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Literary Department.

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

DESERTED:

HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

" For change must come to all. And love oft bends to sorrow! Joy fills the heart to-day, Yet grief may come to-morrow."

The two months of vacation sped by with swift feet, and when September's golden reign began, the girls came back to their studies. The weeks now glided peacefully and happily on in their quiet routine, until Autumn's crimson crown grew pale beneath the cold, white hand of Winter. At last there came one afternoon that was mild and balmy, full of the genial smiles of June, and it seemed as if the soft summer winds strayed back to linger for an instant amid the dear, familiar haunts, where they had sported through the long, sweet days that had fled never to return.

"Beatrice!" exclaimed Threissa, when school hours were over, "what do you say to a stroll in the direction of the cliff? We shall have plenty of time before ten; and it really seems a pity not to take advantage of this beautiful weather."

"I am entirely at your service," was the reply. "Indeed, I was about to make a similar proposal.'

"Well, let us be off, then, as quickly as possible."

The path that they were soon traversing, was a favorite walk with the scholars. It wound among rocks, down into dark ravines, through groves of trees, until it came to a towering precipice that lifted its bald head against the sky, while the waters of the river bathed its feet. The view from the summit was magnificent, and hither wandering artists often came to sketch the scene.

On arriving at the spot, our two friends found that Edith Weston, Jossie Lee and Alice Brown were there before them.

"Oh, dear!" said Threissa in an undertone, "I did hope that we should be alone. This place loses half its charm in company. We do not wish to converse when we are feasting our souls upon a beautiful painting; that is why I am always awed into silence when I stand here. It seems as if some thrilling voice that fills all space cries out forever, 'Be still, and know that I am God!"

"You have described my feelings exactly; and may be that those three girls experience sin emotions. I think their being here need not conflict with our enjoyment."

"You are right; it need not. I was a little unnoved when I first saw them; but the tranquil influence of the scene, has already calmed my perturbed spirit. Let us sit down here."

Five, ten minutes slipped away. Beatrice at last turned from the glowing landscape to glance at her friend, and marking the rapt look on her face, wondered in what ideal land her thoughts

were straying. What a holy silence brooded in the air. It seemed as if heaven and earth were communing. The clouds, that guarded the gates of the West, sighed long and heavily as they saw the lovely Day waiting to pass through, who, with a sweet, rare smile, gave them a parting token of remembrance. It was the mantle of purple and crimson and gold, which the sunbeams, with their nimble fingers, had weven for her through the long, precious hours. The river caught a little of its glory,

well hymn. Presently a feeling of uneasiness distracted Threissa's attention from the charming prospect, and turning her head, she beheld Edith bending rated. over the cliff.

and it laughed with joy, and murmured a fare-

'Take care," she called, in alarm. "You should not go so near; you will certainly fall!"

"No danger," was gaily returned. "I see some splendid asters that Jack Frost's desecrating hand has not touched, and I mean to have them, if it is

"Well, do be very careful. It would be a terrible affair if you should go over."

"Never fear for me," was shouted back. "I am

one of the cautious kind." "See," said Beatrice, "a star has climbed into the blue vault, and is flashing upon us a warning to return. Madame will not allow us to come out again very soon, if we are late at tea."

"Oh, you gross creature!" was the laughing response. "To think of your bringing me down from the sublime heights upon which I was standing, merely to contemplate such a commonplace

idea as that." "It is a subject that calls for action, not for contemplation," rejoined her friends.

"I suppose so. Come, then."

They started to their feet at the same moment. The next instant a cry of mortal agony—a wild prayer for help-rose upon the affrighted air. Instinctively they turned in the direction of the sound, and caught a glimpse of Edith's flowing garments falling-falling; heard the dull, heavy thud with which she struck against the cruel rocks; saw the hungry waves open to clasp her in their embrace, and beheld for one dread instant the white face, stamped with terror unspeakable, and then it disappeared, the long, shining hair leaving a trail of light in its wake.

Jossie Lee fainted. Alice Brown sat as though carved in stone, and Threissa remained rooted to the spot, gazing with widely dilated eyes upon the waves that hid her lost friend, while Beatrice, only, retained her presence of mind.

"She will not rise in the same place," she thought. "The current is swift; it will carry her

Acting and thinking were almost simultaneous and in an incredibly short space of time, she had darted down the hill, through the adjacent field to the waters' brink.

"Thank God! I am not too late!" was her involuntary exclamation, as she clutched Edith's robe, and with almost superhuman strength dragged her to the shore.

But, oh, that face! "I was white and rigid as marble, and yet calm and peaceful. The terror had fled, and a smile of ineffable sweetness was stamped upon the mouth. One hand still clasped the flowers that had tempted her to destruction, while the other held the earth that she had grasped in her frantic struggles to regain her foot-hold. The heart had ceased to beat. Death caught her ere she reached the waves; through that wound upon the temple life escaped.

Threissa had now joined her friend, and together they gazed upon the mysterious change that had fallen so suddenly over their bright, joyous schoolmate. Her voice, but half an hour before so merry and glad, would never again wake the echoes. Quickly she had folded her tent of Life, and joined the shadowy army upon the other

"Can we not carry her to the next house?" said Beatrice, breaking the long, tearful silence.

Her companion shrank back. "No; I have not a particle of strength left. There is no necessity, either, as Jessie and Alice nave gone to summon assistance."

It was a silent and mournful procession that wended its way to Madame D'Orsay's that night. Nature still chanted her evening orison, though; and the moon sailed on majestically through the sea of purple depth, while the stars swung their shining lamps in space.

Ah! we are but atoms in the great immensity; and although we may be crushed to earth by a mighty woe, and our hearts be breaking in slow agony, yet the world moves on with song and laughter, although with the simplicity of childgood we marvel that it can do so.

Edith's tragic fate had flung a veil of sadness and gloom over her companions. With blanched faces, hushed voices, and eyes blinded with tears, they spoke of her sweet disposition, gentle ways and kindly doeds; then memory stung them with regret, as they recalled times and seasons when they had stabbed her with harsh words, and they sighed that they had not been more loving and tender while she tarried with them.

Oh! the bitter wail with which the mother knelt by the side of her last-born-her darling! Her passionate caresses ruffled not the calm serenity of the dead face. The lips which had once clung to hers with convulsive warmth, now chilled her with their coldness. Such is life; to suffer and ondure until the end.

The cliff was now shunned by all the scholars, with the exception of Threissa. Some strange fascination seemed to draw her to the spot, and she sat there for hours in lonely meditation. Often from out the dark chambers of the Past she heard Edith's sad, prophetic words:

"If I believed in omens, I should think that I was going to die before Christmas." She wondered now what shadow fell over her

heart causing her to utter them; but the grave was silent; there came no response.

Still the weeks sped on in their swift flight, until the great exhibition was at hand; but never in the memory of Madame D'Orsay lind the school worn such a quiet, sorrowful look. There was no enthusiasm, no eager rejoicings over the coming holidays, no merry shouts, and no peals of silvery laughter; for they all remembered that one glad, pleasant voice was now silent forevermore, and they gazed anxiously in each others' faces, and wondered who the Messenger would summon

It was a relief to all when the exercises were over. The farewells were tearful, and the embraces more tender than usual when they sepa-

At last Beatrice was en route for home, with Threissa by her side. What a cordial, almost tenler reception the orphan received from Dr. and Mrs. Lascelle. Her heart swelled with emotion as she listened to their kindly welcome. She had rather dreaded to meet them, in spite of her friend's assurance that they would be pleased to see her: but now their manner relieved her of her apprehensions, and placed her at her ease.

The next few days were flooded with enjoyment; she moved in a continual whirl of glad ex-

Christmas brought her an elegantly-bound volume of poems, a collection from the best authors, also a bracelet, the gift of Beatrice, composed of her hair, with her likeness in the clasp.

Astonished and delighted at being thus remem bered, she could scarcely articulate her thanks.

"They are the first presents that I ever received at such a time," she said to Mrs. Lascelle, " and it seems so nice to think that there are some persons in the world that love me. I used to sigh when the girls came back to school, and displayed their gifts to each other in such glee; not that I envied them their possession, but because my heart yearned, oh! so sadly, for the tender aftection of which this was the expression.

"Poor, motherless child!" replied the lady, folding her arms about her, "I can sympathize with you, Threissa, because I have known all the horrors of the orphan's lot-experienced all the bitterness which only those can feel who are buffeted about at the mercy of the cruel world. Now, promise me, my dear, that you will come here when you are sorrowful and weary, longing for

the shelter and protection of a home." The girl's answer was to kiss her passionately, and then to hide her tearful face upon her shoulder; and thus Beatrice found them, when she came in search of her friend.

"I do n't wonder that you are so good, now that I have seen your mother," remarked Threissa, as soon as they had passed from the room. "Indeed, it would have been a matter of surprise had you been otherwise."

"I excuse your flattery to me, in consideration of the neat compliment that you have bestowed upon her," was the laughing rejoinder.

From that hour a new feeling awoke in the or phan's heart, that was something akin to that which she would have experienced had the pure, tender love of a mother flooded her life with its holy sun-

Now, theatre, opera, ride, or promenade possess ed not half the charm to her that a quiet conversation with Mrs. Lascelle did. That lady wondered sometimes at the decided preference which she manifested for her society, and the fondness that looked forth from those dark orbs thrilled her; yet she never suspected that she was the object of an intense affection that amounted almost to adoration.

Oh, starving hearts! the world denies you food and when, forced on by hunger-cravings, you snatch at poison from the gutters, it laughs scornfully, and hurls upon you the stone of condemnation.

"In three short days, we shall find ourselves transported back to Lebanon," said Threissa to her friend, one night after they had retired. "Even so," was the response. "Are you glad

or sorry?" "What a question! I think that I can fancy the feelings of our first parents, when they were driven out of Eden."

Beatrice laughed.

What a strange creature you are. Always extremely decided either one way or another; if you are not intensely miserable, you are infinitely appy.'

"You are right. That's my nature. I never expect to experience the golden mean that belongs to calmer temperaments; yourself, for instance."

"I am confident that you might acquire it by cultivation; especially if you kept a little stronger curb upon that flery, tempestuous spirit of yours. I tremble, sometimes, when I think of your future. God grant that your life may not prove a tragedy."

"I say amen to that, as I do n't happen to have taste for the awful, just now; besides, I don't think there is any danger, for you know that I am to settle down into a dull, quiet routine, as teacher under Madame D'Orsay," and there was the slightest perceptible curl to the proud lip.

Well, perhaps that may be the very best employment that a person of your nature could engage in."

Thank you," was the sarcastic response," only I don't happen to agree with you. I am satisfied that there will be times when that calm, stagnant life will almost madden me. There are moments. even now, when I fairly loathe the thought of being chained to that spot; but those are my dark moods, when I am displeased with myself and every body else. Change the subject now, please; it makes me blue.'

"Well, how did you enjoy the concert this evening?'

"Very much. Only I did n't fancy our escort, Mr. Lewis. I wish your father could have gone with us." "So do I, for that matter; but is it possible that

you do n't like cousin Edgar?" "It certainly is. I can't endure him. He fills

me with disgust whenever he turns those treacherous eyes of his upon me. Some people would fear him, I suppose; I abhor him."

"Why, Threissa! I am astonished! Is there any necessity for such strong language?" "I think so. In fact, I don't consider it half forcible enough."

"Remember that he is my cousin." "I am not likely to forget it, although I should

be glad to." "Well, that is queer. I can't understand why you should have conceived such a violent antipa-

thy against him." Neither can I, unless it is for the same reason that we regard a snake with aversion."

"Why, Threissa!" there was a touch of pain in her voice, "you make me shudder! Only think of comparing Edgar to that crawling reptile. Are

you in earnest, or only trying to tease me?" "I never was more serious in my life. Forgive me, if I have grieved you by expressing my sentiments so freely. I did not intend to let you know how unfavorably he had impressed me; but somehow I was surprised into it. One thing in partic-

ular that I very much dislike, is the authority that

he seems to exercise over you." Why, darling, he has got in that way because I have relied upon him so much. You see he is the son of my father's only sister, and our house has always been to him a second home. I never had any brother or sisters, and he seemed to supply their places. He is eight years older than I am, and most young men of his age would prefer the society of the gay and fashionable belles to the company of a school-girl; but he does not seem to, as he is always at my service when I am at home, and no lady ever had a more devoted

"Well, Beatrice, I can but smile at your simplicity. Did it never occur to you that you were an hoiress, and ten times more beautiful than girls generally are? Were you really so blind as not to perceive that he had a motive in his attentions? Let me enlighten you, then. If it is possible, he intends to have you for a wife."

"Nonsense, Threissa! that is simply absurd. Why, he is my cousin, almost my brother. I could never marry him. I trust that you are mistaken," and a cold shiver ran through her frame.

"Well, believe it or not, now, just as you please He will certainly solicit your hand, though. See if the future does n't prove that my words are correct. I guess we have talked sufficiently for this time. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER XIV.

Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever; Do noble things, nor dream them all day long; So shalt thou make life, death and that vast forever One grand, sweet song. KINGSLEY.

To Madame D'Orsay's great joy, her pupils returned as gay and light-hearted as of old. She had feared that the tragedy of the last term might injure the reputation of her school; but, thanks to the healing powers of Time, and the volatile, rebounding spirits of childhood, her fears were groundless. Do we flatter ourselves that we shall be missed

when we pass from this rushing, seething vortex called "Life"? 'Tis a foolish concept, then, for we leave no vacancy for the hurrying throng to wonder and speculate over; and save by a few, in whose hearts, perchance, our memory lingers green and fragrant, we are forgotten as much as though we never word.

It is not surprising, therefore, that nearly all the scholars, the majority of whom had been taught to associate everything that was dark and appalling with death and the grave, should push the thought of Edith from them as a subject too painful to contemplate. Miss Stanley, Beatrice, Threissa and Jessie Lee, however, remembered her as a sweet, fragile lily bud which the gardener had borne tenderly away from the clouds and biting blasts of earth.

Weeks were merged in months. Spring came again, melting the fetters on the brooks, and smiling happily as she listened to their glad songs of

One afternoon Miss Austin summoned the geometry class, and telling them that she would attend to their lesson in the morning, she dismissed them, saying as she did so:

" Miss Ware, Madame desires to see you in her private room. Immediately," she added, seeing that Virginia did not start.

The girl arose, tossed her head scornfully, and passed out. Her companions exchanged glances. "I would n't be in her shoes for anything," whispered Laura Gardner to Louise Sawyer. Depend upon it, Miss Stanley has reported what she called her impudence yesterday. My! won't there be a storm?

"Yes, very likely," was the response. " I should admire to be up there to hear it. Madame will be magnificent in her rage, and Glune will resemble small thunder-cloud."

They both laughed at this, and in the midst of their mirth Miss Austin said, in her clear, metallic tones:

"Young ladies, I very much fear that you will disturb your more studious neighbors. You can therefore finish your amusing conversation in the

They started guiltily at this, and then, with an appearance of bravado, they took their books and walked into the centre of the room, Louise sny-

"We shan't get the medal for good conduct this

term." To which her companion replied, in the same

low tone: "Who wants it? I do n't."

When the bell rang for intermission, the girls, instead of passing into the playground as was their custom, gathered together in groups, eagerly talking. Some discussed their own affairs, and others were equally busy over their neighbors'. Suddenly the door opened, and in came Virginia. There was a general rush toward her.

"What did she say to you?" exclaimed one. "Did you get an awful scolding?" cried another.

"Come away and tell me all about it," said Laura, drawing her arm within her own. "Oh, you must have had such fun!"

She shook them all off, and looked about her loftily.

"I can't see, for the life of me, what you mean by your questions. If you think that I was sent for to be reprimanded, you are very much mistaken."

"Your acting is matchless," said Louise, laughing; "but you can't deceive us so easily, Ginnie, my dear. We know very well that you were summoned before Madame's august tribunal to answer to the charge of unparalleled impertinence to her subordinate officer, Miss Stanley, Now confess that such was the case, and tell usuall that passed on both sides, and what your sentence is."

Why, your wisdom fairly astonishes me," she replied, with a sneer. "If you are such adepts at guessing, you surely do not need any assistance from me to puzzle the rest out," and she turned away with a haughty step.

"Depend upon it, she's received a tremendous lecture, or she would never be so cross," whispered Laura.

Just then Threissa entered. "A new scholar, girls," she cried.

"Who? Where is she? What is her name?" they shouted, crowding around her.

"Why, did n't you know of it? I thought, to be sure, Virginia would have told you before this time, as she is acquainted with the parents, and Madame sent for her to come up and see them."

"Oh, that was what you was summoned for then, was it?" said Nelly Green. "Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

She smiled sarcastically. "I should if you had given me the chance; but you all took something else for granted, so I thought I would wait until you were ready to listen to my explanation."

"Well, fire away. We are all attention," said the elegant Eliza Wilhelmina. Virginia turned upon her with a gesture of scorn, and then moved to the side of Beatrice, who had

been a silent spectator of the whole scene. The girls gathered around with eager, impatient looks.

"Come, tell us what you know of her, before Miss Austin rings that old bell," said Jessie Lee. "Well, her name is Illione, and she is the only child of Reginald and Ida Mortimer. They own

the plantation next to papa's, and a beautiful place it is, too. They call it Moss-Side. I am not any acquainted with the girl, as she is several years younger than myself, and I hardly ever saw her before to-day. Her mother—she was a Cleveland before she was married—and my sister Adrienne used to be great friends, and they were among the first pupils that Madame D'Orsay had. after she opened her school here. That is the extent of my knowledge, I believe, as I have spent. most of my vacations at the North, scarcely going

home at all since my opening term here." "Is Illione pretty?" inquired Alice Brown.

Virginia shrugged her shoulders.

"Tastes differ. Ask Threissa." "What?" queried that damsel, coming forward. with a book in her hand.

"Do for pity's sake leave that everlasting studying," said Jessie Lee, pettishly. "We want you to tell us how the new scholar looks." "Oh, I can inform you, and still go on with my

lesson; but had n't you better wait until she comes into the room? Then you can see for yourselves." "No; we want to know now. We will trust to your judgment." "Well, I will paint her in a few words. A sun-

beam has become entangled in her hair. Her oyes mirror all the splendor of the skies, and ripe, red strawberries have not a richer glow than her cheeks and lips."

"Good for/Threissa!" shouted the fun-loving girls. "A poetical description, truly," laughed Bea-

"I hope that you have n't flattered, in your en-

thusiasm," said Jessie, roguishly. "I believe that I have not even done her justice. However, you can judge for yourself when

Madame introduces her." Confirmation came from an unexpected quarter. "I assure you that her beauty has not been ex-

aggerated," exclaimed Virginia, earnestly. "She has the face of an angel." "Well, it is something new for you to praise anybody's looks but your own," said Louise, maliciously. "What is going to happen? Oh, I know: it must be that the millennium is coming,

and this is one of the extraordinary signs that is to usher it in." Some of the girls laughed, but most of them frowned.

"For shame!" cried kind-hearted Nelly Green. "An unprovoked attack; therefore mean and cowardly," muttered Threissa indignantly, while the great eyes of Beatrice flashed scornful surprise. Miss Ware, however, from whom they all expected a passionate outburst, colored a little,

but remained silent. At this moment the door opened, and Madame

entered, followed by a lady and gentleman. Surely, dear reader, we know those faces! Hast forgotten our old friend, Reginald Mortimer, and his wife, the beautiful Ida? Time's changing dark locks are thickly streaked with silver, though, yet there are the same laughing hazel eyes; but lo! even while we gaze a terror rises in them, flinging its shadow over his face, and chasing the smile from his lip. See! he starts at every sound. Surely, he has assumed woman's prerogative, and is afflicted with "nerves," or else

Bianca's malediction rests on him still. Thirteen years have detracted nothing from the sweet grace of his companion. Indeed, a more holy lovliness seems to have been wafted over her in their flight. That sorrow has not passed her by, her mourning habiliments proclaim: but that fair brow is furrowed by no ceaseless repinings, and the wings of her spirit are not shattered and broken by vain beatings against the iron bars of Fate. No; when the storm-cloud has darkened her horizon, she has meekly folded her white hands, and bowed her gentle head, and the heartprayer has gone forth:

Oh, Father! give me strength to bear. Let thy will, not mine, be done."

Ah, Reginald Mortimer! thou didst prophesy rightly when thou saidst that she would be the good angel of thy life!

"My dear Mrs. Mortimer!" said the delighted. Madame, "I never imagined, when I numbered you among my pupils, that the day could come when you would do me the honor to commit a daughter to my charge. Did you?"

"No, I think not," she replied, with a smile and a blush; "but how natural everything looks here! You have made some alteration though, I see." "Yes: we are obliged to keep step with modern

improvements, or we should be stigmatized as old fashioned, and lose patronage accordingly." "Did you say that that young lady who gave us." such exquisite music up stairs was a foundling ?"

interposed Reginald. "What, Threissa D'Artois?" Yes. She was adopted by a very dear friend of mine, who, upon her death-bed, exacted a promise from me to take charge of her. At the time that I bound myself, I supposed that she was poor Antoinette's own child; but I aftewards ascertained that such was not the case, although I am entirely ignorant of her parentage. She has talents of the highest order, and is the most brilliant scholar that I have,

yet she is only fourteen." "Poor creature! Nature seems, though, to have endeavored to make amends for her unfortunate

birth by endowing her with a splendid intellect." "I don't know," thoughtfully replied his wife; "it appears to me as if that would make her feel it all the more keenly."

