."

Her words maddened him, and the next instant
he turned a face full of such a malignant triumph
upon her that the very blood chilled in her veins.

"Well, suppose that you had a greater interest
at stake? There are times, I believe, when char-
acter and reputation are valued more than life."

"Can it be possible that his dark, mysterious
hints mean anything?" was the thought that was
agitating his listener, even while she calmly re-
plied, "My answer would still be the same."

"Perdition!" he muttered. Then seizing her
arm in a fierce grasp, he hissed, rather than spoke,
"Proud girl, do you realize that I can, if I choose,
strip you of wealth, name and all that the heart
holds dear, and turn you forth from your palace-
home a miserable beggar? And, by heavens! I
will do it, if you do not accede to my terms. Lis-
ten, my lady. Every dollar of my uncle's prop-
erty belongs to me."

The fire had burned out of her cheeks while he
was speaking, and now they were as white as the
marble-topped table against which she leaned for
support as she said:
"Surely my father did not disinherit his only
child?"

With what intense enjoyment her companion
listened to the quiver of pain in her voice! Ah!
he had touched her at last!

"He made no will," he briefly rejoined.

"Then, sir, have the goodness to inform me what
you mean by the singular words that you have
just uttered."

"Hah! so you condescend to ask for an ex-
planation, do you?"

"I would like to know whether I am dealing
with a madman or a knave," she returned, in a
tone of unutterable scorn.

He looked as though he would have been glad
to have annihilated her on the spot. His fingers
worked nervously, and finally he walked away to
the window. Presently he turned and glanced at
the lady. She had seated herself in a large easy
chair, and taken up a book. Her coolness and ap-
parent composure infuriated him. Moving back
to her side with rapid strides, he regarded her fixed-
ly for a moment, and then inquired, with a sar-
donic smile:
"Who do you suppose you are?"

The unexpected question bewildered her. A
sudden fear crept idly to her heart; but her voice
did not falter as she answered:
"Who should I be, but Beatrice, the daughter of
Harvey and Caroline Lascelle?"

"Imagine that it would be an extremely difficult
task to tell who you should be," he retorted with
a sneer; "but I can inform you who you are not:
which will perhaps do almost as well. My uncle
and aunt never had any children; consequently
they are not your parents, as you just now so
confidently asserted."

If he had indulged the hope that she would
faint at this startling announcement, and thus
give him an opportunity to exult over her dis-
tress, he was disappointed. She was made of
sterner stuff, as he presently discovered. Spring-
ing to her feet, her eyes blazing, and her whole
frame quivering with excitement, she exclaimed:
"My God! Edgar Lewis! What atrocious lies
is this that you have forged, and now have the
unblushing effrontery to endeavor to palm off up-
on me as truth?"

"Softly! softly! Do not get agitated, my dear;
I must say that it improves your beauty
wonderfully. Why, you are perfectly magnifi-
cent, my sweet cousin! You see I am willing to
continue to call you thus, although in reality you
are no relation to me whatever."

"If that is a fact, I cannot be too thankful," she
rejoined, in a tone of cutting irony.

His countenance flushed now. Should he not
have the pleasure, after all, of subduing that proud
spirit?

Her voice recalled his wandering thoughts:
"Mr. Lewis!" she said, sternly, "I will have no
more evasions. I am not a child, to be diverted
by idle talk, and I insist upon knowing by what
authority you uttered the extraordinary affirma-
tion that you did a few moments since?"

"I made no assertions but what I can prove,"
he replied, sullenly.

"Then do so at once, as this interview has al-
ready been prolonged beyond reasonable limits."

"Beatrice," he began, in a softer tone, "I never
intended to have hurled this announcement upon
you in the manner that I did, but your coldness
and scorn, together with your contemptuous rejec-
tion of my suit, maddened me."

She stopped him with a gesture. The strong
will was giving way. Pain had stamped its white
seal upon her beautiful mouth, while a deadly
pallor had overspread her face.

"I accept all the apologies that you would
make," she said, in a voice that she in vain strove
to steady; "and now have the kindness to prove
your sincerity by telling me your reasons for
thinking that I am not the child of Dr. Lascelle.
This suspense is exceedingly painful."

"It is no thinking matter with me, but positive
knowledge," he replied, a triumphant flash light-
ing his eyes for one instant. "You are aware
that my mother and uncle Harvey were only chil-
dren. The former, who was the oldest, married
first, and her brother was not long in following
her example. In two years after the union of my
parents I was born. Time passed on, bringing no
little ones to gladden the heart and home of my
uncle. Finally he ceased to expect them, declar-
ing that Providence evidently intended that I
should be his son and heir. When I was about
nine years of age, my aunt's health being delicate,
her husband decided to give her the benefit of a
change of climate, and accordingly sailed for Eu-
rope. We heard from them frequently, and at
last, after they had been gone a twelve month, my
uncle wrote that he was acquiring new knowledge
of his profession in a German University. Soon
after this, we received a letter containing the won-
derful tidings that heaven had blessed them with
a daughter. A few more weeks glided away, and
then they returned, bringing you with them. I
have heard my father and mother say that they
knew that you was no child of theirs the moment
that they saw you, and their suspicions were con-
firmed by the evasive answers that they received
when they questioned the doctor and his wife re-
lative to your birth. That my parents were dis-
appointed at my prospects of inheriting my
uncle's wealth being so summarily cut off, is not
surprising. A year passed, and then my father—
who was a lawyer—was obliged to go to Europe
to hunt up evidence for the clearance of a client,
and while there, he thought he would satisfy him-
self with regard to you. This he found to be a
much easier matter than he had at first anticipat-
ed. The results of his researches, summed up in
a few words, amounted to this: My uncle, in
passing through some streets in the outskirts of
Paris, early one summer's morning, discovered,
near the St. Marie's Convent, a young woman,
apparently dying. He aroused the porter at the
gate, and she was immediately taken in and cared
for by the kind-hearted nuns. Upon lifting her up,
a sleeping babe was found tightly clasped in her
arms. The unfortunate creature was delirious,
and did not long survive; but before Death came
to release her, reason returned, and she bequeathed
her child to the compassionate man who had be-
friended her, and to the gentle lady who had wept
over her wrongs."

All these particulars father took the precaution
to write out, with dates and names of witnesses.
The papers are in my possession, and you shall
examine them at any time that suits your con-
venience. Whether my parents, previous to their
deaths, informed their brother of the facts that
they had gathered, I am unable to say; but this I
do know: that he repeatedly assured them, as he
did me, that I should be his heir, inheriting his
property by becoming the husband of his
daughter. You do not doubt my statements, do
you, Beatrice?"

"Doubt? Every word that he had uttered had
flashed conviction to her soul, confirmed, as they
were, by a thousand trivial things in the past,
seemingly insignificant at the time, but that now
arose stern witnesses of the dreadful truth."

She remembered how often people had remark-
ed and speculated with regard to her eyes and
hair, and declared that they could trace no resem-
blance between her parents and herself. Now
she understood the annoyance that those de-
vils had ever seemed to experience at all such
comments. She recalled her own innocent ques-
tions relative to the time and place of her birth,
evasive answers received, and the haste with
which the subject was always changed; so she
only crouched still lower in her chair, and wished,
in bitterness of spirit, that she, too, was a silent
dweller in that tranquil city of the dead—beau-
tiful Greenwood!

For five minutes perfect stillness reigned, and
then Beatrice said:
"Did your father ascertain anything more in re-
lation to—?"

There was a rising in her throat that checked
her utterance; but her companion, understanding
her mute, appealing look, replied:
"Nothing of any consequence. The Lady Supe-
rior informed him that a few weeks after the poor
thing was buried, a gentleman called, who repre-
sented himself as the brother of the unfortunate
creature. She did not learn his name; but his
whole air and bearing proclaimed that he came of
a wealthy and aristocratic family. He betrayed
considerable emotion upon hearing of the untime-
ly fate of his unhappy sister; but was also keenly
alive to all the disgrace that she had brought upon
herself and connections, and when told that she
had bestowed her babe upon strangers, he seemed
much relieved."

So, then, she was the child of shame? Oh!
how the proud head bent beneath the weight of
that humiliating thought! The dreadful truth
was eating into her very soul. Ah, she could
sympathize with Thelma now, fully, deeply; only
her lot was the hardest to bear, for the revelation
had fallen upon her like a thunder-bolt from a
clear sky. She forgot that she was not alone in

the room. She was only conscious that she was
very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very,
slow, thoughtful step, said, in his deepest, tender-
est tones:
"My dear Beatrice, you will be extremely fool-
ish if you expose this sad, lamentable history to
the curious, wondering eyes of the public. Think
what a delicious morsel it will be in the mouth of
Mrs. Grundy. What a sensation the extraordi-
nary bit of news will create in fashionable circles.
With what intense delight those whom you now
rank as among your best friends will seize this
excellent opportunity to use the dissecting-knife.
Faces that have been wont to smile upon you,
will become grave and cold. Hands that have
met yours warmly, cordially, will be extended no
more. There is just one way in which you can
avoid all this."

She looked up eagerly, with the word "how"
trembling upon her lips. She read her answer in
his cold gray eyes. She saw that she need expect
no mercy unless she accepted the condition that
he offered her.

Something in her face emboldened him, and
kneeling by her side, he took her unresisting hand
in his, and continued in the same soft tone:
"The secret is known only to us two. In this
dire extremity, I alone am faithful to you, my
sweet one. The stain upon your birth is nothing
to me. I could not worship you more than I now
do, if you were the legitimate offspring of a king.
Then become my wife, and the tender devotion of
a lifetime shall repay you for the suffering of the
past hour. Speak, my own darling, and say that
you will grant my prayer, giving me your pre-
cious self for the crowning glory of my man-
hood!"

Why should n't she? Other women had bar-
tered truth and honor for wealth and position!
Why should she hesitate to do the same? Was
she wiser and stronger than they? How was
she—who all her life had been tenderly shielded
from every adverse wind—fitted to cope with pov-
erty? Which path should she choose? This one
was delightfully embowered amid all rare and
beautiful things, full of the perfume of flowers
and the songs of birds, with a golden-tinted sky
overhead, that stretched before her dark and
gloomy, winding over rugged mountain ridges,
down into wild, desolate ravines, and through in-
tricate forest depths. If she traversed the first,
her own soul would blush for her; if she walked
in the second, the world would scorn her. Which
disdain would be the most blighting—the hardest
to endure? Where had the sublime faith and
trust of her girlhood fled, that she thus paused to
parley with the tempter? Was she prepared to
plant thorns in her heart, that roses might bloss-
som around her? Would their fragrance com-
pensate her for the terrible pain within? Could
she smile, just and be happy, knowing that her
guardian-angel was chanting a dirge over the
grave of her womanly honor?

The struggle was over at last, and raising her
sweet, patient face, the light of a noble resolve
shining in the clear, truthful eyes, she said, calm-
ly:
"Edgar, it can never be! I do not love you,
and I will not be guilty of wronging either you or
myself by marrying one who inspires me with no
warmer feelings of regard than you do. God for-
give me for daring to entertain the idea for one
moment!"

Her companion looked up in astonishment. He
had deemed her weaker than she was, for the pos-
sibility of her giving such an answer as this, had
never occurred to him. What! did she accept the
other alternative and its consequences in prefer-
ence to becoming his wife? He bit his lip in vex-
ation. Already—in imagination—he had been re-
ceiving the congratulations of his friends. Was
the prize to slip from his grasp after all?

"I cannot believe that you have bestowed upon
this matter the consideration that it deserves, if it
is the conclusion you have arrived at," he gravely
replied. "You are agitated and nervous, now.
Suppose you postpone your decision until to-mor-
row."

"I do not see the necessity for any further de-
lay," she hastily rejoined. "I have already view-
ed the subject in every possible light, and I am
confident that nothing can now alter my deter-
mination. Indeed, I believe the longer I reflect
upon it the more firmly I shall be convinced
I have made the only right and true choice."

Her listener bent his cold, calculating eyes
searchingly upon her, and then, as she crimsoned
beneath the rude gaze, he smiled derisively, say-
ing in the peculiarly aggravating tone that he
knew so well how to assume:
"My dear Beatrice! I might ask you if the
thought of a certain Cecil Ware had not influenced
you to make this unwise decision, did I not already
read that fact in your blushing face. Poor inno-
cent! you are deluding yourself with a false hope;
fondly imagining that when he hears of your mis-
fortune he will fly on the wings of love to your
rescue. Ah! such wonderful young men do not
exist outside the page of romance. Believe me,
when Madame Rumor whispers this story—with
perhaps a few variations—into his ear, he will
congratulate himself upon his escape."

Her lip curled with ineffable scorn, as she re-
plied:
"I believe that I have estimated him at his true
value; at least I have never made the mistake to
suppose he was a gentleman, and then dis-
cover that he was not. Allow me to pass from
the room now, if you please, and do not vex your-
self with the idea that I do not fully understand
my position. I am aware that in rejecting your
proposals, I am condemning myself to a life of

toll and privation, yet I shall ever have the sweet
satisfaction of knowing that I have been true to
myself, and have not committed the unpardon-
able sin of selling my hand and perjury my soul
for the sake of worldly honor and distinction."

His face grew dark with passion, as he savage-
ly exclaimed:
"You had better not display your contempt
quite so openly, Miss Beatrice. This roof may
not shelter you another night. Remember that I
am master here now."

"You are very just, very generous, to remind
me of it," she coolly replied.

With a frowning brow, he now unlocked the
door, and she passed into the hall. How calm
and dignified she was! Without deigning him an-
other glance she ascended to her chamber. When
once alone in that blessed refuge, her self-control
gave way, and the cry that struck her pale lips
apart was terrible in its agony.

CHAPTER XXII.

"A falling star that shot across
The infatuate and twinkling dark,
Vanished, yet left no trace of loss
Throughout the wide, ethereal arc."
OWEN STREZHEIT.

For two hours Beatrice lay upon her couch,
completely prostrated, both in mind and body, by
the terrible ordeal through which she had passed.
Every faculty—save one—seemed dead within
her. She could feel intensely. At last aroused
by the recollection of the great necessity that
there was for immediate action, she arose, bathed
her face and smoothed her hair, and then sat down
to strive to realize her situation.

"What shall I do?" was the cry that wailed up
from the very depths of her being. There was one
thing that she had clearly determined upon; and
that was, that she would not long remain depend-
ant upon the bounty of Edgar Lewis. Beyond
that, all was doubt and perplexity.

Oh! that she had some friend to advise her; but
to whom could she go? Would not all those who
had flattered about her in the days of her pros-
perity, turn away with curling lip and disdainful
air, when her tormentor—not contented with de-
priving her of wealth—should have proclaimed
her and history to the astonished ears of the
world? Oh! the future stretched before her such
a wild, barren waste, that her very heart grew
faint and sick within her, and—Heaven help her—
she felt like casting back at the feet of her
Maker, the priceless gift of life with which he had
endowed her. Poor child! at that moment it seem-
ed to her but a weary, worthless burden.

