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Literary Department.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"She had hair as deep black
As the cloud of thunder;
She had eyes as beautiful
And dark eyes flashing under."

MARY HOWITT.

It was the winter of 18—. A season of unusual gaiety had dawned upon London. Pleasure held high carnival, and Fashion reigned supreme, leading her votaries in one continual round of dissipation. At last, when the brilliant world had become sated in a degree, and with vitiated taste to feverishly long for something new and startling, it was wrought into a state of exciting anticipation by the announcement that a debutante was to make her appearance at the Theatre. Many and various were the reports circulated in regard to her beauty and merits.

The eventful evening at last arrived. The house was thronged at an early hour. It seemed as if the whole city had gathered there to behold the glory of the star that was destined to arise that night. It was a new play in which she was to appear. The first one or two acts were extremely dull, and elicited no applause. On the contrary, the audience looked coldly on, and murmurs of disapprobation were plainly to be heard. But in the third scene, when Bianca Terressini in all her wondrous beauty stood before them, with the fire of inspiration lighting her dark eye, and the proud lip curved haughtily, they gazed in mute admiration. When she spoke, they hung breathlessly upon every word the rich musical voice uttered. The part that she enacted was that of a loving, betrayed and forsaken woman. The story itself displayed no great talent upon the part of the author; but Bianca stamped her own intellect upon it, and raised it to the heights of fame. She flung such power and pathos, such depth of feeling and wild intensity of language into it, that she made it grand. Her acting was impassioned, vehement; her attitudes faultless. She excited her hearers. Her magic influence held them spell-bound. She thrilled them with horror, melted them to tears, and roused them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

After she had left the stage, the vast audience sat mute and motionless for an instant, and then the building rang with one long, continuous burst of applause, and cries for her re-appearance were echoed from every part of the house. The manager led her out. Garlands, choice bouquets, and even rich jewels, greeted her. She had taken their hearts by storm, and never did an actress in Theatre receive a greater ovation. While she was gracefully bowing in acknowledgment of their homage, a wreath, composed of white immortelles and green leaves, was thrown by a skillful hand, and rested lightly upon the classic head, with its magnificent sweep of ebony hair. A murmur of admiration swelled into a shout from the crowd, as they beheld this elegant tribute bestowed upon their favorite, while Bianca, turning her soul-speaking eyes to a box on the right, beheld a young man bending eagerly forward, his face betraying that his heart, as well as hand, had crowned her queen. A smile played for an instant about her perfectly chiseled lips, and then she again withdrew. Six times was she summoned forth by the enraptured throng, and then the author was called for. In response to this request, a gentleman with a pale, careworn countenance came forward, and in a few brief words acknowledged the favor of the public. He was proud and grateful, he said, and yet he must admit that the success of the play was all owing to the genius of the Signora Terressini, and to her, therefore, belonged all praise. He had but feebly expressed his idea, but she had fathomed his feelings, and most forbiddingly portrayed them, to his great wonder and delight; and reiterating his thanks for their appreciative kindness, he retired.

There were many that now left the theatre, not choosing to remain to the afterpiece, and among these was the person who had signified his approbation of the artist's performance by placing the flowers upon her brow.

He was a fine specimen of manly beauty—tall and well-proportioned, with dark chestnut locks curling around a fair, open brow, laughing hazel eyes that danced merrily at some remark of his companion's, and a chin that betokened considerable force of character; but the mouth—which every physiognomist loves to scan—was concealed by a heavy mustache.

"Well, Mortimer," exclaimed his friend, as they reached the street, "I am eternally obliged to you for persisting in dragging me to the play, in spite of all my remonstrances. I would n't have missed such a treat for the world. She is certainly destined to become a second Mrs. Siddons. Heaven's! isn't she beautiful?"

"More than that, Hamilton. She's divine!" "Hal! hal! Reginald, you are really quite enthusiastic. By the way, that was a capital bit of yours—crowning her. Strange that I could not have thought of it, but you always were a lucky dog—forever doing some curious thing in a cool, off-hand way, leaving us poor fellows in the lurch. It is that, I believe, that makes you so very popular with the ladies."

"Very likely," was the laughing reply. "My confidence amuses them; they do n't like bashful men, you know. But jesting aside, Arthur, with

regard to the wreath, I did that on the impulse of the moment. She was every inch a queen, and bore herself right royally."

"Take care, my boy; you are treading on dangerous ground. Just imagine how Miss Clarendon would arch her pretty eyebrows if she heard you extolling an actress in that style."

"Nonsense, Arthur. Where's the harm in my speaking a few words in praise of the charming Bianca? As to the lady you refer to, I can't conceive as it can make any possible difference to her, anyway."

"Why, Reginald, I am astonished! Is it possible that you mean to say that you are not in earnest in your attentions to that quarter? Why, Mrs. Grundy has talked as though it was a settled thing."

"Well, she's a meddling old woman, and do n't know any better than to trouble herself about other people's business. As for Mrs. Clarendon, I have enjoyed her society as a friend, but the thought of making her my wife never entered my head; nor do I think she has ever viewed herself in any such light. With all my faults, I am not so conceited as to believe that every lady that smiles upon me is desperately in love with Reginald Mortimer. Miss Clarendon is agreeable, entertaining, and all that, but I do n't fancy blondes."

"More! do hear the boy talk! Why, only last week you could not endure brunettes. I see how it is: that lovely, bewitching actress has really turned your brain."

"Do be reasonable, Hamilton. Your remarks are very ill-timed. Is it so essential that I should be smitten by some one? Why do n't you say that Cupid shot one of his arrows from the eyes of that little flower-girl that we met this morning? It would about equal your other absurdities."

"Well, well, old boy, I meant no offence; but when you are so marked in your expressions of admiration, why, what's a fellow to think, I should like to know? By the way, have you heard from home lately?"

"Yes, I had a letter from my sister this morning. She says that there are gay times in Richmond this winter. She also complains that you are exceedingly negligent about writing, and adds that she shall begin to think that your heart has swerved from its old allegiance, if she does not hear from you soon. In revenge for your talk to-night, I have a great mind to inform her of the numberless flirtations that you are carrying on. A pretty record it would make for your betrothed to scan, I'm thinking."

"Oh, may the gods appease your wrath, and turn aside your vengeance! You know I would not lose Eva for the world. In all our travels I have never met her equal, and I say, God speed the day that makes her my wife; but I do so hate to write. It is perfect martyrdom for me to hold a pen; but I'll send her a letter to-morrow, although I very much fear that I shall not survive the operation. But I have an engagement in here, so I'll bid you good-night, as I suppose you will be in the land of dreams ere I see you again. I hope you will enjoy yourself! And with a parting salutation the young man turned away, leaving Reginald to pursue his walk to the hotel alone."

"Pshaw! What a fool I am, to be so captivated by that face," muttered the latter, as he sat in his room half an hour later. "Hamilton little thinks how true his surmises are. But it will never do. I must throw off the spell that she has cast over me. What! shall I be said that a Mortimer wedded an actress?—that the mistress of Moss-Side played in a theatre? Never! Oh, but she is glorious! Those dark, slumberous eyes of hers have struck a fire in my heart that none ever had the power to kindle there before; but I must smother it. Never did such a radiant vision cross my path, and I have beheld beautiful women of every clime. Was it decreed that I should meet my destiny in the person of Bianca Terressini? No! what nonsense for me to talk in this strain. Probably she is already betrothed. I shall begin to think that Arthur was right, and that she has indeed turned my brain. Hal! hal! that is a good joke! Reginald Mortimer love-crazed! Why, I shall forget her in a week." And with these words, he turned off the gas and sought his couch.

Bianca Terressini was the fashion now. Night after night—Theatre was crowded by an enraptured throng, to witness her matchless acting. With each play she rose in power and sublimity, surpassing all her former grandeur. Who shall say that her audience were not enraptured by the influence she cast over them, when she painted heroism, truth, devotedness and lofty self-abnegation in such vivid colors?

In the meantime, Reginald Mortimer—in spite of his determination to the contrary—had sought and obtained an introduction to the actress, and every evening he sat an eager listener, drinking in the music of her tones. Soon the proud heart beat faster at his approach, and a new light shone in the dark, fathomless eyes. At last he became her inspirator, for amid the vast sea of faces before her, only his met her gaze. His praise was sweeter to her ear than the applause of millions. She loved with all the wild abandon of her passionate Italian nature, and the handsome young American forgot his aristocratic family, his haughty, unyielding father, his cold, stately mother, and his proud, beautiful sister, as he basked in the sunshine of her smile. Ah, then and there he planted the seeds, the fruit of which was to embitter his whole life.

CHAPTER II.

"Be sure you look before you leap,
For as you sow, you're like to reap."

DITTEL.

Arthur Hamilton noted his friend's devotion to the beautiful actress withilly concealed anxiety; but knowing by experience that his proud, passionate nature would brook no interference in his plans and purposes, he made no comments, trusting that after a time some new object would captivate his wayward fancy; but one day, considera-

bly nettled by some fresh bit of scandal, he forgot his resolves, and started for Reginald's room, determined to remonstrate with him.

He found that individual deeply engaged in perusing the play in which Bianca had appeared, with her usual brilliant success, on the previous evening.

"Ah, come in old boy. So you were not at the theatre last night?" was the greeting that he received. "You can't think what you lost. Signora Terressini surpassed herself. Some of the royal household were present, and I understand they expressed themselves as highly delighted with the entertainment."

"I should really like to know if, sleeping or waking, your mind ever reverts to anything besides that girl," replied Arthur, in imminent danger of losing his temper.

His friend flushed angrily, but said, with forced calmness: "My thoughts are my own, and it is perfectly immaterial to others what object inspires them. Remember that in future, if you please."

"Come, come, Reginald, you can't bluff me off in that style. I do n't intend to quarrel; but I came in to have a serious talk with you. The fact is you do n't know what you're about."

"Indeed! and how long is it since you arrived at that sage conclusion, if I may be allowed to inquire?"

"Ever since you became so desperately enamored with a low-born actress, as to have eyes and ears for no one else," was the cool response.

"Arthur!" exclaimed his companion, almost choking with rage, "you presume too much upon our friendship. Dare to make another such a remark as that, and I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"I only speak for your good, Reginald, and you but betray your weakness if you cannot listen calmly to whatever I may say. If you have a spark of honor in your composition, or any respect for the lady in question, who, by your thoughtlessness, is made the subject of so many scandalous remarks, cease to follow her with your attentions."

"What! do they dare to speak in derision of one who is as pure as an angel? Show me the villain, and I'll make him eat his words; or, perhaps it is some dainty, petted, darling of society, who thus draws her garments shudderingly aside. What does she know of temptation? I tell you, Arthur, that Bianca walks through a fiery furnace, and her white robes are not even singed."

"Then you constitute yourself her champion, do you? What am I to understand by that?"

"Anything you please. I should like to inquire, however, who made you my keeper? My patience is nearly exhausted."

"Reginald, dear old chum, my head is clearer than yours at this moment, and I must show you the dangerous position in which you are placed. After doing so, and using all the arguments in my power to induce you to retrace your steps, if you then still insist upon pursuing your headlong course, why, I promise you that I will trouble you no longer with my interference."

"Well, drive ahead, my boy. I can't see, though, for the life of me, what you are aiming at. Some meddling old gossip has prepared a dose that you, good, innocent soul, have been just fool enough to swallow, I suppose. So spit it out, and relieve your mind, if possible."

"I heartily wish it were only one of Mrs. Grundy's reports. Are you really in earnest in your attentions to Bianca Terressini? Has a Mortimer so far forgot himself as to sue for the hand of an actress? By your own acknowledgment, she will never be anything to you unless you do give her your name; but I beg of you to pause and reflect before you take that important step. You very well know, that did you contract such an alliance as that, your father's rage would be terrible. Pride would conquer love, and you would be disinherited immediately. Could you bear to know that your ancestral halls had passed into the hands of another?—that beautiful Moss-Side was yours no longer? No; you could not endure it, and you will be Bianca's portion if she does accept you. I understand you better than you understand yourself. Now in your wild infatuation, money and all that sort of thing weighs very lightly in the balance against your love for her; but poverty is a hard master, especially to a person of your fastidious tastes and luxurious habits, and after a time you would tire of her, and question whether she were worth the sacrifice you had been obliged to make in order to possess her. What do you know of the realities of life, nursed as you have been in the lap of wealth? Then take the advice of an old friend before it is too late. Pause now, before you become inextricably entangled. She is beautiful and talented, and did she occupy the station that Nature designed her to fill, any man might be proud to call her wife; but now it is madness for you to even desire, much less to try, to win her."

Reginald's face had flushed with indignation, and grown white with rage while his companion was speaking, but now he said, with a sneer: "Well, Arthur, I'm astonished. If you have n't talked five consecutive minutes without pausing, wonders never will cease; henceforth I shall make up my mind not to be amazed at anything. I can't understand the secret of your eloquence, though; have you tipped the bottle lately? Perhaps you have turned Methodist, and concluded to become a preacher, and so decided to practice a little upon me."

Arthur Hamilton's face burned now, but he said, deprecatingly: "Don't jest, Reginald. It is a matter of vital importance to me, if not to you. Have we not been just like brothers these many years? Then the thought of Eva would not let me sit tamely by and see you ruin your prospects for life, and make no attempt to save you," and the honest fellow's eyes actually filled with tears in his earnestness; but the hot-headed youth before him was regardless of this, as he exclaimed:

"And it is on her account, Hamilton, that I have resisted the impulse to knock your words down your throat, and restrained myself from assisting you out of the room with the toe of my boot. Heavens! do you think there is another person in the wide world that could read me such a lecture as that with impunity? No; and I should advise you not to attempt it again. Am I not possessed of sufficient judgment, think you, to take care of myself? Upon my soul, I can't, but help exclaiming, 'Consistency thou art indeed a jewel,' when I remember your countless flirtations, and then think of your terrible concern with regard to my harmless admiration of the bewitching actress. Can't I enjoy the society of a pretty woman without desiring to possess her? I am sure I would n't hurt a hair of her head, and as for taking her to Virginia, and introducing her to my aristocratic relations as my wife, why, of course, that idea is not to be entertained for an instant, even if I could descend so low in the social scale as to do that. So, old boy, spare that tender heart of yours any further pangs on my account. Never fear but what Reginald Mortimer understands the proprieties of life."

Oh, Bianca Terressini! better, far better had it been for you and him if your spirit could have been clairvoyant at that moment, and listened to those words. Pride would have smothered love then, and fiercely trampled on every spark of tenderness which that handsome face had kindled; and after a time Peace, like a white dove, might have folded its wings again in thy heart—but it was not so to be.

"Well," responded Arthur, with an appearance of relief, "I am glad that my fears were groundless. I was extremely anxious, though. Somehow the fair creatures do circumvent us wonderfully at times; but I might have known that you were altogether too wise to get caught in such a matrimonial noose at that. By the way, I begin to want to see Eva and the rest of the folks. We've been wanderers now for two years. What do you say to taking the next steamer for home?"

"Hal! hal! I see how it is. You want to return like the prodigal son, and have the fatted calf killed, and felicitate yourself that in the merry-making consequent, Eva, at your earnest entreaties and the pleadings of her own heart, will consent to exchange her maiden name for the more euphonious one of Hamilton. Ah, you are blushing like a school-girl. I see I've hit the nail on the head. You can go if you want to, but really, I am very comfortable here, and I do n't see the necessity of change on my part."

"Why, Reginald, do you think that I would sail without you? When we left home, did we not promise that we would never desert each other in whatever position we were placed? I confess that I have been indulging in some such dream as you painted, but I am not so selfish as to wish to leave you here alone."

"My dear fellow, I will not permit any such sacrifice on my account. First, let me tell you a secret that will explain my aversion to returning now. When I was ten or eleven years of age, and Ida Cleveland an infant in her nurse's arms, our fathers—like obstinate, self-willed governors that they were—conceived the absurd idea of uniting their fortunes together in us; so, in imitation of the English style, we were betrothed. The consequence was that we grew up with a mutual dislike. It is six years since I saw her. She was then a young girl in pantalettes. Pretty and amiable enough, for aught I know; but bah!—this having your voice picked out for you without your having any voice whatever in the matter, may do for some folks, but it won't for me. Now you see that I know very well that my father will not give me a minute's peace after I get home, until I have fulfilled that contract."

"Ah, perhaps Ida may object also; oh, Reginald!"

"No danger of that, I guess," and the young man cast a complacent glance at himself in the mirror.

"Oh, dear! what a bundle of conceit," laughed Arthur. "Now I'll wager a dozen bottles of Champagne, that you'll fall desperately in love with her the first time that you see her."

"I accept. It is a very foolish bet, though; you are certain to lose."

"I'm not so sure of that; time will tell. But jesting aside, I do n't wonder that you dislike such an arrangement. I'd rebel against any such interference in my affairs. I should think that Mr. Cleveland and your father must have been addicted to novel reading at that time, or they would never have been so romantic as to start such a ridiculous scheme. Did your mother like it?"

"Oh, yes; she has not neglected her part in forwarding the plan. So now you see why I do not care to leave Europe at present. Probably I shall be disinherited if I refuse to marry her; but I'll put off the evil day as long as possible. I will not stand in the way of your happiness, however; so I hope you will go, if you desire to."

"Thank you; then I guess I will, for I am really longing for a sight of the familiar faces across the ocean. I should enjoy your company first rate; but I do n't blame you for not wanting to go. Well, I suppose I must begin to pack up my trunks. The steamer sails to-morrow."

Arthur Hamilton—good, simple soul—might not have been so well pleased had he seen the gleam of satisfaction that lit his friend's face as he passed out, or heard his muttered exclamation as the door closed after him.

"Halleluia! I was ever anything so fortunate?" was Reginald's exultant thought. "I could shout for joy. Here I've been racking my brains to think how I could possibly get rid of him, and he proposes to leave of his own accord. He has not the shadow of a suspicion but what I have been as frank and open as the day with him. Well, I shall breathe more freely when he has gone. He is the only spy over my movements. Good-fellow enough in his way, but I do n't think he'd hesitate an instant to report me to father, if

he thought it was his duty. Hal! hal! I never once thought that I should succeed so admirably in throwing dust into his eyes. I could but smile at his pretended knowledge of myself. He does not understand me well enough to know when once I have determined upon a course, opposition cannot change me. I love Bianca, and no power on earth shall prevent my making her my wife. After all, what are the distinctions of rank but the foolish pride of us vain mortals? Is she not as noble as the highest lady in the land? Where can I find her equal in graces of person, mind, or heart? My darling will consent to a secret marriage I feel confident, for I cannot brave my father's wrath, my mother's scorn, and my sister's reproaches at present. When the proper time comes, how proudly will I acknowledge her before the world."

CHAPTER III.

"There is a fire within—I feel it now—
A smouldering mass of strong imaginations,
That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,
And vent their hissing lava on my tongue."

Completely blinded by his friend's plausible explanation, Arthur Hamilton sailed at the appointed time without the slightest misgiving, and Reginald, freed from the restraint of his presence, revelled in his new-found liberty, giving himself wholly up to the delirium that possessed him. His dark, handsome face, winning manner, and captivating smile, made him a conqueror, wherever he went; who can wonder, then, that Bianca, moved by his pleadings, and loving him as only natures like hers can love, disregarded the warning voices of reason and prudence, and consented to a secret marriage—the ceremony to be performed at the conclusion of her present engagement.

The night of her last appearance arrived. Never was Theatre so densely crowded. It seemed as if all London had flocked to behold their favorite for the last time.

The orchestra commenced the overture, which was decidedly fine, but the audience was apparently deaf to its merits. At last a welcoming burst of applause announced that Bianca had appeared. Her beauty seemed almost supernatural; as she stood there in her floating robes of white, with the weird light flashing in her eyes. The play was a new one, and most singularly appropriate. The heroine, a famous actress, is beloved by a nobleman, and at his solicitation, consents to a secret marriage. She leaves the stage, and for a time, in her luxurious home, she knows the bliss of heaven. At last the husband wears of his low-born bride, and absents himself for months together. Grief and sorrow do their work, and the beautiful features become prematurely faded. Soon Rumor, with her poisonous tongue, whispers in the ear of the forsaken wife that her hidden one is paying attention to a lady in his own rank in life. It is her death-blow; but with something of her old fire, she rouses her falling energies, and disguising herself, goes forth to prove the truth of the report. She sees them together; beholds the love-light in his eye, brighter than any that she ever kindled; marks the tender, rapt look on his companion's face, and then, with her pallid lips framing a curse, she totters away; but her heart is broken, and her life ebbs away in the crimson stream that gushes from her mouth.

During the first few scenes Bianca was calm and tranquil. What love and tenderness she lavished on her chosen one. Then with that thrilling intensity she spoke, as doubt and distrust shot their barbed arrows into her heart. "I was faithful to watch the dying struggle of her woman's faith and trust, to see the proud, passionate nature wrecked upon the rocks of despair. Good God! can this be art? See the wild illumination in her eye; mark the blanched cheek, the quivering lip, and the faltering voice. Was ever anything so natural? How the hectic burns in her cheek; see her lips move; she is pronouncing the fearful malediction. Now she gropes blindly in the darkness, totters, sinks; rallies once again, and throwing her arms wildly in the air, falls, and blood trickles from her mouth."

"Heavens! she is dying!" cried Reginald.

"The crowd, pale and breathless the instant before, and thrilled with horror at what they considered perfect acting, now rushed tumultuously upon the stage."

She did indeed look like the bride of Death, with her pallid face and rigid form; her splendid hair, gleaming with jewels, falling in wild disorder about her. "It was a strange scene, that left its impress on many a heart."

They conveyed her to the green-room, and a physician present offering his services, they were accepted.

Presently the manager appeared, and announced to the anxious throng, that Signora Terressini had ruptured a small blood-vessel, but was not considered in any immediate danger.

Ah! did a shadow from the Unseen smite her heart? Did the blazing torch of prophecy illuminate the future for one instant? Who can tell?

A week passed, during which all persons were strictly excluded from Bianca's sick room, with the exception of the physician and nurse.

In the meantime Reginald wandered about in a state bordering on frenzy. At last he was admitted into the loved presence. He found his betrothed reclining in an easy chair. She smiled languidly as he entered, and then a quick shiver passed through her frame. How wan and delicate she looked. The rose-colored robe, though, relieved in a measure the almost painful pallor of her complexion. The large eyes were singularly bright, while pain had left its traces in the curve of the exquisite mouth. "Reginald flung himself down by her side with almost boyish abandon, and taking the hand that she extended, pressed it passionately to his lips."