"You are right," responded Madame D'Orsay. "It was particularly humiliating to her at first, but now I think that she has become reconciled in a measure, owing to the judicious counsel and tender friendship of a pupil who entered here a

year ago." "Indeed! I do believe that I can point out the one," said Mrs. Mortimer, with animation. "Is n't it that girl yonder, with the dark curling hair,

and breadth of brow, and great innocent eyes?" "You have divined correctly," was the smiling reply. "She is the daughter of Dr. Lascelle, of

"Ah! I have heard of him," said the gentleman. "He has acquired a great reputation as a physician. But come, wife, we must be going if we wish to take the next train."

What I so soon? Well, we must go back and bid Illione good-by. Poor child! I expect that she has been taking advantage of our absence to indulge in a fit of weeping. Strange how that sweet young lady fascinates me! I should go away feeling perfectly easy about my darling, if she would only promise to take her under her

"Rest assured that your daughter will captivate us all, if she has been so fortunate as to inherit her mother's disposition, as well as looks," rejoined Madame, with a profound courtesy.

'Thank you," said Mr. Mortimer, bowing politely, his face lighting up with one of his rare, beautiful smiles. "I felicitate myself that such is the case;" and taking possession of the little hand that lay so confidingly upon his arm, he led his laughing, blushing wife out.

The scholars looked at each other when the

door had closed upon the three. Well," exclaimed Threissa, drawing a long breath, "wasn't she lovely? I could scarcely keep my eyes off of her when I was up stairs, and now it seems as if all of our sunshine had follow-

ed her out." Beatrice said nothing; some strange feeling was stirring in her heart, and words fluttered away from her ling.

"I think that her husband was perfectly splendid," remarked the roguish Jessie, "and I'll never get married unless I find a man that looks just like him.'

They all laughed at this, and then Miss Austin came in, and motioned them to their seats.

That evening, somewhat to their surprise, Madame informed Beatrice and Threissa that the stranger would occupy a bed in their room, as all the vacancies were filled.

At first they felt a little annoyed at having their privacy thus intruded upon, but a few hours spent in Illione's society quite reconciled them to the

The next morning Beatrice entered the schoolroom very early, intending to devote the time in which she usually walked to the solution of a difficult problem, that had troubled her much the day before. Scarcely had she fastened her mind upon it, when the new scholar came in, and apparently without observing her, seated herself at her desk, and began to listlessly turn over her books. Five minutes passed, and then she was again interrupted, now by the loud, coarse voice of Eliza Colton, and looking up, she perceived that that young lady had planted herself before the stranger in such a way as to prevent her egress, and was clearing her throat preparatory to catechizing.

"Black is amazin' becoming to you," she commenced; " who are you a-wearin' it for?"

- "For my brothers," was the reply.
- "You don't say so! When did they die?" "Last Christmas."
- "What! both together?"
- "Within a week of each other;" and here the vexed listener heard a smothered sob-but Eliza Whilhelmina was merciless.
- "The holidays must have been awful dull, then, I should have thought. What ailed 'um?"
- " Scarlet fever."
- "How old were they?" "Ten and eight."
- "Ah! they had grown to some bigness then? Was their names as queer and hifalutin' as yourn ?"
- "They were called Reginald and Arthur." "Humph! them's kinder decent. Well, as near as I can find out, you're a kinder of an ailin', sick-
- ly family?" "Please go away," said the sweet voice, almost

"I shan't till I get ready, Miss Yaller Hair. Well, now, I never! if you aint a bawlin' just 'cause I axed you a few civil questions! Oh, my! afore I'd be such a baby! Don't you think your ma looks kinder droopin'? I do n't believe live long."

From a feeling of proud reserve, Beatrice had hesitated to interfere; but now she could bear no more. With a quick, light step she crossed the floor, and ere Eliza Whilhelmina was aware of any one's approach, she found herself caught in a strong grasp, and whirled around to confront a pair of flashing eyes.

The girl uttored a howl of pain. The new comer loosened her hold, saying, while

a smile softened her stern face: "I did not mean to extract any such music as that from you, but I did intend to put a stop to your torturing of this poor child. Now take yourself out of the room, and be very careful how you trouble her in future, unless you want your conduct reported to Madame."

If there was any person of whom the brazenfaced damsel stood particularly in awe, it was the lady in question; so without speaking a word, she beat a hasty retreat.

Beatrice now turned her attention to the weeping Illione, whom she soon soothed by gentle words and fond caresses, and then she went back to her desk to finish her problem.

A few days passed, and the lovely stranger seemed in a fair way of becoming the pet of the whole household. She was not particularly brilliant as a scholar, and often came up with imperfect lessons; but even Miss Austin could not find it in her heart to chide, as she looked into the sweet face, and met the dumb appeal of those deep, tender eyes.

To Miss Starkins-poor, frozen Miss Starkins, whom the girls all abominated—she came as a bright sunbeam. Soon that lady began to warm and expand beneath her genial influence, until her tormentors laughingly declared that it must be she had got some good in her, although it was so little that no one but Illione could ever have found it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another, And the longest walk is ended; One stitch and then another, And the largest rent is mended; One brick upon another, And the highest wall is made; One flake upon another, And the deepest snow is laid. So the little coral workers, By their slow but constant motion Have built those pretty islands In the distant dark-blue ocean; And the noblest undertakings Man's wisdom hath conceived, By oft-repeated efforts Have been patiently achieved.

Methodist Protestant.

A person, says the Paris Sport, who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, recently complained in M. Auber's presence how hard it was that people should grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

Written for the Banner of Laght. THE MAY-DAY WALK.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

Come, children, put your bonnets on, Your bonnets made of gingham, And get your baskets from the loft-Mind, do n't forget to bring 'em. Among the dry autumnal leaves The winds of May are playing, So, children, put your bonnets on, And let us go a Maying.

The snow-white caps and fcy frills Have left old Bassett's mountain, And Spring has broke the frosty bands Of every rill and fountain.

On every tree in Thatchwood Grove The Summer birds are singing, And all around by Ripple Brook The meadow grass is springing.

We'll trace the stream by David's mill. Beneath the oaks and birches. That nod through all the summer-time To little trout and perches; Then cross the cedar bridge below, And take the old cart-way, For that is edged with flowers, you know,

Through all the month of May. I always loved this rural walk, From early childhood hours, For here I learned to worship God, With little birds and flowers; And in each dell and shady grot, From dewy morn till even, I talked with angel visitants. And learned the way to heaven.

Then, children, leave your books and play, And come with me a while; I'm going to throw the man away, And be again a child; For I do n't like the ways of men, With all their formal graces: Give me the natural truthe hat speaks

From little children's faces! I will not bow to Fashion's shrine, Nor list to her applause-I'd rather read from Nature's books, And study Nature's laws. Then let us take the gifts she brings From our good Father's hand, Where children love, and flowers bloom, Up in the Better Land.

We'll worship 'mid these rural scenes That God to us has given, And breathe the pure, untainted air, Fresh from the upper heaven, And strive through all the walks of life. Love's labors to increase: Such "ways are ways of pleasantness," And all such "paths are peace."

But, children, we must hasten home, The woods are dim before us; The dampness of the twilight hours Is slowly creeping o'er us. See, now, in yonder miller's cot The lights begin to glisten; Then let us go and tell our tales, Where mothers' ears can listen. Thatchwood Cottage.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

BY C. B. P.

is only recently that the darkness which has so main unfulfilled." long enveloped the history of the Chaldeans has been cleared up, but we are now able to present a tolerably clear account of them. The Chaldeans, then, appear to have been a branch of the great to Sion;" "and God smote Uzzah," because he Hamite race of Akkad, which inhabited Babylonia from the earliest times. With this race originated the art of writing, the building of cities, the institution of a religious system, and the cultivation of all science, and of astronomy in particular.'

In view of this, what are we to do with the American Lord-theology, with its inferior race of Ham, and its "cursed be Canaan" of the Lord? The Biblical civilization of America needs deep subsoiling by the plow of some Mr. Buckle, for it has been very superficial, as well as narrow. Though we might, contrary to Mr. Buckle, receive the doctrine of diversity of races, it does not appear to us that it is doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly, to enslave Ham, even though God's Word in old Jewry may have a bearing in that direction. Though Rawlinson does his utmost to bolster up the old Word, yet he is obliged to admit that while the "astronomical Canon." with the inscriptions in the late discoveries, agree with a perfect and exact agreement." there is some halting in the old Jewry Word of God, a failing to come up to time in the comparison. This would be but of little account in a human point tion, at an epoch infinitely remote. It is much to of view, where allowance could be made for distant dates, but in God's Word it makes a rent difficult to be darned; for if the Word comes to us in shreds and patches, by sewing new cloth thereto the rent is made worse. If we allow the Word its proper status along the ancient landmarks, it is then valuable in its bearings upon the contemporary Words of Gentiledom, and may be considered as of equal worth. But our pulpitry are assuming rather too much when they teach as the Infallible Word of God the stories and dark sayings of the Bible in their mystical relations to the ancient Nature-worship. Calmet, who is Orthodox church authority, says: "The Eastern people are generally not very exact in matters of history and their traditions are not always to be depend ed upon." Yet Calmet, throughout his Biblical Dictionary, did receive stories as wonderful as any related of Mother Goose. Nor is the new Dictionary of Smith of much better stamp, though issued under the auspices of England's greatest learning. It is simply the galvanic presence of the old crustacae, the upheavals of the old petrifactions, fashioned in a new dress, as if this should suffice to rejuvenate the old skeletons thus invested-another attempt to garnish the old sepul chres into a new resurrection. It won't do, gentlemen. The present age must be of the spirit, of the "civilization of the Assyrians," has too much its counterpart in the instructions of to-day. He says, "The heavy incubus of a learned language lay upon all those who desired to devote themselves to scientific pursuits, and, owing to this, knowledge tended to become the exclusive possession of a priest-class, which did not aim at progress, but was satisfied to hand on the traditions of former ages." Not much in advance of this is our religious knowledge of to-day, when

fled through Hebrew media. The old life, and not its shell, must lead us to the wisdom above what is written in the letter. Only as we can get through all this dark covering can we rehabilitate the ancient truth. Its manifestation of the Spirit, or Word, was fleshed and unfleshed as in the way of the modern spiritual unfolding, including, also, in its way of life, the functional of all Nature. All matter quick and bursting into birth was personated in symbolic names, as the significant way of creation by the Lords or Gods inwrought through the floral, animal and astral manifestations. What to the modern mind is of familiar science, was anciently of the Lord, and marvelous in our eyes. The "Lord" and "Law" of being were the same, and one expression is as good as the other, if rightly understood in the relation. This relation we shall show on the future

It was the usual mode in old time to put almost everything into a symbolical dress, "believing it to be the most proper method of explaining religion, and that it was a help to memory;" hence the excessive fondness for allegories and mystical theologies are well enough in their place, but not exactly the Word of God, as in the letter of our pulpitry and Sunday Schools.

Some of the stories in God's Word have quite a natural aspect, as when the children of Israel grew tired of manna, the Lord sent them quails. Says Volney, in his " New Researches on Ancient History," "This fact of natural history is unaltered: there are still every year two flights of quails in that desert and in Egypt. One of those flights takes place in the middle of September, when the quails, dreading winter, quit Europe to go to Africa and Arabia; the other toward the end of February, when the quails return to Europe in search of the abundance of the fine season." So, too, according to Josephus, the miraculous manna continued to fall from heaven even in his day. Thus the angel's food which dried away the soul of the children of Israel, as well as the seasoning of quails, presented a very simple miracle of the Lord.

So, too, of the miraculous years in old Jewry. Among the ancients," says Pliny, "the year had very different lengths from what we now give it. Some counted summer for one year, and winter for another. Others, like the Arcadians, composed the year of three months; others, like the Egyptians, had years of one month."

Thus we shall find some of the patriarchal ages made up of Egyptian years. Suppose Methuselah died at eighty; multiply this by twelve, and we get the Egyptian years, with its miracle of nine hundred and sixty. Some very pretty sums in arithmetic might be prepared for the Sunday Schools in old theologies, by presenting numerous simple relations in the order of the reductio ad absurdum of miracle. Indeed, this has been the usual course in the Sunday School and pulpitry in teaching the young idea how to shoot. The Hebrews themselves appear to have been of Chaldean origin, though they learnt many of their lessons from Egypt. The first chapters of the Bible were distinctly taken from the older Chaldean Cosmogonies, as per Volney's "Researches," and by inference, in the quotation we make from Rawlinson in the beginning of this "Glimpse." The English researcher, however, is very careful how he lays his hands on the cob-house ark of the church theologies, lest in attempting to steady it, the fate of Uzzah should await him in the odium theologium, or "anger of the Lord." He does the best he can however, in this direction, whether from educational proclivities or interest in maintaining the old order of things, so that when heaven shows that Ezckiel fails in prophecy, Rawlinson carefully steadies the ark by citing Jeremiah to the rescue of Ezekiel, and says "that we cannot question the fact without denying the inspiration of the prophet, and by implication that of Scripture generally, • • • though Ken-says Rawlinson, in his note to Herodotus, "It rick, like Heeren, supposes that prophecy can re-

This is very tender treatment of the old ark, for came up to the help of the Lord against the shaking. It is impossible to say how much or how little is of clear, prophetic truth in the ancient oracles. Paul admitted that of "prophecies, they shall fail." That is, they may not prove infallible. "For we know in part, and we prophecy in part," and Hebrew prophets were in no exception to the general rule. Huldah was at fault in God's love, and both Jeremiah and Ezekiel declared that the Lord deceived in prophecy; but it must needs appear that Rawlinson be tender-footed as he steps upon the threshold of the old arkdom of our churches, yet in "Evidences" and in "Dictionary," he dares to speak more freely than many of his compeers.

Berosus, a Chaldean priest of the astronomical initiations, of admitted authority in early Chaldean history, of which he was a setter-forth or compiler, has that earliest account of a deluge, of which the Bible relation is a copy. "Thus," says Volney, "the history of Noah, of the deluge and the ark, is a history entirely Chaldean; that is to say, the chapters 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 are taken from the sacred legends of the priests of that nabe regretted that the Book of Berosus has not been handed down to us, (excepting a few quotations,) but it appears that the piety of the first Christians having considered it dangerous, they suppressed it at an early period."

It is indeed to be regretted that this minister of the Chaldean Word, like the wizards of Nob should have been put out of the land. However, the disentembing of the Babylonian monuments affords us some clue to the Word in that direction, and a study of the celestial maps will show the connection between the olden Chaldean and the later Word of Jewry. These, with Egypt, and all the regions round about, as discovered, blended with the apparitiondom of the spirit-land, largely reveal the most ancient route from the Euphrates to the Jordan, in the exodus of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldeans.

Volney, in copying Polyhistor's relation from Chaldean monuments, says, "These texts furnish matter for a volume of commentaries: let us confine ourselves to the remarks most necessary for every man of common sense; both accounts (in Chaldean and Jewish Bibles) are a tissue of physical and moral impossibilities; but here plain, good sense will not do; one must be initiated in the astrological doctrine of the ancients, to guess at this kind of enigma, and to know that, in general, and not of the old letter. What Rawlinson says all the deluges mentioned by Jews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Indians, as having destroyed the world under Ogyges, Inachas, Deucalion, Xisectheus, Saravriata, are one and the same physicoastronomical event, which is still repeated every year, and all the marvelous of which consists in the metaphorical language imployed to express it.

In this language the great circle of the Heavens is called Mundus, the Circle in Sanscrit; the Orbis of the Latin is synonomous with it. The revolution of this circle by the sun, composing the we take as the word of God the contemporary | year of twelve months, was called orbis, the world, plane of teaching of old Assyria, however modi- the celestial circle. 'Consequently, every twelve

months, the world ended and the world began time to Isls, at another to Jason, to Noah, etc.; and again; the world was destroyed and the world at one side is Perseus, a winged genius, holding a was renewed. The epoch of this remarkable event flaming sword in his hand, as if to threaten; here varied according to the people and their custom are all the characters in the drama of Adam and of beginning the year at once, of the solstices, or | Eve, which was common to the Egyptians, Chalequinoxes; in Egypt, it was at the summer solstice. At this epoch the Nile gave the first symptoms of its overflowing, and in forty days the waters covered all the land of Egypt, to the height of | was Isls, mother of the little Horns, that is of the

Chaldean and Hebrew account, is, that the first phon and his giants. It is remarkable that in the preserves its astrologico-mythological character, while the second is directed toward a moral sense and purpose. In fact, according to the Hebrewof which we have given but an extract, the text containing more than an hundred verses-the human race having been perverted, giants descended from the angels of God, and the daughters of became the equinoxial sign, whilst the Egyptian men committing all kinds of violence, God repents his creation of man; he converses with himelf, &c., deliberates and adopts the violent resolution of exterminating all that breathes. * * * Then makes a covenant and invents the rainbow; all this intermingled with repetitions and contradictions. For instance, the rain lasted forty days, the waters swelled one hundred and fifty days; a wind blew and the rain ceased, &c., &c. * *

"Is not all this account a moral drama, a lesson of conduct given to the people by a religious legislation, a priest? In this point of view it might be attributed to Moses; but the noun plural, Ela- bruise thy head.' This offspring is the infant that God, is irreconcilable with that unity which Moses carried in her arms, and whose history, misunderlaws, and in the writings of his pure disciples, such as Jeremiah. Why is this expression, Elahim, the Gods, so often and almost exclusively found in Genesis? Because of the monuments being Chaldean, and because in the Chaldean system, as in most Asiatic theologies, it is not a single God who created; they were the Gods, his ministers, his angels, and especially the deacons and genii of the twelve months, who created each a part of the world, (the circle of the year.) When the high priest, Hilkiah borrowed this cosmogomy, he did not dare to change its fundamental expression, which was, perhaps, adopted by the Hebrows, since their intercourse with the Syrians; it old combination keys of the kingdoms of heaven is even possible he added nothing of his own to the text, although the pure animals, (according to the law) and the number seven, indicate a Jewish writer, more so, as the name of Jahouh is introduced into it."

world, drowning the earth with torrents precipitated from the cataracts of heaven." In this old theology of Chaldean and Egyptian origin of remote antiquity, we find the basis of mysteries and initiations. "It was in these mysteries that the science of astrology assumed a moral character, which every day altered the physical meaning of its hieroglyphical paintings," etc. To this we may add the mesmero-spiritualism in trance, oracle and seerdom.

"According to the Hebrews, after the deluge, Noh cultivates the ground, plants the vine; therein he is Osiris and Bacchus, both of whom are the Sun in the constellation of Arcturus, or Bootes, which after the fall of the Nile announced in the flat country the time for sowing," etc. From this Biblical astrology, we have Noah getting drunk, cursing Ham, and thus furnishing the Lord-theology for Columbia, which Joel Barlow, or some other

Thou Queen of the world and child of the skies."

But it would appear that this child of the skies, or Queen of heaven, in the Lord-theology of Ham, has fallen, somewhat like Lucifer, from its first estate. It is not very flattering to the progress of the intellect, however, that the slaveholding Chris tianity of to-day, basing itself on the old astrologies, binds the Church to the same as of God's Word. Let us hope that there may yet be progress in our ministry of the Church astrologies, and at they will not forever so interpret the ancient stars as to make them bind all sorts of chains upon living humanity.

Volney supposes Abraham to have been a ficti-

tious personage—an allegory from the old astrol-

the personified genius; at one time, as the star Syrius; at another, of the planet Mercury. * * * It is not, therefore, surprising that Abraham, a Chaldean King, Patriarch and Astrologer, when analyzed in his actions and character, should prove to be only the genius of a star or planet. * * * The identity of Saturn, Zerouan and Abraham, becomes evident. Abraham is named Zerouan Zerban, rich in gold; Saturn was king of the golden age. Abraham is called Zarhour and Zarman decrepit old man; Saturn, in the Greek legends, is an old man, the emblem of time, which his planet measures by the slowest motion and longest career of all the planets. They have given this old man the habitual character of his age; he is represented as covetous, fond of gold, and hearding it up; they have also given him the scuthe, because he mows down all creatures, and puts to death all he gives life to: for this reason, from time immemorial, the Arabians and Persians called him the Angel of Death, Ezracl; but Israel among the Phœnicians was the name of Saturn," and as the stars had their intermarriages, Abraham married his close of kin. "His wife, Sarah, was primitively called Ishkah, meaning beautiful, and beauty, and in the fragment of Sanchoniathan, Saturn espouses the beauty her father sent to seduce him. In fine, the primitive name of Abram means Saturn; for it is composed of two words, Ab-ram, sig-

nifying father of elevation, and in Hebrew, as in

Arabian, that is the manner of expressing the su-

perlative, very elevated-very high; like Saturn, the

nost elevated, the remotest of the planets." The author then proceeds to unriddle the stories of Ishak and Jacoub according to the physical and moral aspects presented in the old astro-theologies of personified constellations, including "Adam, Eve, and their serpent," whose astrological charactor is of incontestible evidence. On the mythology of Adam and Eve, he says: "In fact, take a selestial sphere, painted after the manner of the ancients, divide it by the circle of the horizon into two halves: the upper one, the heaven of summer. heaven of light, of heat, of abundance, the Kingdom of Osiris, God of all good; the other half shall be the inferior heaven, (infernes) the heaven of winter, the seat of darkness, of privations, of sufferings, the Kingdom of Typhon, God of all evil. To the West, and toward the autumnal equinox, the scene offers a constellation represented by a man holding a sickle, a laborer, who every evening descends lower and lower in the inferior heaven. and seems to be expelled from the heaven of light; scends every evening, and seems to push on the man, and cause his fall: under them is the great aspect. serpent, a constellation characteristic of the mud of winter, the Python of the Greeks, the Ahriman of the Persians, whose epithet in Hebrew is Crown. Not far from them is the ship attributed at one to a parable, with open mouth and shut eyes,

deans and Persians, but which was modified according to times and circumstances. Among the Egyptians, this woman, the Virgin of the Zodiac, fifteen cubits. It was—as it still is—an ocean, a sun of winter, which, weak and languishing like a deluge. The most remarkable difference between the reappear at the vernal equinox, vanquisher of Tyhistory of Isis, Taurus appears as the equinoxial sign, whereas among the Persians, it is Aries, or the Lamb, under which emblem the God-Sun comes to repair the evils of the world; hence we may infer that the version of the Persians is posterior to the twenty-first century before our era, in which Aries version can and ought to ascend nearly to four thousand two hundred years, at which period Taurus became the sign of the vernal equinox."