Suddenly a strange light leaped into the dark,
mournful eyes, flooding with almost celestial
glory the pale, sorrowful face. Perchance the an-
gels had drawn near to whisper words of peace
and consolation unto the weak, despairing soul, or
it may be that her own spirit had arisen in new
might and power from the baptism of fire with
which it had been anointed. At least she seem-
ed like a new being as she paced the floor with a
quick, firm tread, the small hands clasped nerv-
ously together, and the curves of the rosy mouth,
full of resolution. She was no longer the timid,
shrinking girl, for the crown of womanhood was
settling down upon her brow.

What if circumstances had revealed to her a
darker destiny than she had anticipated could
she not be strong to work, and brave to endure,
laboring faithfully even unto the bitter end?
What if the path through the valley was grim
with shadows, and stern with thorns, and the
mountain heights rugged and toilsome would
not faith and trust, and a patient performance of
every duty, strengthen her faltering heart and
weary feet, and bring her at last into the delight
and glory of the "promised land?" What if life
did loom up before her a long, dreary blank,
could she not fill it with pure and holy deeds?
What was she, that she should murmur at the de-
cree that had turned her steps aside from the
pleasant, flowery paths in which she had so long
traveled? Was there not a tender Father over
all?

Thus she reasoned, until a bright, hopeful smile
—like a stray sunbeam—began to play about her
lips. If Edgar Lewis could have seen her in that
hour, the truth might have dawned upon him
that nothing but sin could ever crush or break
that proud spirit. The great, swelling tide of mis-
fortune might, indeed, sweep over her, blighting
every green and fragrant thing that had made her
heart glad, but down deep in her soul were seeds,
planted there by the Almighty, that, after the first
shock had passed, would spring up with fresh
buds and blossoms to make the desolated garden
laugh again in the pride of its new beauty and
verdure.

Ah! we never realize with what strength, en-
durance and hopeful courage, we are endowed,
until the season comes that calls them forth.

Thus that long summer's day—with its glad
sunshine, fragrant bloom, and soft, sweet gushes
of melody—stole on, and the eager, rushing world
knew not that in those golden hours, "mid terrible
anguish and pain, a soul had been born again."

Ah, me! but such is life!

Wearied and worn by the excitement through
which she had passed, Beatrice laid down to rest.
Soon the white lids crept down over the heavy
eyes, and she slept the sweet sleep of exhaustion.
It was not long, however, before she was aroused
from her slumber by a loud rap upon the door,
and starting up she heard the housekeeper's voice
begging for admittance.

"Well, I should like to know if you are a calcu-
lating to make yourself sick?" began that worthy
woman, as soon as she had entered the room, "be-
cause if you be, you are going in just the right
way to do it."

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired her listen-
er in astonishment.

"Matter? Enough's the matter, I should think!
To my certain knowledge you have not put a single
bit of food into your mouth this blessed day. I
sent Kate up with your dinner full two hours ago,

and there it stands out in the hall now. I'll be bound you have not even looked at it; much less touched it. This will never do, child. I shall have to call a doctor for you, yet."

Beatrice laughed. It was the first laugh that had rippled over her lips for more than a week. No wonder her companion looked up in amazement. "I shall not place myself on the sick list, yet," she said, almost gaily. "The reason I do not eat is because I have not felt the need of anything. Sit down, if you please; I want to have a little talk with you."

Mrs. Manners seated herself in the rocking-chair, saying:

"Well, I can stop awhile, though it won't do to leave those girls long without a mistress. I must say that I am glad to see you more cheerful-like. I have been worried to death about you."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," replied the young lady, another bright smile flashing over her face, for I am hardly worth all that anxiety."

"That is as much as you know about it," was the short response, accompanied by a toss of the head and a glance full of affection.

"Well, I suppose anyone would imagine that you might be a very good judge of how much love and care I am deserving, considering that you have been near me all my lifetime," was carelessly returned.

"To be sure, child! Why, bless your heart! you are just like an open book to me. Your own mother did not know your character better than I do. She used to say that she was afraid she should get jealous, because her baby took such an immense fancy to me. Why, just as soon as you began to walk, you would follow me all over the house."

Beatrice went to the window to choke back the sobs that were rising in her throat. Presently she returned to her chair, saying:

"I believe that you were with my parents when I was born."

The start with which the good woman received this remark, did not escape the observation of her companion.

"Well, yes, I certainly came to live with them before you did," she replied in some confusion. "Let me see: You were nineteen last month. Well, it is twenty-one years in September, since my husband died, and the doctor and his wife offered me a home with them. How time does fly! I declare, it does not seem longer ago than yesterday, that Mr. Manners and I were married."

A pause ensued. Then Beatrice said:

"I suppose you were very much surprised when father and mother proposed that you should go to Europe with them?"

"Well, yes; I should wonder if I was. I did not take to the idea at all, at first, but Mrs. Lascelle was determined that I should go; and she was so kinder delicate like, that I hated awfully to trust her to anybody else, so finally I up and went; and I can't say that I've ever been sorry, for I enjoyed myself right well, although I was really glad when we was safe at home again."

"I presume so. I wonder if I shall ever cross the ocean. I certainly ought to visit my birth-place some time or other. Where was it that I first saw the light?"

"In France, I believe. But there, I must go down, I had no idea that I had been idling here so long. I guess that I shall find that those girls have done an immense deal of talking and laughing, and nothing else. That is about all that they are good for, unless I am around," so saying she arose, and was hastening from the room, when the orphan laid her hand upon her arm, exclaiming, in her playful, pleading way:

"Indeed, I can't spare you yet, Mrs. Manners. Never mind the maid; my wishes, at this moment, are of more importance than their work. We have just commenced speaking upon a subject that I have been very anxious to talk about many times, so I really can't let you go until I have heard further particulars in reference to that interesting and extraordinary event. Now if you love me you will not refuse to grant my request. So please sit down and continue your remarks."

The worthy woman was evidently annoyed. Distress and consternation flung out their different banners in her face, as she listened to her companion's words.

"I can't for the life of me see what you are so curious about," she hurriedly exclaimed; "but, anyway, I can't stop to talk the matter over now; some other time will do just as well;" and she made another movement to leave, but Beatrice walked very deliberately across the room, looked the door, and withdrawing the key, held it up in her hand, saying, with an arch smile:

"The woman that can stay, and won't stay, must be made to stay."

"Well, if I ain't beat now!" cried her listener, sinking down into her chair, the picture of profound astonishment.

"I should think that you did hold losing cards," was the quiet response.

"What does it say, child? Are you determined to play with edge tools?"

"I have already handled them, and they are not so sharp as they were."

"Don't talk in riddles. I was never good for guessing them," and Mrs. Manners looked so completely mystified, that Beatrice burst into one of her merry, ringing laughs, then flinging her arms around her waist, she said:

"You dear, good soul! nature never intended that you should be an actress, for she did not put the least particle of deception into your composition. Now if I had ever happened to have had the slightest suspicion in regard to what I now know, and questioned you, your evasions and confusion would certainly have revealed the whole long ago."

"What is it that you know?" inquired her listener, with a startled glance.

"That I am not the daughter of Dr. Lascelle and his wife, until this morning, I had always supposed myself to be."

Mrs. Manners looked aghast, and threw up her hands in consternation.

"Land sakes alive! How under the sun did you ever find that out? I thought that there was not now another person in the world that knew of that besides myself; and anybody might have torn me limb from limb before they would have been any wiser for anything that I should have told them. Now who did tell you, child?"

"Edgar Lewis."

"Why, how did he know about it?" and then she listened in open-mouthed wonder, while Beatrice briefly narrated the conversation that she had had with him in regard to her parentage.

"Humph! so that's what the fellow wanted when he called this morning, was it? Well, I only wish that I'd have suspected it, and I'd have shown him out again instead of speaking to you. Claims the property, does he? Well, with all his brass, I should not have supposed that he would have had the face to do that; but then it's just like him for all the world, the smooth-tongued villain. Did he not know whether his father had over told his uncle what he'd found out, hey? Humph! I guess he didn't. Old Jake Lewis was too shrewd a rat for that. The doctor was naturally a very

calm man, but mercy! would not his eyes have blazed, if he'd have known his brother-in-law was a prying into his affairs. He always said that he never meant that you should know but what you was his own child. Oh, dear! to think that I should ever live to see you brought to such grief as this. Poor thing! I do not wonder that you have not had any appetite to-day. What will you do in the cold world, child? Well, I always said that it was a mercy that we could not look into the future, and I think so more than ever, now. Just imagine how terribly your father and mother would have felt, if they had known that the time would ever come when their petted darling would be turned out of house and home;" here the good woman paused to brush away the tears that were flooding her eyes. Her sincere affection, and earnest sympathy moved Beatrice deeply.

"Don't weep, dear Mrs. Manners," she said, her own lips quivering as she spoke. "You must be calm and cheerful, for my sake. Try to think that it is all for the best, as indeed it is, for a loving God rules."

"Now that's what puzzles me," was the grave response. "I can't for the life of me imagine, if He is so wise and good, why He lets such creatures as Edgar Lewis have everything their own way."

"I am by no means inclined to the belief that He does; but I have not the time to argue that question now. Of course the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. Sometime in the future I shall probably understand why this cross is laid upon my shoulders; but at present it is my duty to bear it, not only without a murmur, but with the same faith and trust with which a child obeys the commands of earthly parents to whom it looks up with love and reverence."

"Well, I suppose that you are in the right of it; but it seems dreadful hard, anyway. I am glad, though, that you are so resigned."

"Oh, Mrs. Manners! I was not submissive at all when I first heard of it. The blow almost crushed me, and I longed to lay down and die. I thought that I could never bring myself to say, 'Thy will be done,' and you see that my heart is a little rebellious even now," and Beatrice looked up with a smile, although great tears were standing in her eyes.

"Bless you, darling! I should like to see the person that would not be, to have such a change as this come over them within twenty-four hours. But what are you going to do, child?"

"I don't know. I have not planned anything, yet," she replied, almost despondingly. After that, perfect silence reigned for several minutes. Each were busy with their own thoughts. Suddenly the orphan raised her bowed head; a new light kindled in her face, and she eagerly exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Manners! did not my parents bring from the convent some memento of my mother?"

"No, unless it was yourself. But stop; what am I saying? Yes, they did, though. Mrs. Lascelle had a picture of her which she gave to me a little while before she died. I have got it stowed away among some of my things; but I declare, I don't believe that I should ever have thought of it again if you had not spoken of it; for of course I never imagined that there would ever be any use for it."

"A likeness of her? Oh, get it quick!" and Beatrice clasped her hands tightly over her throbbing heart.

"Why, how can I, child, when you've looked me in here?"

The girl smiled, and springing to the door, opened it with nervous haste.

"Don't be so flustered, darling. If you want to see your mother's face, go look in the glass. You are as much alike as two peas," so saying, Mrs. Manners departed to find the miniature.

Ten minutes passed, and then she returned with the article in her possession.

"Oh! it is the lady that visits me so often in my dreams," murmured Beatrice, as she gazed upon the ivory through fast falling tears. "There are the same great, dazzling eyes, and glossy raven tresses. Last night she kissed me, and I can feel, even now, the lingering pressure of those ripe, red lips. What a world of sweetness is gathered in them. Oh! my very soul is moved with an unutterable yearning. I loved Mrs. Lascelle fondly, dearly, but her face never overwhelmed me with such a rush of tenderness as this does." And thus for a long time she sat drinking in the beauty of the countenance which was indeed very like her own. Suddenly she started, and the flush went out of her cheeks as she exclaimed with a quiver of pain in her voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Manners! she could never have been the vile creature that Edgar Lewis, in his significant tone and manner, represented her."

"Bless you, child! that fellow would slander his own mother if he thought that he could gain anything by it. Look at the picture again, dear. Do the fallen have faces like that? To be sure I don't know anything about her only what the doctor and his wife told me—but I would trust them to read character anywhere—and they said that she had certainly been unfortunate, but sinful never."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! for those comforting words. You cannot imagine what a burden they have lifted from my heart. One question more. Was it her, or her kind friends, that gave me the name of Beatrice?"

"She requested that you should be called so, if they had no objections. She said that it was in memory of her twin sister who died when she was a child."

"Thank you! I will not detain you longer now if you wish to go. This evening I will talk with you again, if you have the time to spare."

That night Beatrice slept with a smile upon her lips, for in her dreams she was clasped in her angel mother's close embrace, while fragrant kisses rained upon her face.

The next morning Edgar Lewis rode to Fendal, fondly expecting that at last a willing bride would greet him. To his great disgust and mortification, he was informed by the exultant Mrs. Manners, that the bird had flown. Enraged, he returned to town, and soon Mrs. Grundy was indebted to him for a most wonderful bit of news.

It was strange how many people had always suspected that Dr. and Mrs. Lascelle were imposing upon them. How indignant they were that they had been obliged to countenance such a low-born creature. How many thanked heaven that she had at last fallen to her proper level.

Thus the brilliant belle, who had quenched it in fashionable circles for two years, was dropped like a withered flower, and forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little worth our gifts and labors,
If we value them alone
For the homage of our neighbors,
And the glitter round us thrown.
He alone is truly lifted
O'er the crowd in heart and mind,
Who, with power and patience gifted,
Seeks the good of all mankind.

All lecturers, all professors, all school-masters have ruts and grooves in their minds into which their conversation and their thoughts are perpetually sliding.

AN ANGEL NEAR ME.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY H. AMELIA MORSE.

But how can I believe an angel guide
Follows my footsteps wherever I go—
Is ever kindly watching by my side,
To guard me from the snares of harm and woe?

How can a sainted being, good and kind,
Linger near one with heart so dark with sin,
So fickle that a passing breath of wind
Blights the good purpose ere its work begin?

I'm weary, fainting with the woes of earth—
I yearn for something they afford me not—
Its joys all seem as bubbles of no worth—
Its pleasures, like its pains, too dearly bought.

But could I know, believe some angel one
Hovered in love and pity ever near,
To guide my spirit, as it struggled on,
How would the sweet assurance soothe and cheer?

And it may be—for who has power to say—
That none return, who pass the vale of death,
To wait us gleams of light from heavenly day,
And solace, though unseen, life's passing breath.

A Guardian Angel! if the Omnipotent
In blessing thus hath deigned to own his child,
Oh! let my soul in contrite tears repent
Its past offences, and be reconciled!

And then, good being—whose'er thou art—
Spirit of Mercy! take me to your care—
Guide and sustain this unbelieving heart,
And teach me comfort and relief in prayer.

Help me to grow in holy faith and love,
In thankfulness for all my Father's given,
That I may live more like the saints above,
And thus be sanctified and led to heaven.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address 129 1-2 East 20th st., New York City.

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

THREE VIOLETS.

Who has not thought that hunting violets in the spring-time was the best fun that girls and boys ever had? How sweet they look, as they peep up from their protectors, the green leaves, as if they wished to reach a little nearer to the blue sky, and reveal a little more beauty than the leaves could do. The first violet I wish to tell you of grew in the beautiful Southern land, where skies were bright and suns warm, so that it could only thrive and bloom beside the shady stream or under the shelter of the dense forest.

