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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges reddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind." SULLEN.

All that was mortal of Mrs. Sutherland was tenderly gathered to the bosom of our kind Mother Earth, and "The Elms," together with the rest of her vast possessions, passed into the eager, grasping hands of a set of vulgar, selfish relatives, who, with long faces, pretended to mourn her sudden departure, while in their secret hearts they grumbled because she had not paid the debt of Nature sooner.

Again Beatrice collected her few treasures and went forth to seek another home. It was well, perhaps, that she never dreamed that the fickle Goddess of Fortune had almost held out her hand to lift her into her golden car, else she might have repined at Fate.

This time she did not experience that paralyzing sense of utter helplessness that had overwhelmed her before. In her apprenticeship of nine months she had learned many valuable lessons. She had tried her wings, and now rejoiced in the proud consciousness that she could fly. In a few days she was quietly settled at a private boarding house in Philadelphia, hopefully waiting for circumstances to guide her feet into another path. Happily for her patience, she was not kept long in suspense.

One morning in looking over the columns of a daily paper, her eye was attracted by an advertisement for a governess. She mused a moment after reading it. It was not just the employment that she wanted, but she thought:

"I shall certainly be to blame if I let this opportunity slip, and after all, perhaps it is the best thing that I can do; besides, beggars cannot be choosers," so taking up her pen, she answered it.

After despatching her note she strove to banish the subject entirely from her mind, for she scarcely dared to hope that among the many applicants who would probably solicit the place, she would have the good fortune to be the successful one. Therefore, on the morning of the third day, she was agreeably surprised at receiving the following lines:

"Mrs. Montgomery desires an interview with Miss Nulla, at her residence, No. 20, — street. If the hour of eleven on Friday morning suits Miss Nulla's convenience, Mrs. Montgomery would be pleased to receive her then."

Beatrice scanned the writing with a curious expression fitting over her face, and then laying the note down, rested her head upon her hands, as was her custom when troubled or perplexed about anything.

Where had she heard that name? It certainly possessed a strangely familiar sound. Back through the corridors of the dead past she went, guided by the echo, until she located it. Yes, she remembered, now! She had called there once with Mrs. Sutherland. Then, as the pale, haughty face arose before her mental vision, she recoiled, and almost wished that she had never applied for the situation. The next instant she laughed scornfully, and tossing the missive into her trunk, exclaimed audibly:

"I am astonished at you, Beatrice Nulla! Is it possible that you have not learned your place yet? What is it to you whether she is gentle and kind-hearted, or the most disagreeable person in the world? You are not to be admitted as an equal. Remember that, will you?"

On Friday morning, just as the clock was striking eleven, an obsequious footman ushered our heroine into the presence of Mrs. Montgomery. There were three persons in the room—two ladies and a gentleman—the elder of whom came forward with a smile upon her countenance, that somehow reminded Beatrice of moonlight upon snow, remarking:

"Ah! you possess the virtue of punctuality, I see. Shall I make you acquainted with my oldest daughter, Miss Nulla, also with my son?"

Miss Montgomery acknowledged the introduction to her sisters' prospective governess with a slight motion of her queenly head and a prolonged stare; but her brother bowed profoundly, and then respectfully offering his chair for the beautiful stranger's acceptance, retreated to the window, where he had a fine opportunity to watch her unobserved.

"If I am not very much mistaken, you are the young lady who formerly lived in the capacity of a companion with that eccentric Mrs. Sutherland of 'The Elms,'" began the mother, as soon as she had resumed her seat.

"You are right, madam; I am."

"Ah! I thought so. I believe that I have been informed that it was your first place. Is that correct?"

Beatrice bowed assent. After that, the lady mused for a moment.

"I suppose that my friends would condemn me as very indiscreet," she said presently, "if they knew that I contemplated placing my darlings in the charge of one who has had no experience whatever as a governess; but nevertheless I am much inclined to make the trial. The recommendation of such a woman as Mrs. Sutherland, who, with all her oddities, was very learned and talented, is not to be lightly overlooked."

Her listener regarded her with profound astonishment.

"Excuse me, madam!" she exclaimed, "but really, you seem to be laboring under some mistake. I have sent you no recommendation from my late employer, nor am I certain that she would have given me one, had she been living."

Mrs. Montgomery laughed, as she replied: "I presume that she desired all your accomplishments to you, but to her acquaintances she was never weary of sounding your praises. She informed me that you not only had a good English education, but was also a fine linguist, and that your playing and singing—especially the latter—approximated to the divine."

Beatrice listened in amazement, and then remarked, with a strange rising in her throat, and a smile that was infinitely more sad than tears:

"I am exceedingly surprised at her panegyric. The more so, because she seldom commended anybody or anything. Then, again, she was so truthful, I should hardly have thought that she would have exalted me so much above my deserts. Indeed, I scarcely dare to engage myself now, for if you have estimated my abilities according to her statements, you will certainly be disappointed."

"Oh! I assure you that I have made all due allowance for her eccentricities, so that need not trouble you in the least," rejoined the lady eagerly.

"Thank you. Now, I would like to inquire about the children. I believe that your advertisement stated that there were three."

"Yes, my two youngest daughters, and an orphan niece. I should wish that you would take almost the entire charge of them. This you will not find a difficult task, as far as Ada and Effie are concerned; but I am sorry to say that your cousin Fanny is not very docile, and has already occasioned me a world of trouble and anxiety. You will be obliged to be very strict with her. She has a violent temper, and is often sullen and morose."

"Mamma! are you not forgetting that you have an engagement at twelve?" inquired Miss Montgomery, looking up from the dainty bit of embroidery that she held in her hand.

The lady started, consulted her watch, and then exclaimed:

"Why, yes! Agnes. I must confess that I had partially forgotten it. Thank you, my love, for reminding me; and now, Miss Nulla, what do you think? will you come? The salary will be three hundred dollars a year, which is more than I paid my last governess by twenty-five dollars. My husband considers it exceedingly liberal. I certainly have no complaints to make, as far as that is concerned, and I believe that I will make the trial. When do you wish me to commence?"

"Let me see: to-day is Friday. Well, the children have had such a long vacation, that I really think it would be best for them to resume their studies on Monday. Perhaps you had better come to-morrow, and then you will get settled a little before school hours arrive."

"Very well; I will do so, then," and rising, she turned to leave the room.

Mrs. Montgomery bade her good morning in a tone and manner intended to be very gracious. The daughter indulged in another prolonged stare, although she was too refined not to bestow at least a slight nod upon the "creature," while the son, springing forward, opened the door, bowing deferentially as she passed out.

"Well, my dears," began the mother, settling back into her easy chair, "how do you like the appearance of the new governess?"

"I suppose that she will do," replied the daughter in a tone that said very plainly that she did not think she would, "but do, for pity's sake, keep her out of the drawing room; anybody would imagine, by that royal air of hers, that the blood of the Montgomerys flowed in her veins."

At these words her brother burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"That is just like you, Agnes, for all the world," he exclaimed. "I do believe that you look upon every handsome woman that happens to come into this house, as your rival."

"Rival indeed!" ejaculated his sister, her scornful blue eyes flashing. "I would not demean myself by thinking of such a thing in connection with her."

"Well, you will be obliged to go a great ways to compare yourself with one who looks better than she does," he coolly rejoined.

"Mamma, it will really be dangerous for you to engage this girl," said Agnes, with a sneer. "See, Leslie is already smitten! Why, what will Clara Fitzgerald say when she hears of it?"

"Clara Fitzgerald be hanged, and you too," he angrily retorted, as he flung himself out of the room.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, as the hall door closed with a bang. "I do wish that you and your brother would not be forever quarrelling. It was very unwise for you to make the remark that you did, and I was not surprised that it offended him. No son of mine would ever forget himself so far as to fall in love with one of my servants. Why, the very thought is insulting! Be sure that you never hint at the possibility of such a thing again. As for Miss Nulla, if I am not very much mistaken, she is one who will understand her place, and keep it. Anyway, if she does not, she will not be likely to remain under my roof many months."

Agnes arched her eyebrows, and then remarked with provoking nonchalance:

"I must say that I thought you displayed altogether too much eagerness in engaging her. The anxiety that you manifested will be very apt to make her take on airs, which will be neither proper nor becoming to a person in her station in life."

Her mother bit her lips and regarded her curiously for a moment, and then said loftily:

"Really, my love, I was not aware that I exhibited any particular solicitude in the case. I did want to secure her services, that's a fact; for although I might not believe all that Mrs. Sutherland said, yet I knew that lady well enough to realize that she would never have spoken of her in such flattering terms had she not been something superior. Then, again, I was satisfied that if I was foolish enough to allow her to slip through my fingers, Mrs. Wilkinson would be sure to engage her. Why, can it be that it is twelve o'clock? I had no idea that it was so late."

"You surely are not a model of punctuality," laughed the daughter.

"It is not often that I am caught in this way, and it may be that I shall be ready now, before your father arrives," and starting up, she made a movement to leave the room, when suddenly the door was flung violently open, and three children rushed in.

Mrs. Montgomery frowned, and Agnes exclaimed impatiently:

"Dear me! was there ever such a Bellam?"

"Oh, mamma! just see what Cousin Fan did," cried the tallest of the trio, a fair-haired, azure-eyed girl of ten years, holding up her frock, in which there was a great rent.

The mother held up her hands with an exclamation of despair.

"Oh, Aunt Lucy, I did not mean—" began the trembling little culprit, but a look and gesture from that lady thrust back the words from her lips.

"I have not the time or the inclination to listen to any of your excuses," she said, severely; "besides, how often have I told you that you only make your faults the worse by striving to palliate them in that way. Anybody might as well talk to the winds, as to talk to you, for all the good it does. I wonder what mischief you will contrive to get into next. I verily believe that you will be the death of me yet; but, thank goodness, you are to have a governess in a few days who will make you walk straight. I have told her just what a sullen, naughty girl you are."

"Oh dear! What did you get the ugly old thing for?" pouted the youngest child, beginning to cry. "I shall hate her, I know I shall, for she'll be cross, and give us long, hard lessons, and scold if we do not learn them, just like Miss Anderson used to. Besides, I want to play. I do not love to study, and I won't. So there, now."

"Hush, Effie! I can't have you talking so. You need not be afraid, darling. Miss Nulla will never think of being harsh with you. It is only naughty little girls, like your cousin, that she dislikes and is obliged to chide. There, run away, love, mamma is in a great hurry. Ada, you may put on your blue dress, and hand this one to Effie to mend. Fanny, don't stand there biting your fingers; go to your room, and remain there for the rest of the day."

The children passed out together. When they had reached the hall, the owner of the torn frock gave a shy glance around, and then whispered:

"There, Fan, you see what you got by not doing as I wanted you to. If you had gone for the cakes I would not have said one word about this, for I know that it was an accident. Aint you sorry now that you did not mind me?"

"No, I am not. Now, Ada Montgomery, I just want you to understand that I won't be a thief for you, or anybody else!" and the black eyes flashed rage and defiance. "There, go and tell your mother that if you like; I am sure I do not care."

The next instant she entered her room, and closing the door, flung herself upon the floor in an agony of tears.

The next morning Beatrice made her appearance, and not many days passed before she began to feel quite at home in her new position.

A month glided by, and then the whole family—with one exception—grew enthusiastic in her praise. Agnes, however, still continued to arch her eyebrows, shake her head and smile ironically, whenever her name was mentioned, although even she was forced to acknowledge that the house was much more quiet than it used to be, and that the children were really becoming quite civilized under the new order of things.

"Why, she is a perfect treasure, I do assure you," Mrs. Montgomery would complacently remark to her numerous friends. "Ada and Effie have improved wonderfully under her care; and as for Fanny, why, she is quite another creature. I tell my husband that I never had a governess that understood her vocation better. She never puts on airs, or attempts to push herself forward among her superiors; but on the contrary, is remarkably retiring."

About this time Miss Nulla met with an important adventure. While living with Mrs. Sutherland, she had become very much interested in a little blind girl—one of that lady's protégés—and now, whenever an opportunity offered, she went to see her.

One morning as she was about to mount the dilapidated stairs that led to the room of Mrs. Barclay—the child's mother—loud voices in an apartment on her right attracted her attention, and presently the door was thrown open, and a man came forth, exclaiming in an angry tone:

"Well, I'll call again at noon, and then if my money isn't ready for me, I'll summon an officer and have you and your duds packed into the street in short order. I aint a man to be cheated, I can tell you, now. You'd no business to take the room if you could not pay the rent; it's regular swindling;" and with an oath he stalked away.