"The Jewish author, who continually supresses every trace of idolatry, and substitutes a moral sense for the astrological one, has here retrenched several details; but he has preserved a circumstance which forms a new link between his and the Egyptian and Persian version, when he makes God, cursing the serpent, to say, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and behim, the Gods, wrongly translated in the singular, in the old celestial spheres the Virgin (Isis, Eve,) makes the basis of his theology. The God of Mo- stood, is become so celebrated in the world. The ses is Jehovah; it is the only name found in his render who desires further details on this subject, will find them fully demonstrated in 'Dupuis's' work, under the articles Apocalypse and Christian Religion."

Mr. Volney then proceeds to trace the four Genesiacal rivers, to take also the bearings of the tree of knowledge and tree of life, the lignum vitæ of the Apocalypse, and known and read of the ancient "wise men from the East" in their riddles, lark sayings, allegories, or parables. We refer for larger details to the "Researches," where it may be seen that much of "God's Word" may yet be read in the celestial heavens by the aid of astro-theologial maps. By a proper use of the and of earth, the old holy of holies may be entered by any scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven to bring out its treasures, old and new. as when the Lord or Sun was in Taurus before Abraham came forth from Uz of the Chaldees, or "Long before Hilkiah, Greece had the apologue in the newer treasures when Aries, or the Ram, of Zou-piter initiated against the giants, and against became the Lord of the ascendant. In the cona criminal generation, announcing the end of the stellation of the Fishes, we find the significance of the Dagon-God of the Philistine, who was so severely stumped by the Lord God of Israel.

Finally, our author shows that "Genesis is not a book peculiar to the Jews, but a monument originally and almost entirely Chaldean, in which the high priest Hilkiah (620 B. C.) made some alterations dictated by the spirit of his nation, and adapted to the purpose he had in view, * that the pretended antediluvian and postdiluvian chronology, so improbable, and even so absurd, is not, till the times of Moses, anything more than an allegorical fiction of ancient astrologers, whose enigmatical language, like that of the modern al-chymist, first led into error the superstitious vulgar, and afterwards, in process of time, the learned themselves, who had lost the key of the enigmas and secret doctrines."

Now these old Biblical stories, seen in the light of their conceptions and revelations, are often amusing as well as instructive, though they often take the astrological mode of enforcing moral and religious life, or of presenting history. The children of Israel, like other children, must have their Madame Goose, who was a mother in Israel of greatest renown, and though Abraham was Ab-Ram, or father Ram, the same as Jupiter Ammou; though a personage in Job was of the kindred of Ram, and Moses went ramward in the passover and otherwise; so, too, Mother Goose, in her Word, says:

"As I was going to Derby, all on a winter's day, This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before, and between the horns of this ram, sir, you might turn a coach and four."

Now who could ever doubt this literal Word. as told by Aunt Hannah in the nursery? The ries, the same as Hermes, when analyzed, is but more wonderful the Ram, the more we believed on him. To doubt was to be damned; and when we afterwards tacked a representative of this kind to a sled, though we were not exactly one of the "high ones on high" in the circuit of the heavens, yet not even the constellated Ram, the patriarch of the flock, who came out of Uz of the Chaldees, could more majestically have trotted his course than his emblem on earth, the Lord of the ascendant as Leader-up of our sled.

About the same time an elder brother harnessed young heifer to his sled, and truly, she proved as intractable as the ancient "backsliding heifer of Israel," whom the children wanted as a Leaderup out of Egypt; for no sooner was she harnessed in the way she should go, than she shot off like young Phaton in the chariot of the Sun, or like Elliah, in similar chariot, with the horses thereof, and the sons and the prophets sought him three days, "lest peradventure the spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley." Not even the Philistines could have plowed with the modern heifer as a way to the initiation of Samson's mysteries. The harness and the sled were soon stranded. Whether the modern charioteer put his trust in the Lord till the breeching broke, and then give all up for lost, we did not seek to know; but on the part of the beholders, there rung out a shout of laughter beyond the volume of Sarah, when she laughed in the Lord's face, and equal to that of the Homeric Gods, when "inextinguished laughter rent the skies."

Now the Mother Gooserie of the Bible was fit entertainment for the children of Israel, "as shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground." Who, then, so infidel, or unbelieving, as to call in question the letter of the Word as manifested in the old nurseries, where each "bright, particular star" had a genealogy, an infancy, youth, middle and old age? What matters a question of chronology, where a thousand years are as one day? Do you hesitate to believe that Mother Goose went "to Derby all on a winter's day," because, if she went in the sign of the Ram, it must have been March? But we can make good the chronology of the venerable Mother by the mere mention that she made that journey in the "old style" of reckoning, when February was allowed to peach on the domain of the broad-headed ram—the constellated Agnus Dei-between whose horns Elijah could turn his coach and four. Thus are the Scriptures of mother Goose, as we learnt them from Aunt Hannah. after him comes a woman holding a branch of fruit adjusted in their chronology to the times and seapleasant to the eyes and good for food; she also de- sons, and shown to possess "the sincere milk of the Word," ready to flow if you tap it in the right

> So, too, the Word in Esop, and in the Hebrew Scriptures, where the Gentle children and the children of Israel are taught to incline their ears

while they learn that the furthest way round is the nearest way home through "the dark sayings of old," the traditions of the elders. The larger initiations induct to "the strong meat for men," where the ancient astronomical, floral and physiclogical are seen to blend synchronously with the

Far away o'er the hills where the sunset is red, Lies my heart's holy Mecca, the place of the dead And when sunset dies out overhead in the sky, And the day's toil and tumult is vanishing by, The world, with its burden of wearisome care, Fades out from my vision like light from the air, And my spirit flies forth through the shadows to

Where the sunlight yet falls on her grave, far away.

Years ago, and the morning was smiling so fair; All sunshine before us, no shadows of care, Our hearts lightly beating-oh, Heaven restore The light of the past—I would ask for no more;

'stray

breath,

But a dewdrop that morn, in its treacherous

Angel hands build the stairs souls may climb, to

the skies: So I know when in childhood she faded from

With the angels she passed from her grave to the

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Speck of Trouble, and What Became of it.

A few weeks since, a sewing woman came to my house to spend some time in doing work for my family. Seeing the "BANNER OF LIGHT" on the table, she remarked that a few years ago, when she was a girl, living at home, she was a medium for physical demonstrations, particularly rapping and moving furniture; and that her father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman, had encouraged the manifestations, to see if he could learn what there were in them. She at length married; and becoming indifferent to the "influences," they were withdrawn.

I proposed a sitting, to which she consented; and we were greeted in less than five minutes with a shower of raps of varied degrees of force. The table was moved, sometimes to one side, and sometimes to the other, and then endways. After our scance had been continued several evenings, the raps were loud and distinct on the furniture of the room and on the doors. Several persons of our circle were controlled to a greater or less extent. My wife's hands were taken up from the table and whirled in various directions with such velocity as to lose their form to ordinary vision. The index fingers were made to trace capital letters on the table, the other fingers being spasmod cally closed. I attempted to open her hands, but the slightest effort of mine caused her to cry out with pain. Mr. Beatz and wife were influenced; the latter so much as to be thrown back from the table a foot or more, and even the power of utterance was taken from her for about fifteen minutes. She was also taken from the chair and seated upon the tarpet. Mrs. H---, the medium was personally controlled, so as to write on a slate the names of spirits present, some of whom she had never heard of, they having left their bodies in Lancaster long before she came; and their names had not been mentioned, perhaps not thought of in my family, since her arrival. She also spoke in the trance state, disconnectedly, many truths.

On one of the evenings of our circles, and after the family and all the inmates of my house had retired for some time, I was seated at my table, engaged in writing up a difficult composition, in which my whole mind was absorbed. The table was thrown endways, so as to come quite up against my breast, and then withdrawn. Another evening, when there had been continued and somewhat intelligent rapping and table moving during our sitting, and also a good deal of personal control, the influences did not withdraw upon our retiring, but continued through the night, when all were quietly in bed and the rooms dark At my waking intervals the rapping was constant upon the table and chairs, and my wife called my attention to the noises about her bed.

The curious feature about the case is, that the rapping followed some of the party to their dwellings. Among these was a Catholic lady, who had expressed great anxiety to see "spirit manifestations." She sat apart from the circle, but her organism was somewhat controlled, and the raps were heard by us all upon her chair, and upon her shoes. After she withdrew to her own house, and for several consecutive nights, there was a constant hammering about her bed, doors and windows: stands and tables were moved out from the walls, while all were in bed and the light out. Fear caused her to call in some neighbors to stay at night, her husband being in Libby Prison. Those who stayed with her testified to the truth of the noises and moving of furniture. When she kneeled at her stand for evening prayer, the raps drove her from it; but when she had withdrawn, they were continued on her prayer-book.

She penitently said, "I have greatly sinned in having given this matter any attention." The priest was sent for. He came, and having sprinkled every room in the house with "consecrated water," the "Devil" was exercised, and has not since returned. And thus has her tranquility been restored, and the "Devil" vanquished by the potency of a few drops of simple water !

Our gentle raps and friendly visitations from the summer-land continue, which we hail with greeting and gladness. We know that our friends who have departed live, and that they commune with us, and we bless Jehovah for the knowledge H. Scott. we possess.

Lancaster, Ohio, April 2, 1864.

A Crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for April.

War on Spiritualism Proclaimed by the Pope---Proceedings in France.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

logical are seen to blend synchronously with the moral and the spiritual, and the symbols of each have open phases into each other, as each reflects the other's story; hence, "every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven brings forth from his treasures things new and old," and by the harmonial adjustment of these in physical, moral and spiritual life does the ancient kingdom of heaven come nigh unto us.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HER GRAVE.

BYS. B. KEACH.

BYS. B. KEACH.

It is plain that we are yet but in the beginning of things. As Spiritualism advances it starts the lions, tigers and wolves from their lairs in the spiritual forest. At first they thought it poor and contemptible, and only growled a little and dropped asleep again. The transp of the numerable feet now going past them has effectually roused them up, and they are beginning to howl, and are preparing to spring in earnest. From the first the Catholic priests have let it be understood that it was the devil in a new coat that was amongst us, but the late amazing spread of the spiritual faith in France, Belgium, Holland, Spain and Italy, and still more amongst the Catholics than the Protestants, has awakened the alarm of the Paph Hierarchy effectually. We had lately to record the issue of a fulmination against the heresy by the issue of a fulmination against the heresy by the Bishop of Algiers; the Bishop of Strasburg the Bishop of Algiers; the Bishop of Strasburg has followed his example, and the expulsion of Mr. Home from Rome has shown that these dignitaries are not acting on their own suggestions, but that the order has gone out from head-quarters to denounce and anathematize the power that is growing so rapidly and asking no leave from the old man with the church keys. We are glad to see that the Spiritualists of France are ready for the contest, and are determined to such out the standard determined to such out. for the contest, and are determined to speak out plainly on the subject. The Revue Spiritualiste of March is full of matter of this stirring kind, and we may as well take a summary view of its

contents.

It opens with an article informing us that Mr. Home, after having been most cordially received on the way at Nice and Naples, had arrived in Paris, and the Spiritualists had hastened to invite him to a banquet on the 10th of March, in honor of his expulsion from the city of priestly sin, and that he had accepted it. "It will be a fine occasion," says M. Pierrat, "for the Spiritualists of France to aftirm once more their faith, and to To the heart of a lily bore premature death;
Then the clouds climbed the sky, and the shadows of own below

Veiled my eyes as she passed to her grave, years ago.

To the light I will turn, though the shadows of night

Will follow the sunset that fades from my sight;
Though the night that now cometh brings death and a shroud,
The morning will bear neither shadow nor cloud. Of the star-beams that shine when the graves newly a very shift and a coepted it. "It will be a fine occasion," says M. Picrart, "for the Spiritualists of France to affirm once more their falth, and to mark their indignation at the intolerance of a priest who has got a habit of fulminating wrath and curses against us, and to persecute as far as the power is left him. The moment is come for all those who partake of our faith to fraternize and to close their ranks. That which has taken place at Rome appears to be the result of a kind of general order given to the whole Catholic Church militant. Everywhere there are publications; everywhere books—great and small—are issuing forth against us, everywhere sermons are preached and episcopal mandates launched against us; it is a veritable Anti-Spiritualist crusade. Let those organs which are more immediately aimed those organs which are more immediately aimed at by these publications and these sermons be sient, according to the system which they have adopted of saying 'that with a creed which saps the very foundation of the Christian faith, they are still good Catholics: let them use all their arts to prevent their readers becoming aware of the exasperation that has arisen in the camp of the prelates against their doctrines. These are petty stratagens that we shall not imitate. The brave soldier who fights in the battle of ideas should not only parry the blows aimed at him, but pay them back to the enemy. He ought not to permit for a moment a misconception, a suspi-cion of his devotion to his flag to exist. He ought to give it to the winds, and defend it to the death. That is what we have always done; that is what we are certain our fellow believers will do with us. The following extract from a recent mandate of the Bishop of Strasburg, will show what little ceremony is used toward us:

EXTRACT FROM THE MANDATE OF THE BISHOP OF STRASBURG.

"The demon hides himself under all possible forms to eternise his conspiracy against God and man, to continue his work of seduction. In Paradise he disguised himself as a serpent. When it is necessary to the realization of his project, he transforms himself into an angel of light, as history testifies by a thousand examples. At a very recent period he has even drawn from the armory of hall the weapons of antionity, buried in rust of hell the weapons of antiquity buried in rust, which he used in times long past, but especially in the second and third centuries, to combat Christianity. Table-turnings, rapping spirits, evocations are some of these artifices, and God permits them for the chastisement of men, implous, perilous and inquisitive. The evil genii, as the Sacred Scriptures assure us, fill the air:—see the Book of Job, and many other passages of Scripture. Now, if they are able to make wood, stone, a serpent, goats, a she-ass speak;" (does the learned bishop here include Bahann's ass?) "if, by the lake of Genes-saret they on their own demand received permission to enter into the unclean animals, it is just as easy for them to speak by means of a table, to write with the foot of a table or of a chair, to adopt the language and imitate the voice of the dead or the absent; to relate things unknown to us, or which seem impossible, but which, by their us, or when seem impossing, but which by the quality of spirits, they may see and understand. Woe, then, to those who, insensate, lazy, short-sighted and criminally indiscrect, seek anusciment in diabolic juggleries; who do not fear to have recourse to forbidden and superstitious means to arrive at a knowledge of the future, and of the mysteries which the devil does not know, and which we can know but imperfectly! He who loves danger will perish in the danger; he who plays with venomous serpents will not escape plays with venomous serpents will not escape their deadly sting; he who precipitates himself into the flames will be reduced to a cinder; he who frequents the society of liars and thieves, will necessarily become their victim. This practice is a commerce with the evil angels to which the prophets of the Old Testament gave a name which one would not willingly introduce into a Christian pulpit. When these evocations take place, the evil spirit will probably at first utter occasionally a truth, and talk according to the wishes of the curious, in order to gain their confidence, but when once the persons impatient to dence, but when once the persons impatient to penetrate their mysteries are dazzled and seduced then they put the poisoned cup to their lips; then they gorge them with all sorts of lies and imple-ties, and strip them of every Christian principle, of every pious sentiment. Happy are those who in time perceive that they are fallen into the hands of the devil, and who are able, by the help of God to burst the bonds in which they have been envel-

oped."

M. Picrart adds: "We leave this act of the Bishop of Strasburg to our readers, without a word for the present: but to him and to all the demonophoble prelates who are at this moment anathema-tizing our ideas, we shall, including their brethren at Rome, have a reply. It will come on the day of the approaching Spiritualist banquet—the 10th

Amongst the numerous books published of late by Catholic priests against Spiritualists, the inde-fatigable Marquecau, cure of Mortroux, lias put forth another, very much in the strain of his for-ther one. The Marquis de Mirville has also come out again with another work on the subject. His former ones had, without exception, made all the Spiritualists over to the devil; but in the present work the Marquis has bethought himself that there is such a thing as Spiritualism in the Catho-lic fold, and he has made wonderful concessions; n fact, he has retreated into the Catholic fortifications, and now asserts that all spirits coming to Catholics, when they are obedient to the bishops, Catholics, when they are obedient to the bishops, are blessed spirits, all, whether coming to Catholic or Protestant, who teach independence of faith are of course from the "anarch old" of the nether regions. The Marquis has made a fatal retreat, for admitting that Spiritualism has its good as well as its bad side, he admits the whole faith of Spiritualism, and the spirits must be judged by the rule laid down by one far above bishops, cardinals or popus—by our Saviour Jesus Christ.

dinals, or popes—by our Saviour Jesus Christ.
"A tree must be known by its fruit."
Whilst the Pope and the political alguazils are menacing Spiritualists, and would burn them if the age were of the burning sort, the faith is rapidly and the same of the burning sort, the faith is rapidly and the same of th the age were of the burning sort, the faith is rapidly spreading, and new journals are daily springing up. Besides the three spiritual journals of Paris, Bordeaux has its La Ruche Spirite; Lyons its La Verite; Bordeaux Le Sauveur des Peuples; and now Antwerp has announced La Revue Spirite d'Anvers, a monthly journal edited by M. Prosper Eyben, and supported by able contributors. Thus in the very centre of little Belgium, swarming with its forty thousand Catholic priests, a very hotbed of Popery, the alarming heresy has established its organ. We may imagine the anathemas that are brewing!

Thus it is that the old lady of the Seven Hills never learns wisdom. There was a time when nations trembled at her nod, and kings put their heads under her feet, and became her myrmidons of vengonne to lar west and destroy all distances. of vengeance to lay waste and destroy all cities and countries which dared to say they had souls

of their own; when Silicia and Bohemia were actually harried and massacred from end to end by her Austrian emissaries; when in every country where the Pope collected his pence, he also made his bonfires to burn out, body and soul, all heresies. But that time passed with Luther and Melancthon. Now this shows that the old lady had had her day, and that a better day was come—a day of freedom of opinion and recurrence to the open Bible, and not to priests and inquisitors as spiritual guides. In vain did this antiquated Scarlet Woman and all her scarlet cardinals denounce Luther in precisely the same terms as they now denounce Spiritualists, as the offspring and spawn of hell, the tool and companion of devils. Luther sate securely in the Wartburg and turned the Bible, which the old lady had so long locked and the Bible, which the old lady had so long locked and sealed up, into the every-day language of the peoseated up, into the every-day language of the peo-ple, and the secret was out, the mystery was at an end. Stout Martin sate aloft singing aloud, "Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott;" and "Alle guter Geister loben den Herrn," and from that day the condi-tion of the old Roman lady has become more and more dilapidated. But there is no way of redemp-tion for her, no side path by which she can come round to the truth and freedom which are in God. She has nailed Energy to her flooratof

round to the truth and freedom which are in God. She has nailed INFALLIBILITY to her flagstaff, and must, therefore, go on banning and persecuting as far as her feeble remaining power permits. Whatever refuses to crouch to her command must be heresy, and must be damnable. If she had not grown blind as well as feeble in her old age, she must see the error and the folly of this system; for the great march of opinion goes on without her, and even her worldly property and state are folland even her worldly property and state are fall-ing from her like her once spiritual power. And she sits on that ancient heap of the ruins, the sins and putrid carcases of ages, a tatterdemalion spec-tacle scarcely upheld by her worm-caten crutches. Yet, true to her antecedents, she will curse and grind her teeth to the last. And it is now come to this, that whatever she brands as heresy, becomes necessarily stamped as truth. Protestantism and Spiritualism now bear the same Papal warrantry. It is a great satisfaction that not only hundreds of thousands of Catholics are daring to break this old and feeble yoke of Roman despotism, but that here and there even priests are found to join in here and there even priests are found to join in this remonstrance against the spiritual usurpation of Popery. Men even of the old faith are beginning to see—the acts and the spirit of Rome are forcing them to see—that Popery and Catholicism are two things. That Popery is a secular heresy grafted on Catholicism. That when the Popes, tempted of the devil, accepted the bribe which our Savlour indignantly rejected—worldly rank and estate—they became princes of that world which Christ emphatically declared was not his kingdom, and were no longer the priests of Christiandom, and were no longer the pricests of Christian-ity but of Secularism. From that apostacy all the corruptions of Romanism, all its crimes and murders, and denunciations, and spirit of cursing and avarice, and uncharitableness, have sprung. It is time that all true Catholics should recognize It is time that all true Catholics should recognize this grand truth, and save their religion from the scandal of such an alliance. This is, in fact, what Spiritualism is doing for the Catholic world. Where it spreads, spreads the spirit of freedom. The heralds of heaven proclaim once more the supremacy of the Gospel, its liberty and its love. They place the Christian truth above every dictation of priesthoods, above every wheredow and They place the Christian truth above every dictation of priesthoods, above every princedom and autocracy of this world. They point to the law of Christ as the only true law, which every one may consult for himself, and in letters so large that "he that runneth may read" in a way so broad and plain that "the wayfarer though a fool cannot err therein." This is the grand distinction of Spiritualism. It is the charter of Divine freedom; the suvergion preregative of the soul of universal the sovereign prerogative of the soul of universal man, making itself heard above the clamor of all conflicting creeds, above the pealing bells of ten thousand churches, above the clashing arms and bellowing artillery of conspiring kings; and out of the bitter ocean of the tears and the blood of ages the bitter ocean of the tears and the blood of ages we now see unmistakably rising, slowly but surely, the new continent of a harmony so long foretold, based on the teachings of spirits, themselves enfranchised from the creeds and hondages of earth, and sent forth by the Universal Father to his universal family, in which "he is no respecter of persons," but renews by a legion of flaming tongues his decree, that there shall be but "One Shepherd and one Fold."