There came to this beautiful sunny land a young lady whom we will call Ellen. She had once lived in a home of beauty, and had every good thing that she desired—friends to love her and parents to care for her; but her parents died, and her home was sold, and her friends forsook her, as sometimes friends will do in trouble. Now that Ellen had no one to care for, she had to care for herself, and she determined to become a teacher. With a sorrowful heart she alighted at the door of strangers, hoping to find love and kindness while she strove to do her duty. But people do not always see that the heart is sorrowful when the lips are silent; and because Ellen was too sad to laugh and amuse those who had sent for her, they called her sullen.

Days and weeks wore away, and still Ellen felt as if a stranger, and thought that no one would ever make her love life, or help her to find beauty in it. Her scholars treated her rudely, and their parents neglected her, and Ellen grew daily more and more gloomy. One day there came to her school-room a little child that she had not seen before, and she had in her hands a little violet. Its delicate blue petals were just the color of the little girl's eyes, and as she held it in her tiny hand, Ellen thought that she very much resembled it.

"Can I come to school if I give you this flower?" she said.

"Why do you wish to come to school? None of the other girls do, but would rather stay at home."

"I want to come to love you."

"But I think you will not love me; the other girls do not."

"But I will love you, and the violet will make you love me."

"I don't understand how a violet can make me love you. Can you tell how?"

"I think you must ask the violet."

Then all the children laughed, and one said:

"Oh, she only wants to get into school for nothing, for she is too poor to pay. Her father is only a charcoal burner, and her mother's dead, and nobody takes care of her, and so she thought she'd come here. I reckon if she knew how cross Miss Ellen is she'd think a violet day for coming."

But she took her seat among the scholars—the girl with the soft blue eyes and delicate cheeks—and Ellen put the violet in her belt and wore it home. It was the first violet she had seen since she left her own beautiful home, and as she looked at it she almost thought she was back again with her beloved ones.

"Why does no one love me here?" she said, and she looked at the violet as if it would answer; and it did.

"You are here for the same reason that I am."

"And why are you here, dear violet?"

"To prove God's love is everywhere."

"How can I find it?"

"Just as I do."

"And how do you find it?"

"First, in my heart; and that makes it bloom, and speak to everybody's heart."

"Dear violet, I understand you. If I have love in my heart, it will blossom out in beauty, and then every one will love me. I will be like you, sweet flower."

Now, little Viola, who brought the flower, had the violet's love in her heart, and among the scholars she was like a blossom of beauty shedding its fragrance on all about her. No unkindness made her unkind, no harsh words made her harsh, but she laughed and frolicked and sang songs, till the school-room became the merriest place in the world, for soon all joined with her. As Miss Ellen saw what Viola was doing by her spirit of love, she knew what she could also do. And she first loved Viola, and then, little by little, the love of the scholars awakened her love, till soon they all seemed like sisters to her that she was trying to make good and happy. And the love of the children awakened the parents' love, and soon Ellen had friends enough, and her school was called the best and pleasantest in all the country.

Now this is the true history of a violet. Do you who read it understand how much you can do by

a little kindness and love to make others happy and good?

The story of the second violet is this:

A garden violet had sent up its blossoms all summer, and as one after another faded, others sprang up and opened their velvet petals to the sun; and so, freshly each day, the little plant kept repeating in its beauty proofs of the goodness and perfection of the earth from which it sprang. And now the cold autumn had come, and chilling winds blew, and hoar frosts covered the ground, yet still the violet refused not to bloom. It sent up its purple-tinted flowers even after its leaves were dark and unlovely.

"Why should I bloom longer?" said the little plant. "I have not ceased all the summer through, but have delighted to show my strength and my love for the world. I have given many a flower to the widow's boy in the cottage, and have let him pick blossom after blossom in pieces to find the little old woman and her tub, which wise children know where to find in my secret chamber. I have let the sun wither up many of my loveliest blossoms, and have given to the frost some of my most promising buds, and now I believe my work is done. Yet I feel rather sorry for this poor world, which needs all the beauty it can gain. I wonder if Charlie will miss my flowers so much? It is bitter cold, but by the look of the sun I think to-morrow will be warmer, and now if there is a bud that feels courage enough to lift its head to the breeze, and open its petals toward the sun, I'll do my best to help it; otherwise the earth must bid farewell to violets until spring comes, with her warm breath."

"Not a bud responded."

"You must remember," said the mother-plant, "that all you do to bless the world will be so much done for yourself. If you open in beauty for the sake of others, you give yourself an added loveliness, and can die a perfected flower, instead of a withered bud."

Then one bud answered:

"I would indeed be glad to bless some heart by my perfection. I will try to brave the cold, and open my petals to the sun."

So the little bud struggled and bloomed, and the mother-plant sent her warmest life to it, and the sun stooped down to kiss it with its tenderest kiss.

Just at this time, Charlie's mother, in the cottage, laid down her work wearily and said:

"Come here, Charlie; I may as well tell you now as any time that we must give up the cottage, and try to find another home. I have worked day and night to keep it, but there is no use; it must go to pay our debts. You must be brave and good, and not make me too sorrowful by seeing your sorrow."

"Oh, mother, if I was only not lame, and could work, all would be well. But to give up our dear home when I have been dreaming that Jamie was coming home to help us, and to think of going into a little close room, where there will be no beautiful sunshine, and to give up the garden, and to leave my violets—oh, it will be so hard; and I don't think it would be right. Just give me an hour to think, and perhaps I shall find some way to help you out of your trouble."

Charlie went out into the garden. Though the air was cold, it felt fresh and invigorating. For some time he did not much notice anything, so sad was his heart at what his mother had told him; but after a while he saw the fair violet that had so lately opened its beautiful petals.

"Dear little flower," said he, "how brave you are. I will be as brave, and trust God as you trust the sun."

He picked the fair blossom, and then gathered many small bright leaves and berries, and arranged them in a beautiful bouquet. He placed the lovely violet in the centre, next to some snow-berries.

"Now," said he, "I am sure that is lovely enough to suit the ladies that live in the elegant mansion, who have bought so many flowers of me this summer, as long as I was able to carry them. I'll try to hobble over there with them, and see if they do not need as much beauty as this in their fine rooms."

So, with a brave heart, Charlie started, and met the pleasant faces of his former purchasers, who were only too glad to receive so lovely an autumn bouquet for their vases.

"This is the last violet of summer, left blooming alone," said one; "but I trust when spring comes you will bring us many more from your beautiful garden."

"I hope so," said Charlie; "and if we have to leave the cottage, I will try and hunt for some as sweet somewhere else, if I am not too lame."

"Leave your cottage? Oh, no, you will not do that! We should miss you so much; but tell me why you should think of leaving it?"

Then Charlie told how Jamie had been expected home for many months, and did not come, and that his mother had not been well enough to work, and he had been lame, and the cottage must be sold.

"Now, Charlie, I know you would like better than anything else to help your mother," said the lady; "and if you will gather evergreen and make wreaths, I can have as many sold as you will make."

Charlie was not long in reaching home and telling his mother his good fortune. "And it was all owing to a dear little violet," said he, "that was brave enough to bloom and let me see its beauty."

With what Charlie earned, his mother was able to keep their home awhile longer, and before spring came, and violets bloomed again, Jamie returned and made them very happy and comfortable, and cared for Charlie so tenderly that his lameness was nearly cured.

How much do you suppose we could do to bless the world if we always tried to do our very best and bravest?

The story of the third violet is this:

None was born blind. She could not see the glorious light, or the tinted flower, or the faces of those that loved her. But she was very patient and gentle, and learned all she could. They told her of heaven, and that she would see, there, and that the beautiful light of God's love would be better to her than the sunlight of the earth. She went to heaven one day, and opened her spiritual eyes on all its beauty and loveliness. Her patient and loving spirit made the angels love her very much, and they said, "She shall be one of earth's teachers." So they taught her many beautiful lessons, and then they brought her back to earth, that she might tell of all that was true and beautiful in heaven.

She came—that sweet angel child—and some one saw her, and heard what she said. She said her spirit-name was Violet; that the angels called her so because she had so much love in her heart that made it like a fragrant blossom. She told how dark the earth looked to her when she lived on it, because her eyes were closed; but she felt the warmth of love just the same, and knew that her dear Father in heaven would do some beautiful thing for her to make amends for all her days of darkness. And now she found that good in being able to teach others about the spirits' home. She

told of its flowers and its birds, of its fair skies and sweet air; she told how every child has a loving guardian angel that strives to keep it from harm, and bring it beautiful spirit-blossoms, and teach it goodness and purity. She told how glad angels were as they beheld the good deeds, and heard the gentle words of those on earth, and how and they were as they know of wrong and unkindness.

She described the life of loving children in the beautiful spirit-homes, and told of the gardens and singing-birds. She told her earthly name, and that of her teacher, and where she lived on earth. But she loved to be called Violet best, because the angels had named her in love.

Now some people thought, "Perhaps this is not true that Violet says; we will go and see," for no one knew whether such a girl ever lived. Her home had been many, many miles away from those she talked to as an angel; but after a time, all was found just as she said, even to her teacher's name. Then these people believed that Violet was an angel of love indeed, that the dear Father's love had been sent to them to teach them of the beautiful land to which they were going.

This is a true story of the Angel Violet, and, as the blossoms spring up all over the land, will you not sometimes think of her and your dear angel-friends, who love you and try to keep you from all evil, and make you good and loving?

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 1, 5, 4, 8, 18 is a common article of household furniture.

My 2, 20, 21, 9 is a place we should all strive to make happy.

My 3, 5, 7 is what we should do to live, and not live to do.

My 10, 13, 8, 19 is what many suffer from at a certain season.

My 14, 11, 17, 6 is what children should never do.

My 15, 8, 12 is a common insect.

My 10, 3, 5, 19 is what all should learn to do well.

My whole is the name of a popular patriotic song I learned at school.

Whitewater, Wis. OTTO S.

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters:

My 8, 13, 11, 15, 7 is a kind of fish.

My 14, 11, 6, 5, 17 is a natural cup.

My 9, 18, 1, 4 is worn by soldiers.

My 5, 12, 3 is found in all roads.

My 8, 10, 17, 14, 2 is used for a fence.

My 9, 13, 16, 17, 1, 18 is used on horses.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAY.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

May has come, and touched once more
With her fairy hand, our shore;
And all seems so very gay,
That I wish it ever May.

She is made of blooming flowers,
And of amaranthine bowers,
Sparkling with refreshing showers—
Made of sunbeams bright and fair,
Dancing through the cooling air;
Of the bending, waving grass,
Bowling as the zephyrs pass;
Of the leaves, which wave on high,
'Neath the overarching sky;
Of the rich, sweet vesper song,
Floating all the vales along!
Ever blessed month of May,
Would that thou couldst ever stay!

Gladsome May! already drest
In a violet-colored vest,
And with slippers, grassy-bound,
Making most a breathless sound,
As it gently steals along,
Ever singing some sweet song;
With a robe bound with a vine
Of the choicest aglantine—
Wreathed with choicest, richest flowers,
Watered by the cooling showers;
Would that thou couldst ever stay,
Happy, merry month of May!

Now some wandering fairy sprite
Of the quiet Ebon Night
Lingers yet, to look on high
At the golden-crested sky,
With her winglets all unfurled
For a flight to Fairy World.
And the dew-drops sweetly glow
On the flowers of earth below;
On the morning of this day,
In the merry month of May!

Now the sweetly blooming clover,
Scattered all the meadow over,
Beckons youth to come and play
On this happy, joyous day,
On old Mother Nature's bosom,
Crested with the clover blossoms.
Oh! the birds so sweetly sing,
Making all the forest ring,
And the breeze, with gentle sigh,
Quickly, gladly hastens by,
Whispering words heaven-sent—
Words with music eloquent;
Making hearts which long have lain
Bound in chains, rejoice again;
Painting on the cheek once more
With the radiant hue of yore.

Would that thou couldst ever stay,
Happy, merry month of May!
Brookfield, Wis., 1864.

Original Essays.

IS GOD A PERSONALITY?

BY J. B. ORTON.

Will you allow me to make some suggestions, Mr. Editor, touching the personality of God, for the consideration of your "circle" and your readers?

I observe that the spirits of your circle acknowledge a supreme, creative intelligence, to whom they offer weekly invocations, but deny his personality. "That," say they, in your issue of Jan'y 9th, "would rob him of his infinity."

To this I beg leave respectfully to respond:

1. It would seem impossible to conceive of a Creative Intelligence, having the power of thought, of will, exercising the faculty of love, and a proper object of worship, capable of responding to prayer, devoid of an organization. We do not know, and I presume no spirit knows of any possible manner of thinking aside from organs (spiritual organs) of thought. The same is true of love. We say its fountain is the heart; but in order to call it into exercise, heart must respond to heart. The human heart, even among the most abject tribes, is continually stirred and called to by an unseen power, to look up and love and worship; and can it be that there is no Divine Heart to meet this universal outpouring of affection? There are no such mistakes in nature. The webbed foot is a sure prophecy of water. The instinctive wailing of the affections toward the Deity, points with equal certainty to a responsive Omnipotent Heart; and if it be replied that the Heart of God is diffused through all space, it makes no difference. The organ admitted, personality follows. In short, if it be conceded that God is anything beyond an unintelligent force, that he acts at all, that he thinks at all, that with him thinking and acting, knowing and loving, are different things, the concession involves lines and demarcations which establishes his personality.

PERSONALITY NO INFRINGEMENT OF INFINITY.

2. On the natural plane, the eye meets a great variety of forms, from man to the atom of sand, each with a centre and circumference, and each informed by an individualized spirit according to its order; which instinctively, from the beginning of its development, knows how to work in matter and select from it whatever is needful for its peculiar growth and qualities. The spirit of a man, of an animal, a rose, or a gem, each takes to itself what may be proper to its nature and external expression, and that only. To the physical eye, the bounds of these objects are well defined, and we can say of the spirit within, its centre is there; but who shall describe its circumference? The eye of the sensitive—and doubtless clearer still, the unclouded eye of spirits—perceives that each individualized thing is surrounded by a sphere of its own—rays of emanations pouring from it, made up of the quality of its natural and spiritual life—which defends and safely protects its individuality, at the same time that it mingles with other spheres, and imparts of its wealth, to help form the completeness of the visible and invisible whole. In this method and law of structure we may already perceive the possibility of an organized infinity.

THE SUN A TYPE OF ALL FORMS.

3. The sun may be taken as a type of all forms, natural and spiritual. To the eye it is round and shining. Of the rose we say, its quality is fragrance and beauty. The obvious quality of the sun is light and heat. We deem it the fountain of electrical and magnetic forces by which its system of worlds is vitalized, warmed and illuminated. It is the god of natural life. Unlike other physical bodies, its sphere of emanations pours from it in brilliant rays, surrounding it with a glorious halo, visible to every eye. Now, in what part of the solar system is the sun? Its centre, its personality, so to speak, is ninety-five millions of miles away from us; but in its quality, its life, its power, it is probably present here as fully as among its own hills and valleys in its own physical globe. Indeed, its forces operative in our

earth, are much more the sun, than would be any conceivable quantity of the inert mass of its body, if transported hither. It is present with us in spirit and power, while its physical part is away. We measure its position in the heavens, weigh its solid mass, determine its centre, but who can tell its circumference? Ask the distant stars. And thus it is that the sun teaches us of the possibilities of infinity.