Beatrice hesitated a moment, and then rapped gently on the half-open door.

"Come in," said a voice, in which tears struggled for the mastery.

She obeyed. It was a miserable place, truly. A woman sat with her arms resting upon a low pine table, and her face hidden upon them. Her attitude and whole appearance expressed utter despair. Poor creature, there was very little besides herself for her hard-hearted landlord to thrust into the street. It was plainly evident that gaunt

Poverty had reigned sole monarch there for some time.

"My good friend, will you allow me to assist you in your extremity?" exclaimed our heroine, advancing to the side of the wretched being.

At the sound of her voice the woman started, raised her head, and regarded her visitor long and earnestly. As she gazed, a strange expression settled upon her face. Then stretching forth her thin hand, she clasped the delicate white fingers that lay upon her arm, murmuring:

"Ah! you are flesh and blood, aint you? Do you know, I thought at first that you were my dear mistress come back from the grave to comfort poor Annette. You've got the same soft, musical tone; and the great melting eyes—only yours are not sorrow-smitten as hers were. Then those shining curls are just the exact shade of hers. Who are you, lady? Why do you thus rise up before me with my dear mistress's face?"

"Do I then resemble her so very much?" inquired Beatrice, a sudden thought flashing into her mind, almost causing her heart to cease its beating.

"The likeness is perfect," rejoined the woman, still gazing upon her with wildly dilated orbs; "but you shall see for yourself," she added, after a pause, and turning round she drew out a drawer from the table and took forth a roll of papers, which she proceeded to unfold.

Her companion watched her with feverish eagerness. Suddenly the rustling ceased; Beatrice scarcely breathed. A film gathered over her eyes. Was she dreaming, or did she indeed see a face smiling upon her from an ivory surface, the exact counterpart of the one that lay against her throbbing heart?

For a moment she struggled with herself, and then sinking upon the floor, burst into tears.

The woman regarded her with astonishment, and then said, eagerly:

"Were you acquainted with her, lady? Was she a relation of yours?"

"She was my mother!" With what tenderness the red lips syllabled the words.

The light of a wondering joy flashed into her listener's eyes.

"Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "why you must be the baby, then. How stupid I was not to think of it before. Why, child, I have held you in my arms for many an hour. You were a homely little thing. I declare, I never imagined that you would grow up into the very image of your mother. God bless her! Oh, darling!"—laying her hand upon the bowed head—"the sight of your beautiful face has done old Annette a world of good."

The girl looked up with a radiant smile dimpling her cheeks. The tears were dried now, and an eager longing shone in the great lustrous eyes.

"Oh tell me all about her," she said, softly. "I do not even know my lawful name."

A shadow fell upon the woman's brow. Her fingers worked nervously.

"Poor lamb!" she sorrowfully replied. "I can't enlighten you as to that. My memory never was good, and I have had so much trouble since then that I'm clean broke down; so it is not surprising that I should not have the faintest recollection of what she did call her husband."

"I was piffling to watch the hope die out of the earnest, upturned face. Was the problem never to be solved?"

Annette began to search among her papers again. Presently she drew forth a beautiful embroidered handkerchief:

"See!" she said, "perhaps you would like this. One day when I was doing some washing for your mother, I found it among a lot of others that were marked entirely different, so I carried it to her, and she took it and smiled, and said that the name upon it belonged to her before she was married, and that she must destroy it, as her husband would not like to see it among her things. Then I asked her if I might have it, and she said 'Yes,' so I have kept it ever since."

Beatrice took the handkerchief and read, with flushed cheeks and a throbbing heart, the name of Bianca Terressini. Then she softly repeated it in her sweet, melodious voice. It was music in her ear. Presently she glanced at her watch; it was not near as late as she had supposed. She felt as though she had lived years in the last half hour.

"I must not stay much longer," she exclaimed, "so please to tell me as quickly as possible the most important things that you can remember about my mother."

Annette commenced; but in fifteen or twenty minutes her listener turned a face white and rigid as marble toward her, saying, in a tone of suppressed passion:

"Do not mention my father again. God forgive me! but I verily believe that I hate him!"

The woman regarded her compassionately, and then exclaimed, vehemently:

"He was a wretch, anyway! but your mother was an angel. Poor thing! I think that finally she mistrusted that he had deceived her, for her heart fairly broke at last."

Beatrice groaned! The sudden wrenching away of the hope that had sustained her, was terrible. The burden of shame fell upon her again, crushing her to the very earth, and yet her heart still beat on beneath the agonizing weight. Presently she aroused herself, and said, in the low, calm voice of utter despair:

"Now tell me about yourself, Annette. How came you reduced to this state?"

"Well, I married very soon after your mother went away, and in two years, Joseph and I came to America. We had one child; but she, poor thing, never had the use of her limbs. My husband—who was a carpenter—prospered finely for a time, and at last was able to build him a house. Then misfortunes began to come. We had not been in our new home six months, when one night it was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground, we barely escaping with our lives. Joseph got

crushed beneath some falling timber, and was taken up for dead; but he recovered, to be a blind cripple for the rest of his days. You can guess the rest. I don't like to dwell upon the sad time. How we ever managed to live, I scarcely know. I buried Margaret a year ago, and her father a few months after; and here I am, a worn-out creature, almost ready to follow them."

Beatrice arose with tears in her eyes, and emptying her purse upon the table, exclaimed:

"You shall suffer no more while I live, dear Annette. God surely sent me here this morning. Good-bye, now; I'll come again in a day or two," and she was gone, leaving the good woman to wonder whether she was awake or dreaming.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I will look out to his future—
I will bless till it ill mine,
Should he ever be a sinner,
Unto sweeter eyes than mine." BROWNING.

Annette was right; she did not linger many months after her first interview with Beatrice. Trouble and sickness had already done their work, and the blessed sunshine of love was powerless to restore her; but it did surround her with every comfort, filled her heart with the joy that passeth speech, and caused her lips to chant a song of thanksgiving, as her feet slid into the "Valley."

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, with Leslie and Agnes, were now at the Springs, and our heroine was left mistress of the house during their absence. Those were busy days for her; but the smiling skies, the soft, sweet breath of the summer air, and the holy, peaceful nights, brought a balm unto her soul. She no longer cried out in terrible anguish and despair:

"How long, oh, how long?" for white-robed Faith, with her shining face gilded by her slide, forever whispering:

"He doeth all things well!"

The children were much more tractable when alone with their governess, than when their mother was present to interfere with that lady's management by her foolish indulgence and injudicious remarks.

Weeks passed. One morning Ada Montgomery came rushing into the school-room, exclaiming:

"Only see, Miss Nulla, here is a package that the postman just brought to the door, and it is addressed to you. What do you suppose it can be?"

"I will ascertain presently, my dear. Lay it upon the table, if you please, while I finish this copying."

"Why, how cool you are. I should think that you would want to examine it immediately. Now if it was mamma or Agnes, they would tear it right open."

"I cannot afford to gratify all my desires, little one; and fortunately, as I am not one of the impatient kind, I contrive to get along nicely. You see that I have this work to do, and you know that I tell you girls, duty first, and pleasure second; so I must practice what I preach, else you will be saying that I am more fond of laying down rules than of obeying them. Then, again, I always enjoy a large amount of happiness in anticipation, and the thought that I have a surprise in store for me will cause my fingers to move very rapidly over the paper."

"Well, I never knew before that women could not do just as they pleased. I thought that when I grew up, if I wanted to do anything, I could do it; and if I did not want to, I could let it alone. I am sure mamma and Agnes do."

"Perhaps so. I do not know; however you can ask them some day. Do not talk any more now, as I must finish this as quickly as possible."

"Well, I will not, and it may be if I go away that you can write the faster," so saying, she danced out of the room.

Miss Nulla smiled at her unusual thoughtfulness, and then continued her work.

For the space of half an hour no sound broke the excessive stillness but the rapid movement of her pen, and then she laid aside her papers, and took up the package. Somewhat to her surprise, she found that it was a book, entitled, "Hope," that she had seen advertised in the "Chronicle," as greater to appear; but her astonishment was still greater when, upon turning to the fly-leaf, she read the following words:

"To Beatrice, with the love of the authoress."

Surely that was Thressa's hand-writing. Could it be that that strange nature had at last found an outlet? Had great, glorious thoughts throbbled and burned in her soul until she was compelled to give them utterance? Had the voice of prophecy spoken unto her spirit, revealing her mission? Questioning this, she glanced at the title page. She started as she saw that the work was dedicated to herself, although her friend, with a kind thoughtfulness for which she thanked her, had refrained from mentioning her name. Tears rushed quickly to her eyes, and a feeling of utter unworthiness stifled her as she read the beautiful and touching tribute of a faithful, affectionate heart. Closing the volume, she leaned her head upon her hand, musing, for an instant, upon the strangeness of life, and then, rising, laid Thressa's gift tenderly in her desk, promising herself a rich treat when her day's work was finished.

The hours flew on swift wings. The sun sank in waves of burnished gold behind the ramparts of the West, and the purple shades of the Night curtained the couch of the sleeping Earth.

At last all was silent in the splendid mansion of Mr. Montgomery, and Beatrice, seated in her room, perused her friend's book with eager interest. It moved her soul strangely. Bright and glowing thoughts, like richest jewels, gleamed from every page. Each leaf she turned deepened the fascination, and bound her spirit captive. Time crept by unheeded. With flushed cheek and shining eyes she reached the end, just as the hour of midnight rang forth upon the startled air.

Rising, she paced the floor with rapid steps, murmuring:

"Oh! Thelma, thou hast indeed earned for thyself a great, a glorious name. Thank God that the fires of Genius were kindled in thy soul. The laurel wreath of Fame will grace thy brow, but thou wilt prize still more the blessings of poor, human hearts, strengthened by thy mighty words."

The morning's mail carried from Beatrice a few lines of earnest congratulation to the young authoress, causing her to shed tears of joy. A month passed, and then the literary world rang with praises of the new book and speculations as to the writer. It was rightly named, for it carried hope to the weary and the sorrowing. To those poor creatures who walked life's rugged, thorny path with bleeding feet, or gazed with despairing faces up tollsome mountain heights, it came bearing the fragrance of flowers, and whispering of green fields, singing streams and beautiful shade-trees.

To engender, thirsting souls its voice was like a trumpet call. To the sad-hearted its tender pathos and gentle sympathy were like sweet words set to music.

"How much I should admire to know who wrote Hope!" exclaimed Agnes Montgomery, a few days after her return from the Springs. "It is, without a single exception, the most fascinating book that I have read for a long time."

"I guess that Miss Nulla knows," said Ada, looking up from her drawing.

Her sister regarded her with profound astonishment, and then said, tartly:

"She knows? Why, what put such a ridiculous idea as that into your head?"

"You need not laugh and curl your lip, you great hateful thing!" returned the girl passionately. "I declare, I won't tell you now what does make me think so."

"Hush! my daughter," interposed the mother; "it isn't ladylike for you to talk in that way; but tell me, my dear, do you suspect that Miss Nulla wrote the book?"

"Well, if that do not beat all!" exclaimed Agnes, leaning back in her chair, with an expression of disgust upon her fair face. "I should really like to know if there is anything under the sun that you think that model creature can't do? Your infatuation is actually absurd. I wish that you had one-half of the confidence in my powers that you have in hers."

"So do I," was the dry reply; "but, Ada, my love, you have not answered my question."

"Well, mamma, I will tell you all that I know about it. I saw a book on Miss Nulla's table one day, and I asked her if I might look at it, and she said that she had no objections; so I took it and sat down and went to turning over the leaves. I read a little, and it was all about a nice girl whose name was Hope. Pretty soon Effie called to me to come out and play, so I laid the book down and ran, but not before I had seen written on the first page, in beautiful letters that looked like print, 'To Beatrice, with the love of the authoress.'"

Mrs. Montgomery smiled, and glanced at her eldest daughter.

Agnes shrugged her shoulders, and rising, touched the bell.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Can't you guess? Why, have her up here, and find out. If she has known all this time, it is real mean in her not to have told."

"Perhaps she has given her promise not to," remarked Ada.

