

# 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 XXIII.

"Yet courage, soul, nor hold thy strength in vain:  
In hope overcome the steep God set for thee;  
For past the Alpine summits of great pain  
Leth the Italy."

In the same hour, on that laughing July morning, that Edgar Lewis rode in such proud confidence to Ferndale, Beatrice, lonely and dejected, was speeding far away into the peaceful country. On the preceding evening, as she sat meditating upon her strange situation, contrasting, in some bitterness of spirit, the cloudless Past with the sorrowful Present, and striving in terrible doubt and fear to gaze beyond the veil that shrouded the dark, uncertain Future, a single ray of light penetrated the gloom. She suddenly remembered a cousin of Mrs. Lascello's, with whom, in her little girlhood—which now, alas! seemed very far away—she had passed many happy months.

It was a beautiful picture that arose before her mental vision. That lovely, smiling glen seemed dropped amid the encircling hills like an emerald from the hand of the Almighty. A river with its silver waters wound through the centre, hastening with glad, exultant footsteps to throw itself into the arms of the ocean. Under yonder shade-trees nestles a little brown cottage, and in the door-way, framed in by roses and woodbine, sits a child. A kindly, beaming face bends over her, and a gentle hand smooths back her clustering ebony curls. Soft west winds, with their breath of balm, come floating dreamily over the valley, pausing to snatch kisses from the red-lipped clover and the daisies so white, whispering, as they do so, of the fragrant woodlands on the upland slope. Now the day goes out in gorgeous panoply of gold and carmine, and the purple twilight flutters down over all.

Like a draught of pure cold water to the weary, thirsting traveler, came this sweet memory unto the aching heart of Beatrice, and the blessed promise of rest and quiet that it held forth was as an alluring song unto her soul. There, if anywhere, she could recover from the paralyzing effects of the blow that had fallen upon her so unexpectedly, crushing, as it seemed to her, all the bloom and freshness from out of her young life. There she could gather strength from all of the grand, vitalizing forces of Nature, and soon be ready to go forth to take her place among the great army of workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Even while she meditated, a holy calm descended upon her like a benediction upon her troubled spirit. Yes, that would go. How glad and thankful she was that there was one haven in whose peaceful waters she could anchor her tempest-tossed life-boat until the violence of the gale had in a measure abated.

Suddenly a painful thought stung her like a fiery dart. When she had informed Mrs. Elwood that she was not her cousin's child, would she still extend to her a cordial welcome? For one moment the question staggered her, calling up, as it did, a host of dismal recollections. Then, as if to rebuke her for her utter want of faith, the mild, sweet countenance, with its tender, loving eyes and pleasant smile, rose up again before her, causing the phantom doubt to flee away abashed.

Now that she had decided with regard to her first step, the anxious dread that had oppressed her vanished in a measure, and the morning found her almost cheerful. The plan that had been suggested, canvassed and approved in the shades of evening, seemed no less feasible when viewed by the searching, matter-of-fact sunlight, so she at once commenced her preparations for departure. All such clothing as she thought would be requisite in her new sphere of existence she packed into a trunk, leaving the rest for Mrs. Manners to dispose of. That worthy woman would have forced some money upon her darling, but she firmly, though gratefully, declined it, assuring her that she needed no assistance in that line.

Luckily, Dr. Lascello had given her her quarterly allowance on the morning of his death, and when she had remonstrated with regard to the unusual largeness of the sum, he had replied, with one of his odd grimaces, "There are not many young ladies, my dear, who would raise any objections on that score. Take it; you will undoubtedly contrive ways enough in which to spend it."

She recalled his words now with a sigh, and thought, "Ah, how little we either of us imagined in what manner I should be compelled to use it!" An hour passed, and then she looked upon her beloved Ferndale—hers no longer—with a sad farewell shining in her eyes, and taking an affectionate leave of Mrs. Manners, was whirled away to the depot.

A shivering, nervous dread of meeting some chance acquaintance caused her to lower her veil as she passed through the ladies' room on her way to take her seat in the cars, although she smiled the next instant as she thought who among her fashionable friends would be likely to be abroad at that early hour, or would think of beholding Beatrice Lascello there.

A restless, impatient longing to be away filled her heart, but as the train moved, and she saw the city receding from her view, her emotions almost overcame her. It seemed as if the last link that bound her to her former life was severed,

and—God pity her!—it was no hopeful face that she turned toward the future.

Her journey failed to be productive of any remarkable incidents. Once she started nervously, fancying that she heard a familiar voice in the next car; but it proved to be a false alarm, so she relapsed again into her dreaming mood.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, when, heated, dusty and weary, she arrived at the station where she was to take the stage for Edenville. Unfortunately that vehicle had not yet made its appearance, and a little ragged urchin seemed to take a malicious pleasure in informing her that it did not always come down at noon, as passengers very seldom came in that train.

This was cheering news, certainly. The thought had never so much as occurred to her that she would be likely to meet with any difficulty here. She took a survey of the locality. There were no houses within sight. A dismal prospect, truly, if she had got to remain in that desolate place until night. For a moment she almost wished that she was a child, that she might sit down and give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. The boy, meanwhile, was watching her with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, apparently enjoying her perplexity. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I say, now, what will yer gin me if I'll go home and tackle up our old gray mare, and take yer wherever yer want to go?"

Her face brightened; but before she could reply the rattle of carriage-wheels broke the stillness, and turning in the direction whence the sound proceeded, to her unexpressed delight she beheld the stage rapidly approaching. Her companion perceived it at the same time, and with a most crest-fallen air muttered:

"Gosh, David! if there aint Tom Wilson and his old rattle-box, arter all. I wish he was in Joppa, I do. Now my cake is all dough."

Beatrice laughed, and handing him a quarter of a dollar, said:

"Perhaps you can contrive to bake it with that?"

"Well, now, if you aint a real, true lady, I do n't know where there is one," complimented the little fellow, as he graciously accepted the offering.

"Money is indeed a magic wand," soliloquized our heroine, as she seated herself in the stage-coach. "Hearts, as well as doors, open miraculously at its approach. In my present situation I shall realize this more fully than I ever did before. Never having known the want of the article, I have not appreciated its worth;" and then she fell into a reverie, a not very pleasant one, as was perceptible by the bitterness in her face.

In the meantime the lumbering vehicle moved on, not believing the significant appellation that the young gentleman had bestowed upon it. Half an hour passed, and then, when the jolting had become almost insupportable, the driver stopped his horses before a large white house, gullies of either flowers or shrubbery, and dismounting from his box, came and opened the door of the coach, saying, as he held out his hand to assist his passenger to alight:

"This is Miss Elwood's."

Beatrice gave one glance, and then drew back in dismay.

"Why no, it cannot be," she hurriedly exclaimed, "or at least this is not where I wish to go. My friend does not live in a village."

The man mused an instant, and then laughed good-humoredly.

"Ah! I see. It is the Widow Elwood that you are after, and I thought all the time that you meant this one. Her place is in the glen, half of a mile beyond here. I'll give my horses some water, and then I'll take you right there."

So saying, he was turning away, when the lady made a motion to detain him, remarking, as she did so:

"It is several years since I was in this vicinity, but if I remember correctly, this is the end of the stage route."

"Yes'm, it is; but then we generally carry passengers wherever they wish to go."

"Well, I will not trouble you to do so in my case, for I believe that I prefer to walk the remaining distance. If you would be so kind as to take charge of my trunk until I can send for it, you would oblige me greatly."

"That I will, miss; and as I have an errand in that direction, I will bring it over myself this evening."

Thanking him, she walked away.

It was a cool and shady path that she now traversed, and every step recalled some pleasant reminiscence of her happy childhood. The turf at her feet was studded with bloom; butterflies flashed their gorgeous rainbow tints before her, and the music of forest-harp and waterfall was wafted to her ear. She forgot that she was weary. The sunlight entered her heart, and smiles played once again around the rosy mouth.

At last she came within sight of the brown cottage under the shade-trees, and oh! how the glad blood leaped into her cheeks. How natural everything looked! Time had certainly forgotten to lay his blighting fingers on the dear home-nest. The roses and honeysuckles still twined in graceful luxuriance over the rustic porch; the dandelions proudly lifted their golden crowns from the velvety grassward, and the birds sailed through the slumberous, azure air, warbling their enchanting melodies, or gleefully called to each other from the fragrant shrubbery. Then, as if to make the scene still more familiar, she beheld a child sitting in the vine-draped doorway, just as she had sat in the halcyon days of yore. That was the finishing touch that made the picture perfect. Memory could add nothing more.

For a moment she paused to drink in the wondrous beauty of her surroundings, and then with a strange feeling stirring at her heart, she walked on.

The little one did not observe her until she was very near; then she looked up into her face with a pair of frank, fearless eyes that were just the shade of the violets she held in her hand.

"Is Mrs. Elwood at home?" inquired Beatrice.

"No, ma'am. She has gone up to the great house on the hill; but she told me, if any one called, to tell them that she should be back pretty soon. Won't you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. With your permission, I will sit down here until she comes. It is much more pleasant out of doors than in, on such a day as this."

The little girl laughed—a sweet, silvery laugh, like the music of the waterfall.

"I think so, too," she said. "I do n't see how people can endure to be shut up in the house, when the birds, trees and flowers are calling to them to come out. It would make me sick."

"You love the fresh air and sunlight, then?" inquired our heroine, surveying the child with considerable interest after that speech.

"Oh yes. Do n't you?"

"I believe that I do," and now the great black eyes smiled down into the eager, upturned face in such a manner as to fairly win the loving little heart. Presently the wee creature crept nearer, and with a shy glance slid her small hand into one of her companion's. Beatrice kissed it lightly, and then brushing the golden brown hair from the white brow, said:

"What is your name, darling?"

"Faith," syllabled the red lips.

Her listener started. A soft voice in her soul seemed to echo the word. So, in this beautiful spot called Edenville, in the sweet, artless guise of a child, she had found—faith. She was almost inclined to accept it as a good omen.

"Do you live with Mrs. Elwood, in this pretty cottage?" was her next question.

"Yes'm. I guess you don't know that she's my grandmother, and that I have n't any other place to go to, now. I will tell you all about it: You see, last winter when everything was so still and cold and white, my papa and mamma went to live with the angels, and as they want quite ready for me to come to grandmother brought me home with her, and I've been here ever since. You do n't think, do you?"—drawing a little nearer, and looking anxiously into her new friend's face—"that now that they are so happy up there, they will forget to send for me?"

"No, darling, not that could never be; but the time has not come for you to go; when it does, they will welcome you with joy and gladness."

"Faith," said a voice that caused them both to start, "I fear that you have not been very polite during my absence."

"I assure you that she has," replied Beatrice, rising and bowing to the person who had come upon them so unexpectedly, and in whom she recognized Mrs. Elwood, while the child, springing forward, eagerly exclaimed:

"Indeed I was, grandmother! The lady called to see you, and I invited her to walk in, but she said that she would rather sit down here with me so I have been trying to entertain her."

"And you have succeeded admirably," rejoined her late companion, with a laugh. Then turning to the new comer, who was regarding her with a puzzled look, she said, a touch of disappointment in her voice:

"Why, auntie! can it be possible that you do n't remember me?"

Mrs. Elwood advanced a step, gave her another searching glance, and then opening her arms, exclaimed in a tone that trembled with joyful emotion, "It certainly must be my little Beatrice!" and the next instant the girl was weeping upon her shoulder, while Faith looked on with wondering eyes.

Presently the maiden raised her drooping head, a smile, like a sunbeam, breaking through her tears, as she said, almost deprecatingly:

"I guess that you will think that I am a great baby; but, indeed, the sight of your loving, sympathetic face quite overcame me."

"I am more inclined to the opinion that you are tired and nervous, and need rest. I am sorry that I was not at home when you arrived; but come into the house now, and take off your things, and then tell me how you have been all this long time. I assure you that you have given me a most agreeable surprise; but still I can scarcely realize that I am not dreaming."

"You surely are not; but I am not certain but that you will wish that you were, when I have informed you of the nature of the circumstances that have conspired to bring me here."

"You talk in riddles, my dear; and now that I look at you more closely, I perceive a shadow in your face that this—touching her black dress—"never had the power to throw there. Come in, darling, and tell me all your troubles, as you used to when you were a little child like Faith."

"Oh! that seems a long, long time ago," sighed Beatrice, as she followed her into the house.

Mrs. Elwood very wisely took no notice of this remark, but led her at once to her chamber, saying, as she left her:

"There, my love, I have come to the very sensible conclusion that you had better not make any revelations until that weary body of yours has been refreshed by sleep. Then, as a natural consequence, your mind will be in a better state, and the world generally will not look so dark to you as it does now."

Two hours later the traveler descended into the cool, pleasant sitting-room to find that the western hills were bathing their heated brows in soft waves of glory, while the balmy breath of the evening wind came flooding in at the open windows, whispering of peace and trust.

"Cousin Beatrice, you are feeling better, are you not?" said a gentle voice at her side, and turning, she gazed into the sweet countenance of Faith.

"Yes, darling," and bending down, she took a kiss from the tempting rose-bud lips, clasping at the same time the little dimpled hand upon her arm.

"I am very glad to hear it," was the joyous response; "and now will you please to walk out to tea? Grandmother said that I was to tell you it was ready."

When the stars flashed out in the purple abyss

of heaven, like jewels gleaming in ocean depths, Mrs. Elwood sat down by the side of her young friend and listened to the sorrowful story that the trembling lips unfolded.

"Poor thing!" she said, when the low voice had ceased to vibrate on the air, "you have suffered much, therefore I cannot find it in my heart to chide you; still, I am pained that you had not more confidence in me than to imagine for an instant that I should cast you off because the world has. If this sad recital has affected me any way, it has only deepened my love for you—if that were possible, for you were very dear to me before."

"Oh, auntie! I do not think that I really doubted you, else I should not be here. Still, I strove to prepare my mind for the worst, so if you did happen to look coldly upon me, I should not be utterly cast down."

"A wise precaution, my love, but I am happy to say, not essential in my case. Now what else, darling? You have not told me all."

"All! what more is there to tell?" But even while she spoke, the lids drooped over the great dark eyes, and a beautiful color crept into the pale cheeks.

Mrs. Elwood lifted one of the white hands that had dropped listlessly by her side, and smiling mischievously, said:

"Did not Mr. Lewis offer to keep your secret if he could call this his own?"

The "yes" was scarcely audible, but her friend heard it, and raising the head that had sunk in confusion upon her shoulder, she brushed back the luxuriant ringlets and kissed the pure, loyal brow almost reverently. Then with what an unspoken tenderness her voice was clothed, as she said:

"Beatrice, I am proud of you! It is not every woman that, reared in the lap of luxury as you have been, would have laid down wealth and an honored name rather than take a lie upon lips and life."

"Oh, auntie! do not praise me, for, indeed, I do not deserve it. I had a terrible struggle, and the future looked so dark and cheerless, that at times I was almost tempted to yield."

"Tempted, darling! well, who would not have been? You had not surprised at that. I only marvel that you had the strength to trample the temptation beneath your feet. Some natures, devoid of your fine sense of honor, would have deemed no price too great that allowed them to retain their position in society. I am not certain that I should have had the courage to do as you have done. The action avails of the heroic."

"Do n't, auntie; you will make me blush for myself! For I realize how very weak I was and am. Oh! why did God let this trial come to me?"

"We cannot tell, love. We only know that 'He doeth all things well.' You have drank of the sweet wine of life all your days, now take the bitter cup and drain it without a murmur, knowing that it is held to your lips for a wise purpose."

