

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

"For you her life hath ebbed away,
In countless anguish given;
But not for you the soul would stay
In upward path to heaven."

Three weeks passed, during which Reginald gave himself wholly up to the charm of his new love's presence. Sometimes a thought of his wife, sitting alone, sad and desolate, wearily waiting for his coming, would intrude like a dark vision in his gayest hours, but he quickly banished it, or else tried very hard to convince himself that the misery was all on his part.

One morning he wandered forth at an early hour, and entering a café, ordered breakfast. He had passed a very unpleasant night, for conscience had sternly rebuked him in the solemn hush, and troubled dreams had visited his pillow.

"Well," he mused, "I guess I may as well go and see Bianca to-day, as any time. It won't be any easier a month hence than it is now. Confound it, I wish the interview was over. I am rightly punished for my folly. I don't think I ever did a more unfortunate act in my life, than when I stood up before the altar with her. Our natures are entirely incompatible. Our union has been productive of nothing but misery. Separation is the only course that is left us. I hope that she will be rational enough to understand my plan, and wise enough to consent to it. I confess I dislike to broach the subject, but there is no other way. She will probably reproach me, and shed some tears; but, after all, it is as much for her good as my own that I propose a divorce. With her talents, she can command a high position anywhere, and her lot will be a brilliant one, if she chooses to make it so. Perhaps in the future she may meet with one who will succeed in making her happier than I have. God grant she may. Fate certainly never intended that she should be my wife. We endeavored to taste destiny into our own hands, and this—a woful failure—is the result. Bitter experience has taught me a valuable lesson. Now, after much reflection, I have come to the conclusion that Ida Cleveland is my true counterpart; and until our union is consummated, we shall both be restless and dissatisfied."

At this moment his eye fell upon a piece of paper that lay at his feet. Almost unconsciously he picked it up, glanced over it, and was about to throw it upon the floor again, when his attention was riveted by the following notice:

"Yesterday morning, a woman with a young babe in her arms was found near the St. Marie's Convent, apparently in a dying condition. She was placed in charge of the sisters, and every possible attention rendered her. Thus far every effort to ascertain her name or station has proved unavailing, as she seems to have no definite recollection of either. She is dark-complexioned, tall and slender. Her clothing is plain but rich, and nearly every article is marked B. M. She wears a diamond ring upon the third finger, which might afford some clue in relation to her, but at every attempt to remove it, she raves wildly."

At that instant the waiter appeared, and casting the scrap aside, he turned his attention to his breakfast, and the matter passed from his mind.

Two hours later, he entered his dwelling. Annette met him with a troubled countenance.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come. Is she with you? Do you bring me tidings of her?"

"Who? What are you talking about?" was the impatient response.

"Your wife. The Holy Virgin protect her! Have n't you seen her, then?"

"No, I expected to find her here. How long has she been gone?"

"Three weeks, sir—ever since the night of the great party. You see, in the evening she said that she was going to walk. I remonstrated as much as I dared, but it did n't do a bit of good, and away she went. Oh dear! I am afraid I shall never look on her blessed face again."

"Then you are certain that she has never been in the house since?" said Reginald, rising and walking to the window to conceal his agitation.

"Oh, I have n't finished my story yet: the strangest part is to come. Well, I sat by the baby until it got to be quite late, and my eyes were so heavy I could n't possibly keep them open; then I went and laid down on the lounge and fell asleep, and I never woke up until it was broad daylight. At first I was frightened; but as I could n't help it, I thought I would n't worry over it. Besides, I did n't suppose as there was any harm done, as I concluded that Mrs. Mortimer must have come in almost as quick as I laid down. Well, I got breakfast, and did up my work, thinking that she must be tired, and I would n't disturb her; but when it got to be twelve o'clock without my hearing the least sound from her, I thought that I had better call her. So I went to her room, and rapped several times; and as she didn't reply, I opened the door and went in, and mercy! you could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw that the baby was gone, and that the bed had n't been slept in."

"You are a faithful person to leave in charge of things!" was the sneering retort. "I must say that you deserve a leather medal! What guarantee have you that it was my wife that took the child away?"

"Such talk as that does n't sound very well from your lips," she boldly rejoined, her eyes flashing through the tears that had gathered in them while she narrated her loss. "Where was the husband and father at that time? Was not he the person that should have guarded his household? It was no thief that came in, as nothing but the baby was missing. Who could want that more than the mother?"

His face paled as she spoke, but he calmly replied:

"You are right; it must have been her. And, Annette, I will take back the remark that I just made. I was angry and perplexed. I am aware that you have been a most devoted attendant, and as such are deserving of my warmest thanks."

"Justice is all I ask," she coldly rejoined.

He bit his lip. What! a mental reject his overtures of conciliation?

"Well, here are the wages that are due you. I should like to have you pack up Mrs. Mortimer's things before you leave, and if there is anything of hers that you would like for a keepsake, you can have it."

This masterstroke of policy thawed her at once, and she eagerly replied:

"Oh, sir, I know that it is a great request to make, but if you would only give me that likeness of her painted on ivory, I should be ever so much obliged."

"You can have it, and welcome," he graciously returned; "and remember, Annette, to be discreet, and not gossip about our affairs among your friends."

She drew herself up with dignity.

"I love the dear lady too well ever to make her the subject of idle remarks. In the midst of all her troubles she never gave me her confidence, nor I never sought it, although being neither blind nor deaf, I could not help learning many things; but no one will ever be the wiser for any information that I shall give them. Oh, if I could only see her alive and well again, I should be the happiest creature in the world. You do n't think that she has made way with herself, do you?"

"Committed suicide? No indeed! She is probably with some of our friends, who would have notified me of her arrival and welfare had they known my address. I shall take immediate steps to ascertain her whereabouts, and presume that I shall soon find her. Leave the key of the house in the usual place when you go away. I shall deliver it to the owner to-morrow."

"Ah!" he soliloquized, as he walked down the street again, "that girl is certainly very shrewd and capable, quite above her station. Now about Bianca: that advertisement must have referred to her. Strange that I did n't think of it the instant that I read it; but then I was n't expecting anything of the kind. I trust that her flight has n't been productive of any mischief. I guess I had better go there immediately; but I must be cautious in my inquiries, for I do n't know what she may have revealed in her delirium."

Arriving at the Convent, he was ushered into the presence of the Abbess. She was a dark, stern-featured woman, with traces of what had once been great beauty. She reminded one of a fair, fertile field over which a devastating fire had swept, leaving only blackness and dreary desolation.

Feeling unaccountably oppressed, the young man hastened to answer the question that she looked.

"Pardon this intrusion, madame," he said, with a profound bow. "I have called to see the woman and child that were found in the street, and brought here. I have just learned that a friend of mine is missing, and your description in the advertisement is a perfect one of her. Has anybody claimed them, or are they still here?"

She regarded him fixedly for an instant, and then replied:

"Sit down, sir. I trust that you may be able to reveal the mystery that enshrouded the unfortunate creature; but so many have come here and gone away disappointed, unable to recognize the few relics that we have, that I very much fear this will be the case with you."

He gave her a startled glance.

"Relics, did you say? Is she not with you, then?"

"No; death has ended her wretched career."

A cold perspiration broke over his brow.

"Dead! dead!" he muttered. "Oh, my God, it cannot be!"

"Do not give way thus," said the Mother Superior, laying her hand upon his arm. "It may be that she is not the one that you are in search of; for your sake I hope she is not. Do you feel equal to seeing her things now?"

"Yes, yes; anything to end this suspense."

She moved across the room and opened a wardrobe, his eyes feverishly following her; but when she approached him with the wine-colored silk he had so often seen Bianca wear, he grew faint and sick.

"There is a watch and ring by which you might identify her," said the cautious Abbess. "Can you describe them?"

He drew a long breath.

"Yes; the first was a hunter, purple-enamelled; a flower of diamonds on one side, a star of pearls on the other. The ring had one large diamond in the centre, and seven smaller ones around it. Inside the initials, 'R. M. to B. M.'"

"You are right," she rejoined, displaying the articles. "Now may I inquire what relation she was to you?"

He hesitated.

"My sister," he said at length, in a faltering voice, a cold shiver passing through his frame.

She thought she understood him, so she said, compassionately:

"Ah, it is very sad! The Holy Virgin pity you!"

He did not raise his head again for many minutes. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"The child!—where is it?"

"She gave it away; but excuse me, sir, I will

summon Sister Angela, who was her chief nurse, and can answer your questions much better than I." So saying, she rang the little bell at her side.

Presently the door opened, and a sad-faced woman entered.

"Ah, Sister Angela, you are the very one I wish to see. This gentleman has come to the conclusion that your unfortunate charge was a friend of his. Will you now give him all the particulars of her illness and death?"

"Yes, mother," she replied, with a low courtesy. Then, turning to Reginald, she said:

"Three weeks ago Brother Paul—the porter—was summoned at a very early hour to admit a stranger, who said that he had just picked up a poor creature in the street, who seemed to be dying. On this intelligence being communicated to our dear mother, who is never deaf to the cry of distress, she immediately ordered a bed to be prepared, and had her brought in. It then appeared as if she could not live twenty-four hours; but she did linger for a week. She raved almost incessantly, and we gathered from her words that her name was Bianca, and that some one whom she called Reginald had ruined and then cast her off. The stranger, accompanied by his wife, called quite often to see her, and they seemed to exert a soothing influence over her. On the day of her death her reason was restored, but she obstinately refused to give us any information whatever in regard to herself. She however requested a private interview with the gentleman and lady who had proved themselves such kind friends, and at its close she sent for me, and told me that she had given her child to them. I remonstrated, and asked if there were not those bound to her by the ties of blood or affection, who might demur at such an arrangement."

Contending emotions had served to keep the young man silent thus far, but now he eagerly exclaimed:

"And what did she say to that?"

"She laughed—and such a laugh—it curdled the very blood in my veins; then she replied that there was no one in the wide world that cared for her now, and the quicker she died the better. As for the babe, she said that it belonged to her, and that she had a right to dispose of it as she pleased."

"That is sufficient, Sister Angela," interposed the Abbess; "you can withdraw now."

With another low courtesy, the nun passed out.

"My poor Bianca!" murmured Reginald, half audibly.

"You may well say so," rejoined the Mother Superior, solemnly. "She died unrepentant, refusing to receive absolution, or even to see Father Confessor."

Her listener was inwardly relieved that such was the case, but he made no comment. Presently he inquired:

"Were the strangers French?"

"No, I think they were Germans; at least, they spoke of returning to that country. I trust that you are not displeased that we allowed them to take the child. They seemed very desirous to adopt it, having no children of their own. Indeed, they said that it appeared as if the little waif had been thrown purposely in their way. We did what we thought best under the circumstances. Of course, you would not like to make your sister's disgrace public by acknowledging her infant."

He colored.

"No, certainly not. I am glad that she chose to bestow it herself. If she had not, I should probably have requested you to have kept it."

Oh, Reginald Mortimer! where is the love that you vowed before the altar, that you can now let such a stain as that rest upon her name?

"Where is she buried?" he now inquired, rather impatiently, anxious to bring the interview to a close.

"She was carried to Naples. It was the last request that she made, and the gentleman and his wife solemnly assured her that her wish should be gratified."

"They seem to have acted the part of the good Samaritan. Strange that they should have become so much interested in her, but then she had great powers of fascination. Have you told me their names?"

"No; unfortunately I do not recollect it. I think he informed me, but in the confusion and excitement it slipped my mind."

"Well, it is of no consequence. We shall probably never meet, only I thought if such a thing did happen, I could then thank him for his disinterested kindness to my poor Bianca. But, my dear madame, I will not longer encroach upon your valuable time. I trust that you will oblige me by accepting the watch and ring, together with the other articles that my sister left, also this, and he drew forth a well-filled purse."

Her eyes sparkled, but she stepped back saying:

"My son, we ask no reward or recompense for our charitable deeds; but if you desire to present these as an offering to the Holy Church, then I will take them, and may the saints in heaven bless you."

"They are yours; do with them as you please," he smilingly replied, as he bowed himself out.

His step was almost elastic as he passed down the street.

"Free! free at last!" he soliloquized. "Surely, the hand of Providence has befriended me."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I crown thee, love, I crown thee, love;
Thou art queen by a right divine;
And thy love shall not neither night nor day,
O'er this subject heart of mine."

"Ida!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, as he entered his daughter's private parlor, one morning, "I am getting tired of Paris, and I believe I will join the party that are going to Italy. They start in three days, so tell your maid to pack up your things, and we'll bid farewell to this gay city."

"What is that?" said Reginald, who just then appeared at the door.

"Nothing very special, my boy; I was only telling Ida that we would soon behold that beautiful country of which poets have sung in such rapturous strains. Will you not accompany us?"

"Thank you; that will depend upon circumstances," and he cast an expressive glance at the maiden, that caused her sweet face to be bathed in crimson.

The judicious father, with a sly glance at both parties, walked away, rubbing his hands, and muttering:

"It is coming at last, I guess. Why did n't the young dog speak before, I wonder? He knows that his folks are set upon the match, and I've done all I honorably could to forward it, and yet he's hung round for weeks, looking longingly at the girl; but his gaze always seemed to say 'sour grapes.' Hang it all, what under the sun is he afraid of?"

In the meantime, Reginald drew a chair to the side of his charmer, and, sitting down, took her hand, saying, in his clear, melodious tones:

"Darling, do you remember the night that you gave me that flower, and I told you that I should gather courage from it to ask you some time for a greater boon?"

The instant that the words passed his lips, he felt that he had been unwise in alluding to that scene. She had looked up with a smile and a blush as he commenced, but now a deathly pallor overspread her face, and she sank back, half fainting, upon the lounge.

"Ida! Ida!" he cried passionately, as he bent over her, "of course I understand the cause of your emotions; but will you let those dismal croakings separate us. Say that you will be my wife, dearest, and every day of your future life shall prove the falsity of those assertions. Look up, my precious one, and let me read my answer in the azure depths of those beautiful eyes."

She made no reply to his vehement adjuration, only lay like a stricken dove, quivering with pain. Silence ensued for the space of five minutes, and then he took his hat, and turned as if to leave the room.

"Reginald," she called feebly, "you are not going?"

"Why should I stay?" he rejoined, in a tone of wounded feeling, "when you prefer to believe the black labels that fall from a stranger's tongue rather than my protestations."

"Forgive me! I know that I am very foolish to allow the recollection of those awful predictions thus to effect me; for after all we have the comforting assurance, that as our trial is, so shall our strength be." Then, with a trusting smile shining through her eyes, she added, "Would it please you to know that trouble shared with you is preferable to peace and happiness without you?"

"Bless you! bless you, my own darling! you have given me a new lease of life. Something tells me that you will be my good angel. Now kiss me, sweet one, as a token of our betrothal."

The impress of her pure lips thrilled him with rapture, and then the golden head sank upon his breast, like a bird fluttering to its nest.

For an instant they felt that, come joy or woe, they had tasted for a moment the cup of perfect bliss.

"Come, dearest, let me place this upon your finger, that to-morrow I may realize that this is not a tantalizing dream, but that you really belong to me." So saying he drew forth a ring, and held it up before her.

One large pearl gleamed in the centre, guarded by opals with their smothered flames.

She shivered as she gazed upon it.

"What is it, Ida? Do n't you like it?"

"Oh, it is beautiful and costly, but—"

"You would have preferred a diamond. Is that it? I do n't fancy that stone, myself," he added, a shade passing over his countenance, "and I thought this suited your style of beauty better; but if you have any choice I will exchange it."

"No, Reginald, that was not what I had referred to; but I will not be such a silly child; I will wear this and no other; but her face grew white and her lip tremulous, as he slid the jewel upon her finger. This was not lost upon her companion, and taking her hands in his, he said tenderly:

"Now, my darling, tell me why it effects you thus. You are to have no secrets from me now, you know."

"Angry with you, my precious? Of course not! But I am the last to think that you should ask me such a question. Do you fear me, Ida?"

Her answer was to lay her head confidingly upon his shoulder.

"Well, considering what had gone before, I was thinking that you had made an unfortunate selection. Pearls are emblems of tears, and opals prophesy sorrow and anguish."

He laughed.

"Why, my dear girl, I never mistrusted that you were so superstitious. Our married life shall prove all such ill omens false. Do not let us cloud the sunshine by anticipating the darkness. No evil shall visit you that my love and care can ward off; for the rest, are you not willing to trust to Providence?"

"Yes, Reginald. Thank you for your rebuke. Henceforth I will indulge in no more dismal fancies."

"That is right, my sweet one; and if the storm comes to me you will be my rainbow."

A low, mocking laugh sounded in his very ear. He started and looked wildly around.

"What is it, love? are you sick?" and Ida, noticing his changed expression, gazed into his face with tender solicitude.

"No, no, darling! but did you not hear something?"

"No, only the rumbling in the street."

"Is it possible that you sensed nothing else?"

"I certainly did not. What did it seem like?"

"I cannot describe it."

Anxiety painted itself in her countenance, and the lustrous orbs dilated as she said:

"Are we ever to be encompassed by shadowy terrors?"

The pain in her voice smote his heart, and he glanced up, exclaiming with forced gaiety:

"Nonsense! dearest. I did not intend to terrify you. You see you infected me with a little of your nervousness, and excited my imagination, that was all. Now, I must go to your father. Do you suppose he will need much persuasion to induce him to deliver his treasure into the keeping of my unworthy self?"

How the sunshine flooded her face again. A laugh was her only answer, but as she looked into the darkly splendid eyes that were showering their tenderness upon her, she felt—sweet, confiding creature—that that adjective should never be applied to him. How many other women make idols of clay?

He claimed another kiss, and again she sealed the compact that stamped her his, and then he turned away, while she sat there wondering in her gentle humility what she had done to deserve this great happiness that had glided into her life-stream.

Reginald found Mr. Cleveland with a cigar in his mouth, seated upon the veranda, puffing and blowing like a miniature Vesuvius.

After a few preliminary remarks he made known his request.

"Well, that is cool!" replied his companion, his eyes twinkling with fun and delight. "Come here, asking me to give you the only child I have got! What do you suppose I am going to do when she is gone?"

"You shall always be welcome at Moss-Side, sir."

"Humph! Well, if my little bird is caged at last, I do n't see as it will do any good for me to withhold my consent. But remember, you young scamp, if you do n't make her a kind and loving husband, I will break your head for you."