Her sister turned upon her sharply, but at that moment a servant appeared at the door, so she stayed the rebuke upon her lips, and said instead: "Inform Miss Nulla that I wish to see her."

The girl curtsied, and withdrew.

Beatrice promptly obeyed the summons.

Miss Montgomery motioned her to a chair, and then coolly remarked:

"By reason of some of Ada's observations, I have come to the conclusion that you are acquainted with the writer of this exquisite production called 'Hope.' I have sent for you to inquire if such is really the case?"

"I am most happy to say that it is," replied the governess, with an amused look.

Her questioner was evidently surprised at the frank avowal. For a moment she hesitated in apparent embarrassment, and then, when she said:

"If you will do me the favor to reveal her name, I shall be greatly obliged to you"—the descent from her usual haughty tone into a fawning one, was truly remarkable. Even her mother, accustomed as she was to her varied moods, looked up in astonishment, while Ada laughed outright.

"I am sorry to refuse, but it is utterly impossible for me to gratify you," replied Beatrice, gravely. "My friend is extremely desirous of preserving her incognito, and you surely would not wish me to be so dishonorable as to betray her!"

Agnes colored.

"I think that it is very silly for any one to be so particular," she said, resuming her chilling tone. "If I had written such a book as that, I should be proud to own it. Our interview is over. You can retire now, if you please."

Miss Nulla bowed, and moved away with the slightest perceptible flush upon her cheek, while Ada rushed out after her.

"Was there ever anything so vexatious!" exclaimed the mortified Agnes, as soon as the door closed. "Why didn't you assert your authority, mamma, and tell her that she must either give the name of the authoress, or leave the house? I guess that would have opened her lips very quick!"

"I should have been a very foolish woman had I done so," was the cool response. "Do not see that she is one of those characters that threatens never can move? Depend upon it, she would not have hesitated one instant in choosing the latter alternative. Then I should have been in a nice situation, for I never should have been able to have found another governess equal to her."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! yes you could, too, if you were only a mind to think so. Anybody would suppose, to hear you talk, that you believed—and I am sure that what you do—that all the excellencies of earth and heaven were centered in her. Now take my word for it, you will yet discover that she isn't so immaculate as you imagine. Oh, my! won't there be a buzz then!"

Her mother laughed, saying, as she arose to leave the room:

"Your speech is very extravagant, my dear. I am certain of one thing already, and that is, that you are strangely prejudiced; but I hope that it will pass away in time, for there is really no reason whatever for it."

"Well, Miss Nulla, what is your opinion? Are my little girls deserving of a ride this fine afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Montgomery, as she entered the school-room, a few hours later, with her bonnet and shawl on.

"They shall speak for themselves," evasively replied the governess.

"She do not think that we are, mamma!" exclaimed Ada, who was really a very candid child; "cause you see Fanny and me made pictures on our slates, instead of getting our geography lesson; and then we missed in history, and it is the

second day, too, and Effie, she got real mad, and flung her book on the floor, and stamped on it, 'cause she could n't spell a word."

"Why! I am astonished to hear that you have been so naughty; but if you will promise to be very good to-morrow, I guess that I will take you."

The children sprang up with a shout of delight, but Beatrice looked grave. The truth was, Mrs. Montgomery generally planned a pleasure in the wrong time.

"You reward them when they ought to be punished," she said, with a faint smile.

"Oh! nonsense, my dear. It isn't well to be too strict with such young things. There, run, darlings, and tell Elsie to dress you. Why don't you go, Fanny?"

"If you please, aunt Lucy, I will remain at home."

"Very well, suit yourself," replied that lady, as she turned to leave the room.

Beatrice was surprised at the child's decision, but made no comments then.

Silence reigned for the space of half an hour, and then her pupil brought a couple of books to her desk, saying, with a shy glance at the grave face before her:

"Miss Nulla, will you please to hear me recite my lessons now?"

"Certainly, dear, if they are prepared," and laying down her pen, she complied with her desire.

"Very well indeed!" she said, when the last sentence had been repeated; "you see that they were not so very difficult to commit to memory, after all."

"Oh, no! I might have learned them this morning, if I had only been studious. I am very sorry that I have been such an idle girl, and vexed you so much."

Beatrice turned, and kissed her blushing cheek, saying, in her sweet, gentle voice:

"Then I will excuse you, darling; but tell me, did you not want to go with your aunt and your cousins?"

"Yes, I did at first; but then I knew that I did n't deserve the ride, and that thought would have destroyed all the pleasure; so finally I concluded that I had better stay at home and retrieve my lost character. You are not displeased with me now, are you?" and she nestled closer to her, looking earnestly into the now smiling face.

"No, dear! you have fully reinstated yourself in my favor; and now you may put aside your books for a little while, and go into the gardens, if you like."

The child walked away, but presently returned, and throwing her arms around her teacher's neck, exclaimed, in a voice choked by sobs:

"Oh! dear Miss Nulla, I do love you ever so much! No one has ever been so kind to me since my father and mother died. I hated you, though, at first; for aunt Lucy said that she had told you that I was a very wicked girl, and I thought that, try as hard as I could to do right, you would only find fault with me the same as the rest did, so somehow I did n't care, and I have never tried to please you at all until lately; but now I am going to be real good, and you will love me a little, won't you?"

Beatrice hid her face among the child's clustering locks, to conceal the tears that welled to her eyes. Presently she said:

"My poor Fanny! I opened my heart to you a long time ago, but you would n't come in; however, you are just as welcome now. I want you to answer one question truly: should you ever have judged by my conduct toward you that your aunt made the announcement that she did? Remember, that I wish you to be candid."

"I am, dear Miss Nulla; and you must believe me when I say that your manner to me was always just as pleasant as it was to my cousins. I watched for a difference, but never could see any. You have never been harsh with me, and only cold when I gave you reason to be. Sometimes I think that I must have tried your patience sorely, especially for the first two or three months after you came."

"I must confess that you did, darling; but it is all forgiven and forgotten now. I am glad that you have told me this, for it explains much that I did not understand. You have been something of a puzzle to me, little one; but we will let that go; henceforth we will be the best of friends. Now I must send you away for a little while, for you really need both air and exercise."

"Well, I will go, then; but I had a great deal rather stay with you," and she gazed wistfully into her teacher's face. But the latter shook her head playfully, and bending down, kissed the sweet, innocent mouth, and then the child moved away.

Beatrice sat in deep meditation for some time after the door closed, and then she resumed her writing. Five minutes later Fanny came running into the room, apparently laboring under some strange excitement.

"Oh! Miss Nulla!" she began as soon as she recovered her breath sufficiently to speak, "Elsie says that my uncle has come, and is waiting in the parlor to see me. He is my mother's oldest brother, and it is such a long time since I saw him that I do n't remember him at all. Please won't you go in with me? I am almost afraid to go alone."

"You silly child! what is there to fear?" inquired her friend, with a smile; but then noticing that the girl was very pale, and trembling like a leaf, she took her cold hand in hers, and said, gently:

"I will go with you, dear, if you wish it so very much, although I think that you are unnecessarily terrified."

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind," replied Fanny, too much rejoiced at having gained her consent to heed the latter part of her sentence.

"Well, come, then, for I can remain but a few minutes, as I have much to do this afternoon," returned Beatrice, rising to leave the room.

The hall was soon traversed, and they entered the parlor. A gentleman stood at one of the front windows, gazing abstractedly into the street. He turned quickly, as the door opened, and now advanced to meet them. Beatrice gave one glance at the earnest, thoughtful face, with its noble brow, kind blue eyes and winning mouth, and then her cheeks blanched to a deathly whiteness, and her heart grew faint and sick.

It was Adelbert Ware! The recognition was mutual. But while she—recovering herself with a mighty effort—smiled faintly, he started back, exclaiming, "Miss—"

"Nulla," she said quickly, glancing significantly at the child. "I have the honor of being the governess of Mrs. Montgomery's younger children."

He bowed, with an eager, questioning look, but her eyes had already sought the floor; so he turned to her companion, saying, in his rich, musical voice:

"And so this is my niece? Why, Fanny, you have grown some since I saw you."

"I should hope so," she demurely replied. Then glancing at the white face of Beatrice, she exclaimed:

"Miss Nulla, you are not feeling well. Allow me to get you a glass of water."

At those words, and the thought of what they

might imply, the color flew back into the lady's cheeks, until they rivalled roses in their soft bloom.

"Thank you, my dear; there is no necessity," she said, in a constrained voice. "I am only a little weary; I shall feel better presently."

"I should certainly advise you to procure the water, Fanny," gravely remarked Mr. Ware, who had the best of reasons for desiring that she should leave the room, if it was only for a moment.

The child gazed into his face to see that he was in earnest, and then tripped away. Beatrice made no attempt to stay her, but as soon as the door closed she arose from her chair, and offering Adelbert her hand, said hurriedly:

"I must leave you now. My duties do not lay in the parlor in these days. I trust that if we should happen to meet again before the family, you will treat me as a stranger, and keep my secret, for they know nothing of my past history."

He carried the delicate fingers impulsively to his lips, exclaiming:

"Anything, to be of service to you. Oh Beatrice, you can never realize how I have longed for this moment. Will you not grant me an interview very soon?"

She shook her head sadly. "No, it is better to forget that we have ever known each other," and snatching her hand from his grasp, she darted from the room by one door as Fanny entered by another.

"Why, where is Miss Nulla?" exclaimed the girl, gazing about her in surprise.

"She made an excuse and left. Here; I will take that water, if you please. Thank you. Now tell me how you like study, and if your governess is ever cross."

"Cross!" The voice was full of indignation, while the black eyes looked decidedly dangerous. "Why, I should never think of applying such a word as that to her. I guess you did n't notice her face. I think she is the dearest person in the world."

"That is just my opinion exactly," muttered Adelbert, turning to the window again.

"Did you speak to me, uncle?" inquired Fanny, surveying him with a critical glance.

"No, my dear; but I will now," and soon they were engaged in quite an animated conversation.

In the meantime Beatrice went back to the schoolroom, and seating herself at her desk, strove to confine her attention to the work before her; but her thoughts would wander to the gentleman in the parlor, and then revert with indescribable bitterness to the changes which Time had wrought in her fortunes since their last meeting. Then she believed herself an heiress, and the descendant of a proud and honored race. Now—oh, how the thought stung her—she felt herself to be a living monument of guilt, poor and desolate, and for the moment her heart rose up in rebellion, crying out, with all the old agony, "Oh God! was it well to strike me down from the height upon which I stood?"

Just then Ada Montgomery entered the room, her face glowing with delight.

"Oh Miss Nulla," she exclaimed, "we had a beautiful ride, only Agnes was just as cross as she could live, 'cause mamma took Effie and me; but then you ought to have seen her smile when we got home and found Fanny's uncle, Mr. Ware, in the parlor. You see, she met him at the Springs, and Elsie says that she made a dead set at him. Won't he catch a Tartar if he does marry her?"

"Hush, hush, dear. You must n't talk so about your sister."

"I can't help it. She does plague me to death," pouted the child, as she left the room.

Adelbert met Beatrice again at tea, but then a holy calm rested like a benediction upon her face, for lo! that glorified angel called Patience had been wandering up and down in the chambers of her soul, chanting, in her thrilling, melodious voice,

"Wait, oh thou blessed child of immortality, for as surely as God lives, thou shalt not always sorrow. Out of the darkness cometh light. Good blossoms bud from evil."

The days crept on, and Mr. Ware haunted the mansion of the Montgomerys, in the vain hope of obtaining a private interview with Beatrice. The Fates seemed against him, for he rarely ever saw her, and then only in the presence of the family. In the meantime, Agnes, who never dreamed that the despised governess was the object that lured him hither, considering herself the point of attraction, met him with her sweetest smiles and most honeyed words, occasionally affecting shyness, and blushing consciously at his approach. Of this affection that was being wasted upon him, the gentleman was entirely oblivious; for in his ardent pursuit in another direction, he had not given the young lady of the house a second thought.

October came, and the beautiful Indian Summer—Nature's mysterious priestess—walked forth upon the hill-tops, draped in a purple robe, crowned with a golden mitre, and wearing a jeweled ephod.