"Grandmother," said Faith, coming into the room at that moment, "there is a man at the door, who says that he has brought Miss Nulla's trunk."

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Elwood, with a mystified glance at her companion. "Do you suppose that it is yours, and the child has misunderstood the name?"

"I am very certain that it is mine," was the smiling reply, "and equally sure that there is no mistake about the name. Have you forgotten that I am Miss Nobody, now, or to render that word more acceptable to ears polite, Miss Nulla?"

"Ah! I understand. You must excuse my dullness."

Weeks passed, and the spirit of Beatrice gathered unto itself new strength and power in that quiet valley home. There was one friend in the great world outside who had not deserted her, and that was the warm-hearted Threissa D'Artois. She wrote, desiring her to come and take the situation in the seminary left vacant by the resignation of Miss Austin; but the inclinations of our heroine did not tend that way.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"The music of a march is sweet;  
But action is sublime;  
And you may live a nobler verse  
Than can be told in rhyme."

"Beatrice, I have good news for you," said Mrs. Elwood one day, late in the summer. "There is some prospect of your obtaining a situation in Philadelphia as a companion for a very wealthy lady, who is a confirmed invalid."

"Is there? Well, that, certainly, is agreeable tidings."

"I supposed that you would think so, as I have noticed that you seem to be growing very uneasy. Why can't you be contented, my dear girl, to remain with me for the rest of my days? You know that it would make me very happy."

"I presume so, auntie; and if you really needed me, nothing could induce me to leave you—as I believe I have told you many times before—but as you do not, it is my duty to go. I could not endure to be dependent upon your bounty, and pardon me if I say that you have no right to waste your substance upon one who is able to provide for herself. Remember that Faith's claims are paramount to any others."

"You are right, darling, as you always are; still, I shall be very lonely when you are gone. I can't conceive how I have lived without you all these long years."

"Well, that you have warrants the supposition that you can again," was the laughing response. "I hope that you will miss me some, for I should dislike to prove myself to be such a nonentity as that would seem to indicate if you experienced no sense of loss. But I am forgetting the question that I wished to ask: Who has been so kind as to interest themselves in my behalf? I was thinking that I should be obliged to advertise."

"You have seen Mrs. Harrison, I believe—the lady who lives in the beautiful house on the hill? Well, it seems that she went by here one evening and heard you singing to Faith, and a day or two after she called here, when you happened to

be out, and inquired particularly about you, and I gave her such information with regard to your affairs as I thought best, and then she spoke of this lady—who, it appears, is an old friend of hers—saying that she had written to her, inquiring if she knew of any one who not only possessed all the qualifications for an agreeable companion, but was patient and forbearing, and capable of enduring with equanimity the caprices and petulance of an invalid. She then went on to say, that if such a paragon could be found, she would engage her services, if they were to be had, no matter what it cost her. I knew very well to what these remarks tended, and therefore was not surprised when Mrs. Harrison informed me that she had come to the conclusion that you would suit the lady admirably, if you could be induced to make the trial! She desired that I should broach the subject to you, and then if you were inclined to look at the matter in a favorable light, she wished that you would come to her, that she might talk with you."

Beatrice mused an instant and then exclaimed, as she folded up her work:

"I am sure, I am greatly obliged to her for her good opinion; and I think that I will comply with her request at once."

In about two hours she returned with a smiling face.

"It is all settled," she said, as she came and seated herself in a low chair, by the side of Mrs. Elwood, and leaned her head against her, "or nearly so, for I left Mrs. Harrison writing to Mrs. Sutherland—the lady in question—and she assures me that the latter will be sure to engage me on her recommendation. She was very candid in all her statements, showing me the dark as well as the bright side of the picture. She said she feared that I should find her friend anything but an agreeable individual to live with, as sickness, together with trouble—she did not specify what—had changed her from a sweet, lovable girl, into a morose, irritable woman."

"But, my dear child, you certainly have not agreed to accept any such situation as that? It will be terrible for one who has been nurtured as you have been. I can't consent, darling, to your sacrificing yourself in that way."

"Oh, you absurd auntie! I have no intention of immolating myself at present, for anybody; so set your heart at rest. I can't expect, though, to go through life potted by every one, as indeed it is best that I should n't. I am stronger now than I was once, thanks to your kindness; still, as I have not been out into the world to encounter its tempests and hurricanes, I do not yet know of what metal I am formed. Now I believe that it is my duty to go to this place; and according to my light so must I walk, else another thunderbolt may fall crashing at my feet, driving me forth whether I am willing or not. Besides, I have taken a fancy to Mrs. Sutherland. This may seem strange to you, but it is nevertheless true. The very fact of her insisting that Mrs. Harrison should inform every one who desired to accept the situation that she was a cross, petulant person, and that whoever came into her service would be uncomfortable generally, has attracted me to her. Then, again, I pity her, for some terrible, icy hand must have clutched at her heart-strings, thus to embitter her whole nature. Perhaps it may be my privilege to pluck away some of the thorns that have been thrust into her soul. Come, smile, auntie! and say, 'God bless and aid you in the undertaking.'"

"I do, my darling, most sincerely. May you indeed be to her all that your fond fancy pictures. Heaven forbid that I should try to discourage you, for it may be that the angels are whispering unto your inner consciousness, bidding you to walk in this path."

"I believe that they are," she replied with a smile, and then the holy mantle of silence fell upon the two.

A week passed; and then came a letter accepting Miss Nulla's services, and desiring that she should proceed to Philadelphia immediately.

Having confidently expected such a summons, she was fully prepared to comply with the request. It was painful, parting with Mrs. Elwood and Faith, but she cheered them with the promise of writing frequently, and went away with a smile wreathing her lips, although her eyes were humid and heart was aching.

It was on a wet, disagreeable afternoon that Beatrice—suffering extremely from a fit commonly called the "blues"—alighted from the cars in the city of Brotherly Love.

To her great relief, she found Mrs. Sutherland's coachman in waiting, who, taking her checks, secured her baggage, and then conducted her to a plain but elegant carriage, and soon she was whirled away to her new destination.

After a ride of about two miles, through a beautiful country, which at any other time would have inspired our heroine with a profound admiration, the horses were turned into an avenue of elms, and stopped before a mansion whose architectural elaboration Beatrice had never seen equaled. The edifice was surrounded with terraces of flowers, and the whole appearance of the place seemed to indicate that it was the home of wealth and refinement.

As Miss Nulla mounted the flight of stone steps the front door was thrown open, and she was ushered into a spacious hall, where she was met by a pleasant-faced girl, who said, as she led the way to the broad and richly-carpeted stairs:

"Mrs. Sutherland's orders are, that I shall show you directly to your room, and after you have made such changes in your toilette as you desire, conduct you to her."

"Very well."

"John will bring your baggage up immediately," continued the servant, noticing that the stranger paused and looked back.

They now traversed an upper corridor, at the end of which the guide flung open a door, and Beatrice entered a large, pleasant chamber, in which her trunk had already been deposited. The maid now turned to go, saying, as she did so:

"Misses told me to tell you that everything here is at your disposal. Unless you want assistance I will leave you now, and when you are ready to descend ring the bell, and I will come for you. I should advise you to be as quick as possible, for she will be in a better humor if you do not keep her waiting long."

"Thank you! Your counsel is very good, and I will be sure to heed it."

These words were accompanied by a sweet, rare smile that sank into the girl's heart, taking it captive at once; and she went away wondering what ill fortune had sent such a beautiful young lady there to be tyrannized over by her mistress.

Beatrice soon completed her preparations, and in about fifteen minutes after her entrance into the house, was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Sutherland.

That lady was seated in a large arm-chair which was drawn into a curtained alcove. She was very pale, with dull, heavy eyes, a sharp nose, and thin lips, from which all the sweetness had departed. Her brown hair was plentifully sprinkled with silver, sewed there by trouble and sickness, perhaps, but scarcely by Time. Altogether, the face was not a very prepossessing one.

The room was large, high and luxurious in all its appointments. The floor was covered with a costly carpet of rich, warm colors, into which the feet sank without noise. Crimson draperies fell from gilded cornices, and divans, lounges and easy-chairs of the same bright hue were scattered in profusion throughout the apartment. Rare and beautiful paintings adorned the walls, interspersed by statuary upon ornamental brackets. A harp stood in one corner of the room, a piano in another, while on a handsomely inlaid table lay a guitar.

All this Beatrice took in at a glance, as she passed along and stood before her employer. That person did not look up at first; but the girl felt certain, by the twitching of her mouth, that she was aware of her approach. At last she raised her eyes, and leisurely surveyed the graceful figure at her side.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, after she had continued her rigid scrutiny for the space of five minutes, "beauty is but skin deep! Remember that, will you?"

"I will try," was the demure reply. "Sit down!" and the lady motioned her to a chair opposite. "It makes me nervous to see you standing there like a post."

Beatrice obeyed, and another interval of silence succeeded.

Then Mrs. Sutherland exclaimed: "I should really like to know what possesses you to wear black."

"It has been the most in accordance with my feelings for the past few months. If you dislike it very much, however, I will change to colors."

"Dislike it? Ugh! I should not be surprised if I did. It has an unpleasant way of reminding me of grave-stones and the sheeted dead."

"I am extremely sorry, then, that I have intruded upon you in this garb. I will lay it aside immediately, if it is your wish."

"No; you may remain as you are for the rest of the day. I am accustomed to such annoyances. Do you always wear your hair falling over your shoulders in that style?"

"Yes. It seems to be the way that Nature intended that it should be worn."

"Humph! I suppose so. It is unfortunate, isn't it, that there won't be any young men here to admire it?"

Beatrice laughed a merry, ringing laugh, that startled the shadows that were creeping over the room, and even wooed a timid smile to the lips of the stern, old woman opposite. It was a sound that had not floated upon the air in her presence for many a long year.

They were both quiet after that for several minutes, and then Mrs. Sutherland said: "What induced you to come and live with me?"

"I had several reasons. Necessity demanded that I should do something, and this seemed to be the best opportunity that offered itself."

"Did Mrs. Harrison inform you that I was cross and peevish, and very hard to please?"

"Yes'm."

"And you did not believe it, hey?"

"Of course I did, as I didn't suppose that you would malign yourself."

"Then you think I spoke the truth, do you?"

"I haven't seen any occasion to doubt your word, as yet."

The lady laughed inwardly. "She'll do," she thought; "there isn't a particle of the sycophant about her. If she had answered that question as Miss Podger did, I'd have turned her off this very night."

"You perceive that I have three musical instruments," she said, after a pause. "Which do you prefer?"

"I admire them all; but if I had my will, I would never finger the guitar, except by moonlight."

"All you are sentimental, I see. I suppose that you play divinely," and there was a covert sneer in her tone.

"I have always been told that I was a very good performer, but nothing remarkable," replied Beatrice quietly; "and as I supposed that a correct judgment, I never cared to dispute the matter."

"Well, I must say that this long conversation has been excessively fatiguing," was the next exclamation. "My head aches severely. Bathing my temples, can't you? You will find water and a bowl in yonder recess."

Her companion departed, and presently returned with the basin in her hand; but no sooner had she laid her wet fingers upon the lady's brow than she started from beneath her touch, exclaiming:

"Bless my heart! if you haven't got tea-cold water. I should really like to know if you intend to freeze me to death. If you haven't any desire to, perhaps you had better turn the other faucet, just enough to take the chill off."

Beatrice complied with her request, and for a few minutes everything worked admirably, and then she was informed that she knew no more about bathing a person's head than a baby.

"I know that I am rather awkward," she replied, with a laugh; "but I presume that I shall learn in time."

"Yes; after you have killed me, I suppose. Now if you can ring the bell and order tea, without making a mistake, I should be exceedingly happy to have you do it."

The evening witnessed the same continual fault-finding, and when the poor girl retired to her room, she seriously questioned whether she had not overrated her patience and forbearance.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Be still, and heart and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all: Into each life some rain must fall, / Some days must be dark and dreary."

LONGFELLOW.

It was a gloriously beautiful morning that blossomed out of that wild, fearful night, and the first laughing-sunbeam that penetrated into the

chamber of Beatrice, seemed to her like a messenger of glad tidings, infusing, as it did, new hope and courage into her shrinking, doubting heart, and enabling her to enter Mrs. Sutherland's presence with a smiling face, and a step that was almost elastic.

That lady, however, had not seemed to have derived any benefit from the joyful hymn that Nature was chanting so melodiously, for she returned the young girl's cheerful greeting in a dry, snapping tone, and then remarked:

"Is it possible that you have really got along? I began to think that you were never coming. I have been up such a great while, that I am almost starved. I will trouble you now to ring the bell, and order breakfast."

Her companion silently obeyed; and presently a servant entered, set the table, and brought in the repast; but this she did not accomplish without several sharp reprimands from her mistress, which she received with apparent indifference.

Beatrice secretly hoped that the food would be sufficient to stop the lady's tongue for a while, at least; but in this she was disappointed. Nothing suited her; therefore the unruly member was scarcely silent for a moment. The steak was burnt; the eggs were either boiled too much or too little; the biscuits were dough, and the coffee dish-water; but, nevertheless, she contrived to make a very substantial meal.

"Now, Miss Nulla, I should be pleased to have you read to me for a short time," exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, after the breakfast things had been removed. "I thought last evening that your elocution was extremely defective, but concluded that perhaps you did not do yourself justice, as you seemed to be very weary. I can judge better, however, this morning, and most earnestly hope that I shall find that that part of your education has not been neglected. Here is Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' a poem which I very much admire; you may try your powers on that."

Beatrice took the book, but after listening to such remarks as those, and conscious, too, that her hearer would overlook whatever of beauty was embodied in the lines, in her anxiety to detect mistakes, it is not surprising that her attempt proved a signal failure, and after plunging desperately through several pages, she paused in very disgust.

That the lady enjoyed her confusion was apparent by the gleam that shot into her dull, grey eyes, and the smile that strove to play about her cold, thin lips.

"I am glad that you were sensible enough to stop of yourself," she said. "Dear me! my nerves are all of a quiver! Poor Wordsworth! I do not think that he was ever murdered to such a degree before. How Mrs. Harrison happened to call you a good reader, is past my comprehension. Why, a child of ten would have succeeded better than that. You may order the carriage now; I believe that I will ride out. Return as quickly as possible, for I wish you to assist me to dress, and then you may prepare to accompany me."

Beatrice hastily left the room. She was too thoroughly vexed with herself to be annoyed at the comments of her employer.

"How foolish I was to be so completely disconcerted by her words," she soliloquized; "but it is the last time. She never shall have another opportunity to triumph over me in this style!"

She did not enjoy their drive much, for Mrs. Sutherland was continually in trouble. Sometimes the horses went too fast, causing her head to whirl; again, the motion was so slow that it made her nervous. If the carriage windows were closed, she was in imminent danger of suffocation; if open, she was equally fearful of freezing. Never, within the scope of her remembrance, had the roads been in such a villainous condition, or John so extremely careless. When the coachman was bidden to return to "The Elms," Beatrice drew a sigh of relief, which did not escape Mrs. Sutherland's observation, and accordingly, with a grim smile, she immediately countermanded that order. It was wonderful how many places of interest the lady was suddenly possessed with a desire to visit, so that it was long past noon ere they turned into the avenue that led to the house.

The remainder of the day was diversified by music, reading and complaints, together with an occasional game of backgammon.