"It would be extremely unfortunate to have such a useful article as that damaged," was the laughing rejoinder; "so you may rest assured that I shall be very careful not to incur the penalty."

There was a suspicious moisture in the old gentleman's brown orbs as he said:

"Of course you cannot understand the feelings of a parent. She is the dearest to me, perhaps—because she is the only moment of the love of my life, for at her birth, my Lella closed her blue eyes, meekly folded her white hands, and with an unfaltering trust drifted out into the Death Stream."

Here his voice choked with emotion, and he remained silent for several minutes, and then continued:

"Excuse me, my boy! you never imagined that this gay nature of mine had any tender chords. did you? Well, no matter; let that pass. I will say, however, that if there is any one to whom I should prefer to give the child of such a mother, it is to the son of my old friend, Alvin Mortimer."

Mentally wondering whether he would have received such a cordial approval had the gentleman been acquainted with the history of the past eighteen months, Reginald replied:

"Thank you, sir, for this gratifying proof of your confidence. Heaven helping, you shall never regret it."

Again that low, jeering laugh rang like a knell in his ear.

"Why, man! what ails you?" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, starting to his feet in alarm.

"Nothing," he rejoined, with a sickly smile.

"Considerable of a something, I should think, to whiten your face in that shape."

"Only a slight pain, not worth minding, I assure you. Now, about going to Italy. I will join your party with pleasure."

"Certainly, of course. Being an old traveler, you will be invaluable as a guide to places worthy of interest; but, hark ye, my boy, we will not tarry there long. Then, hurrah for home. I am getting perfectly disgusted with this outlandish country."

For the next two months time flew on swift pinions to the happy Ida. She wandered amid old ruins, grand cathedrals and mighty art-temple, never dreaming that another, with heart as buoyant, step as light, and mien as reverent, had traversed those places before her, leaning upon the same arm and listening with equal delight to the dulcet melody of the same syren voice. She marvelled at times because of the shadow that flung its dark pall over her lover's face, even in the midst of animated conversation, but she attributed it to physical weakness, or to a longing for home scenes.

There were moments when Reginald was almost tempted to open his heart to her, and let her see that he was not so perfect as she fondly deemed him; but the terrible fear that she would withdraw the sunlight of her presence from him—that he should miss the clinging pressure of her little hand, and that the scarlet lips would never again thrill him with their velvet touch, restrained him; so his weary spirit bore its heavy burden shudderingly and alone.

At last the day came when they plowed the emerald waves, speeding for the loved shores of their native land.

It was a glorious evening in October, that a carriage, drawn by a span of greys, whirled into an avenue thickly lined by shade trees, and then drew up before an old mansion that reminded one of the feudal chateaux of France.

Quite a company were assembled on the lawn and in the veranda to greet the new comer, who was no other than Reginald Mortimer; and as he descended from the vehicle, a shout of glad delight went up, which was echoed from every part of the grounds.

"Welcome back to Moss-Side, young Massa! 'Peared like you never come home ag'in, chile! It does dis old nig good to see your smile'n face ag'in,

honey!" was vociferated by the multitude that clamored about him.

At last he made his way through the eager group, and was clasped in his mother's close embrace, her warm kisses raining on his face; then his father came forward to bless the wanderer; next a pair of soft arms stole around his neck, and his sister's wet cheek was pressed to his; and last, but not the least, was the cordial grasp of his brother-in-law's hand.

"Oh, how nice it seems to have you at home again," said Eva, as they sat merrily chatting at the tea-table.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hamilton," remarked her husband, "but you have repeated that—with slight variations—at least a dozen times."

"Hol hol you are getting jealous, are you?" she gaily returned. "You must remember, sir, that this is only a repetition of the reception that you received."

"I can well believe that," exclaimed Reginald, with an arch smile.

"I don't think that quite so many kisses fell to my lot," replied Arthur.

"You had full as many as you deserved, you greedy boy," rejoined his wife. "But, brother," she added, with a mischievous glance at that personage, "you have not told us how you left Ida."

"Very well, to all appearances. She sent a great deal of love to you."

"Thank you. It seems then that you have not monopolized it all."

"No, I should hope not. With such natures as hers, it is an inexhaustible fount."

"When does she intend to become Mrs. Mortimer?" interposed his father.

"Not before Christmas."

They now adjourned to the parlor, the hours passing in pleasant conversation. Again was the son the centre of the home-circle.

Previous to retiring for the night, Reginald invited Arthur to indulge in a cigar upon the lawn. He accepted the proposal with alacrity, and presently they were strolling, arm in arm, over the greenward.

"What a tissue of romance is woven into some lives—how dull and commonplace others," remarked Hamilton, thoughtfully. "Do you know, my dear fellow, that when I recall our last serious conversation in London, I can scarcely realize that you are now as eager to consummate a marriage with Miss Cleveland as you were then opposed to it."

"It is rather singular, I confess, that my sentiments should have changed so completely. I was a blind fool in those days; but Fate very kindly befriended me. I tremble when I think what an inestimable treasure I should have lost, had some one else won her love while I was roving in Europe."

"Oh, Providence, or destiny, or whatever we are pleased to term it, seemed to have formed you two for each other, and try as you would, you could not escape coming together at last. We occasionally meet with such cases, and they go to prove the saying, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

The same thought has occurred to me many times, and I can but wonder and speculate at the mysterious Power that guides our every footstep."

"Well, I don't know; some are certainly watched over in that way, but others appear to be left to their own devices, and 'sink or swim,' live or die, just as it happens."

"Suppose we leave that subject. Greater minds than ours have found themselves powerless to fathom it; and we cannot hope to succeed where they have failed."

"No, of course not; but still I can't help puzzling over the problem at times, although, as you say, my thoughts only get me deeper into the mire. By the way, are not you glad now that you did not commit the absurd folly of marrying that actress—what was her name?"

"Arthur Hamilton! if you ever dare allude to her again, you are no longer a friend of mine!" cried Reginald, fiercely.

"I meant no offence, you silly boy," rejoined his companion, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment at this unexpected outburst; "although I can't imagine, for the life of me, why you should be so terribly sensitive on that particular point."

"Thunder and lightning! you are enough to provoke a saint! Didn't you get the idea into that senseless head of yours that I liked her, and then wear my patience out with your ill-timed jokes? I tell you that I hate the very sound of her name."

"Well, well! there's no necessity of your flying into such a passion as this about it, and pitching into a fellow in that style, as I see. She's dead, poor thing, and we'll say peace to her ashes; and I'll promise never to introduce the subject again."

"Dead! dead!" gasped Reginald, thrown completely off his guard. "How in the name of all that's wonderful did you learn that?"

"Why, I read it in the papers very soon after I came home."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten that," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "A guilty conscience makes us all cowards," he added, mentally.

Almost any other person than honest Arthur Hamilton would have suspected that there was more in the young man's emotion than appeared on the surface; but he—frank and open-hearted as the day—decided that his friend's wearisome journey had made him unusually irritable.

They now turned their steps to the house; but ere they reached the door, Reginald offered his hand to his brother-in-law, saying, in his own peculiarly winning tones:

"I believe I am cross and snappish, to-night, but I hope that you will excuse me."

"It is I that ought to apologize," was the good-natured reply. "I need not have vexed you. Eva says that I am always talking when I should be silent; and my daily experience seems to prove that she's in the right. Anyway I am forever getting into hot water, although I often find it impossible to understand by what process I got there."

His listener laughed.

"Well, never mind; you'll cut your eye-teeth sometime, my dear boy. Now good-night, and pleasant dreams to you."

Christmas came, and mid music and light laughter, with friends smiling their cordial approval, Ida Cleveland became Ida Mortimer; but as her husband clasped her hand in his, the thought would intrude of that other being, who had pronounced the same vows as trustingly and as solemnly in that dim chapel across the ocean. The bride wondered why her chosen one grew pale as he gazed upon her. She did not know that another form ever glided between them—that dark, passionate eyes, and waving tresses of ebony hair shut her angel face from his view.

"Haunted! haunted!" he mused, even while replying to the merry jest and glad congratulations of the throng. "Oh, God! I am never to know peace or happiness again? Is that dread memory ever to poison all the springs of life?" and the taunting laugh answered, and its language was: "Thou shalt pay to the uttermost farthing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

BY DELLE HUSH.

Oh, pleasant to me is the voice of a friend,
Whose thoughts and whose deeds unto harmony tend,
Whatever his station may be.

We're brothers and sisters, all children of God,
And whether or not we have acres of sod,
We each can be happy and free.

We can speak a kind word, we can do a good deed,
And reap for our planting a harvest of seed,
And that is the way to be free.

We can sing for the weary or pray for the weak,
And jewels of Truth for humanity seek,
And thus shall we happiness see;

For happiness springs from each labor of worth,
And every good deed that we do upon earth
The angels above us can see.

When cheerful and patient, when loving and mild,
We turn to each task with the trust of a child,
Then the white-winged watchers are nigh.

They know every thought, every beautiful deed,
And their love taketh note of whatever we need,
And lo! ere we know it, 'tis nigh.

Sometimes it is pleasure, sometimes it is pain,
'Tis sunshine to-day, to-morrow 'tis rain—
'Tis best, whatever may come;

For God, on whose wisdom and bounty we call,
Embraces not one, but embraces us all,
In a love that is leading us home.

Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1864.

Original Essays.

HEROISM AND ITS ATTRIBUTES.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

True heroism first appears in the mind as a mysterious sentiment, giving the natural faculties an upward tendency, and grows with heavenly nutriment, gaining strength as it advances, until it takes the form of intelligence and becomes heroic in character, and leads to the formation of a true patriot, a fearless reformer, or a saint. Its qualities are bravery, intrepidity, particularly in war. The true hero has a soul that influences the entire man with a love of glory, and if it is directed to the element of war, his patriotism harmonizes its horrors, and serves to palliate its enormities; creates an intense love for his country; will urge him to defend it from invasion, protect its rights, maintain the purity of its institutions, and perform the duty of a good citizen. Under the influence of heroism, he disdains fear, and will face danger without a quivering muscle; it renders the vast battle-field, with all its horrors, its deafening roar, and opposing hosts, its death-dealing engines, a spectacle of advancing renown, and a scene worthy of his prowess. His eye, dizzy with its radiance, is drawn to it by an irresistible fascination, that no discouragement, obstacle, or warning can for a moment withdraw his invincible resolution. Thus the soldier becomes a devotee to glory; and when great dangers surround him, his disregard of personal exposure renders him impervious to fear; for the hero is sustained by superhuman strength, and his patriotism leads him to exhibit prodigious feats of valor which transcend bodily limitations, and he often receives wounds that would be present death to the uninspired, or unsettled in purpose. The confusion of the battle-field, instead of disturbing the mind of the hero, only stimulates his bravery, quickens his intelligence, and sounds like music in his ears.

The hero feels that every wrong done his country is a personal affront; he identifies himself with the nation, and would willingly die in his country's service. All men cannot become inspired to a degree that renders them insensible to bodily suffering; for there must be a brave heart, a cool head, and a sound judgment to form a hero, a patriot at heart, or he would soon become discouraged, and the delirium of ecstasy die out; for true bravery irradiates from the soul, and is not an acquired glory. Our souls expand, and burn in sympathy with great deeds and exalted thought. We almost worship true heroism, and our hearts throb with joy when we witness brave actions, and no envy mingles with the applause as we greet the conqueror.

Heroism is not a mere sickly exotic in the halls of the great and the luxurious, but is a daily dweller in the homes of the industrious and hard-working. It furnishes the historian with his richest page; it inspires the poet and orator; it gave strength to our Pilgrim Fathers, that Mayflower band; those heroes of Congress, who voted with the executioner and the axe before their eyes—and we should protect with true patriotism the inheritance they transmitted to us. The facts in those heroic men of our revolution—so truthfully handed down to us—were enacted, should be enough to check the wildest rebellion, and stay the hand of the most reckless disunionist.

The spiritual hero is not at this time in danger of bodily martyrdom; but he meets with much to try his bravery even in this enlightened age. As a thinker and reformer, he has the love of heaven and the well-being of mankind to inspire him to heroic deeds, and what his heart wishes, his mind soon discerns; his bravery is seen in his virtues, his patient endurance of which has exhausted all the ingenuity of persecution, and an exhibition of faith that can endure the prison, or the rack. Such heroes do not wonder at the fortitude of Huss and Luther, when inspiration dawns upon their souls. They would accomplish all their heroic acts, suffer as they did, provided, with the inner eye of faith, they can see the smile of Deity in approval of such sacrifices, and would go triumphantly through the fire of the martyr's stake, with all the heroism the heart can conceive, or imagination create. Religious heroism is but a step from its sentiment; arouse this divinizing feeling, and it soon penetrates the whole being, and will raise the thoughts, affections and passions to loftier aspirations; so, at the last, the mysteries of the supernatural world are partially unfolded to the eager gaze of the seer, until the glimpses of its glories are dazzling to his mortal senses; and, purified by these wondrous visions of heavenly brightness, he glides on anew in armor of spiritual chivalry, and rushes on to deeds of electric heroism, until the results are felt all over the world. With such zeal one man can communicate the life of hope to the discouraged, raise the weak-hearted, and, by the strength of his powerful intellect, shield his fallen brothers and sisters against baseness, cowardice and fraud, and guides the sorely-tempted back to the paths of virtue and honor.

Religious heroism is needed everywhere; in philosophy, in society, in government, and in all departments that call for heroic acts and sacrifices, whether at home or abroad. In all the different eras of spiritual development, and among those heroic teachers who have borne the heat and burden of its days, there is none more to be admired and honored than those who were the first advocates of modern Spiritualism. To stand up for its rights, to proclaim its wonderful manifestations, its miraculous advent, to assist and encourage its mediums, and boldly face its persecutors, to advocate its truths against the pulpit and the all-powerful press. And these heroes and heroines were indeed God's agents, and whose tongues were touched by seraphic fire, which created a true heroism, enabling them to tell of the glory sweeping thus before them—to keep the ball in motion, which is still rolling with so much power as to crush down all obstacles.

These teachers in the intellectual, moral, and religious advancement of the world, were fearless men and women; and to the purity of those reformers—those only—who kept the eye of faith steadily fixed, with an upward gaze, seeking for inspiration, help and influence from the angels, ever aspiring to the crown promised to the faithful, too much engaged with heavenly riches to grope in the mud at their feet for earthly gold, and worldly applause, to those noble souls we owe most of the confidence and devotion with which spiritual manifestations are regarded, and truth elevated to the rank God has assigned to it. They entered on it as on a hallowed task—to bear its burdens, meet its sacrifices; and they discharged its duties with a fidelity such as the world has never known.

Now when the materialist and skeptic acknowledge its truths, converted by the tiny raps, or written communication, know that their dear ones live and again respond to loving questions; when we look at its inward workings, its moral scope, its intensity of influence, who can imagine that God would confer such a power of this agency, and assign it no specific task in the system of his universe? Notwithstanding the denunciations from the pulpit, loss of friends and acquaintances, who turned the cold shoulder, and avoided a believer in table-turning as they would a pestilence; expelled from churches, colleges, the counting-house and the works-shops—did not these persecutions need heroism to enable these pioneers to bear up under scorn, hatred and ridicule? Were not their eyes illumined so they could see the light, and trace the movements of that cloud of pillared flame, which of old has guided the elect of God on to victory and glory? Many endure with heroism the privations of private life, daily fighting its battles with an energy that the wealthy and prosperous have no conception of—struggling for bread, often moistened with their bitter tears, braving hardships that the feeble mind would shudder at, cruel landlords, exacting rents by oppression, violence of enemies, disagreeable relations, who interfere with domestic comforts—these and many more distasteful circumstances call for a large amount of heroism. The drunkard's wife, who nightly plies her needle by the insufficient light, the fearless hearth, and empty larder, in want of every comfort and luxury that women especially require, has a soul in her attenuated body that outstrips the boasted courage of strong men, in the performance of what she deems her duty.

What but heroism sustains the slave under the lashes of the degrading whip, the branding-iron, chains and misery? Down in the depths of the human soul is a will-power, which increases in its herculean strength, where the nerves collect its lightnings, and the muscles their vigor; where the imagination escapes from its galling bondage to seek a more congenial sphere. The inspired soul has many sanctuaries, Sabbaths and ministries, where the common eye and careless ear can detect nothing but her ordinary aspects. Being thus refined until sufficiently pure to blend with our most spiritual feelings, it then becomes an open vision, radiant in the light of heaven.

Heroism in its capacity for growth and expansion, in its far-reaching connections, in its wondrous possibilities, is, as yet, faintly seen and feebly felt. Under its influence and inspiration we can make our lives both beautiful and blessed. Let men and women who are called to labor in the work of Reform, embrace it as a trust from God, and their souls will have all the glow that its attributes enkindle, and be filled with impulses more stirring and glorious than clivalry ever excited, and their hearts will throb with a heroism that feeds on achievement and lives by conquest.

We need the noblest order of men for the great work of reform; they should be of extensive scholarship, refined tastes, commanding intellects; have profound impulses and strong sympathies—who can, by teaching and example, move the world, and send the truths he adopts, like electric influences to thrill the brains of his hearers. If the doctrine he teaches emanates from God, he will be sustained, inspired, and upheld amid persecutions and dangers, as a selected means that Providence ordains to fulfill its own purposes toward the vast family of mankind.

Zschokke's troubles left him only after he had engaged earnestly in patriotic exertion, and to deeds of benevolence and active work. All who read the life of George Fox, will acknowledge his deeds of heroism. He made war from the first hour of his career of reformation on all cruelties and tyrannies. He was opposed to slavery, intemperance, to the domination of man over man; his doctrine ever pointed to mercy, love and truth. It was heroism that enabled the merchant of Haddington to establish free libraries. He struggled against debility and sickness to carry out his schemes for the improvement of the working population, amidst which he lived. For twenty years this man labored at his work, cheered by the hope that his plan would be taken up by friends of enlightenment, for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind.

What but heroism and philanthropy enabled J. Pounds, the cripple cobbler, to teach poor children, while at his work, thus becoming the founder of the ragged schools now established in Europe. Heroism displayed itself when Elizabeth Fry alone visited prisons, hospitals and lunatic asylums, to teach the ignorant, and elevate the depressed. Her power was so great, that when she was addressing a large audience on the continent, a German prince in attendance was so wrought upon, that he cried aloud, "This is the gift of God!"