Popedom does not tremble without cause. In

Popedom does not tremble without cause. the process now going on so rapidly on the Conti-nent, it sees the certain foreshadowing of its down-fall. This will not be through strife and opposifall. This will not be through strife and opposi-tion, as in Luther's time, but by the quiet passing of its adherents into a higher allegiance. When-ever, as we have said, Spiritualism is accepted, it breaks the chains of the old Papal thraldom, and teaches its votaries the liberty of the Gospel. They accept the heavenly teaching, and calmly leave the old earthly despotism to itself, but with-out any proclamation of secession. By this means out any proclamation of secession. By this means, if it goes steadily on—and it will go on if it be of God—Catholicism, the true Catholicism, enfranchised from all priesteraft, and from all corruptions fastened upon it for gain and worldly preminence, will rise in a new and glorious resurrection and find itself once procinite original. rection, and find itself once more in its original form of primitive Christianity, whilst the body of the Beast, which has so long bewitched and dominated it, will collapse of itself and full in the stench of its own rottenness. That is clearly the fate of Popery, that is the day-spring of Spiritual-ism, if it does not suffer itself, as a great sect of it has already done, to be enslaved by another popedom—a spiritual populom—more pernicious than the first. Already the enemy has spread his nets, and taken a vast shoal of captives to the poison ous sophisms of Re-incarnation and the like Probably nothing that men can do can preserve the spirit-faith from such corruption. The truth has never yet long escaped such assaults of an artful and age-long experienced adversary. But artiff and age-long experienced adversary. But the truth is God's truth, and to Him we must com-mit its prosperity. Spiritualism is prepared to undermine every system of mero secular religion. Let all true men support it by their prayers and their whole heart's strength. In its purity and

power lie the world's regeneration.

It is from the perception of this great fact that a Catholic author like Delrio writes in his "Disquisitions": "It is a truth recognized not only by the Catholic faith, but by true philosophy, by the Catholic faith, but by true philosophy, that the souls of the departed can return and are in the habit of returning in the Divine power and virtue. I am, therefore, astonished that a Catholic of much learning and judgment, should treat such spirits, not as those of the dead, but as demons "(a hard blow for Mirville). "To dare to treat as a lie, or as a chimara, a faith accredited by the most orthedox and holy doctors of the churches of Asia, Africa and Europe—a faith based upon all the monuments of ecclesiastical history—upon the traditions of the fathers—upon the acts of councils—upon the pages of Holy Writ, preserved from age to age, and delivered through the hands of the whole succession of pastors, is, the hands of the whole succession of pastors, is, in truth, an audacity hitherto unheard of."—Tom. II., Quaest. 20, Sect. 1.

A JOLLER CASE IN FRANCE.

The Poltergeister seem determined to do their part in the great spirit drama. The Journal de la Vienne says: "For these five or six days there have been passing in Polctiers, circumstances so extraordinary that they have become the subject of general conversation and the comments of strangers. Every evening, just after six o'clock, singular noises have been heard in a house in the Rue Neuve-Saint Paul, inhabited by Mdlle, d'O—, it is a straight of the Count d'O. sister of the Count d'O—. These noises, according to what we hear, resemble the detonations of artillery; violent blows are also struck on the doors and slutters. These were at first attributed to the tricks of the lads in the street, or ill-discount of the country of the lads in the street, or ill-discount of the lads in the street of the lads in the stre posed neighbors. A most complete and active surveillance was immediately organized. On the complaint of Mille. I'O—, the police took the most minute measures; officers were stationed both within and outside of the house. Notwithstanding, the explosions have continued, and we leave from an authorite source that M. learn from an authentic source, that M. M-

learn from an authentic source, that M. M.—, brigadier, has been surprised by a commotion such as he can give no account of.

"Our city has been wholly occupied by this inexplicable mystery. The researches of the police have hitherto produced no result. Every one is waiting the solution of this enigma. Some people initiated in the study of Spiritualism pretend that the results are the second of the surface of these manithe rapping spirits are the authors of these mani-festations, and that a certain celebrated medium, but who lives in another quarter of the city, is no but who lives in another quarter of the city, is no stranger to them. Others call to mind that a centery existed formerly on the site of the Rue Neuve-Saint Paul, and we need not say what are their conjectures on the subject. We cannot tell which is the best of these explanations, but public opinion is greatly agitated by the event, and yesterday evening a considerable crowd was collected under the windows of Malle, d'O——, so that the authorities were obliged to send a picket

of twelve chasseurs to clear the street. At the moment we write the police and gendarmeric are in possession of the house."

Truly we must call nothing common or unclean,

SPIRIT DRAWINGS IN LYONS. SPIRIT DRAWINGS IN LYONS.

The spiritual journal of Lyons, La Verite, is now giving a series of lithographs of spirit drawings. They are chiefly delineations of plants and flowers totally unlike anything in the vegetable kingdoms of earth. They cannot be called exactly wreaths or garlands, yet they have more the resemblance to these than to independent plants themselves, for they have in general no stems, but seem to be thrown out without any means of support on all sides in a graceful and fanciful support on all sides in a graceful and fanciful support on all sides in a graceful and fanelful style. One of them is more than a foot in length, and eight or ten inches in width. Every leaf is ornamented with designs, and on some are the rep-resentations of smaller flowering plants. Others display the butterfly, and others the calcelaria flower-form in their leaves, and some of the blos-soms put forth the most delicate streams of anthers. One of the designs represents the exterior of a house in the planet Venus. Whether the Veof a noise in the planet ventus. Whether the venusians inhabit such houses, we do not pretend to know; but it resembles a sort of tent outlined in elegant scroll work, and ornamented all over with plants of singular but graceful form. Another is a group of flowers from the planet Saturn, which have stems, and considerably resemble our own vegetation, except that certain leaves and flowers vegetation, except that certain leaves and flowers seem ready to turn into caterpillars and glowseem ready to turn into caterpillars and glow-worms, a peculiarity which we have noticed in other spiritual plants. The most remarkable thing, however, about these designs is, that the mediums who have drawn and lithographed them have no acquired knowledge of these arts. Also they bear a singular resemblance to similar things done in England.

> Writen for the Banner of Light. IN THE SADDLE.

BY MISS SALLIE A. COBURN.

"Do always right !" Do always right, and leave the rest to God!" This day, in male attire, I rode abroad, From cumbrous skirts and woman's fripp'ry freed; And, as I sat astride my gallant steed, I felt that I was truly born anew. Right proud was I to wear my coat of blue, And dainty vest of buff, both gaily trimmed With plain gilt buttons, lustrous, fresh, undimm'd Like tiny golden mirrors hung. No bride Ere wore her blazing gems with fonder pride Than I my rich gilt buttons, flashing bright, In all the glory of their virgin light. And proud was I to wear my glossy hat, My polished boots and nicely tied cravat: And last, though not the least a bit. My handsome pantaloons—a perfect fit!

"You look all right!" Thus spoke my father-cheering words indeed-When first he saw me mounted on my steed. You're dressed in quite a captivating style!" Remarked my sister, with a roguish smile. God grant that you are doing right, my dear!" Observed my mother, full of joy and fear. 'Just put," said brother Will, the graceless wight, Your trust in God, and keep your buttons

Away we rode! My noble-hearted brother Will and I, Saluting friends we met or cantered by. Sometimes we stopped before a neighbor's door. To see the folks, and show them what I wore. In all our circuit not a single word Against my manly riding-suit was heard; But hearty words of cheer, on every hand. Gave proof that light was beaming o'er the land.

Oh, God of Light! I thank thee that the day has dawned at length, When woman may put forth her hidden strength; When she may stand unfettered in thy sight, And dare to do whatever may be right! And now that I have done what all may do, A life of usefulness looms up in view. Thank God, I'm something, woman though I be ! For this, good God, I give my thanks to thee!

Correspondence.

Places and Persons .--- No. 11.

I have already told you, dear BANNER, of this city of Friends, of its places, and of a few of the people; but the five past weeks have enlarged my sphere of observation and given me new opportunities for acquaintance with "our friends." I like Philadelphia: I like the Quaker element; like the broad, free platform of Sansom Street Hall; I like, best of all, the friendly greetings and the hospitable welcomings one receives.

The most interesting feature of the Sunday meetings at Sansom Street Hall is the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." Two hundred children meet on Sunday afternoons, to be taught from Mr. Davis's Class Book. Mr. M. B. Dyott, the conductor, deserves much credit for his energy and perseverance in the management of the Lyceum. The world's hope is in the children of this generation. Blessed be every hand that guides the young soul into pleasant places, and every voice that advocates the inalienable rights of babyhood! I have met here a few persons known to the pub-

Mrs. C. W. Hale has opened a circulating library of spiritual and miscellaneous books. The object is good; the missionary work will be great. It is hoped Philadelphia will sustain this enter-

prising woman. I passed last evening with Belle Bush, the sweet singer. She resembles, in form and feature, Lizzie Doten. There is, too, a kinship of soul, judging from their poems. Miss Bush's songs have wandered far and long. It is expected she will call them home, give them a binding, a name, and a habitation.

I have looked into the sweet, saintly face of Lucretia Mott, and thanked God for sending her to earth, for missioning her to do just the work she has done. No other head could have planned, no other hands have executed her work. Her labor is nearly finished—the "Greenwood of soul" is in

sight. Pleasant memories will live with her name. I have passed a part of the past twenty-five days in the "Vocal Gymnasium" of Andrew Comstock, M. D., author of "Comstock's Phonetic Reader" and "Speaker." I would tell you something of the doctor's outward appearance, but I am admonished to be silent on that point, warned by a letter he wrote to A. J. Graham, who solicited his autobiography for the "Phonographic Journal." From the letter I quote the following:

> "Of the time when I was born, sir, I have not the least remembrance And can give the best of reasons-Consciousness was not developed. I have heard 't was in September, In the year — I will not tell you, For I'll give you nought on hearsay; And, besides, --- I'm in the market !"

Dr. Comstock is still in "market," and I would suggest to consumptives, "croakers," stammerors, and to the possessed of blue devils the propriety of applying to him for relief for these ills and alls.

I have heard George Thompson, and seen Anna E. Dickinson. Mr. Thompson speaks as no other man ever did or will speak. He seems like one

ple having outlived the unmerchantable eggs dispensation, have wisely concluded to glorify the martyr of thirty and of twelve years ago. If the pro-slavery spirit of the North is not dead, it has sense sufficient to hide its hydra-head. Anna Dickinson is a strong, brave girl, as womanly as strong, and as modest as brave.

Robert Dale Owen is in the city. He and I (fortunately for me) are the guests of Dr. H. T. and Mrs. E. Child. Mr. Owen is a ruler in the Kingdom of Thought, but seems quite unconscious of the fact. Our President has given him a work to do-a great problem to solve. Mr. Owen is sensible of the duties and dignity of the task, and, faithful, servant-like, is doing well the master's work. God's dark-hued children will remember the name and cherish forever the memory of him who remembered them in their captivity, and labored diligently for their redemption. I hope, I expect that the children of "freedmen" will, in the future, carve a monument, and write thereon the name of Robert Dale Owen.

Philadelphia, adicu! I bless you for the sake of your brave men and earnest, loyal-hearted women. I hear a voice from New York, calling me thither. Again, adieu. H. F. M. BROWN.

Philadelphia, April, 1864.

The Spiritual Cause in the West.

At no period of my labors in the lecturing field have I received so many and so pressing calls to visit places and lecture on Spiritualism. Many come from my friends in the East, but more from the West. Illinois alone would furnish me four or five times the labor I am able to peform in this department. I am sorry there are not more mediums fitting for the lecturing field, and with more patience to hold out and persevere till they are competent to interest and instruct the people, and sorry, also, that so many run off or switch off the track when the harvest is so plenteous and the laborers so few.

After staying eight Sundays and giving sixteen lectures in Chicago, and positively refusing to stay longer at this time, and determined to attend to some neglected business and for a short time to have no engagements, I find myself on my way to my new home in Southern Illinois, first stopping over at Danby to address an audience Friday evening, in a church where I had spoken before, and the next evening a large and well-selected audience sat before me in the court house of Bureau County, at Princeton, Ill., where Emma Jay Bullene, Belle Scougal, Mrs. Stowe, Benj. Todd, J.M. Peebles, and others, even Leland, have had good audiences to hear them; and now it is Sunday morning, and I expect to listen to a sermon by Edward Beecher before noon, and after noon to give two more lectures in the court house, and then take the first train, with a through ticket for Egypt, and even there suitable places are open and people anxious to hear and pressing me to

Many causes contribute to bring about this earnest inquiry, and no one, perhaps, more than the

This was the home of the truly Honorable Owen Lovejoy, whose body was brought here, and on Friday last consigned, with religious ceremonies, to the grave and his soul to God. Edward Beecher said the sermon, Ichabod Codding and several Members of Congress said the eulogies, and none said too much in praise of the noble deeds, broad charity and useful life of the man who has so long held a conspicuous place among the progressive minds of the nation.

I was sorry my engagements would not allow me to be present, but my tribute goes to the sacred memory of the man who, to me, "still lives" and labors for the cause of the oppressed as efficiently as ever. To me no person dies-only changes the base of operations—takes a new position sometimes, on discovery of the truth, changing sides entirely, and helping the cause previously attacked and opposed.

We have a strong and almost irresistible force now on the other side of the Jordan stream, and their pontoon-bridges enable them to come over to us with ease and in great numbers, and never did a besieged city welcome relief more than do the thousands who have been church and creedbound and beseiged by an Orthodox army, well officered by priests. All may take courage; the WARREN CHASE. work goes bravely on.

Princeton, Ill., April 3, 1864.

Spiritualism in North Weymouth.

The people in our village are beginning to inquire concerning this new doctrine, which has as of old been everywhere spoken against. We have had, previous to this, an occasional lecture on the subject, but could never induce many to come out to the meetings; whether this unprecedented awakening of the people is owing to the speaker we had on the occasion, or some other cause, the people must judge. In our opinion it was owing in a very great degree to Mrs. A. P. Brown, who spoke to us four evenings in succession to large and overflowing houses. Webster Hall was packed full for three evenings, when on the fourth evening, it having been previously engaged, the audience voted unanimously to meet in Harmonial Hall in another part of the village. This hall was filled to overflowing with attentive listeners, who were eager for a meeting the next evening; but the speaker could not well remain, being engaged to speak in Chelsea the following Sabbath—and thus ended our glorious meetings for the present. Mrs. Brown has engaged to be with us one week in June, when we shall give her a welcome greeting, for the people who had the privilege of listening to her were electrified with her eloquence. The controlling influence called for a subject on each evening. which was given and handled with marked ability and with perfect satisfaction to the audience. Contributions were taken at the close of each lecture, which were responded to in a very satisfactory manner. North Weymouth has been somewhat in the dark, but the bright star of Progression has arisen, and will not set until a permanent foothold is obtained among the people, of the beautiful truths uttered by our much admired and eloquent speaker. North Weymouth, April 11th, 1864.

A Beautiful Tribute.

When I stepped upon the platform of the City Hall in Charlestown, Sunday afternoon, April 17th, to lecture, I was greeted with a most beautiful floral cross, evidently prepared by the aid of some angel power, as it was a true spiritual representation of my surroundings. Such testimonials of regard have been my cheerings, whenever I have lectured in Cambridgeport and Charlestown, for the last seven years. I think I know the earth-angel who thus aids our inspirations for good. I take pleasure in forwarding such gems to my dear companion, who will again soon be traveling with me in our arduous labors.

There have been many extraordinary floral manfestations in Charlestown for several years past. On the morning of the first time I stopped over night at the pleasant home of our noble friends. that the authorities were obliged to send a picket missioned to tell the people their sins. The peo- the family of Mr. H. Meyers, No. 17, Polk street,

a beautiful bouquet of flowers was left on the door steps, and unknown powers rang the bell. After a few days, splendid combinations of flowers were carried in through the open window of the second story; and that kind of manifestation continued until over thirty bouquets were placed in the house, and many of them directed to be given to some of the neighbors. I refrain from telling most of the wonders performed by invisible and unknown powers. The friends in Charlestown will relate the incidents to those who may be curious.

L. K. COONLEY.

A Spiritual Magazine. Often wondering why the Spiritualists of Amer ica did not possess an organ commensurate with their pecuniary, literary, philosophical, and spiritual wealth-a thoroughly able and complete publication, which should be, in its peculiar field, even more acceptable than the Atlantic, the Examiner, or the North American Review in their respective departments-I hail with joy even the hint, incidentally expressed in your paper of last week, indicating that our want in this particular will be met, that such a Magazine will soon be established. A constantly growing necessity is felt for a channel of communication which shall be, in every respect, a credit to those it represents. as well as to the literature, the spirit, and the progress of the age; an organ where the most thoughtful minds of this country and of Europe can confidently look for, and receive, at all times, a more perfect and therefore satisfactory exposition, a more clearly defined rationale of our distinctive philosophy, than is now capable of being

furnished by any single publication. In the direction of popular newspapers for the people, the BANNER and HERALD are all we can reasonably expect. Both have done, are doing, and will continue to do a mighty work; they cannot be dispensed with; they are gloriously fulfilling their mission, and it is not right to ask them to labor beyond their province—to do the work of another and a higher character. In the event of new, superior, first-class Monthly Journal or Magazine being issued, these papers would be all the more needed.

While there are no reasons why we should not possess such an embodiment of our facts and our faith, there are many reasons, each important and all-sufficient, why we should.

We need a beacon-light shining from the highest promontory, to aid all mariners sailing this way. We need one common literary centre, from which can radiate the mental illuminations of our best minds. We need an exponent adaptive to the highest intelligence of our times. While the tendency of the age runs to intellect, to the outer rather than to the inner, to the perceptive instead of the intuitive-while the undue cultivation of the intellectual is thus continued at the expense of the spiritual-we need a press in the hands of the intellectually and spiritually wise, which shall evenly guide those who are so unfortunately onesided as to be capable of seeing only in one direction. Concentrating our material, intellectual, and spiritual forces in an organ representing all the ablest writers and public workers in the great field of progress, the diffused power of Spiritualism might be gathered, and through pure, positive intent and directness, made red hot with practical

" In union there is strength " is as true of spirituality as of materiality. So, possessing all the means, we only need some one or more executive minds to organize and adjust the forces.

Beginning, let them call to their aid the united talent of our worthiest, ablest, most advanced thinkers, writers, and public workers in the spiritual ranks-and not be altogether confined to this class either. For well known is it, that some of the very first, and many of the most brilliant minds in this country, while not fully accepting spiritual teachings, as commonly understood, are nevertheless, prompted by the very spirit, the animus of Spiritualism itself: witness Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Whittier, Curtis, Wasson Conway-the judge as well a the clergyman. With such a class—and they can be as readily obtained for a Spiritual Magazine as for any other-added to the goodly number of those who have been prominently identified with the cause from the outset, and are stiff, to-day, more or less intimately connected with it, as seers, prophets, preachers, and noets, as expounders and illuminators, as constructors and instructors, we might, by right, challenge the homage of the world. We need a Magazine which shall be the worthy omnium gatherum of the best and brightest thoughts of men like Jackson Davis, Harris, Tuttle, Prof. Brittan, Prof. Denton, Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Tallmadge and Boardman, Tiffany, Loveland, Pardee, Gales Forster and Poobles, Finney, Chase, Partridge, Newton, Epes Sargeant, Trowbridge and Peckham, with Rev. Messrs. Pierpont, Putnam and Ballou, Doctors Hallock, Randolph and Child, H. T. and A. B., Henry C. Wright and Moses Hull. Balancing these, we have Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Willard Goodrich, Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Cuppy, Mrs. Hyzer, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Willis, Cora Hatch, Cora Wilburn, Emma Hardinge, Emma Tuttle, Lizzie Doten, Jane Jackson, and scores of others of both sexes. Such a Magazine, with such contributors, would naturally draw to itself, and harmoniously combine the highest practical, scientific, and the philosophical in Spiritualism: would unite all the merits of the spiritual press in this country with the Spiritual Reviews of France, and the Spiritual Manazine of London. It would, by necessity, demand, command, and receive the respectful attention of thousands who have not yet learned what is meant or taught by Spiritualism—thousands who as yet know nothing of its principles

New energies and new agencies being demanded, they must and will be forthcoming. To be prepared, however, is one half the victory. How invaluable, when the bugle note is sounded, to have an arsenal wherein all the appliances of spiritual warfare are ready forged, waiting use! Henceforth we ought to act more on the offensive -less on the defensive; thrust as well as parry; attack as well as defend. Let the law of reciprocity have full and healthy exercise; make our out-go correspond to our in-come; give as well as receive; be aggressive and progressive. We have a large army, well drilled by education, profoundly rich in experience, invincible as exhaustless in inspiration. Give all this aggregated power a favorable channel through which to flow, and a current more majestic and irresistible than Niagara will force itself through the land, and from land to land, from continent to continent. A moral avalanche, it will overwhelm whoever and whatever attempts to subvert it. The philosophical Cicero but expressed the common sense, observation, and experience of mankind, in saying, "As the scales of the balance must give way to the weight that presses it down, so the mind must, of necessity, to demonstration."

or its philosophy.