A week slipped by before Beatrice found an opportunity to redeem her promise to Mrs. Elwood. Then she wrote a long and cheerful letter, giving that dear friend no sign of the utter weariness that was pressing upon her heart and life.

Those were dark, dreary days that followed; but bravely she struggled on, meekly bending to receive her cross, and striving to teach her soul patience. If her lips were not always wreathed with smiles, at least no harsh or fretful word ever passed their portals.

October came, sprinkling the forests with its gorgeous fires, and wrapping the hills in splendor. But soon the glowing embers smoldered low, and then died out in grey ashes; and November, wan and pale, laid her cold hand on the shivering earth.

"Miss Nulla, I should really like to know what you have been thinking of for the past fifteen minutes," exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, one afternoon, as she sat watching Beatrice, who was gazing abstractedly from the window.

The latter started, colored, and then replied: "Nothing worth repeating, I assure you. I beg your pardon for being so impolite as to fall into a reverie in your presence. Shall I finish that book that I was reading to you yesterday?"

The lady's brow darkened.

"No," she pettishly rejoined; "I have heard as much of that stuff as I desire. If you are not disposed to gratify my curiosity, do not, for pity's sake, attempt to force anything else upon my attention."

The girl looked annoyed, but remained silent. Her companion watched her stealthily for a moment, and then renewed the charge:

"You admit that your thoughts were not very important; then I do not understand why you should be so terribly averse to revealing them."

"Oh! indeed, I am not. I only hesitated because I did not suppose that they would be of sufficient interest to repay you for listening to them."

"I certainly ought to be the best judge of that."

"Well, then, I was merely wondering whether I should live to be old."

Mrs. Sutherland looked as though she hardly believed her, but said, half smilingly:

"Did you come to the conclusion that it would be desirable?"

"No; unless I could ever retain the spirit of youth. If age is to bring me nothing but unhappiness, I should pray to die now."

"But suppose that heaven is deaf to your pleadings, and that you are obliged to live on after all that makes life sweet and pleasant is taken from you?"

Her tone of indescribable bitterness fell like a dagger-stroke upon the sympathetic heart of Beatrice. Involuntarily she knelt by her side, and, looking up into her face, replied, with sweet earnestness:

"Then I would gather together the blessings

that are still left—tiny buds they might be—and cherish them until they burst into flowers, filling my spirit with fragrance, and lifting me above all trouble and sorrow."

"But if nothing, nothing remains—what then?"

"That cannot be, and God reign. Do we not have His blessed assurance that he will not leave us wholly comfortless?"

No sooner had the girl given utterance to these words than she sank back, startled and frightened at her own audacity, willy Mrs. Sutherland, rising, paced the floor with her hands clasped, and her head bowed, murmuring:

"Can it be that I, and none other, have been making myself miserable all these long years? Have I willfully shut my eyes to the golden sunlight, declaring that there was no brightness for me, and falsely attributing all my unhappiness to the mysterious decrees of Providence?"

So much of her soliloquy Beatrice overheard, and then feeling that she had no right to sit there a listener to her self-communings, she glided from the room. An hour passed, and yet another, and then Mrs. Sutherland's bell rang violently. To the excited maiden, its peal seemed to speak of rage and impatience. Rising quickly, she went down the stairs and through the hall to answer the summons. At the parlor door she paused an instant to lay her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then turned the handle and entered the room, fully expecting to receive her wages and an abrupt dismissal.

Had she realized how necessary she had become to her employer's peace and comfort, that thought would hardly have had the power to trouble her. She found the lady reclining upon a lounge before the fire. At her approach she turned her head, and holding out her hand, drew her to her, saying, in the old commanding way, although her tone was very kind:

"I want that you should sing to me, Beatrice; my head aches."

"Shall I not bathe your temples?" she inquired, almost timidly.

"No; I believe that I am still able to make known my desires. When I am not, I will listen to your suggestions, but at present they are useless."

Now however much Mrs. Sutherland delighted to sneer and laugh at her companion's reading and playing, she never ridiculed her singing. That seemed to have peculiar charms for her, affording her an enjoyment of which she never wearied; and once she had graciously informed the girl that she possessed a fortune in her sweet, wonderful voice.

On this occasion the effect that it produced was even greater than usual, for the low, plaintive melody which Beatrice sang with such tender pathos, swept the heart-strings of that proud, selfish woman, until they softly vibrated of the "long ago," thrilling her soul with a nameless yearning. Then large, peaty tears goggled the long, dark lashes, and rolled silently down the pale cheeks. Still the sweet voice warbled on, until it seemed to float into the Elysian fields of glory, and then returned like a messenger of peace, laden with love and tenderness.

"You can walk out now, if you wish," said Mrs. Sutherland, when the gentle tones had melted on the air; "as for me, I believe that I will try to sleep until tea-time. I was unusually wakeful last night."

The girl glided from the room with a sigh in her heart, and upon her lips. Poor child! although she knew that she had cast her bread upon the waters, she did not realize that it was returning to her again after many days.

A month passed. One morning Beatrice sat sewing upon a dress for Mrs. Sutherland, while the latter, contrary to her usual custom, was glancing over the contents of a weekly paper. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of surprise. Her companion looked up.

"Were you ever acquainted with Algernon Sawyer's family?" inquired the lady.

"Not very much, although I went to school with one of the daughters."

"There is something, then, that perhaps may interest you;" and she passed the paper, with her finger resting upon a paragraph.

Beatrice took it, glancing at the designated column with careless indifference; but that air passed quickly away, and her cheeks flushed hotly as her eye fell upon the following announcement:

"Married, on Tuesday morning, in the Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. L., Edgar Lewis, Esq., to Miss Louise, youngest daughter of Algernon Sawyer, of this city."

The girl quietly folded the paper, and then leaning her head upon her hand, looked out at the falling rain with strange, dreaming eyes.

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing as her being mistress of dear, beautiful Ferndale," she said, half aloud.

Suddenly she became conscious that she was not alone, and turning quickly, she met Mrs. Sutherland's keen, searching gaze.

"That marriage seems to interest you greatly," remarked the lady, still scanning her face.

If she had hoped to detect anything by the manner of Beatrice, her simple, "Yes, it does," effectually baffled her. After that, silence fell upon the two.

That evening Mrs. Sutherland said:

"Miss Nulla, I should really like to know your history. Have you any objections to relating it to me?"

"If you desire it very much, I will gratify you," was the evasive reply.

Then, as briefly as possible, she sketched her life. When she had finished, to her surprise, the lady pressed her lips to her brow, saying, in a voice choked with emotion:

"Beatrice, you make me blush for myself. Leave me now, dear."

She sat very quietly after the door closed. Suddenly she raised her head and glanced around the room, a strange light shining in her face:

"Yes, I will do it," she said, emphatically. "I never shall find one more worthy, if I search the whole world over. It will atone, too, in part, for my treatment of her since she has been here. Tomorrow I will send for my lawyer, and have a will drawn up, making her sole heiress of my wealth. Then, Beatrice Nulla, you shall resume your rightful place in society."

Alas for human resolutions! That night pale, anxious faces flitted from room to room, and medical aid was summoned in hot haste; but science was at fault, and, so reclining on her luxurious couch, with her head pillowed upon the bosom of her faithful companion, Mrs. Sutherland yielded up her breath to the Destroyer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A suffering but godly man was once asked if he could see any reason for the dispensation which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reason."—Spring.

There is a young man somewhere so modest that he will not embrace an opportunity. He must be related to the young lady who fainted when she heard of the naked truth.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IS IN THE WORLD.

BY BELLE DUSH.

Mother, angel mother! Come, and watch beside my bed; Let me feel the gentle presence Of thy hand upon my head! Come, and fold thy arms about me, As in the days of old; For my heart is sad and fearful, And the world is dark and cold.

Mother, angel mother! Come, and soothe me till I sleep; Let me feel your love about me, And my heart will cease to weep! Come, and sing the songs you taught me In the happy days of yore, With the lullabies you chanted— Sing them all to me once more.

'Tis long since we were parted, And I've wandered far and wide, Ever pining for thy presence, And thy loving hand to guide. Mother, angel mother! In the fading sunset gleams Come, and whisper to me softly, Through the golden gate of dreams.

I am weary, oh how weary! And my spirit yearns for rest, Come, and fold thy arms about me, Let me sleep upon thy breast. Come, and kiss me ere I slumber, Oh, dearest mother, come! And wake once more the vision Of my childhood's happy home.

Ah! well do I remember That soft and sunny nest, The cottage in the valley, Where I slept upon thy breast. Ah, mel! there is no palace, Or stately mansion old, That was ever half so pleasant As "the cottage by the world."

There I frolicked with my brothers, With my little sister played, Till the angels called her from us— Then I wondered where she stayed; For I had not learned the lesson That later years unfurled, Like a sable banner o'er me, "That Death is in the world."

For life was all about me, And love, the deep and strong, Held me fast in his embraces, And charmed me with his song. In the summer-time I wandered Through the meadows, by the floods, And in the hazy autumn Went a-muttering in the woods.

Thus my childhood years flowed onward, Boating time to joy and mirth, Whose music waked no echo, Save the harmonies of earth. 'Till one day a sable banner O'er our cottage was unfurled, And I learned the mournful lesson, "That Death was in the world."

For I saw thee borne, dear mother, In stillness from our door, And heard it said, in sadness, "She will come to us no more." Then a great grief shook my spirit, As winds the mountain pine, And I mourned, in my anguish, Oh! would thy grave were mine!

Since then in grief I've wandered O'er the fair and lovely earth, Ever sighing for thy presence, And the music tones of mirth. Mother, angel mother! While the fading sunset gleams, Come, and whisper to me softly, Through the golden gate of dreams.

Thus prayed a lonely orphan, 'Mid the stillness of the night— When lo! a blissful vision Dawned in beauty on her sight. Through the open portals gliding, Came a soft and silvery light, And 'mid the wavering brightness Stood her mother robed in white.

On her brow were fairest garlands, On her bosom glowed a star, Whose love-light, warm and steady, Through the chamber shone afar. Then o'er the lonely orphan A holy calmness stole, And the dove of peace returning, Found a nest within her soul.

While the angel-mother, bending On her child a look of love, Smiled fondly, and then pointed To a land of light above. "Mother, angel-mother! The weary orphan cried; Yet ere the words were spoken, The vision left her side.

Yet the memory of it lingering In her lonely heart became A star of hope whose brightness Beamed with a steady flame, And lighted up the darkness That gathered on her way, And gave each cloud of sorrow A soft and silvery ray.

Then peace above her spirit, Like a banner was unfurled, And with joy her heart repeated, "Life, life is in the world; Life, life, not death, is victor, When the spirit quits the clay!" Thus sings the lonely orphan In gladness every day.

Life, life divine is thrilling All the pulses of the earth! Lo! it changes but to brighten, And Death is but a birth— A casting-off of garments Made to be thrown away— A flitting from a dwelling That's crumbling to decay.

'Tis a rest, a joyous transit— This change that we call death. Then why should we seek to flee it, Or fear its chilling breath? 'Tis rising like the eagle, And it soars toward the sun; 'Tis the spirit flitting homeward, When its earthly task is done.

Henceforth I'll sing with gladness: "Death was, but is no more!" While my heart takes up the music Of childhood's happy lore.

For life is still about me, And love, the deep and strong, Holds me fast in his embraces, And soothes me with her song; While with glory my heart is singing, 'Neath the banner by truth unfurled, Lo! Death hath fled to darkness, And LIFE is in the world. Adolphus Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1864.

The Lecture Room.

ADDRESS OF FRED. L. H. WILLIS, Before the Spiritualist Convention held in Clinton Hall, New York, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 11th, 12th and 13th, 1864.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I had hoped that my voice might be permitted to remain silent in this Convention, inasmuch as it is statedly heard on Sundays in this city; but it has been decreed otherwise, and I am before you this morning as your appointed speaker. And yet I fear that I am in no condition to utter words of glowing eloquence, or give forth burning words of inspiration; but what I do say will at least have the merit of coming from an earnest heart.

I presume I am right in judging that no one has come to these meetings purposeless, and of course no one can judge the purposes of another; but it seems to me that our only purpose should be to gain some lesson of wisdom or of love. It is no place here, it seems to me, to discuss our own individual opinions concerning mere phenomena and the individuals through whom they are given; it is no place to relate mere wonder tales; and it seems to me we have something to do besides to present personal phenomena that others would be unlikely to understand or appreciate, coming, as they do, from personal idiosyncracies, and resulting, as they do, in personal experiences that have little to do with universal principles. If we have no great words to speak concerning a world's progress, our Convention will be better received as a meeting without organization. We have come together as a body of Spiritualists; but what do we mean by the term? If we mean merely spiritual phenomena, then we may as well adjourn to witness those phenomena. If we mean merely the external signs of things, then let us go into the external world and witness those signs. We must, we do mean more than this. We place ourselves on the broad platform of reform. We mean progress, we mean truth, we mean ideas.

Spiritualism is not a modern idea; it is not a new truth. No truth is new, but all truth is as old as the eternal source of truth. But Spiritualism comes with fresh revelations of time-honored truths. We find its platform erected on the plains of Mamora. We hear its truths enunciated by the spirit voices that spoke unto Abraham; ay, even further back we see its manifestation when Egyptian and Chaldean and Persian and Hindoo nations left the traces of their recognition of spiritual laws on blocks of porphyry and in temple and catacomb. We need not seek to tear down the past, for the past is with us and is a testimony of our faith. We can come up the long line of ages, and find everywhere witnesses of our faith. No prophet refuses his prophecy for us; not even Aaron bears testimony for us. David and Saul are revelators unto us of spiritual laws. There is no religious utterance in all those ages when the children of Israel obeyed the voice of the divine life and bore their part in the progressive civilization of the East, that does not reveal to us the grand truth of spirit power and spiritual revelation. Socrates with his philosophy, Plato teaches us of spiritual laws. Seneca and Cæsar, Porphyra and Pythagoras are our worthy teachers.

When Christianity shed her benign light over Palestine—a light that was destined to spread through the whole world with its advancing illumination—it came a glorious revelation of spirit-power and spiritual religion; it cast itself loose from the trammels of old dogmas, and rose in twin the veil that separated the spiritual world from the natural world. A great prophet soul, a seer of God, an illuminated philosopher, came from that old Jewish nation and declared a divine religion, came from a humble, simple life into an ignominious death, and bound in ever-living bands the heart of humanity to the heart of God. His spiritually-illuminated soul opened, through the gates of death, the gates of life, and a crown of glory about the crown of suffering, and showed forever after how love and devotion to right can make the human soul show itself a God. Jesus lived a spiritual religion, and expressed spiritual laws. He embodied truths, instead of teaching doctrines. We see in his philosophy, as he declared it, a glorious confirmation of every spiritual law of the ages—a revelation of the spiritual nature of the coming time. He expressed in a life not merely spiritual power, but he expressed spiritual love, and thus he was not only a revelator of the Spiritual Philosophy, but an embodiment of a spiritual religion.

When Christianity became entangled in dogmas and became merely a religion of forms, it needed other awakenings. They came in a Luther, a Milton and a Zwingli. Again, in a Fox, a Wesley, and a Murray. They came in a Channing and a Parker. These great hero souls, these bright lights, have shone through the darkness, and revealed to us more and more of the truth of the Infinite. Is the past, then, not a worthy platform on which to rear this nobler structure of the coming time? Beautiful blocks, white and pure, fit this mosaic of the past; Egypt, Assyria, Palestine and India, Persia and Chaldea, send to us their gifts from their ancient days, and have, and root in their sides have been chiseled their follies, and here, pure and perfectly fitting to its place, is the simple, undying truth. Shall we tear it up—this beautiful mosaic of the past—and leave a gaping space? No; let them remain, these foundation-stones in the temple of truth. However minute some of them may be, they are so much toward the perfect whole.