THE LESSON OF A LIGHTED TAPER.

4. To some minds the following illustration may seem even simpler and clearer than that of the sun. We set a light in a room. If a candle, then the tallow or wax and wick form the centre for the light. If of gas, then the metallic tip fills that office. But neither wax, wick, nor tip is light, and light is the sole quality or thing involved. It is light only. So let us enclose it in a ground-glass globe, without inquiring, and not knowing, whether we have oil, wax, or gas within; and where is the light? It fills the room. There it is omnipresent. Spirit passes through solid bodies, finding them no obstruction. The light from this little taper does the same. Not only spirit and light, but heat, electricity, magnetism, thought, love—all of them substances a thousand times more real than rock—possess analogous powers. Each has its centre, but where are its bounds? Thought and love, as to time, space and quality, are absolutely infinite.

MAN THE SYNONYM AND TRANSCRIPT OF THE DEITY.

5. In man we find many things which the taper and the sun have not. First, LOVE, which is his innermost and life, and blind impulse. Second, WILL, which directs his faculties and passions, and enables him to revolve in an orbit of his own. Like other individualities, he is surrounded by a sphere to most eyes invisible. But to the sight of the seer, in moments of excitement, it blazes with a brightness rivaling in splendor the brilliancy of the sun. This sphere expresses the quality of the man. It is the real man, much more than are his limbs and body, with the bones and muscles of which they are composed. It is under the control of his will, and wherever his sphere passes, though he may not know it, he is there. The outflowing spirit may not be able to make report, even to his own mind; but many facts and experiments indicate with great clearness, that distance, however illimitable, is scarcely an obstacle, if at all, to the speed or certainty of its explorations.

The seer, while his body is at rest, describes objects in the next house, the next city, or across the ocean. He discovers a fire at that moment raging, or a crime that is being committed; or he describes the mental conformation of an individual, or the condition of his bodily health, with the utmost minuteness and accuracy; often exceeding by far, all the possibilities of a personal examination by the external faculties. If he thinks so, a lock of hair, or some other token, is needed to bring him readily in rapport with the object; or he may suppose that the proper way to pass over long distances, is by railcars and steamships, and so make the journey by stages, noting various scenes and objects as he goes; but if experience has taught him the needlessness of these aids, like thought, he reaches his object instantly, by an effort of the will, whether in one part of the globe or another, or even a spirit in the spirit-world. Naturalists tell us of the sensitiveness of the antennae or feelers of certain insects. To us, our spheres answer the same end. They touch another sphere, an unpleasant one, and consciously, or without knowing why, we are disturbed. We defend ourselves. We combat that sphere and keep it at bay. To touch it, is to touch the individual to whom it belongs, and more than to place a finger on his natural body; for we touch his spirit, also, and with our spirits, which are far more sensitive than are our physical nerves.

We have intimated that man is the synonym and transcript of the Deity. Enlarge his organization, as we have shown it to be; intensify and extend his sphere until it fill all space; and not a hair could fall to the ground without his knowledge; he is omnipresent and omniscient. Increase his will, and he becomes omnipotent. And why should a succession of thoughts and works interfere at all with his infinity? It would not, and does not with God. Let us simplify and make reasonable our thoughts, enough to see that God is and must be a worker; that he is interested in his works; that with him there is a succession of events; that the future is full of his plans; but that, different from the architect, those plans are certain of accomplishment; for he knows he has power to achieve them, and all that is to be lies in clear perspective before him.

WILL, THE ONLY PRIMAL FORCE.

6. The agencies which give motion to matter, cause worlds to revolve, men and animals to walk and think, the tree to grow, and the mineral to crystallize, are themselves energized and operated by will; to whose action they are fitted as the piston to steam, and the axe to human muscles. This may be demonstrated as follows:

Matter has no power or action of its own. It cannot say, "I will walk to Boston," "I will grow into an apple or a bird." It only acts as it is acted upon. The process may be illustrated thus: The man applies his will to the subtle forces of his brain, which fly over the conductor-nerves, act in their turn on the proper muscles, and thus he moves his hand or his foot. In like manner the will applies itself to the intangible organs of the mind, and the man pursues processes of thought, occupies himself with science or art, and changes at pleasure from mathematics to poetry or music, or the sublime field of metaphysical inquiry. In like manner, also, a spirit applies his will to the nerve-force of a sensitive subject, and writes through his hand, or addresses an audience through borrowed organs of speech. Or he connects himself with the sphere of a "medium," subjects it to his uses, and with it, by his will, moves tables and other ponderable bodies. Now the man and the spirit alike know that they did not create these agencies, nor the will that drives them, nor fit them to each other; nor did their fathers before them. We make brick, we plow the soil and sow grain—spirits operate on their own more extensive plane; but both men and spirits are conscious, or may be, that results are not with them, that far above them is a something, a Wisdom, a sublime Planner and Governor, whose WILL is supreme, and of whom and by whom all things in Heaven and Earth live and move.

A LAW NOTHING WITHOUT AN EXECUTIVE.

7. Law is not action, but simply the mode of action. Behind it stands the actor to give it effect, or it is dead. To say that attraction, gravitation, cohesion, electricity, magnetism, or any number of natural forces, have built worlds, established systems, hold them balanced; and manage all the delicate clock-work of the universe, is more than to say, "My hand moves itself when I write." It is to say, "My hand not only moves itself, but it reasons and plans." We drop a ball in a basin of water, and all the fluid is moved. We launch a ship, and the wave, meeting no obstruction, would flow across the ocean. Astronomers announce a newly discovered star in the neighborhood of

Sirius, whose existence had been previously supposed, from disturbances noticed in the motions of that distant sun. Geology demonstrates that our earth is of a limited age: its periods of growth are clearly defined in its structure. That new suns and systems are from time to time added to the grand starry panorama of space, does not admit of question. Could electricity, or chance, so launch or place these solid globes in the subtle ether, and so nicely balance attractions as not to produce fatal disturbance? An omnipotent will is alone fitted to execute works so august.

8. It is to be observed that those who deny a personal God, soon lose themselves in a maze of entanglements and confusion. Matter and spirit, they say, are coeval, and have existed forever. There is only change. In matter there are receptacles; spirit flows in by its own law, its own intelligence; and this unorganized spirit which pervades and vitalizes all things natural and spiritual, is God. Is he conscious? Some will answer, no; some, yes: for this is very ticklish and uncertain ground. Does he think? No, for that would imply a succession of ideas, and make him wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Does he love? Yes, he is all love. His love, which is life, fills the natural and spiritual universe like an atmosphere, pressing itself into everything by its own gravity. Does he answer prayer? His laws are immutable: he cannot change to accommodate his creatures. Prayer may dispose one to receive, as the opening of a gate allows water to flow into a garden, and irrigate the soil. Now is it not obvious that a Deity of this description is nothing more than a vast machine. Unless he can think, he is necessarily unconscious. Being wound up like a clock, no one knows how, or charged like a great battery, he sleeps through eternity in profound and undisturbed repose. The natural sun does more than this, and one might better worship it.

9. In opposition to this theory we have shown—without claiming to more than approximate the truth—that the Deity may be a personality, without infringing his infinity in any degree whatever. It is not necessary to that infinity that he should be capable of contradictions and absurdities; that he should be both infinitely great and infinitely little, infinitely wise and infinitely foolish; or that he should be able to make two and two count five; or that he should have seen this earth when a mere gas in embryo, without an animal or plant upon it, except in a very figurative sense, the same that he sees it now. We have shown that all forms, however various in appearance or use, are organized on the same principle, with a center and surrounding sensitive sphere; and we adopt the natural conclusion, that the Deity has given them this organization because it is his own. In himself, man, the child of God as to his spirit—born of him, not made—with his sphere, capable at will of an indefinite extension, may perceive the germ of an infinity, only debarred in its future development from aspiring to the absolute, because there can be but one.

10. The best illustration of the Deity, and our relation to him, possible to us, is, without doubt, that of such a perfect man as we may imagine, male and female, at the head of their household. Loving and kind, they care for all, sustain all; and without directly coercing the will, when their instructions are forgotten or disregarded, hedge in the pathway of this one, and suffer that one to fall; when it is seen that experience, though bitter, is necessary for his growth; and he who has not found a supervising, beneficent father in his God, be he man or spirit, however noble and good, has cut himself off from the direct and highest source of pleasure, intelligence and growth; and is satisfying himself with the reflected light and heat of the moon, when he might rejoice and grow in the warmth and life-giving splendor of the sun.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

BY KATIE GRAY.

This sentence, "All that man, here or hereafter, can know of Deity, is, that nothing can be known," is a quotation from some unremembered source. Of its truth each one has doubtless his opinion, his fear, or his hope. For myself, I have ever believed that the little knowledge to be obtained while here in earth-life was altogether too crude and rudimentary to admit of any conception of Deity; but I have thought that a time might come in some of the future ages, when our capacities would become so enlarged, from a constant gathering in of knowledge, that we should be enabled to enter understandingly upon that investigation.

Now and then there comes a lull in the great storm of life, when its hurry, and worry, and bustle ceases for a moment, and beneath the wave which lifts from off its surface, we peer into the realm of causes, and of that which is to be, catching glimpses and half-formed conceptions of a multitudinous array of objects awaiting our recognition. If, then, just outside the narrow circle of our present boundary, some latent power takes in conceptions which no language is yet given us to utter, may we not reasonably hope that the time may arrive in the far-off ages, when all knowledge to which we can aspire will be permitted us? Meantime, let us go on patiently step by step, in this eternal progression, thus insuring a healthy growth to all the faculties, and entire satisfaction and fullness to an ever-increasing capacity.

How futile to attempt now, in our first lisping years, that which needs the growth and culture of ages upon ages to accomplish? Wherefore, then, waste our time, and make ourselves spectacles of astonishment to the angel-world, in endeavoring to fathom the origin and nature of God, and questions of like import?

Corroborative of these long-established convictions, was a vision seen and related to me some time since by one of our earliest and most gifted mediums, and as she has never, to my knowledge, given it to the world, I trust she may pardon me for the liberty I take now in so presenting it, as it is so significant and beautiful to remain longer concealed from all save a few personal friends. I will relate it as nearly as I can in her own words, although somewhat abbreviated, and wanting in the fine glow of the spirit-touch which throws its power around her whenever she re-presents it for the gratification of some friend.

After having passed through the preliminaries necessary to the earth-sphere, she says: "At my entrance on the boundaries of the spirit-world, a familiar friend, one of earth's recent great ones, appeared, and said he would conduct me to the Temple of Science. We traveled on and on, far away, and at last came to a spacious building, whose walls resembled a rose-colored, cloudy substance, and yet tangible and real. An opening like the parting of drapery admitted us to a room of magnificent proportions, an oblong oval in shape, the beauty of which exceeds all language for description. It was paved with mosaics of every hue and variety. In the centre was a large, oval form, something like a plant-stand, its shelves being inlaid with all the most precious gems, in correspondence with the floor. Upon these shelves were deposited all implements of

whatever description necessary for explanations in every department of Science. Here, from time to time, assemble conventions of scientific minds for the purpose of making improvements upon the earth-plane. After all had been shown and explained to me, this guide introduced me to another, whose superiority enabled him to take me as much further on, as the former had been enabled to do beyond the precincts of the earth-sphere. He was of venerable, yet still youthful appearance, and I was given to perceive that it was Pythagoras. On and on we sped mid beauties of scenery passing description, until we came to the dwelling-place of my guide. Language is again too feeble to portray the beauty of this home. It seemed something like a bower composed of living flowers; a life and vitality seemed to pervade everything we have hitherto considered inert. Here were explained to me many things not yet revealed to the dwellers upon earth. I here witnessed a beautiful process, in which the likenesses of friends are created. On two opposite sides of the room were seen the busts of Socrates and Plato. They seemed imbedded in the wall, and yet were animated with all the glow and freshness of life—they were, so to speak, the outflowings of friendships from the bosom of Pythagoras, or objective representations from his mind. I was here likewise taught concerning a continuation of degrees beyond those heretofore known as mineral, vegetable and animal, and still later, human, spiritual and celestial. Three more succeeded, being Harmonic, Melodic and Delfic, and that when we arrive at the last of these, which to one upon a plane of medium development would require three hundred and sixty-five thousand four hundred and twenty billions of centuries beyond the earth-life, we should begin to be able to comprehend something pertaining to Deity, and the origin of all things.

THE HUMANE MIND.

BY GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

The humane mind has been represented, by most philosophers who have treated the subject, as constituting three distinct sections, or classes of members, namely, energy, conscience and judgment, or intellect. It actually constitutes, however, only two distinct classes of members; for all members of the mind, excepting intellect, are but various qualities of desire, which differ only in quality, and therefore can properly be considered only under one common term—desire.

The humane mind, then, constitutes two classes of members instead of three, namely, desire and intellect. Desire determines the character of men, and the predominance of different qualities of desire in different minds causes different casts of character, and thus necessitates the grading of society. Intellect only aids in the expression of desire by devising means for its gratification. And this expression constitutes the action of men.

Hence it follows, that, for the grade which people occupy in society, they are indebted to the predominance in their minds, of certain qualities of desire; while the position which they occupy in their natural grade of society, depends upon the strength of their desires, and upon the efficiency or inefficiency of their intellects for facilitating the demonstration of them. This point is splendidly illustrated by a comparison of the savage and the civilized: among the former we frequently discover rare intellect, with corresponding popularity, but combined with desires which qualify the possessor for a mere savage; among the latter, exalted desire is a predominant characteristic, and feeble intellect, with comparative obscurity, is by no means rare.

Reading, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A HEART'S PETITION.

Come, blest immortal spirits, come,
Assist my soul to rise;
Make pure my heart, exalt my mind,
My hopes turn to the skies.

While still sojourning here below,
Keep me from sin and fear;
When'er temptations cross my path,
Some saving help be near.

The righteous law by heaven ordained,
Incline me to obey;
My faltering step make firm and sure,
Let wisdom light my way.

Endow my heart with grateful love,
To God for blessings given;
More worthy make me still to see,
The loving smile of heaven.

When death's dark shadows round me grow,
And mortal toil must cease,
May I with joy the hour approach,
In hopes of blissful peace.

Correspondence.

Jottings.

Relieved for a few weeks, my dear BANNER, from my trading, moving, building, etc., I am again on the course, under engagements. Have just closed a third engagement in Chicago—making in all ten Sundays and sixteen lectures—to the best audiences I have ever addressed in the West. The cause in that great metropolis of the West is highly prosperous; although we had to yield the great and popular Bryan Hall to our Baptist brethren, who, having sold their church property for nearly one hundred thousand dollars, were thereby more rich, and consequently, more popular, though far less numerous than our believers in Spiritualism. Still, good places and large audiences continue to prove the interest in the subject that has been "played out," and "died out," so many times as proved, not by facts, but by the positive assertions of many clergymen PHARISEES and newspaper SCRIBES. The friends in Chicago and far about it, are greatly in hopes the National Convention will be called there. I believe it would be the best place in the West, but am not personally interested, and I do not expect to be retained from other labor to attend it. It will not be well to desert all other posts to capture Richmond.