"My darling! my sweet love!" he said fondly, "at last I behold you again. I scarcely know how

I have survived the week. You are much better now, are you not?"

"Oh yes. I am still feeble, but I hope to gain each day, and soon I trust to look and seem like my real self once more."

"You need the fresh country air. That will be the best cordial. It will strengthen you, and bring the bloom of health to that pale cheek. Oh, dearest, I shudder when I think how near I came to losing you. To think that you were ill, suffering, and I might not come to you—it was very hard. Soon, very soon, there will be none to dispute my right to watch over you. Is it not as blissful a thought to you as to me? Speak, Blanca. Why look at me so strangely?"

The shadow of a nameless terror lay in the gaze that she had riveted upon him, and now she said, in a low, impassioned voice:

"Oh, Reginald, do not deceive yourself or me. Is your love of the soul strong, high and mighty, steadfast as the stars, and as enduring as eternity? Will the waves of Time, in their ceaseless roll, never change it? Or is it a mere passing fancy, based on no surer foundation than this transient beauty?"

Awestruck by her manner, he was silent for an instant, then soothingly replied:

"My precious one, does not your own heart answer those questions? You are agitated now. Let me read you some poem that shall quiet these trembling nerves."

"No! no!" she almost shrieked, "do not beguile me by meaningless words. I must know where I stand. Are my feet on the solid rock, or is the ground that looks so fair and smooth but a treacherous swamp? Will the hour ever come when you will curse your folly in marrying me? Probe yourself, and if there is weakness or vacillation hidden in some dark recess, drag it to the light; for though I should be like a reed shaken in the stormy blast, I could give you up now, and survive the shock, but after I have laid my head upon your bosom as your wife, it would kill me to have you desert me."

"Blanca, dearest, you are inflicting needless suffering upon yourself by your remarks, besides cruelly wronging me. Can you not trust me, my jewel? I cannot conceive how I could ever exist without you; and as to loving any one else, that would be impossible. You are my soul's magnet; and other women are pleasing in my sight only as they resemble you. Now, my sweet, jealous one, are you satisfied? My heart hails you alone as its queen."

"Oh, how his voice thrilled her! Every modulation was a caress."

"Oh, my life! my king! I do believe you. Forgive my doubts. I think I am not quite myself; but I will brush away the mists that have clouded my brain. I think it must have been the play that affected me. Strange, but somehow I seemed to merge my own individuality in that of the heroine. I forgot where I was. My brain burned, my heart was wrung. Step by step I followed her in her pilgrimage, endured the same torment, and shed like scalding tears of agony. Oh God! 'twas awful! I am not naturally superstitious, and when I try to shake off the deadly fears that oppress me, and say that it was only the wild fancies of my brain, then it seems as if a cold hand clutched at my heart-strings. Oh Reginald! Reginald! tell me again that you will never change, that another shall never be dearer to you. If you do trample on my love and life, I, like her, shall go mad, and my dying curse will follow you."

He shivered involuntarily, and the lips he pressed to hers were cold, but he said gently:

"My poor, sick dove, you have overtaxed yourself, and are now paying the penalty. Such continued excitement as you have undergone for the past two months, to say nothing of the strain upon your mental powers, has been too much for you. If it were not so, dearest, I should chide you for your want of confidence in me."

"I know that I am very foolish," she said, wearily; "but oh, it was so fearfully real! Do you know"—sinking her voice to a whisper—"that the commencement was like us?"

"Fahaw! That's nothing! It was only a coincidence, darling. I never gave it a second thought. Neither would you, if your mind had possessed its usual healthy, vigorous tone. How can such a sad lot be yours? Why, you will ever be the most precious thing on earth to me. I never knew what it was to love until I beheld you; and your image, instead of fading from my heart, will grow brighter and brighter as the years pass. Then cheer up, darling, or I shall begin to question your affection for me. How do I know but what you wish to make this an excuse to get rid of me?"

"Oh, what a world of reproach looked from the sad eyes as she replied, in her thrilling voice:

"Oh, Reginald, I have staked my soul on your truth and loyalty, and what am I, then, if I love? If God does lay that terrible cross upon me, it will be because I have set up for myself an idol of clay. I shudder when I think what a wild, tempestuous love you have charmed into life. By its very intensity I know what hatred would be; but oh heavens! I had rather see you dead at my feet now, than think that that time will ever come. The wild beast of the forest then would not be more dangerous than I."

Then noticing his clouded brow, she said more gently:

"Bear with me, darling. I will trust you. God would not have called me from nonentity, bid me live to know this exquisite delight, and then leave me a shattered wreck upon the beach. Better, far better, to sink now into the ocean of oblivion."

"Your affection, however great, is not the perfect love that casteth out fear, it seems," he gravely rejoined.

"She gave him a glance of passionate devotion, and then said, simply:

"I am only a woman, whose nature has not yet ripened into the angelic."

"I am content to take you as you are," he smilingly replied. "But now another thought suggests itself. Am I wronging you in taking you from that sphere that you are so well calculated to adorn? Will you be content with the homage of one heart? You, who have received the admiring plaudits of thousands? Do you prefer orange blossoms to the choice wreath that Fame would twine?"

How her whole countenance changed as he spoke. The hard look melted from her eyes, and a soft radiance shone in their lustrous depths. Joy painted a delicate rosetin on the pale cheek, and smiles rippled over the sweet lips. Her face glowed like the dawn.

"Did you think that I cared for the praise of the idle throng?" she said, and her voice was like the musical chime of bells. "Oh, you did not understand me then. I never deceived myself as to the estimation in which I was held. I know that when they cheered me they were only venting their delight to think that I had amused them so well. I was a creature, a machine, in their eyes, whose only use was to while away an idle hour. I wrapped a mantle of cold reserve about me, and held myself proudly aloof until I knew you. Then all was changed. I became a new being. I gloried in my beauty, genius and talents, but only because they rendered me more acceptable in your

sight. I shrink now from presenting myself before the multitude, for was I not a vestal temple dedicated to you? I wished that I had been brought up in seclusion, and that no eye had ever beheld me until you, my husband, my other heart, came to claim me. Feeling so, you can imagine how insulted and degraded I felt when any rude gaze was leveled at me. Shame wrote itself in scarlet letters on my brow, whenever my name was taken upon their scoffing lips; but it was for you, not for myself, that I blushed, for I was strong in my own integrity."

Here she paused, and raised her head from his shoulder, where it had fallen in sweet confusion while she was speaking. Oh, how meek and humble that proud nature was to him!

He kissed her fondly on lip and brow, and then said, half reproachfully:

"Then why could you doubt me so, darling?" She raised her hand, deprecatingly:

"I am in the glorious sunshine now, and it has dispelled the dismal feelings and dark forebodings. Do not cast their shadows over my heart again."

"Then you're my own Blanca once more? I am glad of it; I do not know you in that strange mood. One day you will laugh at the absurd fears that you have entertained; for, darling"—gathering her tenderly in his arms—"I swear, by my hopes of heaven, that your gloomy prophecies shall never be fulfilled. If I ever wrong you, may that wrong be visited upon me tenfold!" he paused abruptly. A shiver ran through his frame. He gazed vacantly into space, while the look of agony upon his white, fixed face, was awful.

"Reginald! Reginald! What ails you?" cried Blanca, in alarm.

"Nothing, dearest!" he replied, passing his hand over his brow. "It was only a slight spasm; I am better now. Why, poor child! you tremble like a leaf. You've had agitation enough for one day, I guess; and if I don't want to have a storm of reproaches poured upon my defenceless head by that cross nurse of yours, I had better leave. So goodbye, my sweet love."

Oh, Reginald Mortimer! did the shadow fall over your spirit also? Or did a sense of your unworthiness to mate with that great soul press upon you with crushing force in that dread instant?"

CHAPTER IV.

"Speak it not lightly"—'tis a holy thing, A bond, enduring through long-distant years, When joy o'er thine abode is hovering; Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears. Recorded by an angel's pen on high, It must be questioned in eternity."

A month passed, and one night a scene of solemn import was enacted in the little church of a quiet village. Then, and there, Reginald Mortimer and Blanca Terresini took upon themselves the marriage vows.

"T was a strange bridal. The chapel so dimly lighted; the deep, thrilling voice of the clergyman; his wife and daughter—the necessary witnesses—standing silently in the background, and the two kneeling figures at the altar.

Outside, the sky was draped with clouds of inky blackness, rent occasionally by vivid flashes of lightning; the thunder beat its muffled drums; the wind wailed and moaned like some lost spirit, and great deluges of rain fell.

All this visibly affected the bride, and it was a ghastly face that she hid on her husband's shoulder, as they arose from the altar. He spoke a few words of endearment in her ear, then turned, and slipping a gold piece into the hands of each of their companions, thanked them courteously for their kindness, and withdrew.

They saw him lift his almost fainting wife into the carriage, spring in after her, give some order in a low, rapid tone to the coachman, and then the vehicle whirled furiously away into the darkness, leaving them to wonder and speculate over the marriage so singularly solemnized; question as to the secrecy, and shake their heads dubiously forever after, when they thought of the pale, beautiful bride, and the dark, saturnine groom.

Oh, Reginald Mortimer! what were you, that you should stamp your image upon that mighty, struggling soul, that in its pure strivings after the high and lofty, should stay its flight with such as you?

"T was Spring—bright, gladsome Spring—with its softly smiling skies, fragrant zephyrs, and delicate-hued flowers.

Blanca's days now seemed flooded with happiness; and if sometimes the soul almost trembled as it stood on the giddy heights of bliss, 'twas quickly strengthened by the elixir of hope and faith.

"Oh, Reginald!" she said one morning, "I almost wish to die. Everything fills me with such rapture, that it is akin to pain, and the old haunting thought will intrude, that it cannot last, and I would pass on now, while the sunshine is so glorious, rather than behold the darkening cloud."

"Nonsense, darling!" he rejoined, kissing the lids down over the darkly splendid eyes; "why will you not enjoy life as you go along, and let the future take care of itself. It will laugh in your face one of these days. Would you go to the arms of Death, my sweet one, and leave me desolate?"

"No; I did not intend to go alone," she returned, with one of her beaming glances.

He laughed.

"Well, I've no desire to mingle with the pale throng at present, so we'll dismiss the subject and talk of something a little less ghostly. To-morrow we start upon our travels, and oh, with how much greater zest shall I enjoy them with you by my side, than when I wandered there with Hamilton. How I shall delight to watch your cheek glow, and your eye flash, and listen to the wild enthusiasm that will leap in words of thrilling eloquence to your lips. 'T will be then that your rich, poetic nature will drink its fill."

He was right. Her soul did bow in adoration; but it realized that it stood in the presence of the Unseen, and as language is finite, she had no speech.

She felt the awful sublimity of the Alpine peaks, as they towered their majestic, ice-crowned forms heavenward. She gazed with dazzled eyes upon the deadly glaciers' shining heights; knelt, hushed and breathless, by a tranquil mountain-lake, listening to the anthem of the stars; beheld purple crags, like giant sentinels, and dashing cataracts with their white crests; rambled with reverent feet amid the moss-grown ruins on the Rhine; listened with eager interest to the legends the peasants loved to tell; with throbbing heart and kindling eye, she read of deeds heroic on sculptured marble. Ah! her spirit beheld beauty everywhere, whether in glowing landscapes, heaving sea, the chime of diamond fountains, or forest depths shaken by storms. At last, with clasped hands and tears of delight in her upturned eyes, she stood on Italy's shore—green, classic Italy—the land of her birth, with its beautiful bending sky, bright arch of hope and faith. Venice received them first. They floated through her streets at the vesper hour; saw gorgeous palaces, splendid towers, and glittering spires flash back the dying rays of day. Then music stole forth from her enchanted bowers and wove her magic spell. At last, Night gathered all things in her close embrace.

They went to Rome—Rome on her "seven hills, once mistress of the world," and now weeping over the ashes of her departed greatness. They wandered amid cathedrals and gray old ruins, where the luxuriant ivy twined in mocking contrast to decaying art; gazed on miracles of architecture achieved by the cunning hand of man; beheld forms of beauty that had sprung like magic from cold marble, and looked on canvas immortalized by souls inspired.

Then they passed to Naples; and as Blanca scanned the blue, o'er-arching heavens; felt the soft and fragrant zephyrs fan her cheek; walked in groves where Flora held her court; listened to the music of crystal rills, and marked the gaily-plumaged birds that flashed their bright hues in the sunlight, she remembered the saying, "Look on Naples and die."

Here they tarried many months. Everything that wealth and exquisite taste could produce, was lavished upon their home, until it seemed typical of paradise.

Never was Blanca so charming. The cloud had passed from her brow, and sunshine forever shone in her face.

In the meantime the theatrical world mourned the getting of the brilliant star that had shone so gloriously for a time, and soon they spoke of her with hushed tones and saddened looks, for it was rumored that she had dawned again in the bright effulgence of Eternity.

One day Blanca brought a paper to her husband, and playfully pointed to the announcement of her death.

"How do you suppose such a mistake ever happened to occur?" she inquired. "I shall begin to doubt my own identity next, for they positively affirm that I am dead and buried. How funny to be reading one's own memoirs. See what a eulogy they have pronounced upon me. I do not believe that you were aware that you had got such a remarkable prize for a wife."

"Oh, I did not need that to inform me of your many virtues," he gaily replied, as he finished reading the notice. "Rather a singular affair, truly; but I'm inclined to think that it is just as well. You have laid off your old life, and, butler-like, emerged into a new one. So now the last link is broken that connects you with the past; henceforth you are to know no existence but the present. Shall it not be so?"

She looked up in his face with a satisfied smile. "Your wish is my law; let it be as you desire, it is perfectly immaterial to me. Experience now the fullness of content—'tis all I ask."

"Ah!" he thought, exultingly, "she does not mistrust that I started the report. It was a wise idea, and will serve to allay suspicion, if any exists, in the minds of my friends. I scarcely deemed that the story would be so easily credited, though; but it has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Now I feel comparatively easy."

Singularly enough, at the same moment that they were discussing the subject, Arthur Hamilton's eye had fallen upon the announcement.

"Well, although I didn't wish the girl any harm," he mused, "I must say that I'm glad Reginald is delivered from her fascinations. I don't know but it was all a whim of mine, thinking that he loved her, yet anyway I shall feel better about it now."

Blanca's heart knew no want. Life's most nectarous cup was pressed to her lips, and the days flashed their golden wings by unheeded. Her husband, though, possessed no plummet where-with to sound the depths of her nature. There were rare and priceless treasures there, to which the wealth of India was as dust. Her meek, subservient and passionate devotion, were fostering the buds of selfishness in his soul, until they were almost ready to blossom.

She never ventured outside the grounds that surrounded their villa, as he had especially requested her to confine her walks within those limits. She never thought of questioning his commands, only yielded a sweet obedience, rather lifting for him to place restrictions upon her, that she might testify her love for him by her cheerful compliance with his demands.

Gradually, however, he grew weary of the monotony of his life. He had gained his coveted possession, and now he sighed for more worlds to conquer. So, after a time, he absented himself for whole days.

He was the soul of the gay company in which he mingled, and he was not slow to discover the eagerness with which he was welcomed, nor how bright eyes grew softer and pale cheeks bloomed at his approach.

Sometimes his conscience smote him, as with tender words and looks he fed the dangerous flame in lovely maidens' hearts, but he endeavored to quiet it, by saying:

"Hang it all! I must have some amusement. I don't care a snap for any of these girls, and I would not exchange my Blanca for the whole lot; but then that needn't hinder my having a little fun. I can't settle down into a stupid dolt, just because I'm a married man. I'm in a terrible awkward situation, anyway, and I don't see how I'm ever going to get out of it. I actually shake in my boots every time that I get a letter from home, for fear that they have got wind of the affair, somehow. What if Arthur should be right, and I have done a foolish thing?"

He often returned very moody and irritable, but his wife never reproached him, only trying in a thousand winning ways to cheer and comfort him.

One evening she said:

"Reginald, here is a note that was left for you this morning."

He took it, opened it, ran his eye over its contents, and then placed it in his desk without comment.

"What is it?" she inquired, contrary to her usual custom.

"Only an invitation to a fete on the grounds of a neighboring villa."

"Am I not included?" He arched his eyebrows.

"You? Of course not. The lady would not be apt to mention you."

"Indeed! and may I inquire why not?" she retorted, stung by his manner.

"Well, in the first place, she is one who prides herself upon her strict morality, and"—casting a curious glance at her—"I fancy that she thinks you have no right to bear my name."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at her feet, she would not have been more astonished. The hot, indignant blood rushed in great waves over her face, while her eyes shot forth vivid lightnings.

"Oh, Reginald! and you allow her to labor under such an impression as that, and make no attempt to correct it? Think of the implied stain upon your character, to say nothing of the obloquy and reproach cast upon me."

"Oh, well, my dear, it isn't worth while to distress yourself about anything of that sort. As long as our consciences approve our conduct, we should be entirely indifferent to the remarks of the world."

"But you will certainly not accept the invitation?" "I do not know," he replied, with provoking nonchalance. "They are excellent people, and give

splendid parties. I may saunter over there for a little while on that day. Everything will be done on a grand scale, I can assure you; but we'll talk no more about that now. It is a very trifling affair to what this is." And he tossed an open letter into her lap. Mechanically she took it up and glanced her eye over it. It ran thus:

"MOSS-SIDE, SEPT. 18T, 18—

MY DEAR SON, REGINALD: I particularly desire that you will return home immediately on the receipt of this. Have you no love, no affection for us, my boy, that you tarry abroad so long? Surely, your childhood's scenes possess some charms for you; if not, then obey the call of duty. I am growing old and feeble, and am liable to be called hence at any time, and it is the dearest wish of my heart to see you by my side once more. It was a grievous disappointment to both your mother and myself that you were not present at your sister's wedding. Ida Cleveland was first bridesmaid, and if I am not much mistaken, she felt as badly as we did that her partner was not forthcoming. Eva was very much vexed that all her nicely arranged plans should be frustrated on your account. The young couple have not yet returned from their bridal tour through the Northern States. You can imagine, therefore, how sad and lonely we are, bereft of both our children. Hasten, then, thou transient, to show thy smiling face in the old homestead, and thus make glad the heart of

Thy loving father, ALVIN MORTIMER."

"Well, what's a fellow to do, I should like to know?" exclaimed Reginald, impatiently, as his wife laid the missive down without speaking; "come, don't be sulky, blyde, over that other small matter."

"Am I over?" she said, reproachfully, as she came and seated herself upon his knee.

"No, darling! I was a brute to tell you what I did; but you see, that confounded thing tormented me almost to death, and I wanted something to vent my spleen on."

"Well, please don't make me the object again. Those cruel words were worse than a dagger-stroke."

"Oh, you little, foolish thing! they were not worth minding. But come, what do you advise me to do with regard to this doleful letter?"

"Oh, I don't wonder that the poor old man wants to see you, dear! His only son, too! it must be very hard. Your mother, also, how her heart must yearn over you. Really, I can't conceive any other way than to acknowledge our marriage."

"Botheration! that's just as much wit as your sex have got!" he petulantly exclaimed, pushing her from him. "You want to go to work in regular woman fashion and kick the dish over the first thing. That would be a nice mess, would it not? I thought you had more sense than to suggest anything of that kind. Might as well cut our throats, right off, and done with it. No; I tell you, Blanca, he would dishonor me instantly. Let me see; I guess I can contrive some plausible excuse that will pacify him."

"But the sword will continue to be suspended over our heads," she bitterly returned. "I am tired of all this subterfuge. When will it end?"

"I am sure, that is more than I can tell," was the gloomy response. "You should have thought to ask that question before you became Mrs. Mortimer."

"Oh, Reginald! I did! and you solemnly assured me, that, although your father would be very angry at first, he would soon become reconciled."

"I know I did," he said, half laughing with the recollection. "You see, dearest, I believed that any stratagem was fair in love, and as there was only one obstacle that prevented my capturing my prize, why of course I took care to remove it, or, at least, to represent that I had done so, which answered the same purpose."

"But was it honorable?" she rejoined, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, I never stopped to consider that," he lightly replied. "I obtained my jewel, and placed it in a brilliant setting, and now, if we are only cool and cautious, all will be well. I am generally so fortunate, that I feel confident something will transpire to extricate me from this scrape."

"And in the meantime we must act as though we were ashamed to show our faces," she said scornfully. "Oh, to think that I have come to this! I feel that I am a living lie! I, who ever prided myself on my truthfulness and candor. Oh, Reginald! it will eat into my heart! Let us fling fear to the winds, and go to your parents. I will trample my pride under my feet, and oh my bend-knees plead for a place in their affections. Love will inspire my tongue with more than mortal eloquence, and they cannot refuse to grant my prayer."

"Blanca! what madness is this? You do not know them, child. When their plans are thwarted, marble is not colder nor harder than their hearts."

"Well, then, meet your fate. Let them cast you off, if they choose. Are you a slave, that you should hug your chains?"

"My darling, you are talking of what you do not understand. Have you not heard the old saying, that as poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window? Well, that would prove true in our case. I am naturally a lazy dog, and can no more exist without luxuries than a fish can live without water."

She laughed.

"Well, Reginald, you should have everything that you desired, and these hands should procure them for you. I could give lessons in music, or teach painting and drawing, and I presume we should get along very nicely. It would be far better than living as we now do, anyway."

"Blanca, if you love me, never insult me by making another such proposal as that!" exclaimed her husband, starting up and pacing the floor with rapid strides. "Did you think that I would demean myself by consenting to such a wild scheme? No; a Mortimer will never descend so low as that! Don't trouble yourself any more. I guess I can manage it. I shall write home as though I'd never received this letter."

His wife sighed, but made no reply. Lo! the cloud had appeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO RIGHT.

Though earthly interests take flight, Or job upon the sod; Still dare thou ever to do right, And leave the rest to God. Do what thy duty calls each day, Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers thy frenzied foes Roll on thee like a flood, And weave a subtle web of woes— They cannot harm the good; The clouds and shadows here, you have, Project a glory to the grave.

Do right! and bravely bear each blow; A blessing will be given; If not in this bleak world below, In yonder smiling Heaven. Walk in the way by virtue trod, Do right and leave the rest to God."

"PNEUMA."

Watch for the Banner of Light.