But there is a chief corner-stone to this temple that no one brought until Palestine found it. When Jesus declared the Fatherhood of God, and linked therewith the Brotherhood of Man, he bound the heart of humanity, by chains that could never be broken, to the heart of the spirit-world. Those bands were spiritual laws, and they cannot be broken, without violation of the purest instincts of the human heart. In this truth we behold the illuminating power of the human soul. In this we behold the light of the ages. In the recognition of this truth, we find our future progress. And now does any one say that Spiritualism means nothing? Does any one say that it has no basis—no fundamental ideas? It means every reform and progressive movement that the human soul can aspire to recognize or hope to urge forward. It means the broadest charity, and what we want to know is this: our whole duty to others, whether they be in the spirit-world or on earth. The spiritual laws that bind us to our fellowmen will reveal to us the spiritual laws that bind us to the spirit-world, and if we can understand what power we have over spiritual beings, or they over us, we can understand our relations to the human spirits that are about us.

It seems to me that no person can be truly and faithfully a Spiritualist who neglects a single duty to his fellowman. Therefore I must put down the first law of spiritual progress to be faithfulness to the divine idea of universal brotherhood, and to this I must hold every Spiritualist, or deny to him the name. We need this indwelling sense of sympathy with others, before we can unfold a single worthy idea of our beautiful philosophy. How this idea of brotherhood has been set aside by the churches of the various sects, we all have testimony in the world about us, so that what is termed Christianity is only a name, and has left the idea. Thus it is not with a false religion or a false Christianity that we have to do, but with principles and ideas.

With me, the idea of the Fatherhood of God comprehends the whole of our philosophy. But I know that it has meant to most minds, only a far-off being who ruled a universe as a king

rules a kingdom. But in the universe of spirit we find that Fatherhood expressing itself in the love of heaven. There comes to us the power of love, and we know that its law exists in the individual spirits that are dear to us. We feel the bright chains that unite us to heaven, and we know that our beloved ones there are not only as near to us as our earthly friends, but closer than we can dream to come even to the most tenderly loved and dearest who are still in the form. If we can make plain this truth to the world, it will be the resurrection and the life unto it, because we know that the sharpest sorrow and pain of a separation by death will thus be taken away.

But tell me, will this idea alone lift the world from its greater sorrow—the sorrow of sin? No! We must feel that the divine law of sympathy is binding us to every other soul, and that another's degradation is our humiliation; thus our grand spiritual law is the law of love. We want it operative in our hearts, before we can understand the meaning of Spiritualism. By the term universal, I do not mean intellectually comprehend for we can intellectually take in and comprehend many laws of the universe, but we cannot understand them in ourselves until we feel their influence. When we feel ourselves spiritual beings, the bonds of the spirit-world and earth are all our own, and we are free.

I agree that no knowledge is superfluous. I would urge investigation and research. I would covet earnestly the unfolding power of the beauties that can reveal all. Do believe that we must try of the spirit; but our philosophy on the broad plane of human and spiritual progress.

If understood, the failures of all the philosophies of the past to satisfy the human spirit, it has in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, the Christian philosophy, it has been progress, a revelation of love. The heart of man dears for this faith, and its revelation opened the floodgates of feeling, and the light shone therein.

As we have stated, this revelation is not Spiritualism; it includes the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. When it came, it came through mediumistic minds; and where it needed another revelation, it had no other channel, and in our day we have a fresh testimony of the life, the love, the power of heaven. But what is this revelation to us? It is the triumph of life. We know now that what we call death, is fullness of life. The heavens have been opened to us, and what have we beheld? Not the golden streets—not the sapphires—not the king crowned and his subjects prostrate in lowly adoration before him. Nor have we seen heavenly eyes of love; we have heard tender voices of appeal; we have looked upon beautiful scenes, and into our hearts has come the blessed assurance that what we most love is ours by laws as eternal as God; that the universe knows no such word as loss. As we have seen this, has it done nothing for us? Has it not quickened our love? Has it not stimulated our noblest desires? Has it not been an inspiration to nobles, a rebuke to the vulgar, a comfort to the oh! better by far, it had never come to us. If I should all answer me nay, yet can I not credit you. It must be, it is true that as one revelation of truth comes to our spirits, its entrance gives passage to still higher, still sublimer truths. And so this revelation of spirit-intercourse, springing, as it does, from the great laws of life, has brought to many a soul beautiful revelations of love, that have themselves sent us to heaven. We do not need to go back and say how the old dogmas displease, and how, one by one, the superstitious of the past leave us free and untrammelled to search for great principles, and to aspire after divine truths. They leave us—these errors—naturally, and the benign inspirations of heaven take their place. We no longer stand divorced from the Paternity of God—we dwell in it. And now our hearts open themselves to the true, the pure, and the good.

And now with this sense of the redeeming power of the spiritual religion, is it strange that we should desire to proclaim it to the world? Is it strange that we should seek to unfold its truths, and present its beauties to those who yet fold about themselves the wrappings of bigotry and of ignorance? No; it seems a necessity to our spirits to let their light shine forth, even as the sun and stars reveal their beauties to the eyes of the sincere desire of all who have been blessed with this faith to declare it unto others. But it cannot be done by words; it will not be expressed by external signs. We have but one way, thank God, to express truth—we must live it. Glorious utterances will come, noble inspirations will be given forth; but these proceed from true and noble hearts, glowing in sympathy with the divine life of heaven.

Oh, could I draw back the curtain that sometimes loving hands draw back for me, and show you the beauties of the spirit's home—show you how fathers, mothers, the strong and tender ones—how little children, the beloved and pure—how wise and noble ones, the world's heroes—souls of the past, draw near the hearts of every one of us, and seek to bless and strengthen us, and inspire us, while in their own beautiful homes they help prepare a mansion for us eternal in the heavens, could I make plain to you, as it sometimes is to me, how natural and beautiful and perfectly fitted to the spirit within us is the beautiful spirit-home, so that we can never be defrauded, but must know the great law of spiritual compensation—I say, could I do this for you, or for the world, yet would I rather kindle one noble aspiration, yet would I rather give courage to one fainting spirit, yet would I choose to stimulate the weak purpose and strengthen the lagging will, and lead one soul from the darkness of wrong and the misery of evil, into the paths of purity, peace and noble action. And I believe, friends, this is what our beloved ones in the spirit-world are striving to do. Not merely to show us the beauties of their own life, and the delights that may surround them, but to inspire us with nobler sentiments, and stimulate us to nobler action. To do this, they sometimes open before us the radiant beauty of heaven, that we may perhaps catch a reflex of its glory, and press forward to it with courage and with faith. But nearer than ever to us do they come when they breathe into our hearts with the still, small voice that comes to us amid no controversy, amid no jar of earthly ambition, but whispers to us sweet words of assurance over every victory won, over every passion, over every wrong made right, over every evil purpose folded, over every triumph of love. Oh, let them not speak in vain, these still, small voices! We can be angels, indeed, if we will do the work of angels.

Oh, friends, brothers, sisters, in the light of all that has been, and all that is, with this glorious revelation from the spirit world, and this living testimony, what have we to do for God's humanity? With solemn and yet joyful earnestness heaven waits to work with us. What will thou have me to do, oh truth of God? We should ask; and to him who asketh, the answer surely cometh, even into his spirit, leading him forth into a life of noble action, to the ministry of love, and to the exemplification of the sublimes spiritual philosophy that the world has ever known. Let us be most joyful that ever enlisted the human powers. Let us not be driven from it by any weakness, by any indifference, by any failures or shortcomings on the part of those who profess to receive it, by any apparent signs of defeat or failure. All these may and do occur, but they are not signs of weakness, but rather of strength, and should have the effect to inspire us to greater efforts, for the soul of man is destined forever to rise toward the stature of perfect, divine manhood, at which the heaven of stars hint, as they silently wait the time when they shall crown him king;—it must rise to a beauty that shall find angels and archangels, heroes and martyrs, the great and sublime of all ages, transcendent and glorified in spirit-life, its compeers, inspirers and collaborators.

Now inventions are the order of the day. The last is in the clock or watch line. Imagine a simple addition of two enameled disks to the two hands of a watch or clock, with the name of some hundred cities inscribed on each, and you have an idea of a contrivance by Prof. A. W. Hall, of St. Louis, by which every day a clock may have an universal time-clock. When the Pacific Railroad is built, a man can travel from seaboard to seaboard, and without altering his watch, carry the correct time at every important station; and this, no matter how long he may tarry in a strange place. Such an instrument has its value for commercial travelers, for lecturers, and the like; for observers of natural phenomena in the field; for cadets; for engineers, surveyors, etc.; and for the public at large. So says the Independent.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RAIN.

BY S. J. KEACII.

Thick and fast the raindrops fall— Fast the clouds are flying, O'er the arch a misty pall, Hide the day that's dying.

Counting moments as they fly, Tolling hours that perish, Seats the clock as mournfully Fado the hopes we cherish.

I remember, I remember, As a spell comes o'er me, Scenes, that times I cannot number, Fancy brings before me.

In a twilight hour like this, One I loved lay dying; Spirits from the land of bliss To her bed were flying.

While the clock the moments beating, And the raindrops falling, Mingled with low sounds of greeting To our lost one calling,

Those who gathered round her bed, Heard the earnest voices; But they knew not what they said, Mourning for their losses.

One whose tears fell fast like rain, From the window gazing Through the drops upon the pane, At the candles blazing,

Lighting many a peaceful home O'er the distant river; Must he lay her in the tomb— In the darkness leave her?

Since, on such a night as this, When 'tis dark and stormy, Sad and fearful memories Come like dreams before me.

The Proposed Paris Banquet to Mr. Home, etc.

Translated from the Revue Spirituelle for the Banner of Light.

The appeal that we made in our first number relating to a banquet to be offered to Mr. Home, as a protestation against the outrages he had experienced at Rome, did not go unanswered. More than two hundred men and women at once responded. Amongst those who have thus sent their testimony, we count with pleasure two members of the great daily press—savans and thinkers—who hold the most honorable position in society. Two whom we would particularly notice, are the President and Honorary President of the Society of Magnetism. All these were preparing to assist in this fraternal gathering, which promised to be one of the most beautiful reunions of the new faith, when, a few days before the banquet was to be held, after the hall had been secured and preparations partly made, we received the following note from Mr. Home:

"DEAR MONS. PIERART—For reasons the most grave I am forced to renounce assisting at the festival you had wished to give me. Believe me, very imperative reasons oblige me to this. Entirely yours, D. D. HOME."

At the reception of such very unexpected news, we had a conversation with him, hoping we might learn the nature of these grave and imperious reasons; but while expressing his regret that he could not meet his brothers in Paris, he declared he could not explain further. "You shall know," said he, "hereafter; at present I cannot divulge them."

Many persons wished still to carry out the project of the festival, but as it could not have the character we had wished to give it, we prepared to adjourn it till a happier day. In the meantime the Revue Spirituelle shall be a depository of the spirit that would have reigned there. The following toast would have been pronounced by Dr. Clerer de Malldgny, whom, as the eldest, we had prayed to accept the presidency of the banquet: "A testimony of welcome to D. D. Home, on his return from Italy. To this celebrated medium we offer the first toast: His health! to his most able cooperation in the studies which occupy us!" Please remark that I say studies, not science—this last is still in the future—at present our diverse estimations should cause a cautious reserve upon forming dogmas and doctrines.

I wish to say, distinctly, that in those questions of high physiologic cosmology, commonly called the "field of the marvelous," it is necessary to be on our guard against the madness of superstition. To-day its errors are almost crimes; ignorance has no excuse. I criticize not any particular spiritual circle; I announce in general terms my thoughts on this grave subject, when, notwithstanding the decision of public opinion, our firm certainty of facts, from complete evidence and unquestionable source, gives us the intelligence from which we rationally deduce the special life—or very special, at least—of etherial forces, that the philosophy of these initiations call spiritual—a name which we have no serious reason to repudiate—"that which we are to do as Spiritualists, is to study—study assiduously, perseveringly, independently! Courage, then, good will and patience!" Sentiment sent by M. Cahagnet, to be pronounced by a delegate of the Swedenborgian Society of Argentouil:

March 8th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND IN THE EXTERMINAL—I would join my thought with the group of friends who surround you to give a mark of their esteem, and to protest against the unenviable, unfaternal treatment you have received from those called models of love and justice. I cordially unite myself with those who receive you to their hearts, for you are one of the chosen spirit-lights who will reprove the spirits of darkness seated at Rome. I thank you for your devotion to the cause of experimental instruction—you, the banished by the friends of 'the faith.' I felicitate you on your honorable reception to the palaces of kings—you, who have been expelled from the temples of fanaticism—be pleased to receive the salutations, most sincere and fraternal, of ALF. CAHAAGNET."

The editor of the Revue prepared a fine article upon the "Resurrection of the Religious Sentiment," which he gives entire, and I would like to give it to your readers, but can only spend time to make a few extracts:

"All religions," he says, "have been but diverse forms of the Divine spirit to manifest itself, and they have always been proportioned to the needs, the intellectual state, the obstacles and temporal wants of the age. Their appearance has always been signaled by an assemblage of facts and tendencies, evidently spiritualistic, which strikingly contrasted with the immoralities, and skepticism, and materialism into which the old faith had fallen. So it is to-day. It has been always in the bosom of demoralized society, where force and injustice reign, that prophets, clairvoyants, workers of beneficent miracles have sprung up to confound the doctrines of infidelity, and create a new current of spiritual life. Such was the phase that marked the introduction of Christianity, teaching the sacred truths of immortality. They saw the

sick healed, the dead recalled to life, the known laws of nature momentarily suspended or subdued by other laws, the gifts of prophecy and of tongues accorded to certain men, poor artisans, who endured contempt, persecution and death, subduing all things, confounding the pride of the great, overturning the old world of iniquity and error, and starting humanity on a new path. And now, in our day, other errors, antiquities, similar pride, are to be overturned. God more than once takes care to manifest more mighty prodigies to prepare the way for the regeneration of the age. Such, to our eyes, is the significance of the extraordinary facts taking place in the two worlds. To witness the facility and frequency with which they accomplish themselves, it appears that the celestial forces draw nearer this planet and increase in intensity. Materialism crumbles and falls under the false supports of a lying philosophy. It has brought to the faith a crowd of skeptics, calling them to enter the pathway of a divine life. The clergy pretend these manifestations are the work of Satan! If it is his work, it has become appropriate for him to appear, as in Job, as an angel charged with a divine mission, respectfully going to receive the orders of his Creator. But if it is the devil with whom we have to do in these times of spiritual resurrection, is it not a divine work that these facts prove his existence—an existence which is such a fundamental article of Christianity? But who believes it to-day? Nobody! It is, then, surely a great progress to prove his existence to those who deny it. 'Make me a devil,' said Voltaire, 'and I will believe all the supernaturalism of Christianity.' From whence comes it, then, that this war is waged against these spiritual facts by the Church? It wishes to accredit itself with all the miracles, and cannot suffer them to spring up in the direction of other and rival religions. Yet it is no matter whether you are Orthodox or not, a propagator of heresies, or a submissive son of the Church, the moment you become an upholder of these new facts, you are put out of its pale.