One morning Mrs. Montgomery went into the country, taking the children with her. Thus Miss Nulla was left her own mistress, for that day at least. It filled her with a strange, quiet sense of enjoyment. How quickly time passed! The dinner-hour arrived before she had finished one-half of the things that she had intended, and then the afternoon was so lovely and dreamy that it wooed her soul with an irresistible longing, and at last she went forth to walk. On she wandered, with a happy, buoyant step, until the noisy city was left far behind, and green fields, studded with bright-eyed flowers, stretched out before her. Then she seated herself beneath a tree, with a sigh of pleased content and a sweet smile playing about her beautiful mouth.

She was so much absorbed in her meditations that she did not hear a quick, firm tread upon the soft, velvety turf, and not until Adelbert Ware laid his hand upon her head was she conscious of any one's approach. Then she looked up with startled, wondering eyes; but as her glance fell upon the noble, manly form of the young Virginian, the white lids drooped again, veiling the starry splendor of those jetty orbs, and a soft color fluttered into the pale cheeks.

"I verily believe that I have been dreaming," she said, rising to her feet. "This atmosphere soothes me wonderfully. Nature has certainly thrown a veil of enchantment over the whole earth. See those hills yonder. I have been thinking that they resemble purple isles floating in a sea of golden mist. In this mood I could almost wish that they were, and that I was an inhabitant of one of them."

"In that case, I should be most happy to take up my abode there also," he replied, smiling down upon her; "but please to resume your seat. I have not followed you all this long distance to be cheated out of a conversation at last. Do you know that I have been growing very desperate for the past few days. No; of course you do n't. Well, I have, and this afternoon I left my boarding-house, fully determined to go to Mr. Montgomery's, acknowledge a previous acquaintance with you, and demand an interview. This I intended to do, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure; but fortunately as I neared the house, I saw you descend the steps and pass into the street. For once Fate has been kind."

"Perhaps not," rejoined his companion, almost bitterly, "for there are times when granted wishes bear no fruit but misery."

His face grew white with apprehension.

"What do those strange words portend, Beatrice? Oh darling, have I thus sought you to say, from the depths of my heart, I love you, only to hear you reply that, coming from my lips, your soul has no response for such an utterance?"

His voice, so inexpressibly mournful, thrilled her with pain.

"Mr. Ware, you forget that I am not what I once was."

"Oh, dearest, do you think that I care for the worldly distinctions that you have lost? They were but dross. My pearl of great price is still the same. I loved you in your innocent, bright girlhood, but that affection was increased ten-fold when I beheld you in your grand, noble womanhood. Oh, can it be that the jewel is not for me? Has another won the heart that I longed to call my own?"

She looked up with a soft, tender light shining in her face, and their eyes met. There was something in his glance that moved her with an irresistible impulse, and going to him, she laid her hand upon his arm, saying in her low, sweet voice:

"My kind friend, it is said that in every life there is a certain amount of joy, but that some are so prodigal, taking such long, rich draughts daily that the precious wine is soon exhausted, while others drink so sparingly that the quantity is amply sufficient for their mortal journey. If this be so, then I surely drained my cup of bliss early, and am now quaffing the bitter dregs. Love and marriage are not for me. That truth came home to my soul from the first. God has written it in letters of fire upon the inner tablets of my being, that I may indulge in no vain, delusive dreams, and if, when I look in upon happy homes, my heart throbs in agony, as being human, it may at times, I know that He will give me strength to endure, and that at last, when I reach that golden shore whither we all are tending, the mysteries of this life will be explained, and my tempest-tossed spirit be anchored in a blessed haven of rest."

She ceased, but her words had kindled a holy light in her countenance, and her eyes wore a dreamy, far-off look, as though the angels Faith, Hope and Patience were ministering unto her.

Adelbert regarded her for a moment with wondering awe, and then exclaimed:

"Oh Beatrice, I cannot, I will not believe that you are condemned to any such misery as this that you picture so graphically. God would be more just."

"Hush! No life can be wholly wretched that unselfishly spends and is spent in the service of others."

"You are right, darling; but oh! I cannot endure to think that when storms come you have no protecting arms to creep to for a shelter. You are a woman, and possess all the yearning of your sex, and it must be that you were destined to bless some home. If I may not win your love, I pray heaven that you may yet find rest in the affection of some true, noble heart."

"Generous Adelbert!" she said softly, coming and laying her head against his, while warm, vivid blushes overspread her face. "Know, oh thou best of men, that thou canst not gain my love, because it is yours already."

"Mine? mine?" he murmured, as if scarcely able to credit his sense of hearing. Then clasping her tenderly in his arms, he exclaimed, "Oh, can it be? Do you indeed love me, Beatrice?"

"So fondly, so truly and so entirely that I will never wrong you by becoming your wife," she replied with impassioned fervor, as she disengaged herself from his embrace.

"What paradox is this? What mean you, my darling?" he rejoined in amazement.

Cheeks and lips were white with a terrible spasm of agony as she slowly answered:

"Oh, Adelbert, I can never carry my dower of shame into any man's house, much less yours. I would never have the canker eat into your soul, as it has into mine. You must never blush for the parentage of your wife. It shall never be said that I brought reproach upon your name. If you are not proud for yourself, I am for you."

"My sweet one, do not let any such sophistry as this stand between us. You are morbid, love. What do I care for your antecedents? I am content to take you as you are. I know that you are all that is good, pure and holy. What more could I ask for, dearest?"

"A perfect womanhood, without spot or blemish," she sadly returned. "That, oh God, I have not; therefore I will not allow you to sacrifice yourself. Oh dearest, I had rather thrust this hand into the fire than give it to you with this brand of shame upon it."

He argued, entreated and ridiculed, but she remained firm.

"Leave me now," she said, after a time, "for we must not go back together. God bless and keep you. Remember that I shall pray night and day that your life may not be blighted for me, but that this love may be unprotected from your heart, and the peace that passeth understanding heal the wound. As you so generously desired my happiness, even though I might love another, so do I say, Heaven grant yours, although a dearer held than mine may, in days to come, be pillowed upon your breast. As for me, I have the blessed assurance that 'He giveth his beloved rest.'"

The young man wrung her hand and turned away, then came back, saying:

"Give me a keepsake, Beatrice—something to remind me of you if we never should meet again," and he lifted one of her curls, and looked pleadingly into her white face.

She severed it without a word, and the next instant he was gone.

"Oh God! my cup is full," she murmured bitterly, and then she too moved away.

"Mr. Ware came no more to the mansion of the Montgomerys, and Agnes wondered and speculated as to the cause of his sudden departure, but never suspected the true reason.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Sayings of Jasper Clayton.

Truth is God's great looking-glass, into which Nature looks to see herself.

Spiritualism is Mother Nature's pullet. She has laid her egg, and is now cackling the grand and noble achievement to an astonished and gaping world.

There can be no sight without substantial connection, for that which is unconnected does not exist.

The human soul is nothing but God's violin, upon which he plays the most exquisite tunes.

The present rebellion is nothing but a great suspension bridge thrown across the river of Progress, over which the great emigrant train of America's sons shall pass to its glorious and final destiny.

Spiritualism is the leveling radical Rat, that digs at the foundation of the Sectarian Churches, and down go the walls of Pride and Pomposity, and in rushes the mops of Charity to his own advantage.

Richmond, Ind.

Written for the Banner of Light. IN THE VALLEY.

BY CORA WILBUR.

Languishing by the wayside, near the fountain, In the mist-enshrouded vale I stand— In the distance gleams the holy mountain, And the veiled shrines of happy spirit-land.

Music, sounding martial, grand, heroic, Thrills my being with the Age's call; Wraps me in the mantle of the stole, To the lesser ills that life befall;

Nerves me for the conflict—stern, protracted, Of the spirit with the things of sense; Bids me calmly view the strife enacted By puny wills against Omnipotence.

Inspiration, welling from the sources Of the Love perennial, that abides Evermore within the potent forces, And the rhythmic flow of Nature's tides—

Comes to me, lone wanderer in the valley, Footsore pilgrim at the shrines of Thought; Comes to bid the drooping spirit rally, With prophet-dreams of compensation fraught.

Changes the mournful music of the waters To the glad hymns of soul-won victory; Evoking from the saddest of earth's daughters The glowing anthem of the brave and free.

Lifting the misty veil that drapes the mountain, Releasing the long-captive soul from pain; Imbuing with Love's rainbow-light the fountain, Opening the portals of the heart-domain.

Transforming life into harmonious beauty, A destiny of freedom and of peace; Investing Love with all the grace of duty, And in ascension granting soul-release.

All this e'en while the war-clouds' lurid shadow Enwraps the mourning households of the land; While grave-stones deck the flower-enamelled meadow, And millions droop above the martyr-hand.

Rife is the time with heavenward spirit-yearning, The blessed angels wear dark sorrow's guise; Of toll and discipline the soul is learning, Through valley-glooms the way to Paradise.

Lead me with vision freed from mists of error, Unto the holy mountains' "cloud-capped" height; Take from my human heart its skeptic terror, Crown me disciple, champion of the Right!

Give me the cross—insignia of my power— Crown me with thorns—they shall as star-flowers bloom; Grant me my regal and immortal dower— My sceptre of dominion o'er the tomb!

For in the valley, lo! with eyes uplifted And sad heart ever longing to be free— Love, by the bitter earth-winds hither drifted, My Father-Mother-God, I call on Thee! Lasalle, Ill., 1864.

Children's Department.

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

LITTLE YETTA;

OR, HOW GOD CARES FOR THE SPARROWS.

If you go down Broadway—far down, passing the beautiful shops with their gay windows—passing the old elegantly dressed ladies and the fine carriages, and turn into a by-street, and travel only a few steps, you will almost think you are in another world. There is no elegance to be seen, no beauty, no gaiety; but poor, miserable houses, filthy streets, and every mark of poverty and misery. It seems strange that in God's beautiful world there should be so much sorrow. We see how he makes the sun to shine on all alike, and how the flowers bloom in the pasture, as in the garden, and the rain falls as gently on the little shrub as on the tall trees. We wonder, sometimes, why the same loving care does not make every one blessed and happy

thought out for herself. She believed that God took care of everything that needed care, so that little birds that had no mother bird always found a plenty of nice seeds; and she believed that there was a great fountain in the earth, that fed all the little plants that the gardener forgot to water.

The days seemed very happy to Yetta when the sun shone, and her mother and herself sang their sweet songs, sometimes under blossoming trees, and sometimes by the street corner; but she loved best to go out in sight of the green fields, for then she felt surer than at any other time that there was something good and beautiful close to her and her mother, that would keep them from all harm.

But the beautiful summer passed away, and the cold winter came. There had been many long storms, during which, if they tried to sing, no one seemed to care to listen; and Yetta thought sometimes that it was because it was too cold, that people were so unwilling to bless her by giving her a few pennies. Many days she went very hungry, and her feet and hands were very cold; but her heart was happy all the time, and she loved the little children just as well who lived in the poor houses about her. The cold and exposure made her mother very ill, and as she could not have much care, she felt sure she should die. She called Yetta one day to her, and said:

"My little girl, I am very tired, and shall have to lie down and sleep a long, long time. You must not wake me up, but be a good child, and the God that takes care of the sparrow will take care of you; and when I wake up I will take care of you again."

Yetta believed every word that her mother told her, and when she died she thought she had gone asleep; so she went out to find the God that took care of the sparrows. She did not even know when they bore away her mother's body, but thought she had gone away to sleep. She wandered up and down the streets, wondering where she should find God, who was to take care of her. Many days passed by, and Yetta grew so sad and lonely that she could not sing; and if the poor people that she had been kind to had not helped her, she would have suffered sadly.

There sat in an elegant parlor, up town, a young girl with her mother. Every beautiful thing was about them: fine carpets, delicate lace curtains, exquisite flowers, books, and rare pictures. They looked very lovely in their beautiful attire, and their faces wore glad smiles, and their voices were gentle and loving.

"Mamma," said Ada, "I don't see why, if there are so many very poor people, as you have just told me, God do not take care of them. You said he took care of us, and gave us all our good things."

"He gives us a beautiful home, Ada, and we ought to be thankful."

"But, mamma, are we so very much better that we have so much more given us?"

"Oh! no, Ada; but don't ask any more questions, that's a good girl. I want to finish my book."

But Ada could not help asking herself, and wondering why no one told her all about it. And her question was not put away from her mother's heart, either, for she said to herself, "Why is it there are so many to suffer, when I do not? After a time the question was answered in her own spirit, and she told Ada this:

"God shows his love to the birds through the sunshine and soft air; to the fishes through the clear water; to the flower through the light and gentle dew—but he shows his love to men and women and children through the love of human hearts."