We—our little family circle—have moved out of the Cottage Home, and given possession of it to parties well known in Boston. In the autumn we expect to move to our Egyptian Home in the copperhead end of the Empire State of the West; but there will not be one more copperhead for our immigration.

I am now on my way to Davenport, on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, "Father of Waters"—I think mother would be more appropriate, as it takes in and nurses in its bosom so many small streams, and gives birth to so many bayous, creeks and mouths about the lower regions of its giant form.

I am stopping over for two days' treatment and rest, at the commodious, exceedingly pleasant, and truly EGYPTIC Institute, where Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Longshore—two M. D. graduates of two medical colleges of Philadelphia, with several years of successful practice, and inspirational aid added to the scientific knowledge—makes this a real ha-

ven for those who have been tossed on the billows of life till health is gone, and the body nearly wrecked on the shoals of disease. The Institute is located in Geneva, Kane Co., Ill., about thirty miles west of Chicago, on the Dixon and Fulton air line road, from the Galena depot, in Chicago. Geneva is one of the pleasantest villages in Illinois—a county seat with a magnificent courthouse which we can have for lectures when we choose to use it.

I have never lectured in Davenport or Geneseo, where I am next engaged, but others have, so I am not to break new ground, but plow the old. I think I can stir the dry bones of theology in most towns where good places can be procured for lectures.

I have never had as much spirit aid and support as in the last year of my labors. Sometimes I almost fancy I am becoming a medium, the spirits seem so real to me; and although I do not lose my earthly friends, nor my interest in them, and while they are constantly increasing and redoubling their kindnesses to me, these angel visitants are drawing and tightening the silken cords around my soul. I know I have a pleasant and happy home with them, and for myself care not how soon I am permitted to repair to it and leave the envious, jealous, corrupt and selfish world to those who want my place and popularity added to their own. Yet while I stay here my pen will write, and my tongue will speak for the oppressed and abused of my race, and I shall call no man master or judge of

WARREN CHASE.

Eclectic Healing Institute, Geneva, Ill., May 10.

Putting New Wine into Old Bottles.

"Scenes Beyond the Grave." Such is the title of a book (advertised in the BANNER), published by Stephen Deuel, of Dayton, Ohio. The subject-matter purports to have been derived through the mediumship of Marzetta Davis, of Berlin, N. Y., after remaining in a trance nine days. In the caption, the work is entitled, "A Remarkable Book," which fact is made manifest by a cursory perusal of its pages. Paul, when caught up into the third heaven, saw things which, he informs us, it was not lawful for him to utter; Marzetta, being a lady, must have had accorded to her immunities which were debarred the Apostle, or such an *arcaneum* of wisdom and instruction as is embodied in this work would never have been vouchsafed to bountiful humanity. Had John Calvin—fresh from the inspiration of his cherished dogmas of fire and brimstone, infant damnation, etc.—been the artist who sketched the penicillings of the remarkable scenes depicted to Marzetta's spiritual vision during her transit through paradise, the effect, as exhibited in this book, would have faithfully mirrored its correlative cause. The advertisement asserts that this is "Just the book for the age." If the reproof of Elliphaz to Job, (Job xv: 2), rebuking the expediency of "a wise man filling his belly with the east wind," be apposite, we think there is reason for saying that this is not "Just the book for the age." We believe that the compounding of Spiritualism with Calvinism—while it may, in the sense of the boys and the frogs, subserve the latter—will be a detriment to the former. Amid all its seeming discrepancies, Spiritualism has projected a distinctive and tangible thesis regarding the life to come, and the conditions of spirits in that life; and while a medium might be brought in rapport with a class of spirits who have not yet progressed beyond the bias of earthly teachings, and be made, through the psychological powers of such spirits, to see representations in accordance with their earthly beliefs, the enlightened Spiritualist knows that the concurrent testimony of the most advanced spirits does not favor any such sectarian views of the status of the spirit-world.

We obtained a copy of "Scenes Beyond the Grave," and gleaned from its pages the gist of its incantations; but not wishing to retain it in our portable library, and not wishing to give it away, we finally employed it in performing a chemical experiment, of seeing the affinity between the carbon of its leaves and the oxygen of the atmosphere, using as a retort, the sheet-iron "Air-tight" of our room.

We believe that the compounding of Spiritualism with Calvinism—while it may, in the sense of the boys and the frogs, subserve the latter—will be a detriment to the former. Amid all its seeming discrepancies, Spiritualism has projected a distinctive and tangible thesis regarding the life to come, and the conditions of spirits in that life; and while a medium might be brought in rapport with a class of spirits who have not yet progressed beyond the bias of earthly teachings, and be made, through the psychological powers of such spirits, to see representations in accordance with their earthly beliefs, the enlightened Spiritualist knows that the concurrent testimony of the most advanced spirits does not favor any such sectarian views of the status of the spirit-world.

Battle Creek, Mich.

V. C. T.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a worldless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly words in grief's dark hour
That prove a friend indeed,
The plan for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell,
The hard repulse, that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam to thee from on high,
An angel voice will say to thee—
These things shall never die.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY LEE LINDEN.

Holdest emotions, purest dreams, quivering in the deepest recesses of the soul's thought-land, like music in a world of tears; thrilling, with its deep, unspoken power, yet all unseen, like angels in invisible thought. So silently it comes that we know not we have entertained the angel guest; who remains the holy impress of a higher, purer life, and holy thoughts that draw us nearer the shores of the Spirit-land. A dream of immortal beauty; a hope while the heart is quivering with pain; an aspiration for life's hidden dreams of joy; a pure resolve to make our lives more truly worthy the companionship of angels.

Silent Influence! It comes with all the holy, thrilling power of living inspiration. Angels sweep the breathing chords of harmony, and there is waited to earth's waiting grand, soul-inspiring purpose, the calm of angel-thought.

It comes in the mild, waiting hush of the soul's dark night, in the wavering resolve, in moments of weary thought-strife. It teaches of life's uses, and sweeps its magic fingers o'er the latent chords of life's harmonious purposes. Welcome! silent thought-power, from the unseen world!
Poplar Grove, Ill.

Correspondence in Brief.

Dr. H. T. Child and the Wounded.

Our friend, Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, the kind and noble-hearted philanthropist, has again repaired to the battle-field to lend his valuable aid to the wounded soldiers. The timely aid he rendered to the wounded heroes of Gettysburg, last summer, will ever remain a bright star in his diadem. We received the following note from him too late for our last issue, and consequently, are now obliged to omit several portions of it, which have been anticipated:

Again I am in the midst of scenes of carnage and blood. You may remember that on my return from Gettysburg, I suggested that there ought to be a reserve corps of surgeons. The authorities having concluded to establish such a corps, requested me to act as one of them, and I am here. We left home on Monday, and arrived here in about twenty-four hours. The wounded in the late battles were to have been taken to Washington, by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, but the rebels had destroyed the bridge on the Rapidan, and though Gen. Grant had replaced it by pontoons, being invited further South, he found it necessary to take them with him; so the wounded are brought to this ancient city.

There are supposed to be twenty thousand wounded men within ten miles of this city. Here the houses, public and private, are filled with the wounded who have either walked here, or been sent in by ambulances. This morning word was given that all who could get to Belle Plain—about seven miles from here—would be sent to Washington. These, with those sent on wagons, to the number of three thousand came to the landing and were sent up. I was sent on one of the boats to Washington, with five hundred and thirty wounded men, some badly burned. I am told that a considerable number of our wounded soldiers were burned to death by a fire in the woods; and also a much larger number of rebels, as they were left without friends to aid them. This fire delayed Gen. Grant, or he would have been between Richmond and Gen. Lee's army.

Major Crosby—who is wounded slightly—was very glad to meet me. He said every BANNER OF LIGHT I had sent him had been read by more than one hundred soldiers. I wish those who see this, and would like to have that paper, would let me know how to direct it, as I know many friends who would be willing to send their BANNERS to the soldiers.

Yours in haste,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Fredericksburg, Va., May 12, 1864.

Two Valuable Publications.

What does the BANNER think of Doctor B. T. Trall's philosophy of the "Healing Art"? His "Herald of Health" is an attractive paper, and should be in the hands of every true reformer, as equally necessary to a right understanding and preservation of life. I am particularly struck with the cooperative progressive notions of both; one of the visible mainly, the other invisible, embodied man. Doctor B. T. Trall's philosophy of health is a philosophy of life, and its principles will save the physical—if understood and accepted—as surely as will the gospel of the BANNER, the spiritual. I would respectfully ask every reader of this paper to look into the HERALD, and every reader of the HERALD to procure a copy of the BANNER—they are co-workers—form an intimate acquaintance with each, and if you are not a worshiper of false gods, you will like them. Probably more than any other, the forces from drugs, medical and theological, has caused to thank his stars for the first chance look into these life-giving messengers. Again I ask every reader of this paper to make the acquaintance of Doctor Trall; it is no idle recommendation. H. H.

North Plains, Mich.

Our Cause in Chicago.

Miss C. A. Fitch gave two lectures in Witkowsky Hall, on Sunday, May 16th, forenoon and evening. She is a most excellent trance speaking medium, and just such a one as the people of Chicago appreciate and delight to hear. The forenoon lecture was well adapted to the audience in attendance, and was well received. There is evidently a great desire on the part of the Spiritualists of Chicago to sustain Sunday meetings and obtain good speakers. Should the National Convention of Spiritualists be held in this city, a permanent free church will no doubt be established for the friends. The Sabbath School at the close of each lecture is becoming an object of interest to all, and is well attended. Warren Chase has done much to enlighten the people of Chicago in regard to Spiritualism, and it is hoped that he may do more, as the field of labor is vast, and the qualified laborers few. The BANNER is doing a great work here, and in due time the glorious results will be evident to all. May good-worshipping spirits still assist all who labor here.

Yours truly,

Chicago, Ill., May 16th, 1864.

Shedding Light.

Our friend, F. A. Morse says: "Your BANNER truly sheds its 'Light' far up into the hills of New Hampshire. Coming as it does from the pure fount, it has power to work a good work, and to reach ultimately a successful and glorious goal. May it long live to lead us from darkness."

Willing to Help us.

H. Haynes, North Parris, Mich., says: "I will double my subscription for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for this volume and the next, one-making four papers per week—if others will do so, likewise. We need all the help you can give us, friends."

Doing its Work.

"The BANNER, I am gratified to find, is still arousing the minds of the skeptical. I think it is the best medium a skeptic can consult."

Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Bryant—The New Treatment.

We copy the following from the Rochester (N. Y.) Evening Express, May 3d, 1864:

"We are advised of the great success of Dr. J. P. Bryant, of Buffalo, who for he went after his three months of laborious practice here. There is nothing surprising in the fact that he continues to be attended by hundreds of sick and lame and disordered persons; the wonder is that he succeeds, by such simple means as he uses, in effecting cures—sometimes almost instantaneously—in cases supposed to be beyond medical skill, or perhaps aggravated by unskilled or misdirected medical practice. The treatment which he adapts to so many different kinds of human ills and ailments, with such good results, may be regarded with something of the feeling that, in a darker age, was aroused by the summary cures produced by the mere laying on of hands. Those who see crippled limbs restored to their original usefulness by a single manual operation, may be excused from looking upon this young physician with wonder, and some doubts as to the genuineness of the apparent cure. We have never heard that the restorations he has caused have not been permanent."

In Buffalo, Dr. Bryant is treating some fifty patients every day. His rooms are constantly thronged, and the excitement and wonder increases as the sick are restored and the lame leave their crutches behind them. Dr. Frederick Oliver, of Buffalo, who has been suffering for years from hip disease, came to Dr. Bryant, and was cured in five minutes so that he halted no more, and although for years going on crutches, now requires not even a cane. A daughter of Dr. Reno, of Darien, Genesee Co., who had not spoken for thirteen months, found her long-lost voice in two minutes, when Dr. B. had for her removed the obstruction. In our columns will be found a large number of references to cases of striking cures performed by the same treatment, at the hands of Dr. Bryant.

This physician is an educated gentleman, whose quiet, unassuming manners and ready appreciation of the cases presented to him, are sure to please those who come in contact with him. He goes about doing good, in relieving and restoring thousands who had given up the expectation of regaining health and lost functions, and by merely starting the obstructed organs into new activity, sets our misused and misunderstood vital machinery into healthy operation, and gives us a new lease of life, with a reflow of the springs of happiness."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Army of Freedom.

There was never a military or any other organization, which could more truly be called the Army of Freedom than the Potomac army which is today engaged in a protracted and stubborn fight with the rebel forces. It is not Lee alone that this army fights, nor the organized power of Richmond in the field, nor any mere passionate impulse or concentrated hatred of any particular class of men in the Southern States; but rather the principle of Slavery, as enunciated by the Vice-President of the so-called rebel confederacy himself—the same principle against which the millions of Europe have been struggling, sometimes hopefully, but oftener against hope, for many long and weary years.

It is a great privilege to live in a time when such a conflict is going on, and to lend a helping hand, or even a word of encouragement, to its advancement toward success for the divine principle in the issue. We need none of us regret that our times were cast in this stirring and profoundly significant era. It would be a confession of abject unworthiness to whine at the hardship of being obliged to take a part in so momentous a conflict. This is the day when God is visibly moving in the fortunes of man and the advancement and exaltation of the race. We can stand and "see the glory of the Lord" on all sides of us, though it be manifested through the fearful forms of violence and the copious shedding of human blood. The world is being aroused to the moral grandeur of the great movement, by which not states alone, and constitutions, and political theories are to be modified, but the very structure of society itself, including civil codes and social institutions and religious tenets and creeds.

Not this nation only, but the whole civilized world is watching with an interest that is almost breathless the deadly grapple of the two great and powerful armies of Freedom and Slavery, across the Rapidan. On the result hangs more than can be crowded into a phrase or condensed into a thought. The question is there waiting for an answer, How shall this vast continent, the future home of hundreds of millions of human beings yet unborn, be governed? We are contesting the laudable claim, set up by a handful of pretenders, that the soil is theirs because they choose to half work it with compulsory labor, and that they have the right both to keep it from the occupation and enjoyment of freemen to the latest generation of their posterity, and to maintain the system of human slavery for that purpose to the last syllable of recorded time. Though politicians, for political purposes merely, some time ago announced that the "irrepressible conflict" with this usurpation for the control of the continent was at hand, they gave utterance to a truth whose whole import they could scarcely begin to understand themselves. The "irrepressible conflict" is indeed upon us, and we shall find no peace until we firmly resolve to "fight it out," though it take very much longer than the "all summer" of Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

The nation regards the Army of the Potomac as its armed representative in this conflict. Other armies may be doing their part, and with as high a courage as ever illustrated human character; but for the Potomac Army has been reserved the noble task—all the nobler and grander by reason of its almost overwhelming difficulties—of smiting the slaveholders' rebellion at the very seat of its being, and finishing its existence forever. Not only is its task the labor of protecting the national capital and possessing itself of that of the rebels, but of directly confronting the massed power of the whole rebellion itself, led by its most able and experienced General, and standing at bay in what it desperately names as the last struggle of the bloody series. If the Potomac Army conquers in this fight, do we not all know that Liberty has taken a new lease of life on this soil, and made a new covenant through us of to-day with our uncounted posterity? Hence it belongs to every one of us to send out his and her aspirations for the success of our arms in Virginia at this time. We can render a large volume of help to the Potomac Army at this most critical juncture, by strengthening it with our own personal will and adding to its physical power the moral force of our souls' faith and desire. We should all of us be "at the front" now, if not in body then in spirit, helping on the work with the grand Army of Freedom.