Mr. Home, for example—who is he? A young man to whom Providence has given particular facilities—who is chosen to give to the world the consoling truths that all religions accept. The special powers which all this young man are the spirits of his sainted mother and beloved friends. About a year since, his young wife drew him toward the Catholic faith, that she might receive the benefit of its prayers when dying—she, who had been raised in the Greek Church. What greater proof of Orthodoxy could Mr. Home give? Yet that has not preserved him from the wrath and anathemas of the holy inquisition. There his "Memoirs"—book of facts, recital of experiences, innocent of all heterodox doctrines—have been put to the index. There, where skeptics and heretics of all countries are permitted to sojourn, a Catholic medium cannot remain twenty-four hours! Proceed ye from God?—ye who repudiate the spirit of Jesus while ye adorn yourselves with his name, and pretend it is your exclusive patrimony?

If you proceed from Jesus, why make his redemption a human work? For it is said he came to destroy the empire of Satan, and you claim for him more power than ever before. If you are from God, why fear you this young man? Is it that your spiritual, divine power is not sufficient to paralyze his and reduce it to nothingness? Did Peter and Paul, the sublime Galileans, with swords and sabres, seek to abase the Roman world? They simply lay on their hands, and Ananias and Sapphira fall dead; Tabitha is resuscitated; prison gates are opened, and the viper loses his venom; Simon, the magician, is surpassed and paralyzed by the word. If you have not the heritage of these gifts, do not lose the remembrance of them. Abdicato your temporal power, and let the Holy Spirit accomplish his work. Let it breathe where he judges it good.

But courage, friends and brothers! So great efforts against so inconsiderable an idea as is ours, from a material view, prove its grand moral force and its future. Let us stand, then, closely together, be devoted, and the idea will triumph."

The Revue records with honorable mention the removal to the higher life of Mr. James Deming, a native of New York, who had resided several years at Paris, and was a most intelligent and devoted Spiritualist. He was himself a medium of rare power. He had gathered a very valuable library of all the works he could procure in France and Germany on magnetism, magic and the occult sciences, esoteric mysteries of antiquity, which amateurs and students of the Spiritual philosophy will appreciate. E. M.

Spiritual Progress in Kalamazoo.

Knowing you are sincere in your efforts to spread the glorious gospel of Spiritualism, and co-workers in the field, I felt impressed, Mr. Editor, you would allow me, through your columns, to cheer you in your noble work, by sketching our state of progress in Kalamazoo. For many long years a few earnest souls struggled manfully to keep the cause before the people, by giving, without money and without price, tests and communications from dear spirit-friends. The seed thus cheerfully sown has taken root, and the hoe of patient, persevering effort has kept clean the soil, and the plant has flourished; for one by one, new recruits, first culling a blossom from the ever ready parent stem, have enlisted under Freedom's Banner. From small beginnings, great things proceed. We have now a business organization, and calculate to have speaking at least half the time; our social mite gatherings, twice a month, unite pleasure with profit.

We receive, and cordially extend a hearty welcome to all Eastern lecturers and mediums who travel Westward; for we enjoy variety, and love to study the different developments of mind, so marked in the spirit controllers of each and every medium. But we in the West are by no means dependent on the East; we have some bright and shining lights in our midst, superior to many, second to none, who wield the sword of Truth on the rostrum. The West, so rich in Nature's gifts, is none the less rich in minds cultivated, refined, and intensified with inspirations pure and exalted from the never-falling fount of all Truth. Our audiences, though small, are appreciative, and drink with avidity the sparkling draughts.

No brighter light can we tend you to set for a while in your Boston candlesticks, than Bro. J. G. Fish; he is a noble man, a scholar, and a heart and soul worker in the cause of man's redemption from the chains of sectarianism, untrusting, unselfish, free from every spark of jealousy, always finding out, aiding, and bringing forward unknown mediums, believing that each one has a work to do in the field of reform. But in the desk he is inexhaustive. His themes are ever new, deep, argumentative, and brilliant. Last month he held a debate here with the Rev. Wm. Stevenson, an Adventist, on the question, "Is the soul immortal—If so, can it manifest itself after death?" Mr. Stevenson promised to stay six evenings, but the evidence in the case is, that he considered himself pretty badly beaten, for he hit it short off the fourth night, crippling Bro. Fish's argument. Instead of injuring, it gave an impetus to our

cause, for we immediately announced that Mrs. Frank Reid would address the audience the following evening, and after the lecture describe spirits. The house was full, curious to hear the young, childlike, impulsive little girl, as some suppose her to be. But in the desk she is graceful, potent, pointed, and clear in argument. Musical improvisations, prayer, soothing the soul to receive the pearly drops of inspirational dew, argumentative teachings, conclusive responses to questions put by the audience, and spirits described, are gifts rarely combined.

Our little sister has been but a short time a worker in the broad highway of life, waging war against the chains which bind men's souls, while her husband, with his country's flag free floating o'er his head, raises his strong arm to break the chains which hold only the physical with an iron grasp. SARAH E. WEDBURN. Kalamazoo, Michigan, May 16, 1864.

Spirit Message.

A few weeks ago, dear BANNER, a female spirit manifested itself to me, representing that she had been treated very unkindly when on the earth by one of whom she had reason to expect better things, and desiring that she might write through me a message for the columns of the BANNER. Never wishing to refuse my organization to any spirit who desires to present the evidences of spirit control to the children of earth, I placed myself in as passive a condition as possible, and the following communication was the result. I questioned at first the propriety of sending the message, but reading it to several friends, they advised me to accede to the request of the controlling intelligence. Ere sending it, however, I was determined to test its truthfulness, and accordingly, in harmony with the wishes of the spirit—having received from her the particulars by which I could ascertain, beyond all cavil or doubt, the accuracy of the message—I set myself about the work, and found, to my own and others' entire satisfaction, that everything related therein was strictly true. I consider it a very convincing test of spirit-power, and most gladly do I assent to the spirit's desire, and forward it to you for publication. However severe some of the "strictures" in it may seem, yet it will convey to the many readers of your excellent paper one of the peculiar phases of spirit-life, and disprove, at least in this instance, the accuracy of the ancient adage, that "the dead tell no tales." The entire name of the spirit-author is withheld, for reasons which will be perfectly plain and satisfactory to you and your multitude of readers. Yours for Truth, JOSEPH D. STILES.

Dear child of earth, permit a friend, Who left your shore a while ago, A simple message now to send From lands beyond your sphere of woe.

I am not very happy here, And why, I'll soon to you explain, Hoping that you will drop a tear O'er one whose life is full of pain.

My husband did not treat me well— His enloured heart on wealth was bent: Your very soul he'd gladly sell, If he but thought 't would bring a cent.

When stretched upon my dying bed, And life was losing fast its hold, And when my form was almost dead, Enwrapped within death's icy fold,

This being, in a human form, Would not allow sufficient fire To keep my mortal body warm, Nor answer 'em to one desire.

I do not wish to exorcise A man who thus forgets himself— Who, in his blindness, seems to hate Heaven's treasures more than petty pelf.

Unkindly as he treated me, I would not seek to injure him, For oh! I know that sometime he Will meet the Messenger most grim;

That he before the bar of God Will stand, his wicked deeds to rue, Receiving from Him that reward Unto his derelictions due.

There he may strive to volt his face, He may in vain his faults disown, For he will stand before the gaze Of angels, known as he is known.

Thus mortals never need expect That they can here their errors mask; Let them this teaching recollect: Each sin its penalty will ask.

Beneath the shroud of dark deceit Man his deformities may hide, But there's a time when he will meet 'The judgment which his sins decide.

On earth his neighbors he may cheat, May wrong them of their rightful part, May talk in church his "easy seat," And worship God with "hollow heart."

High in the pulpit he may sit, And his audacious voice may raise, With many scathing hypocrite, To God his mocking prayer and praise.

But when is open the Book of Books, In which the names of all are grav'd, How he'll be chagrin'd as he looks, And finds not his among the saved.

He then this truth will recognize: That deeds, not faith, for man will win A crown of glory in the skies, A happy residence therein.

All ye who may this message read, Bear ever this idea in mind: That every noble thought and deed Will nearer heaven your spirits bind.

The nobler lives you live below The happier will you be above; The richer joys your souls will know, Crowned with the light of endless love.

Then speed you on your mortal way, Truth, Virtue, Right and Wisdom prize; They'll tell for you in that great day, When death translates you to the skies. H., an injured Spirit.

From Oregon.

Since the dawn of the present year, sectarianism has been on the rampage here, and quite a great majority of the people are entering into a transition state from gross materialism to their ultimate enlightenment in spiritual truths. I have far more patience now with the contradictory doctrines held forth from the pulpit, since I have come to look upon the Church as a stepping-stone to the higher and purer plane of a living, spiritual faith, such as is now so rapidly dawning on this sin-sick world. Observation has taught me on this great truth, and it is a noteworthy fact, that many, very many have

come up through the churches to this happy plane of progression in a great degree better than the examples of humility and love given them on the way. Though we are few, and our cause unpopular in Oregon, our motto shall still be, "Ora e Labora." J. M. GALE.

A letter-writer describes a beautiful young lady as having a face a painter might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will appreciate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Miss LIZZIE DORR will speak in Boston, during June; in Lowell, July 17, 24 and 31; in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lynn, June 5; in Quincy, June 12; in Old Town, July 3, 10, 17 and 24; in Lowell, July 31; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro', during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May, 1865; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. SARAH M. JOHNSON speaks in Old Town and vicinity, during June and July. Address, during that time, Bradley, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Farmington, N. H. Mrs. M. S. TOWSE speaks in Troy, N. Y., during June, in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28. Address, Bridgewater, Vt., until June.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE speaks in Chichester during June. N. S. GOSNELL will speak in Lawrence, June 5; in North Easton, June 12; in Chelsea, June 19 and 26.

J. M. FEEBLES will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address, during that time, Bradley, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Farmington, N. H. "Yearly Meeting" in Lockport the second week in June, and thence eastward, speaking two Sundays at Dedworth's Hall, New York.

Mrs. EMMA HOBSON will lecture in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton Mass.

Mrs. MATHIA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during June in Bradford, Conn., Sept. 4 and 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Philadelphia during November. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

Mrs. F. S. STANFORD will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

H. B. STONER will speak in Chelsea, June 5 and 12. Address, Foxboro', care of W. Warren, Foxboro', Mass.

A. B. WHITING will speak in Springfield, June 5 and 12. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. JENNIE S. HADD will lecture in North Easton, Mass., June 19 and 26. Address, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. LARNA M. HOLLIS will speak in Stockton, Me., the first Sunday in each month.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Me., June 5 and 12; in Somers, Conn., June 19 and 26. Will make no engagements until September. Address, box 622, Bridgport, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March, 1865, Locke's Mills, Me.

Mrs. FRANCES LOND BOND. Her address for the month of May will be Lawrence, Mass., care of G. C. Howker.

WALTER CHASE will speak in Le Harpe, Ill., June 5 and 12. Address accordingly. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in East Marshfield, Mass., June 5 and 12; in Quincy June 19 and 26. Is at liberty to speak on any Sunday of each month. Address, 17 W. 2d street, Lowell, Mass.

LEO MILLER will speak in Coldwater, Mich., July 10 and 17; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Cleveland during October. Address as above, or Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. FANNIE BURMAN will speak in Stafford, Conn., July 3 and 10; in Somers, July 17 and 24; in Windsor, July 31; in Chelsea, Aug. 7 and 14.

Dr. AND MRS. L. R. COONEY will lecture in Ludlow, Vt., June 18. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform Bazaar, and publish prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. E. M. VOLGOST will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for one month, June 5, and the second Sunday of each month. Address, Leicester, Vt.

Mrs. SARAH A. HOBSON speaks in Stafford, Conn., June 5. Address, Brandon, Vt.

W. K. REPLEY will speak in Little River Village, Me., June 5 and 12; in Plymouth, Me., June 19 and 26; in Milford, July 17 and 24. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER speaks in Charlestown, June 5, 12 and 19; in Lowell, July 3 and 10; in Old Town, Me., during August. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. A. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Foxboro', June 5 and 12; in Lowell during September.

Dr. JAMES COOPER will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of J. M. Fisher's child, at the residence of Mrs. C. O. on June 5th, and will speak at Fort Recovery June 17th and 24th, evenings. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

J. G. FISH speaks one-half the Sundays at Battle Creek; one-fourth at Kalamazoo; one-fourth at Plainfield, Allegan Co.; in Providence, R. I., during June; in Worcester, Mass., July 3, and answers calls to lecture in New York and New England. Address Battle Creek, Mich., for the present.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Genoa, Me., June 5; in Stockton, June 12; in Exeter, June 26; in Bucksport, July 3 and 10; in Dover, July 17 and 24; in Exeter, Aug. 7 and 14. Will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England, where his services may be required. Address, Exeter, N.H., Me.

W. F. FARMER, trance speaker, Alden, Mich., will speak in St. Albans, Vt., on the first of each month.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH will lecture in Burns, Mich., June 5 and 12, at 10 1/2 A. M.; in Vernon, June 19 and 26, at 3 P. M.; in Williamstown, June 19; in Middlebury, June 26; in New York, June 26; in Court Corners, June 26; in Laphamville, June 22. Will speak at funerals.

JAMES M. ALLEN, trance speaker and inspirational writer, desiring to spend the coming season in Maine, would be glad to hear from those desiring his services, immediately, directing to East Bridgewater, Mass. Will lecture, when desired, on the Universal Alphabet, the Spiritual Congress, Health Reform, or Dress Reform.

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ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. It takes eight words on average to complete a line, the advertiser can see the advances how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under the head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture. April—17

Mrs. EMMA HARDING, San Francisco, Cal. Sept—17

CONA L. V. HATCH. Present address, New York. Jan—17

Correspondence in Brief.

From Harrisburg, Pa.

The "Spiritualistic Philosophy" has found in this city—the capital of our Keystone State—a few fearless, faithful workers for the truth, none of whom are more prominent than our energetic and self-sacrificing friend, Isaac W. Geety, whose hospitable home has ever welcomed the itinerant stranger—and through whose efforts the "Banner of Inspiration" has been started—with open doors, for the promulgation of its living facts.

Surrounded by the tide of popular opposition, and the want of concerted action, or system, on the part of believers, the responsibility attending lecturing expenses, etc., falls upon the very few who, precisely, have the cause at heart, and aim to justly compensate those who labor in their midst. Thus the prospect for a continuation of these meetings, at times seems discouraging; but with the assistance of a few more such noble, philanthropic souls to sustain the "angel ministry," success must crown their efforts in the building up of the "Temple of Liberty and Truth."

I have lectured here during the present month to appreciative minds. Will leave here for Chester County, and return to York to complete engagements, in June. There is a demand here, also in Marietta, Pa., for test mediums. Such will find a welcome response in the heart and beautiful home of Dr. W. B. Fahnestock, of the latter place, thirteen miles west of Columbia.

May the day of a plentiful harvest soon dawn upon the workers, at home or abroad, and the ever-increasing light of progress unfold the germs of interior world and nation, buried in the subsoil of humanity amid the darkness of error and the shadows of bigotry.

Truly yours, ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D. Harrisburg, Pa., May 23d, 1864.

Laborers in the West.