"And is my heart a human heart, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Then God wants to show himself through it, I suppose?"

"I think he does, Ada; and if you have not much love in your heart, you will not know the best way of being happy."

It was only a few weeks after this that Ada's mother died, and she was left sad and lonely. All the beauty of her home did not bless her as one sweet smile of love would have done. She loved better than all else to remember all her mother had said to her, and especially did she think about the best way to be happy. She asked each night that her mother's gentle spirit would teach her and lead her.

Little Yetta kept her faith and hope bright; she believed that what her mother had said was true, and she expected every day that God would come and take care of her. But she grew poorer and more comfortless day by day, for no one found any new clothes for her, and she sometimes found it hard to keep even her hands and face clean, as her mother had taught her to do. One day as the soft Spring sun shone out, it seemed to her as if a gentle voice said to her, "Try to sing a little, my child."

Yetta thought it was her mother that spoke to her, and so she put on her little old hood and ran into the street. There were a plenty of sweet-faced ladies, but no one smiled on her, and so she knew it was not one of these that had called for her. Why did no one smile gently on the poor ragged child, I wonder; smiles are very cheap, and a smile shows God's love to many a sad heart.

But still the voice seemed calling Yetta, and she went on and on, past beautiful parks where the tender buds were unfolding, past fine houses where the creeping grass came into the little yards, past windows where ivy twined and azaleas were blooming, until she was far up town.

When the voice ceased to call her, she stopped, and for the first time since her mother died, she sang a sweet, beautiful song. Her voice burst out like a glad bird's, and reached far up and down the street, and Yetta thought she heard her mother's violin playing with her; so she kept on, song after song, as in the olden time.

Ada had been sitting in her beautiful home, and had been wishing that she could only know what her mother would best like to have her do, and as she thought, she seemed to hear her say again, "God shows his love through human hearts." Just then Yetta's voice sounded through the street. She stood and listened, and wondered how any child could be so happy when she was so sad; but as she listened she felt her own heart growing brighter and happier. She opened the street door and called the little street singer in.

"Where did you learn those pretty songs, little girl?"

"My mother taught them to me."

her, and she found some of her own garments that her mother had laid by, and she put them on the little street singer. She combed her soft, fine hair and bound it up with bright ribbons; then she said, "There, you are my own sister, and we will both of us live together and love each other."

It seemed to Yetta almost like heaven to feel that some one loved her and cared for her; she smiled sweetly, and a glow came to her pale cheeks. Ada, too, had not felt as happy since the days when her mother was with her.

But it was not altogether easy for Ada to do right and to give her love to the homeless child, for she had an aunt who had come to take care of her, who thought it would be much more trouble to take care of two children than of one, and who said that it was very improper to take in a strange child and give it love. "It will only make her proud and spoil her," she said; "people should keep their own places."

"Let us go and see where her place is," said Ada.

So they went with Yetta down into the miserable street, down into the filth and poverty. They saw the dreary, sunless room, with its broken chairs and straw cot, and saw how the poor child had lived. Yetta crept into the bed and drew forth her mother's violin, and told them how she used to play on it, and that she had slept with it every night, so that she might keep her mother's words very near to her heart, and not forget that the God that cared for the sparrows would take care of her.

Ada's aunt heard the child's sweet words, and a tear came to her eye. Ada heard her mother's spirit saying, "This is the way to the kingdom of Heaven;" and Yetta heard her mother's voice saying, "Ada will show you God's love."

Then the neighbors of Yetta came in, and they all told some pleasant story of the good child. They told of her gentleness and love, and how she had often fed the hungry from her simple meal. They told how tenderly she cared for the little children, often bringing them home a flower when she went into the country with her mother. "But we are all so poor that we did not do much for her—only give her bread to eat," said one, "she wants more than that; she'd just die on that. She wants to be loved and kissed, just as her mother used to do. She wants some one to take her hand and say, 'Darling.'"

"She's been looking for some one this long time," said another; "mayhap it's her father, for it was some one that her mother told her would take care of her, as sure as the birds sang in the summer."

Ada thought she understood what Yetta needed very well, for she felt herself as if nothing but love could make the world beautiful.

Her aunt was quite satisfied with all she heard of Yetta; and they took her back again to Ada's pleasant home. Yetta kept fast hold of the old violin, and already she began to feel sure that her mother's words had proved true, for surely God was taking care of her.

Ada told her that God breathed love into her heart that she might show it to others. Then Yetta said, when Ada showed her kindness and love, "God is in Ada's heart, and my mother spoke the truth to me; but when will she wake up from her long sleep?"

"She is awake now, Yetta, and it was her who told you to go out and sing, and led you up here, and it was my mother who opened my heart to take you in, and now we have nothing to do but to love each other and everybody else."

These were beautiful days to Yetta; but she did not forget her old friends, but went often to see them and carry them some good thing.

Let us not forget how much God is waiting to do for the world, as soon as he can do it through loving hearts.

Enigma.

BY A. A. H. I am composed of twenty-six letters. My 24, 11, 2, 22, 25, 19 was a prophet in India. My 18, 10, 16, 18, 19, 13, 23, 20 has reference to the future. My 23, 10, 6, 22, 21, 15 is a great principle. My 5, 22, 9, 12, 11 are what the wicked ancients sought for. My 1, 7, 10, 20 was a harbinger. My 14, 23, 21, 4, 3, 13, 17 were the first Christian discoverers. My 11, 18, 24, 10, 22, 15, 21 are emanations from the great principle. My 21, 15, 13, 18, 19, 9, 12 is one who said he saw a Vision of Heaven. My 11, 19, 13, 9, 18, and 8, 10, 25, 18, 21 are types of different scriptural characters. My 24, 3, 18, 6, 4, 11, 5, 22, 16, 26, 5 are received and given. My 18, 6, 10, 8, 10, 13, 21, 15 is what we expect in spirit-life. My whole is the name and occupation of one of the most noted men of this age. Springfield, Mass.

Word-Puzzle.

A S N H P S I P E. These letters, when properly arranged, will represent what we all seek for, but which we can only gain through N O D O G S B S.

Conundrum.

BY X. E. W. X. If you name it you break it.

ANGELS TRIUMPH IN THE SKIES.

Angels triumph in the skies, When the proud oppressor dies, And the just and loving rise, Once you bent the knee: Thine to lift the lowly still; Thine to nerve the patient will; Thine the world with love to fill, Light and liberty. When the throne with blood is red, When the fierce and haughty tread On the poor, for lack of bread, Who despairing die, Then the angel of the Lord Bares in Heaven the judgment sword, And the armies of the World Gather silently. Still, at every dungeon gate, The delivering angels wait, Marshaled in their shining state, Where the martyrs lie, None their awful coming know, Till the tyrant feels the blow, And the people from their woo Hall the triumph nigh. HARRIS.

A little Hoosier boy of five years old asked his mother if God really heard his prayer? "Yes, my son," she replied, "God always hears our prayers." "Well," said the mischievous urchin, "I think he must be disgusted with mine, for he has heard the same old prayer over since I could talk."

A little daughter of a proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of the most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?"

LEGEND OF A SOUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. GIVEN THROUGH A MEDIUM.

Mortal was I once, and shrouded Thick in earthly sense and mold; Visions dimmed or darkly clouded, Wrapped my spirit fold on fold.

Dreamlike through the filmy darkness, Caught I glimpses of the day; Still above my lonely pathway Glant shadows thickly lay.

Dream-like heard I myriad voices, Calling ever unto me; Still, alas! were all uncertain As the murmurs of a sea.

Ever blending and uncertain, Light and shadow, voice and sound, Till my heart within despairing Where shall light and truth be found,

Groping, toiling, still despairing, Half in waking, half in dream— When my path was cut asunder By a cold and icy stream.

Pausing on the brink, I wondered Whether onward led the road, When a voice of sweetest cadence Cheered and called beyond the flood.

Stride I on the frozen river, Swept the current deep and cold; Struggling 'midst the icy surges, Sank my earthly sense and mold.

Quick from out the womb of waters Leaped I to a radiant shore; An immortal of the mortal, Born was I forevermore.

North Adams, Mass., 1864.

Original Essays.

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

BY J. M. ALLEN.

In the BANNER of September 7th, 1861, was an article, written by myself, bearing the title (editorially given) of "A new science revealed by spirits." The communication referred to was to the effect that the writer, through the influence of unseen friends and guides, had succeeded in producing an entirely new system of sound-representation, to be entitled the Universal, or "Panophonic" Alphabet. I now propose to give, through your columns, a more extended account of the system, showing its various peculiarities; its philosophical adaptability to the representation of any and all the elements of human speech; its mission; its bearing upon the destinies of the human race on earth; the necessity of its speedy adoption; its fraternity, and the immediate steps proposed to be taken in order to its recognition by the principal nations of the earth.

It need hardly be said that as it has originated from the higher life, so will it be guarded, fostered and established, by and through the aid of its originators—the Spiritual Congress. That body having, as it appears, chosen me to fulfill a portion of the great mission entrusted to the present generation, I feel that I must not shrink from the task allotted me—albeit it may subject me to the scorn, contumely and persecution which have ever befallen the fearless advocates of new and unpopular truths.

I court not the praise of sect or clique, the approbation of the world—except so far as it bestows it upon real merit—riches, nor honors. Prosperity and adversity are alike to me. I only ask to be true to the convictions of my higher nature—let them lead where they may. Virtue first, "honor" next; earnest performances of duty first, consequences next. Life is sweet to me, as to all. I prize it for the happiness it confers, or may confer—for the usefulness it permits; but were I this day to choose between life and the true mission of life, how long ought hesitation to rule? Death is preferable to life in ceaselessly false conditions. And so, as I look abroad over the vast sea of human beings, and perceive so little of true life, alas! alas! my soul cries out for something which shall mitigate human evils, and bring man to his true condition as the embodiment of all divine attributes. The world needs to be enlightened concerning the mission of the human soul—its capacities, its true value, its destiny, its oneness with the God-Soul of the Universe, and its consequent perfection of construction.

Life is sweet; it has been said; it is valuable to him who rightly uses it. The virtue of life is to perform life's true mission; and as that standard differs in each differing soul, so must the standard of virtue be different, to a degree. Life is thus a melody, in which the different characters and attending circumstances jut out and overlap each other with apparent confusion and lawlessness, yet with perfect propriety and consequent succession of effect to cause. Thus, oftentimes in the world's history have men been moved to do that which was to the eyes of the masses, inexplicable, ungodly, needless, unwise, or wicked; and such have invariably suffered from the contempt, neglect, or malice, of the uncomprehending world. The life of the future interiorly-guided man or woman will, no doubt, be somewhat the same; or though with the revolving years of the near future will come much which will hasten the growth of liberality and toleration.

Universal culture will bring universal wisdom, if that culture be conducted according to the principles of wisdom; and thus, we may expect to see in the future years of humanity, schools conducted by teachers thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberality, because they will draw their wisdom from the intuitional inspirings of a divine mediumship, which will direct them at every step. Thus the world may reach a condition in which it will be safe for people to live out their true mission on earth.