All through history we have a host of heroic women, who possessed undaunted courage, yet no bravado and success followed their labors, leaving a brilliant record of what women can do without resigning one female grace or neglecting one domestic duty. Women have a claim in the intellectual life of the world, and their hearts should throb alike beneath its inspiring energy. The teachings by woman are so soothing, that they calm and call a Sabbath in the heart that spread a soft influence over the soul, like a magnetic languor, and we recognize in them something evangelic—Heroism, softened by love, the noblest attainment of the human soul.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. S. M. DECK.

Spiritualism! Mysterious word, yet full of wondrous meaning! God is a spirit, say the sacred writers, not alone of Jewish and Christian theology, but the sacred teachers of heathen nations in every clime have discovered this marvelous truth, and asserted its mysterious principle. Spiritualism is a magic word. At its command there comes to us unbidden thoughts of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim, spirits of the just made more perfect, good spirits and evil spirits, until they appear to us as real beings, with whom we may hold communion, instead of fancies, vain imaginings.

Spirit pervades all Nature. It gives existence to the meanest reptile, and quickens the brightest seraph. It causes the tender herb to spring forth, and it matures the sturdy oak; the modest lily of the valley; the gaudy tulip; the sweet, retiring violet, growing unperceived in its own shady dell; the golden sun-flower, ever turning its open face toward its chosen Deity; the fragrant rose, sweet emblem of human love in all its phases; the orange blossom, ornament of the bridal wreath; the trailing myrtle; the meadow daisy—all of Flora's lovely train are moved and actuated by spirit life. The whole universe is one vast dwelling-place of spirit, developed in multitudinous forms. It needs a higher and holier imagination than one of earth to portray the various expressions that matter assumes when impregnated by spirit. God and Nature wedded! How prolific is their union, how vast, how illimitable their dwelling-place. Views of exceeding loveliness, of ravishing beauty, of wonderful sublimity, of minutest perfection, and of dazzling splendor, bewilder the child of earth who attempts to grasp the idea of spirit life, and bring it down to the finite comprehension.

Yet most wonderful of all wonders, to the thinking mind, is man, who feels within him, stirring to its inmost depths, his whole being, a principle of spirit life that allies him to his Creator; it reveals to him the strange incongruity of his nature—an animal, and yet a man; a worm of earth, and yet a God; a creature of to-day and yet an heir of immortality—combining in his own system the extremes of the low and the high, the meanest and the most exalted, of animate and inanimate nature, of animal and angelic existence; dying, yet living forever, each beating pulse counting one the less in the earth life, yet every heart-throb adding to the life of the spirit within him; the outward man perishing day by day, while the inner man is renewed, to run an eternal course coexistent with its Creator. He is capable of high and holy emotions. Friendship and love, pity and compassion, sympathy and confidence, move and actuate his spirit. Friend holdeth sweet communion with friend; they speak of their hopes and aspirations, they confide to each other the treasured secrets of affection, they listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the language of comfort, they think aloud in each other's hearing, and fondly imagine that friendship so pure and true can never die. The spirit longeth for an immortality of bliss, and deemeth friendship's dear consolations amperfect, unless cemented in eternity.

And Love, whose fragrant blossoms maketh glad the garden of the heart, whose seed, transplanted from celestial bowers, strews our cold earth with fairest flowers—Love! the heart's own music, thrilling all its chords; fountain of tenderness and joy, companion of truth and sincerity, the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, whereby man holds communion with the heavenly ones. This love longs for the union of its loved ones in higher spheres with the dear ones of earth's colder climes.

Who has not watched the fading away from earth of some precious one, and seen the blue veils courting feebly and transparent through the pale brow, and gazed upon the cheek, now pale as December's snow, and anon flushed with a hue too intense for health, noted the eye, one moment melting with the warm tears of earthly emotion, and the next sparkling with the radiant light of angelic inspiration, seeming scarce a being of the present, all confidence in the happiness of the earth-life buried with the past, and all hopes of pure, exalted blessedness merged in the vast future of eternity? Who has not seen the veil of matter that enshrouds the spirit-life about to be rent in twain, that the freed spirit might become the companion of beatified spirits? Who that has thus watched with intense anxiety the departure of their loved one, could witness the mysterious change with any degree of resignation, did they not fancy that the departed one could be often hovering near them, consoling their loneliness, cheering their desponding moments, and encouraging their strivings after the good, the pure and the true?

Oh, who has not longed to pierce the secrets of that unknown land, from whence it has been said no traveler returns? And now, when on every breeze is borne the tidings that a way has been found to solve its mysteries, when many are running to and fro with the joyful message from the spirit-world of a natural law existing, the knowledge of which law will remove the veil from our earthly eyes, and enable us to hold communion with our spirit friends, and learn from them the secrets of their spirit-life, why do we shrink and tremble, when we should investigate a subject in which we are so deeply interested? Why do we look upon such heavenly tidings of the loved and lost ones as some strange story unworthy of our credence, or as some evil invention of designing men to practice upon our credulity? Surely a doctrine so sanguinely believed and openly promulgated deserves, at least, our careful attention. We involuntarily ask the question, Why should earth's children of the present day be strangers to the spirit intercourse of ancient times? Why should Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be guided by the heavenly ones, while we, who live in a time when the denizens of earth are grown wiser by experience, are left to grovel in uncertainty concerning our future condition, with no other proof of our immortality than that we find in ancient traditions? How could Samuel come back in answer to the call of the woman of Endor, if there exists no natural law whereby the departed ones can hold converse with those who still remain on the shores of mortality?

We are told that Moses and Elias held communion with Jesus, and that Jesus was then transfigured before his privileged disciples. So real and vivid was this vision, that these disciples desired to build tabernacles for them, hoping to tempt them to remain on earth. Might not this have been a manifestation of the kingdom of heaven which Jesus had promised to show unto them? And where was Paul, when he ascended to the third heavens and saw things which he said it was unlawful for him to speak of? And finally, with whom did John converse, when, on the Isle of Patmos, he saw in vision the end of all the strange phenomena exhibited in the history of the human family, resulting in the universal acknowledgment of the great truth, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth? He tells us that this being, whom

he was about to fall down before in solemn adoration, said to him, "See thou do it not, for I am of thy brethren, the prophets."

Then while we give credence to these traditions of the past, let us not look with contempt upon this seeming new theory, but let us hope that the grossness of the animal nature has so far given place to the spiritual in humanity, that this law, known only to a few favored ones in the past, is about to become universally known and appreciated, so that all who will live for it may hold communion with beings of the higher spheres, and become acquainted with the spirit-world to which all are tending.

THE INNATE AND THE EDUCATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

We are governed by two diverse powers, named alike, and too often we cannot discriminate between their promptings. Only the bitter-sweet of experience can make us competent judges, and can erect for us the true moral and religious standard within the soul. It takes Wisdom, Faith and Courage to enter upon the investigation; it calls for the most inviolate adherence to uncompromising Truth; it bids us forsake all things for the attainment of "the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness"; it compels us to give up all pleasant and alluring externals for the internal and everlasting spiritual gain. All this at the mandate of that potent voice of unperverted, untaught, inborn conscience, that is the mandate of Divinity unto the thoughts and deeds of men. Far above conventional codes it exalts the spirit; far beyond the ken of man-invented laws it places the enfranchised soul; it tells of God with the overwhelming conviction of Nature; it transports with direct revelations of the Infinite, with foregleams of immortal certainty; it replies without fear or dastard evasion to the soul's questions; its freedom-throbs are for the universal family; its patriotism is world-embracing; its philanthropy descends into the lowest depths.

The guardian-angel of Conscience stands a watchful sentinel at the portals of our every weakness, permitting no worldly policy to usurp the place of strictest justice, no vain desire of earthly emolument to darken the clear sense of right. The religion it evokes is a spontaneous thanksgiving of gratitude, a perfect trust and rest in the Divine Father Care and Mother Love of Deity, faith in the indwelling angelhood of undeveloped humanity, aspiration, and effort toward harmony. There is for the unblinded sight, the heart untrammelled by creeds, no stationary, monotonous heaven of saintly likeness and selfish enjoyment, no gaping hell of endless torment; there is simply outspread before its longing vision a progressive immortality, an ever-present God, hosts of angel witnesses, and the consciousness of deific attributes within the soul. To the educational, fear-impressed, ever-doubting, trembling conscience, there is a mortal sin in free and natural expansion of the intellect; it dares not listen to the suggestions, the commands, the holy injunctions of Reason; it spurns highest counsel when not in accordance with its acquired prejudices; it sees through others' spectacles, and, therefore, never clearly. It trembles at the thought of superseding by the higher law the gross, imperfect legislators of the past. Do not good Christians, while professing to believe the Gospel of Jesus, act out Mosaiic dispensations? Are wars and legalized murders evidences of Christian advancement and a better civilization than that of the stiff-necked Jews, who loved retaliation and practiced cruelty? The educated conscience of sectarianism shrinks in holy horror from the breaking of the Sabbath—the one day in seven set apart by man. But it sanctions the taking of "a life for a life," the denunciation and exclusion from the joys of heaven of those who differ, not in purity of life and example, but in obedience to a narrow creed. The artificial conscience makes mountain sins of mole-hills, while it allows the perpetration of the vilest outrages upon freedom, purity and sacred rights. False codes of honor are as prevalent as is false religion. What in the business phrase is deemed shrewdness, would by the natural conscience be called dishonest dealing. What the world terms fashion, it bluntly names absurdity; what the masses think greatness, it looks upon as shallow pretension and hollow bombast, rewarded by a tinsel crown and a mock sceptre of fugitive power. What conventionality screens, it unveils with the stern hand of justice, proclaiming with thunder tones of indignation the heinous wrongs concealed beneath a semblance of social order and decorum. Charitably humane and full of pitiful compassion, it tenders the fraternal hand of aid unto the sinning, the tempted, the outcast law-breaker, whom the State punishes in the Mosaiic, retaliatory spirit, whom the crowds cast forth to starve of heart-hunger, and to die of spiritual thirst. But at the delinquents in high places, at the flourishing sensualists, who, trampling on the flowers of chastity, desecrate the altar of marriage, it points the fingers of its righteous scorn. At the legal prostitutes on pedestals of worldly worship it fulminates its supreme decrees; unsparing a purer, higher, severer morality than the world accepts, the conscience, that is the reflected power of the Creative Love and Law, directs into broad channels of beneficence, and leads unto the beatitudes of harmony.

The false, morbid, antagonistic sense, mis-called conscience, represents God as a wrathful tyrant, heaven as an unprogressive condition, religion as a thing of forms. It severs holiest ties of household love. It envelops the beautiful earth in gloom, and casts the shadow of the grave over all the innocent joys of life. It severs friendship, and incites to wordy and to bloody conflict. It banishes the sunshine from the path, and surrounds the wayfarer with demons, in place of smiling, helping angels. It looks with distrust upon the best aspiration and the noblest effort. It brands with infamy all that wears not its own lugubrious visage, its own cramped views of life, duty, and the hereafter. Not so with the true conscientiousness, that, ever seeking to expand and unfold, is gifted with discernment, (once fairly launched upon the seas of mental freedom,) and is receptive to the answering inspirations broadcast over the visible and unseen universes.

The emancipated soul is bound in the allegiance of immutable law. It knows of no groveling life-purposes, no low ambitions, no mercenary schemes. Its power is that of the free man and the moral conqueror. Its designs are those of wisest benevolence. Its prayer is labor, as well as hymning gratitude. Its love is spiritual. It despises not the mortal body, encasement of the immortal spirit, but it reverences the temple, and permits no unholy revels of the flesh. Neither does it crush out the gracious affections, but it invests them with the dignity of eternal attributes capable of angelic ministry.

Let us wisely discern between the two forces. One is an implement of superstitious dread, the other is the harp of sovereign Nature, vibrating in heavenly response at the call of God! Freedom does not mean license, nor does the sweet yoke of

law (the higher) signify bondage. Truth does not dwell only under cover of books termed sacred, nor does justice abide with all the legal enactments of our time. Homage to worldly opinion is not independence, nor is conservatism peace, nor compromise with wrong true statesmanship.
Lasalle, Ill., March, 1864.

THE PROPHECY.

BY WILFRED WILLEYS.

O prophet! what of coming joy—
 Or what of coming woe?
 Seest thou, in the near future, when
 Our gallant host of armed men
 Go forth again, by mount and glen,
 To meet the rebel foe?
 I mark, on many a Southern field,
 The banners flaunting free;
 I see, 'neath many a battle's gloom,
 The crimson flower of slaughter bloom;
 And oh! the turf of many a tomb,
 With sharpened ken, I see,
 I hear the bugle's brazen call;
 I hear the thundering tread
 Of armies, mingling in the fight,
 To crush, or to defend the Right;
 The cannon's roar—the sabre's smite;
 With glory, breast and faces white,
 Lie still and cold the dead.
 I hear the shouts of victory ring;
 The Eagle soars again;
 Our banner waves o'er all the land;
 The ripened corn shall feel the hand
 Of many a patriot of the band
 Which bears to-day the warrior's brand,
 And reaps the ranks of men.

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Investigator's Experiences.

Noticing in the BANNER OF LIGHT the experiences of different individuals on spirit manifestations, I thought it might not be uninteresting to your readers, and also beneficial to the cause of truth, for me to give a short history of my experiences of spirit manifestations.

Some three years ago my business relations brought me in contact with professed Spiritualists. They were very sanguine in the belief that the spirits of those who had left this sphere of existence by death, were still alive, and could, and do, communicate with us who are inhabitants of earth. I was equally certain that they could not. But having had no evidences, either pro or con, I was not prepared to decide intelligently until I had given the subject a careful investigation, fully believing that such examination of the subject would show that it was a delusion, a cheat, and a fraud. Consequently every opportunity I had of increasing my knowledge of the subject, I improved. My wife was much opposed—thought I could spend my time to a better purpose than running after those "deluded Spiritualists."

I visited circles, saw stands tip and answer questions by raps; placed my own hands on the stand, and had it move in a mysterious manner; had it answer mental and verbal questions—answer correctly questions that I knew no individual present had any knowledge of. I was not prepared, however, to admit that it was spirits; supposed that it might be accounted for in some other way. Magnetism or electricity might be the cause. About this time in my investigations, there came a lady to our place claiming to be a trance medium. She was very sociable, modest and prepossessing in her appearance, unassuming in her manners, and a correct and eloquent speaker.

I attended some of her circles in private families, and her public lectures; tested the genuineness of her professions, until I satisfied myself that they were not deceptive, but genuine. I thought the power by which these things were done, could be explained on some other principle than spirit power. When she arose to speak, she would request some one of the audience to present a subject for discussion. If none was presented, she would select one. Immediately before one of her lectures, and before she had arrived at the place appointed, I placed a subject in writing on the desk. It was an abstruse question—a question that had claimed the attention of wise theologians for past ages; and they appear to be as far apart now as ever. The question was stated in these words: "Does man act from necessity? If so, is he accountable, or has he the liberty of choice?" This I wrote with a pencil, unknown to any other person, folded the paper so that the writing could be seen by no one, and placed it on the desk in front of the speaker's stand. Immediately the lecturer entered, took her seat on the platform, passed into that abnormal condition which characterizes all that class of speakers, arose with closed eyes before the audience, and after remaining motionless for a moment, took the folded paper from the desk, and slowly unfolding it, she said: "I find before me a subject for discussion." Then she read the paper with closed eyes; after which she held the audience quiet for an hour, demonstrating the idea that man acts from necessity, that all matter exists from necessity, as well as mind; also, that all laws governing matter, organic or inorganic, exist from necessity; that intelligences are none the less under the positive control of absolute order; and this relation has ever existed and ever will exist. Therefore, man is necessitated to choose. He is necessitated to assume all the responsibilities of life. And the relations he holds to surrounding objects are unavoidable, just and right. Thus the speaker went on, attempting to show the order, beauty and harmony existing in nature, as all things move onward and upward in the scale of progressive development. And progress is as much a necessity as any other link in the chain of events. But I cannot give even a synopsis of the lecture at this late day, for it is over three years since it was delivered.

Now when we consider that the person who delivered the lecture was a young woman, who could not have been much over twenty, certainly not over twenty-five, and also that it was an off-hand effort, without premeditation or reflection, unversed in metaphysical science, and unacquainted with theological inventions, it seems to me that it must have emanated from some other brain than that of the lecturer, and that she was but the medium through which it was communicated.

The lecturer was Mrs. Willsie, who, I understand, resides at Janesville, Wis. Many rich spiritual blessings flow into her soul for the good she has done, and is still doing. She will remember the time she spent in Albany, and rejoice that the seeds of truth sown have taken deep root in some hearts, to the joy and satisfaction of the ever-expanding soul.

When I commenced this, I thought of writing some of my experiences in physical manifestations; but I discover I have not got to them yet. I will defer what more I have to write till another time, as my letter is growing too long to be read.

Yours for the truth,
 Albany, Wis., Jan. 3d, 1864.

S. A. S.

Seeing Spirits.

Upon reading the very useful book entitled, "The Soul of Things," one's mind is led to the inquiry, How do we see spirits? Experience has taught me that there are many different ways. The first one which would naturally suggest itself would be, with the spiritual eyes. What conditions are necessary for this?

The physical organization must be working in harmony, or the mental elements must be in a passive state, so that the spirit can manifest itself to the spirit. We then see them as if they possessed material bodies of flesh and blood, only in a higher condition than ourselves. This, as they appear at the first glance, without cognizance of their real condition or surroundings. More education of our own spirit enables us to see them devoid of this external covering, and their form partakes of the real affections of the soul, and we look upon their atmosphere and see typified pictures and language of their thoughts.

Again, we see spirits psychically, as the spirits themselves magnetize us, and we see them as they wish to make themselves appear to our eyes. I know of no way but that of experience alone to tell the difference between the two.

Again, we can see them psychometrically, that is, by looking into a spirit's mind, the spirit itself unseen, or into the mind and atmosphere of an inhabitant of the body. We see them then as they were, or are, and many peculiarities which, perhaps, we may have forgotten, are clearly represented, because all things mental and material are stamped forever in our memories.

Again, we see spirits by correspondence. Conditions being favorable, there is a direct influx from the spirit spheres, and we have what are termed visions, or representations of the past, present or future of the lives of persons, without really seeing the guiding spirit; the picture is then condensed into the human form, present with us.