English Honor and Sympathy.

While we are fighting here for the permanent rule of right, and justice, and law, the more prominent and powerful classes of English society are conspiring to set up over us a dominion under which not even the basest of their own down-trodden population would live for a day. Nothing can be conceived that is meaner or more treacherous than the spirit of the ruling classes in England toward us to-day. They have organized regular associations and societies to undermine our own government by upholding that of the rebels. In more ways than we could recite in many columns of this paper, they are industriously engaged in the task of compassing our national disintegration and final overthrow. But their turn will come next, and not later than next year, either. It cannot be very good policy in men who are shut up in a powder magazine to be playing with fire.

The recent expulsion of Garibaldi—for it really amounted to that—has driven the iron into the souls of the English masses deeper than before. They know very well why he came to English shores, and why he was so unceremoniously ordered away. They roll the morsel of this bitter memory under their tongues, believing that their day is not far off. In the person of the patriot of Italy they feel themselves insulted. The inflammation of public sentiment which has been caused by this action will not so easily be allayed. There will be a retribution—a fearful looking for judgment. In that day the proud and treacherous ruling classes of England need not look to America for help, or even sympathy. They are inviting a judgment which no nation can escape and live.

The Tests of Character.

A sudden impulse may prompt to a noble deed, and yet benevolence may not be the motive power of the life. Liberal and progressive sentiments may be uttered in the midst of admiring friends, and unpopular sentiments be given with warmth and fervor in the face of a slightly opposing tide. To be a true and consistent self-reformer, the benevolent impulse must be tempered by prudence and justice, and be willing to manifest itself unseen of the world. The creed-declared and world-repulsed ideas of religion, purity and truth, must boldly avow themselves in the face of friends or foes. And still more, they must be practiced in the daily life; an ever-living and inspiring example to a watchful and auspicious world.

The fame of goodness is the only honor worthy of the soul's attainment, and that fame will come unsought to the humble and earnest laborer in God's humanitarian fields of effort. To be a worthy teacher, one must be a studious, willing, meek and patient learner. To become worthy of the regard of others, we must gain our own self-respect—the homage and obedience of our lower nature to the higher—we can receive the diploma of heaven that qualifies us as a guide to the multitude.

To be in harmonious accord with the Divine designs of universal welfare, the public teacher must be lovable and approachable to all. He, or she, must cultivate the graces of patience, charity and endurance; and exercise the amenities of life under all conditions. A public teacher is a world's benefactor. To have lasting influence, the sunlight, warmth and bloom of the genius manifested to the masses must shed its serene and guiding light upon the household realm. The warning voice that tells to admiring thousands of the shoals and reefs of life-dangers, must in the privacy of home warm and guard its beloved ones from the besetting evils of inharmoniousness—from the encroachments of discord. The philanthropist must commence at home with his theory of improvement; the advocate of religious freedom must free himself from the tyranny of narrow social prejudices, and from the restraints of fashionable follies, thus proving the effects of true progressive teachings on the mind and heart.

The author must put soul into his life, as well as into his books. To prate of compassion and disinterestedness, of exalted friendship and self-abnegation, and never to practice what they vaunt so loudly, is to mock at things holy and beautiful, and is in secret to worship idols, base and false. The loftiest virtues are manifested in the lowliest uses. A kind and well-timed word, an encouraging smile, a pitying tear, is charity—the sweetest benevolence. There is an untold heroism in the fulfillment of the daily routine, in the performance of homely duties, in the patient uplifting of the cross of hourly petty trial. Grandeur of soul is manifest in the religious serenity wherewith it calmly suffers slander, vituperation and unmerited abuse.

There are household martyrs, who have thrice passed through the ordeal of fire, and whose tender souls have been transfixed by the seven mighty swords of anguish. Delicate women walk over the thorny paths of life with lacinated hearts and bleeding feet. Brave men, Spartan-like, hug a great sorrow to their breasts, and give to the world no sign of suffering. There are saintly maidens amid the glare and turmoil of life, walking in the cloistered seclusion of spirit, all dedicated unto God. There are angel children, clad in the sad garbs of orphanhood, looking heavenward for the eternal reunion with the mother-heart of love. These are the truly great, the spiritually advanced, the beautiful in life and deed. A consecration of holiness rests upon their every act. Their lives are one ceaseless offering of self unto the good of others. Their speech and manner, their looks and greetings, their care for all things great and small, bear witness to their devotion unto truth and right. The test of character is complete, and if there be more or less of earthly failure in their manifestations of goodness, it is a failure known and visible to all. Their faults point to the possibilities of attainment—their self-regrets are walls of the Ideal Nature mourning over the shortcomings of the actual. The good, the pure, the striving, are what they seem, and nothing more.

Judge Edmonds.

A correspondent in Michigan informs us that a clergyman in that State is circulating a malicious story to the effect that Judge J. W. Edmonds of New York has renounced his belief in Spiritualism. The judge is more firm in his belief to-day, than ever, as his own assertions clearly demonstrate. We refer all retailers of such unfounded stories, to an article in the April number of the London Spiritual Magazine, (portions of which we transferred to the columns of the BANNER of May 7th,) written by the Judge, in which he sets forth the truths and beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy in the most decided language. After giving reasons for his belief, and alluding to facts which are to him positive knowledge, he adds:

"I have had frequent occasion to assert, that the tendency of these doctrines was to the most exalted private worth and public virtue. I have challenged contradiction—I repeat the challenge."

If any one still doubts the Judge's position, he is at liberty to accept the challenge, and we doubt not the Judge will give them such an insight into the great truths of Spiritualism as to convince them of its truth, or, at least, to shake their unbelief. No man who has ever had his mind fully opened to the reception of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, can ever rid himself of that belief, however strongly he may hedge himself about with creeds and dogmas, for the light of truth once let into the soul, ever remains dagger-retypeed there.

"Fight it Out."

The phrase used by Gen. Grant, as reported to the country through the War Department—"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer"—is already immortal. The nation needs the example of this man's great resolution, invincible fortitude, and unflinching determination, to help it knit together the none too tenuous fibres of its own character. We are all of us too easily cast down with ill news, and too readily given to exulting when we have the slightest possible reason for it. We need sobriety, steadiness, calmness, self-poise, and many more of that excellent family of qualities which go to make individuals and nations what they ought to be, before they can get under much headway on the road of progress.

Friends.

Our pecuniary liabilities are pressing heavily upon us at this time in consequence of the enlargement of our establishment to better accommodate the growing public needs for spiritual food, therefore we hope you will renew your efforts in our behalf. We feel indeed thankful for past favors, and hope that we shall be as equally well sustained in the future.

Miss Sprague's Poems.

The fine inspirational poems by the lamented Miss A. W. Sprague, just issued in book form, elegantly printed, are meeting with a rapid sale. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

Spiritual Life.

We take it for granted that every thoughtful person recognizes in himself a living, active power that inspires not merely his intellectual faculties, but that seems to flow through them into a region of feeling within the merely mental. This power is oftenest called the spiritual life, sometimes the Holy Spirit. It receives from without, and yet diffuses itself from within, and is spontaneous and also imparted.

The long, wearisome dissensions among truly religious men concerning this power, arise from the misapprehension of its two-fold action. One party says, it is the Grace of God; another, it is the life of the soul; when in truth it is both. As the body must receive food and assimilate it, and thus become an acting power, so this inner or spiritual body must be fed from without, and when it has taken the outer bestowal into its very self it becomes a life, a spiritual, indwelling power that must control, more or less, the whole being.

The spiritually-minded man is one whose intellectual faculties are vivified with their spiritual life. It acts on the moral faculties and warms them into acting forces; it rules the affections so that they hunger and thirst after righteousness, and enlightens every desire and aspiration. When it outflows from within, it expresses itself in holy doing, in gentle ministrations, in ardent praise; when it calls to that which is without, it expresses itself in aspiration, in sincere prayer, in earnest seeking after strength, life, holiness.

The rationalists of the day call this latter action unnatural, or, rather, declare its results to be so; they ignore all the beautiful laws that link life to heaven. As in matter the two forces denominated the centrifugal and centripetal, so within the soul the two forces; and hence the natural command, "Let him that receiveth give." If a power lies within the spirit, it must express itself; and thus spiritual life or power must flow out in acts of benevolence and love, and must call for life, or turn, in aspiration, heavenward. Thus the action of spirit on spirit, of God on man, is a necessity of the inward being. To live without aspiration is to be spiritually dead; to live without doing noble deeds is to be spiritually dead; for the true life of the spirit is devotion and love, or rather these are the signs of life.

How beautiful and natural, then, should be man's progress toward divine things. The flower opening to the glad sunshine and receiving warmth and life, and giving out beauty and fragrance, typifies the spirit of man. The ever-present life waits to be received and to open the tender chalice of the soul that it may exhale purity, goodness and love.

Spiritual Convention in Boston.

A Convention will be held at the Melodeon, May 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, at 10 1-2 A. M., 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 P. M., each day. Let all Spiritualists be animated with interest and zeal, and lend a helping hand to make this Convention rich in expression of thought that shall reveal its truths to the world which are yet unknown to many.

Anniversary week in Boston for many years has filled the city with people from the suburban towns; and this year adds a new society, viz., Spiritualism, to the various religious and reform societies that have their annual celebrations in this city on the last week in May.

There will doubtless be many outside of Spiritualism who will avail themselves of the opportunity of listening to what may be said at this Convention. The meetings will probably be large and interesting. May every one who goes to the Convention, go with a prayerful desire of manifesting the deep and true character of the teachings of Spiritualism, which are, kindness, forgiveness, peace, harmony, purity of thought, purpose and action. It is well known to all that Spiritualists are free spoken. Let this be so; and let each speak for him or herself without feeling under the necessity of doing as people have done all along in the past, viz., of warring and quarreling with every doctrine and dogma.

Good speakers will be present, and the Convention supported by the presence and responses of a large number of the best and most influential citizens of Boston and vicinity.

A cordial invitation is extended to all spiritual speakers who are willing to work in harmony on the broad platform of Liberalism.

The following, with many others, are expected to take part in the Convention: Miss Doten, Mrs. Spence, Mr. Storor, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Bliss, Miss Beckwith, Mrs. Currier, Mr. Wright, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Vetterbee, Mr. Giles, Mr. Stone, Mr. Edson, Dr. Child, Mr. Greenleaf, Mr. Loveland, Mrs. Bond, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Diamond, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Connelly, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Willis, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. Middlebrook.

Ministers of all the different churches who feel in harmony with the revelations of Spiritualism, are cordially invited to participate on the platform in the exercises of the Convention.

It is also expected that Mr. Crowell will be controlled by one of the directing spirits of the BANNER—Dr. Kildridge—to speak upon the spiritual bearing of the momentous subject that now agitates our country and the world—this terrible war.

Early and punctual attendance is requested on Tuesday forenoon, for the purpose of organization.

Spiritualism at Nice.

Mr. Benjamin Coleman has an interesting paper in the May number of the London Spiritual Magazine, on "Passing Events—The Spread of Spiritualism." We would like to transfer the entire article to our columns, but its length and the pressure of home matters prevent. We copy the closing paragraph:

"After Mr. Home's expulsion from Rome he spent several weeks at Nice, where the phenomena were examined and scrutinized by a great many of the winter residents, and many were convinced of the facts of spiritual power. We hear that these new converts are now returning with the spring to England, and a correspondent writes us that amongst his own friends he numbers half a dozen of them, and that they are wonderfully impressed with what they have seen. It appears that the manifestations were not confined to Mr. Home, for that after he had left Nice, a party of ladies and gentlemen formed a circle to see what could be done without him. They soon obtained very striking results. The medium was found to be a Russian lady staying at Nice with her family, and who, a month ago, was unconscious of her power. She speaks only a word or two of English, but, under her influence, a heavy oval table gave answers in English and German. She is also a writing medium, and her hand writes, without any play of the fingers, intelligible messages. A great progress has been made by these occurrences amongst the visitors."

Album Pictures.

We noticed a few weeks since the beautiful chromo-lithographic album pictures, executed at the lithographic establishment of L. Prang & Co., 129 Washington street, Boston. We have now received two more packages, part one of "Views in Central Park," New York, and part one of "Wood Mosses." Both series are tiny gems of exquisite beauty. Packages containing twelve pictures are only fifty cents.

Charles A. Hayden's Lectures.

On Sunday, May 16th, a new face appeared upon the platform of Lyceum Hall, in the person of Charles A. Hayden, a young man but little past his majority, of small stature and slender figure, deep-set blue eyes and arching brows, with a voice remarkably pleasant, well-toned and modulated. He had not spoken five minutes before it was evident he had his large audience in sympathy with himself and his discourse, which momentarily increased as he poured forth his living words of inspiration, in easy and rapid tones that astonished as well as enchanted his auditors. At the close of his addresses, many expressed a regret that he was only engaged for one Sunday, and hoped that before long they would have the pleasure of listening to him again. This feeling appeared to be pretty general, and we hope they will be gratified, for we think such lectures as those given by Mr. Hayden do a vast amount of good, in quickening the minds of believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, by inspiring them with new ideas which strengthen their faith in the truths they have been able to partially analyze and understand, and also in aiding inquiring minds in their investigations of the meaning and truth of the spiritual idea.

His first lecture was upon the New Dispensation which we are now receiving, volume after volume, not like Moses ascending Mount Sinai, but Mount Science. By the spiritual unfoldment, we possess the key to unlock the fountain which contains the knowledge of eternal life—the great theme which interests the whole universe. The volume which to-day was opening in our souls did not so much give expression to the thoughts as to the thought itself. He contrasted the written with the unwritten history of the past, showing the misconceptions and uncomprehended aims and objects of Nature and God. The unwritten is the history of living life, not of the dead past, as that term is often misused. No history is dead, for it conveys a living principle which cannot die. In allusion to the thoughts of Plato, Socrates, and other great minds, he said they would live forever; that they would still give forth their inspirations to the world, but not with the living purity of thought which would be conveyed from their own lips. The higher mediums stood upon the Mount of Aspiration the better they can receive the impress of the inspiration from those noble minds as it flows down to mortals. He quoted instances to show the power and influence the dwellers in the living world beyond have over the minds of those in mortal, and urged the breaking down of all barriers which connect man so tenaciously to the material world as to prevent his coming more in rapport with the spiritual, tangible world.