These words have been written, not to bring the writer before the world at one step as a "martyr" in future. Neither is it desired to usher forward self in any way to a degree chargeable with the reproach of egotism. It is self-justification, simply and solely, of the course which I may soon feel called upon to take, as one who believes in the divine right to self-guidance—as relating to mortals—the superiority of the "higher law," and the necessity which this age carries with it of men and women who are entirely passive to the guidance of the angel powers, now seeking, as they never sought before, to establish the reign of universal Peace and Harmony, Justice and Equity. I believe that the age—and especially this portion thereof—demands men and women willing to be used for the establishment of new ideas—willing to suffer reproach, or whatever else may befall them, for the sake of Truth. And thus we may expect to see, ere long, demands made for the recognition of the Spiritual Congress as a legitimate power for the government of the nations. We may expect to see men and women stand forth as exponents of that body, ready and willing to be

used for the establishment of truth, though that truth be so new and novel as the existence of a body of men and women in the celestial spheres, whose object is to establish the reign of peace and harmony over all the world, and in the shining realms above; to utilize the nations, destroy selfishness, and create universal liberality, justice and equity. This power is higher than the courts of earth; more potential, more vast. It must be yielded to as the true source of all human authority in the flesh. That is to say: no law can be valid whose provisions are in spirit contrary to the requirements of the universal harmonization, which is to take place through the united efforts of all good men and women, in all spheres of life, mortal and immortal; and the Spiritual Congress, being composed of those who have been wisest and best on earth, and are wisest and best in heaven, must be acceded to in its unitary combination of forces. The proposed account of the Universal Alphabet is to be preceded by a series of communications, upon various themes, bearing indirectly and directly upon the culminating topic, all intended to prepare the mind for a more thorough appreciation thereof than is now existent among Spiritualists. The grandeur of the ideas clustering around the simple phrase, "Universal Alphabet," cannot be expressed. My own soul has been warmed, strengthened, universalized in its outreaching, in a manner and to a degree entirely unexpected. Even after the illuminating pressure of the embassies of the Spiritual Congress had wrought out within my brain the details of the alphabet, my soul failed to take in a comprehension of its dependencies; and it has required many months of constant tuition from the beautiful summer-land, to bring me into an oneness with the schemes of my guardians. Even now my heart fails me, when I look abroad and behold the stupendous nature of the work to be done ere mankind can be said to be unfolded into harmonious maturity. What can I do? Nothing, unaided—much, perhaps, with the assistance of the angel hosts, and a firm reliance upon the omnipotence of Truth. East Bridgewater, Mass., 1864.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

BY EROS N.

Let me thank your correspondent, Mr. Fay, for the series of Triangles which he presented in a recent number of the BANNER, in answer to a suggestion of mine in a previous paper.

I take pleasure in complying with his request, and present herewith a problem which is general in its character, and has a wide range:

Problem.—Given in whole numbers, the three sides of a Right-Angled Triangle, in which the difference of the Base and Perpendicular is a surd, from which to find another Right-Angled Triangle (or a series of such) which shall not be a multiple (or contain a multiple) of the triangle given, in which triangle found, the difference of the Base and Perpendicular shall be the square of the difference of the Base and Perpendicular of the triangle given.

This problem is susceptible of solution by processes in Diophantine and Indeterminate analysis applied to equations of two unknown quantities. The laws referring to the numerical relations of the sides of Right-Angled Triangles, expressed in whole numbers, furnish very simple solutions of this and similar problems.

In order to interest mathematicians, the solution of this problem will be withheld until a future time. Mohawk, N. Y., May 26, 1864.

The Poet, and Other Poems.

BY THE LATE MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

William White & Co., of Boston, have just issued a new and attractive volume. To many of us who were acquainted with Miss Sprague, who here listened to her living inspirations, in whose memory the music of her voice still lingers, everything associated with her has an interest.

She was a gifted and peculiar child, yet such was the goodness of her heart, that she won admiring friends wherever her lot was cast. As an introduction to the Poems, we have an interesting narrative of her life and experiences. Her early departure to the land of spirits cast a gloom over many minds, which is only relieved by the beautiful and cheering Philosophy which she was so instrumental in teaching. We know that

"She rose like a mist from the mountain
To gently waft and soothe on the hills,
Like a spray from the fountain—
From life and its wearying ills."

Though the spirit passes thus as an invisible mist, like a cloud when it reaches the blue vault above, it becomes capable of receiving and reflecting the golden-tinted rays of the sun, and may descend to earth as refreshing dew to feed the parched souls of humanity. These Poems will furnish a rich treat to the lovers of pure thought and living inspiration, clothed in classic and beautiful language. The first piece, entitled the "Poet," occupies one hundred and five pages, and contains many very fine passages. The scene is rural district. "An hour before sunset—glimpses of the ocean through the trees—a poet—thinks aloud." The Spirit of Poetry says:

"I will bathe thee in beauty, I'll bathe thee in love,
Thy lips have a tone like the angels above,
Thy blue eyes smelt the fire that is burning within,
And it beams and it beckons all others to win;
Thy lips have a purpose, a strength, and a power,
All the wealth of the world over others to show."
Again, describing the scene, she says:

"The wind is whispering through the forest trees—
Thy answer, away to the passing breeze;
The rill that leaps and dances at my feet,
Thy music, the whirling wind's retreat;
And every flower, with upturned, trusting eye,
That gazes toward the deep-blue summer sky;
All are hushed, and all are hushed in thy sweet spell;
And as I gaze, the rill that hangs above
Hears the wealth of the world over others to show."
As if "I were mantle of the passing God,
That tread toward earth to tell where He has trod."

Then, describing man, she says:
"Thou art a part of that great whole—
The whole, to grand, sublime—
Without thee would be incomplete
One necessary rhyme."

But it seems impossible to make selections where each page glows with burning thoughts and thrills with interest. The miscellaneous poems, which make up a volume of nearly three hundred pages, are upon various topics, and some of them very fine indeed. A number of these were written in her early years; others come down to the close of her brief and eventful life, and reach these troublous times, when the fire of patriotism is awakened, and her lyre is attuned to this in poems upon "Emancipation in the District of Columbia;" "The American Eagle;" "Shame on the Coward Souls;" "The Coming Time," &c., &c.

We doubt not this book will be eagerly sought for, not only by the friends of the author, but by many who have been awakened to a sense of the beautiful truths of which she was so worthy an apostle and noble a pioneer.

H. T. CHILD, M. D.
624 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, 1864.
—Herald of Progress, May 21.

No girl can become a true lady without the knowledge of household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency, and her social qualities, without the ability to do housework, if necessity demand, her education is defective.

With faint hands we hold the drained cup of joy,
Which, when empty, weighs heaviest.

Correspondence.

Liberalizing Items.

Seated amid flowers and fruits, at the quiet and happy home of Brother and Sister McFarlane, in the beautiful and shady town of Geneseo, Henry Co., Ill.—one of the pleasantest villages in the State, partly because it has more shade trees set out than any other of its size, and partly because it is built on and surrounded by a farming district that cannot be excelled in the great Valley of the West—I am thinking of the time to be, when the fetters shall be broken, first from the oppressed and downtrodden black man, and then slowly falling from the robbed and wronged females of all colors and races. I am pleased at the way the great work goes on, guided by a wiser head than the President, and one ruled by natural laws, in spite of the sectarian revilers of nature. Yet my heart sickens at the terrible sacrifice of the sons of God now being made for human salvation and priceless liberty.

Everywhere I go I see signs of progress which, like straws, show which way the wind blows. Not long ago a company of soldiers were furnished by some pious soul with copies of the New Testament as they were about starting for the war; several of them cut out the leaves and distributed them to the boys and girls as tokens of remembrance; some left the whole book, and some took them along for, I know not what use; but it showed plainly that they held persons in contempt who could preach the peace of that book and encourage war, or go on the battle-field. Christians, to be consistent, should lay aside the Bible, as the Quaker did his coat, till the fight is over, or let the rebels have it altogether, for they can get some consolation out of the Old Testament.

I gave a lecture in Moline, as I came here; the people stared and wondered, but many listened earnestly; it seemed new there. But they have one excellent medium there, a Mrs. Nourse, who, in her quiet way, is doing a good work, aided by her earnest, fruit-raising husband. I also found a bold advocate in a lady who had been cured of a long and chronic illness by Mrs. C. A. Gould, of Chicago. She knows the spirits aid Mrs. Gould, and so do I.

Last week I was over the great Father of Rivers, as it is called, at the pleasant home of friend Dow, who has recently been in Boston, and was well pleased with the BANNER and all pertaining to it. Mr. Dow has been one of the most prominent business men of Davenport, Iowa, for many years, but his brain has been overtaxed, and now his soul is taking its growth in our philosophy and he is drinking deeply at the harmonical fountain.

I gave three lectures in Davenport, but not to large audiences; but the cause is rooted there from the seed sown by Matty Hulot, Emma Jay Bullene, and Mrs. Stone, and several other lecturers. Here I found a flourishing school on the Pestalozzian system of teaching, or abject lessons, as they call it; two of the female teachers were educated for their duties at the institution in Oswego, N. Y. They take assistants and teach them also. About two hundred scholars attend this school, which the city adopts one of its public schools, and they are taught to think, and act, and speak for themselves; are much attracted to it, and seem to learn faster by far than at other schools. But even here I found the poison-blight of the clergy, for they had crowded in a supply of pictures of Scripture scenes, as appropriate as would be pictures of Esop's Fables, or Sinbad the Sailor's Voyages at Sea. Certainly, these would be as appropriate as Moses in the rushes, Pharaoh's bath in the Red Sea, Jehovah on the mount, Noah and his ark and flood, Daniel and the lions, Samson and his foxes, Balaam and his jackass, Jesus and his dove, Peter and his fishes, Judas and his bag, Patmos John and his angels pouring vials of wrath, etc., etc. Certainly, it is time fact was separated from fiction in the schools, and that old fables should no longer be taught for truth.

I shall soon get off my four lectures here, and move to my next point, which is Princeton.

WARREN CHASE.
Geneseo, Ill., May 20th, 1864.

United States Conventions.

DEAR BANNER—Through thy beautiful folds we learn that the United States Convention will come off at Chicago. We like the plan much, as it will give our Eastern friends a fine opportunity of visiting (may be on an excursion ticket), the great metropolis of the West, whom we trust, they will become better acquainted with the spiritual wants of the people in this garden of the world. We do not claim to be much of a financier, but in view of the great gathering upon that occasion, and the results growing out of it, and in order that there may be something tangible from which to base a superstructure, we would beg leave to suggest or hint at a plan that might tend to give direction in part to the action of the Convention.

The proposed plan is this: that where there is no organization, no concert of action, some individual in whom the Spiritualists have confidence, in each and every locality where spiritual lectures are wanted, draw up and circulate a subscription paper, stating the object and purpose of the same, to wit, the sustaining of lectures on and after the fifteenth of October next, during the coming winter; the sums subscribed to be subject to the action of the subscribers in case they shall organize in accordance with the regulations adopted by the U. S. Convention. In case they do not organize as above stated, or in some other way, then let the individual who obtains the subscription, (if he will take the responsibility,) secure a hall, obtain and pay lecturers, &c., and when the Convention meets, bring in or send a report of all moneys thus pledged. Then, from such a report, a pretty definite calculation may be arrived at, as to the number of lecturers wanted to supply the demand.

It strikes me that a little discussion of this matter previous to the meeting of the Convention, may be productive of great good. I, for one, propose to start a subscription; and, organization or not, in case our friends in Milwaukee and west of us will move in the matter, we can and will secure lecturers, and thus move on in the glorious work so well begun. We of the West have been content to occupy our time and pecuniary means since the war broke out, for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, and now that it seems drawing gradually to a close, and we are not sadly disappointed in regard to the end thereof, we think it about time to look after the spiritual interests of the people.

Hoping to hear from others, whether pro or con, to the idea suggested, I am, dear BANNER, for the onward march of our glorious system of revelation.

W. D. HOLBROOK.
Waukesha, Wis., May 24, 1864.

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION.—After a chicken has gone to roost, if you open the hen-house door you will find in it a fowl-in-peace.

The truly great are humble, as those ears of corn and boughs of trees that are best laden bend lowest.

Correspondence in Brief.

From Indiana.

Since Mrs. Street's death, one year ago, we have had but little preaching here; but the Cincinnati and Chicago Hallways in course of construction, in our town, which, when completed, will afford lecturers and mediums a easier way to visit us; and what few of us there are, are ever ready to pay liberally, so that we hope then to have an awakening here. Orthodox have adopted many of the fundamental principles of our philosophy, that there is not so much to contend for as there has been. They have given up a literal hell and heaven, ascribing happiness and misery to the condition instead of the abode of the soul or spirit, and many of them admit a belief in the progression of the spirit on the "other side"—that the devil is "entwined around our hearts here," which of course cannot be the old-fashioned, cloven-footed, horned fellow. But they still deny the power of spirits to communicate to man, although they admit their presence and influence upon us.

J. H. LUTHER. Crown Point, Lake Co., Ind., May 24th, 1864.

About a Sealed Letter.

DEAR BANNER—I am delighted with your visits for through you as a medium I receive joyful tidings from the beautiful summer land, which robs death of its terror, and inspires a faith in a better future, which is an anchor to the soul cast within the veil both sure and steadfast, which for us even Jesus hath entered.