Again, we see them mentally. Our own mind becomes visible to us, and scenes and persons long since passed away are as clearly seen as if transpiring at the moment. And still again, we see them with the material eyes. It is then that they present themselves to us as shadowy forms, through which we can gaze beyond, and then fit away quickly. Presented in this aspect, they sometimes inspire terror, and almost always, even to those accustomed to them, a quick starting of the blood, etc.

Experiences of many years can alone enable us to tell the difference in these modes of vision. We cannot live or move without the influence of God flowing to us in ever-present spirits; should we not, then, learn to distinguish them in their approach, so as to weigh their counsels, and see whether they be reliable or not? That spirits do come, we must believe; that we are taught by them, as well as by earth's people, we know. Let us, then, cultivate discernment.

East Boston. E. L. FENTON.

Correspondence.

A Walk from California.

They have a Honey Lake in California. Digby thinks it must be a sweet place—*Banner of Light.*

By consulting any common atlas, your readers will readily find Pyramid Lake. It is in Nevada Territory, and nearly west of the sink of Humboldt River. Honey Lake is about west of Pyramid Lake. It is nearly round, ten or twelve miles in diameter, and situated near the east end of Honey Lake Valley. This valley extends about twenty miles west of the lake, and its western extremity is within ten miles of the main divide of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The valley is about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is bounded on the north, south and west by mountains of the Sierra Nevada range. The lake derives its name from a peculiar dew that falls on the grass in its vicinity. This dew resembles honey in taste and appearance, and is so abundant that the Indians formerly gathered it in considerable quantities for food.

An emigrant road from Salt Lake via Humboldt River passes through Honey Lake Valley, and by Noble Pass across the Sierra Nevada to Marysville. Susanville is on this road, and at the extreme upper end of the valley. It has a population of about seven hundred, and is rapidly increasing in size and importance. The entire population of the valley is about twenty-five hundred. In the whole valley there are twelve or fifteen professing Christians, and, perhaps, one-fourth of the adult population yield a nominal assent to the doctrines of Christianity. The remaining three-fourths are of more liberal faith, with a large proportion of avowed Spiritualists; yet we have never had a public medium, or lecturer in the valley, and no organized effort has been made to teach Spiritualism, or the Harmonical Philosophy.

I have traveled extensively in the Mississippi States and California and I have never seen a place where the truths of the new religion were as cordially, spontaneously and universally received as in this valley. Their reception by the intelligent and moral part of the community, renders abortive all the labor of proselyting Christians. Such effort as Methodism has made here this winter would, twenty years ago, have raised an excitement that would have swept like wildfire over the land. Now they may picture their heaven where saints in long white robes sit with folded hands before a great throne, singing psalms and hymns of praise; but no one wishes to join the chilling choir. They may point to their burning lake of pitch and brimstone, where all unbelievers will weep and wail, and gnash their teeth, boiling and struggling with snakes and lizards and devils; but no one is frightened, and they have not made a single convert.

When we reflect upon the change that has taken place in the religious world in twenty years, we must think Miller, of Second Advent notoriety was right in fixing the commencement of the millennium in 1843. At that time commenced not the thousand years' reign of a personal Saviour, but the right of free thought, and before it shall have reigned an hundred years, there will be no Christians, no churches, no need of a devil, and no use for a hell. But I am trespassing upon your columns. All progressive persons, and particularly mediums and lecturers who may think of emigrating to California, are invited to address

Yours truly, WM. J. YOUNG.

Susanville, Plumas Co., Cal.

Ada L. Hoyt, and Others.

This remarkable test medium, so well and so long known in the east and west, is in fine spirits, giving tests every day at the house of her parents, 154 Madison street, Chicago. Her powers as a medium have in no respect diminished since the days, when in her travels she brought so many skeptics to belief, so many haters of Spiritualism to madness—and so many believers to gladness. Miss Hoyt has done a good work in Chicago, and is doing all she can, and yet cannot supply but a small part of the demand. Mr. Ira Davenport, and his daughter, a remarkable musical medium for dark circle

performances, are in Chicago, giving good satisfaction and finding plenty of inquiring minds and seeking inquirers. Mrs. Jennie Dutton is also busy as a public medium, in Chicago, and her friends will, of course, be glad to know she is successful. There are many others more or less engaged in the city as mediums, both public and private, and never was the cause more alive in Chicago and the west generally. A good, reliable test or healing medium would find a ready field and ripe harvest in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WARREN CHASE.

Chicago, March 21, 1864.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati.

Thinking that news of the action of Spiritualists in this city would interest you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, I write to say that last evening quite a number of good and true men and women assembled together at the rooms of Dr. Wm. Rose, and Mr. Ira Adkins, on Fourth street, in this city, and organized themselves into a religious society, entitled the "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists;" thus, you see, assuming at once by name, an emphatic stand upon the platform of progressive Spiritualism.

The meeting was organized by the election of Hon. A. G. W. Carter, of this city, as President, and Mr. Chas. E. Bennett, as Secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting to be the organization of a religious society for the purposes of incorporation as such under the general laws of Ohio, so that they might exist as an incorporated religious society, with all the privileges appertaining thereto, guaranteed by the laws of the State, so that its accredited messengers, lecturers and ministers might have all the rights guaranteed by the laws to so-called "ministers of the gospel," such as solemnizing marriages, directing funeral ceremonies, etc., etc. And the society itself, by the association and unity of numbers, might be an engine of great strength in forwarding the great and important humanitarian interests of the truths now being so signally manifested of Spiritualism.

A Constitution and Articles of Association were unanimously adopted, and the signatures of all present, by way of confirmation, were appended. This Constitution and Articles of Association had been prepared through a medium, by spirit-friends; and indeed it is a Constitution of freedom. Its great point is to membership—the only requisite being that the member shall have full faith in the fact that departed spirits do communicate from their higher sphere, with the people of this lower sphere. In every other respect a member is left entirely to his freedom of thought, speech and action; and he is not to be questioned for his individuality in any shape, manner or form. A member is at perfect liberty to remain with, or withdraw from the society just when he pleases. The platform of the Constitution and Articles of Association are one of Love, Wisdom and Freedom. There is no further creed than already announced; and thus the platform is one of universality—or perhaps better expressed—individuality in universality: and thank heaven for such a development in these days!

On ballot the following persons were duly elected officers of the society, to wit:

Ira Adkins, President; Joseph Walter, Vice President; Chas. E. Bennett, Clerk; C. Butterfield, Treasurer; A. M. Hill, — Bricks, David H. Shaffer, Trustees; A. C. Bagley, Collector; N. M. Starr, Janitor.

These officers were elected by general consent, and were duly inducted into office, when the organization was complete. It is sincerely hoped that it will be productive of a great deal of good. It is the intention of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, to procure a commodious hall as soon as possible; and hereafter, under their organization, to conduct matters and things pertaining to Spiritualism, in a good, orderly and distinctive manner, so that they may no longer hide their light under a bushel, but put it forth to enlighten all who may desire to be enlightened.

After the society was organized, the lights of the hall were mellowed, and all together we sat in "circle," when Mrs. Dick, an excellent medium, under trance, arose in her place, and through a spirit-friend, gave us many words of hope and encouragement, causing our minds to be lifted upward, and our hearts to rejoice.

Permit me to send with this communication a most beautiful poem for the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, entitled, "Never Frown." It was written by one of the most remarkable mediums I ever knew—the speaking, writing and personating medium I alluded to in one of my former communications. Here is the little gem of a poem:

NEVER FROWN.

GIVEN THROUGH HENRY C. CARSON, MEDIUM.

What though you miss some promised joy,
 Or wayward chance some hopes destroy,
 What though a lurking fear annoy?

Tread it down.
 Keep ever on a smiling face,
 For 'tis the most bewitching grace;
 And he who smiles will win the race—
 Never frown.

If angry thoughts sometimes arise,
 If passion glitters in your eyes,
 Ere angry words to lips arise,

Tread them down.
 A smile of scorn is better far
 Than threatened words of instant war,
 When in the right you know you are—
 Never frown.

But when you feel your breast within,
 A thought that stranger there has been,
 And one which conscience tells is sin,

Tread it down.
 Then, only then, restrain your smile,
 Nor let that thought remain awhile,
 Lest, straying, it your heart beguile—
 Ever frown.

Yours truly, A. G. W. C.

Cincinnati, O., March 25, 1864.

Notes by the Way.

I send you greeting, dear BANNER, from the land of "Home, Sweet Home." Long weeks of roaming sharpens the soul-appetite for a re-taste of those joys which linger in associated beauty round the home of childhood, where the father-love and mother-life wait to welcome the wandering child.

Since last I pressed these hands good-by, I have tarried with the loving friends in Stafford, Conn., and Taunton, Mass. I find in the former place not a large society of Spiritualists, but a blessed few who gather in the dark Town Hall, and illumine with the smiles of their happiness the interior of that gloomy-looking building. No matter though the walls be old, the inspirations there are ever new, and I like much to stand in the square pen dignified by the name of pulpit, or rostrum, and receive and give the offerings of angel spheres. One of our best clairvoyant mediums, Mrs. Martha Dwight, lives in this town, and her skillful way of treating disease is well worthy the attention of all. She examines by a lock of hair, and those wishing her services can secure them

by writing and enclosing one dollar as a remunerative fee.

While in Stafford, I met at the house of his niece, Dr. Calvin Hall, a man seventy-eight years of age, one who has been for the past ten years in the good work of healing the sick. He feels that his work in the form is nearly finished; but the Doctor will again be young, renewing his age in the spheres beyond, and from his higher home he will bend to lay the hand of healing on the weak and distressed.

Leaving Stafford and its ever-remembered friends, I journeyed to the "Land of Herring," as Taunton is sometimes called, and found, to my surprise, that the friends were enjoying a spiritual repast, in the form of a Convention. They had written to apprise me of the fact, but I had missed the letter, or the letter had missed me, and I was therefore strangely surprised to meet with the speakers for the meeting.

Taunton Hall has been well filled with attentive audiences, and once again I leave the friends of that pleasant place, feeling that these seasons of earthly meeting are indeed grateful to the soul. Heaven bless the good friends everywhere; and while the "BANNER" of our belief is waving, let all stand firmly by these precious truths.

In Hope and Truth, M. L. BECKWITH.

New Haven, March 21, 1864.

Development of the Healing Powers.

I could not be ignorant of the fact that the BANNER OF LIGHT must wave over all the land, for it is held high above the dust of battles by the strong arm of Truth, and its fabric is stronger than silken threads or tempered steel, even as principles are stronger than substances. I attended nine Spiritual Conventions in the West last year, and I think the claims of the BANNER were presented at all of them. I have taken a secret pleasure in working without being extensively known, and it was an easy matter to send you the names of subscribers, unaccompanied with my own name. But now that I have my panorama completed by which I am able to illustrate our beautiful philosophy, to some extent, I am obliged to be known, however much my spirit may shrink from the gaze and approbation of the multitude. I must, however, remain in New York and fulfill my engagement to lecture in Cooper Institute, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday of each week, until the first of May.

I desire in this connection to request the patient forbearance of our numerous friends in the West, and all others who write to me, promising to speak to them as soon as time will permit and wisdom guide to their locality.

One word concerning our lectures here. They are given to select classes of minds who desire to learn the art of controlling the healing forces which lie between the soul and the nerve, (properly called the spiritual, electrical and magnetic,) and guide their action in the treatment and cure of disease. These are the forces, also, with which we directly deal in the development of media; therefore the various mediumistic gifts may not be determined by the size or shape of the external phrenological development.

It is intended that our students shall become practical workers by the instructions given in the four evenings; therefore, a new class is formed every week, and I am happy to say that thus far the classes have been large and interesting. After the first evening, students are requested to bring their invalid friends. No charge will be made for the treatment they may receive, neither have we half-price admittance tickets.

New York, March 25, 1864. WALTER HYDE.

Dry and Humid Atmosphere.

In the BANNER of January 2d, Dio Lewis, M. D., says, "The great defect of our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew-point of England is fifteen or twenty degrees higher than that of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman, and the lean, juiceless body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. The dew-point on the Pacific Coast is very high."

It seems to me, from my experience on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, where we have no dew-point at all, that the results attributed by Dr. Lewis to a high dew-point cannot be wholly correct. Since I left the Missouri River—or, I might say about fifty miles west of the Missouri River—I have not seen a particle of dew—the atmosphere being very dry and light. And during two seasons I have hardly known a person to be sick, and bronchitis and consumption here is entirely unknown. Perhaps if Dr. Lewis were here he might say the amount of whisky drunk counterbalanced the difference in the dew-point; but in the very few whom I know, who do not indulge in that dewy substitute, I can observe no lack of health enjoyed by their more humid associates. From the fact that a humid atmosphere is not necessary to health, while a dry atmosphere does seem to be conducive to the most perfect health. I am led to the opinion that perhaps with reference to the contrast between the Englishman and Yankee, Hawthorne may have touched the right vein, when he says, in speaking of some Englishmen he met at dinner, "Being generally middle aged, or still further advanced, they were by no means graceful in figure; for the comeliness of the youthful Englishman rapidly diminishes with years, his body appearing to grow longer, his legs to abbreviate themselves, and his stomach to assume the dignified prominence which justly belongs to that metropolis of his system. His face (what with the acidity of the atmosphere, ale at lunch, wine at dinner, and a well-digested abundance of succulent food) gets red and mottled, and develops at least one additional chin, with a promise of more."

The English, as a people, are proverbial for their particular attention to good living, while we Yankees can barely find time to enjoy at our leisure one "square meal" in the year, and I am inclined to the opinion that if our Governor should some year forget to issue his proclamation of Thanksgiving, many would be only too ready to dispense with that one.

If, however, the teachings of our spirit-friends be true, that they do not eat on the other side of Jordan, we shall undoubtedly have the advantage of the English when we have crossed that dark and turbid stream. But the English have good Bible evidence that the appetite is not so easily abandoned, for we have in that history accounts of Angels, Lords, and even Jesus, after his crucifixion, sitting at meat, eating unleavened cakes, &c., &c.

But I will close this desultory letter with a little more Hawthorne—"It has often perplexed me to imagine how an Englishman will be able to reconcile himself to any future state of existence from which the earthly institution of dinner shall be excluded. Even if he fail to take his appetite along with him, (which it seems hardly possible to believe, since this endowment is so essential to his composition), the immortal day must still admit of an interim of two or three hours, during

which he will be conscious of a slight distaste, at all events, if not an absolute repugnance to merely spiritual nutriment."

W. B. FELTON.

Baltimore, Maryland.

The Spiritualists of the "Monumental City" are just now enjoying a rich season. Never has there been a more lively and at the same time healthy interest than at present. Crowded audiences assemble and listen to Mrs. A. A. Currier's lectures with breathless attention, and every Sabbath evening many are obliged to go away unable to get seats or over standing room.

Mrs. Currier is indeed a most wonderfully gifted medium. It is glorious to hear a human thus inspired—to know that "the weak lips of woman" are touched "with fire from off the altar." Her grandeur of thought and expression, as well as the general scope of ideas, while on the rostrum, are almost boundless. She draws her illustrations from earth, air, and ocean, from the whole universe, and as she warms with her theme, and rises higher and higher on each successive wave of eloquence, it seems at times as if she fairly revelled in the sublime consciousness of power. It is seldom that a combination of such rare, and in fact, opposite qualities can be found in any one speaker, as in the case of Mrs. Currier.

Her appeals to the reason, the affections, and the moral faculties, are alike irresistible. Her satire is withering, yet, withal, as polished and keen as a true Damascus blade, and over all there is a certain elegance of style, a poetic beauty, which, like the sunlight in some Italian paintings, seems to invest all things with its own transcendent glory. In truth, it is like trying to paint a sunbeam; to attempt to describe her eloquence; to be able to appreciate, one must hear her. Send us, O Land of the East, more speakers of the same class.

The literature of Spiritualism is gaining ground. Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life" are read and admired. The BANNER of course is an honored guest with us, and we trust that soon it will be received into more of our hearts and homes.

Dear BANNER, how much we are indebted to thee! how faithfully thou hast brought us messages from the angel world! Long, long mayst thou stand as now, the fearless champion of Truth—the brave, though gentle and loving defender of humanity.

March 22d, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

TO A MOTHER ON THE BIRTH OF HER CHILD INTO THE SUMMER-LAND.

Sad memories bring thee no relief,
 'Lorn, stricken mother, in thy grief.
 Still lingering o'er those hours so brief,
 When cradled in a mother's arms,
 Arrayed in childhood's winning charms,
 Thy sweet and only treasure slept—
 Or nestling to thy bosom crept,
 And shook his shining locks of hair,
 And placed that loving face so fair,
 Above the heart soft beating there!
 Thrilling with love's divinest power,
 In evening's witching twilight hour!

Or haunting still his infant plays,
 His joyous laugh, his merry ways,
 When o'er his brow Hope placed her crown,
 And all love's treasures seemed thine own—
 Or when his lisping accents fell
 Upon thine ear with magic spell;
 Or when, with faltering footsteps, he
 Ran boldly to thy waiting knee.
 As day by day, and hour by hour,
 Unfolded this thy worshipful flower!
 And pictures of the future rose,
 When in life's fading evening close,
 Thy son to manhood's strength should rise,
 The idol of his mother's eyes!
 But faint not, mother, nor deplore
 That cherished child as now no more!
 For from the bright supernal shore,
 Thy loved one shall return to thee,
 A vestal soul, forever free
 From earthly sorrows, sighs and tears—
 The dread of death and all its fears—

And whisper in thy listening ear,
 Such words as these, thy soul to cheer:
 "Though earthly dust is laid aside,
 I still am near, thy spirit-guide!
 The two worlds are not far apart,
 I still can nestle to thy heart,
 And watch and guard thee night and day,
 While journeying on life's weary way!"
 "Then let not sorrow weigh thee down,
 Nor build within thy heart her throne—
 But mid the trials of the hour,
 Seek consolation from that Power
 Which gave the treasure, taken now.
 At God's behests with patience bow,
 And strength sustaining shall be given,
 From all thy angel-friends in heaven!"
 Taunton, March, 1864.

PRESENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The wild, sweet water, as it flows—
 The winds, that kiss me as they pass.
 The starry shadow of the rose,
 Sitting beside her on the grass—
 The daffodil, trying to bless
 With better light the beautiful air—
 The lily, wearing the white dress
 Of sanctuaries, to be more fair—
 The little-armed, dainty-fingered brier,
 That in the woods, so dim and drear,
 Lights up betimes her tender fire
 To soothe the homesick pioneer—
 The moth, his brown sails balancing
 Along the stubble crisp and dry,
 The ground-flower, with a blood-red ring
 On either hand—the peewit's cry—

The friendly robin's gracious note,
 The hills, with curious weeds o'errun—
 The albat, with her crimson coat
 Tricked out to please the wearied sun—

The dandelion, whose golden sun
 Is set before the rustic's plow—
 The hum of insects in the air,
 The blooming bush—the withered bough—

The coming on of eve—the springs
 Of daybreak, soft and silver-bright—
 The frost, that with rough, rugged wings
 Blows down the cankered buds—the white,

Long drifts of winter snow—the heat
 Of August, falling still and wide—
 Broad cornfields—one chance stalk of wheat,
 Standing with bright head hung aside—

All things, my darling, all things seem
 In some strange way to speak of thee;
 Nothing is half so much a dream,
 Nothing so much reality.

My soul to thine is dutiful,
 In all its pleasure, all its care;
 O, most beloved most beautiful!
 I miss, and find thee everywhere!
 Atlantic Monthly.

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon, it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

The Banner—The Spiritual Cause—Colored Schools, etc.

Notwithstanding the agreeable fact that the BANNER has a wide-awake and ever watchful correspondent from the Capitolian City, in the person of friend Horton—whose success in establishing spiritual meetings here, in the face of opposition and obloquy, merits the heartiest thanks of every friend of the spiritual movement, and whose faithful endeavors to keep your many readers particularly posted in regard to Spiritualism in this region, you so well appreciate—I say, notwithstanding this, perhaps you may find room somewhere amid your crowded columns, for another friend who would send you a word from this place, slightly touching things and matters in general. If so, I have this to remark in the first place: Week before last, my BANNER failing to arrive—a misfortune you cannot fully appreciate—I visited the periodical depot where it is retailed to transient purchasers, when, to my astonishment and chagrin, the proprietor informed me he had sold not only his regular package, but an extra order of twenty, besides. Please to understand that my disappointment did not arise from this evidence of the BANNER's merited increase of circulation, but simply because I was not in at the feast. I subsequently procured the BANNER, and read with rare pleasure—not to particularize where all was good, further than that significant and instructive first page of pictorial speech, the Vision of Human Life, from our old friend, John Bunyan and our new friend, Chaplain Fuller, as revealed to Dr. (Philadelphia) Child. Replete with beautiful truths and divine wisdom, it is worthy to be framed in every home and heart throughout our land. Why do you make such a readable and saleable paper for, that one thus unfortunate can get a copy only with great difficulty? Can't you help it? If not, better let some of your grumbling correspondents try their hand at running the machine!

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson of Milford, N. H., has been ministering to us, in spiritual things, during March, and has left a very favorable impression of her ability to interest and instruct an audience in those essentials pertaining to spiritual life and growth, here and hereafter. The audience were privileged to select their own subject—which she invariably handled in a highly entertaining and satisfactory manner—and at the close of each lecture propounded questions, to one and all of which Mrs. H. readily responded. A spiritual lecturer, and a lady undemonstrative in her ways, quiet and retiring in her manner, a stranger in a strange city, overcoming the disadvantages of such a Babylon of a place as this, and succeeding so well, even from the beginning, is warrant that divine powers are here, which, if obedient to, will triumphantly carry her through whatever public labors she takes upon herself, and in whatever direction she may be called.

From public teaching to private teaching there is an easy transition. The Colored Schools of Washington demand a word. Independent of the Freedmen Association, which in its organized capacity has established a number of Day Schools for colored persons, there are eight Evening Schools for the contrabands and others, averaging an attendance of one hundred schools, sustained by a small but brave corps of volunteer-teachers, mostly clerks in the several departments, whose hearts are thoroughly alive to the growing needs of this unfortunate class. It is hard and sad to believe, at this late day, what is so lamentably true, that here, as yet, no deep, general or practical interest is manifested toward improving the mental condition of the blacks, even where by a little united effort it could readily be done—and where, of all places in America it is most needed! Even those few who are engaged in this work have constantly to encounter the sneers, prejudices and insults of the many who wholly ignore all social and moral obligations to their neighbors and kindred—the ignorant and the oppressed.

Where now there is one school, there ought to be a dozen. Thousands of worthy colored persons are anxiously waiting to be taught, and if we had more teachers and better accommodations, these golden opportunities would be joyously improved. I never saw before such general eagerness to learn; verily, some of them are hungry to know how to read. It is no small gratification for me to be able to state that in one of these humble evening schools, the three teachers engaged are from Massachusetts, and what is perhaps quite as remarkable, they are all genuine Spiritualists—Bros. A. E. Newton, Alfred Horton, and your humble correspondent, the writer.

If there has been one fact more than another in the way of national success, it is to be found in our unwillingness to do justice to the African. Until more of this is done, until we squarely move in this direction, we cannot expect nor do we deserve to meet anything but defeat. If we are to establish ourselves again as a great nation, it must be more in accordance with the principles of Supreme Justice. And to this end may all Divine powers aid us, individually and nationally.

G. A. B.

Washington, March 24, 1864.

Terrible Calamity in Sheffield.

The London Times of March 16th, contains a detailed account of a fearful calamity which recently occurred in Sheffield, England. A little before midnight on Friday, the 11th of March, the great reservoir of the Sheffield Water Company, covering an area of seventy-six acres, capable of holding 114,000,000 cubic feet of water, suddenly burst its embankment and swept with the fury of another Deluge down the narrow gorge formed by the Loxley and Stannington hills into Sheffield itself. Almost before warning could be given, the volume of waters began rushing headlong down the valley, sweeping farms and houses, forges and factories, like chaff before it. Whatever the sudden and tremendous flood could reach, it seems to have destroyed. A large, populous and thriving district has been almost obliterated from the earth, scarce more than traces of the houses and factories that once stood there now remaining. It is now estimated that the loss of life will exceed two hundred and fifty, and that the value of the property destroyed exceeds half a million. From Bradford, where the reservoir burst, down the course of the rivers for twelve or fourteen miles the country is laid waste.

Rebel Invasion of Kentucky.

On Friday, March 25th, a force of rebel cavalry, estimated at five thousand men, under the lead of Forrest, attacked Paducah, Kentucky, and burned a considerable portion of the city, including the Government store-houses and their contents. Three thousand of the inhabitants fled on the approach of the rebels, finding refuge on the Ohio side of the river. Our gunboats opened on the city during its brief occupation by the enemy, and succeeded in driving off Forrest. Col. Hicks, commanding the post, occupied the fort below the city, with about eight hundred soldiers, mostly colored, who fought with the utmost intrepidity. The rebels made four assaults on the fort, but were repulsed each time. Three hundred rebels were killed, and over one thousand wounded. Several persons of the city were killed during the fight. The city is nearly in ruins.

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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 a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Pleasure and Profit.

Life is just what we make it. If we are resolved to be contented and happy, in the progressive and healthy sense, we shall find our profit wherever we may be placed; but if we wait for externals to furnish us with sources of enjoyment, relying on our surroundings more than on ourselves, and looking for something outside of ourselves to supply the springs which ought to lie coiled up within ourselves, we may make up our minds beforehand that we shall find nothing before us but vexation and disappointment. We must extract our joys from our commonest occupations. There can be no happiness except that which is filtered through our own circumstances. We live just so far as we know how to make an intelligent and spiritual use of life, and no further.

There is a notion prevalent, to the effect that what goes to make for our pleasure, does not, and cannot, operate to our profit—but that the two processes are disjointed and entirely dissimilar. It is not so, in fact; for we were born capable of extracting pleasure and profit both out of one and the same avocation; there is the closest sort of relationship between them: both are growths from one stem; both proceed from one life; they are both perfectly compatible with one vocation. The larger part of mankind, or at least that section of mankind which professes "civilization," practice upon just the opposite belief, believing that when they go in for enjoyment, as they style it, they put aside all thoughts of industry and usefulness; and holding that when they work, they work—and when they play, they play. They cannot see, for the life of them, how there can be the least relevancy of one occupation for the other, how a man at work can feel himself anything more than a slave, or how a man in quest of pleasure can take anything but the most unbounded pains to be happy, and to be nothing else. This is perhaps as much an American peculiarity as any other.

The falsity of the notion proceeds from the false views which are commonly entertained of life and its meaning. We live to get happiness out of everything: out of riches and poverty, out of health and sickness, out of glad hearts and hearts full of sorrow. When we lose a dear friend from our sight, we grieve as if there was no power in the universe that could comfort us; but as time slips by, the pang grows less painful, until we come to look at the event which once caused us such an agony as one of the most beautiful, poetic and truly natural event in our lives. The fact is, we have begun to see it in its right relation to all other things which concern us. When we do a friend a service, especially if it has cost us a sacrifice or a denial, we soon come to look upon that act as much more delightful and precious than any which we could have done for ourselves merely; showing that the pleasure does not always lie parallel with what the world considers to be profit, but more often goes directly against it.

In our daily work—drudgery, as we often style it—we find a vast deal of pleasure, and satisfying pleasure, too. We may not, perhaps, think so at the time, but it makes itself apparent to us afterwards. Idleness would not begin to bring the joys to view which hard and tasking labor brings without fail. When we loiter and dawdle, we find that life hangs heavily on our hands; but when we labor, we turn and find that we have been doing for those whom we love, and our higher and holier qualities have been developed and nourished thereby; we find that we have been practicing those habits of abstinence and self-control, unwilling perhaps, at the time, which never fail to furnish secret and lasting satisfaction to a healthy human mind. Here is a case, therefore, where we can see for ourselves that profit and pleasure go together, attending one upon the other. We extract the honey even when we have to work for it. We see that all Nature is in hearty cooperation with us, working actively to the same end. We feel the thrill of an inward satisfaction, that we are all the while so well attended by every living force and influence, that God himself works and takes delight in it, and that there is no real pleasure in life which is not thus solidly and substantially based.

A woman goes and carries flowers, some fruit, even the sweet and welcome sympathy of her own presence, to one who is wearing away heavy hours in the confinement of the sick room; another of her sex is spending time and money entirely upon herself and for herself—shopping, sauntering, making frivolous and time-killing calls, and receiving no human being into the circle of her own personal sympathies and affections: is it at all difficult to say which is the happy one of the two, or why the one is so much happier than the other? which has pursued the path that promised nothing but pleasure—and which the path of labor and exertion? And why has not the one who went after pleasure found it—and why has the one who only looked to her duty found the serene pleasure there likewise? There is no mystery in this matter: all is as plain as the light which divides the day from the night. What we do from a conviction of duty, that brings us living joy: what we do from mere selfishness, that turns to ashes on our very lips.

Simple things always furnish the most enduring pleasures. It is not what we pay out money for that is worth the most to us. We are most often happiest when we are not thinking at all of being made happy—when we are too much preoccupied to know or care anything about happiness. It is the child's habit revived in us, that brings us the purest delight. From all this we may learn the lesson that we are to give ourselves no care whatever about these things; but that with clean and sweet consciences, with a sense of duty done, with the secret satisfaction of having thought for others instead of for ourselves alone, we may trust all with heaven; leading simple and natural lives, just as children lead them, from day to day, giving up all our cares and anxieties to the good Father, and filled with benevolent and grateful impulses toward the whole human race.

Joys like these no money can purchase; and without them, money is no better than a mockery and a delusion.

The Providence, R. I., Three Days' Spiritual Meeting.

In accordance with the call published in the last BANNER OF LIGHT, a Three Days' Spiritual Meeting was held in Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 30th and 31st and April 1st. In consequence of the severe line storm of rain and sleet, the attendance, at first, was not large, but a good degree of zeal was manifested by the select company turning out in spite of the unpropitious weather.

The meeting was called to order on Wednesday morning, by Mr. Knowles, and L. K. Joslin appointed Chairman *pro tem.*, and A. C. Fisher, Secretary. Moses Hull, A. Medbury and J. M. Bradford were selected a committee to nominate permanent officers. Adjourned.

Wednesday Afternoon.—The storm continuing unabated, the audience was not large, but much increased. The nominating committee reported the following officers, and the report was adopted: Adin Ballou, President; Uriah Clark, L. Town, and W. G. K. Mowry, Vice Presidents; J. S. Loveland, William Foster and Mrs. A. Fisher, Secretaries; L. K. Joslin, W. S. R. Mowry and A. Medbury, Business Committee.

U. Clark taking the Chair, in the absence of Mr. Ballou, was called on for opening remarks. He was glad to be in attendance, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The results of the meeting could not be judged by the size of the audience, or by anything external. The reigning powers of the invisible world had a work to do in Providence, and they would accomplish it in their own way.

Moses Hull spoke of the work of Spiritualists. They were not seeking first either to save or destroy the Church. The Church had been the mother of us all, but she had done all she could do. We were to seek the multitudes outside of the Church. He spoke of the beauty and beneficence of Spiritualism as the great moving power of the age. If there were startling evils and disruptions in marital life, it was because Spiritualism was bringing these to light, and preparing us for true relations.

Wednesday Evening.—U. Clark in the Chair. Minutes read, and singing. Mr. Clark was requested to open the meeting, and he spoke of the agitations now going on in preparation of the kingdom of heaven, or the new order of things being inaugurated.

J. S. Loveland was called on to follow. He spoke on authority, the false and the true; insisted that we were all more or less under some kind of authority. He quoted Pope, "God never made an independent man." We are all links in the great chain of the universe. Much that is said about individualism is selfish sophistry, of the most snakey and insidious nature. He had ferreted out this snakey sophistry, in all its infernal windings. In one sense we are all one, as Jesus prayed his disciples might be with him, as he was one with the Father. This feeling of oneness with each other, with God and the angel-world, is the very essence of Spiritualism, and quickens us with the loftiest inspirations in behalf of humanity.

Moses Hull continued in the same strain. We are never alone; we are linked to each other and to other spheres; we are often influenced by unseen intelligences when we are not conscious of the fact. We are not able to tell why we are here to-night: it is doubtless because our celestial guardians have an object in view. We are all influencing each other, and are more or less responsible for each other. Yet over us all there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." There is a destiny guiding our nation; this great war is but the forerunner of a grand spiritual warfare. Mr. Hull, in conclusion, spoke of the extremes into which Spiritualists were liable to run; at first, in seeking to rid themselves of false authority, they seemed to ignore all religion and all the Bible; but now there was a reaction, and the middle ground was fast being taken.

Thursday Morning.—Though the weather was still unpropitious, the audience was largely increased, and the interest on the rise. U. Clark in the chair, the minutes read, J. S. Loveland was then called to the platform. He prefaced his speech with the following:

Resolved, That so far as man is concerned all progress consists in the expansion of the human consciousness, or in other words, in the enlargement of the Domain of Positive Knowledge.

Resolved, That as the common sense of mankind gives its final adjudication upon all systems, in accordance with their capacity for practical good, therefore it has become an absolute necessity for Spiritualists to actualize their theories in some form of practical effort for the general enlightenment and welfare of mankind.

Resolved, That fragmentary knowledge may be better than none, yet nothing thoroughgoing in effect can be realized without a systematic culture of all the faculties of humanity.

Whereas, Our present systems of culture are defective, all tending in the way to develop and foster individual selfishness, and continue and intensify the present castes and distinctions in society, therefore,

Resolved, That the demand is imperative for a reorganization of a new social, religious and political system.

These resolutions were explained and defended with marked energy and ability, and the impression made on the audience was deep and lasting. The practical application of Spiritualism to every department of life and society, was never more cogently and eloquently presented. Moses Hull followed on the same subject, branching out and taking in the specific reforms needed in various directions, and especially the reform needed in popular education. U. Clark spoke of the moneyed and other powers wielded by a minority in the Church, State and society, over the masses of the people, and he presented Spiritualism as the great leveling and leaving power needed. W. G. R. Mowry thought it was not wise to pull down the old house till some better one was provided, though he admitted all the great evils and wrongs existing in the old, and he was prepared to take hold of anything feasible which might be presented for the amelioration of the masses. Mr. Loveland explained the objects contemplated in his resolutions, and hinted to a grand simultaneous movement among Spiritualists for a radical reformation in every department. Mr. Mowry acquiesced, and said he was prepared for action, and he trusted the great body of the people would be prepared.

Thursday Afternoon.—The audience was largely increased, and the interest also. U. Clark in the chair. J. S. Loveland made a searching speech in regard to the practical application of Spiritualism, and was followed on the same subject by Moses Hull and Mr. Clark.

Thursday Evening.—A good audience assembled. U. Clark was announced to give the regular opening address of the evening. He was succeeded by Messrs. Loveland and Hull.

[As the BANNER goes to press before the Three Days' Meeting closes, the remainder of this report is deferred till next week.]

Any number of correspondents congratulate us on the handsome appearance of our sheet.

Us.

The crowded state of our columns this week prevents the appearance of many excellent articles from our esteemed correspondents. Have patience, friends, for we endeavor to deal justly by all. Do not, we pray, construe our silence at times into neglect. We assure the friends everywhere that we devote day and night to the work entrusted to our care, and look to all impartial minds for a verdict in our favor. We are no speech-makers, hence we go not out to be heard of the multitude; but are well-satisfied to do the humble work assigned us, within the editorial sanctum. That our labors in the past have been duly appreciated we have the satisfaction of knowing. That there is no lack of that appreciation in the present, the very flattering communications we are continually receiving from various parts of America abundantly testify. Our friends may rest assured that we shall do all in our power to merit their esteem, and so conduct the BANNER that it shall reflect honor on its supporters, and be the means—with the Divine assistance—in raising humanity up on a far higher and happier plane of existence than they occupy to-day.

God bless all those who have stood by us in our weakness, and assisted in placing our much beloved BANNER OF LIGHT on a firm foundation. In the future, the publishers hope to be able to announce a large increase to their subscription lists; and, in case they receive sufficient pecuniary aid to support the free circles, they hope to announce an enlargement of the BANNER. This, however, will depend upon the aid the friends render us from time to time.

Announcement—Miss A. W. Sprague.

We have made arrangements to publish about the first of May, a volume of Poems, composed by this gifted woman during her earth-life. Most of these poems have never been in print. We learn that she left a large quantity of poems in manuscript, the greater part of which were written at Oswego, N. Y., only a few months prior to her decease.