GALLIEE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Jesus! thy saints have waited long For robed sky and wrath divine, When thou shalt come with angel throng, And in the pomp of glory shine. But holler than such cloud, throne, Thy watch and wait, beside the sea, When midnight stars in beauty shone On the still waves of Galliee.

The ministers of pride and power Have marked the change in human things; And seen, in some propitious hour, Thy kingdom patronized by kings. But nearer to thy heart was laid The humble learner at thy knee, Drinking the gracious words that made The night divine on Galliee.

Grandly the skill of Art may show, In pictured wall and chanted hymn; Where high, barbaric windows throw Strange light into the chancel dim. A scene of simpler art was thine— The song of maidens by the sea, And fishers' nets, in bended line, Along the shore of Galliee.

The foxes find a sure retreat In holes upon the mountain's crest; Where the green olive branches meet, The birds have built their sheltered nest. The cows and sheep, since night began, Homeward from woods and hills have sped, And left them to the Son of Man, Who has no where to lay his head.

Oh Christ! whatever men may say, They, not thyself, in pride have grown; And let them not expect the day When they shall see thee on a throne; Nor wish for wonder and for sign, But thy approving glance to see, From eyes whose light of love divine Outshines the stars on Galliee!

Onwego, N. Y., 1864.

Original Essays.

TRI-UNITY; OR THE HARMONIAL MAN.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

That conception of the Divine which comes simply from the religious in man, will not and cannot satisfy us, fashioned in the image of the All-Beautiful. Nor, on the other hand, can any single sight of man himself fill the complement of his own full-orbed perception of what he himself is. Nay, we will not rest satisfied with the as yet incomplete representation of Him Infinite? To intellectual and philosophically affirm that the Divine is the Great First Cause, is well; to declare, religiously, that he is a Father, is well; to say that the All-Useful is, in a practical sense, an Infinite Architect or an Almighty Actor, is well—but do we stop here? Let us go back on our own tracks somewhat. And though we understand, at the start, that the Infinite Esse is *secundum*—not simply a Masculine Spirit of Fatherhood, but, likewise, a feminine form in Nature of Motherhood—we will not be content. A finer analysis and a deeper and truer presentment may open to the searching view. There are alternate internal and external aspects to be had both of man and God.

Why did not Jesus, once the Christ of Love, but now the Christ of Love, Wisdom and Truth, these three, affirm, when in the physical form, of God the Motherhood, first of all? So essentially feminine and maternal himself, he could easily have grasped that fact. But the age of forceful man would not let him. Besides which, he extended an individual relationship of himself with the Christ-Angel and relative individual God over this planet, and who in every prime sense of characteristic was his psychologically fashioning, as he was his spiritual, Father, into a Universality of acceptance. Or, if he did not himself do it, others after him did it for him. Now see—scientifically, and so by necessity at last religiously, centers are first, and finer and feminine; circumstances next, and not so fine and masculine. Centers are attractive, like beautiful women; circumstances forceful, like strong men. Therefore, in the more interior, in the subtler and more essential sense, God is Mother first, next Father. Let us pray, then, to God the Infinite Mother, very tender, overbrooding, drawing us to Her, filling us, interpenetratingly, with the sweet magnetism of Her life, as well as next to Him, the Great Method, who regulates and coordinates and distributes the everlasting flow. Thus, in the internal sense, woman is first and more potential; but in the external sense man is chief.

Hence, then, the soul of the child Human, a celestial magnetic and principled Unit as it is—being both feminine and masculine—is feminine first. All souls are alike—dual and equal. It is position, I think, in the spiritual matrix, attractive and receptive of it at the seventh embryonic month, that determines, along with the bias of sex conferred by parents, the masculinity or femininity of after individuality.

But, back on to the Divine again, before forward on to the Human—what still exhibits? A dynamic mathematics arrests us. Men did not manufacture Numbers; they only discovered them. So, I say the Naught (0), out of which, as from an infinite circle, comes all numerical expression, and which in one sense is not anything, but in another sense is all things, expresses the Divine Personality. God is both an Infinite Personality, as well as an Universal Individuality. Both views must obtain. The Divine is a Personality as to the essence, elements or principles of Her life. He is an Individuality as to the methods and forms and uses of that life. Naught stands for the Divine Maternity and Personality, out of which came forth all the forms of the Divine Paternity and Individuality. In this sense we must have a new fable, and get the man out of the womb, if not the rib of the woman. But the Infinite Spirit is and must ever have been coequal in sex.

But Universal Individuality must itself have its symbol and numeral expresser. It is the unit. One, therefore, stands for the Individuality of God. Two is sexuality, and hence sociality; and three is completion. Three, therefore, is the first pivotal harmonic number, whose successors seven and twelve, rising in both spirit and quantity, inevitably follow on—coming forth from secret recesses of essential Life to complete the triune scale. The trinity, then, is the first completeness everywhere. And it expresses, in one general conceptive sweep, first, Love, the Divine Mother; second, Wisdom, the Divine Father; and, third, Truth (or Use), the Divine Child. Uses are completions—imitates that entype the Life and Form that are irresistibly wad to bring them forth. Use, therefore, is the grandest Gospel of the Ages, whose highest figure, the Celestial, in union with the Spiritual and Natural, and inspiring both, is about to usher in, in this fullness of rational and civilistic times, a

special Dispensation of itself. All hall ye three, Love, Wisdom and Holy Uses. Religion and Philosophy and Practically consecrate.

Now as to the Human: assuredly, if man is macrocosmic, the macrocosm is fashioned in the form of a grand man. Stellar systems image the limbs, the lungs, the brain and heart and full body of the Infinite Individuality. Therefore, if we can but unlock the secret doors of the individual Human, we proceed in and out, forthwith, to Infinite revelation.

Each and all lie on the base of a spiritual mathematics. The law of Numbers ordains the order of the Universe. Therefore it is that social order for man, after the divine fashion, must issue and ensue under the law of numeral relations, and be imaged in a special form correspondent to that of man.

So, the plan of the external heavens must come down to man; but, also, the method of the internal heavens must come out from him. Verily, the Kingdom of Heaven is both without and within. Therefore, it will not suffice to grasp the scheme of the skies: the Organizer of this spiritual era must, likewise, be an embodiment and living exemplification of it.

I am constantly compelled from within to put his verbal eidolon to men. Wherever he is, he must in the best and amplest and divinest possible sense to man be an Harmonical one. When three meet in oneness, in such an one, when front and top and back brain beautifully blend after the measure of that equilibrium that distributes to each its lawful own, when the Individual, the Social and the Religio-Spiritual or Connubial cojoin in every activity in indissoluble equitable partnership for the evolution and dispensation of all good and all use—our woman or our man has come. And we will not centrally rest content with any thing or any one less than this all-glorious three in one. Every other is but aid to that end.

Now it is hard to put hand on the head of God. Not so, however, as to you or me. But every head is alike in this—that it is trine. The look is, so universal, of tri-unity. Nevertheless, the trinity is represented as well corporally, as in that definition that makes each a body, mind and soul, an animal, human and divine, an outer, an inner and innermost.

How magnificent is the shapely head. Fineness of fibre and harmony of mould are more potent than crude hugeness. Have you anointed eyes? Behold in the vaulted and domed sphere of the cerebrum the electric flame breaths, the crystals of spirit, horn in the brain as thoughts. Look—how beautiful the interconnection, the magnetic network and interlock, the poles, shining like magnets in the front brain, the poles shining like magnets in the back brain, the sudden flashes of fire along fiery wire, the luminous atmosphere circumscribing the encephalon, the thought-cells expanding and contracting and bursting, the play of open and shut, the challenge along the whole line of faculty, the response from negative polar pickets in the trunk and members of the physical form, to positive powers regnant and radiant in the brain; the full body of mind, from head to feet, palpitant and seemingly exultant—'tis wonderful!

This cerebral sphere, an image of the Infinite sphere, must represent to us the finite sphere. Centrally within shines the divine personality as soul, and around it range the three great departments, whereby that personality gives manifestation of the composite human—front, back and top brain—individuality, sociality, connubiality.

For, as the Divine Individuality is a unit, the unit man must, in his circumference, have special cerebral compartments to exhibit his sense of individuality. I present it as the front brain. Individualism is salient and definite through difference. Perception, Reflection, Analyzation and Combination give the sense of separateness, distinctness, wholeness. Every man and woman is conscious of his or her singleness of selfhood in the front more than elsewhere. Here each is an independent. But there are many independents, or many single and idiosyncratic selves. Hence each must have in him or her a department by whose action each may socially cojoin with others. Two or more imply and supply, at once, some relationship. By the back brain, therefore, we are inter-dependents, or, in other words, Socialists. But relations widen and extend. A realm of mystery, an Infinite Esse, and an angelic hierarchy sky us over. To that ye go, because drawn. We are drawn because we are, at deeps, like, if not equal to, all that. Man holds relation to the outwardly unseen, the spiritual and the divine, because he is inwardly spirit, and innately divine. Substance responds to substance of its kind. And unity with God is, when all the Divine in us magnificently answers to and commingles in equitable commerce of spirit with the Divine out of us. Hence finite as we are to that Infinite, we are sub-dependent. Herein is the need, and the fact of existence, in the coronal brain, of the Religio-spiritual, or Connubial in man.

Why use the term Connubial? Because deep interior development, culminated in actual life, implies marriage to God (or Divine spheres), to a true sexual companion, and to universal and consecrated uses. For Love is central soul-substance; and it finds its highest and divinest expression through the coronal, which is Wisdom's peculiar realm. Hence, Love is the soul of Wisdom. Hence, Love is the queen of Wisdom's dominions. And hence, highest marriages, springing from deepest and therefore divinest Love, are imaged in, come forth in spirit from, and make finest figure of exhibit through the top brain. God here melts the twin into one golden flowing stream. Were it possible to absorb the trine man into a single composite expression, Connubialism would present itself as the ripened fruit of both individualism and socialism. But it is not possible. Nature ordains separate locality and separate cerebral faculty for her every relative mental distinctness. So we see on the cerebral map. Here is defined the limitation of every State in the Empire of Mind.

Besides, herein is to be noted special magnetic polarization and radiation. In affairs of a practical cast, with which we are related by virtue of possession of body, perception and intellect, it will be seen that perception and intellect command the consciousness. These look out level or horizontal. Electric lines go out then, from the front brain. Get clairvoyant, and so see. We must be face to face, with that we would direct. And no man can do business, primarily, through the top brain. That does not, electrically and radiatively, as it does, not locally, point or face that way. Do we give attention to anything on this outer—that attention that would arrest, or command, or master that outer? Then electric radiations stream forth from the front brain, with a positiveness and power proportionate to the intensity or vigor of attention. That confers a sense of individuality, in the intellectual, and not blind brute, sense, that is felt in us as master of the situation. Intellect commands matter. But it will achieve greater when the social and the connubial work as its harmonious allies. Hence, even on this limited threshold, the demand for tri-unity.

Now see the reason why spiritually developing folk lose power of eternal concentration. Why this complaint of loss of vigor here, and lack of

memory once so tentacious? The lines of electric radiation are disturbed. Newly awakened faculties in the coronal realm, attract up the magnetic life. What once went straight out on the level, or at an acute angle, begins to go on the perpendicular. The top brain gains, but the front brain loses, the say of spirit. Hence a sense of lessened vigor, tentation, concentration, and sometimes a numbness, or vacuity. While now and then, where deep development of the spiritual has gone on, one seems to be wide open at the top, and mingling with the Infinite.

Now I suppose I have not to prove either that man is a social being—or that he is so, primarily, by and through the back brain. What is apparent proves itself. Well, let this faculty, or set of faculties, have their due. Men must consociate just as they must contact. The easier, the more flexible, the more harmonious social action is in each of us, the better for each and all. It has been said, very individualized persons fear sociality, and very social persons individuality. It is true. But it is true because of a lack of harmonious adjustment. Unquestionably it is hard to tell precisely where the boundary line should be marked, across which the forces of each kingdom may and must interchangeably go. I think when the keystone of the coronal arch is finely fixed, and is made of the substance of Religio-Spirituality, a certain beautiful ordination ensues. Some king must be chiefest on this triple throne of the Individual, Social and Connubial in man. And I think it is the last, waving a golden wand to vitalize and magnify the other twin.

True Socialism is order amongst men, based on Justice and Love. Hence in one sense, Socialism is completion. For Savagism is first, like crude infancy, things in indistinct mass. Individualism, or Chittism, follows on as separateness. But unity of individual atoms, or persons, succeeds. But perfected Socialism is reached only as perfecting agencies from perfect law and love conjoin themselves to it.

You imply at once, not simply an intellectual perception and application of the laws of Sociality, made visible in the external and operative in the internal heavens, but, also, a centralizing power—a fine spirit of the divine that lends each to its own, a detector of falses, a corrector of abuses. So the order of growth of the universal man is Savagism, Civilism, Socialism, Connubialism (or Divinism), Progress. Five, then, in numeral Wisdom, stands for this last—five is Progress.

Balance is what is now most needed everywhere in the world human. For Balance implies Justice; Justice implies Order; and perfected Order is Harmony, or Heaven. So, the many-sided disk of God's inspiring providence is now turned man-ward. The day of one-sided prodigies will slowly pass away. Things move in circles. And a rounded cast of manhood and womanhood must take the place of prodigious singleness of self-hood. The Intellectuals, Moralists, the Religionists, the Practicalists; the Bacon and Comptes; the Socrates and Howards; the Christs and the Fenelons, and the materialistic Broddings, point, every one, to the possible composite of all in one.

In this end comes Jesus, the triple Christ, now in the world—first, to develop, and next to adjust the Individual, the Social, and the Connubial in man. I am constrained by overbrooding powers in the spirit to make this persistent presentment. Their voice is—men and woman, be ye developed, united, perfected in your separate selves.

Does the Ago need balance—and balanced men of either sex, to induce it? It needs, therefore, the Unity which comes from the divine three in one. A universality and a regularity must develop. What shall invite, or confer them? I answer, first, an undying, unswerving integrity—that is Truth; second, a boundless benevolence—that is Love; and, third, a clear perception of the relation which all things sustain to each other, the goods and uses of all the falses, and the special status of every figure—this will bring the kingdom to come. And this is the work of that sacred order prophesied. Its divinely commissioned Teachers, with a consecration on the one hand, by tribulation and the magnetic grace of God, on the other, head-men, heart-men and hand-men, will usher it in. We now rapidly advance toward an Epoch of tri-unity. Spirituality flowering into Celestialism, and an Harmonical Philosophy gone fully up to that divine height. These twin, conjugated, must give us the destined One. The first is a feminine force—the heart; the other, a masculine—the head. Their unity will present the promised child of strong hand. Its apostles, the new and sacred twelve, shall show the world what true Harmonicalism is.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To W. S. Courtney, in Spirit-life.

DEAR BROTHER—When in earth-life, you were interested in the inquiry of "what and where is the Spirit-world?" or, what constitutes the actuality of the abode of spirits? Through the columns of the "Spiritual Telegraph," you furnished a series of articles embodying your views upon the subject, and, until your departure from earth, maintained those views with earnestness and a force of ratiocination which quite precluded their being successfully controverted. Your thesis set forth that the Spirit-world, instead of being matter sublimated, or objective entities, is but subjectivities objectified through the process of thought; thought always projecting itself—with the spirit—into forms corresponding with the actuality of the thing entertained. This view of the reality of the Spirit-world is maintained also by spirits who have communicated of late through Mrs. Conant, while the opposite—or entity theory—is distinctly affirmed by Hudson Tuttle in his second volume of the "Arcana," and by other media.

Will you now confer the favor upon the world of investigators of Spiritual Science, of giving the sum of your deductions on the subject, from your standpoint as a resident of the spirit-world, as early as convenient, through Mrs. Conant, or any other medium you may select; your communications to be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT? If it will facilitate the question, I will submit a few interrogatories which will embody the substance of the information sought.

1st—Has the disembodied spirit a form corresponding to the material form, which is inseparable from its intellectual being, and indestructible to its powers of volition? or
2d—Has the spirit no form cognizable to other spirits, except that which comes from memory only, of its earthly form?
3rd—Is the spirit-world composed of entities—emanations from the material world—which maintain their respective conformation, as mountains, valleys, forests, trees, flowers—and even animals—or
4th—Is that world simply and only subjective, being elaborated or improvised by the power of thought; thought taking the form and dimensions of the thing conceived of?
These four questions cover the main ground of the information sought. Hoping that you may become distinctly aware of their being propounded for your consideration, and that both your interest in them and your convenience may induce you to give them an early reply, I subscribe myself your friend and former acquaintance.

W. C. Taylor.
Ann Arbor, Mich., March 6th, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHANGED.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Come back once more, sweet angel-guests,
Come back, nor leave me thus alone;
Since your white wings swept sadly hence,
Nor peace, nor quiet have I known.

When the dark clouds drooped sadly down,
And the bright stars their faces hid,
When through my night the giant Caro
My every happy purpose hid—

At first I folded still my hands,
In meek submission strove to bow,
And patient smiled, and forward gazed
With longing eye, and hope aglow:

Then, when the years all draped alike
In sorrow's wet garments passed,
Something within me rose in pride,
And 'round me a steel armor cast.

Was it not well?—Else I had died!
My heart had broken long ago,
Had I not with a purpose stern
Forbidden each deep emotion's flow.

And I grieved stern, and proud, and cold;
I drove the tears back to their fount,
And pressed the seal of silence there,
Nor dared my misery to recount.

And when in love ye drew near me,
Bright angels from the blessed spheres,
I turned away in terror, lest
Ye should unseal the fount of tears!

I wrapt me in my armor cold,
And in my heart I cried, "Begone!
I may not clasp your loving hands,
I'll strive and suffer best—alone!"

And so the tenderness in me
Went out as dies the wick that's spent—
Till Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Grief,
One strange, unvaried meaning lent.

With cold, distrustful eye I look
Out on the world, once fair to me;
Beneath its gaudy, scentless flowers,
The deadly serpent now I see!

Evil so stealthily that stalks
Yet up and down the walks of life,
The trait'rous smile, the honeyed word,
That cover hatred, envy, strife—

The fair outside, the seeming good,
So like false sepulchres within,
The gilded masks so many wear,
By which they adulation win.

Oh! these have awakened in my heart
Fires that I reeked not slumbered there;
I shrink aghast at what I now
See in their lurid, fitful glare.

Oh! for my childhood's roseate veil,
To drap all things in magic guise!
'Tis rent in twain, and nevermore
Can hide the evil from mine eyes.

Oh! for more faith, more charity,
That I may hate the sin alone,
While my heart swells with pitying love
For every wandering, erring one.

Come back once more, sweet angel-guests—
I falter when I walk alone;
I need your gentle, loving care—
Oh! lead me nearer to the Throne!

neither of whom could have moved without his observation; that he felt hands on his face and head and all parts of his person; the musical instruments were carried around for a good while above his head, far beyond the reach of the mediums, provided they were free—which they were not. Mr. Aldrich said to the audience that "he was satisfied that if the mediums could untie, it was an utter impossibility to tie themselves." Such comments are but a repetition of those which are given by all who attend the seances—members of both Houses of Congress, of the Cabinet, and of Foreign Missions—all untidily join in the same decision. Truly are these mediums verifying the prophecy of olden times, when great and wondrous things are being performed.
Washington, D. C., March 6, 1864.

March 9th.—I regret to say that the Davenport brothers have left Washington and gone to Baltimore to fulfill an engagement made there before coming here. The interest was greater the last nights of their manifestations than any preceding, and their many friends deeply regretted the circumstance which called them away, which was, that unless they took advantage of that time, they could not have a hall in Baltimore before June next.

The last night but one of their stay, the proceeds were given to the Christian Sanitary Commission Fair, the net proceeds being over \$100. On the last night the hall was filled by an intelligent and fashionable audience, who greeted them with applause such as would satisfy the most sensitive-minded lecturer. On this occasion they were tied by a doctor and an old sea captain; their hands became black from the lack of free circulation of the blood, and for hours afterwards the prints of the ropes were plainly to be seen on their wrists. The knots were of the most difficult nature, yet they were untied by the spirits in one fourth part the time it took the committee to tie them. Hands were shown freely and taken hold of by the committee, and the instruments seen to move, as well as the hands to appear and strike the committee, in full light. The city had got into a perfect excitement, and hundreds were obliged to go away without the opportunity of witnessing the manifestations through the mediumship of the brothers, and Mr. Fay in the smaller room. I have never seen greater excitement than was shown in this time.

At these sittings the mediums are, a portion of the time, held by a committee, and the manifestations are as readily produced. While being tied, their coats are taken off and other persons' coats put on, and this with hands securely tied together and the ropes sealed. Truly do we live in wondrous times, and greater things are being done than was done eighteen hundred years ago.

The Davenports will return again and finish the work so well commenced here. They challenge the most rigid scrutiny and receive it. They have proved themselves a perfect success in Washington, and we are astounded at the friends in Philadelphia having been so severe toward them. They deserve and should receive the earnest and cordial support of all friends of progress. Rarely has it fell to the lot of two young men to be met with such undeserved abuse as this; their persons maltreated, grieved on all hands with the cry of "humbug!" and "cheat!" and yet they have gone on regardless of the jeers and threats as well as abuse. Is not this martyrdom? and who of us is there willing to undergo the same? Then ought we not at least to greet them as co-laborers in the great work?

I am satisfied that no truer mediums are before the public, nor any more worthy of support.

As to our brother, C. H. Foster, I must reserve another letter to speak of him. Suffice it to say he is doing a great work with us, and many are, through him, learning the true way.

Mrs. Hutchinson is fulfilling her engagement and fully meets our expectations. She is one of the most spiritual mediums I have ever met. To know her, one must be in her company in private life; she is remarkably modest and unassuming; hardly admits of her remarkable powers. She has given some very fine tests. In seeing and describing spirits I have never known her to be excelled. It is surprising to me that she should have so long kept away from our larger cities, which I can only account for by her extreme modesty.
ALFRED HORTON.

City and Country.

In the busy whirl of life in Chicago, one hardly finds time to reflect, much less to put reflections on paper for the paper. The great cities of the West, especially Chicago, catch all the crocheted sticks of floating human form that drift within its broad eddies. Yet they do not live here; they come and go, and go and come. I often wonder whose familiar face, with name long since forgotten, I shall meet at the hall, or in the parlor; or whose voice will next hail me with, "Mr. Chase, I believe"—as I am hurrying along the crowded walk to or from the post-office—"heard you lecture in '—not heaven nor the hot place, but almost any city or section of our country where there are two or three of our belief in spirit-intercourse.