Mrs. Willis closed her labors of love at Hope Chapel, on Sunday evening last, and with them her forty-eight lectures (fourth series). In the meantime she has, in addition thereto, delivered seven funeral discourses, and from one to three miscellaneous lectures weekly, at various places in this vicinity. Everywhere and at all times she was kindly and enthusiastically received, and listened to with enraptured attention, which never flagged, but increased to the last. She carries with her, to other fields of labor, the prayers and good will of a large circle of enthusiastic friends.

Her discourses were admitted by all who heard her having the capacity to judge, to be emanations from the highest order of intellect. They are novel, rich in thought, and fraught with a freshness and vigor rarely equaled by this class of speakers, and not exceeded by any, and never fail to attract and interest thinking minds, however much they may differ with her in sentiment. She has made an abiding impression upon the mind of our community, which will vibrate through eternity.

S. J. Fluney will supply the desk during the month of June, Leo Miller two Sundays in July; and after a seven weeks' vacation, Mrs. W. will return, under an engagement for the autumn months. E. G. F. Colliester, Mich., May 16th, 1864.

Food for the Soul.

While thousands in other sections of the country enjoy the light of the *New Dispensation*, Spiritualism is but little known in this community. We have a new business town, of about two thousand inhabitants, yet there are no mediums among us, and there never has, to my knowledge, been a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism delivered in our town. There are several liberal minded among us, who are suffering for food for the soul. I have prevailed upon a few of my neighbors to send for the BANNER OF LIGHT, thinking that we may find in it some food for the soul that would be more congenial than the elements we are now trying to subsist upon.

Enclosed please find seven dollars and fifty cents, the price of six copies of the BANNER for six months, which I hope will give us sufficient light to enable us soon to increase our list to a more respectable number. Yours respectfully, L. P. HARRIS. Crestline, O., May 23d, 1864.

Spiritual Teachers in Demand.

E. B. Vail, of Bowling Green, Ohio, on renewing his subscription, says:

"I think the time is not far distant when we can send you eight or ten new subscribers, for we can now hardly find time to read our BANNER, ere three or four of our neighbors will send to borrow it, and they sectarian, too. I am satisfied that if lecturers passing East or West could make it convenient to call and lecture with us to the bones of old theology, there could be got up such an 'awakening' as would astonish the natives. If any will respond, we will do the best we can for them. We are located twenty-two miles south of Toledo, six miles south-east of Tontogany Station, O. and M. Railroad, where we will meet any lecturer that will let us know he will come."

ALLEN PORTER.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., May 20, 1864.

Plagiarism.

The BANNER of the 21st inst. contains a poetical gem entitled "The Heart's Vision," purporting to be "written for the BANNER OF LIGHT" by "Nora."

The identical piece was written long since by Amanda E. Edmunds, and has since been published, which fact rather calls in question the honesty of "Nora," your contributor.

Respectfully, &c., A. B. BAKER OF THE BANNER.

Fozboro, May 21st, 1864.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

The communication in the BANNER of May 14th, purporting to emanate from the spirit of Daniel McLaughlin, is correct, as far as I can learn. He was an engineer, and lost his life by an explosion at Merrick & Son's machine shop, April 6th. He has three children, two of whom were sick with the measles at the time the communication was given—April 12th—and I learn that his wife is nearly broken-hearted.

Yours, J. A. HOOVER.

Philadelphia, May 19th, 1864.

Announcements.

Mrs. A. A. Currier speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; Mr. H. B. Storer in Chelsea; Rev. Adin Ballou in Quincy; Miss Peckwith in Lowell; Mrs. Spence in Chicopee; Charles H. Crowell in Portsmouth, N. H.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Plymouth, June 5th and 12th.

F. T. Lane will speak in Worcester, Mass., on Sunday, June 5th.

James M. Allen will labor in Maine during the summer and autumn. Spiritualists of the Penobscot Valley, or elsewhere, may secure his services by addressing as per appointments. Will lecture week evenings; also attend funerals.

Leo Miller will speak in Chicago, Ill., through the month of June. Address care of box 1899.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., (inspirational speaker) is engaged during the month of June, in Chester and York Counties. Will answer calls to lecture, through the week, on political and other subjects, before Sanitary and Union League Associations. Can be engaged for Sunday lectures on the Philosophy of Moral Reform, etc., by addressing in care of M. Spackman, Lancaster avenue, above 34th street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 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 Destruction of Slavery.

Could it have occurred, in the ordering of Providence, that the first battle of Bull Run should have furnished a decisive settlement for the great question which had been forced upon the Government by the leaders of rebellion, it is not at all probable that the real cause of the dispute would have been removed, or scarcely disturbed. If we had whipped out secession in the first battle, slavery would still have remained as strong and defiant as ever; but so it was not decreed by Heaven; the war was to go on until the institution was worked up in its fortunes, made precarious by its continuance, and in the end destroyed by its fateful power. In this view, therefore, we have nothing to regret because the rebellious South was not conquered at the start. The longer it holds out, the more thoroughly will its spirit become subdued.

By consolidating all its powers, and laying under tribute all the resources at its command, the rebellion has been made at length to manifest itself in its full proportions. Delays, and partial successes, and a slow-growing hopefulness have forced it to show its hand and strength. It has gathered courage, and been bold enough to announce to the world the unqualified infamy of its purposes. There is no mistaking its full character any longer, nor the atrociousness of its intents. And as long as this development of the case has been secured, even though we had to wait for it at the cost of precious lives and enormous debts, we may feel that the cost has not been vain; for now the issue is fairly made up between the two principles of Slavery and Freedom, and the contest, which has indeed proved itself to be "irrepressible," will go on until one side or the other becomes the victor.

Thus we see, then, that Lee represents the cause of slavery in his own army—may, in his very person, and that he is waging deadly war on its behalf; while, on the other hand, Grant stands firmly for freedom, the people of the country supporting and sustaining him, and will so stand to the end. Which commander will win in this great struggle for two such elemental principles? As God lives, we can entertain no sort of doubts for the cause of freedom.

But to continue our reflections: By this delay to which we have had to submit in conquering the rebellion, in consequence of the very stubbornness of the resistance which it makes, the Union arms have been compelled, as they otherwise never would have been, to penetrate to the very interior of densely populated slave districts, undermining the system of slave labor, destroying the resources of the masters, turning all their plans into a confusion out of which they will never find extrication, and putting a final end to all possibility of the system ever being reinstated on its old basis. Had the war been finished in a single battle, or even in a single campaign, no such result as this could have been expected; but by its continuance during a period of three weary years and more, results of an abiding character have been wrought on the slave system, and such as will speedily make an end of it on the Continent.

Nor is there any doubt in intelligent minds that the end of the system is not far off. Already the rebel leaders have put into their armies the full strength of their arms-bearing population. They have summoned to the ranks the full power of their locality. It has all been done on behalf of slavery; too; that they are free to confess. They openly aver that they are fighting for a Slave Confederacy—a monster that can never have an existence by the side of a Free Republic, whether with its permission or without. The Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy has declared before the world that such is their intent, and that alone. We should all of us feel glad, therefore, that the issue has been so clearly stated and is so distinctly understood.

Not until now have the armies, which are the only representative of slavery, been drawn or forced together where they could put forth their full power. In Virginia, they are to-day challenging us, who are the champions of freedom, to an encounter. We should rejoice that they are in a position where we can at once go at them, and where, if the heavy blow is to be dealt out on them at all, it will prove decisive and irreparable as Fate. We are not at all impatient, either, that the work has not been done in the month just past; much more has been done than in the same time before, and more to the purpose, too. When the thunder-cloud shall have rolled itself up so threateningly and huge that its sullen head can be seen above all, darting forth its lightning glances of indignation at the barbarous organization that has taken the field for slavery, then we may expect that the final stroke will fall; and forever after the social and political atmosphere will be the purer.

Physicians as Coronors.

A project is on foot, we understand, of selecting coronors for the different counties in this State from the medical profession. The same idea was mooted several years ago. It certainly is an important matter to have competent men as coronors, and who can be more so than a medical man? The Post, in alluding to this subject, justly remarks: "The unseemly scramble for the job of an inquest on a dead man, sometimes witnessed, is a reproach to society; the indecent verdicts, and equivocal findings of some inquestors, are a reproach to human intelligence. The State owes it to itself that sudden death should be investigated by men fully competent to so important a work, both in character and ability. It is possible, too, that some High Coroner of the entire Commonwealth should be entrusted with general superintendence of all subordinate coronors." We hope this project will be carried into effect, and we know of no better man to fill the position of high coroner than Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, of this city. His office is located near the New City Hall, so that the authorities and others interested could have access to him at any moment. He is a man of comprehensive views, an excellent physician, and, we venture to affirm, would manage the business with marked ability.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The decease of this distinguished imaginative writer, with the reflection that no more immortal productions like "The Scarlet Letter" will ever drop from his pen, calls for some special remark at our hands. He is a great loss to the literature of the nation. We can name too few writers already, who have made so profound and lasting an impression on those minds which give tone and character to the popular thinking on matters purely literary.

Hawthorne was from his boyhood shy, shrinking, and sensitive; painfully averse to mixed company, no hand at the ordinary tricks of conversation, and a silent, dreamy, susceptible being. In every true and real sense, he was mediocrity to the last degree. In solitude he found a companionship which none but such individuals as he ever find in its deep silence. He did not believe in talk, and could not talk himself; indeed he used to say that unless a person could understand a matter without telling him all about it, he never could do so with. All his life was passed within himself; it was interior, subjective, and self-contained. He searched to the very springs of human action. He was familiar with the workings of the slightest shades of human motives. His study of the human heart came from his study of his own; and how profound was his knowledge, his masterly works of imagination show.

He lived and wrought in that very realm to which so many persons cast anxious eyes, wishing to realize its mysteries, yet fearing they know not what or why; the realm from which so many are warned away and frightened away by preachers and denouncers, who never knew aught of its life or locality. What seemed mysterious and a source of dread to most individuals, was perfectly clear and open to him: His spirit eyes looked in for themselves, and he reported with an inspired pen what he saw. As an illustration of his power of spiritual insight, we need but instance his "Scarlet Letter," his "House of Seven Gables," and his "Blithedale Romance"; they are full of that quality which betokens the true seer and prophet. Even in his earlier stories and sketches, to be found in the "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse," the same quality is manifested.

Hawthorne was calm, deep, profound. He dwelt apart from men, in a realm of his own. Probably he knew fewer men personally, than any man of his fame who ever lived. He was possessed of rare genius, and he remained true to that genius through life. What it counseled and suggested, that he performed. The outer world called him an idler, of course; but they could see nothing of the workings of his subtle and active spirit; they realized little of the silent and ceaseless performance of that power of insight which is inspiration's self. He stands the founder of the new school of imaginative literature—that which looks interiorly, is subjective, thoughtful, prophetic, and thoroughly spiritual. We could but poorly afford to lose him now; yet he has done much toward the great work that remains to be done by the gifted souls which are to succeed him.

Diphtheria.

The prevailing throat distemper, known as diphtheria, is attracting much attention among medical men and others at the present time. Various causes are assigned for its prevalence, but no positive knowledge has as yet been elicited. Children are affected more than adults, it seems; which has led to many inquiries in regard to the condition of the atmosphere they breathe, etc. Some have attributed the appearance of the disease to the different chemical oils now in use; but none of our scientific men could answer the hundred and one questions propounded on the subject. At length some inquiring mind put the question to the controlling intelligence at our public free circle, to ascertain what effect the inhalation of kerosene had on the physical system. The answer given, if correct, is of the utmost importance to the health of the community. The intelligence informs the questioner that kerosene takes deadly hold upon the glands of the throat, and is therefore inimical to life in that portion of the system. No wonder, if this be a correct solution of the matter, that diphtheria carries off so many children, for being of tender age, they are of course more susceptible than adults, and consequently take on the disease much quicker. We hope our scientific men will investigate this subject fully, in order to elucidate the facts in the case. Read the questions and answers on the sixth page of this paper, for further particulars on the subject.

Give us their Names.

Miles Grant, in a double-headed leader published in the Crisis of May 17th, says: "We are glad to learn that the discussion at Lynn with Elder Moses Hull, has resulted in much good; and that some twenty Spiritualists have concluded to follow the seducing spirits no further," etc., etc.

Now we do not doubt the sincerity of the editor of the Crisis in making the above statement, for he might possibly have derived his information from an over-zealous brother Adventist, "that some twenty Spiritualists" had renounced Spiritualism in consequence of listening to the late discussion at Lynn between himself and Moses Hull; but for ourselves, we do not believe there is a word of truth in the statement. If it be true, why refrain from giving the names of the "some twenty Spiritualists"? Spirit communion is a mighty truth, and all those who properly investigated the subject, sooner or later become fully convinced of the fact. Such never recant.

The Suppression of the Papers.

The seizure of the offices of the New York Journal of Commerce and World by order of the Secretary of War, for having published the forged Proclamation of the President, has opened a wide and earnest discussion on the part of the press of the country. It is pretty generally conceded that there was no ground for stopping the publication of the papers, for that was meeting out punishment before trial; and after the forgery was cleared from their skirts, it was wrong for the Government to continue its persecution against the papers themselves. It might properly have arrested the proprietors on suspicion of their complicity with the matter, but it had no right, nor was it right in itself, to threaten their property with destruction before their guilt had been proved.

Miss Lizzie Doten in Boston.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that this distinguished lecturer is to speak at Lyceum Hall, in this city, the first two Sundays in June. This bare announcement is sufficient to insure a full house, as her noble inspirational efforts are well known and fully appreciated.

Meetings in Portsmouth, N. H.

The Spiritualists of Portsmouth, N. H., hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Academy Hall, at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. Charles H. Crowell, of Boston, will occupy the platform June 5th.

Mrs. Bond's Lectures.

Mrs. Frances Loui Bond spoke in Lyceum Hall for the first time on Sunday, May 22d. She was met by a fair audience, although the shower which came on half an hour before the meeting commenced, kept many away. She, otherwise would have been present. She is a lady of education and refinement, has a commanding figure, clear and smooth voice, though not loud. Her discourses are prepared with care by herself. Her own mind, harmonizing with the inspiration of angels, enables her to give forth living thoughts to the world. She is a very efficient laborer in our ranks, and will do much good wherever she is heard. We hope our friends will not be remiss in securing her services. Such noble independence of soul, in stepping out from the pale of church creeds, hedged in so strongly as she was by family influence—being the daughter of a clergyman now in the spirit-world, and the youngest child in the family, with five brothers, three of whom are ministers of the straightest sect, and two are judges of considerable eminence, all of whom have dropped her acquaintance on account of her espousal of the spiritual faith—is rarely met with, or persecutions so heroically borne. It seems to be her mission to spread the light of spiritual truth and promote the elevation of the human race, as an offset to the creed-shackled teachings of the brothers.

"Progression and its antagonist Conservatism," was the subject upon which she spoke in the afternoon, remarking, by way of introduction, that it contained so extensive a field for thought and labor, that she could not do it justice in one short discourse, and then proceeded in a clear and pointed manner to expose the too common practice, in the present day as well as in the past, of giving up our own reason to time-honored and time-serving authority, the minister, the Church, etc., and thus ignoring the first and plainest law of Nature, self-individualization, which also led to the error of deifying the individual. With a keen knife she laid bare the assumptions of a class of conservative teachers, who claim that their power is derived from the great author of all things, that they have the keys of heaven, "whereby they can retain or remit sins" as they see fit, exposing both Catholic and Protestant dogmas with severity. She then earnestly asked, Shall man much longer bow to dogmas and creeds which take from him his individuality and his religious freedom? Thanks to the beautiful law of progression, the night is far spent and the day is at hand.