Miss Sprague was one of the earliest trance lecturers in New England, as well as one of the ablest and most popular advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy. Her poems—as we learn from a gentleman who has been engaged in preparing them for the press—possess high literary merit, are filled with her earnest, beautiful spirit, and, when published, will constitute a valuable acquisition to progressive literature. If these poetical writings, as we understand to be the case, are fully up to the standard of the author's best inspirations upon the lecture-platform, they cannot fail to meet a generous and hearty recognition among Spiritualists, thousands of whom still affectionately cherish her memory.

Heavier Taxation.

It is claimed, and rightly, as we think, that we cannot long support what credit is necessary to carry us through the war, without raising a certain proportion of real money to go upon. We should not only pay the interest on the public debt, but any current expenses, besides, and something over to help pay the yearly cost of the war. Credit is a ticklish thing; unless it has a good sound basis of means, and is backed by a determination of a man or a nation to use those means honestly, it vanishes like a soap-bubble in the sun. An accurate and experienced calculation shows that, according to the increase in our actual wealth, we ought to raise at least four hundred millions in taxes yearly, and then we should have left six hundred millions of solid wealth remaining. Such taxation would not take from the wealth of the country, but only from the surplus which would otherwise be added. We should be adding to our wealth, anyhow.

Grant with the Troops.

The new Lieutenant-General has reviewed the Potomac army, and expressed himself much pleased with them, as they are with him. His policy is reported by military men to be the concentration, rather than the scattering policy. He will therefore draw together his armies of the East and West and South, and besiege Richmond on three sides at once. If he makes his first moves quick enough, he will be able to forestall the rebels in their plans, which evidently are aggressive, and are intended to carry the war out of their territory into our own. The troops of all sides feel a strong confidence in the leadership of Grant, and it is generally expected that this will prove the decisive and final campaign of the war. With their two great armies beaten now, the rebel leaders never could create two more in the world.

The Danish Troubles.

The poor Danes do not seem to be making much headway. The English have deserted them, and let the Austrians and Prussians ride over their country without leave or license. The invaders press on across line after line, taking one Danish fortress and town after another, and are apparently resolved to swallow the little kingdom whole. England only looks on, and France looks on and watches England. Germany evidently means now to help herself to whatever crumbs of small powers happen to be lying loose around on the European table. If the Western powers agree to it in silence, it will be a very different affair from their former professions of anxiety lest the "balance of power" in Europe should be overturned. Why not as jealous of the aggressions of other powers now, as they used to be?

Discussion Continued.

We learn that the discussion between Moses Hull, Spiritualist, (formerly Adventist) and Rev. Miles Grant, (Adventist), is to be continued at Lyceum Hall, Lynn. The time appointed for the contemplated discussion is April 12th, 14th and 15th. In alluding to the discussion in March, the Crisis (Mr. Grant's paper) says:

"Thus far we are very much pleased with the results of the discussion. It was remarked by one who has traveled extensively as a lecturer and debater, that the audiences were the largest he ever saw at a discussion where an admittance fee was required."

A Good Move.

Senator Wilson's bill concerning the Military Academy proposes to increase the number of cadets to four hundred. We sincerely hope it will pass. If Northern Senators in the past had been as thoughtful as Senator Wilson is, we should not to-day have had so many officers, who graduated at West Point, in the Southern army, endeavoring to destroy the best government on the face of the earth. Let the North be wise to-day, that our posterity may be benefited, if we are not. Fill the Academy with an extra number of cadets from the Free States.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend

Closed a course of excellent lectures in this city, on Sunday, March 27th, to the general acceptance of full and appreciative audiences. She spoke in Waltham last Sunday, and goes to Newburyport for the last two in this month.

Spiritualism Becoming Popular.

A few years ago the secular press did not notice spiritual conventions, lectures, mediums, etc., but to ridicule them. What a wonderful change has of late taken place! Is it because they think Spiritualism is becoming popular, or that they themselves have not kept pace with public opinion, and are forced to do us and our cause justice to-day? They now give respectful notices of the efforts of our lecturers, mediums, etc., a specimen of which we copy from the North Iowa Times of March 23d:

"Editors TIMES—I have attended the course of lectures which has been held in the large room in Helwig's Block on 'Spiritualism,' so called, during the past week or ten days, and have been much interested and well pleased. Mrs. Fitch is an excellent first class trance speaker; her voice is good, her articulation clear and distinct and her manner pleasing."

The lecture on last Thursday evening—on Our Country—what it was, what it now is, and what it may be, was eloquent, noble and patriotic, recommending all to lay aside political strife and party considerations, and unite in one grand and powerful effort to put down this rebellion and establish Liberty, Freedom, and the Independence of America."

The lectures on Saturday and Sunday evenings, setting forth the principles of Spiritual Christianity and the law of progression founded on Truth, Love, Justice, Humanity and the Immortality of the Soul, were most excellent, instructing and consoling. All were invited to hear and investigate this Harmonical and Spiritual Philosophy and Judge for themselves.

Notice was given that Mrs. Fitch would deliver another lecture on Sunday evening next, at the same time and place."

Phenomenal.

Mrs. A. A. Currier, in writing to the Herald of Progress from Washington, gives the following as a test of the wonderful clairvoyant powers of Mr. Foster, the medium:

Besides physical manifestations, Mr. Foster's mediumship includes mental phenomena of the most rare and wonderful character, such as clair-audience, prevision, etc. For example, Hon. G. Orth, Member of the House, lately had a sitting. After giving several most satisfactory tests of spirit identity, by speaking names, the stigmata, etc., Mr. Foster exclaimed, "Sir, a spirit, near and dear to you [name recognized], says, 'Beware! a great calamity is about to befall you; something near your home.' I cannot tell what this means, but feel that I must give the spirit's words." The strange warning did not appear to impress the visitor very forcibly at the time; but a few days after, meeting Mr. Foster, he said, "I have been now in the reality of your wonderful powers; events have forced me to it. You told me of a calamity near at hand; your prediction is fulfilled. I have just learned that my house, worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, is in ashes—the work of an incendiary."

As a pleasing contrast to this incident, I will mention another. The other morning, Mr. Foster, an entire stranger to Mr. Foster, called at his room. He had hardly entered, before the medium exclaimed, "Your father is here, and bids me say to you that little Freddy is better, and that you need not go home." The gentleman arose and took his leave, evidently much affected, but in the course of an hour or two returned, and handed Mr. Foster a dispatch from the telegraph-office, reading thus: "Freddy is much better. You need not come home." It seems that the day previous Mr. Foster had actually received a telegram stating that his little son was dying, and he was about to set forth on his journey when the glad tidings received by the "spiritual telegraph" outstripped what came by the lightning wire.

The New Rebel Plan.

It is given out, and not without some show of reasonableness, that it is the rebel intention to do no more than make a defensive fight before Richmond, and to mass their armies and hurl them with irresistible force upon the West. The plan is reported to be the recapture of Tennessee and Kentucky, the blocking up of the Mississippi, and the penetrating through the entire region, so long coveted by them, between the southern limit of Tennessee and the Ohio river. For this purpose it is supposed the rebel General Forrest made his sudden attack on Paducah, as preliminary to corresponding movements in Eastern Tennessee. The story of course increases as it goes, and includes the rumor that Lee and Johnston will change places, the former going West and the latter coming East. They would be great fools not to try their hardest fighting where they would not expect to find Grant. But they will find him "all round the lot," this year. It will not do to reckon too much on his absence.

A Legislative Improvement.

It is now seriously proposed to introduce the members of the Cabinet to the floor of Congress, to be divided between them as circumstances show most proper. There is much more reason in favor of such a measure than against it. The practice has ever held in the British parliament, and is found to facilitate the public business exceedingly. Such members would not, of course, be allowed to vote, but they could make speeches, could advocate for the government its own measures, on the floor of Congress, and be at once called on for explanations which would pour a flood of light upon questions that are more often guessed at than intelligibly discussed. The public journals appear generally in favor of the plan; and it is scarcely disputed, that its adoption would give breadth, and add dignity and solid advantage to our national legislation.

The Extermination Business.

We remember very well how the more fiercely inclined of the Southern people said, when the war broke out, that they could perhaps be "exterminated," but never conquered; they declared that the United States Government could never make them over into good citizens again—it could do nothing but exterminate them. But what a come-down in this matter they have shown in the late election in Arkansas! Seventeen thousand votes were cast, or one-third of the number thrown at the last Presidential election. This was one of those States in which the cry of no surrender, nothing but extermination was heard the loudest. If this is the first fruits of extermination, we must say we like the policy amazingly. It works so very well, we hope it will keep on working.

Death of Owen Lovejoy, M. C.

This brave champion of anti-slavery died at the house of a friend in the latter part of March, and was buried from Plymouth Church, the funeral services being performed by Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Cheever, and Dr. Storrs. A Congressional delegation subsequently escorted the body to Illinois, to the place of his home, where it would be finally buried. Mr. Lovejoy was a native of Maine, and went West to make his own way in the world. His brother it was, who was killed by a pro-slavery mob, at Alton, Illinois, in defending his printing-office. The mantle of the martyr descended upon the shoulders of this brother, who was steadfast and courageous, in season and out of season, in advocating the overthrow of slavery everywhere and in every form.

Clinton Hall Meetings.

Our New York friends, and the public generally, will bear in mind that Rev. Mr. Willis speaks at the above hall every Sunday, morning and evening. Seats free.

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 add us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread 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 obtained by the Spirit who 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 this Department of the BANNER are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 108 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mattie Adams, to her brother, Edmund Adams, in the Army; James Delevan, to his brother and sister; Sylvia B. Worthen, to her daughter, Lucy S. Worthen; Joseph Spencer, to his relatives, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Captain Wm. T. Thayer, to friends in Charleston, S. C.

Monday, March 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; J. B. Priest, of Boston, to Harry W. Dyer, of No. 125 Washington street, Boston; Charles L. Titus, to Edward Donald; Emily R. Browning, to her husband, in New Orleans, La.; Lafayette, body servant of Gen. Johnson, of the Confederate Army.

Tuesday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Abbie H. Kent, of Boston; Clarence Bowen, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Josiah Bowen; Jennie Annals, to her father, in London, Eng.

Thursday, March 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Willie Lincoln, son of Frederick Lincoln, at his parents, at Washington, D. C.; Thomas Gaston, to James H. Gaston, of Charleston, S. C.; Eleanor Arnold, to friends in St. Louis, Mo.; Clara Hodgkins, to her mother, residing on Hopewell square, Liverpool, Eng.

Monday, March 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James L. Smyth, to his mother, in Princeton, Mich.; Victoria, daughter of Col. Wm. Selby, of New Orleans, La.; Archibald Lewis, (colored) of the 54th Mass. Reg., to his sister; Mary Donahoe, to her brother, Dennis Murphy, in Holden Court, New York City.

Invocation.

Let us pray. Nameless Power, by which the destiny of nations and individuals have ever been controlled, we lift our thoughts upward and outward to thee, praying as the sunlight prays when it falls lovingly upon the earth, praying as the flower prays when it turns its face lovingly toward the sunlight. Presence which we all recognize as around and within us, we ask that we may be blessed by leading these, thy mortal children, out of the darkness into light, out of error into truth, out of sorrow into joy, out of war into peace. Then shall our souls receive a new song. Then shall our spirits soar beyond all that can bind us to mortality. Then shall we chant anew that song that was chanted many, many years ago, the song of freedom, peace and good-will to every son and daughter of humanity. March 14.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever questions they may desire to have answered. If the audience have no questions to offer, we will resign our control to one who is desirous of answering a series of questions that have been spiritually, that is to say, silently, propounded by the public for many months.

Ques. 1.—Is the Confederate steamer called the Alabama under the control of any disembodied spirit?

Ans.—Yes.

Q. 2.—Is there any possibility of our approaching this individual, or these individuals, with any hope of success?

A.—No.

Q. 3.—It has been said that one Gibbs, of former piratical notoriety, is Commander-in-Chief of the Alabama. Is it so?

A.—Yes.

Q. 4.—Will that Confederate steamer fall into the hands of the Federal authorities?

A.—If the earthly powers of light are favorable, the answer will be no. But if our human telescopes fail us, then the answer will be yes.

Q. 5.—Is the human Commander-in-Chief of the Alabama, Semmes, a medium?

A.—Yes.

Q. 6.—What are his powers?

A.— Clairvoyant, seeing and speaking.

Q. 7.—Has that steamer ever been driven into close quarters by the Federal authorities?

A.—Yes.

Q. 8.—Is she free, or now confined?

A.—She is free. March 14.

Evelyn Tennyson.

All who visit your earthly mediums have some object in view: some have one, some have another. But it is supposed that the one general object is to commune with the friends left on earth. It is supposed by many, very many, of earth's children, that it is a religious impossibility for the spirit to return and hold communion with its kindred in the flesh after death; but this large class of individuals will find themselves not only mistaken with regard to this one thing, but religion entire. Instead of their believing on the Spirit of their Sacred Record, they have pinned all their faith on the form, that which is as fleeting as all other earthly things are, those forms that can serve only for a day, then must pass out of use. That Sacred Record called the Bible we cannot look upon in the light we once looked upon it, because we have ascended into a mental atmosphere in which we are able to see the spirit of the work, and that does not at all correspond with the external form.

It is now five years since I lost my body, and found myself an inhabitant of the spirit-world—a mental condition of being. When I first woke to consciousness I was sadly disappointed. I thought all my life had been a failure and all my hopes of heaven were for naught. But soon I began to look at myself through natural sources, and to analyze not only myself, but my surroundings, and I soon learned that had I been ushered into a heaven such as my senses pictured before death, I should have been very miserable. So I soon learned contentment, and peace soon flowed around my spirit, and washed away all error that had gathered about it during my twenty-five years' pilgrimage on earth—a short time, I know, yet full enough to gather to myself much of darkness, as well as some light.

I have left true friends, dear friends. They are still struggling with the wild waves of earthly discord. They know no direct way to heaven, for they are suffering themselves—as I myself did—to be led by those who know not the way, who are traveling round and round, gaining no light or truth with regard to the spirit-world.

These dear friends of mine are living in New York City, most of them. Some are trampled by the chains of commercial life. Some are bound down by false theologies, and some are struggling with the wild waves of civil war. But not one has any light of the Kingdom within their souls, as they are wedded to the past, and do not live in the present. They seem to live in the present, I know; but spiritually they are bound to the past.

Now I come to them like a wild flash of lightning, and I only ask that our Father may bless my coming, may turn their night into day, that he may show them that the spirit-world is in their midst, and that their friends, when they die, are not consigned to any far-off heaven or hell, as they may have imagined, but that they love them still, that all life, whether before or after the change called death, is united, inseparably united.

The name by which I was known in earth-life was Evelyn Tennyson. May the dear friends who but a few years since stood at my death-bed and bade me farewell, be willing now to receive me, as I have come from a not distant land to give them glad tidings of the spirit-world. May they open their hearts and give me a welcome such as a sensitive spirit like mine demands. Then I shall be satisfied. March 14.

Johnnie Donahoe.

My father says, "Johnnie, come back if you can, and tell me where you died, what you died of, where you are living, what was your name, who I am, and any other thing so I'll know it's you."

My name was Johnnie Donahoe, and I lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. I was most eight years old. I died of sore throat just before Christmas. [Last Christmas?] Yes, sir. My father's name is James Donahoe. He's away with the army. He's a soldier. My mother's name is Hannah, and I've got two sisters and a brother. [Older, or younger?] One's younger, the rest's older. And I can talk, and I can make them ore sounds what means letters. [You mean you can rap out the alphabet.] Yes, sir; and my father wants—I don't like these things—[the medium's clothes]—wants I'll give what he asked me to.

I've given all he asked me to, and I'm in the spirit-land with my grandmother and Uncle Pat, and he's a priest there; yes, sir, he's a master, he's a school-master there. [A teacher?] Yes, sir, teacher. Yes, sir, I meant teacher. He was like to be a priest in Dublin. His old uncle was to educate him; but when he was just like to be a priest, his uncle died, and his boys and girls takes all the money, so Uncle Pat did n't go to be educated, so he did n't be a priest here; no, sir; no, sir; he's a teacher.

Yes, sir, my father hears something about spirits coming back. One of the soldiers had a letter from his brother, and he reads it, and says if that was true, let Johnnie come; and I got a certificate, a reward of merit—[Got a pass?—] pass. The first time I could get a chance is just now.

Say this letter is from Johnnie Donahoe, to his father, James Donahoe. Next time I come I want to come to him. Good-by, Mister; aint it Boston? [Yes.] I did n't live here. [Is your father a Catholic?] Yes, sir; he is. March 14.

James Davis.

Home again, but under different circumstances than what I wished for. Well, I must be thankful, I suppose, for small favors; that's the way to get bigger ones.

Stranger, I'm from the Seventh Ohio. I fell a prisoner at Chancellorsville, and died, as high as I can reckon, about—well, as high as I can reckon, about eighteen days ago, in Danville Prison, Danville, Virginia. I took some kind of a confounded disease—I think it was small pox; no one ever told me, but I think it was. I like all the rest of the boys, hoped to be exchanged every day. But no exchange came, until I got exchanged for higher. It's all right, I suppose, only I should liked to have gone home once more in my old clothes.

My name, sir, was James Davis. Oh, I'm no relation to Jeff; no, sir. [Distant relation?] No, sir, not of the most distant character. You can't pile that disgrace on to me, stranger. I had the pleasure of seeing his Excellency, and he's the most informal looking cuss you ever saw. What I mean by that, stranger, is, that there don't seem to be anything good about him at all. Suppose there is, for they say there's good in everybody—but I failed to see his good traits, if he has any. I think the crust of bad is so thick you can't see the good. You see I did n't get very favorably impressed with him before I saw him, so I should be pretty likely to talk pretty hard about him, anyway, even if I had not seen him.

Well, sir, my folks have not the slightest knowledge of my death. They heard I was wounded and taken prisoner. They are in hopes to hear every day that I've been exchanged; but you see its all day with me now, stranger, for if I come home, I've got to come without my clothes. Maybe they would n't like to have me come that way. [That will depend upon the invitation you get.] Maybe I shan't get any, stranger; good many of us have to stay out a good while. But I could n't somehow get reconciled to my new home until I came back here.