These cities are hot-beds where humanity is sponged too early for a natural growth. Intellect and passion are both developed sooner and faster in the city; and the latter runs wild in American cities, and destroys its sacrificial tenth of our youth in early life—scars, cripples and diseases two other tenths for life. It is a fact well known that few city-born children become full grown and well-developed men or women. Most of the leading minds and well-developed bodies who control the business of the cities, were born in the country, where less excitement and less vice and misery came to the knowledge of the mother. Here all extremes meet, and here the cup of misery is full to overflowing.

Large cities are at best great centres of sin and misery; and yet we all boast of their rapid growth and seek them as we do stimulants that lead to intoxication; no, not all, for some spend quiet and happy lives in the country; and they and I wonder why so many seek haunts of dissipation, or city life; and yet I like the cities and get lonely in the country. But every day, when I walk the streets of the city, my heart sickens and grows sad over the signs and sights I see—poor little half-starved children, hardly covered with rags and dirt, neither of which are sufficient to keep off the cold—those who would clothe and feed them, cannot, those who can, will not—and we call our country civilized, and yet make no adequate laws to protect these little ones; boast of it as a Christian country, and yet forget the story of doing to the least of these what we would do to Jesus. I have made this subject a study for years, and have traced these sufferers to their fountains, and sought the cause of their being here as they are, and find, in four cases out of five, it is our perverted system of marriage. If we must have laws to regulate the relations and union of the sexes—and I contend that we must—why can we not make them so as to prevent, instead of increasing, the number of sufferers and misery of the poor? Why need we bind so many poor victims in matrimonial slavery who are not fit to be parents, and where

their ignorance constantly brings them unwelcome children they are unable to feed or clothe? It is not half as bad in the country as in the city; and yet even there, it often makes my eyes weep to see the wretched wives and mothers. I so often call attention to this subject, I am aware of only probing an old sore.
WARREN CLARKE.
Chicago, Ill., March, 1864.

A Note from Cora Wilburn.

After more than a year's wandering in the West, with many useful experiences gained, with much improved health, I greet you from my humble, cosy cottage-home in the town of LaSalle, Illinois. Deeply and most gratefully indebted to the kindness and hospitality of my Western friends, I here-with again return to one and all the wanderer's most heartfelt thanks. My lonely path has been cheered, my soul strengthened by the encouraging words and deeds of fraternal good-will awarded to me in this free, wide, bounteous land. Feeling that the time had come for me to locate, at least for a while, I have rented a small cottage, where-in I hope to welcome my angel-friends, and such of earth who, passing by this way, would give me the brother and the sister greeting, or send to me their written words of kindness. Through the columns of the ever-prized BANNER—my old, familiar, faithful friend—I hope to commune with you often.

There are foregleams of the beautiful spring-time in the noonday skies, and over the awakening earth and freed waters. Around me sweep the grand orchestral winds of the prairie, freighted with inspirations of freedom, health and spiritual revelation. May the beloved immortals come still nearer to our earthly homes, our enlightened understandings. May we learn more fully, as the days pass on, the sacredly beautiful laws of spirit communion.

For Freedom, Truth and Harmony, dear known and unseen friends, your
CORA WILBURN.
"Prairie Home," LaSalle, LaSalle Co., Ill.,
March 7, 1864.

A Worthy Medium.

From a sense of justice, both to the medium and our Spiritualist friends who need earnest and reliable laborers, I wish to call attention to an individual who, by reason of her retiring nature, is in comparative obscurity, when she should be more extensively known. She is a constant worker, and in her quiet way, has convinced more minds of the truth of our philosophy than many who have been before the public for years. I refer to Jennie S. Rudd, of Taunton, Mass.

In Norton, where I recently resided, she labored with us all summer, and filled our desk in the most acceptable manner; her object being rather to build up the cause than gain the small sum we felt able to pay. Her lectures are practical, and her style of delivery earnest and energetic.

As a seeing and hearing medium she has no superior; and in a circle, I have never seen her equal. Some of the best efforts I ever heard were made through her. Thus is her mediumship most peculiar; and whether in the desk or private circle, in the chamber of the sick, by the bedside of the dying, or at the grave of the departed, her influences manifest an adaptation to circumstances, and a power of control seldom met with. Friends who engage her services will not be disappointed.

Yours for truth and progress.
THOMAS D. LANE.
South Malden, Mass., Feb. 27th, 1864.

Yours for truth and progress.

THE BOSTON DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM, BETWEEN REV. JOSEPH T. CURRY, SECOND ADVENTIST, AND MOSES HULL, LATE CONVERT FROM ADVENTISM TO SPIRITUALISM.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

This long-expected and exciting oral controversy commenced in East Hall on Tuesday evening, March 8th, and continued through the three following evenings. Mr. Hull for ten years having been known as a most zealous and popular Advent minister, with a wide reputation as a controversialist, having held several public discussions with Orthodox clergymen, with Unitarians, and likewise Spiritualists; and Mr. Curry being well known as one of the ablest Advent ministers in Boston—the public anticipated a discussion of unusual interest. In August, 1862, while Mr. Hull and another Advent minister were traveling with the great Advent tent in Michigan, and holding protracted meetings in Ionia, he came in contact with Uriah Clark, who was then itinerating in that State. The Spiritualists of Ionia invited Mr. Hull to meet Mr. Clark. The preliminaries were arranged for a discussion three evenings in the great tent. The disputants had never met till they were introduced to each other on the platform at the opening of the discussion. A warm season ensued, and nearly two thousand people were in attendance. How far Mr. Hull felt himself overborne by the weight of argument and evidence Mr. Clark poured down on him and the audience, the reporter is not prepared to say; but Mr. Clark told him on the following day that he would soon find himself on the wrong track, and be switched off by invisible hands. Mr. Hull after this held but one more discussion against Spiritualism, and that was with W. F. Jamieson, at Paw Paw, Mich., during which the celestial influences came down on him with such irresistible convictions that he grew pale with alarm, and soon, like Saul of Tarsus, found it useless to attempt any resistance to the punctures of conscience. In arming himself for the overthrow of Spiritualism, he found himself overthrown by overwhelming evidence.

This discussion with Mr. Curry was the first in which Mr. Hull had engaged since his spiritual conversion. In age, the disputants seemed well matched, both being about thirty years old. But in temperament, there was a striking difference. Mr. Curry is rather fair-complexioned, with fine, spiritual features, but excitable and not self-commanding. Mr. Hull has a stern, bilious, positive, unchangeable, good-natured, enthusiastic, engine sort of a look, as much as to say, "Look out! I'm on the track, loaded full, under motion, do n't want to hurt anybody—but get off the track!"

The disputants having selected Dr. H. F. Gardner as Chairman, he announced the QUESTION: Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communing with the inhabitants of earth?

Mr. Hull affirmed, and Mr. Curry denied the question. On the first evening, the speakers each spoke twice, half an hour each time. On the three other, each spoke three times, giving only twenty minute speeches.

FIRST SPEECH OF MOSES HULL.

He began hoping that his Bro. Curry, as well as himself, entered this discussion feeling the great issues involved, and resolving to manifest none other than the most fraternal spirit, and dispassionate desire to elicit nothing but truth. He hoped the audience would allow him and Mr. Curry to conduct the debate as they had agreed, and he would have none interrupt or interfere, or manifest any applause on either side. It was the first time he had ever discussed in defence of Spiritualism, but he felt himself sustained by invisible hosts as he had never felt before on entering the controversial arena. He could now invoke celestial aid, and feel assured of direct inspirations from the highest sources of angelic wisdom, truth and love. The question before them was the great question of immortality, one on which hang all our hopes and interests as intelligent beings. Is man immortal? Adventism says no; Spiritualism, yes. Prove the affirmative of this question, and Spiritualism is virtually proved, and Adventism, and all other opposing isms, go by the board. He should first base the immortality of man on the paternity of God and the brotherhood of the race. Acts xvii: 24, etc., was cited, wherein Paul quotes from Heaenon poets in confirmation of the Christian hypothesis that man is the "offspring" of Deity, and all are of one "blood," one kindred, one family. If God is immortal, immortality is inherent to his "offspring." Mat. ii: 10 was quoted: "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" It was maintained that God was "father" and "creator" of man in a sense peculiarly significant; he was never called father of the brute creation. Eph. iv: 4, etc.: "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." No language could be more palpable than this, in support of the spiritual and immortal relationship and likeness of Deity and his intelligent creation. Num. xvi: 22: "God of the spirits of all flesh." Language similar to this is frequently found in the Bible, and is explicit in indicating the eternal relation of man. Heb. xii: 9, God is called "the Father of spirits." I. Tim. i: 17, God is called "the King, eternal, immortal," etc. I. Tim. vi: 16, "King of kings and Lord of Lords, who only hath immortality," etc. Immortality being the central and essential attribute of the great Father, the same attribute belongs to his offspring. An immortal Father of necessity can beget none other than an immortal offspring.

The second proposition of Mr. Hull was that there could be no future unless immortality was inherent in man. How can the dead be raised unless man has within him the elements of the resurrection, or the elements of immortal life? Luke, 20: xxvii., etc., was quoted to show that in the resurrection, or in the spirit-world, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For God is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him." Here is conclusive evidence of an unbroken relationship between God and man. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were long before gone from earth, yet God was called their God; God could be God of only what existed; since he was still their God, they must still be in existence; he was the God of all, therefore all must exist forever; all live in him. The expression, "are raised" proves, not a future, general, simultaneous resurrection, but present and continuous.

FIRST SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He hoped the discussion would be conducted in the spirit of charity. He responded cheerfully to introductory remarks of Mr. Hull. In his own strength, he felt himself, but poorly, able to do jus-

tice to the great question involved; nor should he look to finite, human spirits for aid; he should look direct to God, and call on him, and depend on the help of his holy spirit. He would not deny the interposition of celestial beings; he fully believed in spiritual aids and influences, but not as Spiritualists believed. There might be some difference of opinion between him and some of his Advent brethren. The ground he occupied was independent, but he should seek to be guided by the spirit of God.

The fact that man was called the "offspring" of God, afforded no proof of immortality. In one sense, God is the father of all things, but that does not prove that all things are immortal. Because he is said to be the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," we have no evidence in favor of the affirmation. The word spirit, or spirits, does not imply immortality; the primary meaning of the word spirit warrants nothing positive in proof of indestructible existence. Various passages were cited in illustration of this position. Admitting God was father of Adam and all the human race, and what then? The first man, Adam, was the earth, earthy; the second man was the Lord from heaven. Eternal life and immortality came only through Christ. This was the drift of the whole New Testament; no life out of Christ. Faith in Jesus and in his resurrection were essential. "I am the way, the truth and the life." God sent his son into the world that all who would believe might live and have eternal life. Primarily, immortality belonged to God alone, as had been quoted from Timothy. That immortality would be transmitted to man only through Jesus Christ. Those who would inherit immortality, must seek it. Rom. 2: vii., Christ to the Sadducees on the resurrection, Luke 20: xxvii., etc, did not allude to all men; the language used did imply a present, continuous resurrection; the phrase, "are raised" might refer to the future as well as the present.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He should not attempt a full reply to all Mr. Curry had said; some irrelevant matter had been introduced. It was a strange hypothesis, to hang immortality on the contingency of mere faith. Men cannot always control their faith; they must believe in accordance with the weight of evidence presented them, and in accordance with the needs and conditions of their own nature. Spiritualists do not rest on mere faith. I know Spiritualism to be true; I have the evidences in my own soul, and the evidences are all around me in unmistakable demonstration. He was free to admit that the word spirit did not always primarily imply immortality. But there were striking passages which rendered this significance beyond all doubt. "God is a spirit." This is the primary element of his being, and none can doubt that the immortality of Deity is here implied if not distinctly assumed. As he is the great Father Spirit of all flesh, of all spirits, nothing can be more direct or conclusive than that man is likewise immortal. There is no proof that immortality was to be transmitted exclusively through Christ, and if such proof could be adduced, it would not militate against universal immortality. All are sons or children of God in a sense akin to that in accordance with which Jesus was called the Son of God. Mr. Curry said that angelic natures were not essentially immortal. Mr. Hull again referred to Luke, 20: xxvii., etc., where it was declared that in the spirit-world "they are equal to the angels—neither can they die any more." Implying that angels cannot die, or are immortal. The resurrection of the celestial, material body, was here combated by Mr. Hull, giving a running comment on 1 Cor. 15. He urged that the resurrection was spiritual. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He quoted from Luther and Lee, and gave scientific facts, showing the utter impossibility of a literal resurrection of all the material bodies of every human being who had lived on earth.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He insisted that whatever Paul might teach touching the resurrection in 1 Cor., 15, he referred only to saints, Christians, believers. He was writing to the Corinthian Church. It was wholly unwarrantable to assume that Paul meant to include all mankind. But the speaker said he did not come into this discussion for the purpose of discussing the doctrine of a literal resurrection. The question under debate was here recalled. He hoped Mr. Hull would stand up to the question, and not fly off. When the present question was disposed of, he was prepared to discuss something else. He said he had already shown that neither the word "soul," nor "spirit," as used in the Bible, implied immortality. A number of Scripture phrases were cited in illustration of this. He argued that all men were under the penalty of death, and none could live forever, unless by faith and the right kind of a life here on earth they earned or merited it, or received it as a gift of God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Here several passages of Scripture were quoted to show that the wicked all "perish," are "lost" and "destroyed," they become annihilated; there is nothing in them that can be saved; no immortal principle. In no sense is man the immortal "offspring" of God, any more than are the brutes destined to perish.

SECOND EVENING.—FIRST SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He began by reviewing the argument based on the paternity of God. Like father, like son. Admit God the Father, immortal, and the same must be admitted of all his children. Man is said by the Bible to be created in the "image," the likeness of, and "after the similitude of God." In what respect? Is man, as a physical being, made in the "image" of God? Then God has a form like the human. It is evident that man is made in the image of God, as a spiritual, moral and an immortal being, and in no other sense. It would not answer to restrict the application of certain Scriptural passages to Christians or believers alone. The Fatherhood of God embraced all; there was no limitation. It was altogether an assumption to maintain that Paul meant none but saints in writing the Corinthians; he charges those same Corinthians with crimes equal to those sometimes attributed to modern Spiritualists. Does he include none but Christians in 1 Cor., 15? He says, "As in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive." He is writing on the "resurrection of the DEAD"; he does not say part of the "dead," or the "sainted dead" alone, but the "DEAD"—all. Since all human beings are more or less imperfect, and fall vastly short of the Infinite Standard, we cannot reasonably base immortal issues on the comparatively slight differences existing between the characters or the deserts of those whom we call good and bad, saints and sinners. Paul, Rom. 7: speaking of himself while in a struggling condition, says there was a conflict between the "flesh" and the "spirit" or "mind," evidently then recognizing an immortal principle in his nature. In his vision, 2 Cor. 12: he says he knew not whether he was in the body or out of it. What could he have meant, unless he referred to something immortal in him-

self, capable of being out of the body? And that something was the man himself, as he calls it Job, 32: 8: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." This can refer to none other than an eternal principle. 1 Cor. 2: 11: speaking of "the spirit in man," distinguishing between the spiritual and the material or outer. In Eph. 6: 12: we read of "spiritual wickedness in high places," an allusion to powers outside of the material. That the word "soul" sometimes signifies an immortal principle, is evident from Jas. 1: 10, where the Lord is represented as using the phrase, "My soul," &c. If Mr. Curry insists on using the terms "perish," "lost," "destroy," &c., as proof of non-immortality, or of the utter annihilation of the wicked, he will prove too much. It is said, "The righteous perish," &c. The same word is used here as in the case of the wicked, and as in the expression, the "beasts perish." The prodigal son was said to be "lost," "perishing," &c., while in a strange land.

FIRST SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He contended that all were the offspring of God by creation, but not by generation, and therefore none were naturally immortal. God alone "hath immortality." That declaration of Paul was conclusive and unanswerable in negation of the question under discussion. The inspired word of God through Paul could not be controverted. Paul to the Romans, already quoted, made it necessary for man to "seek immortality;" and unless he sought, and sought in the right way, through Jesus Christ, he would never realize it. 2 Tim. 1: 10, declares "life and immortality brought to light" by Jesus Christ. If "life and immortality were inherent in man, what need was there of Christ's coming for the purpose named? Jesus never taught immortality for all. 1 Cor. 15: "This mortal shall put on immortality." Man was made in the "image" of God, only as an intelligent being. Jesus was the only "express image" of God. Man was Adamic and mortal in his nature. John, 17, teaches that Jesus was to bestow immortality only on those who were given to him as his disciples. It is only as we seek the divine spirit, or the spirit of Jesus, that we live and have eternal life. The terms, soul and spirit, never of themselves, signify immortality.

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

He was surprised to hear Mr. Curry say that everything God made, in one sense, was his offspring. Suppose he, Mr. Hull, should make a sled; would that in any sense be called his offspring? But he had a little girl at home, and there was no question about her being his offspring. If Mr. Curry's position be true, that literally none but God had immortality, neither Jesus nor angels nor any other being beside God could live forever. In such a case, Paul is made to contradict himself. The passage in Romans, suggesting the need to "seek immortality," was susceptible of a different rendering. The word "immortality" might be rendered "sincerity," and did not literally mean immortality. The fact that Christ "brought immortality to light," does not imply that he gave immortality or made men immortal, but that immortality existed, and he demonstrated it in his own person by reappearing after his death. What Jesus said to the Sadducees, "Now that the dead are raised," might be cited again, as proof. 2 Cor. 5: 1, etc., shows that Paul recognized a two-fold nature, a dual existence, the spiritual and the material. "We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He longed to be absent from the body, that he might be "present with Christ." Mr. Hull said he never could reconcile this passage with his Advent theory of non-immortality; it always used to trouble him; but in the light of Spiritualism it was now clear and beautiful, as were hundreds of other texts which were once wrapt in darkness. Mr. Hull repeated the argument based on man's being made in the image of God, and insisted in his implying immortal intelligence. Mr. Curry had said that God could not put himself into anything He had made. Mr. Hull asked if a man could not put himself into a house which he had made. Mr. Curry very frankly withdrew his remark on that point.

Mr. Hull then went on to show that if Christ was to bestow immortality on all who were his, there all would become immortal. He cited John vi, 37: "All that the Father wills to give me, I will give him; and all that the Father wills to give me, I will give him; and all that the Father wills to give me, I will give him." He then resumed the direct argument in favor of the affirmative. Death was described in the Bible as a departure, a going out from the body, implying an immortal spirit going out into another sphere of existence. Paul says, "The time of my departure is at hand." Peter speaks of "putting off his tabernacle" of flesh; 2 Peter, 1: 14. Gen. xxxv, 8: speaks of one dying as her "soul departing her." 1 Kings xvii, alluding to the boy returned to life by the prophet, speaks of his "soul coming unto him." Eccl. xlii, at death describes the transition thus: "Then shall dust return to dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

In the phrase "Seek for immortality," the word immortality is doubtless rendered right; "Sincerity" may be its tropical meaning, but we have no authority to insist on the tropical sense of a word where the literal sense is most obvious, as in this case. Christ brought immortality to light in the gospel, by illustrating in his resurrection the process of obtaining immortality. Without Jesus there would be no hope. All the texts Mr. Hull had quoted to prove the ultimate salvation of the whole human family, applied only to the called, the chosen of Christ, the people of God. None out of Christ can be immortal. Paul, in speaking of death as "gain," only meant that by dying he should be released from the trials and labors of his mission on earth; while in a selfish state of mind, he felt as though it would be a great gain for him to leave this world of care and trouble. The "earthly house" of which he spoke, was his physical organization, and "the house not made with hands," was what God had prepared for him in another world, not what he had within. Mr. Curry again insisted that man's being created in the image of God, meant nothing more than his being made an intelligent being a little lower than the angels, not equal to angels or God. Paul, in speaking of the offspring of God, was not addressing Epicureans, etc. So in writing the Corinthians, he discriminated between good and bad Christians; it was evident that he did not apply the promises of the resurrection to all alike; all could not alike appreciate. The passage in Job, "There is a spirit in man," had reference only to the fact that man had mind, not immortality. "Spiritual wickedness in high places," was altogether irrelevant to the question.

THIRD SPEECH OF MR. HULL.

It makes no difference whether the "Spiritual wickedness in high places" refers to spiritual agencies in or out of the form; this passage recognizes something spiritual among the wicked, show-

ing that the elements of the spiritual and immortal are not confined to saints. He argued that "sincerity" was the most appropriate rendering of the word which stood for immortality in the passage, "seek for immortality."

Mr. Curry wants to know the use of Christ's bringing immortality to light, if it already existed. You might just as well ask the use of bringing to light the treasures found in California, if those treasures really exist. The resurrection spoken of in the New Testament is the result of immortality, and not the cause. There would be no resurrection unless man were immortal. Mr. Hull did not wonder that Mr. Curry did not propose to discuss a literal resurrection. Here Mr. Curry interposed, and said, after the present question was disposed of, he was prepared to take up the resurrection or any other appropriate subject, and discuss as long as Mr. Hull was willing. Mr. Hull resumed. Peter speaks of preaching the "gospel to the dead." Does not this imply that even the dead have some redeeming, immortal elements? Mr. Curry had conceded that all who belonged to Christ should have immortality. Mr. Hull quoted from Eph. i, Phil. ii, and Col. i, to prove that all belonged to Christ—all in heaven and all on earth. He wanted no evidence stronger, clearer, or more positive. The Bible afforded conclusive testimony affirming that all human beings, from Adam down to the last of the race, were sons of God in some sense akin to that in accordance with which Jesus was the son of God; and though no book should be accepted as absolute authority, Mr. Hull was willing to abide by the decision of the Bible.

THIRD SPEECH OF MR. CURRY.