Then she proceeded to show how practical science had come to the rescue, and was holding the torch above the rubbish of conservatism and sending its rays of light down into the bowels of the earth, proving the Mosala account of the creation to be a fiction.

She then held up in vivid contrast the pretensions and the practices of the credists, of all sects. In alluding to Theology's seventh day, on which the Lord rested, and it must therefore be kept holy, she remarked that on the Sabbath, as well as on all other days, the birds sang, the lambs frolicked, rivers ran, tides ebbed and flowed, the sun and its appendages revolved in their orbits, that Nature put on no longer face that day than on any other, and that the stars were impious enough to dance in the canopy of heaven to the music of the spheres.

Then taking up the sciences of geology and astronomy, she set forth in beautiful periods the effect their teachings have on the mind's conceptions, and elucidated this point at some length, to the evident satisfaction of the audience. She was very happy and effective in unmasking the "batteries of total depravity," "endless misery," "original sin," "election," etc., reading their advocates a lesson worth remembering, closing with the suggestive hint that the antidote prescribed by progressive philosophy for these false teachings consisted in a plentiful admixture of common sense with a beautiful exotic called reason—but rarely found and nourished in earthly climes. She quoted passages from the Bible, showing their progressive tendencies in contradistinction to the non-progressive teachings of theology. Then coming across Orthodoxy's "God and Devil," she held up to view the ridiculous conceptions of these two equally powerful potentates, as gleaned from theological teachings, and also various other dogmas taught by theology, and their demoralizing effects upon the minds of humanity.

She drew a vivid picture of the astonishment expressed by a spirit imbued with Orthodox teachings on entering the spirit-world, in not finding any of those teachings correct. She then maintained, with force and eloquence, that the past experience of the religious world should teach the futility of relying upon authority—and the need the world has of a belief in the individuality of the soul—that every man has a head upon his own shoulders, and must stand or fall upon his own merits.

Diverging a little, she asked, "Is there nothing to be said of woman?" and then proceeded in glowing terms to pay a just tribute to the merits and demands of the gentler sex, at times dealing out sarcasm and irony where it most nicely fitted, closing with the caustic remark that the honor of the discovery that woman has an identity, a body of her own to take care of, and a soul of her own to save, will be given to the nineteenth century; and herein lies the hope of the world, now ruled by ignorance and theological errors.

Then passing rapidly on to a close, she touched upon the time when the diamond lamp of Reason will be filled with the oil of Wisdom, Knowledge and Truth, the time when the metamorphosis called death—heretofore considered a grim monster—is but the beautiful effect of an inevitable law, a gate leading to and opening upon a life of never-ending progression.

She thanked heaven that the destroyer of human progress and happiness had at last been arrested in his onward march by earth's guardian angel, the Spirit of Truth, whose genial breath is fast dispelling earth-born dogmas and creeds, whose soul-lighting influence has so often de-throned reason. We shall soon learn that the great Father of Love created human beings for the purpose of happiness, and that the soul must ultimately return to the God who gave it. Worship no longer, then, a God of vengeance, with fear and trembling, but go up into the Temple of Nature, and worship a God worthy of all reverence, adoration and love.

In the evening, "Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Demology," though not a new subject, was treated in a style that elicited new thoughts and ideas. This discourse was drawn out by Mrs. Bond's listening to two sermons preached by two clergymen against Spiritualism. We will not attempt to give a synopsis of it (our room being limited), but will briefly say it was a very able production, in which the subject was handled in a most satisfactory manner. All the Orthodox ministers in New England cannot successfully refute her arguments.

Our Public Free Circles.

Will be resumed the present week. Everybody is invited.

New Publications.

THE POET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Achaia W. Sprague. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street.

With the character of Miss Sprague, the gifted medium, our readers must be well acquainted. She had to pass through a stern discipline to reach the development she did reach at last; but, early as she died, it was the best lot which could have been given to her in this life; she accepted it cheerfully, and her life became from that day a perfect and harmonious one. None of us but have their discipline; if we would shrink them, we would forego life itself, and all the riches of experience.

The contents of this very handsome and inviting volume are as varied as they are attractive. The "Poet" poem is styled "The Poet," and is divided into four scenes. The story is carried on, and the "Poet" of its themes is discussed by several characters, in a conversational manner. This is certainly a remarkable production, and wants the careful and appreciative attention of literary critics as well as persons of Spiritualistic faith and tendencies. Perhaps it more faithfully portrays the lineaments of her interior life and spiritual nature than all the rest of the pieces in the book. We do not suppose that any who ever heard her speak will omit to accompany themselves with her spirit-face again by the thoughtful and sympathetic perusal of "The Poet," from her pen.

The other poems are as varied in reference to themes, as possible. They are excellent indeed. The Early Poems exhibit proofs of the qualities which were yet unknown to herself, waiting only for that silent but powerful touch of spirit hands to come forth into that serene and recognition of the world, to bless and prod.

We do not pretend to deny that, excellent as Miss Sprague's Poems are as mere literary productions, they receive additional, and the highest, value, from the fact that they are emanations from a spirit which was open to the impressions of the immortals. This is what gives them far greater worth in our eyes than if they showed the most finished literary execution, but were destitute of this inspiration. This, it is, to be a poet indeed. She did not catch her inspiration from the books— from those masters in the poetic art who refer all they do to the established canons of criticism rather than to the sources of their inspiration—but all came directly from the opened heavens above and about her. Hence those who would at once read poetry which is inspired rather than imitated, and acquaint themselves still more closely with the nature of a gifted being who performed her part among men and women so heroically and so beautifully, will obtain and read her volume without further suggestions.

HOWE'S SONGS AND BALLADS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

This work contains the original words and music of the songs and ballads sung by the grandmothers and grandfathers of the present generation. Arranged for four voices. Price 50 cents; for sale by Elias Howe, 103 Court street.

A SKETCH OF THE THEORY AND CURE OF PHTHISIS. By Dr. Carl Both. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This is a brief treatise on tuberculous consumption, by one who does not claim to belong to the "old school" or the "new school" of practice—alopathy or homoeopathy—but to Medical Science. This is merely sent out as a feeler for a more important scientific work. It will be read with interest by many.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for June is overflowing with productions from able pens, every one of which will do somebody good to read. Buy and see—perhaps you are the very one that will be suited. The commencement of the new volume is just the fitting time to subscribe. John F. Trow, 50 Greene street, New York, would be happy to receive your names.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June is unusually interesting, the contributions being from some of the ablest writers of the day. The July number begins a new volume (XIV.), and will contain contributions from R. W. Emerson, Longfellow, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Stone, and others. Now is the time to subscribe. It will be sent by mail for \$3.00, postage free.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for June is very finely embellished with fashion plates, patterns, embroidery work, etc., besides its usual variety of excellent reading matter. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

Righteous Judgment.

As the system of Human Slavery was introduced into the country, with all its woes, on the soil of Virginia, our English ancestors sending blacks over from the coast of Africa to the settlers, it seems no more than a proper and just vindication of the law of God that on the same Virginia soil the original sin should be expiated. How are the people of Virginia, and of all the Slave States as well, paying the penalty of this great crime today! For years, Virginia has done no more than breed slaves for the rest of the South, and sell them away from their homes and families. Such outrages of humanity can never go long without their retribution. All the money that has been made in this nefarious traffic would not suffice to recompense the slavholding States for the loss of precious lives which this war for slavery alone has entailed upon them.

Writers for the Press.

We have already made one or two allusions to the character of the reports of the recent Spiritual Convention in New York, which were published in some of the papers of that city—the World, more particularly. Some persons suppose that the columns of a newspaper are expressly for them to condense their bile in. There are a good many ill-bred fellows, who are shallow as oyster-shells for the lack of experience, but hasten to betray their native characteristics just as soon as they find so good an opportunity. The reporters of the World are of this very class. They greatly mistake, if they suppose that anybody is hurt but themselves by their attempted ridicule of the Convention in question. Their efforts only serve to bring the papers with which they are connected into popular disfavor and contempt.

The European Finances.

If there were no other reason why we might expect war for Europe before the end of the current year, or certainly during the next, we should find it in the confused and greatly disturbed state of the public finances. The Bank of England has put up its rate of discount to nine and ten per cent; the Bank of France has put up its rate to seven per cent, and the Bank of Italy to eight per cent. We are told by the London Times, too, that there is no prospect of a return to moderate rates for a year or two; and it ascribes the present state of things to the speculative fever which is so high in commercial circles. We expect a financial crash, with all their other good luck, in Europe before another year passes over; and war is conceded not to be so very far from their door.



Message Department.

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

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 a much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 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.

Thursday, April 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Arthur Jones, of Huntsville, Ala., to his parents; John M. O'Brien, to Peter O'Brien, of New York City; Andrew Folsom, to his friends, in Lowell; Major Thomas Layton, to his friends in Georgia; Patrick Heardon, 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 late mother, Elizabeth, in New Orleans, La.; Mary Ellen McCutcheon, to her mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Howard Gurney, to her father, in the Rebel Army; Tom Hildred, of the 1th Maine Regiment; Timothy Reardon, to friends in New York City.

Tuesday, May 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Crocker, to his late mother, in New York City; Thomas Holland, to his family in Boston; Tom McCue, to Lieut. Fulton, of Camp Berry, Maine; Angelus Storoz, to her father, Lieut. Col. Storoz, 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 Lowell; Major Thomas Layton, to his friends in Georgia; Frederick A. Sims, to his father, Josiah, at Fort Monroe; Frances Bennett, 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. S. Board, of Louisiana; Annie Jones, to her mother, Mrs. Gen. Jones.

Thursday, May 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Peabody, of Chester, Eng., to Mrs. Wallington; George Girtman, of the 1st Mich. Regt.; George J. Elwell, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry; Edith Lottin, to her mother, in New York City; Col. Wm. Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky; James Mahoney, of the 1st Maine Regiment, to friends, in Augusta, Me.; George Dodge, to his mother, at present in Brooklyn, New York.

Invocation.

Let us pray: not alone with mouth utterances, but in deep sincerity. May our prayers be as pure and as natural as the prayer these bright blossoms offer when they turn their faces toward the sunlight, asking for strength with which to unfold themselves. May our prayers be in harmony with nature; and while we seek to lift our souls upward and outward beyond the darkness of the hour, while we seek to commune with the Great Master of Life, may we feel that blessed assurance that we are satisfied with ourselves. And when we ask for blessings, as we examine ourselves, we shall perceive that we are ready to bless.

While we ask thee, oh, Father, to deal in mercy with us, and with all thy family, while we beseech thee to ever lead us in love, may we be ready to lead in love all thy children. Oh, may they be devoid of that Pharisaical spirit that asks favors alone for itself; may it be as broad as the universe; may our prayers to thee, oh God of the universe, encompass all life and being. Oh, may we forget no child of thee, and may we, oh Spirit of Divine Love, so baptize mortal children with truth, that they shall ask no longer where truth is. May we succeed in giving them food from the tree of the living present. May we have the power to aid in turning their feet into pleasant paths, and of directing their thoughts beyond mortality. May they lay up their treasures where thieves cannot break through and steal. May those treasures not consist in gold and silver, or precious stones, but in kindly deeds, acts of love, terms of sympathy. Oh, when the erring and the weak shall pass before them, asking for mercy, may there be a heart to exclaim, as did the good man, "Neither do I condemn thee!" Oh, our God, may the Spirit of Infinite Charity, of Love Eternal, baptize anew these thy children. And we praise thee now and forever. Amen.

April 25.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The audience are now requested to make their propositions.

QUESTION.—I would ask of the intelligence controlling this medium, what we can use as a substitute for kerosene, where we can't have gas, and oil burns so poorly, particularly to burn all night?

ANSWER.—We would recommend as a substitute, the primitive means used by your forefathers; for that is better than the present substitutes. The poor can afford themselves of it as well as the rich.

Q.—Please tell us how kerosene affects one?

A.—You ask how kerosene affects the physical? It takes deadly hold upon the glands of the throat. It is inimical to life in that portion of the system; and as soon as you inhale the poison into the system, so soon the little minute particles of life encircling the glands begin to decompose; and unless Nature is very strong in that direction, you may be quite sure that an inflamed throat will be the result from inhalation of kerosene. Nearly one-third of all the throat diseases with which you have been afflicted since the introduction of kerosene, may be attributed solely to that. This is all we have to say upon the subject at this time.

Q.—Is there the same objection to periphene candles to burn all night?

A.—They are no better.

Q.—May not something be used to obviate the poison contained in kerosene?

A.—Yes, but the time is not yet come for that. There is no mind at present that can receive impressions from the spirit-world to such an extent as to enable it to put forth anything new, which would be entirely beneficial.

Q.—Has the controlling intelligence a clear and distinct conception of what that remedial agent should be?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Why cannot it be expressed to us, even though we may not make practical use of it?

A.—In the first place we should be obliged to cover a great extent of ground. We should be compelled to fall back upon certain causes, and trace from them certain effects, and give you a very logical and elaborate unfoldment, in order to give you the desired information. Now, we have not sufficient time at our command; had we, we would be glad to give it.

The inventor of kerosene oil, it is very evident to us, at least—had no conception of what was adapted to physical life and health. If he had had a perfect knowledge of the physical body and its requirements, he never would have introduced that deadly article for familiar use.

Q.—Are the scenes perceived by persons in a trance state, seen objectively or subjectively?

A.—Sometimes objectively, and sometimes subjectively. That depends upon the condition of the subject at the time.

Q.—In the case of some persons who have been in a trance state, and have supposed that they saw Jesus Christ, did they see him subjectively or objectively?

A.—It might have been one, and it might have been the other. It is by no means an impossibility to take full cognizance of Jesus Christ as a spirit. Humanity have placed the man Jesus afar off; Christianity has located him in a distant Heaven; but Nature and Divine Life locate him near humanity; causes him to take up his dwelling place with the poor and lowly; and wherever there is need of his presence among God's children, rest assured he is there. It matters not whether in the criminal's cell, or in the halls of state. Wherever there is need of his presence, there he will be found.

Q.—Has the controlling spirit ever seen him as an objective reality?

A.—Most certainly; many, many times. You have been schooled, doubtless to believe that this Jesus was all Divine; that he was in an especial sense the son of the Almighty; that he did not partake of Nature as you and I partake of Nature. That he was a Saviour to the world in a very large sense we know, but not in the sense that Christianity understands him to be a Saviour. His good deeds, his brilliant thoughts, his perfect life, constitute the power by which Jesus Christ was a Saviour.

But humanity have made an idol of the form; have worshipped it, and not the spirit. Why, my friend, the very walls of the Church are written over and over again with error, and it will take many, many a year for the inscriptions to be effaced, and the walls of the Church made bright and clear, and fit to be written on by the pen of Truth.

Q.—Have you ever seen Confucius and Zoroaster?

A.—Yes, many times.

Q.—In the order of degree, which stands the highest in moral excellence—Jesus Christ, Confucius, or Zoroaster?

A.—Confucius stands in morality higher than the other two. Now, this may seem to be blasphemy, but it is not. Remember that the Chinese Philosopher was a Saviour in his degree, as Jesus of Nazareth was a Saviour in his degree. Who shall be able to determine? at least, who of the inhabitants of earth are able to judge correctly concerning the moral standard of these two ancients? No one certainly can. Only such as have controlled the two minds; only such as have been able to read the interior page of both. Jesus himself claims to have been inspired to a large extent, by this same Confucius. And if we are to place reliance upon the records concerning each individual, we shall find that Jesus spoke the truth when he tells us he was inspired by Confucius, for he gave birth to the same ideas, walked the earth clothed in the same mantle. This is apparent. These are facts which have been demonstrated again and again.