I am very well satisfied with the answer to my sealed letter, notwithstanding all my questions were not answered. At the time of writing, I omitted to insert the name of the person, or spirit, I addressed, intending to do so at the time I placed it in the envelope, but which, being some days after, I forgot to do. Nevertheless, the name was signed to the answer I received. It was spelt correctly, and I think a fair mistake. The name was "Geo. H. Williams." We were both members of the same Lodge of Odd Fellows, at North Wayne, Me. JOHN W. DUNBAR. Parkersburg, Wood Co., W. Va., May 24th, 1864.

A Few Lines from Dr. H. T. Child.

MR. EDITOR—I have just returned from Virginia, and will endeavor to prepare an account of some of the things which I saw there for your readers.

My friend, Mrs. Hale, expects to spend the summer in the East and visit Boston, and would be glad to let her rooms and library to some responsible Spiritualist for the summer months. The location is central, and it is a good situation for a medium. There is at present a great demand for these in our city.

Charles Foster, I learn, is here, and is quite busy. I am glad to hear you agitating the project of a "Monthly," and think it will be a decided success, if properly managed. I shall be glad to add my mite to it. Yours, HENRY T. CHILD, Philadelphia, Pa., May 28, 1864. 634 Race St.

A Note from Mrs. Felton.

MR. EDITOR—Will you allow me to say a word to my many friends who have so kindly written me during my two years of illness and silence. Dear friends, I have not forgotten you in my hours of helplessness, and thank you for the many kind letters I have heretofore been unable to answer. I am not yet well and strong, but I hope to grow so ere many months; and I find my love of truth, and trust in the spirits stronger than ever. I shall commence my labors in weakness, but I hope to continue them in strength—gathered not from earth alone, but from the angel world. Yours in love of truth, as ever, FANNIE B. FELTON.

Our Washington Letter—Bro. Pardee, &c.

As the very warm weather approaches, it is well known that the religious societies—particularly throughout the South, if not equally so throughout the North—and the generality of those who compose their audiences are not over-anxious to forsake their comparatively cool and comfortable homes, especially on Sunday evenings, and visit a full gas-lighted, poorly-ventilated church or hall, unless something out of the customary order—a concert or other unusual attraction—temptingly invites them. Our society of course is no exception to this rule. But all things considered, it is a source of gratification, showing as it does what a strong hold Spiritualism has upon this community, to witness so many in constant attendance at our regular meetings. In proportion to those who claim to be in active sympathy with us, I believe we outnumber any other society here. And though this is not saying all one could wish in this connection, still, under the circumstances, it is more than could be reasonably expected.

Next season it is proposed, if not already determined, to hold our meetings under more favorable auspices—I mean with regard to a larger, better and more accessible hall, which unfortunately for us this year we have been obliged to hold in a third story. It is also designed to secure beforehand, if possible, a sufficient fund by subscription, which will enable us to make our meetings a complete success.

During May our philosophical friend and inspired Brother Pardee has been with us. A teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy for ten years—one of the few pioneers still in the field—he is too well known to need special notice or commendation at my hands.

I must make this remark, however, because it is so unusual and unjust to those, in the past and in the present, who have been and who are laboring by every word and act to disseminate spiritual light and truth. Spiritualists, as a class, are too apt to look with indifference, to use no stronger term, upon their oldest and most faithful public exponents, rather than cherish them for the good they have done and are doing for the cause. I make no reference to particular individuals; it is more or less true of all. Through misdirection, slander or success, through evil and through good report, when Spiritualism was regarded as the latest born child of the devil, and since it has become a power in the land, these worthy missioned itinerants, taking comfort, reputation, the delights of home, all that makes life enjoyable, and sometimes even life itself, in their hands—like unto the apostolic ones of old—have gone out into a bitterly condemnatory and prejudiced world, in singleness of heart and devotedness of life unsurpassed by any case in history—to preach the love and truth and wisdom of this later and diviner revelation to humanity. Thank God! I feel I owe them a duty and a debt which I am poorly prepared to pay; and therefore I keep nothing laid up in my heart save a sense of gratitude and blessing toward them evermore.

Bro. Pardee never was very popular, and for aught I know—I was going to say, and I might as well, as to think it—I hope he never expects to be, as popularity is generally understood. His thought as well as his style is not popularly adapted to the mass of those who attend our meetings, and so he is constantly misunderstood, regarded as impracticable, a fanatic—and treated accordingly. But whether an original, independent, or strongly individualized speaker should primarily seek the level of promiscuous listeners, curiosity-hunters and surface-skimmers generally, or addressing the comparatively thinking few, endeavor to raise all up to his own higher plane—must be decided by each one for himself.

His recent discourses, I am told by those who ought to know, have not been equaled here by any for power, in depth and breadth of thought, and fervency of expression. From what I have heard, I know of but a very few who have in such a rational manner and to such a satisfactory de-

gree, explained and interpreted the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Philosophical, comprehensive and unitary, there is, by virtue of these very qualities, a logical coherency and sequence, in the presentation of his views, by which the truly reasoning or thinking, the composite, consistent mind, is irresistibly led to their acceptance.

As many have listened to his platform discourses and warmly expressed a desire to read, in conveniently printed form, his uttered thoughts, I am happy to say they will soon be favored with the opportunity; for I learn that he expects to publish at an early day, through the generosity of a friend here, a volume of his writings under the significant title, "Thoughts from Three Kingdoms—or a Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Offering."

I doubt not such a work will command more attention from the progressive and advanced minds among us, than any book which has been issued by the spiritualistic press for years. The best thoughts from his highest inspirational sources, it will embody, in compact form, the substance of his more recent lectures and letters before the public.

Perhaps I cannot better close this note to you than by briefly stating certain distinctive points of his, to wit: Through him it is declared that a triple Dispensation of Love, Wisdom and Truth (Natural, Spiritual and Celestial) is now dawning; that Jesus, now the Christ of those three, comes as his Spiritual Center—to bring it in; that it will be a head and body added to the religious heart of Christ in the past—a special Universal and Unitary Truth Dispensation. An interpreter and reconciler, it will show the relations of opposite sides of truth in every sphere of thought. Religious, philosophic and practical, it will construct its New Church, its New State and its New Society—which unfolding, will embrace the past, express from the present and accept from the future. Washington, D. C., May 30, 1864. G. A. B.

P. S.—It is hardly worth mentioning, but I notice that your correspondent, Mr. Horton, referring to a previous article of mine, objects to having first-class minds of this country—like Emerson, Phillips and Beecher—contribute to a Spiritual Magazine! For the same reason and by the same logic he ought to object to any but Spiritualists attending spiritual meetings. Why does not the non-Spiritualist reader of the Atlantic object to having its pages enriched by contributions from Robert Dale Owen, Lydia Maria Child and others, when it is known they are Spiritualists? It would be equally consistent, or why does the Independent, which is Orthodox, permit Horace Greeley, who is a Universalist, to write regularly for its pages? True his articles are usually the most suggestive of all which appear in its columns, but certainly—according to Mr. H.—he ought not to be permitted to continue them. Spiritualists, of all people in the world, should be liberal. B.

Intemperance.

In your editorial of May 14th, Mr. Editor, you make a plain statement of a terrible evil—intemperance—and call loudly for help. "What shall be done?" Men begin "to feel that only the Lord can lead the nation, by some such violent means as he is now employing to exterminate slavery, out of its beastly debaucheries. If any one can see how intemperance can be brought to destruction by anything less than a providential convulsion, he can see further than we can."

My brother, Providence always works by means, and the only means that can ever bring men out of any and every species of intemperance, is the elevation of woman. Woman must be freed from bondage—from man's dominion over her, and she will lift him out of all his slaveries, as now in her bondage and degradation, she is the means—not the cause—of his enslavement. She must be redeemed from her outcast condition—from those hells of infamy into which men have plunged so many of our sex. Licentiousness and drunkenness keep even pace together. Women could not lead such terrible lives, only in the wine cup and whiskey bottle. Every vile house of infamy is a manufactory for drunkards. Just so long as any portion of our sex is kept in this degraded condition, just so long will men be held down to the lowest depths of vice.

"How long, O Lord, how long?" For many, many long years my soul has sent up this cry of anguish for my erring, suffering sister, and her sinful brother. "How long, O Lord, how long shall man rule over woman, and steep himself in iniquity?" What can be done?

First, what has placed so many females in this dreadful outcast condition? In most cases, I believe it is their utter inability to earn an honest, respectable living, and three-fourths of them have been placed in this helpless position by the treachery of men. Women do not prostitute themselves for pleasure. When woman shall be redeemed from bondage to man, she will redeem him from all intemperance and vice. I have always thought that Maine Laws and Moral Reform Associations were about as powerless for the destruction of vice, as colonization for the destruction of African slavery. All these institutions have done much good in individual cases, but they do not strike at the root of the evil.

Thousands and thousands of unprotected women and girls are harnessed to the car of labor for a mere pittance, while the real fruits of their toil are used by men as means for compelling their submission to lust, and both are dragged down to infamy and vice. The very profits of their own labor are absorbed by man, which compels their submission to him.

If the African race had been educated or rightly instructed from the time of the old revolution, to-day they would have been capable of self-protection and self-government, and this terrible war would have been averted. If defenceless, young girls (and women, too) were cared for and protected by men as they should be, and educated in the laws of life, and health, and purity, and the (to them) fearful consequences of disobedience, they would be capable, not only of protecting themselves, but men also, from the terrible evils of licentiousness and drunkenness.

It is for men to say how long this state of things shall last. It is for them to say whether or not this country shall sink down like the Republics of old into debauchery and crime. Are there good men and women enough in our land to day to save it from destruction? I believe—yes—but there may not be twenty or even ten years hence. The down-hill slide of corruption is swift and fearful. Is it not high time for good men and women to take the right means to stop this sliding avalanche of pollution? It certainly is, if they would avoid a "violent, providential convulsion" of society, caused by debauchery and crime that could only end in its temporary ruin. All violent means or convulsions are productive of disorder and temporary ruin. No one can doubt this who has read history aright. For present proof look at the slavholding States to-day. E. G. WILLARD.

Lycum Hall Meetings.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in the above named hall, in this city, on Sunday afternoon and evening next. Her subjects will be "Philosophy of Pythagoras" and "Ancient Oracles," closing with a poem.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, 2d FLOOR. 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 Revolution of the Time.

This is something more than a mere sectional strife in which we are engaged to-day. It may have been that when it was begun, but it can be spoken of within such restricted limitations no longer. Originating in a desire, on the one side, to throw off allegiance to the common government, in order that a Slave Power might be established on this continent, and on the other, in a determination that no such power should dominate over any portion of the country which stretches between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but that Freedom should bear rule, and sway everywhere—this deadly antagonism, this irrepressible conflict has gone forward with the most energetic deadliness, until even all the general interests of state, church, and society, are involved in the issue, have already become more or less modified as the contest has waxed warmer, and will inevitably take the impress of the principle which comes out of the trial triumphant.

The sole and simple object has been, on our side, to maintain the Union unbroken and the Government in its integrity. On the side of the rebels, the object has been to destroy both Union and Government together. That issue is plain enough to be understood by any one. But it grew suddenly to such dimensions, laid under tribute so many of the deepest feelings of the human heart, and made calls for help on so many of the resources of the social state, that, imperceptibly almost, we find everything and everybody swept into the great whirlpool of the contest, and instead of a mere sectional struggle, or a strife between the Government and rebels in arms, it is in reality a social revolution on a wide-spread scale, and involves in its results every interest which pertains to our common society.

In the first place, from being a nation at peace with all the world, pursuing only the avocations of peace, and eagerly accumulating those ready gains which are the reward of such pursuits when undisturbed, we have become in the brief term of three years a nation of soldiers, bearing arms voluntarily, veterans in the service already, and developing our martial spirit until we are as ready now to make war a business of our lives as we were before to greet the very mention of the word with execration. We have men in plenty now, who are thoroughly trained to do the cruel work of war, whether on our own soil or sent across the border to meet Europe on Mexican soil. Not only that, but we have in the same time transformed our mercantile marine into the most powerful navy that was ever seen this side of the Atlantic. The temper of the nation is fairly up, and may be employed in a way and with an energy not dreamed of by those foreign nations which are watching us with such an undisguised interest.