He wanted to know why Mr. Hull quoted the Bible, if he did not accept it as final and infallible authority. Here he had been spending two evenings quoting from the Bible, and now he denies its authority. Mr. Curry considered Mr. Hull's course outrageously inconsistent; he could not understand it. But they must come back to the question. Mr. Hull had proved nothing, as yet. He had not adduced one particle of proof from the Bible in demonstration of the proposition that man had an immortal principle, and no such proof could be adduced; it was not to be found in the Bible. The Bible is explicit against such an assumption. The term "My soul" as applied to Deity in Isaiah, means only "myself." Paul's speaking about his being "in the body or out," only refers to different states or conditions, and affords no proof of an immortal principle within. Mr. Hull says there can be no future unless man has immortality within. Then it is just as obvious that man can have no immortality within him now unless he has always existed—has always been immortal and never had any beginning. Mr. Curry labored to make a strong impression here. Paul's speaking of his "departure" implies nothing direct to the point. Man is not immortal by nature, nor can Mr. Hull adduce any evidence to prove he is. Christians are admitted to be immortal now, in a sense, yet their hopes hang on Christ. Out of him there is no life. The "spirit that returns to God," Eccl. xii, refers only to the natural element of life which departs at death, the same in man as in the brutes that perish. Thus closed the two first evenings of this animating discussion.

Toward the close of the second evening, the interest became quite intensified, and it was evident that Mr. Curry began to feel himself under a tremendous pressure of arguments and evidences. The rapidity of Mr. Hull's speech, his versatility in reasoning from analogy, his numerous illustrations and comparisons, his park of scriptural artillery incessantly firing off volleys of texts, his repartees, his imperturbable good humor—all these seemed more than the Christian fortitude of Mr. Curry could face, without creating some little irritating trepidation. So at the opening on the third evening, the Reverend Adventist began to manifest anything but a forbearing spirit. It was evident that he felt as though forbearance was no longer a virtue. As Mr. Hull resumed his argument, and began again to quote Scripture, the martyr spirit of Mr. Curry rose up in rampant protestation, and he violently insisted that Mr. Hull must stop right there, and quote no more Bible, since he, Mr. Hull, had said, the night before, that he did not accept the Bible as authority in any orthodox sense. The imperturbable Moses from Michigan, however, did not seem at all alarmed or disarmed, but went right on firing off his park of Spiritual artillery, regardless of the wrath and the dismay of his Advent antagonist, who evidently had good reasons for protesting against such an array of Bible weapons.

During the third and fourth evenings, the discussion was continued with increasing interest. Mr. Hull quoting Bible facts and presenting the spiritual phenomena of to-day, while Mr. Curry labored earnestly to parry off the arguments and evidences. In one of his speeches, the latter remarked that he came there to "prove nothing," whereupon Mr. Hull replied that Mr. Curry had "succeeded admirably, thus far." The latter gentleman, during the discussion, had said he was willing to discuss the Bible-authority question with Mr. Hull.

Toward the close of the last evening, Jacob Edson arose, and moved that Messrs. Curry and Hull be requested to hold a public discussion on that subject. The audience voted a unanimous request in that direction. Mr. Curry, however, openly declined the discussion, offering a reason about as conclusive as much that he had attempted to offer during the four evenings of the debate.

The Spiritualists and impartial hearers in the audience were well satisfied with the result of the whole controversy.

[From Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal of Feb. 23d, 1864.]

DR. J. P. BRYANT—HIS SUCCESS IN GENERAL NEW YORK.—We take pleasure in placing before our readers an account of the success of our distinguished friend, Dr. Bryant. It will be remembered that during four months of last season the Doctor practiced his novel method of treatment at the Sherman House in this city, operating upon the lame, blind and deaf, to the number of 3,500, using no medicines or appliances, but his plant hands and impulsive will. Since that time the Doctor has visited Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Oswego, Binghamton and Rochester, with unparalleled success. The press and people everywhere speak highly of him and his method of practice. Since July 17th, 1862, he has registered 13,000 operations. The Doctor commenced his labors at Rochester, Oct. 22d, 1863, and to-day terminates his engagement there. Having operated upon nearly 4,500 people within that time, he is much exhausted from his arduous labors, and returns to his residence, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., to recuperate his flagging strength. On the 1st of April he will open rooms at a St. James Hotel, Buffalo, remaining there till August. We wish the doctor continued success, and believe his method of treatment not only effectual but speedy, although novel and somewhat peculiar to himself. We recommend the Doctor to all afflicted with long-standing chronic difficulties, believing him not only pleasant and affable, but perfectly reliable.

The Banner in Washington, D. C.

Our friends in Washington, D. C., are informed that they can procure copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT, each week, at the BOOKSTORE of C. H. ANDERSON, 458 7th street, where all reform books and papers can also be had on short notice.

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

Banner of Light.

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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 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.

Volume Fifteen—A Review of the Past Seven Years—New Dress—The Banner.

We should be either less or more than human, if we were not moved with a strange contrariety of feelings on beginning the Fifteenth Volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT. We suffer our thoughts to slip back pleasantly over our past, recalling the labors and anxieties, the efforts and disappointments, the trials and the compensating friendships which have made our way just what it has been, and no suggestion rises in our mind, on the review, save that it has all been "very good." We would have had it no different if we could. The trials have all been given us for the best reason—the disappointments, too; and we should have passed through the whole to no purpose, if we were not willing to confess, and to do it gladly, too, that our spiritual compensations have been richer and more abundant than all.

The biography of the BANNER is a matter of the deepest interest to us, of course, as it is of more or less interest to all who have shared by sympathy in its fortunes from the first. It was launched into existence at the suggestion of our invisible friends, who still felt a profound sympathy in earth affairs, and were eager to establish some fit medium for the transmission of intelligence steadily to mortals. They pledged their earnest and unflinching cooperation in the enterprise from the first; promised that so long as we continued faithful to the exalted trust to which they solemnly called us, we should not be left alone in our labors; impressed us most profoundly with the greatness of the work which they asked us to assume; and sketched some of those far-reaching results from our labors, which neither we nor they can pretend to see the ultimates of, for long periods of time to come.

It was no ordinary task to undertake, at the time we introduced the BANNER OF LIGHT to the reading world. So much had to be taken entirely upon faith, and so much patience and steadfastness had to be cherished at the very start. There were friends in plenty, and they were good friends, too; some, however, did not then know what it costs to wait, and work while they waited—and some grew naturally impatient at the uprising of hindrances and delays for which there seemed no earthly need; but they have held out bravely through the intervening experiences, and their noble example has hardly been of less efficiency to the spread of a rational Spiritual Philosophy than all their work and preaching together.

As soon as it was fairly understood what was the design and purpose of the overruling powers in the establishment of the BANNER, and as soon as its position and influence were assured by the gathering of its friends about it and the willingness of inquiring souls to read and reflect upon its teachings, there sprung up, as was to be expected, a combined opposition of credists, pharisees, sneerers and materialistic infidels—bigots and fanatics all, because they would not investigate themselves nor suffer others to do so—which at one time really expected to accomplish great things in overthrowing what it loftily styled the last delusion of the human mind. If faith in spirit communion be a delusion, then all forms of religion are such, and so, in fact, is religion itself. For no one dare dispute that mortals approach the Father only through intervening intelligences and aids—through angels, media or messengers, whose special office it is to establish such a relationship; and that must be any other than a devout religious mind, which hotly and conceitedly rejects the professors of such ever-present help, for no profounder reason than that "the minister" preaches nothing of the sort from his pulpit.

But we did not set out to argue this or any other matter: it is a day for review and reflection—for looking backward over the ground we have traveled, and gathering the courage needed now more than ever for the future which is so big with promises. Of all the organized opposition which either the cause of Spiritualism or the BANNER as the expounder and defender of that cause had the fortune to meet with, that from Harvard College was the most remarkable, both in its character and results. The history of that passage in our experience it is not necessary to more than allude to. It is too fresh in the memory of our readers and of the community. In what plight the Professors retired from their self-elected conflict with spirit-power and spirit-influence, none need to be reminded. The very man who fell upon us, and upon the great cause to whose advocacy our life is devoted, with such vehemence and so overbearing a temper, showing that he had more of the mind of a monk than a disciple, and believed rather in the "sword of Gideon" than in the "still, small voice" of the spirit—we mean the late President of Harvard College—has returned, since passing through the veil which hangs so thinly at best between this life and the future one, and openly confessed the shortness of his sight in spending his energies so needlessly for the obstruction and demolition of truth. Such testimonies, too, abound to encourage and strengthen us, on every hand.

There have been wonderful changes in the public mind and heart since those days, so little time ago as they passed. We have since then been too happy to receive the frankest and freest admissions from ministers of the gospel, as preached by the sects, in favor of the dawning of the new light over their souls. For it happily is one of the necessities of all believers in Spiritualism, that no sooner do they see than they confess. There remains no vestige of pride or policy, after the angels are once admitted with their heavenly voices into a human heart. We are to-day shaken by the hand by men who, but so little time ago, would not have dared even to dream of acknowledging the great truths of which we are humble advocates. We are in correspondence with the notables of Europe, as well as of America, who make haste gladly to confess the power of truth in their hearts and lives, and to impart of their individual

experiences. On all sides we are bidden "God-speed." Even a great many, who are willing only to style themselves inquirers yet, write us letters which are overflowing with rich and profound spiritual experiences.

Shall we for a moment think of faltering in such a work, and at so critical a period of its progress?—when it is making itself felt more profoundly than ever, and souls are awakening to the dawning of bright Truth, and Heaven is let down nearer and still nearer to the earth, and the very revolutions are proceeding among the nations which are to prepare the way for the more perfect spiritual rule afterward?

Humble and merely human instruments as we are in this work of the Immortals, we are nevertheless persuaded that we shall be aided to the full extent of our needs in carrying forward the work to its ultimate results.

We join our congratulations with those which we are very certain our thousands of friends will offer us on this occasion, that we are able to present the BANNER in a dress of new and beautiful type, which imparts a feeling of freshness to the reader quite in harmony with the character of the work to which it is devoted.

A Good Suggestion.

It is suggested by one of the morning New York journals, that this is the proper time for our government to present its serious protest to the government of Great Britain, against that power's letting the privateers, which have been fitted out in its own ports, touch at any of its colonial stations for the future, either to refit or procure fresh supplies.

The Proposal for Denmark.

While the enemy are on her soil, and even while fighting is actually going on, England deliberately asks Denmark to stop fighting and to come and join a "conference meeting," to be composed of herself and some other powers, the object of which is the making of some sort of an arrangement that will bear to be called by the name of peace.

Spring-Time.

We shall have all the charms of a now Spring about us soon; dandelions, froed brooks, sprouting grass, blue birds, swollen buds, and croaking frogs in the marshy meadows.

Spiritualism in California.

Miss Emma Harding's cogent lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy in California are making thousands of converts wherever she is heard, and the spiritual communications through Mr. J. V. Mansfield's instrumentality are also awakening the hitherto dormant faculties of the credulous, who are flocking to our standard daily.

Mrs. Spence's Course of Lectures.

In Lyceum Hall, in this city, closed on Sunday, March 20th, with two able addresses, which were well appreciated by the audiences.

Written for the Banner of Light. YOUNG EARTH.

In ages past, when Earth was young with life, Our God did take it like a new-born child, And look into its eye to see if aught Of his own goodness in his offspring dwelt.

Free Meetings in New York.

We briefly mentioned last week, that Rev. F. L. H. Willis had inaugurated a plan for a course of free lectures in Clinton Hall, New York.

Gen. Grant.

Everybody likes the modesty, energy, industry, and simple directness of this man. He has achieved a great reputation since coming on the stage as a military man, but we hope it is not to be lost now, when his responsibilities are greater than ever, and his capacity as a captain is to be tried to the utmost.

The Democracy.

Tammany Hall, which is the ancient home and abiding place of Democracy in this country, as a party at least, has been thrust bodily out of the Albany Convention, as many of our readers may know, and now steps forth and lays down a platform of principles for itself.

Children in New York.

These little angels, or Messiahs to men and women, as Theodore Parker used to call them, stand a poor chance for life in New York.

Meeting in Behalf of the Indians.

On the 9th inst., (a correspondent informs us) a "grand good meeting" was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, in behalf of the suffering and much abused North American Indians.

To the Philanthropic.

We propose to establish a fund for bread-tickets—i. e., to supply the destitute with tickets to enable them to procure bread at a baker's—and we ask assistance from any one who may be disposed to give it in that direction.

H. B. Storer makes a Correction.

In justice to myself, and the facts in the case, Mr. Editor, permit me to correct the report of what I said at the late Convention in reference to the spiritual papers.

I urged upon the members of the Convention the duty of circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT among the people, that the public might be better informed of the real nature and mission of Spiritualism—even though it should cost them some pecuniary sacrifice.

Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists have recently held a large convention in Mercantile Hall, Boston, on Feb. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. They are gaining ground rapidly. Their ranks are fast filling up with those who hold the first positions in the social and political world—men and women of intelligence.

At a Union meeting, held at Gallatin, Tenn., the last week of February, Mr. John Bowen, of Smith County, in that State, who has always been a slaveholder, spoke as follows:

"He thought that it might be that they could do much better in Tennessee without slavery than with it. It benefits, if it ever had any, had been confined to a few. It had only served to build up an aristocratic minority. He had spent his life in the State, and he regarded the vast majority as having lived almost as completely subjugated and enslaved as the negro.

Demand for the Banner.

The friends will no doubt be gratified when we inform them that there is a growing demand for the BANNER OF LIGHT outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Skeptics are beginning to ascertain that spirit communion is not altogether a myth.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

Mr. Willis and his estimable lady made us a brief call the latter part of last week. We were much gratified to shake the friendly hand with this worthy couple, and can but hope and trust that the good Father will permit them to remain with us, in the form of flesh, for many years to come, as we feel fully impressed that they are needed, absolutely so, to aid in carrying on the great work of progress in which we are engaged.

Dr. P. B. Raudolph.

We are informed that this well known lecturer, author, traveler and healer of the sick, intends to visit various parts of the country, for the purpose of lecturing before such societies as may desire his services.

Contagious Disease.

Those of our readers who are interested in the cause and cure of contagious disease, will find on our sixth page very interesting and instructive replies to a letter of inquiry on the subject, together with equally interesting answers to questions suggested by them.

Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak again in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. This is her last Sunday here.

Prof. Denton's address at present is Wellesley, Mass.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, a distinguished lecturer, who has been laboring in the West and the Middle States for several years past, has decided to make a tour through the New England States in answer to calls. She speaks in Chicopee during this month, and in Quine on the first Sunday in April. Her present address is Chicopee, care of Wm. H. Gilmore.

We understand that Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is expected to lecture before the Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during the month of April, and also that arrangements are being made to have L. Judd Pardee deliver a course of lectures there.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] J. W., LESLIE, MICH.—\$5 received; also the \$2.50 you alluded to. W. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—Received, \$5. L. F. B., ASHLAND.—The poem has been received; but we cannot spare the time to correct it for the press, as you request.

Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea, we learn, have leased LIBRARY HALL for one year. Dr. A. P. Pierce will give the first lecture in that hall next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock.

Specimen Copies.

Of this number of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be sent free to any address our friends may suggest.

Love in Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea give the third and last Love of the season on Friday evening next, at City Hall. Prominent mediums are expected to be present.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. E. W. Farnham's exceedingly interesting work, "Woman and her Era," will be out in a week or so. We have been favored by the publishers, Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co., New York, with advanced sheets, from which we have culled some extracts.

Our paper is regularly advertised for sale in London, Eng. Who will say Spiritualism is not spreading?

In the beautiful poem which we published in the BANNER of March 5th, entitled "Light in Darkness," by Lois Waterbrook, a transposition occurred in the verses, which somewhat affects the force of the poem.

Miss B. Anna Ryder, trance medium, has taken a room at No. 12 Harrison Avenue, where she will be pleased to receive her friends.

A very interesting article, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, on the important subject of the cure of disease by "laying on of hands," intended for this number of the BANNER, is unavoidably laid over till our next.

Attention is called to a new advertisement, in our columns to-day. We are informed by a gentleman in whom we have full confidence, that the merits of Dr. Dodd's Nervine are exaggerated. One clairvoyant physician in this neighborhood has recommended and sold over 1200 bottles during the last eighteen months.

"I WANT TO OPEN COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD," said a spirit who manifested at our free circle last Thursday. On being asked where they were, he said, "They are my relatives whom I left on earth. Even so. Many who inhabit the human form are indeed dead to the glorious reality of the spirit-world, and it is no wonder that spirits look upon them in that light.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence is lecturing on Natural Science, Health, Hygiene, Humor, Harmony and Happiness, in Central New York. Letters will reach him if addressed to Utica, N. Y., care of J. W. Legar.

Justus D. Watson, paymaster of the Amoskeng Machine Shop in Manchester, N. H., died recently in that city, at the age of 43. He was very much esteemed.

The best thing out—Out of debt. The worst thing out—Out of temper.

Public opinion in England is running in favor of Dr. Butler just now. The London Spectator says, "Of all the men that fill our European history, the one he is most like—strangely like—is Frederick the Great."

"Gen. Banks is to take the field," says the telegraph. We thought he'd got a pretty big patch already "down South." When he takes Texas, he will probably say, "It takes us to take Texas."

The U. S. House Special Committee on the Bankrupt Bill have authorized Mr. Jenks to report the bill some time since proposed by him. It embraces both the debtor and the creditor interests.

A young unmarried Irish woman from Lawrence put up at a prominent hotel in this city the night previous to "St. Patrick's Day," was taken sick in the morning, a doctor called, and a fine boy the result. The doctor named the "little stranger" "St. Patrick." Funny doctor, that!

Sin and misery are not lovers; but they walk hand in hand, just as though they were.

Hale and hearty conscripts who get exempted on account of "weakness in the spine," may be said to be adepts in the game of back-sitting.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he's a little bigger.

The Progressive Age, printed at Hopewell, is a smart little paper, and is doing much good in the ranks of Spiritualism. We wish it success. We were amused, by the way, on reading in the last number the following paragraph: "We refer our readers, with pleasure, to the 'Scientific American' in another column." We looked the Age all over carefully, but not a "Scientific American" could we find in it.

It is well enough to write rhinoceros on freedom, but to connect it with *heres* betrays a great lack of moral perception.—Herald of Progress.

The pamphlet on "Miscegenation," the Democratic papers are making such a great fuss about, was written by a reporter on the New York World!

There comes a time when laughing spring and golden summer cease to be? And we put on the autumn robe, To tread the last declivity;

With rainy hope, Beyond the sunset we behold, Another dawn, and fiercer light, While watchers whisper through the night, There is a time when we grow old.

A Washington dispatch says that five hundred of our soldiers, prisoners at Richmond, died there during February.

The imports of foreign goods at New York from the 1st of July to the 1st of March were \$150,000,000 against \$116,176,000 in the same months last year. The imports for the month of February were \$15,767,000 against \$11,815,000 in February, 1863.

Robin redbreast has made his appearance on the Common, denoting Spring.

The various Irish Societies in Boston and vicinity celebrated the birthday of St. Patrick—the 17th—in grand style. The procession was large, and patriotic with emblems, showing what men of another clime can become on free soil, with a free press, and freedom to worship God as they please.

There is no reliable war news worth publishing. The daily has we get by telegraph is mostly unreliable. One statement is made to-day, and contradicted to-morrow. It is enough to say that "the situation" of the Federal armies is all right, and that there will be "a fight" sometime. When the war will end, nobody knows. But one thing is known—when it does end, negro slavery ends with it. There is no power on earth or anywhere else to prevent this result.

Ten gentlemen in Boston have put their shoulders under the expense, for the support of a hall, to have spiritual meetings in season, as other denominations do, during "anniversary week," which is the last week in May.—A. B. Child.

Many people are fonder of using spectacles to behold other people's faults, than looking-glasses to survey their own.

Hog-corn.—It is said that the rebel guerillas have killed and carried off more than 50,000 hogs on the Kansas border.

SPRING. Come swiftly on! With buds and starry flowers, Laden with perfumes, cheer the sunny hours, And through the forest, musical with notes, Resounding from a thousand feathered throats, All its wild echoes waft, whispering, How Nature's heart leaps up to thee, oh Spring!

"WHERE IS THAT REPORT?"—The learned men of the world have been several years anxiously looking for that Report adverse to the truth of Spiritualism, promised by a committee of three distinguished gentlemen whom attached to Harvard College.

The best words and music for social meetings, seasons, and the family circles of Spiritualists, will be found in the "Psalms of Life."

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—Mix three gills of pineapple syrup with one pint of cream; add the juice of a large lemon, and four ounces of sugar; pour into a mold; cover with white paper; lay a piece of brown paper over to prevent any water getting in, and set it in the ice.

PROF. LEWIS'S EXHIBITION OF GYMNASTICS.—The exhibition of gymnastics at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening, 15th inst., by the graduating class of Prof. Lewis's Institute for physical education, was attended by a very large audience, and gave much pleasure and satisfaction. The exercises with the pommel, dumb-bells and rings, were accomplished with a grace, precision and ease which showed thorough training.

STOVES' PATENT.—All persons wanting the best stove in market, can get a package containing 144 good news with fine, medium, or round points for rapid writing, for ONE DOLLAR, sent by mail. J. P. STOVES, 130 Grand Street, New York, (near Broadway.) Feb. 27, 64.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School Street) every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission, ten cents. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. M. Townsend, March 27; Moses Hall, during April; Susie Al. May 1 and 2.

FRIENDS OF THE HOME OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, corner of Province street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Lizzie Doten, March 27; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 3 and 10; Mrs. A. B. Child, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 15, 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, Lowell, every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission, ten cents. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March; Charles A. Hayden, during April; E. H. Heywood, May 1; Dr. R. Hamilton, May 8; Mrs. C. P. Works, May 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during June; Mrs. A. A. Currier, July 2 and 9; Lizzie Doten, Aug. 1; Mrs. A. B. Child, during Oct., November and December.

CHICPEE, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, during March; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, April 2 and 9; Mrs. Annina H. Spence, June.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 1 and 8; W. K. Ripley, June 19 and 26.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—S. L. Chappell, May 1; Moses Hall, May 8.

Taunton, Mass.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall, every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during March.

Poxboro.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged—H. B. Storer, April 3; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24.

North Andover, Mass.—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday; Charles A. Hayden, March 27.

South Andover, Mass.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Lecturers engaged—H. B. Storer, March 27; Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, April 3.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission, ten cents. Lectures are given Sunday School and free conferences in the forenoon. Lecturers afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, April 17 and 24; Moses Hall, May 1; Rev. Samuel Longfellow, May 8; Wendell Phillips, May 15; Dr. R. Hamilton, May 22 and 29; Miss Nellie J. Temple, during June.