Now what I want is, a good talk with my folks. In this way, and if they'll give me the chance, I can tell 'em about what I've seen here, about my going, &c., bid 'em good-by, and go out again contented.

When I went to war my poor old mother said to me something like this: "If it want a good cause, my son, I should say I could n't part with you, no way. But the cause is good, and your country needs you, so go, and may God bless you." Well, I went, and I got blessed with some of the dark sides of life. It's all right. I suppose there is a bright side to Southern life, only they did n't show it to me. I did n't suffer so much as some of the rest of the boys did who were taken prisoners at the same time I was, stranger. I was kind of passive like when I got shovled about, but those that made any time about it, why, they'd get chucked into one of these holes. I had plenty of—well, one part of the day, I had plenty of sun, while they were deprived of it, and I had air and they did n't have much of it. So you see I suppose I was blessed in having sun and air, at least. Well, I should like to have my folks know where I am. I should be happy if I could have a talk with them, and bid them good-by. If they're a mind to open the way for me, I don't think they will be sorry. [You wish to ask them to go to some medium and give you an opportunity of communicating with them?] Yes; I wish to ask them to furnish me with a medium.

Now my sister's one of these sort of folks that kind of believes in dreams; used to dream pretty straight. Her dreams would come true. Maybe she's one of these sort of folks. I'm going to travel round there and see. Oh, maybe they'd like to know how I was wounded. Well, I lost my arm—left arm—had it taken off to the elbow. I got well of that pretty soon, but I think I took the small pox. I reckon that was it, stranger, though they did n't say it was. Good-by. March 14.

Edward Smith.

Skipper, what are you going to do for me? [What we can. Whatever you wish we will do for you.] I have friends in Macon, Georgia, and I should like to dispatch a message to them, if it's possible for me to do so.

I have a father, mother a younger sister and older brother. Is their any way I can send any word to them? [We think our paper crosses the lines.] Well, I wish my letter to reach Alexander Smith, of Macon, Georgia.

My name was Edward Smith; I was eighteen years old. When this war came on, my father said I must enter the service. He was a rabid rebel. My mother was n't that way inclined. She's a Northern woman, a native of Massachusetts, and it came pretty hard upon her to see her husband and children taking up arms against her own friends and native State. So she assisted me in giving my father the slip. I went to New York, and shipped as common sailor, and went to sea.

I have never been home since, and on the 7th day of December last, I fell from the masthead of the ship "Somerset," lying in Liverpool Dock, and was so badly injured that I died in a few hours. I wish that intelligence to be conveyed to my father and mother, if possible. I was intending to take a voyage down to the West India Islands, and then to come this way. I had left the ship I went out in, and had shipped in another for that purpose.

I think something in the rigging gave way—seems to me it must have—for I don't think I could have missed my footing and slipped. At any rate, I fell from the masthead to the deck, and was so badly injured in the head, stomach and shoulders—I broke one shoulder, I believe—that I soon died.

My mother's name was Eliza Donnet before marriage. I have no hope of reaching any of her relatives in this way. [Do you know where they reside?] Yes, sir; at least I know my mother was born here in Boston, and her relatives, most of them, lived, I think, in this vicinity.

There was some—well, after her father died, there was some little trouble, I believe, between my mother and her relatives, that rather alienated her—or not her, but them from her, so that my mother seldom heard from them. Well, there wasn't any communication to speak of between her family and herself. But I would like to sit down and have a good talk with my father. I could tell him more about the cause and probable duration of this war—which is a war for freedom, and nothing less—in five minutes than he's ever dreamed of in the whole course of the war. He is an officer in the rebel army.

Now if any of my friends or acquaintances should chance to pick up my letter, message, or whatever you call it, I want them to forward it without delay to my father and mother. And after they receive it, I hope they will give me a chance to come and talk with them.

Many thanks, sir. [Do you remember the name of the Captain of the "Somerset?"] Aldrich, I think, sir. [She belonged in New York, did she not?] I think so. March 14.

Invocation.

Soul of Wisdom, we would kneel in thy presence and lose all our ignorance in thee. Even as night loses its shadow in day, so would we lose our darkness in thy light. Spirit, whose presence we recognize, but who art without form or dwelling-place, we ask that when in thy wisdom a new edition of life shall be presented us we may be able to read it understandingly. We ask that we may not in our ignorance deem that thou art dead, or sleeping, or that thou hast withdrawn thyself from our presence. We ask these blessings in the name of our own soul-life, Father and Mother, and in the interior of that soul-realm we will chant unceasing praises to thee. March 15.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever questions they may deem proper. **QUESTION.**—Is it possible that the burning of a person's hair can effect the spirit?

ANSWER.—Yes, it is possible. You must remember that you are inseparably connected with every atom that has an existence; and if this is true, how near must be the connection between a lock of hair and the indwelling spirit. It matters not whether that spirit be a resident of the temple from which the lock of hair was severed, or not, for all things in God's universe are connected by a wise, grand and immutable law.

You have been told that many persons experience suffering in the limb, where there is no external limb. For instance, an arm has been amputated. The individual who has lost the arm will tell you that he experiences intense suffering, perhaps in the hand. Now, this is but one of the phases of nature's great and mighty law; none the less true because it is mysterious to man. In all nature's operations there are mighty truths, so mighty and large that you cannot digest them; as, for instance, in the idea which your correspondent has presented for elucidation.

Q.—Was life originally better founded on the ground than now?

A.—We do not know that we clearly understand your question. The letter or form we perceive, but not the spirit. If you will please put your question in little plainer language we may be able to answer it.

Q.—Shall we find better health to be on the ground than in city places?

A.—That depends entirely upon the condition of the atmosphere, the physical form and its surroundings. Some forms enjoy better health far removed from the surface of the earth. For instance, many minds will tell you that they can sleep better in an attic chamber than on the ground floor. Now, it is necessary for such persons to be removed from the ground in order to be in harmony with the elements. But others tell us they cannot rest well, except on the ground floor. Here is another child of nature, quite as legitimate as the former. All depends upon the physical condition of the individual, the atmosphere, locality and surroundings.

Q.—The attic case is far too universal, is it not?

A.—Some individuals thrive better in city life than in country life, and vice versa. Because one dies under the changes of city life, it does not prove that it is not adapted to some other individual. Nature is everywhere. Nature lives quite as largely in the atmosphere as upon the ground, or beneath the surface of the earth.

Q.—That is true, but we generally place nature on the ground.

A.—These physical bodies, by the law called gravitation, tend earthward. They are attracted to the earth by virtue of law within their physical forms and within the earth. But sometimes the laws of earth-life, of the material world, are over-ruled or set aside by the laws of the spirit. Each demands a certain amount of care, attention. You should render to the body the things that are due to the body, and you should not fail to render to the spirit the things that are due to the spirit. Now, in order to mete out justice to both, you must give to the body what is absolutely necessary

for its harmonious unfoldment, and also of the spirit. Learn this lesson well, and you will know where to locate yourself in order to enjoy health, which is harmony.

Q.—Why is the briar attached to the rose, and not to the currant?

A.—Simply because the rose has need of it, and the currant has not.

Q.—In what respect?

A.—In respect to its interior and exterior life. Can you tell us why the currant is the currant, and the rose the rose?

Q.—The question has gone beyond my reach.

S.—Are you sure that your question has not gone beyond our reach, also? Nature unfolds herself through a vast variety of means and forms, but nature always unfolds herself correctly and harmoniously, giving to every one of her creations just as much as their being demands, no more. Now we believe the rose has need of the briar for its unfoldment. It may be for protection, but we are inclined to think this is not the case. We believe the currant does not demand the briar, and therefore does not have it. Nature gives everything for use, therefore we are to believe that the briar is attached to the rose for use.

There is a simple fable connected with this attachment of the briar to the rose, which it may be worth our while here to relate. One says the rose is provided with thorns, that it may not be devoured as the lily is devoured. The rose, having more attractions for some forms of life than the lily has, these forms perhaps might find it necessary to take the rose to themselves, to assist in their own unfoldment. Therefore the rose is provided with thorns that it may be protected and shielded, that it may grow and blossom into loveliness and shed its fragrance for the benefit of the atmosphere and humanity.

Q.—Is the flower as tangible to the disembodied in spirit-life as it is to us?

A.—Flowers in the spirit-land take the form of beautiful thoughts. Are they tangible? yes, and far more tangible, far more real than the fleeting flowers of earth-life.

Q.—Are there not real spirit-flowers, such as we are accustomed to seeing here?

A.—No, there are not. Pardon us, if we have ruthlessly swept away the pleasant allusion, but some one must do this, sooner or later. Your own senses, mayhap, will do this.

Q.—Why are they brought to us from the spirit-land, if they are not real flowers?

Because while you, as a spirit, are existing in the sensuous world, you weigh and measure all life through your physical senses, and can weigh and measure them in no other way. It is on this account that your spirit-friends find it necessary to meet you with symbols that can be comprehended by your physical senses. You are not a freed spirit yet; when you are, you will understand the whys and wherefores of all things that now seem dark to you. They do not present them to deceive you, but your spirit-friends know perfectly well that you are living in that nature. Now, you have not passed beyond it, therefore all things that are presented to you from the spirit-world, must take the form of something that you are familiar with in this sensuous world.

Q.—Will it not be with our spirit-friends as with flowers, when we get to the spirit-world—that we shall not know them?

A.—You will recognize them, not by form and feature, surely, but by love, by that internal, all powerful and God-given attraction that binds all souls together.

Q.—I cannot see how we shall know them hereafter.

A.—Is love dependent upon form and feature? **Q.**—It is, if we realize our spirit-friends are continually near us; for we can think of them only as they looked to us when here.

A.—True, you have not, nor has any one in the flesh, any clear idea of spirit-forms and scenes. It is vain for us to present Spiritual ideas to mortality, unless those ideas be clothed with forms that you can comprehend. Your spirit-friends come to you, wearing the counterpart of the physical body, why? Because they cannot make themselves known to you in any other way, simply because it is the only means by which they can appeal to your human senses.

Q.—When we pass to the other side, are we not as likely to be met by others as our own friends?

A.—No, certainly not. If you love your friends, and they love you, the law of attraction will bring you together in the spirit-world. They will be just as sure to meet you, and you are just as sure to meet them, as it is sure that you love them now. Do not suppose that this human form, which is given the spirit while dwelling on the earth, is the highest, by any means. There are other forms in which intelligence lives, that are not copied from this physical form. But you are not yet grown large enough in spirit to understand the things of the spirit. Then, while you live in the body, be satisfied with the symbols your spirit-friends choose to present you with. They are true, genuine, and perfectly adapted to your mundane sphere. March 15.

Captain Robert A. Congar.

Well, my friend, I hear much said of your benevolence, charity and good deeds. [We hope they are true.] That leaves room for doubt, certainly upon my part.

I've come to test these things, as well as to gratify myself and bless my friends, I hope. [You have to me the same as we have. We're even now.] We are, friend. Don't think I meant any offense. You must excuse me, sir.

I'm not well acquainted with this Spiritual Philosophy, although I heard much about it. Yet you could not expect me to know much of it when here. But I don't think I ever made light of it. I believe I never said anything against it, anyway.

Well, my friend, I have friends on Southern soil just as dear to me as your friends are to you, I'd like to reach. [We'll help you all we can.] That's kind, I appreciate your kindness; hope I shall be able to pay you some day.

It's a self-evident fact that I've lost my own body, because I'm here in a borrowed one. It's also a self-evident fact that I live, notwithstanding the loss of my body, because if I did n't live—didn't live with all my spiritual powers, I should n't be here speaking to-day, should I? [We don't see how it would be possible for you to.]

I suppose I must claim a nativity from Northern soil. I was a New Yorker by birth; was transported to Southern soil in my infancy, when between three and four years of age, and have lived there most of my life, which numbered thirty-seven years—between thirty-seven and thirty-eight.

I have a father—an old gentleman—who resides in Richmond; resided with me before the breaking out of this very unenviable war, which seems to me to be rather more unenviable than civil. I should be very glad to speak with my father if possible, also to an older brother; but most of all, I would prefer speaking with my wife and two little children. Should be very glad to come into communication with any of my other friends as well. Now if you'll be kind enough to say in your

paper that Robert A. Congar desires to communicate with Stephen A. Congar—his father—if possible, in this way; with Alice, his wife, or Thomas, his brother, I should be under eternal obligations, particularly if you get my message through.

In transacting business in this mortal life, we are obliged to put the hope generally in at all times. Well, it's because we stand on such uncertain ground. The North hopes to conquer the South, and the South hopes to conquer the North. [We think the side that has the most of right will conquer.] Well, it's hard to tell who has the most of it. [We suppose there is something of right on both sides.] Well, I suppose there is a Supreme Intelligence controlling this thing—war—that won't stoop to question you or I. So it's very little use to contend about it.

I held the office of captain in the rebel army. I was captain of the 9th Virginia, Company D. I laid down my arms and my body at Gettysburg.

Now my dear sir, you don't expect I will do anything further with this letter, do you, toward getting it to my friends? [You had better consult your spirit-friends on your return, and perhaps they may devise some plan by which you can impress some friends to send it.] That I shall do. I suppose there are very many of our people who have faith in these things, and as they have, it's very probable should they see my letter in your paper, they'd send it to my friends, knowing that they are not spiritually inclined. I've looked the matter over, and I seem to be of the opinion that if you publish my letter in your paper, that it will reach my friends in Richmond. [There are some officers in the rebel army who are very much interested in Spiritualism.] I know they are, so you see your religion is represented there as well as here. [We hope it may be all over the world, bringing light instead of darkness, to mankind.] Well, I should hope it would bring something besides war. [Peace instead of war.] Good-day. March 15.

Pat Trainer.

Halloo, there, boss! Now I tell you what it is, cap'n, it's my opinion I think it's mighty poor business to be helping t'other side. [You are all on one side, there, are you not?] I suppose so. The original cause of the trouble is with us, and the work, I take it, is on your side. The effect is here, too. Oh, I won't find any fault; it's none of me business, anyway, only I was thinking, well, that a rebel could come here and get all the information he wanted, and travel back through your printing press, and deliver just enough to do a mighty sight of harm.

Well, I, myself, am Pat Trainer. I belonged to the 17th Massachusetts, Company E. I was killed down there by Newbern, just a little while ago, and here I am back again to-day.

The Irish are your kind of folks that are the most inclined to believe in this Spiritualism, the Catholics are; did you know that? Oh, in our country we have folks coming back like these—fairies they call them—that's spirits with you; but we call them fairies, you know. Now they tell them they shall come back to earth again—when some one finds they are going to die—and tell all about it. So we get that idea instilled into our minds, while we are on the earth, so I was kind of ready to believe in this coming back when I got to the spirit-world. So here I am back again, to send some word to me folks. All I want to send is that I'm alive and want to talk—want a trumpet to speak with, for they are deaf and can't hear me unless I speak very loud. Well, I only want to feel that you'll do as much for me as for a rebel.

Now I fought, or used to, for Uncle Sam, and lost my body, which is about the same as dying; and I don't see why I won't stand as good a chance to get something through as any one else to their folks, even if they are in the Church. What's the odds? [Maybe the priests would object to their communing with spirits.] Priests? Faith, that's a good foundation to stand upon. It's a sure raft to stand upon. [You'd better direct your message to some friend.] Yes, sir; I'll direct me message to James Trainer, of Boston. [Did you reside here?] Well, sir, I did live here before I went to war.

Now, sir, when Uncle Sam pays me, if I get the handling of some greenbacks, I'll pay. Maybe I shan't get the chance, and if I don't, I'll owe you; and when you come to the spirit-world I'll see about settling with you. Good-bye, to you. March 15.

Edward Carney.

I went away in September. I was ten years old. My name was Edward—Eddie Carney, my mother called me—and I lived on Centre street, [Boston?] No, sir; I lived in New York, and I was drowned in September, at Fulton Ferry. I was playing there, fell in, and was took home drowned.

My mother knows that I can come back and talk. She asked me to. She aint got any money to pay, but she asked me to come back and talk. My father's in the spirit-world, too. [Is he?] Yes; he's been there four years; he

Children's Department.

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

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

The first sunny days of spring had come before May was able to be up. It seemed pleasant to her to feel her limbs growing strong again, and to take delight in moving about. Now as she looked from the windows, she saw the bare hills, with only here and there a patch of snow; Diamond Lake was almost free from ice, and the forests already seemed to have a hue that betokened their coming beauty. May felt all this change, but a change had come into her heart, too; there was a spring-time there—a coming up of the beautiful blossoms of goodness and truth. As she laid on her bed, quiet and still from weakness, she had learned many lessons by remembering the past. The day when she saw the golden fountain, and knew that all that she thought and felt made a picture on her spirit, came up before her, and she had thought of all that was meant by it, and she determined that her fountain should represent nothing but beautiful and good thoughts and acts. She remembered the sad day when Mrs. Grimes had left her, trusting to her obedience, and when she suffered so much from having done wrong; she had then been only afraid of what Mrs. Grimes would do to punish her; but now she thought more of the picture that she had made upon her own spirit.

May did not know that her dear mother had been caring for her during her sickness, and that she had given many of these thoughts to her quiet heart; she had only known that sometimes it seemed to her as if gentle hands tended her, and loving eyes looked down upon her.

As soon as May grew strong enough to have Lucy and Will with her, the days were short and happy; for Will was so full of fun, and Lucy had so much love and gentleness, that May was never wearied with what they had to say to her. Will felt quite sure that May was caring for him rather than Tim, for she laughed at what he said, and she hardly mentioned Tim, who, feeling disturbed by Will's ill treatment, came only seldom to see her. Nearly a week had passed since he had been to visit her, and she really wondered where he was. When he came, he looked so tired and worn, that May asked what was the matter?

"Oh, Mrs. Grimes is not well," he said, "and I have been doing her work, besides all the rest I had to do; but I don't mind, May, now you are better. As I was coming round by the lake, I thought of the day when I came down and saw you on the ice. I remember well how I felt when something told me to go to Diamond Lake, and I thought it was only a foolish thought; but you see it was not; it was just Heaven itself speaking to me."

"Will, Tim, if Heaven sends angels to take care of us, why don't they keep us out of trouble? It would have been easier for them to have told me to have kept out of trouble, than to have sent you to help me out."

"I rather think that you would not have heard anything that was said to you. Did not something seem speaking to you, as if telling you you were not doing right?"