Then, again, whereas we have been quite free from the burdens of taxation before, and the over-crowded population of Europe have sought our shores chiefly because their earnings were not to be eaten up of the tax-gatherer, we shall find that we shall have to make a new reckoning now, and lay upon our shoulders a load which we should once have thought them unable to bear. We are sure of having all the taxes we shall care to pay, for the rest of our lives, and not for ourselves only, but for a long line of generations after us. Taxes are no respecter either of things or persons; like the fall of snow, they make themselves felt everywhere; we buy not an article, however trivial, but it carries the burden of the tax; we enjoy nothing, but the instrument of the enjoyment has been saddled with a tax.

And in other and very important particulars we have met with a national change. Perhaps the most important is that by which we have become fused into a strong and centralized nationality. We were a confederacy of States before—after this, we shall be a powerful nation, with a unity of all the elements which before were but loosely collected and bound together. The General Government is to be the centre and seat of the power of the continent. We are to develop ourselves none the less as a people, we are to grow none the less in the region of individuality—but it is all to make itself felt at last through the arm of the national power. The United States will take a position among the nations of the earth, after this war is over, such as they have not held before. And by having perilled all they have and are in this war for Freedom, their voice and counsel will be felt hereafter over the world, as that of no nation of modern times has been felt and acknowledged. And no small part of that final freedom to which we are to attain is the perfect freedom for the human soul from whole systems of spiritual restraints and tyranny.

General Banks.

It turns out, if we may credit the New Orleans correspondent of the New York Herald, that the many gross stories which were put in circulation against Gen. Banks have no foundation in fact, and will speedily return to plague those only who invented them. Gen. Smith's corps alone did not whip the rebels at Pleasant Hill. Gen. Banks did not order back Gen. Smith, after he had pursued the enemy for six miles. Gen. Banks did not order McPherson, whom he met, on the retreat, with a force of six thousand men, to fall back and destroy a large quantity of oats, which the latter refused to do and finally saved. And, on the whole, Gen. Banks has suffered no disgrace from the change of commanders which has been made in his department; he is made Military Governor of Louisiana, with orders to report to Gen. Canby, instead of to Gen. Grant.

A Picnic Festival.

As the warm season has returned, people begin to inquire, "When is there to be a picnic?" etc. Now to gratify the anxious ones, we have only to refer them to Dr. Gardner's notice in another column, as to time, place, etc. Our friends will of course all be on hand, as they are always sure of a grand time, with the Doctor as manager. Good speaking, good singing, good dancing, good eating, and everything rationally good may be expected.

The Right of Asylum.

The Arguelles case in New York makes a good deal of talk. The gentleman of that name was a Spaniard, and a Governor of one of the provinces of Cuba. He was proved to have conspired at the landing and sale of slaves from the Coast of Africa; and, with the receipts of his inhuman trade, he came to New York, where he was secretly arrested by order of Secretary Seward, confined in a prison where none of his friends could find him, and sent privately down the harbor on board a vessel which was all ready to sail for Havana. He has since arrived at and been taken possession of by the government there. It is true, as charged against this mode of spiriting away a foreigner who has sought an asylum on our shores, that there is no present law, or extradition treaty, under which the act can be justified; and no one can approve the secrecy of the proceeding either, which avours more of the style of the old Venetian Council of Ten than of any known to us of modern times; but it is, universally conceded that a law ought to be in existence, under operation of which criminals of this sort could readily be handed over to the foreign power demanding them.

The sacred right of asylum, that is, for men who have banished themselves from their native land on account of their opinions, ought never to become impaired; but that is clearly a different matter from keeping our shores for a home and place of safety for all the rogues of the world, criminals and others. There should be a law by which these might at once be given up, or else we openly consent to become copartners in their guilt. We cannot but condemn the manner of Arguelles' arrest, but it is beyond question that he ought to have been made to go back.

The Danish Affair.

They are having what they call an armistice between the Germans and Danes now, the same to last for a month in all. After that, unless Napoleon, the great and subtle politician of Europe, shall interpose, the prospect is that the belligerent parties will fall to fighting again. We may expect that result, at any rate. England acts as two-sidedly about the matter as ever. She is afraid to take any decisive step, this way or that—quite in keeping with her time-serving character. A neat style of anecdote is told concerning the Queen—that her son-in-law, Prince Frederick of Prussia, sent congratulations to her that they had whipped the Danes on the land, and Alexandra, her daughter-in-law and young wife to the Prince of Wales, had sent her similar congratulations because the Danes had whipped the German allies in the recent sea-fight! The royal family in England is getting strangely mixed up, in the matter of European politics.

Prices of Meats.

Meats have been "up" for some time past. And they will probably stay "up." It is not so easy to demonstrate that the speculators are wholly to blame for this state of things, but it is undeniable that they give the last and largest turn to the screw, and keep out of market stock that has long been ready for consumption. There is hardly any one of the great staples of consumption which they have not touched. First it was coffee, then tea, then flour, then kerosene, then sugars and syrups, and then butter; now it is meat. The papers are urging the people to do without meats for a time, and we think the remedy would prove a thorough cure of the disease. Besides, there is little need of eating meat in the warm season; it had better be dispensed with than not.

Gen. Grant.

The purpose of this soldier remains fixed and immovable. He is like rock, not to be shaken by the clash of all the obstacles in the world. If he cannot carry out his plans in one way, then he will in another. He holds on by his purpose like a bull-dog. His tenacity will prove in the end to be more than a match for his opponent, great as his genius for war may be. Never before now have the rebel leaders—Davis and Lee—really had all they cared to attend to; they have not until now been made anxious for the result. Accordingly, they are compelled to practice all sorts of deceit to keep the spirits of their army from sinking, and to keep alive hope in their breasts. We believe as the rebels do, that the present campaign will make an end of the rebellion.

Will Pay Gold.

The legislature of New York, at its last session not long since finished, neglected to provide for the payment of the interest on its debt due to foreigners in gold, as originally promised—although it had treated its home creditors in the same way the year before. In other words, the State declined to keep its faith with its creditors, and compelled them to take their interest in paper instead of gold. But some of the brokers and bankers of New York City are making efforts, which promise to be successful, to prevent the stain which will rest on the State—the richest and most powerful of all the Free States—in consequence of not keeping its engagements. There is much gratification expressed at the prospect of their success.

A New Disciple.

Gladstone, one of the leaders in the British House of Commons and a member of the Government itself, has surprised his own party and the liberals, too, by coming out boldly and publicly for extending the elective franchise in Great Britain. But there is a "cat under the meal," after all. He has acted entirely from policy, though it is fortunate his policy puts him at last on the right track. Having falsified about Garibaldi, and offended the people beyond forgiveness by becoming a party to his indecent removal from the country, he now seeks to make reparation by outrying favor with the masses in this way. How it will result is not so well known as it will be by-and-by.

Political Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists, or some of them, think of putting a Presidential ticket into the field. If they should nominate candidates, and if they are as numerous as they claim to be, the action of the Spiritualists would have a material effect on the decision of the national election.—Boston Traveller.

It is true that the Spiritualists are numerous, and might "affect the decision of the national election," but we hardly think they will put a candidate for the Presidency into the field. The time has not come for that. We believe in effectively closing the rebellion, instead of clogging the wheels of government by turning the attention of the country to President-making. Save the country first—electioneer afterwards.

Cool Soda and Medicated Beer.

Our friend Octavius King, apothecary, 654 Washington street, has for sale the nicest and coolest Soda to be had in Boston. His Medicated Beer, also, is just the sort of beverage sick people should take at this season of the year, and well ones, too. Those who have set themselves on fire by strong drink, can quench the flames rapidly by sipping Bro. King's beer.

Praising and Blaming.

Dulver, in his new volume of Essays, comments on the effects of dispensing praise as well as of inflicting habitual censure, and says, with the air of a true philosopher, "It seems to me that the habit of seeking rather to praise than to blame operates favorably not only on the happiness and the temper, but on the whole moral character of those who form it. It is a great corrective of envy, that most common infirmity of active intellects engaged in competitive strife, and the immediate impulse of which is always toward the disparagement of another; it is also a strong counterbalancing power to that inert cynicism which is apt to creep over men not engaged in competition, and which leads them to debase the level of their own humanity in the contempt with which it regards what may be good or great in those who are so engaged. In short, a predisposition to see what is best in others necessarily calls out our own more amiable qualities; and, on the other hand, a predisposition to discover what is bad keeps in activity our meanness and more malignant."

The National Spiritual Convention.

The time for the commencement of the National Convention was erroneously given as the 6th of August, whereas it should have been Tuesday, August 9th, to continue until Sunday the 14th, inclusive, at Chicago, Illinois. The official call will be printed in our next issue. Great interest is being felt in regard to this Convention, and we hope Spiritualists everywhere will take part in it, for it cannot fail of having a salutary and beneficial effect, even if no definite action is arrived at. The coming together of so large a body of liberal and intelligent minds will be a marked event, pregnant with mighty results in the coming time.

We are informed by Dr. Gardner, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, that satisfactory arrangements are progressing for a reduction of fare over the various roads for those who wish to attend the Convention, of which due notice will be given soon.

Capt. Fred G. Pope.

This fine officer is attached to the 1st Mass. Vol. Regiment, (Company D), now serving under Banks in the Department of the Gulf. He is a Spiritualist, is very humane, always looking after the welfare of those under his command. Many sick soldiers have reason to be thankful that they are associated with so good a man. Even when sick himself, as he has been, he was anxious that his men were well cared for. And while he is thus serving his country in the field, he does not in his large heart forget the unfortunate ones at home, for we have just received from him five dollars, to be added to our "Bread Ticket Fund." He has also remitted five dollars in aid of our Free Circles. When the BANNER was first commenced, Capt. Pope headed the list as its first subscriber, and his name has remained on our books ever since.

War in Europe.

The Conference which has been in session in London, for the past month or more, promises to amount to nothing at all. The Prussians have not regarded the armistice while it was supposed to be operative, and their Government now officially announces that it does not consider itself bound by the treaty of 1852, to which several powers were voluntary parties. All things considered, Europe is drifting into a general war. We look for its arrival there by the next year, if not before; and if we can but finish up the hard work of our own rebellion by that time, and go ahead again after the rule of righteousness and political justice, we can afford to watch European struggles with considerable interest, availing ourselves meantime of all the advantages which such a state of things will bring to us as a new nation.

Discipline.

Instead of having been unfortunate in the past, as men ordinarily use that word, the Army of the Potomac has merely been in a state of needed discipline. It has now a gigantic task before it, to perform which it was very necessary that its previous training should be thorough and even severe. Its marches and bivouacs, its battles and losses, its watches and its unwearied patience for the past three years, have culminated in this present grand opportunity which it is offered for capturing the rebel capital and destroying the rebel army. The very necessity which the rebels feel for holding Virginia to the last, will prove their final ruin; for here is the place of all others, where we would prefer to find them, fight them, and compel them to capitulate.

Spiritual Book and Newspaper Stand for Sale.

A fine opportunity is offered to a young man of enterprise and limited means to enter upon a safe business, by Mr. Samuel Barry, of Philadelphia, who desires to dispose of his book, periodical and newspaper stand, as old age is compelling him to think of retiring from business.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. T. S. HANNIBAL, MO.—Your letter (enclosing unsealed questions for a spirit-friend to answer) is a sensible one; but the questions, many of them, are of such a nature that we fear the spirit could not respond if he would. The modus operandi by which the invisibles communicate with the visibles through the instrumentality of mediums, for answering sealed letters, is so nice, that the only wonder is that one in ten are answered at all. The magnetic forces required and brought into use by spirits ere they can communicate, is by far finer than the operation of our magnetic telegraph wires for the transmission of thought by words over them, although the same law governs both. When the questioner puts his thoughts of an elevated nature upon paper, of a spiritual tendency, he is most, if not always, sure of a satisfactory response. On the other hand, if a writer desires to communicate by letter with his dear ones who have passed to the immortal life, he will fail to meet with a speedy response, if at the same time he expresses a doubt that spirits can return and communicate. By so doing he severs the silver cord that links him with his loved ones, and they are consequently obliged to retire from the medium in deep sadness. Faith is a potent agency in connecting the telegraphic wire between the two worlds. See to it, friend, that you act in accordance with these subtle laws of nature, and you venture to affirm, without the slightest doubt, you will succeed in mastering the philosophy of spirit communication. We will, however, seal up your questions and place them before the medium for answer.

J. M. A., EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—Your articles are always welcome.

E. W. BURNS, MICH.—Moneys received. We tender you our sincere thanks for the interest you take in the welfare of the BANNER.