He then took up the question so often asked, "What shall we believe?" and discussed it at length. He claimed that science had done away with the false idea as taught in the Bible of the creation of the world; maintaining, in glowing terms, that Spiritualism was the Alpha and Omega—the great Book which is unfolding to the world the mighty principles and laws of Nature. He then rapidly considered the great truth that all men and things were writing their history, and passing away, after having answered the purposes of their creation, to give place to newer and higher orders of development.

After many generations, he said, we begin to appreciate the living minds that were scoffed, scorned and persecuted in the past, and cited many instances to substantiate his position. Very earnest was his appeal that we should live pure and harmonious lives, by which we would come in rapport with the spirit of the Nazarene, and realize the living inspiration which burned in his soul; then we can give forth to the world as mighty truths as he did. If we go to the fountain-head with an earnest desire for an outflowing of inspiration, we shall get it.

He paid a passing tribute to the memory of Theodore Parker for the great work he had done for the good of humanity. In tracing up the life of youth to manhood, he found prophecy enough to fill volumes, and pregnant with mighty events. In alluding to the world we expect to find on leaving this, he said we ought not to look for another till we could appreciate this—it was too good for us. And then with words of eloquent import he drew his listeners forth into the grand temple of Nature's divine cathedral, and showed them how all things were acting in harmonious union with the Divine Mind.

In the evening he gave a very fine discourse in elucidation of this text: "My word has gone forth and shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that for which it was sent." The whole lecture, covering a wide range of thought, was replete with good common-sense reasoning and timely instructions, which must have filled some vacuum in the minds of all present.

The War News.

Since our last issue, no heavy battles have been fought by the army of the Potomac. Large reconnoitering forces have had several encounters during the maneuvering of the armies for position. After the severe fighting of the previous ten days, it was found necessary that the army should have a little rest, as the constant movements, night and day had nearly exhausted the physical strength of the men. The latest dispatches, however, state that the army is in motion again, and another battle has commenced. The army has been reinforced, and more terrible fighting may be expected.

From Gen. Sherman's column, down South, matters look well. The strong position of Resaca has been forced, and Johnston must retreat either upon Rome, about forty miles, or upon Atlanta, something over eighty miles distant, at both of which places are large machine shops and military stores.

Gen. Butler maintains his position up the James River. On the night of the 16th the rebel army took advantage of the dense fog and their familiarity of the ground, and made an attack on Gen. Butler's whole line. Fighting was kept up till daylight, to the disadvantage of our forces; but during the forenoon the enemy were severely repulsed. The loss on both sides was large.

The Richmond Examiner of the 12th inst., says the enemy has concentrated in Virginia, and if beaten here is beaten everywhere. If he wins here, he wins everything. If Virginia is lost, the present Confederate organization will not probably survive. Heaven and earth now call upon the government to bring up all the troops at its command."

Gen. Banks appears to have made a dead military failure of it in Louisiana. He was the very one out of all the civilians who were made Major-Generals and put on the double stars, of whom the most was expected; but from beginning to end his Louisiana campaign of last month appears to be a failure. His case only furnishes another and a very forcible illustration of the great rule, that a man must have thorough previous training of all his faculties to succeed in any one branch of business, or profession, and especially if it be the art of war.

GEMS OF INSPIRATION I

Emma Hardinge.

This gifted lady visited our city last week, says the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, and favored us with two lectures, on Thursday and Friday evenings—the latter evening upon a subject selected by the audience. But few public speakers can so hold an audience and command their entire attention for so long a time. Her discourses are seldom less than one hour and a half in duration. Miss Hardinge is certainly a remarkable woman. If her teachings are somewhat singular, no one who listens to her can fail to be impressed with her sincerity of motive, and the sterling goodness of the woman.

Earl Russell, in the debate on the ram question, expressed the hope that our civil war would end in the destruction of slavery in America—which means that he wishes for our success.

1 SPRAGUE, and is the last written by her which has been published in pamphlet form. It makes a volume of 22 pages, and was published by the lamented author just before her departure for the better land. The Poem is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty. For sale at this Office. Price, 10 cents; postage free. Mar 28. 1861.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Gail Miller, to her mother, Lieut. Col. Taylor, John Moody, to his friends, in South Berwick, Maine; Willie Lincoln, to his parents; Lucy Hollings, of Penobscot, England, a mute.

Tuesday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lizzie Sheldon, to Charles Sheldon, in Alabama; Andrew Corbett, to his brother, Thomas, a Colonel in the Rebel Army; Frederick Fenwick, to his father and mother, Savannah, Ga.

Thursday, April 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Arthur Rogers, of Huntsville, Ala., to his parents; John M. O'Brien, to his family, in New York City; Andrew Edlaunce, to his friends, in Iowa; Major Thomas Raynor, to friends in Georgia; Patrick Reardon, to Margaret, James and Daniel; Jerry Deering, to his friends; Charlotte Moore, of Liverpool, Eng., to her brother, James L. Moore, in this country.

Monday, May 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Simon Cartwright, to his half brother, Ellen, in New Orleans, La.; Mary Ellen McIntosh, to her mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Rosalind Curney, to her father, in the Rebel Army; Tom Platford, of the 7th Maine Regiment; Timothy Reardon, to friends in New York City.

Tuesday, May 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Crogan, to his friends, in Princeton, Penn.; Captain Paul Higgins, to his family, in Auburn, Va.; Margaret, daughter of Dr. John Hester, of Island Square, London, Eng., to her father.

Thursday, May 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Holland, to his family, in Boston; Tom McGee, Lieut. Fulton, of Camp Berry, Maine; Angelina Storey, to her father, Lieut. Col. Storey, of the 2d Georgia; Joseph M. Barnes, to his friends; Josephine Crane, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, May 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel A. Payne, to his mother, in Fall River, Mass.; James L. Clark, to friends in Chicago, Ill.; Geo. L. Joselyn, killed at Fort Pillow, to his wife and sister, in Baltimore, Md.; Frederick A. Sims, to his father, Joseph, at Fortrose, Monroe; Francis Denney, to her brother-in-law, Alonzo Bennett, an engraver, in New York.

Tuesday, May 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Geo. Greely, of Lebanon, N. H.; Owen Carney, to his brother, James Carney, or wife, Margaret, in New York City; Jennie Frothingham, to her mother and sister, in Chicago, Ill.; Major Wm. N. Redford, of Louisiana; Annie Jones, to her mother, Mrs. Geo. Jones.

Thursday, May 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Presley, of Chester, Eng., to Thos. Wallington; George Grimes, of the 1st Meck. Reg.; George J. Elwell, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry; Edith Lechman, to her mother, in New York City; Col. Wm. Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky; James Mahoney, of the 7th Maine Regiment, to friends, in Augusta, Me.; George Dodge, to his mother, at present in Brooklyn, New York.

Invocation.

We praise thee, oh God, not because we would demand any favor of thee, not because we would be absolved from any sin, not because we fear thy frowns, but because thou hast implanted praise within us. We praise thee, oh God, as the dancing streamlet praises thee, as it glides down the mountain-side and mingles with the mighty ocean. We praise thee as the sunlight praises thee, while it bears upon its bosom millions of minature beings. We praise thee as the flower praises thee, as it sends out silently its sweet breath like incense upon the surrounding air. We praise thee, oh God, as the sun, moon and stars praise thee, as they revolve around—forever in harmony with divine and natural law—the great Infinite Centre of all Life. Oh Infinite Spirit, thou hast no name, thou hast no form, thou art everywhere. We know of no place where thou art not. We know of no crude life thou hast not created. Therefore, oh God, we praise thee for the mighty manifestations of the nineteenth century, and the darker shades of other days; for the glorious future that even now sends its bright gleams of coming glory; for the divine aspirations that are constantly rising, asking for more light, asking for higher wisdom, for truth. Oh God, we praise thee for every manifestation of life. There is no darkness so dense that it can obscure thy face, no sorrow so fitful as thy love cannot penetrate, no condition of life so low, so depraved, that thou canst not take up thy dwelling-place there. Oh God, for thy wonders we praise thee, and upon the altar of the present we lay all the offerings of our souls, and there they are to rest forever and ever.

April 19.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—Have the audience questions to propound?—If so, they are requested to do so without delay.

Q.—I would like to ask whether spirits, in a moral sense, ever retrograde?

A.—No, we do not think they do; indeed, we are quite sure they do not.

Q.—Was Swedenborg in error, when he spoke of a life in the spirit-world?

A.—He did not err; for there are conditions of life in the spirit-world that may be compared to the cities of mortal life.

Q.—He spoke of similar occupations?

A.—And he was not mistaken. It is not the physical body, by any means, that engages particularly and specially in the occupations of the mortal sphere. If there were no spirit to act upon the machine, then we should have no active life in mortality. If there were no spirit machines, there would be no dwelling-places. If there were no artists, there would be no grand, glowing pictures. All these occupations that are apparent in mortal life, first had their existence in spirit, and by power of spirit have been projected into mundane existence.

You would not suppose that a dead body could paint a picture, or build a dwelling-place. Now if the body cannot engage specially in occupations here, then we must attribute the power to the spirit; and if it exercises its faculties in that direction here, why not hereafter? To be sure, we have no need of dwelling-places of brick, stone and wood, no need of those conditions that are necessary to physical organizations; but there is need of spiritual dwelling-places, spirit forms of beauty, just as much need of them in the higher as in the lower.

[Here a pause ensued, when the controlling intelligence remarked.]

The friends need not fear to propound their questions. One must not wait for another. If the audience have no more questions to propound, we propose to answer in brief one which we have received from one of the teachers of the Gospel in your city. It is this:

Q.—To whom, or to what, is the soul accountable?

A.—To no Deity outside the realm of its own being; certainly, to no God which is a creation of fancy; to no Deity who dwells in a far-off heaven, and sits upon a white throne; to no Jesus of Nazareth; to no patron saint; to no personality; to no principle outside our own individual selves. It hath pleased the Great Master Workman of life to fashion each individual different from all

other individuals. No two are alike. All are striving for heaven or happiness in their own peculiar way. No two seek the same channel; no two worship the same God; no two understand the same Deity; no two read correctly the same divine revelation. And so it has pleased this Master Workman of life to place within the soul-realm of each individual, a Judge, or God, if you please—a Principle, by which every act and thought is to be measured and weighed; and sooner or later all the mistakes of life will be called into judgment by this inherent Principle of Eternal Good that dwells within each individual soul. All will be called to an account, sooner or later; but there is no special time for this, no general day in which all souls are summoned to the bar of an Eternal Principle, or Personality of Judgment. But according to the demands or necessity of the individual will be the time of judgment.

We are aware that for the present our speech will fall like a dead letter at the feet of our good brother. But we are aware, thanks be to God, that he is endowed with immortality, and therefore must press on toward the right; that sooner or later he must lay down the image and worship the spirit; sooner or later must cast off the mantle that the world, the Church and popular opinion have cast upon his shoulders; sooner or later must stand unveiled before himself; sooner or later must view truth in its simplicity; sooner or later perceive that all these religious forms and ceremonies are of no avail; sooner or later see that there is a God within himself that is more potent, more powerful than the fabulous Personality of Churchdom.

We thank God from our interior for being that life is one vast valley or world of progress; that there is no turning back in life, but onward! forever onward! is the watchword of all things.

April 19.

Agnus Hill.

I promised to return as soon as I could gain power enough, and tell my friends whether or not there was any truth in this Spiritualism.

I was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and died at Savannah, Georgia. I was twenty-eight years of age. My name, Agnes Hill.

Before the breaking out of this miserable war, I was happy and well occupied as a teacher at the South, in the family of Mr. William Gadsden. Since May, 1863, four members of that family have been taken away—two in battle, two by disease.

I lost my own life, or rather my body, in consequence of hardships and exposure among the sick and wounded. Ever since the facilities for travel were closed, I have had an intense desire to return to my friends at the North; although in justice to the friends I had at the South, I would say, could I have remained with them under favorable circumstances, I would have preferred to. I had no sympathy with their principles of warfare, nor with slavery, for in my own mind, and often publicly, I have considered it a curse.

Some time, I think about eight months before the breaking out of the war, Mr. Gadsden became interested in Spiritualism, and was an earnest and devout believer. He brought his new religion home, and sought to introduce it to his friends; and myself among the number was made the recipient of his favors. The old gentleman was true to his faith. He publicly abandoned his church-principles, denied that which he had clung so closely to during life, and avowed his belief in the new religion.

No one remains but himself and an older daughter. The youngest has passed on. His sons have been sacrificed, and he is left to mourn; and I would do whatever I may be able to to cheer him up, to give him still more light upon the subject of his grand philosophy.

His last words to me were, "Agnes, if you find it true, return and tell me." I promised I would do so. I knew full well I should have no opportunity of doing so at the South, but before my death he pointed out this place to me, and said, "God is greater than the Devil, and if you are permitted to go there, rest assured your thoughts will reach me." I have every confidence that they will reach him.

I can only say that it is all true, a thousand times true. We only have the faint shadowing forth of the grand reality, that underlies the grand truth of Spiritualism here. It would dazzle and bewilder human senses if all the truth were told them. You cannot comprehend what you have now. I'm sure my poor, weak brain could not comprehend it. I tried with all the powers of my soul to understand its truths when here, but still it was a mystery, still I could not say from my own heart I know it to be true.

I have heard many professed believers in Spiritualism ask how it was that spirits did not return with more wisdom, more unfoldments. Oh! why do not they stop and consider their own deficiencies; look at the cup of their own being ere they ask that the invisible world give them a whole ocean of truth.

The sons of my dear friend at the South join with me in sending blessings to the father; Thomas and William. They both fell in battle, with no one to take their last words. I was more fortunate than they were, but they feel it is not too late even now to repent. So they ask the father to forgive them for the many foolish remarks they made concerning his belief. And they both declare that, had they power, they would return and give their dear father such unmistakable proofs of their sincere repentance that he would thank God he had ever given them cause to sin; that they ever did so differently from what he did; that they were foolish enough to repudiate his glorious religion! Blessings on you, my dear Southern friend! [At this point the medium covered her face with her hands for a moment or two, exhibiting signs of deep emotion.]

I have no words for the friends I have at the North. I know full well that their walls are high, that the time is not yet come for me to scale those walls. By-and-by I shall. Should they wish me to offer them fruits from the beautiful kingdom of the spirit-land, I am ready to. Farewell, sir.

April 19.

William E. Ormsby.

I've a word to send to the friend who said to me, "William, good-bye; die like a soldier!"

I was shot as a deserter. My name, William E. Ormsby. I was a member of the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry, Company E. I was shot at Vienna, Virginia, under orders from Major Ford.

I'm well aware that the deserter is looked upon with cold eyes and a still colder heart, by the great-er part of humanity; and I am aware, also, that had humanity the power to read human hearts, they might be led to exercise more sympathy and less censure. But as they have not the power, I suppose we must take whatever they see fit to offer us.