New York.—Dodd's Nervine. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 12 o'clock, at the large hall, at Clinton Hall. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 12 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

What a Wonderful Discovery is PERRY DODD'S VEGETABLE NERVINE! It not only cures all the ills of the human family, but is also the sure remedy for horses with colic. It has never been known to fail in a cure of the worst cases; and for sprains, galls, etc., it never fails—try it once. Directions accompany each bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.—Kenton County (Ky.) Democrat. Price, 35 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50 per bottle. 2w 19

FACTS FOR SOLDIERS.—Throughout the Indian and Crimean Campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Cholera, and Fever, were DODD'S VEGETABLE NERVINE, and Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by every Volunteer who see that it is supplied with them. Price, 30 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.10 per pot or box. 1w March 26.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are fifteen cents per line for the first, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

THE DISCOVERY.

"THE extraordinary claims made some years since by a few physicians in regard to the discovery of a new and entirely new remedy, have been fully proved by a very extensive and careful trial. This claim was, that his preparation 'would equalize the circulation of the blood, and thus cure all the various forms of nervous disease, and all the various forms of nervousness, and at once DODD'S NERVINE secured a reputation, which, among physicians, dealers, and nervous patients, is now becoming world-wide."

The discovery of Dr. Dodd opens a new era in the treatment of Nervousness. Its results would be considered indeed marvelous, were it not known to be perfectly natural, and consistent with the only correct theory of the Nervous System. From its great success, we are justified in saying to the many thousand sufferers from Nervousness, "CERTAIN RELIEF!"

Follow the original directions, and Relief is Sure! The NERVINE possesses both a purifying and nutritive principle. It always all irritation, and it also, promotes all the secretions of the system, thus regulating the Nervous Fluid throughout the system, and thus curing all the various forms of nervous disease, and all the various forms of nervousness, and at once DODD'S NERVINE secured a reputation, which, among physicians, dealers, and nervous patients, is now becoming world-wide."

NEUROUSNESS should be overcome in its first stages. All physicians assure us that Nervous Disease gives them most trouble, and are hardest to overcome. It is a disease which is very common in attending to them—"Only a little nerve!" is a common expression—whereas that "only a little" often becomes a great deal—indeed, it may become a life-long disease. The treatment of Nervous affections has been a long course of experiment, and various palliatives, such as Opium, Valerian, etc., have been used, but with little success. The only permanent relief of the whole system have resulted, which render their use positively injurious. The discovery, however, of the ingredients and mode of preparation of this Nervine, has been the cause of much satisfaction with those members of the medical profession who are familiar with its use, and great success, as well as a relief to the suffering. DR. DODD'S NERVINE, has been the cause of much satisfaction with those members of the medical profession who are familiar with its use, and great success, as well as a relief to the suffering. DR. DODD'S NERVINE, has been the cause of much satisfaction with those members of the medical profession who are familiar with its use, and great success, as well as a relief to the suffering.

Sold by BELA MARSH, 18 Bromfield street, and by Druggists everywhere. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 35 Hanover street, Boston, Wholesale Agents. March 26.

WANTED! A PERSON of influence and means, to join the undersigned in securing an entrance at Harvard University, for the purpose of the scientific and angel-world. Also, WANTED by the undersigned, a CHIEF CLERK, a MANAGER, a HELPER, a MEDIUM (gentleman), and a TEST MEDIUM. No one but the very best need apply; and to those who can give general satisfaction, great inducements are offered. Apply, or address, DR. H. SPANER, Proprietor of the Brooklyn Electro-Therapeutic and Medical Institute, No. 24, 24 and 246 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. March 26.

MRS. R. M. WONSER, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. Residence corner of Main and Water streets, Erie, Whitesides, Ill. Clairvoyant Examination, 50 cents; Examination and Prescription, \$1. Mar. 26.

DR. BENJ. H. CRANDON, Electric and Mesmeric Physic. Office in Boston, Room No. 54, TAYLOR TEMPLE. March 26.

MADAME GALE has removed to 65 Nashua street, where she will continue to heal the sick, and answer questions on business. Her charges—50 cents and \$1. March 26.

A FONT OF TYPE FOR SALE.—AT A GREAT BARGAIN! THE MINION TYPE upon which this paper has been printed, is for sale at a BARGAIN. Apply immediately to WM. WHITE & CO., 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. March 26.

HEALING THE SICK WITHOUT GIVING MEDICINE OR CAUSING PAIN. DR. J. R. NEWTON, Union House, Springfield, Mass. Dr. Newton invites all who are not well able to pay, without money or price, to those that are cured, incurable, are frequently restored in a few minutes. March 19.

LOST. A SMALL JAPANESE CHAIR, with GOLD CHAIN ATTACHED. It is particularly valuable to the owner as a souvenir. A liberal reward will be paid on leaving it at this Office. March 19.

MISS ADELAIDE R. SAWYER, Grayson Drawings, No. 9 BUSSEY PLACE, BOSTON. March 19.

A REMARKABLE BOOK. ENTITLED, "SCENES BEYOND THE GRAVE," giving a graphic description of the departed from this life, as depicted by Marcella Davis, after coming out of a trance, in which she laid the spirits of the departed, and each person's energy from the physical form, is attracted to and mingled with kindred spirits, kindred associates, beings to whose character they assimilate, and thus they are made holy and wretched, to the bright and sanctified angels. It occurred at a protracted meeting, in the town of Berlin, October 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1863. It is a hundred and twenty-eight pages, well bound. Published by STEPHEN DEUEL, Dayton, Ohio. Retail price, \$1; sent free by mail. A liberal discount to the trade. Feb. 27, 64.

Message Department.

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

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit of whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Commodore St. M. Perry, late of United States Navy; John Collins, to his brother, Peter Collins, of Cincinnati, O.; Nathan Willis, of Georgetown, Mass., who died at Newbern on the evening of March 15th; Eddie Stevens, of Long Island, N. Y., to his mother.

Thursday, March 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lieut. Richard L. Soule, to friends in Savannah, Ga.; Stephen T. E. Oull, to friends in Buffalo, N. Y.; Rosanna Willis, to her husband, John Willis, of San Juan, Cal.

Monday, March 28.—Invocation: Spiritual Questions and Answers; Evelyn Tammyson, to her friends, in New York; Johnnie Donahoe, to his father, James Donahoe, in the Army; James Davis, to his mother; Edward Smith, to his parents, in Mason, Ga.

Tuesday, March 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Captain Robert L. Connor, to his wife, Alice; Pat Trainor, to James Trainor, of Boston; Eddie Carney, to his mother, in New York City.

Invocation.

Fainting, weakly, heavy laden, these human hearts turn to Thee, our Father, our Friend. We know they will not turn to Thee in vain. We ask that they may shut out from themselves the darkness and mist, the fog of the external world. May they for the moment learn to commune with Thee in spirit and in truth. We ask that whatever words we may utter, whatever thoughts we may breathe, may be redolent with the fragrance of Divine Life, springing up in the hereafter, bearing buds, blossoms, and fruit, to nourish humanity. And unto Thy name, oh, Father and Mother we will chant praises throughout eternity. March 3.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—In compliance with your custom, we are now ready to receive questions, if the audience have any to propound.

Q.—I would like to know where children obtain that devilish disposition that makes them impose upon one another without reason?

A.—For our part, we can see nothing devilish in childhood. Doubtless, friend, you have looked upon the susceptibilities of human conditions surrounding childhood, and not upon childhood itself. We might say such a disposition as you speak of, came from the father and the mother. And again we might answer with all truth, it is a combination of human circumstances. An evil disposition is a result born of human conditions. When human conditions are outlived, the effect will cease. Childhood, to us, presents more of a picture of divine life, than of the opposite.

Go on; let there be as little delay as possible in the propounding of questions.

Q.—I would like to know the condition of an eldest daughter.

A.—The answer would come better through some spirit friend of your daughter. Put that question in a sealed envelope, lay it upon the table, and doubtless you will receive an answer to it.

Q.—Do you deem it necessary to use the rod in the government of children.

A.—By no means.

Q.—When we cannot plead with them, what are we to do?

A.—Restrain them by firmness and love; never by the rod. Two evils never made one right. You only meet that which seems to be evil, or has the appearance of evil in the child, with the same element. When you meet it with the rod, you undertake to overcome it by the same power. Now we contend that you can overcome it far better by the element of love. Learn the child to love you; and ever walk yourselves in paths of equity and truth. When you conduct yourself this way before children, you will neither have any cause to use the rod, or to fear that your children will go astray.

Q.—Some have not the element of love in their nature; what is to be done in such cases?

A.—Then by all means place them under the care of those who are more fortunate than yourselves. We pity childhood that is governed without the element of love, for we know that the external of their being must become hardened and depraved.

We would recommend that you place your little ones under the care of those who are largely unfolded in love, if you have not the element in your own being. This is a duty you owe, not only to your children, but to yourselves and the world. Remember, you are forming characters out of the present that are to make their mark upon the pages of your country's history in after years. Much is depending upon you; much will be expected of you as progenitors of the rising generation. See to it that the child does not look back in after years and curse you.

Love is an element by which you can overcome all other powers, no matter what they are. There never was a criminal so steeped in crime, that you could not reach him by the element of love, if you persevered. The spark of Divine Love must ever respond to love. Jesus, the Truth-teller, perceived this, and all humanity may, if we can but enable them to look beyond the form, to the spirit of the form. Go on, friends.

Q.—You say love will conquer all powers.

S.—Yes, we did say so.

Q.—Then why does it not conquer those who, like our Southern brethren, have resisted love?

S.—Are you sure they have resisted love? Have you met them with love? We answer, no, never. They have met you with hatred, and you have answered in the same spirit. There are exceptions, but so small are they that the generality cannot be overcome by humanity.

We do not blame humanity because we do not find them living under the law of love, pure and undefiled, for we know you are leaving the dark forms of the past, and are just entering upon the living forms of the present. You are just beginning, in this enlightened age, to understand spir-

it law, which Jesus taught eighteen hundred years ago. "A new commandment," he said, "I give unto you: that ye love one another." He might as well have swept away all the laws they were living under at that time; for the law of Moses was dead when Jesus came upon the stand of life. He put it beneath his feet, and sought to baptize humanity with his new order of love. Those of the present age are beginning to perceive that there can be more accomplished by the law of love, than in any other way.

Q.—Can a true Spiritualist advocate war?

A.—No, the true Spiritualist, if he be indeed true to the divine light within him, will perceive that there is in reality no need of war. If the law of love, or spiritual law, was better understood, then war would not be your chief guest, as it is to-day.

We are well aware that there are many intelligences from the Summer-land, who return, advocating war. It may be a necessity growing out of human conditions, that causes you, as a nation, to declare war against each other; yet could you but look beyond the human, could you but understand the requirements of Divine Life, these human conditions would fade away. But inasmuch as your eyes are sealed and your ears are deaf to the requirements of Divine Law, let us be patient, and wait until you grow large enough to comprehend what Divine Law requires of you as individuals; then you will perceive that war is only a child of human conditions. We can see no reason why you should not be made subservient to Divine law when once you understand what that law is.

Q.—Can there be a God, without a corresponding Devil?

S.—Do you allude to a personal God?

Q.—No, but to an Infinite Power of Good—or can good exist without evil?

A.—Evil is a result of the changing of atoms, or of the passing of forms out of one form into another; or changing life, if you please. When divinely considered, evil is not evil; but when humanly considered, it is evil. We believe in a Supreme Power of Good, ever present, and all perfect. There is no place where this Good does not dwell; there never was a time when this Good did not exist. All nature and the present prove this, therefore there is no room for a Devil.

Q.—All would be good then, if we only knew how to use it?

A.—Yes, it is only your human ignorance that makes that you call bad. March 3.

Ellen Andrews.

I have friends I wish to speak of at Sacramento City, California. I died on J street, three days ago, of congestion of the lungs they said.

I had been in Sacramento but seven weeks. I belong—I was a native of Massachusetts—born in Cambridge. I went from Carrollton, Pennsylvania, to Sacramento.

I was twenty-two years ago. My name was Ellen Edwards before marriage, Ellen Andrews, after. I was married a little more than two years ago. My husband went to California on business for a firm in New York, found it to his advantage to remain there, and sent for me to go out to him. Ill health prevented my doing so for a time, but I grew better and went. I lived I think, not quite seven weeks after I arrived there.

I heard much said about this Spiritualism, but knew nothing of it myself. Oh, it was so hard to die! I thought if I could live just one year longer, I would be ready to die then. It's only three days since I went. I know I am here soon, but I suppose God knows best.

I wish my dear friends, all of them, would give me only one chance to speak. Let me talk as I want to, to them alone, and I will be satisfied then.

Tell Joseph, my husband, to go to that lady medium that we heard about. I don't know her name. She is there—I do not remember her name—and I'll try to come. He knows who I refer to.

There is no way for any one else to give you what I do. It would take more than three days to get intelligence from California, even by the quickest mode, such as I have given you.

I'd say more, but I have such hard work to talk. When I come again, I shall do better. March 3.

Joe Brown.

By golly, they're always ahead! I never see a woman yet that did n't manage to get ahead of a man. Look here, you're either close to me, or I am to you. Well, I thought I was going to get the first chance here, to-day. I've waited long enough to get it, at any rate, but I did n't get it. Now, you see, I was booked for this first chance, but, fortunately for the lady it's a gentleman that has charge of this thing, so he let her come first. I went find any fault, only I felt a little disappointed at having to wait.

Well, this ere death is kind of funny, ain't it? [We haven't tried it.] You're going, do, ain't you? Can't dodge it, anyway. Sometimes in the army we can dodge shot and shell, but there's no such thing as dodging death.

Well, major-general, I'm from Wisconsin, and should like to get a bit of a piece of news through to my folks, if I can. [We'll add you all we can.] I was private in the 5th Wisconsin; always kind of wished I might die in rather high life, stranger, but could n't come it, for I went out as private, you see.

Now look here; I'm plain Joe Brown, same as I always was; and I can't be anything else now. All I came for was to get a letter, or message, home to my wife. Well, she was my wife just a little short of two weeks before I enlisted. Now she feels kind of bad, because she thinks I'm dead; and I'd like to cheer her up a little, and tell her that I'm alive, and can come back and talk to her. Her name is Adelia. Now I want you to ask my wife, who lives in Madison, Wisconsin, to go to some of these folks that you call mediums, and let me come and talk with her, and I'll soon convince her that I'm alive and upside down, or right side up. How'll that do? [Anything that will call attention to your coming here will answer.]

I've been some time, I know, getting round—some time; but never mind, never mind. I'm here at last. My body is left to Gettysburg, I suppose—that's where I left it—and I want you to just telegraph a little message home to my wife, to let her know that I'm not dead, but can come back and talk. And as to about the death part of it, I do n't know but I went out about as easily as most people do. I did n't suffer much—did n't have a chance to see, sir; I died on the battle-field. Oh, it's a glorious death, this dying in battle. You get so wild with excitement, that you do n't think of death until you find yourself whopped over. It's so, Major. If you do n't believe it, just shoulder a musket, and go down South and stand in the front ranks, and maybe you'll have a chance to meet death as I did.

Now, stranger, I've lugged along with me to-day a great lot of truck about money, business and friends, and all that sort of thing; but I don't care about dragging it in here, or of parading it before the public, either. But I do want to parade it in some sort of a way, because it's going to benefit them I've left. [You can send a message to well, your folks meet you privately.] Yes; well, I've got a brother Charlie. He's in the army, and if I'm not mistaken, he'll soon join

me. [Is he well?] Yes; but I kind of feel, stranger, as if we are going to travel together pretty soon, my brother Charlie and me. Now if he was me, maybe he would n't mind being told this; but as he's himself, he may feel bad about it. I reckon not. I'll let it slide. I always did tell all I know when I was living on the earth.

Well, stranger, if you treat me pretty well, when you come to the spirit-world I'll do the best I can by you. March 3.

Ada Elliot.

My father is in Texas, my mother is in Trenton. [New Jersey?] Yes, sir. I want to send a letter to both. I've been here since the 2nd day of December, ten minutes past five in the morning. My name when I was here was Ada Elliot. I was most ten years old. My father's name is Harrison D. Elliot; my mother's name was Adeline; and I'm with my Aunt Augusta, and have been ever since I came to the spirit-world. She used to live with my mother, and died of consumption. [Was she your mother's sister?] Yes, sir; and I'm with her now. [What place did your parents reside in at the time of her death?] Trenton.

My father's an Infidel. I do n't know what my mother is, but she believes people can come back. But I want to send a letter to my father most. I did n't see him before I died. I did n't have any chance to say anything to him when I went away. I want to say so much to him! I want to tell him where I live, and all about what I've seen here.

His mother did n't hang herself—I my grandmother did n't hang herself. [How came she hanged?] She was n't hung. She did n't hang herself, she says. She was found dead in a position that would lead folks to suppose that she hung herself. She died when he was about six months old, and he's always believed that his mother committed suicide. 'Tis n't so; she's often told me about it since I went to the spirit-world, and she says she did n't hang herself. [Did she tell you what occasioned her death?] No, sir; she never told me that. But I want my father to know he was mistaken. She'll tell him how she came to die, if he'll let her come and talk with him. He thinks there's nothing of her. He thinks she's been gone to nothing long ago.

[What is your father doing in Texas?] He's with the army; yes, sir. [Do you remember which army?] Is he in the Federal army? Yes, sir; he's in the Federal army. He is n't a rebel; he's an officer. He's lieutenant; ain't there two? [Yes.] I do n't know whether it's first or second, and he's with the army in Texas, and my mother can send my letter to him when she gets it. [Does your mother get these papers?] Yes, sir, and another one from New York; I do n't remember what it is. [The Herald of Progress, probably.] And I know where that paper is that my father lost, and nobody could tell him where it was, and because he could n't find it he lost his case in law. And I know where it is. Yes, sir; I'll tell him where it is, if he wants to know. It's my father went into the store-closet, and there's a large casket near the shelves. He went in for something—I do n't know for what—and my aunt says, in stopping down the paper slipped out of his coat pocket. He'd put it in that day, and was looking for something in the store-closet, when it fell out of his pocket and went down under the floor, in the crack under the floor. And because my father could n't find that paper, he lost his case in Court. And he can go there and find it now, if he's a mind to. Good-by. [Did you tell your age?] Yes, sir; most ten. March 3.

Anna Cora Wilson.

[The last spirit that manifested this afternoon, reached forth the medium's hand and took the hand of the spirit's mother, and addressed to her the following beautiful and touching poetic allusions to the last moments of her earth-life. The scene was affecting. The mother says her "darling birdie" would have been eighteen years old this month, and has been in the spirit-world over five years.]

Flushed were the voices and muted the tread of kind friends who lingered near "Birdie's" death-bed; But they saw not the angels who entered unheard, And dipped in heaven's chalice the wings of their bird.

And they whispered so soft that you heard not a sound—"Come, Birdie, your wings shall no longer be bound!" Then, quick as the eagle's eye drinks in the light, Your Birdie was free from mortality's night.

And now from the heights of Eternity's plains, From the land where Death comes not and Night never reigns, Your Birdie returns, on swift pinions of love, With fresh gathered buds from her bright home above.

When the world in its coldness says, "Birdie is dead," Oh tell them, dear mother, I've only been laid, By the hands of the angels, away from the night, Away from earth's darkness to heaven's clear light.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, the Hindoo lifts his soul to thee through Christian woman; and he takes with him the thoughts of this Christian people. Some are great, and full of life; some are small, having little life. Mighty Allah, answer them all, that the hearts of these Christians may grow strong, that they may worship thee more devoutly in spirit and in truth. Mighty Allah, these, the Christians, have sent their mission-teachers to talk to the Hindoo. May the Hindoo find as much favor with the Christian as the Christian has found with the Hindoo. And when they shall lay down in death, and rise up in life, Mighty Allah, give them fresh flowers, fine fruits, clear waters and many friends. March 7.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The audience are now invited to propound such questions as they may desire to have answered.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent—B. F. C.—sends us the following letter, enclosing an article upon the spotted fever:

MR. EDITOR.—In one of the communications published in the BANNER, I think it was stated that disease was caused by the absence or inability of the spirit to control the parts affected, and the true remedy for sickness was to aid the spirit's return, or control, of the diseased parts.

As this is a very important matter, will the spirits favor us with as full information as possible on this subject, touching the different modes of medical practice now in use, comparing them with the means used, and the success of our Saviour eighteen years ago.

Also, will the spirits please explain the cause of the epidemic spoken of in the paper enclosed, (taken from the Journal of Commerce of the 3d inst.) and other similar epidemics now prevailing in different parts of this country, and their remedies?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, New York, March 4th, 1864.

THE EXTRACT.

THE SPOTTED FEVER.—We learn from a gentleman who has spent several days in Luzerne Co., Penn., some interesting particulars concerning the epidemic, popularly known as the "spotted fever," which has caused such havoc in that region. The disease made its appearance in a house situated on the highest and airiest ground in Carbondale, and carried off three children of one family in a few hours. The symptoms are a fit of trembling, like a common ague, and a pain across the brow. Within an hour red spots or blotches begin to break out all over the body, and a raging fever sets in, accompanied by delirium.

The disease comes to its crisis in from six to ten hours, and in most cases terminates fatally. All classes of society and all ages are liable to it, though the worst of its ravages is among the children. In one instance an entire family of seven children fell victims to it. Various methods of treatment are resorted to; but a sure preventive, or cure, has not been discovered. The whole number of deaths are reported at nearly four hundred. At last accounts it was subsiding, and its speedy disappearance from the unfortunate county was confidently looked for.

ANSWER TO FIRST QUESTION.—Disease means simply this: that the spirit has lost control of that portion of the human body that is diseased. Now it may have lost its control by one means, and it may have lost it by another. There are many thousand ways by which disease comes upon humanity, by which the spirit is forced to yield up the control of certain portions of the human body, and there are as many ways by which the spirit may be assisted in regaining control of those parts again. But the most potent and powerful of all remedies comes through the magnetic element. The spirit acts upon the animal through magnetic law. It holds its control by virtue of the magnetic fluid, and loses it, also, by virtue of the absence of that fluid. Now there are certain persons who are so fully charged with magnetic life, that they are capable of imparting this element to others, who are capable of giving of their own life and health to others that have less life and health.

It has been the custom for many years to seek a remedy for disease through Materia Medica. The stomach of the animal man has been called upon to perform a very large amount of labor. Many nauseous drugs have been introduced into the stomach, which it has been compelled to analyze, chemically change, and to send over the nervous wires that magnetism, or as much of that healing element as was introduced through the remedy.