Throughout the land, to-day, there is an awakening interest in spiritual matters. As never before have the power and wisdom of the immortals been so manifest. Divine light and heat are no longer to be successfully resisted. An overbrooding, directing power, as never before, is pal-

pably felt and acknowledged, constraining and control. Our advancement in every department of life—in forms of thought and modes of action, without precedent or parallel—is but an incentive deep have been loosed. The opening heavens have partially revealed their glory. The auspicious aid vouchsafed by the angel-world will soon usher in the dawn of a more golden jubilee.

Prepared to gracefully accept our lot and labor in the present, as in the opening of the New Era we desire to be fully armed, ready and willing at all times to battle valiantly as we may, for Universal Liberty, Justice, and Harmony, panoplied in the divine attributes of Love, Truth and Wis-G. A. B.

Washington, April 15, 1864.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET. ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page. LUTHER COLBY, - - - . EDITOR.

Spinitrialism 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 Divino 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 rune religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Epoch of Liberty.

It is worth something to live in times like these. Sluggards and clods, men without sympathies, and men who are overruled by their timidity, all time-serving, shufiling, evasive and apotheistic men prefer that their day should have come some time after all this present stir and turmoil was finally over, and they could hug their appetites and passions closer to themselves than ever, and live a sort of chimney-corner life, engrossed in selfishness and buried up spiritually in inactivity and sloth.

The present is but the child of the past. It has come out of the years, and brings all their experience along with it. It is a concentration into a living focus of all the bright rays that are the resultants of the wisdom of the century. When we look around and try to realize where we are to-day, and what we are doing, we are more than ever impressed with the fact of our helplessness in the midst of circumstances and events; we realize in a large degree how little we have had to do with bringing ourselves into our present situation, and that some higher powers have persistently ruled above our heads. Few of us all would have chosen this state of conflict into which we now find ourselves plunged; it is much more probable that we should have preferred peace and ease to troubles like these; but are we not used like instruments in the hands of superior powers, to be compelled to perform what we never should do from choice, and to profit by the very compulsion which we should have avoided? This is all a process with which we have had nothing to do, other than yield ourselves as willing and obedient instruments in the hands of powers which it is our ighest duty to obey.

While the tendency of events is clearly toward the larger liberty and the profounder enjoyment of all, he must be more and worse than a slave who does not care to live to participate in the events of the epoch. America is in the death-struggle of ever may have been their past condition, whatfreedom, the scowling demon of slavery having tak- ever may have been their propensities—we been her by the throat. One or the other must finally lieve they will become better, nobler, higher in prevail. If we live long enough, we shall live to see freedom the law everywhere on this Continent, | fitted to enter upon the joys and realities of a stimulating to development and growth on all sides. Four millions of what were but vesterday domestic slaves will emerge from the bondage which they and we together thought little likely to end in our day, but which we believed would have to be destroyed by themselves if by anybody. The spirit of justice, however, is alive, whether it appears to us to sleep for a time or not; there is no putting off a final settlement with its demands As the white race on this Continent enslaved and held in slavery this large body of ignorant blacks. denying them those most ordinary privileges whose enjoyment would have been the first sure condi tion of their amelioration, so the final release of these blacks and their descendants is to come, not through any direct action of their own, but through a war waged between white men who are deter mined on one side to release them, and, on the other, to keep them enslaved. And even while we shudder and grow heated with speechless indignation over such cold-blooded massacres, of the black man as rebels were guilty of at Fort Wag ner, Port Hudson, and recently at Fort Pillow, we may rightfully consider that these barbarities are employed as the very means of drawing forth our active sympathies for him, and arraying ourselves in sterner lines than ever for his defence and protection. All these evils work for good: if we will not go of ourselves, then we will be spurned; if we will not see, then we shall be made to see.

Nor is this part of the world the only one that in this day illustrates the spirit of progress and liberty. The Czarhas already released some forty millions of serfs from a life-long bondage, and but recently he has bestowed the generous gift of freedom on millions more in Poland. The interested ones declare the latter will not accept it, but will rather live as the slaves of their accustomed lords. We will credit it when we have it from the peasants themselves. No creature, however humble or debased, ever yet refused the boon of liberty; least of all, those in whom the spark of intelligence and the fire of love can be kindled. The Czar may, we admit, have a mere motive of policy in this act of his; but its result will be all the same for the great cause of liberty. France, too, is carefully nurturing the seeds of a freer gov ernment than Europe has yet seen on the Continent, though Napoleon may not be working altogether to that end. Hungary is stirring for its own independence still. And, in fact, all Europe feels the internal throes of those thoughts which are everywhere waiting to put themselves forth in the form of deeds.

We shall see more accomplished now, and great er advances made in a year's brief time, than was once done in a half century. All this previous preparatory thought of men has not been for nothing. All this patient brooding over the wants of mankind has not been to no end. Causes never fail to produce effects. What men have been steadily thinking about for so many years, that they are now carrying out as fast as they can in action. The conditions at last have come around right for the crys-

waited for this day, and not waited in vain. restraining us for purposes beyond and above our Though it be ushered in with tumults and confusions, with confilet and war, with destruction and apparent anarchy, it is not less in obedience to that divine law which educes final good out of just for yet greater progress. The foundations of the these inexplicable means. We have hardly begun to suffer yet what we are to suffer as a nation; but our purification as a people will far more than compensate at last for all.

Our Free Circle Room-Its Purpose and its Use.

The great interest manifested in our circles of late, the limited means of accommodation, and the promise of friends to aid us, induced us to enlarge our circle room, which has just been done at considerable expense. We can now accommodate an audience of one hundred and fifty persons. The seats are free to all who may attend. This we wish distinctly understood. Those who feel so disposed, however, may donate whatever sums they think proper, in aid of the great work entrusted to our care.

The following message, given at our request, explains itself. It was spoken, through the mediumship of Mr. Crowell, by Dr. Rufus Kitredge, the chief guide of the Spirit Circle at which the messages are given that we print from time to time in the BANNER:

Our Friends in Mortal-You desire us to say something in relation to this beautiful place you have fitted up for our use. You would know what we think of your efforts to please, and you would that humanity around you should, through us, also know what we, your spirit-friends, think of this, their Temple of Worship. You would have is speak of its purpose and its use. peak first of its purpose.

We are often asked the question, through your nany correspondents in mortal, why those of a low and uncultivated intellect are permitted to enter and desecrate so fair a temple; why they whose only mission in mortal seems to have been crime, are permitted to mingle with your loved ones. Oh, weak, short-sighted mortals!—the purpose for which we gather within these walls is that we may draw here every son and every daughter, however clouded with sorrow or stained with crime their spirits may be; to call not only the loved and beautiful, but the unloved and deformed; to listen not only to the tales of joyful thanksgiving that come from souls surcharged with gratitude for blessings they have received in earth-life, but to listen to the earnest supplication to the sincere prayer of those who desire to cast off their burden of sin; who desire to be made obects worthy of your love; to call up from their long slumbers those whose earthly lives closed with crime, and whose only monuments are crected in the hearts of those who survived, and upon hem written ignominy and shame.

Oh, ye mortals-we declare unto you that these once were tender babes, that these once were prattling children; their mothers loved them, and in them their fathers found joy; but the hard, stern, cold realities of mortality proved too much for their spirits, and they are, to-day-if not objects of your pity, they certainly are of ours. We believe, then, that, except we call the low and outcast, the down-trodden and oppressed of every age, of every land, of every condition, the purpose for which this room was created will be a useless one. We desire those of our friends in mortal, who would debar those in darkness that would enter here, to know that except they come, that except they receive a welcome, except their darkness be removed, these, our friends must suffer. No matter how intelligent, no matter how beautiful, no matter how much cause for happiness they may have, while suffering is in their midst and darkness pervades their presence, their joys must be less, their happiness incomplete. This much for the purpose.

The use: We can only say that we believe that in raising humanity out of darkness into light, by placing before them their true condition-whatthe moral and intellectual scale of being, better spiritual life. And as we know that humanity can never be wise or happy without a true knowledge of the relationship it sustains to the objective world, and more especially to their God, so do we fully understand the necessity of removing all that tends to darken the intellect or limit the comprehensive power of the human soul while in the

The use, then, to which this room will be put, is the removing of every vestige of superstition, clearing away of every cloud that obscures the numan vision, removing of all dark traditions of the past, and placing in their stead only beautiful temples of divine thought, where every human soul may worship undisturbed, and from out the windows of which they may gaze upon the beauties of Nature, and learn to harmonize with all that surrounds them; learn to recognize and love the governing power of Nature. And as we believe this to be the noblest, grandest use to which this, or any other room may be placed, so do we throw wide open the doors of this, our Temple of God, and invite all, every son and every daughter of humanity, whether in the mortal or out, to come-to come freely, to come without fear, assuring them that here they may find peace, rest and joy for the weary soul, quiet for the disturbed spirit.

The War on Spiritualism by the Pope.

It is encouraging to the friends of human progress, spiritual unfoldment and freedom of thought, to note the rapid strides that Spiritualism is making all over the world. The war which the Pope of Rome has inaugurated against it, fully indicates the progress Spiritualism is making in Europe. Catholic France is all alive with the new doctrine. Bishops and priests are exerting their utmost to stem the current which is likely to sweep them away in its onward roll. New spiritual publications are starting up in various parts of the country. In Holland, too, a spiritual publication has just been issued, so fast are the disciples of the new faith increasing. Upon this subect William Howitt has an able article in the London Spiritual Magazine for April, which we have transferred to our columns. As it is especially interesting, and covers the whole ground, we invite the attention of our readers to it.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

This extraordinary medium for physical manifestations, who has been holding séances in this vicinity during the winter, with complete success, has gone to Taunton, where skeptics and believers will have an opportunity to test her wonderful medium powers. After her engagement there, she returns to the home of her parents in Maine. For the present her address will be at this office.

Individual Virtue.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without talization of thoughts in deeds. The world has any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

The Hull and Grant Discussion.

The last four nights of the discussion between Elder Miles Grant and Moses Hull, which came at Lynn, Mass., were exceedingly interesting. The heavy snow kept many from attending who would have been pleased to have been present, yet the audiences were large and very attentive. The discussion has failed to make Adventists, but on the other hand, some who had never before seen the beauty and truth of Spiritualism, now see that it is that for which their thirsty souls have long been panting.

Elder Grant took the position that the phenomena were all true, but that they were the work of devils. The floodgates of the infernal world have been opened upon us, and we are left without the power of resisting, only as we throw ourselves back upon the Bible. But one would think, from hearing his speeches, that throwing ourselves upon the "Word of God" always meant no more nor less than taking the interpretation of the Bible as given by Elder Grant. To prove that his Satanic Majesty was the "prime mover" in the great spiritual field, the Elder undertook to find failures in spiritual predictions, contradictions in their doctrines, and descant upon the moral character of the media; but he was not posted. The documents he produced were too old, and had been refuted too often; they did not have the desired effect. "The man Moses" seemed perfectly at home. He proved that the reports concerning mediums were generally false; that mediums were accused of no more than were the Christians of the first century; that if mediums were guilty of all the charges brought against them, their characters would even then compare favorably with the ancient prophets, who were "light and treacherous persons," who "erred through strong drink," who were "profano persons," "committed adultery, and walked in lies," "divined for money," and when their visions failed, even accused the Lord of deceiving them.

Elder Grant found no "gain from this quarter," and hence retreated back to the subject of debate, viz: the immortality of the soul. His arguments were nothing new: they were the same old ones which he had advanced an hundred times before, and which, for aught we know, have been as often refuted. One thing we feel safe in predicting: that is, that the Elder will not soon use the same arguments again. Some of them he certainly must renounce, and we hope the time is not far in the future when they will all be renounced, and the Elder will be one of the most zealous advocates of Spiritualism. Elder Grant is one of the oldest opponents of Spiritualism, and therefore one who is the most sure to see his error and ground the weapons of his warfare. He even now is learning that it is "hard to kick against the pricks."

The Fort Pillow Massacre.

We have to record as brutal, inhuman, barbarous and shocking a massacre by rebel troops as can be found anywhere on the page of history. Burning Algerines in caves by French officers was not more cruel, The old story of the Black Hole of Calcutta is actually a relief to this one about Fort Pillow. Out of a garrison of six hundred men, some three hundred of whom were negro soldiers, the rebels slaughtered four hundred outright, and wounded and rendered helpless the remainder. The negroes and negro commanders were butchered like so many sheep. Even after their surrender, after the officers had thrown away their swords, and the soldiers were helpless and a good part of them wounded, all asking for quarter, the rebels drove and thrust at them with bayonets and swords, killing them while helpless, and suppliant, and begging for mercy. Such a scene is not often witnessed in a warfare between two parts of a nominally Christian nation.

The President was at the inauguration of the Baltimore Fair, where he made allusion to the matter. He declared that, if it should be found that the butchery had really taken place at Fort Pillow as described, he would consider it his solemn duty to retaliate amply upon the rebels, although he could not then decide upon the most proper mode of applying the lex talionis.

The Metropolitan Fair.

About a million of dollars was the result of the great Fair in New York. It is a noble contribution of the people to the needs and comfort of the suffering soldiers. The Government is doing all it can, and as fast as it can, in aid of the soldiers who may be wounded in the field or brought into the hospitals; but the Sanitary Commission comes in, like an angel, to do what the Government cannot, and sooner than Government can do it, too. A million of dollars at a single fair! And in a time of actual war! It ought to move the civilized world with admiration. We deserve, at least, some other name than sordid, when such gifts as this one are recorded to the credit of the nation.

Miss Johnson in Lycenin Hall.

Miss Susie A. Johnson is engaged to lecture in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next. She has not spoken here for some five or six years, with one exception, and that was before the late Convention, and then gave very general satisfaction. She has lectured during the last ten years in most of the principal cities and towns in the Union.

Moses Hull.

This gentleman has closed a course of eight eloquent and able lectures before the Society of Spirtualists in this city. He speaks in Portland Sunday, May 1st, and then starts for the West, speaking all along on his route home.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Hatch is ecturing in Brooklyn, N. Y., to good audiences. Her fine inspirational discourses are well appreciated by the seekers after spiritual truths. We have the reports of several on hand, which will be published in future issues of the BANNER.

The Davenport Brothers

Are to be at Cooper Institute, New York, on Tuesday evening, the 26th inst, and hold séances there for a limited season.

Announcements.

Mrs. Spence speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; Charles A. Hayden in Chelsea; Miss Lizzie Doten in Quincy; Ezra H. Heywood in Lowell; A. B. Whiting in Chicopee; Mrs. E. A. Bliss in Plymouth; Mrs. Chappell in Worcester; Moses Hull in Portland.

Dr. L. K. Coonley will lecture in Cambridgeort, Washington Hall, Main street, afternoon and evening, the 1st and 8th of May, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock.

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

New Publications.

LIFE AMONG THE ANGELS: In a series of communications from the spirit-world. Published by W. E. Dunn and N. A. Durham, Duquoin, III. 12 mo., 357 pp., price \$1,50.

Every one more or less feels an earnest desire to know more of the life beyond the vail, and with avidity grasps at whatever appears that can give light on this all-important subject. The various imaginings respecting the future life are vague and unsatisfactory, based as they often are upon the predominant conceptions of objects in which happiness is found in the mortal state, while the false teachings of theology give form and shape to others still more vague and far less truthful. There are almost as many different conceptions as there are minds to receive them, thus the question is being constantly asked, "Who can tell us of the We answer, Give heed to the great hereafter?" teachings from the angel-world, listen to the voices of the mighty host who have passed on to that land to which we are all bound, as they come back and in love and sympathy seek to give us the knowledge our souls are yearning to obtain. In the work before us, we have in detail the observations and experiences of one who has passed many years in that country, from which the Church teaches us no traveler can return. Had this same traveler returned to us from a tour of observation in the Old World, and given us his experiences and the knowledge he had gained, they would have been accepted as truth, and been believed. Why, then, should not the same credence be awarded to his account of the spirit-world?

In a volume of over three hundred and fifty pages, a spirit portrays "Life Among the Angels" n a pleasant, easy and familiar style, and with the vividness of a close observer, minutely detailing all that transpired within his view as he passed from one sphere to another, accompanied by his guides, beginning with his first entrance, many years ago, down to May, 1862. Some of the descriptions given by the spirit, as new wonders burst upon his sight, are of a startling and thrilling nature. In those regions of light and intelligence nothing appeared dark or inexplicable, but everything that presented itself to observation was clearly apprehended and understood as to its nature and the purpose it serves: information was imparted mentally that elucidated and explained everything.

These experiences in spirit-life were given in a series of communications through the mediumship of Mr. W. E. Dunn, and taken down at the time by Dr. N. A. Durham, at a circle consisting of these two gentlemen and Mrs. Keyes, a highly respectable lady, the daughter of the spirit communicating, in the quiet little town of Duquoin, Illinois.

The work is divided into two parts: the first gives a description of the life of the spirit from the moment of its entrance into the world of spiritsboth of infants and adults—its social state, the beauty of its character, the sweetness of its temper, the harmony and love which prevail in every circle, as well, also, as the employments, amusements and inventions which were observed as the spirit passed through the various spheres, together with word-pictures of the numerous edifices, curiosities, scenery, etc., conveying a good idea of at least a part of the kingdom where happy spirits most do congregate."

The second part relates to the sad and miserable condition of the inhabitants of the unhappy regions. This part of the work is in striking contrast with the first part, yet of the deepest interest to the human family, as it teaches the importance of living in conformity with the laws of Nature and of God while dwellers on the earth.

This work is a valuable accession to spiritual literature. A charm and interest runs through its pages rarely surpassed in works of this class. To the believer in the Spiritual Philosophy it will be read and studied with pleasure and profit. The investigator and liberal-minded truth-seeker will find much in its pages to open their minds to the reception of more light and spiritual knowledge. We earnestly commend it to all. We hope the publishers will make arrangements to have it for

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May contains thirty-eight articles and forty-three embellishments, which clearly show that the publisher of this old and favorite monthly is determined to keep up its good reputation. A. Williams & Co. have it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR MAY.-This magazine is fast growing in public favor. This number is beautifully embellished with engravings and fashion-plates, and is well filled with very choice reading matter. A. Williams, 100 Washington

"Three Heart Offerings."

A few weeks ago we noticed an exquisite musical gem by A. B. Whiting, entitled "Lena de L'Orme," which, it appears, was only the first part of the trie, for we have now before us the other two, making a beautiful bouquet of spiritual flowers, which the author very appropriately names "Heart Offerings." These last two, By the side of the murmuring stream," and "Touch the lute gently," are beautiful and fitting companions for the charming "Lena de L'Orme." These sweet, touching melodies are sure to become popular favorites wherever sung. They are published uniform, with elegantly engraved title pages, by H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Read the "New Music" advertisement for further information. It seems that Bro. Whiting's inspirational gifts are not wholly confined to the lecturing field, for the Muses have been "holding court" with him of late, much to the delight of the music-loving world.

Cudjo's Cave.

This popular novel is having a great sale. In another column will be found opinions of the press on the merits of the work. In a note from Secretary Chase to the publishers, who asked permission to publish what he said about the work, he says :

GENTLEMEN—You may use the sentence about "Cudjo's Cave" which I wrote to Mr. Trowbridge. The book merits higher praise, and I have heard it more highly praised by discerning judges.

Yours very truly, S. P. CHASE, Washington, March 28, 1864.

The following is the paragraph alluded to

"The inflamed condition of my right eye has revented my reading or writing much lately. Cudjo's Cave' I could not help reading, however. It interested and impressed me profoundly."

Coffee.

The high price of this favorite beverage has taxed the ingenuity of man to find a substitute which would be equally as good and far less expensive. We have tried Hayward & Co.'s preparation, and find it an excellent article. It appears to be entirely free from any injurious mixture, is nutritions, healthy, and has a flavor equal to pure coffee. In these times of high prices, it is worth the experiment of trying. Many who have done so like it about as well as the real article. It can be procured by the wholesale at their store, 223 Fulton street, New York.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Spiritual Magazine.

A correspondent writing from Vermont, under date of April 17th, says:

A correspondent at Rhode Island also writes encouragingly, favoring the project of a Spiritual Monthly, and so does one writing from Cincinnati,

More Help is Still the Cry.

From Marameton, Bourbon county, Kansas, a correspondent writes:

correspondent writes:

"Your paper comes to us, and is read and then loaned to the neighbors, shedding its light and glorious truths for the benefit of many in this part of the country. We need a test medium here. Also a lecturer that will elucidate the glorious truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. There are a few noble souls amongst us, who are steming the current of Orthodoxy, and are willing to have their names go out to the world, as belonging to the progressive class.

A. M."

Mediums in New Orleans.

In answer to an inquiry if there were any mediums in New Orleans, Dr. L. K. Coonley says, in a note to us:

"The winter of 1860 I spent in New Orleans. The winter of 1000 I spent in New Orleans. The best healing medium residing there then was 'Valmore,' a colored man, living in the French part—is easily found. I have not my memoranda with me, but by calling on Mr. Train, a lawyer, near Jackson square, N. O. Falger, Magazine street, or Wallace Brice, many good mediums may be found."

A Voice from Illinois.