I have some very dear friends at the North, who are feeling very sadly in consequence of my manner of death. I want to say to them, "Dry your tears and suppress your sighs, for I'm very well off." And to the dear, good boy who said to

me, "William, good-bye; die like a soldier," I would say, "You have a father and brother in the spirit-land, and both are anxious to communicate. Your father is anxious to communicate some intelligence in regard to some Western land, which he says will prove of use for your sister in case you should fall in battle; and of use to you both, if you're spared."

My friend, Joe, knows very little about this spiritual telegraphing, but I suppose there has been a time in the past when nobody knew about it, and he might as well take his first lessons now as any time; and I might as well be the first one to force the new light upon him as anybody else.

I do not return, sir, with a spirit of revenge against my superior officers who ordered that I be sent higher so early in the morning. I feel that they acted in perfect harmony with military law. They did what was right to them; and I deserted because I was heartily tired of that way of living, and sick, besides. I knew I should die, anyway, and I said to myself, I might just as well die as a deserter, as to linger out a miserable existence of a few months here. And then again, I could not see the point that we were fighting for. It may be that my superior officers did, but I was one of those sort of individuals that like to see what I was fighting for; like to know the whys and wherefores of a thing.

Well, at any rate, I deserted because I felt that I had a duty, owed a duty to myself, as well as to my country. I had served her faithfully for many months. I had lost my health, had applied for a release, but there was no one ready to grant it. So I said, I might as well release myself by desertion, even if I am shot, as to die there.

If my friends in Massachusetts would like to open correspondence with me from this new place of abode, I'd be happy to do so. But I hope, in God's name, if there is one—and I suppose there is—that they won't shed any more tears for me, as I'm very well off, much better off than I should have been had I lingered six months longer on earth. My God! I had rather be shot as a deserter than to die under the conditions that existed around me. I don't suppose it is so with all soldiers, but I had very good reason for doing just as I did.

April 19.

William Culnigh, (colored.)

Good morning, sir. I was a member of the 6th Massachusetts, and died from my wound at Morris Island. My name was William Culnigh. [Of Boston?] Yes, I've got folks here that I should like to get a chance to talk to, if I could. They are not just as white as you are, but just as good; beg your pardon. [We find no fault.] You'll be kind enough to tell 'em I'm happy, and can talk, and I rather think I could write a little; that things ain't at all like what I expected; that I've met my father and brother Jim; and I'll be obliged to you, sir.

[Who shall we send these thoughts to?] To my mother and sister. [Do they live at the West End?] Yes, sir; yes, sir. [What is your sister's name?] Clara. She'll get it, sir; if you print it. You just print it, sir; she'll get it. Good-bye.

Oh! one word more: tell Mr. Jacobs—he's a second-hand clothes dealer—that I haven't forgotten him, and I'll pay for that coat when he comes on the other side. Now, good-bye.

April 19.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, let us be mission-teachers to these Christians who talk to thee, but know thee not. Let us bring them fine fruits, for they hunger. Let us bring them clear waters, for they are thirsty. Let us bring them fair flowers, whose brightest eyes shall shed sunshine, whose beauty reflects the image of Allah. And when their bodies sleep and their souls awake they will know thee, love thee, and adore thee, in the midst of sunshine and clouds.

April 21.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever questions the friends may see fit to offer.

QUESTION.—An individual well acquainted with the workings of this circle, who did not live in Boston, has passed to the spirit-world. His friends have been expecting his return for some time. Why is it that he does not do such a thing, since he is well acquainted with the workings of this circle and could return, if it were possible for spirits to return and communicate?

ANSWER.—Are you sure he could do so if it were possible to communicate? Are you sure that his own spirit is not prevented from returning by the laws governing the inner life, as well as the laws of external life? Wait, friend, until he returns and tells his own story.

Are there other questions? We should be glad to answer, if the friend has any other question to propound.

Q.—It seems to me that if the individual spoken of could not return himself, he might, through some spirit-friend, announce the fact. It is a mystery in my mind that he does not either return or send some word to his earth friends.

A.—And so all things pertaining to the spirit must be to the mortal being, for while dwelling upon the earth, it can never fully understand the workings of the spirit. You may suppose it is an easy matter for all disembodied spirits to return and communicate at will, or at pleasure. But when you shall enter spirit-life and throw off the physical form, you shall become better acquainted with the laws controlling spirit; then you will wonder you were so foolish as to imagine that the spirit individual in its incipient condition, could ever transcend natural law.

There is much for us all to learn, for we are all students in the Temple of Life. When we think we have fully mastered one subject, we are met by something new and startling, something we have not expected to meet. But still we advance; still the watchword is "Onward"; still we must ever learn more and more of life. If there were no mystery concerning spirit-life, there would be no incentive to progress. If you knew all things, you would be mere inactive blocks of humanity. But as you have always some new mystery to solve, you have ever an incentive to labor. It is well, friend, that you have brought this subject into our midst to-day, for your own soul will receive light, and your friend will be resurrected in spirit-life.

Q.—What conditions or observances are best calculated to quicken and unfold the spiritual faculties of man?

A.—We know of no better way than to live up to the law of Nature, as pertaining to the individual. Obey strictly the laws governing your inner and outer being, as closely as possible, and live as near the law of right as possible.

Q.—If, as you say, war is murder on a large scale, is it not criminal in any one to engage in it?

A.—Yes, in a certain and very large sense it is criminal; and it is equally criminal for officers of justice to pass sentence upon an individual who has, through perverted circumstances, taken away human life.

Q.—Is murder ever justifiable in self-defence?

A.—According to human jurisprudence, it is justifiable; but according to Divine law, it is not justifiable.

Q.—If the spirit suffers loss in the future life from the sins of this life, is it not better that it part from the body in the innocence of childhood, than to continue with it through a long life of debauchery and crime?

A.—The spirit, in an absolute sense, never loses anything. It may seem to lose, but in reality it does not. And with some spirits, it is absolutely necessary that they pass through the furnace-fire of crime and human degradation, in order to live according to Divine law. Thus many, very many souls must pass through a material hell. No, it is not well that the soul should pass on in infancy. The machine, or physical body, is given it to out-work a certain mission through, and that mission can be performed in no other way so well as through the physical machine. If it loses that in the early being, then it must follow time-life under hard circumstances, under unfavorable conditions. It is better, far better, for the human to acquire its earthly experiences while in the body, for the spirit has need of all the experience that it is possible for it to gain through that machine.

Q.—Is Dr. Child's doctrine of soul affinity the true one?

A.—Yes, in many respects it is true. Although it is, in a certain sense, an earthly child, yet in a very large sense it is divine, therefore lasting, therefore true.

[The Chairman read the following question:]

Q.—Will the spirits please explain, through the BANNER OF LIGHT, how four thousand people were fed with seven loaves and a few small fishes, and then took up of the broken meats that were left seven baskets?

A.—What evidence have we that they were fed with seven loaves and a few small fishes? The evidence simply of the badly-rendered record, which means little or nothing. If your correspondent will prove to us by fact, positive fact, that such an event ever occurred, literally, then we will elucidate it. But until we are satisfied that such an event really did take place, we have no foundation for analysis.

Q.—Why might not such a thing take place under spiritual power, as well as many things that take place now?

A.—All things that are produced by spirit power, or the manifestation of spirit, are produced in accordance with natural law. No spirit ever transcends Nature's law, but must ever move in harmony and obedience with that law. Now with regard to the case in question. There must have been a law of Nature's broken, in order to accomplish such an act; but as Nature's laws can never be transcended or broken, the case spoken of was an impossibility.

Q.—Do I understand it to be the theory of Spiritualists that such a miraculous feeding never took place?

A.—Not of the Spiritualists. Your speaker simply gives you his opinion. In his opinion such an event could not have taken place, because such an event were contrary to law. But pray do not charge that opinion upon the millions of Spiritualists peopling your sphere.

Q.—Did I understand you to say, also, that the record was badly rendered?

A.—Most certainly. I intended you should understand me in that way.

Q.—You say it is contrary to law. Now the moving of material objects is contrary to law, as far as we can see. Could not such a thing have been done by spirit power?

A.—We cannot understand it so. There is a law by which these ponderable, inanimate bodies may be moved from one place to another, but we know of no way by which five thousand people could be fed by seven loaves and a few fishes—that is, with satisfaction, as the record says. We believe it says, "And they were filled," which means that they had eaten enough, that their physical bodies were satisfied. Now common sense, if you will throw it into the scale, will teach you a better doctrine.

Q.—Well, it is true that the Spiritualists' theory teaches that material objects are moved, and that medicines are prepared and handed to individuals. Might it not also teach the creation of bread by spirit power?

A.—The moving of material objects can be demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt. For ourselves, we have not seen five thousand people fed with seven loaves and a few fishes; therefore we have no foundation from which to analyze the subject.

April 21.

Lieut. Albion T. Nason.

I have been seeking for a chance to make myself known to my friends at home since I fell in the second of the seven days' battle before Richmond; but I've not succeeded until to-day. I hope to be able to do so now. I was second Lieutenant in the Seventh New York, Company D. I was something of an Atheist before death, but of course have succumbed to greater light since death. I shall, sir, from Long Island. The name attached to my body when here was Albion T. Nason, that which was mine—I suppose I cannot claim it consistently now. I must be known by it among these forms holding spirits.

I have a wife, one child, an aged mother, sister, and one brother, who, did they know I could return, might be glad to hear from me. I saw thirty-six years here; can't give you any definite account of the passage of time since the battle. That you must judge of yourself. [Where are your friends now?] Denton. [Long Island?] Yes, sir.

Now can you be generous enough to give me a second hearing, should I fall in this first? [Yes.] I have waited a long time, and have overcome a good many large obstacles that were in my way. I was very anxious, of course, to let the folks know that I lived, that I was mistaken in my ideas of life when here. I inherited the ideas from my father, who was as rank an infidel as ever trod terra firma. And I do not know that there was any power on the earth that could have made him believe in any sort of religion while here. But of course he sees with other eyes and hears with other ears now, and hears more truth in one second of time than he ever heard all the time he was here. In the spirit-world you get at the reality, but on your side you have the fancy. You think these things you can take and weigh and measure are the real things; but you'll find yourself as much mistaken as I was when you get there, and some of you more so, for I expected nothing; you expect a good deal.

I'll pay you, sir, when you come where I am. Good-day.

April 21.

Jacob Tower.

I have two boys, Jacob and John, that I wish to make communication to. I left my body, or died, as they call it, in Wilmington, North Carolina. My sons are both in the Confederate army, and are what I see fit to term honest rebels; and if a man feels that he is right, he acts honestly. If he acts in accordance with that feeling, it seems to me he must be honest. What do you think? [We think so.]

Well, my boys feel that they are right, so I say, so far they're honest. I don't propose to say anything here against the Southern Confederacy, or the

Federal Government; I don't care to discuss either party, but I come to open communication with my two sons, if it's possible for me to do so.

I died while they were both away, and I had nobody to convey my thoughts through to them, that I could trust to convey them. They return, or will return, to find me gone—gone in body.

Now I want them to devise some way by which I can come and talk with them, and then I'll tell them what I would have told them had they been with me at the time of my death. That I can come and speak, I now prove, as far as mortal can prove.

I was for many years engaged in the turpentine business. I enjoyed a large trade with the North, and was greatly indebted to the Northern manufacturers for my comforts, my home, my all—or all that a man has here. So I have sympathy with the North—a great deal of sympathy with them, although I really think they are somewhat mistaken, and perhaps a good deal out of the way. And yet they're no more so than our side, and I pray to God the time will soon come, when both will see how foolish they've acted. But I don't want it to come until God, or the Great Power, is ready for it to come, nor do I think it will. I wouldn't thrust my mite into the scale to turn it prematurely.

Now I want you to say that Jacob Tower comes here talking to you, and asks that he may talk with his sons. If I don't get the privilege of talking with them, I'll be none the less thankful; if I do, I'll be doubly thankful. Now don't think I won't pay you sometime, for I will. I'll give you my good wishes, at any rate. I'll do what I can to favor your cause, so far as it is right.

You might direct my letter—I don't know as it can go across—but you might direct my letter to Richmond. Maybe it will go there. Jacob, I think, is there. You can try, you know. Good-day. My age—oh, I forgot, is it of account? [It is.] I was ninety-eight years and four months. Good-day.

April 21.

Rebecca Jones.

I'm Rebecca Jones, daughter of Colonel Thomas Jones, of East Tennessee. He is at present in Louisiana.

I was fifteen years old. I have been here only since December last. I am persuaded to come here by an older brother, who says he's exhausted all the power he possessed in trying to come here, without success. And he insisted upon teaching me all that he knew, that I might come; for he's anxious to commune with our father.

We would tell him that the papers which he forwarded to General Lee were not received; nor did they fall into Federal hands; but by what may seem to be a strange mistake, they are lost, and will do no one either good or harm. So he need not fear that they have fallen into Federal hands, and need not wonder that he does not receive a reply. But when he receives my letter, he had better attend to that matter in person, should he be permitted to.

I could give many other facts to prove myself, but I prefer to wait until my brother and myself can meet our father face to face. Will you be kind enough, sir, to deal with me as you do with all others? [Yes.]

April 21.

Martha Ann Davis.

I want to send a letter to my mother, sir. [You can.]

I've been dead since November; died with sore throat and fever, sir; sick thirteen days. I lived in Chamber street, New York. My mother's there. I have four little brothers and a sister. My mother washes and does such like, to get a living; and I was—I sold fruits, candy and flowers, sir. I could read, I could spell, but I could not write. Will you tell, say—to my mother, that my letter was not written, but talked. She'll be glad I've come.

My father's in the war. He's in the war, and he's—he's to be killed. He'll never come home. And I've got something to tell my mother about a brother of hers, what was—what was good to her before he went away. I don't remember—I did not know him, sir; he went away before I lived. I got something to tell my mother. He's coming home—he's coming home, but he don't know where she is; and I want to tell her where to send to him, so he'll know where

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SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street), Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 M. and 5 to 8 P. M. Will visit the sick at their homes, or attend funerals if requested. Residence, 3 EMERSON STREET, Somerville. May 7.

DR. BENJ. H. CRANDON, Electric and Mesmeric Physician. Residence, 12 MAVERICK STREET

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, Clairvoyant Physician,
Trance Speaker and Writing Medium, No. 24 1-2 WINTER
STREET, Boston, Mass. (t) March 26.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Clairvoyant Physician,
at home from 4 to 9 o'clock p. m.; No. 15 DAVIS STREET,
Boston. May 7.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Trance and Person-
ating Medium, No. 140 Court street, Boston. Hours from
10 to 12 and 1 to 5. 3m^o April 16.

Hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 7w^a May 21.

MRS. H. P. OSBORN, MEDIUM, 14 Kneeland
street. CIRCLES TUESDAY and THURSDAY eve-
nings. 4w^a May 14

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN
STREET, Boston, Mass. 3w^a March 6.

C. C. YORK, Clairvoyant Physician, Charles-
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