But as the human advances in intellect and wisdom, it begins to perceive what Jesus the great healing medium understood intuitively, that disease comes silently, stealthily through the imperceptible, and that in order to meet it with sure success, you must follow its course through the same avenue. You must learn the laws governing the magnetic element, and when you have learned them, you can easily apply them to diseased physical bodies.

ANSWER TO SECOND QUESTION.—In a word, we believe that the disease spoken of as spotted fever, is but one of the many evils consequent upon war. Your atmosphere is filled with a deadly effluvia that all must inhale to a greater or less extent. This sometimes passes in currents, or veins. It should be understood that your atmosphere is made up of innumerable veins, or atmospheric wires, each governed by its own peculiar law, and each exerting its own peculiar influence.

Now in some of these currents of your atmosphere there is a peculiar affinity for death—if we may so term this poisonous effluvia in the air—consequently it is passed rapidly over these atmospheric wires, and begins to exert its deadly influence wherever there is the most affinity for it; or, in other words, wherever there is a body that is adapted to its entrance. Now it might pass through the entire length of your earth, and you be unharmed by it. But if there is a more attractive element in certain bodies than it finds in the atmosphere, this effluvia will leave the atmosphere and enter these bodies. The result will be before you.

Now you have much to do, a very long lesson to learn with regard to the correct method of cure, or, we should say, with regard to preventing the disease taking hold upon animal life.

At present you cannot understand what condition is most adapted to taking on this peculiar disease. We cannot present you with a picture by which we could fully demonstrate such a condition to you, because we find nobody in this room that would be likely to attract the disease termed spotted fever to itself. You might take us hundreds of miles away from this place, and yet we might not find one person who, if brought within range of that deadly influence, would be sure to attract it. There are certain combinations of magnetic and electric life that attract all forms of disease that are carried in your atmosphere; and there are other conditions that repel them. Therefore, you see it would be impossible for us to recommend any general mode of treatment for the removal of spotted fever. You must learn as much as it is possible for you to learn concerning the cause, and then you will know better how to deal with the effect. You are but standing upon the threshold of evils that are but the consequence of your war. Disease—many forms of which are unknown to man—will visit you, but thanks be to God, human intellect ever keeps pace with sorrow. You will know how to deal with it when it comes.

Q.—Are the spirits of our friends cognizant of our general actions, or only when particularly drawn to us?

A.—The disembodied spirit is by no means omniscient; therefore it cannot be cognizant of all that is taking place with their friends on earth. Whenever it is in clear rapport with earthly friends, the disembodied spirit is cognizant of the actions of those friends.

Q.—Is not some one with them constantly who understands their every thought?

A.—No, by no means. Spirits generally have better employment than that of reading human thoughts.

Q.—Is not some one with them all the time? Not every spirit-friend, but some particular one?

A.—No; there are times, we believe, when the disembodied spirit is not attended by the disembodied. There are times when you repel spirits of every grade and class, that have not forms like your own. Again, there are times when the disembodied are attracted to yourself by legions. Do you understand?

Q.—Do spirits ever progress so far, or become so perfected, as to be unable to return to the earth-sphere?

A.—The spirit is capable of so far outliving its attraction for earth and earthly things, that in that sense it becomes impossible for them to return to earth as individualized intelligences. They may transmit their desire to friends dwelling in earth-life; but after they have outlived their earthly attractions, they do not come in person to earth. Do you understand?

Q.—The intelligence in the early part of the science bade us to study the laws of magnetic power, and learn their application to diseased physical bodies. With a desire to obey the controlling intelligence, I would like to know what some of those laws are, and, as a preliminary question, would ask, whether mineral and vegetable magnetism are the same in principle as that of the human form?

A.—In principle they are the same, but in manifestation they are widely different.

Q.—What are some of the laws that you speak of as applicable to the restoration of health in the human being?

A.—The law of communion, or interchange of thought-power between spirit and spirit; that is not projected into outer life. Thus communion

between spirit and spirit does take place, but you have no knowledge of that fact in the outer world. Now Clairvoyance, with its mighty power, may and will unfold to you all that is necessary for you to know of this mighty law. Your day and your generation has furnished you with superior clairvoyants, persons who are capable of reaching far into the future, of grasping truths therefrom, and bringing them into the outer world to you. Through the power of clairvoyance, you will learn how to make correct application of the law. Is the subject clear to you?

Q.—To a certain extent.

S.—In what have we failed to make it plain?

Q.—Please explain the difference between mineral and animal magnetism?

A.—One belongs to mineral life, to one of the lower strata of life; the other to a higher order of life, as in the animal.

Q.—Would a combination of the two be efficacious in the removal of disease from the human form?

A.—Yes, it would.

Q.—In that case, which magnetism would be subservient to the other?

A.—Sometimes one would stand out preëminent, sometimes the other.

Q.—Is this clairvoyant power one that could be obtained by everybody?

A.—No, we do not think it is; for there are certain bodies, physical machines, that cannot be used in this way. Some may seek for the gift through their entire natural lives, and never be able to obtain it. Others obtain this gift very readily, although conditions ruling at the time of their physical birth, doubtless have much to do with their clairvoyant power. Now as no one can control the conditions of their physical birth, no one can make themselves clairvoyants.

Q.—Does the clairvoyant power depend upon the volition of one's own mind, or upon the volition of disembodied spirits?

A.—Sometimes by the action of his own will a person can use it largely. Sometimes it is dependent upon the will of disembodied spirits. Sometimes it is dependent upon spirits in the body. We know of many clairvoyants who are entirely dependent upon spirits in the body, who are unable to exercise their clairvoyant power at all aside from the aid of their spirit-attendants. Again, we know of some persons, who are clairvoyants by the exercise of their own spiritual capacities through outer life. Such persons are commonly called independent clairvoyants.

Q.—Is the nature of this clairvoyant power the supremacy of the soul over the body?

A.—Yes, it is. The spirit of the clairvoyant has not so strong a hold upon the physical body as others have. It is capable of letting go of all, save just enough to hold them to the machine; capable of wandering out into the outer life, and not only of sojourning there, but of taking note of whatever is passing there. A Columbus, by the exercise of his superior clairvoyant powers, saw the new world. No one had ever told him there was a western hemisphere, and yet he knew it. Clairvoyance had acquainted him with the fact, and so fully satisfied was he that such a world existed, that he was willing to make any sacrifice to prove the truth of his impression. His all, his life he threw into the scale.

Q.—Is it not just as probable to suppose that the strong impression of mind of Columbus was the result of disembodied spirits acting upon his mind, as to suppose it was the volition of his own mind? Is it not more probable?

A.—Yes; where there is one independent clairvoyant capable of acting outside of its own being, there are ten who are not capable of so doing. Columbus had the power, and it was used, with what results you and I well know. March 7.

Thomas S. Kenney.

I feel that I have scarce any claim upon your sympathy, but like many thousands I ask for it, whether I have a claim or not.

I was separated from my body in December last, in the city of St. Louis. I did not come into conscious life until last night, when, coming in contact with a medium, I was informed of my condition, and it was the first time I learned that I was dead.

Four years ago I was worth between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars, accumulated at my business as a broker. Three years ago I lost my wife and child. The effect was serious upon me. I abandoned my business and courted death in any and all forms. I gave up entirely to despair, and longed for death. I drank largely, and sometimes used opium, until I found myself a beggar, with not even enough in my pocket to purchase a meal of victuals.

When I was sober enough to do any business, I picked up a little, as every curb-stone broker can always do, if he wishes to. When absolutely compelled to obtain means, I would work in that capacity for a few weeks, then I would use what I had gained. I thought I used it for my own good, but I see now that I was mistaken, and that it is not well to try to drown our sorrow by liquor, for we are still ourselves though we sink to sleep in alcohol enough to fill up the Atlantic Ocean; sooner or later we rouse from its effects, and then comes the remorse.

I have been told that I passed on in a fit. I remember of having two, and I'm told I had the third, and died. At one time I was a correspondent for one of the Western papers, and I did much in my way against preventing the success of your spiritual cause; and whenever I could speak a word against it, I took occasion to do so. After I lost my wife—which was my all—I began to think I would like to believe in that Spiritualism; but I was ashamed then to have anything to do with it, so I never made any efforts in that direction.

I presume I have many friends in the West, who might be glad to hear from me if they thought it were possible for them to do so. They might be glad to know that I had found, not a hell, the Christians told of, but since last night a heaven, that goes so far beyond what I ever expected that I am entirely lost in satisfaction and delight. Since waking to consciousness in the spirit-world, I have been re-united to the best of friends—my wife—and I am supremely happy. It is true, I regret the course I pursued when on the earth, but as I cannot recall that, I am determined to do what I can to benefit my friends in earth-life, and in warning them against doing as I did. I am fully aware I shall see many unhappy moments, even in the midst of my joy—in the midst of my heaven. But whatever sorrow may fall to my lot, I am prepared for it.

[Where were you during your unconsciousness?] I do not know, madam. I have no recollection of dying. The last I can remember when here was that two of my friends were trying to prevail upon me to go home with them, which I refused to do, being fully determined to sleep on the street, as I had done many times. I have been told since I awoke to consciousness that I was taken home by them, by force, had a fit during the night, and died in it. But it's over now.

I would like to meet my old friend, Samuel Payson, if it be possible. I know he had no belief in

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Spiritualism when I was here, but I can but think that my star will excite curiosity. He knows it's true, and I think I can soon identify myself to him, if I am permitted to commune with him. My friends, I would also like to commune with him. In anything that I can do to comfort my friends, I should be pleased to do it.

My father and mother were very kind to me, and I feel that I owe you an apology for writing against you and your paper, for I did so, and am truly sorry for it now.

You will say this is for the acquaintances—I'll call them friends, for they were friends in their line—I left in St. Louis. I am, or was, Thomas S. Kenney. I generally subscribed myself T. S. Kenney. Good-day, sir. March 7.

Susie Wilkins.

"Dead in trespasses and sins." No, I ain't, I'm alive, sir; not alive in sin, any more than any one else, either.

I've been in this world, sir, as near as I can judge, about fourteen months. I died of fever in New York City. I lived most of my life with my father's sister. My parents dying when I was quite young, my father's sister adopted me. She was very rigid in her views, and thought all who did not believe as she did must certainly go to the hell that is set apart for sinners. Now my aunt was not only rigid in her religion, but was so in many other things. Well, I liked to dance—to go to parties and concerts with her, but my aunt thought it was wicked, and she prohibited my going. So I told her I would leave her house, and I went away and supported myself. I at first earned a living by making lace sleeves and collars. At one time I worked at Genin's Bazaar on Broadway.

Well, I was taken sick and that soon used up all the money I had, and the people where I was staying sent for my aunt, and she said if I would repent of my sins, and consent to change my course of life, she would take me home with her. I said I'd nothing to repent of. I had been happy away from my aunt, and had supported myself honestly. I was sick then, I knew, and was not able to pay my way, but I hoped to be well soon, and then I could soon do so. But I had nothing to repent of, I should never change my course of life, and would never consent to be carried to her home again.

So my aunt left me, saying, "You're dead in trespasses and sins." Well, I didn't think so; I do not think so now, either. I died shortly after. I met my father and mother; they were overjoyed to see their child. I was very happy, and I have been happy ever since I went to the spirit-world.

I've only come here to tell my dear Aunt Angeline—that's her name—that I'm not dead, but I'm alive and happy. And I think I know just as much about God as she does, and I think a little more, and she'll find that she's made a mistake when she goes to the spirit-world—that her religion won't be worth a straw to her. It won't even serve her in passing through death. She will have a terrible time when she comes to die, for she's always frightened when she's sick the least bit—if she's sick half an hour, she's frightened almost to death, and is afraid she's going to die. Well, I was not afraid to die, as great a sinner as she said I was.

Now I do not come back here to-day because I have any ill feeling towards my aunt, for I forgive her; I did long ago, and I do not want her to think I come to blame her for her treatment of me. I was determined to come, as soon as I learned I could come, and if my dear aunt will go somewhere, and let me come and talk, I'll give her unmistakable proof that I'm just the person I say I am.

Yes; tell her that Susie Wilkins isn't dead. There's no ministers or churches in the spirit-world, and those folks that have lived all their lives here by leaning upon the Church and their ministers, will find themselves in a very shaky condition when they come to the spirit-world.

I wish Mrs. Denton, who knows something about these things, would be kind enough to take my letter—when it is published—in person, to my aunt. And if she is not afraid to meet one "who is dead in trespasses and sins," I should be very glad to meet her. I was twenty years old—little over twenty. Good-day, sir. March 7.

Theodore Aldrich.

I'm in hopes to send some word to my folks. I'm a good deal disappointed about this new country. It's different from what I thought it would be.

I was private in the 2d Indiana. I've got folks in Clarksville, Indiana, I'd like to talk with. I have a wife, and mother, and two children there, sir. They know I am dead; have been, ever since your second Bull Run fight, but do not know anything about coming back.

Now if you'll be kind enough to tell my folks that Theodore Aldrich can talk without his body, that he's only availed himself of the privileges offered by the great God, I'll thank you. I can't give you anything but his thanks, because, stranger, I ain't got anything else to give you. Stranger, I'm happy enough, although I'm somewhat disappointed in my conditions. Well, they're better, stranger, than I thought. I'm like a man that is introduced into pretty good company with a bad rig on. I'm a little ashamed; that's the way I feel, stranger. I thought I was going to meet with different things altogether. I find this here spirit-world don't differ much from your world. It's only a step higher in the ladder; that's all. Good-day, stranger. Company A, sir.

[You'd better give your wife and children's names.] My wife's name, Hulda; my children's, Theodore and Jane. Oh, how I should like to go! I'll wait till the bed comes round, as the man did when he was drunk. Good-day. March 7.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

Mrs. M. A. TOWN (see special) in Boston, March 27. Mrs. A. MANDA M. SPRINGER will speak in Charlestown during May 1 in Chelsea, during July.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lynn, March 27. Address No. 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. MORSE HULL will speak in Providence, R. I., March 27; in Boston, April 1; in Portland, Me., May 1; in Worcester, Mass., May 8. Address, Banner of Light office 111 May 1st; after that time, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. MISS JAZZIE DOTEN will speak in Lowell, Mass., April 3 and 10; in Foxboro, Mass., April 24; in Quincy, Mass., April 24 and 25. Address, Newburyport, Mass., or Banner of Light office.

Mrs. MISS SOPHIA L. CHAFFIELD, of New York, speaks in Portland, Me., March 27; in Worcester, Mass., May 1. Address at the Banner of Light office, 111 May 1st.

Mrs. MISS SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Lowell, Mass., April 17 and 24. Address, Brantford, Vt.

Mrs. MISS PRINCE will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. MISS EMMA HOUSTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., on July 31. Address as above, or East Boston, Mass.

Mrs. MISS MARY M. WOOD will speak in Stamford, Conn., during April. Address, 111 May 1st.

Mrs. MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chelsea during April; in Springfield, Mass., 1, 8, and 15; in Lowell during June. Address, New Haven, Conn., or George Bowditch, Worcester, R. A. Storor, Boston.

Mrs. MISS H. F. M. KNOWS will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during March. These lectures are given at the residence of Mrs. H. F. M. Knows, at Cleveland, O.; after that, care of H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. MISS A. P. BROWN will speak in Quincy, Mass., March 27; in Chelsea, April 3 and 10; in Foxboro, Mass., April 24; in New York City, April 24 and 25. Address as above.

Mrs. MISS AUSTEN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. MISS A. B. WARRING will speak in Providence, R. I., during April; in Chelsea, Mass., during May; in Springfield, June 8 and 12. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. MISS HEATH, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second; and in Laphamville, third; in Alpine, fourth.

Mrs. MISS MARY M. JONES speaks in Troy, N. Y., March 27, and in Chelsea, April 3 and 10; in Foxboro, Mass., April 24; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17; in Boston, May 1 and 8; and desires to make engagements for the spring and summer. Address, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. MISS H. STONE will speak in Boston, March 27; in Foxboro, Mass., April 3; in Chelsea, June 1 and 8. Address, Foxboro, or 4 Warren street, Boston.

Mrs. MISS WARREN CHASE'S address will be Chicago, Ill., till further notice. His lectures during March, April, and May, in Chicago. His business engagements in the West will prevent his return to New England till late in summer or fall. He will receive subscription for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. MISS W. K. RIPLEY speaks in Stockport, N. Y., during March; in Somers, Conn., April 17 and 24; in Williamsville, May 15, 22, and 29; in the River Village, June 5, 12, and 19; in New York City, Mass., June 12 and 19. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. MISS LAURA M. HOLLIS will speak in Stockport, N. Y., the first Sunday in each month.

Mrs. MISS ANNETTA A. CURRIER speaks in Baltimore, Md., during March. Will receive proposals to speak in the East during the summer months. Address as above, or Box 15, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. MISS F. FAIRBANKS will speak in Central New York, during March; in Worcester, Mass., April 10 and 17; in Boston, May 1 and 8. Address as above.

Mrs. MISS J. G. FISH speaks on the first and third Sundays at Battle Creek; one-fourth at Kalamazoo; one-fourth at Plainwell, Allegan Co., Mich.; and one-fourth at Grand Haven, Mich. Address, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. MISS J. GREENLEAF will speak in Exeter, Me., March 27; in Bucksport, April 18 and 25; in Exeter, April 24; in Dover, May 1, 8, 15, and 22. Address, Exeter, Me.

Mrs. MISS E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Leicester, Vt., April 3 and 10. Address, Leicester, Vt.

Mrs. MISS CHARLES A. HAYES will speak in Lowell, March 27, in Lowell, during April; in Dover, during June; in Old Troy and Lincoln, Mass., during July; will make no engagements for August, Providence, R. I., during September.

Mrs. MISS JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will leave for Garnet, Kansas, to fill an engagement to lecture, on the 14th of March, by way of St. Louis, Hannibal, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Columbus, Brown, Jackson, and Beloit, Wis., to St. Paul, Minn., on the 10th of March, and return to Garnet, Kansas, on the 20th of March, until April 20th, will be attended to. Subscriptions taken to the Banner of Light.

Mrs. MISS DR. H. P. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture, or attend funerals. Office, No. 1 Myrtle street, Boston.

Mrs. MISS EMMA HARRINGTON, San Francisco, Cal., sep-10-ly CORA L. V. HATCH. Present address, New York. Jan-2-Miss BESSIE M. JOHNSON will answer calls to lecture. Address, Chelsea, Mass. mar-2-3m

Mrs. MISS R. REVOLDSON, Cooper Institute, New York Jan-2-3m Mrs. H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, 111 May 1st.

Mrs. MISS MRS. A. ANN RYDER, trance speaker. Address, Banner of Light, Boston. dec-10-3m

Mrs. MISS JENNIE S. RUDOLPH, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture, or attend funerals. Address, Taunton, Mass. mar-2-3m

Mrs. MISS FANNIE BURBANK FOSTER, South Malden, Mass. nov-2-6m

Mrs. MISS DR. A. P. PIERCE, Spiritual and Medical Electrician, will answer calls to lecture, or attend funerals. Office, No. 1 Myrtle street, Boston.

Mrs. MISS SARAH A. BYRNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Ngobon, trance speaker will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. mar-2-3m

Mrs. MISS MISS LIZIE M. A. CARNEY, inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak week evenings, and attend funerals. Address, Worcester, Mass. mar-2-3m

Mrs. MISS ANNE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, musical medium, South Malden, Mass., care T. D. Lane. Jan-7-7m

Mrs. MISS C. APOSTOLIS, Fitch will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in the trance state. Address, Post Office drawer 40, Chicago, Ill. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS H. T. STEARNS will answer calls to lecture in Detroit and vicinity. She will also attend funerals. Post Office address, Detroit, Mich. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS MRS. C. M. STOWE, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, or visit the sick. Examinations by letter. Address, Westport, Co., N. Y. dec-10-3m

Mrs. MISS E. WHIFFLE, Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich. dec-10-3m

Mrs. MISS MISS L. T. WHITNEY will answer calls to lecture on Health and Dress Reform, in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitehall, Wis. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS JOHN T. AMOR, magnetic physician and progressive lecturer, will answer calls. Address, 6 Pearl street, Rochester, N. Y. oct-10-3m

Mrs. MISS MRS. F. O. HETZER, box 168, Buffalo, N. Y. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS JACOB O. REED, magnetic physician, North Stockholm, N. Y. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS M. L. SHERMAN, trance speaker, Lowell, Mass. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS H. P. FAIRBANKS, trance speaking medium, Brantford, N. Y. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS MISS LIZZIE DICKSON will answer calls to lecture. Address, Portsmouth, N. H. Jan-2-3m

Mrs. MISS P. M. PUDGETT will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. Jan-2-3m

Mrs. MISS BENJAMIN TODD, Janesville, Wis., care of A. C. Stone. oct-10-3m

Mrs. MISS J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture. Address, by the present, Williamina, Conn. apr-1-3m

Mrs. MISS MORSE HULL, Battle Creek, Mich. Jan-2-3m

Mrs. MISS F. L. H. WILLES, Address, New York, care Herald of Progress. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS MRS. LAURA CURTIS, Dayton, Ohio. mar-15-3m

Mrs. MISS LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. nov-2-3m

Mrs. MISS REV. ADIN BALLON, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. apr-1-3m

Mrs. MISS L. JUDY PANDER, Cincinnati, Ohio, care Dr. N. B. Wolfe. apr-1-3m

Mrs. MISS W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. apr-1-3m

Mrs. MISS TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, through Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham, of Quincy. This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lavater, Melancthon Columbus, Andrew Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium. It is a large octavo volume, of 459 pages, printed in large, clear type, on good paper, every page being about 10 lines long. It is a most elaborate work. Modern Spiritualism has called out this price, cloth, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2. Postage, 25 cents. For sale at this office. Feb. 22.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY MISS LOVE M. WILLIS. Address 140 West 21st Street, New York City.

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

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

When Mrs. Grimes saw the snowy-white eggs that May brought in her apron, a smile came to her mouth, but it did not glow all over her face; it is only a kindly heart that makes the face light up with genuine delight. Tim thought this a favorable time for him to advance with the broken pitcher. "You see," said he, "that a sad mishap has occurred; but it happened at a fortunate time, for I am going to town with some early apples, and I will take the eggs and buy you a new and better pitcher than that ever was."

thought how they were to help us, and I concluded it was by our making them, and trying to know what they wanted us to do. "Let's ask them real loud, then," said May. "Oh, they understand a whisper as well as a loud voice, and a wish as well as words."