A. McFarland writes as follows from Geneseo,

"Spiritualism is on the increase in this region. We have had the Davenport Boys and Jennie Lord here this fall and winter, which stirred up and greatly agitated the dry bones of Old Theology, and supplied a want, with their musical and physical manifestations, that was much needed in the West

in the West.

We have engaged J. M. Peebles to lecture for us on Sunday, the first of May, and Warren Chase on Sunday, the 22d of May; and I have heard many say that there is none they would delight more to hear once again in the West, than Mrs. Spence, the great pioneer and prairie plow, who went tearing through the tough sod of Old Theology, and sowing in its stead the beautiful, harmonious, and progressive truths of the Spiritual Philosophy."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We desire our friends who may have occasion from time to time to prepare obituary notices for these columns, to be as brief as is consistent with propriety. Sometimes these notices come to us so lengthy and so crudely prepared, that we are compelled to apply the pruningknife. This the friends dislike. A little more conciseness will obviate the difficulty. Remember also, that the editor has not time to write or correct obituaries.

If any of our subscribers have spare copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 27th, No. 23, Vol. 14, they will confer a favor by sending them

We feel just like recommending our friends who want to be dealt fairly by, to call on A. F. DeWitt, merchant tailor, 921 Washington street, where they will find a choice stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods; also, French, English and American cloths, which he will sell on fair terms, and make to order in the best style of workmanship.

A correspondent in Baltimore wishes to lecturer. Will she furnish us with the desired in- | men who differ from him in religious matters.

"PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA."-In Childs & Jenk's Art Gallery, 127 Tremont street, can be seen, free of charge, Rothermel's splendid picture of Paul before Agrippa. It belongs to a gentleman in Philadelphia, who loaned it, at the solicitation of Edward Everett, for a free exhibition to our citizens. The great painting of the "Martyrs" was executed by the same artist. There are a dozen or more figures to be seen-those of the King, Governor and Bernice, being the most prominent-all remarkably expressive and life-like. "Mrs. Agrippa is a beauty," we heard a lady exclaim, as she looked admiringly on the canvas. It is a very fine and interesting illustration of Biblical history, and well worth a study.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life by transporting garden sauce from Staten Island to New York in a small sail-boat. Now he is considered worth

The American Nail Company, which has a patent by which it is claimed all sizes of nails can be made at one quarter the cost of the ordinary mode, has just started in Boston with a capital of \$250. 000 in \$100 shares.

When children who are born with silver spoons in their mouths grow up, there is seldom anything of them left but the spoons.

Do not fail to read the poetic gem entitled, "THE MAY-DAY WALK," by Cousin Benja, on our second page. The children, we know, will be delighted with it, and the old 'uns, too.

"HER GRAVE," by S. B. Keach, is also full of the true poetic ring.

SPRING. Soon shall the trees be leafy, Soon every bird shall sing; Like them, be silent, waiting, Waiting for the Spring.

Maple sugar is said to be very plenty this year -vastly exceeding the yield of previous years. The crop has been estimated at 25,000,000 pounds, which, at fifteen cents per pound, foots up \$3,750,-

Something for our English readers of secesh proclivities to ponder over:-There are ninety-five Savings Banks in Massachusetts, having, in the aggregate, deposits to the amount of \$57,000,000 !placed there in small sums by poor people. Put this in your pipe, and smoke it, ye growlers of the London Times.

Renan and his book are "catching it" hot and course.

If any of our friends should be so unfortunate as to get involved in trouble to an extent requiring legal counsel-which we hope they never will -we recommend them to secure the services of D. F. CRANE, attorney and counsellor at law, 23 Court street.

Coming from the pulpit, after a sermon, a popular minister observed to his favorite deacon— "Deacon, I'm very tired." "Indeed," replied the deacon, "then you know how to pity us."

THE COLORED SCHOOLS AT NEW ORLEANS,-There are now eight schools for colored persons in successful operation in New Orleans, and, although they have been established but nine months, the largest proportion of the scholars are well advanced in the common English branches-"Never before was there such a demand for spiritual publications; and I am glad to notice that the Old World is waking up so as to start periodicals of their own. As you hinted in the last Banner of starting a Spiritual Monthly, allow me to say I think it would be a good plan. Why cannot we support one—and one, too, that would take the lead in literature? We have the talent, and the world is beginning to feel it, and to be enlightened thereby."

Well advanced in the common English branches—some so far as to be able to enter stores as clerks, The scholars are clean and well behaved. Their teachers all express which is being made. The children are found to learn very vapidly. They number about eighteen hundred. There are in Louisiana about forty schools for colored persons, and when the schools in the various school districts are established, the number will reach at tricts are established, the number will reach at least one hundred.

The following epitaph is copied from a stone in

Corsely Churchyard, England:

"Once ruddy and plump,
Though now a cold lump,
Lies bonest Joe Clump,
Who wished to his neighbors no evil;
Although by Death's thump,
He's laid on his rump,
Yet up he shall Jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er Death and the Devil."

PARKER FRATERNITY ANNIVERSARY. The ixth anniversary of this Association was celebrated on Tuesday evening, April 19th, at their rooms on Washington street. A very large company was present, and the exercises were of unusual interest. Samuel B. Noyes sung several ongs in excellent style. An address was made by the President, Charles F. Fitz, which was followed by an original poem by Rufus Leighton, entitled, "Potomac River-1863." Addresses were also made by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Marblehead. Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Rev. J. M. Manning. A collation was served in the refectory, and a social dance followed. It was a delightful occasion to all present, Mr. Leighton's poem was a creditable effusion, and gracefully recited by Charles H. Brainard, Esq.

Regularity in eating, sleeping, and exercise, has a very large share in securing a long and healthful life. Printers of daily newspapers will please

A' clergyman or justice of the peace accomplishes great results by "putting that and that together."

A spirit is abroad which spurns
Th' authority of priests and creeds;
Erom Nature truthful lessons learns,
And follows where her teaching leads.
A glorious nature it will reach,
And childish systems leave behind;
When fearless thought and honest speech,
Will prove the manhood of the mind. Will prove the manhood of the mind.

The high price of butter, which places it beyond the reach of poor families, is caused by a ring of speculators who have been shipping vast quantities to Europe to pay for imported gewgaws, until the stock is nearly exhausted. Here is a specimen of the rich trampling upon the rights of the poor, in one article of food alone, which should open the eyes of the workingmen everywhere. and induce them to form associations for their own mutual protection against such abuses. If they do not speedily move in this matter, nearly everything they eat, drink, and wear, will go into the speculators' hands, and be by them peddled out at fabulous prices.

GRAND HISTORICAL POLEMORAMA OF THE WAR .- This magnificent work of art, which occupied two years in the execution, consisting of seven large paintings of the principal battle scenes of the rebellion, will be placed on exhibition at the Melodeon, on the evening of April 25th. This great work has elicited high encomiums from the press of London.

Innumerable robbers infest Rome at the present time; so much so, that the troops of the Pope have to do escort to the jeweled nobility, while going to and returning from their grand halls; but such men as Home are expelled from the Papal city by the authorities for minding their own business! So it would seem "His Holiness" alknow the address of Miss Nellie J. Temple, the lows robbers to remain, while he expells honest

> A piece of bread soaked in vinegar and applied to a corn on the foot, on going to bed at night, and bound with a piece of oil-cloth, will remove the corn after two or three applications.

ONWARD.

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn, Though many a vanished seene be fair; There's less Nepenthe in the urn Of Memory, than Despair The Future we can carve at will-The sculptured Past defies our skill.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs has lecided it to be inexpedient to take any action on the House resolution in regard to Mexico at pres-

Garibaldi arrived at Southampton on the 3d inst., and was enthusiastically received.

The telegraph last week informed us that the Red River Expedition had been repulsed, with great loss; but subsequent news reversed the picture. Instead of the rebels whipping our forces, Gen. Banks had repulsed the enemy. Loss large on both sides.

Bethel Lympus, Vt.

Sniritual meetings are largely on the increase in Vermont, as well as in every other State. In Bethel meetings are now held regularly, and our friend Austen E. Simmons, one of the best men and ablest lecturers in the field, is to speak there the first Sunday of each month for the coming season.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. J. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—We shall be obliged to tell you to "hold on" for the present. Our space is not illimitable, you know.

C. W., LASALLE, ILL.-Letters received. Cannot give the lady any encouragement at present.

T. C. PITTSBURG, PA.-We know of no opening such as you suggest at present. Should we hear of one, we will at once notify you.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meeting in Uncle Seth's new hall, in Greensboro', Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of next May. All who wish to be co-workers in human elevation are cordially invited to be present. Dr. Cooper, of Ohio, and Mrs. Mary Thomas Clark, of Williamsport, Ind., are heavy from all parts of Roman Catholicdom, of engaged as speakers. Bro. Peebles, of Michigan, is also expected, as well as many others. Ample provisious will be made for the accommodation of all from a distance, free of charge.

By order of Committee, I. H. HILL

Bread-Ticket Fund.

We have established at this office a Bread-Ticket Fund, for the express purpose of aiding the destitute poor. Those who feel inclined to cooperate with us in this laudable enterprise, are requested to send their mite to us. A registry of all moneys sent us for this purpose will be carefully kept, and the amounts duly acknowledged. Donations to our Public Free Circles.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

A. Glasgow, St. Johns, N. B., 30c; Elisha Dutton, Johnson's Ranche, Cal., \$1.00; A. B. Simonds, South Charlestown, N. H., 25c; R. M. Bouton, Washington, D. C., 30c; Harriet H. Cowee, South Gardner, Mass., 30c; B. H. Carter, Litchfield, Mich., 50c; Chas. Crane, Hyde Park, Vt., 200; H. Farnham, Westfield, O., 50c; J. McFarlin, Grand Blanc, Mich., 50c; Peter R. Burwell, Rome Centre, Mich., 50c; Franklin Sharpe, Springfield, Ill., 1.00; James McLean, Bueyrus, O., 2.50; Jonathan Matteson, Courtland Station, Ill., 25c; James Lyon, Hebron, O., 50c; James S. McClean, Kane, Ill., 50c; John A. Well, Port Huron, Mich., 50c; Oliver Austin, Berkshire, Vt., 25c; A Friend, Greenville, Ill., 25c; A. M. Middlebrook, Vergennes, Vt., 1.00; John Racklyeft, Seely: Creek, N. Y., 50c; H. B. Moore, Canterbury, N. H., 50c; F. F. L. Boyle, St. Louis, Mo., 2.00; J. R. Durfee, Carbondale, Penn., 50c; Mrs. R. Collins, Boston, Mass., 1.10c; Benj. Teasdale, Alton, Ill., 50c; J. G. Fisk, Battle Creek, Mich., 25c; A Friend, Boston, 200; A Friend, Chelsea, Mass., 50c; A Friend, Chelsea, Mass., 50c; J. N. Gale, Portland, Oregon, 65c; John W. Pulsifer, Lowell, Mass., 50c; A Friend, Chelsea, Mass., 50c; J. N. Gale, Portland, Oregon, 65c; John W. Pulsifer, Lowell, Mass., 50c; Kate Dunham, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1.00; Roxanna Tibbets, Munroe, Wis., 50c; Edgar Gregory, Lockport, N. Y., 50; A Friend, Boston, 25c; J. Easton, Farmington, Mass., 50c; A. Friend, Roston, 1.00; Flends at Circle Room, 60c; Kate Dunham, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1.00; Roxanna Tibbets, Munroe, Wis., 50c; Edgar Gregory, Lockport, N. Y., 50; A Friend, Boston, 25c; J. Easton, Farmington, Mass., 50c; A Friend, Roston, 1.00; A Friend, West Eaton, Maine, 50c; John McLean, Waukon, Iowa, 50c; C. A. L., Neponset, Mass., 70c; Friends at Circle Room, 5.70; Henry Turner, Louisville, Ky., 50c; A Friend, Roston, Lucy K. Hensley, Golden City, Cal., 50c; Giles Spencer, East Greenwich, R. L., 50c; C. A. L., Neponset, Mass., 70c; Friends at Circle Room, 5.0; Henry Turn A. Glasgow, St. Johns, N. B., 30c; Elisha Dut-

BREAD-TICKET FUND.—From Mrs. E. Brådford, South Weymouth, Mass., 1.00; A. Friend, Peterboro', N. H., 2.00; A. A. Sturtevant, Lebanon, N. H., 50c; A. Friend, Boston, 5.00; A. Friend, Boston, 5.00; Melitz Kingsbury, Fisherville, Ct., 60c.

Three Days' Spiritualist Convention at Clinton Hall New York.

In accordance with the announcement made at the late Boston Convention, a three days' Spiritualist Convocation will be held in Clinton Hall, New York, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 11th, 12th and 13th, 1864.

Among the speakers engaged to participate, are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, A. B. Whiting, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Moses Hull, U. Clark, L. K. Coonley, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Henry C. Wright, Dr. A. B. Child, C. H. Crowell, H. P. Fairfield, and Miss Martha L. Beckwith.

Among these invited and expected are Miss.

field, and Miss Martha L. Beckwith.

Among those invited and expected, are Miss
Lizzie Doten, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, H. B. Storer,
C. A. Hayden, J. W. Edmonds, C. Partridge, Dr.
H. F. Gardner, A. E. Newton, Dr. R. T. Hallock,
S. B. Brittan, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. E. A.
Bliss, F. L. H. Willis, and Dr. H. T. Child.

A cordial invitation is extended to all speakers
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platform of Swittinglism

platform of Spiritualism. To meet expenses, the small fee of five cents will be taken at the door in the morning and afternoon, and ten cents in the evening.

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The Independent, Wilmington, Ill., says: "CUDJO'S CAVE.-This is the title of the most intensely nteresting novel published in a long time, and is having an im mense circulation. . . . It possesses the power to enchain

the reader from the first line to the end, and is written with

marked ability, in a most masterly manner.' The Continental Magazine for April, says "We believe Mr. Trowbridge has achieved a real success in his Cudjo. The plot is well conceived and sustained, and the interest never flags from the first page to the last. There is no

dull reading in this book." Peterson's Magazine for April, says : "In 'Cudio's Cave' Mr. Trowbridge has even excelled his

The New York Independent says that

former works."

"'Neighbor Jackwood,' by the same author, is a powerful story: that the same masterly humor and the same felicity of description which appears in all Mr. Trowbridge's writings is here: that as a drama. 'Cudjo's Cave' would produce a thrilling effect. . . . The general effect of this book must be excellent. The facts it employs are terrible, it is true, but they will not be questioned in the face of myriads more terrible by far. The spirit of justice and humanity breathes from every page. The cause of Emancination of the Negro, and of the White Man, finds a powerful auxiliary in Cudjo's Cave."

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The New York Daily News (Fernando Wood's paper) says of Cudjo's Cave

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Ban-NER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

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

reported verbalim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with

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 dectrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No.158 WASHING-TON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MON-DAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time none will be admitted.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED,

Monday, April 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
John Merrill, to his folks, in Eastport, Mc; Lacy Lee, daugiter of Gen. Lee; John Forney, to his brother. Patrick Forney,
in New York City; John Berry, to his driends, in Booton, Mass.;
Henry Littlefield, of the 19th Maine, Co. 1; Lottle Wingate, to
her mother, Charlotte Wingate, of Brooklyn, N. Y;
Tuesday, April 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
Daniel McLaughlin, to his wife, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter
Mason, son of Capt. Win. C. Mason, of the 2d Virghin Cavalry,
Co. A; Olive Anu Lawrey, to her mother, in Cumberland,
Tenn.; Ben Page, to his friends, in Washington, Vi.; Mary
Graham, of St. Louis, Mo., to her brother, Thomas.
Thursday, April 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
Richard Aiderney, to his fither, James Alderney, of Haltimore,
Md.; Annie, daughter of General Longstreet; Ediredge Tyler,
to his brother, Thomas, in Massachusetts.

Monday, April 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
Lieut. Samuel Wolcot, to his friends at the South; Charlie
Mears, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died April Itti, in New Orleans, to Hannah Mears, of California, to her mother and father,
in California.

Tuesday, April 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
William W. W. Carlon of Savonsonk, William W.

in Callfornia:

Tuesday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers:
Agues Illi, to Mr. Wm. Gadson, of Savannah; William F.
Ormsboo, to his friends in Massachusetts; William Culneigh,
to his mother, and sister Clara, in this city.

Invocation. Oh, thou who art Infinite in Wisdom, Mercy

and Justice, Soul of our Souls, Life of all Things, we hear thy voice chanting through the soul a solemn requiem over departed oppression. In the midst of the wild storm that is beating upon Columbia's bosom we hear thy voice and recognize it. Oh thou Spirit upon whom soul ever relies, we look upward and outward beyond earthly life, beyond the storm, beyond the shadow, far away from the widow's tear and the orphan's mean, and behold reflected in thy smiling form greatness, glory and human liberty. Oh God, we see the form of Liberty standing on Columbia's sea-girt shore, pointing in solemn mockery to human bondage. There is no sob, there is no sound there, no life, only the inanimate form of Liberty there, being dead never to wake again. Oh God. we know that in this the glorious present, thou wilt breathe into that form a living soul that shall stand upon Columbia's shore, and speak in thunder tones, calling upon humanity to rally around its standard, and rejoice henceforth in human liberty. Oh God, we thank thee for the cloud that has settled upon this American nation. We thank thee that thou hast visited them with affliction, that war with all its attendant evil is, now their guest; for we know that out of the darkness of the present hour there shall arise a star in the east, that shall point to a more glorious future; and wise men and women shall hasten to offer homage to the new-born child of Liberty. Oh God of the present hour, we pray thee that the sword of Justice will not be sheathed until every son and daughter dwelling on Columbia's shore shall learn freedom and practice it. Oh God, may each one carry the banner of Eternal Justice within their souls: may they pray in supplication to the God of the Universe, but may all the thoughts of thy children partake in their nature of the supreme and eternal good; and while they individually ask blessings for themselves, may they remember that, though many, they are March 28. one.

Questions and Answers.

Spirit.-The audience are now at liberty to propound their questions.

QUES .- In the BANNER, Vol., 15, No. 1, your correspondent in Washington says, in speaking of the Davenports: "He then with sealing wax, scaled every knot whereby they were tied. Yet while they were in this condition, one of the medium's coats was taken off without the least displacement of the ropes, or the least breakage of the seals. In order to make more sure the prevention of any deception, the officer took off his own coat, and, in a twinkling, it was upon the medium, who, I should perhaps say was securely tied, both hands together behind his back, and the knots sealed at the wrists." First, is the above an absolute fact as reported? Second, if it is, please give a scientific explanation of it?

Ans.-With regard to the case in question, we would say we have no personal knowledge of it. inasmuch as we were not present ourselves, but from our knowledge of the conditions attendant upon physical manifestations at the present day, we declare to you that we do not doubt the truth of the assertion.

Now it would be absolutely impossible for us to demonstrate clearly to human senses that which is plain to us, but strange and mysterious to you; for the law under and by which these manifestations are performed is entirely spiritual-even the form thereof does not at all compare with human conditions. You have been told that the forms in the human life, in the physical world, offer no resistance to the disembodied spirit. This should prove to all humanity that the human spirit lives under law all its own; and the material is governed also by a law its own. These things are done under spiritual law. That law must remain a sealed volume to the soul or spirit while it dwells in the physical form.

Q.—If the manifestation spoken of be a true one, why is it necessary to keep the cause of it secret from us?

A.-Because you have not grown large enough to comprehend it. It is not that the communicating spirits desire to keep you in darkness, for had they the power they would open to your view the entire spirit-world. You must grow large enough to comprehend those things that pertain to the spirit. You cannot be a child and an old man at the same time.

Q.—Is it intended by the spirit for us to understand that we have not the power to comprehend the way in which the physical manifestation referred to is produced?

A.—Yes, it is. Q.—I have seen it, and had it explained to me. Now according to your theory, must I not have been misinformed?

A.-No; so far as you have comprehended the science, or the principles, so far you have gained wisdom, you have overcome the lower, and become master of the higher. You are not to suppose that because you have been enabled to comprehend this thing, that all humanity stand upon the same plane.

Q.-But I have explained this matter to several persons, who have appeared to understand it as well.

8 .- And why should they not? Perhaps there are many thousands who stand upon the same spiritual plane as yourself; and at the same time above vou.

Q.-Isn't it true that the officer's coat which was found upon one of the mediums, was a material, actual thing, and that all hands were with- learned how to control. Please tell my mother held from the coat?

A.—Yes; but that is merely a shadowing forth of the application of the law.

Q .- Is that the beginning? A .- That is the beginning, but not the ending.

Q .- It is the ending, then, we are not to get, at A .- It is the ending that you are not to get, be-

cause you have not yet grown large enough in spiritual knowledge to comprehend that ending. Q.-It is said in the Bible that the witch of Endor raised Samuel from the dead, and presented him to occular vision. Now would the same condition produce the same results at the present

A.—They would.

Q.—Then it was the same power that the witch of Endor used to raise Samuel from the dead, was it not?

A .- The same power, precisely.

Q.—Is there any difference between Spiritualism and Psychology? A.—Psychology is a certain department of

Spiritualism. There is a difference, relatively speaking, but in no other sense. Q.—Then we must infer that the psychologist is

a Spiritualist partially developed? A.-No, we do not think you are obliged to infer that, by any means. A Spiritualist claims to be a believer in the return of the disembodied spirit, in the power of that spirit to commune with friends on the earth; but a psychologist claims no such belief in the spirit's return to earth. Therefore, in name they are widely apart; but the principle running through the two is the same, for they are only different branches of the same nower.

Q.-Do spirits in the spirit-world maintain their individual identity, or retain the same qualities they had while on the earth?