"Yes, Tim; but I did not mind it."

"Well, you see when one person will not hear the voice of the spirit, perhaps another can be made to, and so they patiently try to do the best for us at all times."

Will just then came in and heard what Tim said.

"What nonsense!" said he; "who believes in spirits? It is the wickedest thing in the world! I know it; and my father'll just send you quickstep from his house, if you talk about spirits. Don't mind what he says, May; spirits are the dreadfulest things!"

"What are they?" inquired Lucy, who had followed Will in.

"Why, they ride on broomsticks, and knock over tables, and—"

Lucy laughed; but May looked very sober. She was sorry to hear Will oppose Tim, and she did not know but Will was right?

"I tell you," said Will, "that folks are fools that believe in spirits, and I'll have nothing to do with them, only to request them to leave my house."

Tim's face grew very red, but he did not answer angrily; he only said:

"I heard the minister read the other day, that God made his angels spirits."

Will was silent for a moment, and then said: "I'm going down to a 'sugaring-off,' and what jolly times we'll have; we boys have stolen Mrs. Grimes's eggs, to pay her for the scolding she gave us one day, for letting out her cows, and we have just taken a pair of Mr. Morse's syrup, to pay him for driving us out of his peach-orchard last fall; and we are going down to have a grand time by the cave in the rock, where we are to build a huge fire, and boil down the syrup; and if you tell, girls, I'll—why I'll—"

Will looked toward May, and saw her sad, pale face, and stopped.

"No, we shan't tell, Will," said Lucy; "because that would be what you call mean; shall we May? if you bring us home some sugar."

"I don't want any sugar," said May.

"Who said you'd get any? There was once an old fox that saw some nice grapes."

"And because he could not get them, he called them 'sour,'" said Lucy.

"That's it; girls have to say sour grapes to lots of things that they can't have."

Tim had sat all this time so quiet that the children seemed to have forgotten that he was there.

"I guess I'll go, May," he said at last; "and, Will, I shan't tell of you, but I wish you would not go. I shall have some sugar one of these days, from some trees that I had a right to tap, and when May is a little stronger, we'll have a sugaring-off by ourselves."

"Oh, do!" said Lucy; "and then we shall have the grapes, too."

May looked up with a wishful glance to Will, who said:

"I shan't say what I'll do. I expect I'll do as I think best, without other people's advice."

Tim's face had a shade of anger on it; but he looked toward May, and said good-night, calmly.

May had much to think of. She was sure that Will was wrong in what he was going to do, but he looked so much smarter than Tim, with his nice clothes and his handsome face, that she thought he must know more. And perhaps, after all, she thought what Will said to her might be truer than what Tim said about the spirits and angels.

Tim, too, had many sad thoughts on his way home. He saw that May was in danger of be-

coming like Will in all her feelings, and yet he had been hoping, for May's sake, that Mrs. Smith would offer her a home there, where she might have all the advantages of school, and of books that Lucy had. But when he remembered the kind care that had kept May, he felt sure that all things would come right at last. He lifted his eyes to the beautiful stars, and remembering how brightly they shone each night, and moved on without disorder, he said:

"Dear Father, who keepest the stars in the beautiful heavens, keep May and me, and lead us as thou dost lead the evening star."

No one could have thought Tim homely now, for on his face came a gentle, loving expression, and into his heart came a sweet peace that looked out of his eyes.

Some weeks passed away, and Mrs. Grimes grew too unwell to sit up. Tim came to live, with and to take care of her. He was so gentle and kind to her that she grew loving herself; but it was a selfish love that governed her. She wanted Tim with her every moment, and she kept him waiting upon her when he was in the house, no matter how weary he was. She had sent several times for May, but May was easily persuaded to remain at Mrs. Smith's. Will made all manner of fun of Mrs. Grimes, and said if May went back there he would never go and see her.

No wonder May dreaded to leave the pleasant home that seemed to her so much better than her old one, and where she could enjoy reading and study as much as she pleased. Tim was unwilling to urge her, for he thought that she deserved every good and beautiful thing, and wished her to have them. One day she left her books, and walked down to the lake. It looked calm and beautiful, surrounded with all the fresh, spring life. The trees wore their beautiful dress of tender green, that fell like a soft veil over their branches, hardly concealing them; the delicately tinted flowers nodded in the warm air; the forest birds sang their beautiful love-songs, and everything seemed as if reaching up toward heaven through a spirit of beauty.

May sat down on the borders of the lake, and saw the sun-gleams flash on its rippled surface. Something reminded her of the waters of the golden fountain. She saw the trees reflected as in a mirror, and remembered how her own acts had seemed to her to shine on the waters of the golden fountain. She remembered, too, that it seemed to her that an angel spoke to her, and told her that she must put beautiful pictures on Mrs. Grimes's spirit. All at once May determined to walk over and see her. It seemed to her like doing right to at least go and see how she was.

As she entered the door, and saw Mrs. Grimes lying pale and feeble in her bed, she wondered why she had not been before.

"Pretty pet," said Mrs. Grimes, "you have come. I thought you would, because you see, I dreamed that you put a white garment on me, in place of an old spotted one. You see, May, I was cross to you, for I didn't like children, and I frightened you; but Tim has been teaching me about heaven, and love, and good things, and I begin already to see how much better it is to make people happy than to make them miserable. You will stay with me, May, won't you?"

Now May had only intended to stop a few moments, and the room looked so poor and barren to her, that she hardly felt as if she could live there again.

"Where's Tim?" said May.

"Oh, he's out plowing, and doing the spring work. He comes in so tired! But he never says a word, but gets my supper for me, and then sits down and reads till I fall asleep, and then he lies there on the couch all night, for fear I'll want something."

"I'll go and find him," said May. She felt so ashamed of her own selfishness that she gladly went out into the garden in search of Tim.

When she found him, he looked so pleased that May laughed out loud.

"Who sent you here, darling? I believe it was the Lord himself."

"I came without being sent. I am going to stay, Tim, till Mrs. Grimes gets well, and help you."

"You are just like the May sunshine: it always comes when it is time. We've had clouds and storms, but now comes the light again. But, May, don't you want to go back? You must remember it will be hard to stay. Mrs. Grimes is not always like the willow tree, that bends to the wind; she seems like a stiff pole, that creaks and grates."

"I was thinking, Tim, of you, and how hard you worked, and I mean to stay."

"But you will miss Will, May."

"Yes, Will is good to me, but he laughs at you and Mrs. Grimes, and so I'm going to stay, just to show him I don't like it."

May was decided now that she thought she ought to stay, and so Tim went over in the evening to tell Mrs. Smith. Will was really angry, and declared Mrs. Grimes was a selfish old thing, and Tim just mean enough to take her away from them, where she could be happy, and put her in a miserable place. Tim told him that it was May's own choice, but he would not believe him, and sent word to May that if she wished, he'd go after her.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Grimes?" said Lucy.

"Why, she got cold the night the boys stole her eggs. She heard them, and went out, thinking there was some trouble among the cattle, but she found nothing. The night was cold, and there was no one in the house to speak to her, and tell her there was no harm being done; so she fretted, and got up and down, and the next day she was ill, and she has been growing worse ever since. She thinks she is going to die."

Will said not another word until Tim was about taking his leave, when he said:

"Tell May I'll come over and see her to-morrow, and bring her a book to read."

Mrs. Grimes was right. When the first day of summer came, she left her tired, sick body, and went to a better life. She had become gentle and loving during her sickness, because she said she had seen the gentle goodness of Tim, who had taught her how much better it was to be kind than to be angry. She gave her farm and all on it to Tim, who sent for his sister to come and live there.

Will tried every way in his power to atone for the wrong he had done Mrs. Grimes, not because he was really sorry for his fault, but because it seemed so dreadful to him to have caused her illness.

And now May was to find a home somewhere. Tim would not urge her to stay with him, for he and his sister were poor, and he could not do for her all he wished to have done. Mr. Smith offered to send her to school with Lucy, and it was agreed that they should go, for two or three years, to a quiet town some miles away, where they could have good care. We must pass over these years until May returns, and we find by her conduct what sort of pictures she had placed upon her golden fountain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE IN OUR LAST—Mayday.

THE SUNSHINE OF GOD'S LOVE.

I wonder if you're felt the air
Blow from the wintry north,
Just as you hoped the spring was here,
To beautify the earth.
And did you trust that warmer airs
Would surely come again,
And beautiful flowers, and singing birds,
And the warm summer rain?
Just so when troubles come to you:
If you have trust and faith,
You'll know that in the future time
A brighter day God hath,
Because his love, like summer's sun,
Can never fail to bring
A better, holier, brighter time,
To every living thing.

Letters Received.

S. F. R., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—As sweet as "summer winds whispering in the elm tree" are pleasant words of encouragement. "The Talk among the Leaves" is very acceptable, and will appear.

MARTHA F., HAMBURG.—Your effort is by no means a failure, but we would say, "Try, try again." To write poetry, you must know how to measure your words into feet, so that they will jingle like sweet music.

We have on hand several good enigmas, which we shall in time publish. We choose not to publish those without an answer, neither those on the name of the person composing them. It is better to choose something of general interest.

Word-Puzzle.

C N O U M E H I N

It is the name of an animal of South America.
E. H. B., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 6, 10, 13, 14 is welcome to the weary.
My 13, 15, 16, 17, 18 is used in war.
My 20, 11, 9, 20, 18 is a vegetable.
My 4, 7, 1 is used by caulkers.
My 16, 12 is a pronoun.
My 17, 11, 10, 21 is a town in North Carolina.
My 6, 7, 14, 9, 12, 21, 3 is what the soldiers are eager for.
My whole is what good patriots are anxious for.

GEORGE W. R.

Prize Enigma—No. 2.

It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a large number of letters, each containing the correct solution of our "Enigma" of last week, which is:

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Some of them are very ingenious—particularly those in the "poetic style"—and we shall take pleasure in awarding to their authors—and the lady and misses who have forwarded us pleasant letters—something which they will prize, notwithstanding the prize was taken by a merchant of this city, on Monday, about one o'clock.

Tendering our best wishes to all who have addressed us upon this subject, we solicit them—and any others who may feel interested—to exercise their skill upon the following:

7 letters spell my name;
6 will tell from whence I came;
5 will tell who is my sire;
4 where I shall soon expire;
3 what I most gratify;
2 what you should ever reply;
1 what I would bind you with my chains:
To guess me only now remains.

P. S.—I just append this note to say,
I am seen in Boston every day;
I sometimes make the people stare,
Though I fear them but little care.
While many boast that they are free,
Most willing slaves they are to me.

To the person who shall first transmit us the solution, we will award any book they may choose, worth one dollar.

R. THAYER,
10 Bromfield street.

Spiritualists Levee at Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea have a large and flourishing society. Their Sunday meetings are well supported, averaging an attendance of from three to four hundred. The Spiritualist meeting bids fair, if it is not already so, to be the leading meeting of the city.

The following gentlemen are among the most active for the support of these meetings: J. S. Dodge, B. T. Martin, B. H. Cranford, H. C. Clayton, John Williams, Enoch Brannen, W. S. Edminster, Joel Foster, H. F. Grey, and Wm. Grey.

Friday evening, March 25th, they held a levee in City Hall, which was the third and last of the season. These levees have been exceedingly agreeable and so large as to make the spacious hall comfortably full. It was noticed that the city functionaries were scattered here and there as spectators to witness the innocent and pleasant exercises.

Before the dancing commenced, remarks were made by several speakers.

REMARKS.

DR. A. B. CHILD.—There was a time not long ago, when people thought it wicked to dance. I remember the time when people who thought themselves to be very good, also thought it was very sinful to wear curls and ruffles. There used to be a very melancholy phase of religion that thought all amusements were wicked—when laughing, fun and frivolous talk was thought to be really sinful. But the developments of common sense, and the progress of the world has banished these crude ideas of greener life, and now men and women, girls and boys dance the etiquette of natural life without a thought of dancing being wrong. The women and girls wear ruffles and curls, and the men and boys carry them to amusements, laugh, and talk fun, are social, agreeable and friendly, without a thought that it is wrong or wicked to do so.

It is better to dance at a levee than to talk scandal at home. The education of the ball-room is better than the school of slander. It is better to laugh than to be cross and ugly.

The amiability of society is better than the moroseness and isolation of solitude. Society in one of its best forms is to be seen in the ball-room. The ball-room is a school of etiquette, of civility, of kindness, of friendliness, of harmony that makes men manly and women womanly; and the influence goes out into the daily walks of life for every-day practices.

Music calls us up to angels—to harmony and kindness; and dancing is only the steps we take to measure the time of the silent communion. Nobody was ever made worse by dancing. It is a great deal better than gambling; than quarreling; than fretting; than military schooling that teaches men how to kill each other.

It is better to go to a levee, that a few people, even in the present time, think to be frivolous, if not evil, than it is to stay at home and talk of the misgivings of others and the goodness of self—than it is to be plotting secret devilry. Social life lessens immorality. Every levee like this makes the community better, saves the commission of many vices outside.

Social meetings, conversations and dances are trainings in the school houses of harmonies, from which must come the peace of social, religious and national life. Their tendency is to turn us from the jargon of contention to the melodies of peace, from the destruction of war to the salvation of our happiness. Social levees do something, at least, toward educating us for the reign of peace.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would forever wear the curse of Cain!
Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing shadows grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
Men hear once more the voice of Christ say,
Peace."

And beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

MR. C. A. HAYDEN.—It is true, a few years ago dancing was not approved by the religion of the people. But the religion of the past is not like the religion of the present. Conscience both approves and condemns; it approves the religious acts of the past, and so it also approves the religious acts of the present.

When I was a Methodist I thought it was a sin to laugh; now, I think differently. Religion is that which is good for a man—is that which harmonizes all his faculties; and the exercises of these levees tend to make our natures more harmonious. The religion of Spiritualism, which adopts and justifies innocent amusements like these, is in keeping with the laws and demands of our nature, and furthers the progress of our lives toward harmony, more than the religion of the past has done.

The great theme of our religion is to seek the realities of the spiritual world; and the spiritual world being the real world of life, we may say that our religion is the religion of life—is a living religion—is a religion of daily and hourly practice. Whatever we may do, our religion is in our work, natural and practical. Our natures demand variety; not all work, nor all play. Spiritualism demands a religion of less pretence and of more freedom than the past has shown. Our religion comes from the heart, and it goes out to find no boundaries, no lines of bigotry—but it goes bounding over the universe of God, free and untrammelled, as we have power developed to feel, to see, to know and to understand.

A spirit came to the BANNER circle, not long ago, and said he desired to talk with the living, not to the dead—implying that mortals were dead to spiritual things. Our religion awakens us from death to life—from the consciousness of an earthly religion to the consciousness of a spiritual religion.

We are instruments which the fingers of angels tune to harmony, and we are not tuned to perfect harmony, until we have learned the lessons of usefulness that are to be found in all the various things of earth.

Rev. Robert Thayer recited an original poem.

Going to California.

DEAR BANNER.—With my husband and children I am about to leave for California, hoping by so doing I may regain my health, which has been very poor for the past year; and as I have numerous friends in the West and Northwest, who may wonder at my absence, I desire, through your columns to address them.

To those who have engaged my services for the coming year, I must say, I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you; and to those who have written me and received no answer, I must also say that I am unable to respond to your calls. The time may come when I can be in your midst again.

I feel that I have been fully appreciated, and liberally compensated where I have had the pleasure of lecturing, and also been kindly cared for, I thank my many friends for the liberal support they have given me, and the friendly care they have manifested for me.

For over seven years I have labored in the West and Northwest, and I have not now tired of well doing. I have for the past six months stood upon the rostrum, with health so feeble that a part of the time I have been obliged to be carried into the lecture-room on a chair; but never have the clouds of doubt overshadowed me, or the good angels ceased to be with me; and I know that if I finish not my mission here while in the earth form, I shall come to you from the summer-land, bringing glad tidings of the beautiful hereafter.

I do not believe my time has yet come, and although I do not wish to occupy this house of clay in which my spirit now resides, when it is useless, yet I hope, with proper care and a genial climate, to restore health and harmony to my over-taxed system. So, farewell! When I say farewell, I mean in its broadest sense—physically and spiritually.

While I write, I almost feel the pressure of a thousand hands, and hear the murmur of a thousand voices, as they say:

"Farewell! farewell! but come again!"

Yours, in the bonds of love and truth,
MRS. C. M. STOWE.

Janesville, Wis., March 25th, 1864.

[Herald of Progress and Rising Tide are requested to copy.]

A Request.

In the late Spiritual Convention held in Mercantile Hall, Boston, there was probably no better evidence of intelligence and a wise appreciation of the object of all human improvement, than in the spirit of harmony and of benevolence which characterized its proceedings. Let us be as wise as our highest self-estimation may venture to pronounce us; wisdom can avail nothing without love.

The first regular speaker for the evening of Wednesday was Dr. A. B. Child, from whom enlarged and liberal views and benevolent sentiments are ever expected. With one governing motive—love, with one resulting object of our best efforts in view—human happiness, our hearts are with him.

All wise and good minds must aim at one common object, yet they may strive to approach it by different means. The doctrine that "whatever is, is right," is a dictum which may be so interpreted as to be at least partially acceptable to most minds. But when in some degree reconciled to the admission that there is no evil in the universe, what are we to think of the now, or at least freshly proclaimed words, comprehending "a whole code of laws for the government of all men?" "Resist not evil."

"Whatever is, is right!" Admitted.

"Resist not evil!" To some minds may not this command seem absurd and supererogatory, since no evil can be supposed to exist under the admitted fact that "Whatever is, is right!"

Admitting as his friends and admirers do—and we would be happy to be considered one of them—that Dr. Child is fully competent to make this entire doctrine, with its seeming contradictions, clear, and adapt it to popular apprehension, I respectfully request, in behalf of many friends who have been so far unsuccessful in obtaining a clear and satisfactory view of his position, and the full scope and character of his sentiments on this very interesting subject, that he would give a full and explanatory statement of his doctrine on the subjects of "Whatever is, is right," and "Resist not evil."

The desire, that these doctrines be exhibited in words and terms that may be understood in rational conformity with their acceptance amongst men and women of sound common sense and practical experience.

This request is made in the full persuasion that such an elucidation would be highly gratifying and satisfactory to the public mind, and cheerfully complied with by their highly respected friend, Dr. Child.

W. S. W.

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