He thought to himself, "If I take my way over the lake it will save me a full half mile, and I shall then have ample time for my visit, and to return. When she came to the place in the road where the edge of the lake just bordered the path-way, she ventured on the smooth surface. A thin coating of snow covered the ice, and May half alid and half waded toward the centre of the lake. Some fishermen had cut holes, a few days before to put down their lines, and they had frozen over with only a thin coat of ice; but the snow had covered the roughness, and May did not note anything but the beautiful expanse. To be sure, Mrs. Grimes had often told her of the danger of going on to the lake alone; but this day she did not care to remember the warnings, and ventured boldly along. A little sad thought sometimes came stealing over her as to what Tim would say, should he chance to see her, and whether her spirit really was like a fountain on which every thing she did was pictured, and whether this picture was one that the angel would see.

the two divisions. He must be cruel, even terrible to woman, that he may be indulgent to himself. And thus he is at once true to his sentiment of her exalted nature and to his love of self—after a sorely irrational fashion, truly, but better than that utter apostasy to nature, and the degradation of woman in his sentiment, as well as in his intellectual theories and practical adjustment of relations in life. There is even a diabolical outrage exhibited in this judgment of woman, and exonerated of himself, which in a better cause, could scarcely fail to command our admiration. The infinite coolness of it surpasses my power of statement. Yet when I turn to the other aspect of the question, and find beneath all the infernal assurance, a genuine recognition, however absurd and imperfect, of the real nature of woman—an actual, living faith in her super-masculine purity—what conviction that her moral preservation is infinitely more important than his—a tacit confession that her sex could not come down to the level of his, without imperilling all in human existence, that reason and moral intelligence hold dear and sacred, I find a certain aloof forgiveness in my heart toward this irrational judge, and a far more comforting assurance that it will be well with us in the future, because of even this incongruous, absurd, shameful and cruel acknowledgment of us. And at some future stage of our journey, we shall find those who have been sacrificed in order to maintain it, and shall vindicate our human nature by making them the divinest reparation we can offer. Then, many a woman who has passed by on the other side, and who has not been carefully with-drawn from the fearful fold—will delight to take in the arms of her compassion and pitying tenderness, the unhappy ones whose martyrdom was the price her sex paid that she and her daughters might be held, by distinction, honorable and pure. I need not return to the more painful side of this case, or suggest another one of its yet unnamed features. They have been, and must continue in all progressive conditions where masculine sovereignty stands undisputed, because this is the sovereignty not of Love, but of Self-Love, and it will continue to have its protective measures not upon man's cost, but upon ours. What usurper ever ruled at his own?

laying on of hands," a young lady, who was pronounced incurable by physicians. I saw the restored one the other day, and the rose of health was on her cheek; her mother was by her looking so happy, that in my heart I blessed God for the healing power vouchsafed to Nellie. Last August, one of my sisters left us for the other life; lost her body through that horrible disease, small-pox. The... our belief in Hurler-album... grasping truths she has since con-sidered them into the outer world to fo-rough the power of clairvoyance, you will learn to make correct application of the law. Is this... accept with full and grateful... of Spiritualism. Mother has been many years a member of the Presbyterian Church, but I have heard her say many times that her faith was weak and unsatisfying. She dreaded approaching age, and inevitable death. Now she says the sting of death is passing away, and she looks forward to the meeting in the summer-land with joy. I was a slave to the fear of death once. Years ago this new light set me free. The future is a certainty—of joyful ones now. Not all the wealth and honor of this world could purchase from me one jot of this faith. It is based on knowledge. To you who have labored so faithfully and well, I want to send thanks and God-speed. How many hearts are made better and happier by your efforts, you may never know. Not long since one of your correspondents told you that when tired, and careworn, or disheart-ened, she found rest and comfort in the BANNER. I heartily endorse every word, and be sure I shall induce others, whenever I can, to provide them-selves with this comfort.

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All Business Letters must be addressed to "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

Attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of our subscribers' names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when the subscription expires, &c., the time paid for. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then the subscription is complete, and the paper will be discontinued, unless a remittance is made previous to this time. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts.

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TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

Come, let me whisper, little ones, Some pleasant news to you; It is the best I've heard this month, And yet I know 't is true.

It comes not over iron wires, Or by the hugging mail; But he who brings it unto me, Does never, never fail.

He brings no false canon to cheat, He wants no news-boy's cry, He has no need of mail or post, Or "Spross man" hurrying by.

I'll have you think, now, what it is— The best news I can bring. It is—it is—God gives again The happy, merry Spring.

Enigma.

I am composed of fourteen letters. My 7, 4, 8 is a graceful native of the forest. My 1, 5, 8, 7 is the constant cry of 8, 10, 14, 7, 8, 3. My 6, 5, 8, 3, 7, 18 is an atom.

My 8, 7, 1, 6, 5, 14, 7 follows evil doers. My 11, 5, 6, 7 beautifies our 4, 10, 6, 7, 14. My 3, 11, 13, 8, 7 marks the path of slanderers. My 3, 1, 10, 4, 7, 14 of the 9, 13, 3, 7 reward us for good conduct.

My 7, 11, 6, 7, 3 abound in fairy tales. My 6, 7, 8, 14, 7, 3 occur in poetry. My whole is the name of one who loves children.

Milwaukee, Wis. ALBERT M.

Answer to enigma in last week's BANNER.—AIR-CANA OF NATURA.

We have received an enigma signed "A young lady reader of the BANNER," which does not say what "my whole" is, therefore we will not publish it until we hear further.

Errata.—In "City Oris" please read, seventh verse, third line, "It minds not rule or jarring sounds."

The Unblamed Man and the Ruined Woman.

We make the following extracts from advance sheets of a new work soon to be published from the pen of Mrs. E. W. Farnham, entitled "Woman and Her Era."

During all the ages of its existence, human society has been, but never was, solved the problem of the unblamed man and the condemned woman—ruined, we are apt to say, thus making ourselves the arbiters of her moral destiny. And it seems to me that the very elements of solution are beyond us, until we recognize the greater spirituality and elevation of woman and her consequent greater fall, in descending to the level of man's nature.

Realizing this light, our theory of the sexes includes the enigmas and cruel paradoxes of demanding from the inferior, the higher and purer conduct, and punishing her fearfully for falling short of that demand. Thus, we do not reproach man for acting from sense in himself, and addressing woman through hers. But we have scorned, despised, and driven her to despair, for being moved by such address, beyond the point of perfect nature, which she is to do, and ignorant of the means, she acknowledged leader, blameless in the same act which stamps upon her, before the world's tribunal, the most irretrievable disgrace she can incur.

There is a terribly logical coherence in Human Sentiment. It will hold to the truths it feels through everything—at the cost of every manner of cruelty, absurdity, and manifest wrong, in its expression of them, when it is too dark and ignorant to see the true methods. But its roots are always, meanwhile, strike down to a deep, eternal truth, to which it is magnetic, and which it will by-and-by infallibly bring to the surface. Thus no reasoning mind could ever, in any age, be satisfied with the disposition which society made of this question; nor could any tender, or enlightened conscience fail to be troubled by it, in its own way, illustrating this extreme cruelty that society has ever persisted in. Yet it has been adhered to in all conditions. Let us then inquire for the hidden truth on which it must be based.

Why did men judge themselves so leniently and woman so severely?

The leading elements to the answer to this question have already been stated in these pages. Broadly they are the materiality of the masculine and the spirituality of the feminine—the selfishness of man and the purity of woman—the selfishness of man and the goodness of woman. But only in proportion to its development can society accept the ruling activity of the feminine qualities. In all its ruder stages it requires the ascendancy of the masculine traits, and enjoys it. And the earth does not yet afford an example of a social condition progressed enough for the unblamed man and free sovereignty of womanhood. But in all stages of progress there is need of the feminine, both as inspiration and restraint, to man, and in the relation of the sexes, out of marriage, it must rule, from the beginning, or dire disorder will follow its failure. The purity of woman is the everlasting barrier against which the tides of man's sensual nature surge—to be steadily broken back, or human welfare decays in her failure. Even in his purity, he leans, by constitution, toward the sensual and material, rather than the spiritual, and comes to be almost universally ruled by them in some form or degree. But there is no usurpation of sense so base and baleful as that under discussion here—none that so surely dooms to ignoble torpor, or temporary death, all that is sweet, grand, inspiring and heavenward in the nature. And this for two chief reasons: first, because it is a usurpation of the most external and perishable over the interior and enduring, in man himself; and second, because it is the only vice whose wide spread must necessarily involve both sexes. Other lusts of appetite, or of character, are more exclusively masculine, and like ambition, or the greed of gain, or drunkenness, may prevail very considerably in one sex, without immediately destroying or directly affecting, the purity and integrity of the other.

The intellect of man contemplates restraint, repression, denial, as self-necessities, in view of his appetites, but his self-love, especially this tyrannical feature, looks for the looking to self-denial as the safe-guard that is needed. He does not contemplate self-restraint as a remedy for the evils and excesses to which the appetite in question tends. Its nature is first to indulge, then in some fashion, however lame, to extenuate, justify or even approve itself. He sees intellectually, speculatively, that bounds must be set somewhere—but they are not to be his cost. On the contrary, he affirms that his appetites are to be satisfied, and they are, in him, respectable enough to be provided for, at any cost, not fatal to the whole of society. A portion of it he does not shrink from sacrificing thus, but testifies at the same time his high faith in and instinctive respect for the unpolished, by decreasing the widest and most fatal separation between

the two divisions. He must be cruel, even terrible to woman, that he may be indulgent to himself. And thus he is at once true to his sentiment of her exalted nature and to his love of self—after a sorely irrational fashion, truly, but better than that utter apostasy to nature, and the degradation of woman in his sentiment, as well as in his intellectual theories and practical adjustment of relations in life.

There is even a diabolical outrage exhibited in this judgment of woman, and exonerated of himself, which in a better cause, could scarcely fail to command our admiration. The infinite coolness of it surpasses my power of statement. Yet when I turn to the other aspect of the question, and find beneath all the infernal assurance, a genuine recognition, however absurd and imperfect, of the real nature of woman—an actual, living faith in her super-masculine purity—what conviction that her moral preservation is infinitely more important than his—a tacit confession that her sex could not come down to the level of his, without imperilling all in human existence, that reason and moral intelligence hold dear and sacred, I find a certain aloof forgiveness in my heart toward this irrational judge, and a far more comforting assurance that it will be well with us in the future, because of even this incongruous, absurd, shameful and cruel acknowledgment of us. And at some future stage of our journey, we shall find those who have been sacrificed in order to maintain it, and shall vindicate our human nature by making them the divinest reparation we can offer. Then, many a woman who has passed by on the other side, and who has not been carefully with-drawn from the fearful fold—will delight to take in the arms of her compassion and pitying tenderness, the unhappy ones whose martyrdom was the price her sex paid that she and her daughters might be held, by distinction, honorable and pure. I need not return to the more painful side of this case, or suggest another one of its yet unnamed features. They have been, and must continue in all progressive conditions where masculine sovereignty stands undisputed, because this is the sovereignty not of Love, but of Self-Love, and it will continue to have its protective measures not upon man's cost, but upon ours. What usurper ever ruled at his own?

But further, according to his material nature man sees chastity only as a physical quality, a virtuous mere fact, and virtually deems that its existence depends exclusively upon the outward relations; or if at all, in a very subordinate degree upon the state of the mind, and the affections. Thus, according to his standards, a woman is chaste, whatever the internal grossness and uncleanness of her thoughts and emotions, if she has never come to a certain outward experience; and she is equally so, if she has had that with her sanction, though every third and susceptible of her nature may have recoiled with loathing and abhorrence from it. But, observe, that according to the same standards, there is scarcely such a being on our earth as a virtuous man; almost literally none who is not looked down upon for being such, or sneered at for pretending to be. They are believed in, if at all, and respected, if at all, among the masses, only by a few most exacting and spiritual-minded men, and by the very feeble; the extremes which reach above and fall below the average development of masculine character. By this self-estimate man holds himself free, while he enslaves woman; for in the last analysis of virtue in her, according to his authority, it turns out to be the most quiet and humble sating of his egoism, in the methods which comport with his convenience, pleasure and pride; the protection of her own individuality and its most interior, sacred rights, before the demands of his appetites and the exactness of his self-esteem; these requiring her conformity for their own sake, the other for that of the world, that its laugh may be averted and he be recognized and honored as the master.

But, according to her divine nature, a true woman sees chastity as a spiritual quality primarily, and secondarily as the result of outward facts. She feels that chastity is of the soul first, and may be there, pure and strong, when the body has suffered the most revolting violation—that love makes pure to her innermost consciousness that which the sensual world calls impure; and vice versa, that no array of outward actions can make wholly and lastingly chaste a heart which is not so. By her large spiritual life and purer capacities, she is able to rise from the false conditions which would lead to confessed degradation in the more material nature, and so to bear herself, through years, perhaps through a life-time, not so terribly defiled in the gross relation which hurts, but cannot corrupt her. Into her goodness may flow, comparatively without harm, the evils of the lower life, which is nominally joined to hers, (but because they face in opposite directions, when man will not look up with her, they are only nominally joined), while her real, spiritual capacities of union, slumber within her, awaiting the day when their object shall appear, either in this or the future world. She absorbs and so removes them almost unperceived, jinking small account of what man calls her virtue, in doing so, because she is conscious of the movements of a higher and more heavenly spirit within her than that he praises, or often recognizes.

And when she becomes conscious that it is so—that her nature does indeed transcend and include man's, exceeding it both for good and evil, she can no longer actually accept his standards. No matter what her position in social position, no matter what she acknowledged or the urged claims upon her; the old conventional responsibilities, the false moral ones, the misinterpreted natural ones, drop beneath her feet, and there descends upon her a new and brighter tissue of obligations. She may seem to wear the old, but she lives in the new; she may seem to be shackled, and may, at times, chafe at the fetters she constrains herself, for reason, for a glorious, unselfish freedom is hers—freedom of vision, of thought and of action, such as the goodness, which is one in character with God's goodness, alone can give. The day when such self-understanding and illumination comes to woman, is the day of her emancipation, and no other can be. She may be enlarged in new thoughts, may grow in the strength of her convictions, may knit more firmly to the tissue of results, intentions to be and to do, but all is piecemeal growth, held by tenure more or less precarious, calling for acute, often belligerent defense, till this day, when her self-consciousness fronting her, says, "You are the divinet, and must be enslaved no more; trust yourself, not simply as victims by conflict—the masculine excellent, but as God's by natural endowment—the high, feminine state of being. See yourself, therefore, as the leader of life, not on man's plans of achievement and self-assertion, but on a higher one—accept your appointment, and lead on to the victories that wait your advent, and will grace no one but you."

When this language has had clear utterance in the soul of a woman, there is never another day of slavery, but as God's she stands free, and she falls no less around her than from her. For, with her fine insight and acknowledged capacities for spiritual leadership, she but touches with the fire from the altar of her own soul, the soul of her sister who is yet in bondage, and there is henceforth understanding, companionship, sympathy and co-operation between them. They have a common cause and work together, in Love—not Self-Love. They have not to conquer themselves first, in order to be virtuous, but, already armed and panoplied in the natural goodness which is of their diviner constitution, their conquest begins for Good, not for self, which has been, thus far, almost the only conquest we have seen in this planet.

Cheering Words—Happiness Found.

One of our subscribers, (Mrs. E. C. D.,) in Indianapolis, Indiana, in remitting for a renewal of her subscription, adds the following cheering note:

Since Mrs. Nellie Whitelo lectured here in Nov. and Dec., there seems a good deal of interest in the cause. And it was really encouraging to see the large, attentive audiences which filled the lecture-room, especially when the very bad weather is considered.

I remarked to a friend—an old resident and Spiritualist—"It looks promising to see such an audience here, and the night so stormy; I am surprised." "You would be still more surprised if you knew of the general prejudice which existed in the city heretofore, as I do. Nellie is a fine speaker, and a most excellent teacher, and one of the best and noblest of women." My friend then described her truly in her letter published in the BANNER a few months ago. We expect her to lecture here during May and June. May nothing occur to prevent her adding to the work already begun.

While here, Nellie restored to health, by the

thought how they were to help us, and I concluded it was by our making them, and trying to know what they wanted us to do. "Let's ask them real loud, then," said May. "Oh, they understand a whisper as well as a loud voice, and a wish as well as words."

"Well, I wish to learn to read, and to go to Mrs. Smith's, and that Mrs. Grimes's butter wouldn't come till she lets me go."

"Just think a minute, May, if that will be trying to put a beautiful picture on Mrs. Grimes's spirit. You wish to learn to read, and that cannot harm any one, but will help you. A good wish is a prayer, so you and I will pray all the time for what we wish."

"But what do you pray for, Tim? What do you wish for? because I'll pray that, too."

"Well, May, I guess I want people to love me, and to have a better looking face—not so red and coarse."

"Why, Tim, I'm sure I love you; and I think you are good looking when you get on your new coat and smooth your hair."

"Do you, really, May? Well, it's no matter. Let us not bother the angels with but one wish at a time, and let that be for some way for May to go to school."

"But you see, Tim, you've wished, and the angels have heard, I guess; and it can't be any trouble for them to make people handsome."

"I rather think it would be a heap of trouble. Come, May, let us go; and while we work or rest, let us not forget that we are to pray for what we need."

May did not need to be told this, for one wish seemed to be in her head all the time—the wish to go to Mrs. Smith's and see Lucy's books. As she lay in her bed and heard the gentle drops of the coming shower fall on the roof that covered with its rough boards her sleeping-room, she said:

"Dear angel of the golden fountain, come."

Between the pattering rain-drops she heard soft, gentle touches, as if a little bird were treading on her, and she was wondering if all the birds were in their nests, a soft voice spoke to her, and said:

"Yes, darling, we hear. You shall go through love, which is the flower-path of heaven. Love is beauty."

May did not understand what this meant, and fell asleep while trying to remember it to repeat to Tim.

The next day Tim said it meant, that May must be good, which was the flower-path; and that if he loved much, he should seem handsome to those that loved him.

Now it was a hard trial for May to be loving to Mrs. Grimes, who seemed to care so little for her; and the more May tried, the more Mrs. Grimes seemed determined to make her unhappy. She never wanted May to do what she wished most to do, but whatever May disliked, that she was obliged to perform. The days seemed long and dreary, and her little heart was getting very tired. What was saddest of all to her, Mrs. Grimes said she should keep Tim no longer. Haying was over, and she and May must manage to do the work by themselves.

"There was only the cows to turn out to pasture," she said, "and to bring home at night, and to milk, and the garden to weed, and the house to keep neat, and the butter to make, and the eggs to hunt, and—all the rest of the things to do."

The way seemed darker than ever to May, and a sorrow seemed settling down on her face. When Tim came to bid her good-bye, she cried as if her heart would break; and Tim brushed the tears from his manly cheeks.

"Be patient, darling," he said, "and I will come every day and bring you some books to read, and I will coax Mrs. Grimes to let you have time; and you must not forget that a kind heaven loves you."

They had both been so sure of help from the dear angel, and it had not come, that he would not speak of it.

May resolved within herself that she would try and do right for a while, for she had not forgotten the sweet words that had been breathed into her spirit, and it seemed to her as if some gentle power was keeping her from any real harm. With the help that Tim gave her, she soon learned to read simple sentences, for he came every day and helped Mrs. Grimes with her cows, that he might be able to stay and help May with her lessons. When she was able to read simple stories, she forgot her troubles, in thinking of what she read, and of the glad time of Tim's coming to teach her.

May had become so absorbed in the efforts she made, that the presence of an angel near her seemed like a dream. She did not know that some gentle influence inspired her wish, so that she was more earnest than most children are to acquire knowledge.

When winter came and the evenings were long, Tim came and told stories of what he had read, and Mrs. Grimes, sitting with her knitting work in the corner, listened until she dropped her work and said, really if she had known that books told such things, she would have learned to read. And thus the promise given to May was being fulfilled; for May was learning, and love was helping Mrs. Grimes, and Tim was becoming really handsome, as his face lighted up with the intelligence that he was gaining for the sake of May. The beautiful pictures that were represented on their spirits were pictures of noble effort and loving endeavor.

But, as we have said, it is not easy to feel how lovingly some kind power is leading us, when we do not see our wish fulfilled precisely as we desired. May had wanted to go to Mrs. Smith's to study with Lucy, and because she had not been there, she thought that no angel-hand was leading her; so she said to herself one day, "I am determined to go to Mrs. Grimes like it or not. I shall run away, for I want to see Lucy and her beautiful books. I'm tired of seeing just Tim alone. I shall go, and I shall run away; for I do not dare to ask Mrs. Grimes."

When Mrs. Grimes had gone to a neighbor's, May put on her hood and shawl, and took the road that led around the hill to Mrs. Smith's. The ground was covered with snow; beautiful Diamond Lake lay shut up in its casement of ice; the forest where she and Tim had walked, was bare, save with the white mantle that a recent snow had thrown over it. As May looked on all this pleasant picture, she remembered the summer time, and all that Tim had said, and the words that had been whispered to her—

"Gentle angels keep and bless me, All the night and all the day; Make me good and kind and loving, Help me by your love, I pray,"

seemed again coming to her, as if floating on the air.

May knew that she was not wishing to have that good wish answered, for she had made up her mind that she would do as she pleased; and when little girls once make up their minds, they think it much smarter to continue as they have begun—even if it is wrong—than to change to another course; so of course May went on; but as she went, she began to think what would happen if she should not be back in season; and Mrs. Grimes should get home first.

When the last of the hay was safely humped, and the oxen were feeding in the yard, May and Tim wandered down to the beechnut grove and sat down on the green grass.

"I've been thinking what it is best to do, May, and I've been thinking for a whole week; and last night I came to this conclusion: that if there were any angels, and if they couldn't help us in our troubles, they were of no use to us; and then I

thought how they were to help us, and I concluded it was by our making them, and trying to know what they wanted us to do. "Let's ask them real loud, then," said May. "Oh, they understand a whisper as well as a loud voice, and a wish as well as words."

"Well, I wish to learn to read, and to go to Mrs. Smith's, and that Mrs. Grimes's butter wouldn't come till she lets me go."

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