A .- Yes, the soul or spirit, or individualized existence that dwells in the spirit-world, must ever revolve around its own centre; cannot revolve around any other, and, therefore, it must preserve its own individuality.

Q.-How is it, then, that some spirits in the spirit-land can communicate in poetry, who were not poets while living on the earth?

A .- The fault may have been, if fault it can be called, in the human machine. Sometimes the spirit while dwelling in the physical form is unable to express itself naturally—is unable to give form to those ideas that are swelling within its interior being. The machine is not adapted to interior life; but when that machine is thrown off, then the entire qualities of the soul are left to grow naturally. The physical body, the organic life presented in this human structure, is by no means a correct index of the interior. Mh. 28.

James L. Smyth.

Stranger? [What say?] I'm deucedly ignorant of these things, but I 'm confounded anxious to send a few thoughts home. [We will aid you all we can to do so.]

I'm not exactly satisfied with leaving the earth so soon. I can look back and see a good many things that I ought to have done, and that makes me kind of unsettled like. I don't know as it's any use to feel very had about anything, seeing as you're drifted along just about so, anyhow. [You'll do better in the future.] Well, I can't do much now; have n't got the means. [You may gather some to-day.] Gather some! I ha'n't to ask if the rule was to give folks their own bodies here. If it is, I was going to say I want two to-day?] They aint mine. You can't cheat me, stranger. I can tell a borrowed coat about as soon as anybody.

I'm from the 9th Michigan. My name was Smyth-James L. Smyth, and if you'll please to spell my last name with a y, instead of an i, it will be all right. I've-I've been here since-I can't tell anything about the time, but I went out at the Bull Run fight. [First or second?] I ha'n't any

recollection of any second; must be the first. Now, sir, if there's anyway that you can send any word for me to my folks, I'd like it. [Give their residence.] Princeton. [Illinois?] No, sir; Michigan. I should like to have you let me go there, if you could, with this body. [We can not.] They do n't lend it long enough to take one so far, do they? [No.] Well, then, I'll only say I can come, and as far as I know anything now, can speak with the folks at home in this way.

[Who would you have us direct a paper to?] Well. I should like to direct one to my mother. [Give us her name.] Mary E. Smyth; Polly, sometimes they call her, although Mary is her

I don't like the spirit-world, sir, as well, sir, as some of 'em do; don't like it to live in as well as this world. [You do n't?] No, sir, I do n't like it: have n't liked it all the time I 've been in it. Oh. I know there's no use in my feeling so, but then I had a good deal to do, and I kind of went out before I was ready to go. Then, again, I did n't find the spirit-world at all what I expected; so I 'm disappointed, and I do n't like the place, anyway. I've been standing on my head half the time since I went there. [That's not very comfortable.] No, it aint, particularly when one is anxious to get back to earth again. [We hope you'll fare better when you leave here.] Oh, well it's no use to mourn over what can't be helped; but, somehow or other, I can't get reconciled to living away from earth. I think, stranger, if I had got into Richmond before I went out, I'd have felt more reconciled to my fate; but I died

short of my mark, and I do n't like it, stranger. I'd like to have my mother receive all I left, everything. The rest of the folks are well enough smart enough. I'd like to have her have all that I've left, and I'm a good mind to say that if they

attempt to take anything from her, I'd fight, if I could. I aint going to pay you, for I've got nothing to pay you with. [We'll take your promise.] I aint going to promise, either, when I'm not sure that I'll be able to keep it; but if I am ever able to help you in any way, I 'll do it. Maybe I sha'n't always be so bad off as I am now; I am kind of under, stranger. [We hope you'll feel better soon. Come and see us occasionally, will you?] Well, yes; I should like to go nearer home, though. [This letter may give you an opportunity of speaking at home.] Well, I hope there'll be a chance given me to do so, for this 'ere confounded halting business I don't like. I'd rather have a long, tough march than this confounded halting busifarewell to you. March 28.

Victoria Belby.

Please, sir, will you allow me to send something to my mother? [Oh yes.] My name was Victoria, daughter of Colonel William Selby, of Now Orleans. I was twelve years old. I went to my new home in August last, I left my mother there are thousands below you, and thousands in New Orleans, although free. She's learned lately that her friends in the spirit-world can return. I asked if I might come and send word to her, and to-day they said I might, because I had I've met Mister Gaskins in the spirit-land. He was the gentleman that talked of better days to my mother long years ago, and told her that the day would surely come when there would be no slaves to darken American soil. He was a gentleman from the North. He is dead. I have met him, and he sends words of good cheer to my mother. She will know about him. I've also met my mother's father, and her brother. I never saw them here, but I've met them since death.

When this war first broke out, I was at Bel Air, in Maryland, at school. Then I was called home, and many changes have come since then. If I could meet my mother like as I come here, I should tell her many things. And my father, I've no blessings to send him, for he craves none; yet I would be glad to bless him with that knowledge that makes the soul free. [Is your father at New Orleans now?] No, sir; he's in Southern Virginia, [In the Confederate army?] Yes, sir, I wish my mother, when she gets the paper with ny letter in it, to send it, if she can, to him, and tell him that his father, and his deformed sister who died in youth, would be glad to commune with him. They predict that he will fall in battle. It might be well for him to learn something of the place he's coming to before he comes, Adieu, sir. [Have you provided a way by which your mother will get your letter?] Oh, yes, sir. Old Joseph buys the newspaper, and carries it to her. My mother was Colonel Selby's housekeeper, consequently mistress over many slaves.

Archibald Lewis (colored).

Gentleman, I thank you. Would you be kind enough to say that Archibald Lewis, of the 54th Massachusetts, who fell at Wagner, would be glad to meet his friends? Be kind enough to inform them now that I have dropped one body, and got possession of another. In my spiritual home l am not oppressed by color, caste or statioh. I am respected for what I am, not for what I seem to be. There's no division there, such as there is on earth, and my friends will be very glad to hear that I'm alive, and can come and speak to them.

Maybe they would like to know whether I suffered much in dying. Tell them I did not, for I went out so quick that I hardly realized that I was killed at all. I was so wildly excited, that I should n't have felt it if a dozen balls had gone through me. [Did you succeed in getting on to the wall of the fort?] Yes, I did, and fell on the parapet. [Where do your friends reside?] Two of them in Boston, some of 'em in Connecticut-New Haven and Hartford. [You had better give the names of those in Boston.] William and Rebecca, my cousin and my sister. Good-day. March 28.

Mary Donnahoe.

I've got something to come for. I have four little ones wanting for father and mother, and that's what brings me here. I come, if I can, sir, to send some sort of a letter to my brother, who lives in New York City, where I died. I want him to take the children and place them in some good institution where they'll be respectably

I have been gone most six weeks. I was left with my four children after the battle of Fair Oaks. Their father was killed there, and I was left with them to support. I took something, I don't know what it was, I suppose it was small pox, or measles; at any rate, I was bad off; my got my own body, sir. [That's true.] I was going | children was took away from me. I have a black woman to look after me from the doctor's, I suppose, where I was taken, and had not the privimine—not as I went out, for I should like to have | lege of communicating with any one, nor any body, two arms. I lost one here. [Have n't you got nor of receiving not even absolution from the priest.

> Now I have come back here to ask my brother if he'll take the children and place them in some good institution, where they'll be respectably brought up. [Give your brother's name.] Yes: my brother resides in Holden Court, and his name is Dennis Murphy. My own name was Mary Donnahoe-Murphy, before marriage.

Now I'd like to know how I can get there the same I do here. [Perhaps your brother will give you a body to speak through.] Some one like this? [Yes.] Oh, I wish he might. I suppose I got the prayers of the Church. I do n't know how got where I am. I can't tell how it was done. I know I am here, that 's all. I suppose my brother care for that. He has enough; he can do if he like, can help them just into some institution where they'll be well brought up. I cannot rest until I know that's done. [Can you give the names of your children?] Yes, I can. There's Dennis and Johnny, Mary and Jane-four of 'em, all small, little ones. [Do you know how old you were when you died?] Yes, sir; I was about forty-two. [What street does Holden Court lead from?] Percy street. [On the east side, not a great way from the Bowery, is it?] No, sir; but a short distance from it. Oh, I wish I was there now, just about a half hour. Never mind; maybe I'll come again sometime. Good-by, sir.

March 28.

The Fields.

Though war urges the thoughts, and the very atmosphere is filled with conflict, he is best capable of going through even the sternest and roughest trials, who prepares his soul by subjecting it most steadily togenuine spiritual influences. To this end there is nothing so efficient as a close walk with God in the fields. We need not wait until the grass is green and luxuriant, and leaves are waving dreamily before the eye; even in winter the open country has its beauties, and it is full of strengthgiving inspiration at all times. But just now when all sights and sounds are so full of suggestions, and pledges, and promises, we think the country carries an impressive lesson to the hearts of all its lovers. Though the grass does not yet appear in its freshness, we are, nevertheless, looking for its coming up green and succulent again. The slight singing of birds is but a promise of the multitude of bird-voices in the groves of summer. It would be an excellent thing for men of all occupations and professions to become better acquainted with nature. Some of the coarser or more careless ones affect to style such a fondness nothing but a sentiment, but it is such a sentiment as every human heart needs to entertain; it is bread for hunger, and pure air for breathing; it inspires and gives strength; it soothes and tranquilizes: it opens a knowledge of ourselves and gives us delight in all created things around us. None know how much larger their being is who have not learned to love the fields. We have need to make constant companions of them, to insist on ness, for that's pretty wearing to me. Well, them as our truest, simplest, and most abiding friends.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE HUMAN HEART.

BY 8, M. R.

The human heart is a wonderful thing
With its two-fold, double life;
While the outer walts by the outside gate
To battle with care and strife,
The inner looks through to the real and true,

And from out the depths of the soul There comes forth a light, 't is the inner sight, Which sees the way to the goal.

Which sees the way to the goal.
It sees the long way to the endless day
Foretold by the good and wise;
No longer by faith, or the word which saith,
There are mansions in the skles.
Does it need to look, for an unsealed book,
To the Law and Love of God?
Me obttless may read learn all they need His children may read, learn all they need, Nor fear his chastening rod.

Then while the soul waits at the outside gate,
'Mid turnoil, strife, and sin,
Let it watch and pray—be ready alway
For the message that says, "Come in." Watertown, N. Y., 1864.

The Lecture Room

WHAT CONDITION DO MORTALS ENTER THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

At the weekly meeting of the Spiritual Associa-tion of New York, held at their hall in the Gooper Union Building, April 2d, 1864, the following sub-ject was discussed:

"Whether those who enter the spirit-world carwhether those who enter the spirit work car-ry with them the good and bad aspects of their mundane characters, or whother they immediate-ly become pure and holy, and free from any of man's frailties of mind or body?"

man's frailties of mind or body?"

DR. J. J. EDWARDS said: To form any judgment of what the spirits are in the spirit-land, we must first understand what their organic properties and constituents were previous to their entering the spirit state. We must trace them up "inductively," so far as we can tangibly follow them in the form, and then, in their subsequent aspects, from "analogous reasoning" form our conclusions.

In this world the individual man is a progressive being as an unit; and associated men are

In this world the individual man is a progressive being, as an unit; and associated men are progressive also, as an aggregate. Man, the individual, has certain physical propensities, mental faculties, and moral qualities, which are variously combined in various individuals. But he must have these in the proportions which constitute Man—for if not—although a mass might exist, having life, it would be some other animal, and not man. The various combinatory proportions of these propensities, faculties and qualities are, so to say, infinite, and each individual character is the result of these combinations. Without these varying proportions, all men would be alike, and confusion would be worse confounded; but through it he does, and ever must, retain his identity. Although a man must ever retain his identity, nevertheless there is an incessant change in him from birth to death, still, never to the extent to de-

from birth to death, still, never to the extent to de-stroy the combinated proportions which he received at birth, but only more or less to develop them. at birth, but only more or less to develop them. If any one or more of these elements of human nature were taken away or destroyed, the mass would no longer be an individual man—or man in any way—either abstractly or relatively. In certain cases these proportions may be seen most disproportionately combined, in such excessive degrees, as almost to approach the absence of one or other of the elements; then idiots, or monstrous births, are seen as the consequences. Further: man can only be man by passing through these elementary gradations. He cannot have any mentality but what is based upon and nourished by his physicality; he cannot have any mentality but what is based upon and nourished by his physicality; he cannot have any morals but what result from his combined physicalities and mentalities, and are cherished and nourished by them. The order of their development can never be reversed or changed. His individuality is further identified in each man by these particular, elementary proportions stamping upon him his particular, practi-cal character, and his spiritual essence. The world possesses neither the power nor the knowledge by which to abstract either the physical, the men-tal or the moral nature, and leave only the spirit-ual, by which to identify or individualize man, any more than it can take the child of a long line of ancestors of the Caucasian race and make him a Mongol; or to take away the foundation upon which a house is built and leave it suspended

without any underlying support.

To amplify and recapitulate. It is not merely that the mental faculties cannot be developed unless they are based upon the physical propensities, in the same manner as a house is built upon a rock; the difference is, that in the case of the house it is not formed in any degree of the rock upon which it is built, it merely stands upon it; still, if but in man as the mental is developed, it is not a separate—an abstract—action, formed upon and outside of the physical; it is the physical altered and added to, according to the laws of man's development.

The same of the moral qualities; they are formed of, out of, and upon the mental and physical; they are naturally grown together and intorwoven and become one compound existence, that never has been, or can be, separated. When the seed beomes a tree it not only grows in the earth, and in the air, but some of the atoms—particles of the earth and of the air, constitute the tree. These atoms, enjointly with the seed, are the tree, and they never can again be separated until the tree shall finally be dissolved into its primitive elements, when of course its identity as a tree will ments, when of course its identity as a tree will no longer exist. As the quality of the seed deter-mines the ultimate quality of the tree, as well as its variety—modified more or less by the local circumstances governing the soil and air in which it is grown—so the quality of the physical gorm and the local circumstances govern the human devel-

opment.
Thus, then, indirectly and analogically, whether in the form or out of it, there cannot, there could not be any individuality—any personality—unless the essences of these physical, mental, moral and practical natures remained with man in his spir-tual as well as in his mundane condition. Unless these essences—these *spiritualized* physical, mental, moral and practical atoms—remain as part and parcel of the spiritual existence, it would be a philosophical impossibility for the denizens of the spiritual regions to have any sympathies or feelings with mundane man. Abstractions can have

The well-balanced human mind cannot conceive that any perfect abstraction can ever be an existing reality; a perfect abstraction is a perfect absurdity—or at least would be if it ever could exist which it never will—for if by possibility there could be an abstract spiritual condition, it would be beyond the reach of comparison, and consequently a nonentity.

nonentity.

How subtle these spiritual essences of the physical man may be, the knowledge of the world is not yet sufficiently developed to determine. We know not yet the property or quality of the human being which we designate menory. When man can solve this difficulty he will be on the high road toward comprehending and philosophically understanding Spiritualism. It will soon dawn upon the world that the one is the Alpha and the other the Omega of man's highest nature.

Next: As regards the subtlety of matter and its

Next: As regards the subtlety of matter and its high etherial aptitude to infinite divisibility. In the immediate, we ought never to forget the thousands of years through which certain known subsands of years through which certain known substances have been throwing out scents, and are comparatively unaltered in bulk. And in the remote, the highly etherialized and infinitely divided particles of matter, filling all space, forming the eternal and infinite sea in which the inconceivable myriads of suns, planets, asteroids and comets swim, and in all portions of time float through and perform those motions which are implanted in them, according to the eternal laws of the spirit

Composition, decomposition, recomposition, eternal change; yet no atom can be added to, no atom can be taken from that whole, which, doubtless has endured and will endure from and to all eter-

nity.
The next section of the question now presents

If individuals on entering the spirit-world do not take on an abstract spiritual condition, free from any of the thoughts or feelings generated in it is sow them by their previous mundane existence, and:

If they retain their identity, then, are they mentally, morally, practically and spiritually subject

to the universal laws of progressive developments?
The answer presents itself thus:
Firstly, Every atom, from the most gross to the most ethereal, must, and can only bear its true relation to every other atom. In the first place, in its relation to the atoms of our immediate systems its relation to the atoms of our limiculate systems, and in the next place, in its relation to the aggregated whole. Thus, then, whether in the form or out of it, the spiritual condition can only be developed in the same ratio as the sphere round which the spirit hovers.

It is inductively proveable that not only the individual many is progressively developed, but that

dividual man is progressively developed, but that associated man is governed by the same laws, and has to pass through the barbaric condition before

has to pass through the barbaric condition before he can attain the civilized, and through the civilized, before he eventually attains the highest spiritualized condition.

Furthermore, that the very globe which man inhabits, has been and still is being developed in accordance with the laws, and is not yet sufficiently developed to sustain such a high spiritual condition as some contend for.

Still, "coming events cast their shadows before." The highly gifted few, to whom the next—and even the still higher—condition of our spirit-life is imparted, are the prophets—the announcing messengers—of what is to be. But Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Newton, Kepler, Faraday and Dalton, were necessary antecedents to them; as Moses, Elias, Solomon and John were necessary antecedents to Christ. Christ foreshadowed Moses, Ellas, Solomon and John were necessary antecedents to Christ. Christ foreshadowed "Love." After a lapse of eighteen centuries we have not yet realized it—not yet reached it. But who can deny that we shall?

Secondly. That those who entered the spiritworld in the early days of the existence of the human race, could only be developed there, spiritually, in accordance with the then barbaric condition of the society which they had just left. To

ally, in accordance with the then barbaric condition of the society which they had just left. To say that they then could take on the highest spiritual condition which the human mind can now conceive, would be a philosophical absurdity, because by every analogy which the human mind can bring to bear upon it, we are obliged to consider that they, like all other things and actions—from the minutest to the grandest combinations in the universe—are not merely governed by the law of gradual development, but are subject, also, to those all-embraciny laws by which every part must universe—are not merely governed by the law of gradual development, but are subject, also, to those all-embracing laws by which every part must be in strict relation to the whole—"order is heaven's first law." Never forgetting this all-important fact, it will be well to amplify thus—Hope is part of the whole of the mind of man. The mind is part of the whole organization of man. The man is part of that whole section of society in which he lives. Those associated human beings are part of the whole world which they inhabit. That world is part of the whole system of which our sun is the centre. On, on to the belt of suns of which our sun forms one. On to the Nebulæ. On to the Infinite Whole. They are all relatively combined and governed. Any infraction of these relations—could such a thing for one instant exist—would clearly be "chaos come again."

Thirdly. That, according to man's present ideas of justice, it would be depriving those who existed in the form in the barbaric ages of their fair proportion of happiness, unless they could, after entering the spirit-world, attain the highest spiritualized condition. But our craying for justice is satisfied when we feel that those in the spiritworld are bearing, feeling, and enjoying the same mental, moral, practical and suritual develop-

satisfied when we feel that those in the spirit-world are bearing, feeling, and enjoying the same mental, moral, practical and spiritual develop-ments as is experienced by living man, and the world he inhabits—that world of which these spirits were once a positive portion, and of which they are still a relative part—and, to repeat, must consequently and necessarily be governed by the same laws.

consequently and necessarily be governed by the same laws.

The relation of the physical, the mental, the moral, the practical and the spiritual portions of man's nature, have, from the beginning of his existence, been changing their proportions to each other according to the laws of gradual development. And if the human family, as they have developed, have not had a greater number of sensations of happiness, still these sensations have been of a more exquisite degree, as man in his progress has gradually risen higher in the scale of animated existences, and increased the distinctive differences between him and the lower animals. er animals.

er animals.

In the barbaric ages, when the physical nature of man largely predominated in his organization—when there was very little knowledge, still less morals, and only as much practiced as enabled him to eatch his game, and searcely a glimmer of the spiritual, except the awe arising from ignorance—in those ages the enjoyment, the happiness of the human race could not have ranked any higher than does that of our depositional anihigher than does that of our domesticated ani-mals of the present time. Action and reaction is one of the laws of progressive development. If the world influences the spiritual essences com-prized within its sphere, then reason will demon-strate that the spirits also act reciprocally upon the inhabitants of the earth, and indeed, even up-

the inhabitants of the earth, and indeed, even upon the earth itself.

Fourthly. When our globe shall have arrived at that condition which will necessarily produce an equal development in the propensities, the faculties, and the qualities of the human race, knowledge will have progressed to that point in which the true relation of the individual to the whole will be clearly seen and fully known, and the progressed to that point in the propensity of the human race. the enjoyments, the happiness of the human race on earth and in the spirit-world will be elevated and intensified to the highest conceivable degree. Then will be reached one of the great divisions in the progress of the law of change. Previous to the time of that equal development, the inner, the earlier portions of man's attributes had preponderated. From that time, the outer—the moral and the spiritual—will begin to be in the ascendant. The millennium will become a fact. But as everything has relatively a beginning, a middle, and an end, so the human race, like the human individual, have their race to run. Their

numan individual, have their race to run. Their beginning they have had; their middle is at hand; it will be their zenith.

Let not the world deceive itself. In the action of the eternal law of change, all must be motion—all must be on the ascending line, or on the descending one. The table on the mountain's top is not much more than a point. As the world will progressively advance to its zenith, so it will as progressively experience its decadence. Not that it will return to barbarisms, but, like individual man, it will lose its energy; and, like a good and peaceful man, its sensations, although of a high class, will gradually become less and less interest of the progression of the p vivid, less intense, more attenuated. Its numbers, also, will as gradually diminish as they now gradually increase, finally leaving a single solitary unit. As in the beginning there was a first Adam, so reason and analogy prove there will be a last Adam. In due course of time, the earth that man in-

In duc course or time, the earth that man in-habits will run a parallel course, and after hav-ing, like man, become fossilized, ossified, and, unitted to sustain animated existences, will ulti-mately be resolved into its primitive elements, again to form part of some succeeding sphere, and again, through myriads of years, to repeat a course analogous to its present one.