Q.—Are you now able to perceive a departure from verity, in the records of the lives of these individuals?

A.—Yes, to a certain extent we are. In tracing the records, it is very easy to determine where there is truth and where the absence of truth; where the record has been rightly rendered and where wrongly rendered. You must remember that Constantine rejected a great portion of the Sacred book. He chose only that part which seemed to be the best to him. Who shall say that he did not reject the living life of it? Who shall say that he gave you but the dull fancy of his own being; that which corresponded with his ideas of right? You do not know that you have the higher portions of the record.

Q.—I wish to inquire whether or not Eusebius did corrupt the truth of history, so as to accord to his views of Christianity?

A.—Most certainly he did.

Q.—And if so, whether to a large extent or not?

A.—Yes, to a large extent; or, at all events, the seed has grown to a mighty tree in the present.

April 25.

Caroline Taylor.

I—I am anxious to send some word home by which I shall be recognized, and by which I may be able to benefit my friends. [You can.]

My father, Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, of the 5th Virginia, I wish to speak with; or I wish to send some thought to him, if I can. Please say that his daughter, Caroline, came here, requesting that he might find some person through whom she could speak, that she might tell him many things to his advantage.

I have only been in the spirit-world since last May. I exposed myself in the hospitals and took cold, took a fever and died. Had I lived until June, I would have been twenty years of age.

My father was in the practice of law, in Richmond, before the breaking out of this war. I once heard him say he would like to know something of Spiritualism. Oh, tell him he may know everything of it, if he will only seek.

My Uncle Andrew is in the spirit-world. He lost his life at the battle of Antietam. I know you're Yankees, and opposed to us, of course, but they say you are bound to aid all who come here; so I came to-day.

My father has much to learn, but the first thing that's necessary for him to learn is that this war has grown from slavery, and that which he considered a blessing to the South, is its greatest curse.

I have met in the spirit-world my sister Julia. She is my sister, and I am not ashamed to own her, although her mother was a slave, and mine was not. She, too, asks to come—not to my father, but to her mother. I ask that my father assist her in coming. Farewell, sir.

April 25.

Joe Moody.

Halloo! halloo! Ha! Joe Moody, that's my name, from South Berwick. [Maine?] Yes; although I hailed latterly from Virginia; got wounded and taken prisoner from Gettysburg. I was wounded in the right side, and my foot, and left arm. So the folks need n't look for me home again. "I've gone to join the army of the Lord," on the other side; so you can tell 'em. And I'm pretty happy, too, considering all things—pretty happy. But I was mighty shaky when I first got to the spirit-world.

Now I hardly know what to say to them, and I tell you why; all my folks are sort of Calvinists—believe in pretty close religion. "If I happen to go outside of the Church," says I, "in your estimation I'm damned." Well, I was rather afraid they might be right—kinder thought they were, because I didn't know any better way. But when I got there, I met folks who said, "Joe, you're all right; you're with friends, don't be afraid." I tell you, I was pretty happy. [You began to straighten up?] Straighten up? Yes, sir; I stood right up and thought I was a man, not a fool; found out I was somebody after all, else I should n't have been reckoned among the immortals. I was a little higher than my musket.

Now tell the folks that this 'ere post-mortem world is a pretty good place, and if they'll only fix the machine all right, we can telegraph like lightning. But if they happen to make a mistake upon their part, they must n't blame us, for I would be glad to help 'em along through this kind of rough life.

Now they need n't make any calculations upon this spirit-world, or the future, because you can't hit it right, if you try ever so hard. It's impossible, for you can't see into the spirit-world very clearly while here. So there's no use to speculate; just find out what you can about it from folks that come back—by folks that live there. They can tell you; not go to your minister, who has never lived there and do n't know anything about it, and would be afraid to talk to a four-year-old that came back, even if it was disposed to talk with him. So they're not to ask him, but just go right to the fountain-head and ask what's going on in the spirit-world, from folks that live there, and can tell you.

Now my folks will be somewhat astonished. Never mind; they can't be more so than I was when I got to the spirit-world, and if they do, it won't hurt 'em.

April 25.

Willie Lincoln.

How do you do, sir? I am Willie Lincoln. [Come again?] Yes, sir, to rectify a mistake I made when last here.

I wasn't aware, sir, that the introduction of different kinds of magnetism sometimes causes us to lose perfect control—that is, such as I am, for you know I'm not very positive, of course, not having had much experience in life. But I shall learn from this mistake how to avoid similar mistakes in the future.

The mistake was this: You asked me if Mr. Foster had not visited my mother and father? and I said, "No, not as I could wish." But I should have said, "I failed to communicate all I wished to." [That makes quite different sense.] Yes, sir. [We are glad you come back and rectify it.]

I am determined, sir, not to be satisfied with what I may do here to-day, or any other day; but I want to be at work all the time. My parents need all the aid the angels can bestow upon them, and if I have been selected as a means through which to communicate their thoughts, I ought to be very careful that I understand myself, and give a correct transmission. The love I bear my dear parents would cause me to try to give truth, if I had no other incentive. Good-day, sir.

April 25.

Lucy Hollings.

Say I live and can talk—Lucy Hollings, of Pembroke, England. I was ten years old, and died on the 2d day of March, 1841.

[This spirit being dumb, communicated her thoughts by signs, or letters upon the fingers of the medium.]

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the Christian's God, the heathen's Allah, the soul climbs up the highest mountain peaks of aspiration to learn thy name and analyze thy nature. Yet it climbs in vain, for still thou art nameless, and thy nature as boundless as the Universe. Oh, wondrous Spirit, whose presence we feel and whose power we see manifested throughout all nature, we will praise thee, we will love thee, we will lift up our souls in a joyous song of thanksgiving to thee. Though we may not call thee by name, yet we will weigh and measure thee in the finite scales of human life. Oh, wondrous Spirit, thou art large in love and mercy, and thy wisdom is infinite. We know this, for we have judged of thy manifestations. We feel thou art the Soul of Truth, because of the harmony that is manifested in the external world. Oh, Divine Spirit, the soul cannot name thee, but it will worship thee. Though it wanders in darkness, and night in the form of human sorrow is around it, yet it must ever feel thy presence, and therefore must feel secure. When dangers are nearest and the darkness is most dense, then the human soul may hold most sacred communion with thee, oh Divine Spirit, for amid the Churches, the darkened chambers of State, even in the tomb, there, there thou art writing lessons for humanity; there, there thou art calling upon souls to come and enjoy more. Oh Divine Spirit, thou art our Father and Mother, therefore to thee we will bring all our sorrows, all our joys, and lay them upon the altar of our own being, knowing that the offering will be acceptable unto thee. Oh Spirit who rules the present hour, whose might extends throughout the endless future, we will ascribe to thee all honor, praise and glory, forever. Amen.

April 25.

Lizzie Sheldon.

It is many years since I was able to speak through a body I called my own, and have almost forgotten how to speak, and speak right. But I am earnestly desirous of making one who is dear to me, very dear. There are shadows around him; and his spirit, I know, is as, although I cannot approach him. But I am anxious to do so, anxious to let him know that there is a power that sympathizes; that that ever feels grieved when he does wrong, and rejoices when he does right.

This person is called Charles Sheldon; his dwelling-place, in Alabama. Since there is so much of warfare and contention, I suppose I can hardly expect to see there, to meet him there, or send a messenger in way of one who is equally near and dear to me. He is at the North, and may have the power to send cheering words to the brother.

I cannot say why it is that I am so anxious concerning him. I am sure he must have either passed through some great mental change, or is about to do so; for he needs strength and aid, needs sympathy that loving spirits alone can offer.

Please say that Lizzie Sheldon, who passed her earth between eighteen and twenty years ago, is desirous of holding communion with him in his own good.

April 25.

Andrew Corbett.

Andrew Corbett, of Warrington, Tennessee. Now, Major, what can you do for me here? [The best we can.] What am I to do with these? [Flowers.] [Lay them down.] Best you can—that means all you can. [Yes.]

You're a Yankee, I take it? [That is so.] A worshiper at Lincoln's shrine. [We only worship that we think is right.] That's an ambiguous answer. [It may mean one thing, and may mean another.] [We worship whatever we think right in a man, whether at the South or North, or in our own families; not because he belongs to our party, or our family. If he does right—that is, according to our highest conceptions of right—we applaud that man.]

Yes; well, you know we all measure right by our own standard. I may think it's right to fight for Jefferson Davis. [We find no fault.] You would n't think it right. [We should n't fight for him.] And so, you see, in consequence of this great variety and difference of opinions as to what's right, there's war, and will be, until people get to see a little more of the right.

But I'm here for the purpose of making myself, as a dead man, known to my friends in Tennessee, Kentucky, to some in Virginia, and a few scattering ones at the North. Now it's necessary that I give name, age, place of residence, time of death, and manner of death, is it not? [Yes; and any other facts of your earthly life.]

Well, my name you have. My age was supposed to be between thirty-eight and thirty-nine years—I suppose I was about six or seven months over thirty-eight. Disease, I believe that is on your list. If it is, I did n't have any, sir, unless you call the introduction of lead disease. If you do, then I died of disease. I went out from Malvern Hill. Of course, you keep account of the different battles? [Oh, yes.]

Now I am particularly anxious to let my brother know of my whereabouts; that I'm able to talk in this way—my brother Thomas; he is serving in the rebel army—Colonel, I think; yes, I'm quite sure.

Do you publish our letters in a pamphlet or newspaper? [In a newspaper called the BANNER OF LIGHT.] I inferred from what I learned before coming here, that the book, or paper, or whatever you published our thoughts in, did cross the lines; that all we had to do was to keep a pretty close watch of that part that concerned us, and do what we could toward attracting it toward those we wished it to reach. So I suppose that's my part of the work? [Yes.]

Now I suppose there are these kind of folks all through the South? [Yes.] I should like that my brother find out one, and give me the privilege of communing with him. I have many things I would like to talk about, things of too personal a nature to be made public here. You know when you go into battle, it is not with the expectation of being killed. When we leave our friends, it is always with the expectation of returning; and we never say what we wish we had said, if anything happens that we do n't meet them again. So you see I've a long story to tell, like all others, and I hope to have an opportunity of telling it.

Now, my dear sir, I hope you'll pardon me for speaking as I did when I first came. I really meant no harm, only wanted to sound you. Good-day.

April 25.

Frederick Fenwick.

I fell overboard, sir, from the gunboat George Washington. I went on board to see my father, and fell overboard.

I lived in Savannah. My mother lives there. My father knows about people coming back. I've an elder brother in the spirit-world. He was eighteen when he died, and he's been there nine years.

It was—it was in September that I was drowned, and my father's been wishing all the time I'd send some word back, if I could; but I never could until now.

My father's name is Solon Fenwick. My name was Frederick. I was most ten years old. My father is Commander on board the gunboat George Washington; and as you'll please to tell him I—I could n't come before; I—I could n't come nowhere else.

When he was down to Charleston, two or three weeks ago, I—I tried to come to—to that medium he went to see, but I could n't. I did n't know how; I could n't then; but my brother showed me the way here, and helps me here.

And I want my mother to give Jessie and Jane their freedom, and some money to come North with. They got folks in the spirit-world what wants her to do it, and they'll annoy her much if she do n't.

Is this Boston? [Yes.] My father was here about six years ago. [Did you come with him?] No, sir; no, sir; I never was here before. My father was here, and he wrote us home from the Tremont House here. Is that here? Am I there now? [No; you are a few blocks from it.] I want you to tell him how near to the Tremont House it is. [Yes.] What's the number? [168 Washington street. This building was n't in existence when your father was here. It's near the Old gath Church.] Yes, sir. If I wish, can I come any more? [Oh, yes; if your spirit-guides will let you.]

I've wanted to come ever since I was drowned, but could n't until to-day. [You were drowned last September?] Yes, sir; yes, sir. [What was the occasion of your falling overboard?] I was playing on the rail—climbing up on the rail. [And lost your balance?] Yes, sir. [Do you remember where the gunboat was lying at the time?] Yes, sir; near Charleston, Charleston Harbor, sir; cause I went down, went to Charleston, and from there aboard. Good-by.

April 25.

Andrew J. Lane.

MY DEAR WIFE, PARENTS, AND FRIENDS—Ever since my death I have been trying to send you some word from my new dwelling place; but it is easier to think what we would like to do than it is to find a way to do it.

I was much disappointed in what constitutes life after death—it is all so unlike what I had anticipated; but I cannot say I am not happily disappointed. The children were brought by their attendants to meet me on my awakening, and I can tell you it was a surprise.

I suppose you would like to hear something about the manner of my death. Well, I was killed in the early part of the action; was wounded first in the leg, afterwards in the arm and side, and finally shot through the body, and died on the field, and was buried with many others. I did not suffer long. I expected to be killed when I went into action. I cannot tell why, only that I felt I should.

Charley is here, just the same wild boy as ever; but you need have no fears for his well-being, for he will get along here in the right way, fast. Cousin George is on hand, and says he hopes to be able to report himself soon.

Oh! these mediums are blessed institutions, when you know how to use them. I cannot tell you much about the place where I live, for you have nothing with which to compare it. It seems that at death we acquire some new faculties, and with these new faculties the spirit-world is just what we need. As the earth-life is adapted to the needs of the body, so the spirit-world is adapted to the needs of the spirit-body. I cannot tell you what these new faculties are, for I have hardly learned to use them, yet I am conscious that I have them.

I do not live with the children, for this life does not give me the right which the earth-life did; I cannot explain why, yet I feel that it is right. I must close now, as I have run the telegraph machine as long as the wires will work well. I will try to come again soon, and shall do all in my power to comfort and help all I have left, and especially my dear wife, who is rarely absent from my thoughts.

Yours in spirit, ANDREW J. LANE, May 8.

To friends in Lebanon.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA—1864.

[The following high-toned and expressive poem is taken from the new volume of poems by Richard Monckton Milnes, lately elevated to the English peerage, under the title of Lord Tennyson. His friendship to our country has always been strong and steady.]

We only know that in the sultry weather, Men tolled for us in the steaming room, And in our minds we hardly set together The bondman's penance and the freeman's loom.

We never thought the jealous gods would store For us ill deeds of time-forgotten graves, Nor heeded that the Mayflower one day bore A freight of pilgrims, and another slaves.

First on the bold upholders of the wrong, And last on us, the heavy laden years— Avenge the cruel triumphs of the strong— Trampled affections and derided tears.

Labor, degraded from her high behest, Cries "Ye shall know I am the living breath, And not the curse of man. Ye shall have Rest— The rest of Famine and the rest of Death."

Oh, happy distant hours! that shall restore Honor to work, and pleasure to repose, Hasten your steps, just heard above the war Of "wildering passions and the crash of foes."

HOW TO MAKE KRINKLES.—Beat well the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with four ounces of butter just warmed, and with this knead one pound of flour and four ounces of sugar to a paste. Roll into thick biscuits; prick them, and bake on tin plates.

The oil wells of Pennsylvania have produced 554,000 barrels of petroleum since February, 1862.

Obituaries.

One with the angels to the Summer-Land, April 8th, the infant daughter of Lyman C. and Roxie Norton, of the Boston, Mass.

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