Lastly. It must never be forgotten, that no two truths were ever yet, or ever can be, in opposition to each other; and that those who become Spiritualists must not cease to be philosophers. There is no right road to Spiritualism but over the paths is no right road to Spiritualism but over the paths which Science has opened up to us. If the facts which the last few years have made known to the world in philosophy, chemistry, geology, astronomy, and other sciences, have been so tested and retested as to be universally acknowledged as scientific truths, then any theory of Spiritualism which does not accord with these known and proven truths, must be discarded and repudiated, because no two truths ever were, or ever can be

in discordance with each other,

Man has for ages been endeavoring to find the Man has for ages been endeavoring to and the "royal road" to Spiritualism, but it has necessarily resulted in disappointments, and in more heartburnings, bickerings, wars, blood, and unhappiness, than in any beneficial results to the human race. They have always been endeavoring to build a house, not even upon sand, but upon nothing. It has been one reiterated series of building up, propping up and tumbling down. Science is the rock upon which true, enlightened Spiritualism will, ere long, be built.

Spiritualism will, ere long, be built.

And further, the true laws, and consequently the science of Spiritualism, could not have been known to the human race until within the last few years, because the scientific developments of the human conditions in relation to progress have only so very lately been developed sufficiently to enable any rational conclusions to be drawn of that finest and ultimate quality of the race. Al-though the germ of the flower is in the seed when it is sown, still the trunk, the branches, the leaves must be developed ere the bud can be produced, much more before the flower can blossom in all its New Books.

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ART I .-- Psychometrical Researches and Discoveries.

Obliunries.

Passed on to the higher life, from Camden, N. J., on Sunday syening, April 3d, last, in the 3td year of her age, Miss Meivina Harriey.

This estimable young lady was a victim of that fell disease, consumption, which hips in the bud so many bright and beautiful flowers of humanity.

For more than a year past—she has been a firm believer in the truths of modern Spiritualism, and during a protracted and painful illness the consolation derived from these have sustained her, and enabled her to pass through the trying ordeal of a separation from loved friends and kindred.

Her funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon. The ser vices were conducted by Mrs. Pratt, who gave an interesting account of the life and character of the decased, and concluded with the following poem from the spirit. At the close of her remark, Dr. Child spoke to the friends assembled.

I am gazing on my coffin,

I am gazing on my coffin, On my cold and lifeless clay, But my suffering nights are ended, All my darkness turned to day.

Lift your hearts, ye heavy indened! Let your tears be those of joy, For my spirit lives triumphant, Where no suffering can annoy.

Let my name he spoken often, When my empty chair you see, But remember, that from sorrow And death-struggles I am free!

Free from all that makes life dreary-Free from earthly pain and wee; What I suffered none can tell you, How I struggled none may know;

For I loved my friends in earth-life;

Dearest mother, your Malvina Needs no more your tender care; May the blessings of our Father Rest upon you everywhere!

And my father, gentle over Toward the child he loved so well, May he never feel we've parted— May he never say farewell!

Mourn me not as one departed, Nor as in some fur-off land,
For your footsteps shall be guided
By your daughter's loving hand.

Oh i my sisters, be ye faithful To the gift so freely given; Do not falter, nor grow weary, But prepare your souls for heaven! Where we'll in one glad anthem Shout deliverance from all pain; Mother, father, brother, sister, Never more to part again!

Nover more to part again!

Passed to the Summer-Land, quite sudden, in Yarmouth, Me., on the morning of February 28th, 1864, Phobe, wife of Dexter Hale, aged 64 years 7 months.

She was a constant reader of the Banner of Light, and a firm believer in spirit communion, and a medium through whom many of the departed have made themselves known to friends in this life.

She was one of the first in this town to embrace the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and has ever been a source of comfort to her surviving companion, who fully believes, though lost to sight, she is often near in spirit.

The funeral services took place on Sunday, at the close of the afternoon services, at the residence of the departed, and were conducted by Mrs. Susan Sleight, of Portland, Some very beautiful and appropriate remarks were made through her organism. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and all listened with profound attention.

Passed to the higher life, from Guilford, Me., Dec. 18, 1863. Stephen R. Ellis, aged 37 years 11 months and 19 days, leaving a widow to mourn his departure from the earth-life. All his children had entered the spirit-land before him. He was a believer in the revelations from the angel-world. The writer of this was called, at his request, to address the mourners and friends assembled at his funeral. May the truth austain and sooth the stricken mourners, and elevate them to a still closer communion with their loved ones who dwell in the Summer-Land.

Mrs. F. Wingate has passed on to that better home. She won the love and esteem of all who knew her, and the many virtues that adorned her life will be enwoven in the never-fading wreath of memory. She had a vision, and saw her son, who departed this life last summer. She told them that it was not a dream, for she was awake, and she rejoiced that she had seen him. And while upon her death-bed, she caimly awaited her time, telling them she should not long stay with them. She heard beautiful music, and looked up, her face heaming in radiance as she saw the bright spirits awaiting her. Her vision has illumined the dark household. And now may new spiritual unfoldments revent the true way for them to find heaven, since the faith of Orthodoxy falls to give consolation in the hour of affiliction. our of affliction. Augusta, Me., April 18, 1864.

Augusta, Me., April 18, 1864.

Passed to his home with the angel loved ones, on the morning of March 26, Charles, son of Nathaniel, and Mary Barker, of Exeter, Me., aged twenty years.

Thus early has passed one of earth's most promising sons, by the wasting disease—consumption; so is left one vacant apot in that home-circle, one vacant chair at the fireside gathering. But those parents, bruthers and sister, "Hourn not, as those that have not a knowledge of a glorious immortality beyond the grave," but to them the Ministry of Angels has been, and is, in this hour of affliction, a soul-cheering reality that calms the surging waves of sorrow, and whispers to their stricken hearts, "Peace, be still."

For more than two years he had been deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy, and in those hours of intense suffering his spirit drank freely at the founthins of life immortal. As his time drew near, his condicate in the realities of spirit-life and spirit communion shone out conspicuously, while he talked of the approaching change as calmiy as though but a journey of pleasure; while he calmy assured his weeping parents that he should be with them still, and one in the home-circle, while he longed to depart to be with the angel band who beek oned him away. Though for some days before his spirit left its mortal home, being deprived of the power of speech, yet by signs he communicated to the loved ones around him the cheering fact that he saw the angel band who had come to welcome him to his spirit-home, and heart the sweet strains of melody as sung by angel lips, to cheer him in his passage to the better land.

In the life and death of our young friend, though never having professed religion, he discreted the off-reneated assertion.

r innu. In the life and death of our young friend, though never have

In the life and death of our young friend, though never having professed religion, he disprayed the off-repeated assertion that the Spiritual Philosophy is well enough to live by, but not of the by, for he was ready and waiting when the boatman come to take him "over the river."

The respect and exteem in which he was held in the community, was shown in the large gathering on Sunday, at the functility as shown in the large gathering on Sunday, at the functility as shown in the large gathering on Sunday, at the functility of the writer of this. Discourse from these words: "He ye also ready;" administering such consolation as angels only can in such an hour of trial and affliction.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF.

Passed to the home of the angels, May 18th, 1864, Abba Vesta Cowing, aged 13 years, II months and 18 days.
She has gone from earth ere youth had fully unfolded into womanhood. Her disease was quick consumption. It came like a whirlwhild and bore the final summons at a time when she bade fair to spend many happy years upon earth. How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death. The parents may rejoice that they have so bright an angel to welcome them when they, too, shall exchange conditions; and the brothers and sisters realize that they can commune with their darling angol sister; they have the assurance that she is not dead, neither is she sleeping, but living, and unfolding to higher perfection in spirit-life. Thus day by day are we being linked more closely to the summer land, and life rendered more beautiful.

B. H. HINKLEY.

Passed on to the better land, from Volney, Iowa, Jan. 30th, 1864, Mrs. Hannah W. Newcomb, wife of M. S. J. Newcomb.
The absence of this amiable and much-esteemed woman is seriously felt by her relatives and friends. She was one of the early pioneers in the Spiritual Philosophy in this part of the country, and her faith in its beautiful teachings was unwavering. Her funeral was largely attended, and the audience were appropriately addressed by Mrs. N. R. Gore, the spiritual lecturer—Com. ecturer.—[Com. [Herald of Progress, please notice.]

Passed to the home of the angels, on the 18th of March, little Florence May, daughter of Mrs. Lucy K. Hensley, of Golden

Her tiny feet, though absent here, Will trend the courts on high, Her angel hands sweep golden harps Above the glittering sky.

The sliken tresses yet again Shall kiss the living brow, And life, all glorious, light the eye Which Death has curtained now.

Then yield her up, oh sorrowing heart:
God's nugels loved her best;
She was but sent to guide you home
To heaven's eternal rest.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS. [We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order

to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as pub lished. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratu-tously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the Banner of Light.

Miss Susie M. Jourson speaks in Boston, May 1 and 8; in Milford, May 15 and 22; in Waltham, May 29; and desires to make engagements for the summer. Address, Chicopec, Mass MOSES HULL will speak in Portland, Me., May 1: in Worcester, Mass., May 8. Address Banner of Light office till May 1st; after that time, Battle Creek Mich.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during Junes in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28. Address, Bridgewater, Vt., until June.

MBS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will speak in Charlestown during May; in Chicopec, during June. Miss Lizzie Dorfa will speak in Quincy, May 1 and 3: in Millord, May 29: in Boston during June; in Lowell, July 17, 24 and 31: in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavil-ion, 57 Trement street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL of New York, speaks in Worces tor, Mass., May I. Address at the Banner of Light office. J. M. PERBLES will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sur days of each month. Address as above.

Miss Emma Housron will lecture in langor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton Mass. MISS MARTHA L. BROKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Springfield, May 1, 8 and 15; in Worcester, May 22 and 29; in Lowell during June; in Stafford, Conn., Sept. 4 and 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quiney, Oct. 2 and 9; in Philadelphia during November. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

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

dross, Woodstock, VI.

A. B. Whitting will speak in Chleopee, Mass., during May:
in Springfield, June 5 and 12. Will answer calls to lecture week
evenings. Address as above.
H. B. Stouker will speak in Chelsea, June 5 and 12. Address,
Foxboro*, or 4 Warren street, Boston.

Mps. JENNIE S. RUDD will lecture in North Easton, Mass. May 8; in Northampton, May 15 and 22. Address, Taunton Mass. WALTER STYDE will lecture in Cooper Institute, New York City, on the subject of controlling the healing powers for the treatment and cure of disease, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday of each week, until the first of

May: Mns. Laura M. Hollis will speak in Stockton, Me., the first

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Providence during May. Will make engagements for June, and the fall and winter months. Address, box 42, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. Sanah A. Nert will speak in focke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.
W. A. D. HUME speaks in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 1 and 8. He will answer caths to lecture on spiritual and philosophical subjects. Ills address, till May 14th, is Cincinnati, O., care of J. B. Campbell, M. D.
Wannay Chasak's address will be Chicago, Ill., till further

WARREN CHARE'S address will be Chicago, ill., till further notice. His business engagements in the West will prevent bis return to New England till inter a summer or fall. He will receive subscriptions for the Bunner of Light.

W. K. Ripley will speak in Willimantic, Conn., May 15, 22 and 29; in Little River Village, Me., June 5, and July 10; in Plymouth, Mass., June 19 and 26. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER speaks in Randolph, May 1; in Groveland, May 8 and 15; in Haverbill, May 22; in Charles-town, June 5, 12 and 19; in Lowell, July 3 and 10; in Old Town, Me., during August. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mus. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Plymouth, May 1 and 8; in Chelsen, May 15; in Quincy, May 22 and 29; in Lowell during September. and 29; in Lowen during september.

Mas. E. M. Wolcott will speak the first Sunday of each
monthin Leicoster, Vt., for the coming year; and the second
Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vi.

Dut James Coopen will speak in Dayton, O., May 8: at the
Ounterly Meeting at Greenbord', Ind., May 13, 14 and 15; in
Cadiz, May 16 and 17; in Richmond, May 22, if desired. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

J. G. Fish speaks one-half the Sunddys at Battle Creek; onefourth at Kalamazoc; one-fourth at Plainwell, Allegan Co.
Address Battle Creek, Mich. Will spend the three summer
months in New York and New England.

18AAO P. GREENLEAF will speak in Dover, Me., May 1, 8, 15
and 22; in Exeter, May 23. Will answer calls to lecture in any
part of New England where his services may be required. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

Charles A. Harden will speak in Chelsea Moy Land a. in

dress, Exeter Mills, Me.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chelsea, May 1 and 8; in Lyceum Hall, Boston, May 15; in Chelsea, May 22 and 29; in Lynn, June 5; in Quiney, June 12; in Dover, Me., June 18 and 26; in Old Town, July 3, 10, 17 and 24; in Lincoln, July 31; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro', during November; in Worcester, during December.

W. F. JAMESON, trance speaker, Albion, Mich., will speak in 8t. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month; in Lyons, May 1 and 29.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

(Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words

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DE. H. F. Gardner, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will
answer calls to lecture.

MISS EMMA HARDINGR, San Francisco, Cal. sep19—1y*
Cora L. V. Hatch. Present address, New York. jan2—†
MISS Susir M. Johnson will answer calls to lecture. Address, Chicoppee, Mass.

IRA H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Chicoppee, Mass.

IRA H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Ilartford, Conn.

Nov21—1y*
MRS. Jenner S. Rudd, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will
answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

MRS. Barah A. Byenes, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon,
trance speaker, will snawer calls to lecture. Address, No. 87
Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. Susie A. Hutoninson, Milford, N. H.

MRS. Julia L. Brown's address for the next six months will
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MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H. ap23—6m*
MRS. JULIA L. BROWN's address for the next six months will be Hannibal, Mo., eare of N. O. Archer.

MISS LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich., will speak in various places in the southern part of Michigan, filling engagements and making others as the friends may call, during April and May. After which, will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) her services are desired. Will speak week evenings, and attend funerals. Will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light and Rising Tide. Books for sale.

MES. CLARRIE II. DEARBORN will answer calls to lecture Address, Worcester, Mass. marl2—6m* Address, Worcester, Mass. marl2—6m²
C. AUGUSTA FITCH will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in the trance state. Address, Post Office drawer 6505, Chicago, Ill. marl9—8w°
Mas. H. T. Stranks will answer calls to lecture in Detroit and vicinity, She will also attend funerals. Post Office address, Detroit, Mich. marl9—8w°

Miss L. T. Whittier will answer calls to lecture on Health and Dress Reform, in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis. Jan16-† MRS. F. O. HYZER, box 166, Buffulo, N. Y. MRS. F. O. HYZER, box 166, 1941mio, N. 1.

JACOB G. REED, magnetic physician, North Stockholm, N. Y. mar5-3m*

M. L. Sherman, trance speaker, Lowell, Mass. mar5-3m* MISS LIZZIE DICKSON will answer calls to lecture. Address ortsmouth. N. II. lan2-6m* Portsmouth, N. H. Jan2-6m*
MISS A. P. MUDGETT will answer calls to lecture, and attend
funerals. Address, Boston, Mass.
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Hatch. jan23-†

Hatch, Jan23—†
BENJAMIN TODD, Janesville, Wis., care of A. C. Stowe, oct31—3m†
J. S. Loveland will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, Williantic, Conn. Jan9—†
Moses Hull, Battle Creek, Mich. Jan9—† F. L. H. WILLIS. Address, New York, care Herald of Process. Jan2-MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY, Dayton, Ohlo. LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. nov28—†
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MRS. LIZZIE WETHERBEE, Healing Medium, at No. 1 McLean Court, Boston. Hours from o'clock A. M. to 12 M.; 2 o'clock till 5 P. M. No medicines given. April 13.

April 13.

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D.R. NEWTON invites all who are not well able to pay, without money or price." Diseases that are considered lineurable, are frequently restored in a few minutes.

March 19.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

MRS. C. W. HALE. At the carnest request of many friends, has opened a Circulating Library of Spiritual and Miscellaneous Books,

No. 931 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. No. 931 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
TERMS for Books, Five or Ten Cents per week, according to value.
Reference or security will be required for the safe return of all books loaned.
It is intended to keep all the works on Modern Spiritualism.
These and the Hanner of Light and Herald of Progress will also be for sale.
If a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained, these papers will be served as soon as issued.

17 Jan.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

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A Consumptive Cured.

DR. In JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered while in the East indice a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow-mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, fullure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, mausec at the stomach, inaction of the howels, wasting away of the muscles.

25° The writer will please state the name of the paper they see this advertisement in.

CRADDOCK & CO.,

June 27. 1y 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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NO. 634 WASHINGTON STREET, may be procured every variety of pure and fresh Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Olis, Extracts, Patent and Popular Medicines, together with all articles usually found in any Drug Store.

A liberal discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clairvoyants, and those who buy to sell again.

July 4. 11 OCTAVIUS KING.

NORWEGIAN CORN. TARLY eight-rowed yellow Corn that will ripen in six and leight weeks from the time it is planted. Ears from six to nine inches in length, depending upon the strength of the soil. On the receipt of 25 cents, will forward enough to plant one hundred lills.

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DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE. Hancock House, - - - Court Square,

BOSTON. WM. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL, Wash-ington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, Mass. May 23.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. Address Station D, New York City.

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

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

Christinas Eve had come-that beautiful, glad time, when all over the world people try to express their love and kindness, and to show in gentle deeds of mercy how much of heaven they have in their hearts. May and Lucy and Will had made arrangements to devote this evening to the pleasant offices of love and friendship, in their own home, and to prepare to receive Will's friends. The beautiful Christmas tree stood with its gleaming lights, and its mysterious packages and gay ornaments; the open wood-fire sent its flickering gleams over the room, and as Will lay on his couch propped up by pillows, and the lights shone on his face, he looked like an angel, for his face had on it the radiance of love, and his eye revealed the happiness of his spirit.

Tim was now as one of the family, and they only waited his arrival to distribute their gifts to each other, and to enjoy what each had been for weeks looking forward to; for the most beautiful part of the Christmas season is that which is spent in preparing some pleasant surprise for another.

Well." said Will. "this is beautiful, is it not? to sit and see all this brightness, and to feel all this goodness and love; but how I wish every one was as happy as we are; I have been wondering why they are not. I am sure if I was a dear Father in Heaven, I would make every one perfectly happy; and I cannot understand why there need be any trouble in the world."

"I was thinking the same last night," said May; "and as I was thinking, it seemed as if some one was trying to put pleasant thoughts into my mind and as well as I can remember them, they were these: There is nothing really worth having but goodness; and to get goodness we must strive for it, and grow to it, just as the tree grows. Troubles are just like the winds and storms that make the little slender tree strong and vigorous as it grows."

"Yes," said Will; "I never was really happy until I had trouble. It was sickness and pain that taught me what I could become; but there are so many that have no one to love them as you and Tim have loved me."

"I do not think that," said May, "for when I had no one but cross Mrs. Grimes, as I thought, to care for me, I had a loving angel that helped me, and led me, and spoke gentle words to me. So you see that the dear Father has not left any one friendless and alone. But I am in such a hurry to have Tim come."

"Yes; that you may unfold that mysterious package and let me know that wonderful secret that you and Lulu have been so unwomanly as to keep; but really if I had not been a boy I should have coaxed you to have opened it long ago. But I hear Tim with his strong, manly step."

"Quick! the scissors, Lulu, that I may cut the cord, for this is to be the first gift unfolded. There! was ever anything more beautiful? It is just as I

Lucy's picture was opened. It had been the work of weeks, and no wonder it took the prize medal. It represented a beautiful fountain, sending up its waters in soft, silvery spray, that fell and flowed to a golden basin, on whose borders were beautiful flowers and hanging vines. In this basin the waters were as still and as smooth as a mirror, so that all objects were reflected in it, even to the tiniest blade of grass. Bending over this basin was a little girl with her tiny hand upraised in wonder at what she saw; her face seemed to be looking afar down, as if the waters had some hidden life. Beside her was the form of a woman in garments of white, and with wreaths of beautiful flowers, which she was about entwining around the little girl. There fell over the picture a soft, golden radiance, that seemed like outflowing light."

"Oh, how lovely!" said Will. "Did you do that, Lulu? It is the Golden Fountain, and that is May, and that is her angel mother, though she has no wings,"

"Angels do not have wings," said May; "for I have seen them, and I know."

"My teacher told me it was a great fault in the picture, but he let me have my own way about it," said Lucy. Tim who had entered and stood looking at the

picture over the heads of the others, could not speak, but brushed the tears from his eyes, as he saw the beautiful image before him. He took a wreath of laurel that he had brought to hang up for Will, and placed it on Lucy's head. "Beannot wear it," said Lucy; " for though this

is my work, yet it was May who gave me every idea of the picture; to her belongs the crown."

"No, no!" said May; "for though I saw the beautiful vision, it was Tim who explained it to me, and kept me from forgetting it; to him belongs the crown."

'Yes, yes," said Will; "that shall represent Tim's crown that he has been wearing these years -the beautiful crown of patience."

"No." said Tim, "it is only the truly purified that can wear crowns; let me place it where it belongs, on Will's head."

Well, Tim, let it rest there to show you that I am soon to be crowned with a fairer crown, just like the one that the angel is binding about the little girl. Tim, when I can no longer look at this picture, it is to be yours. You are to take down that old calico dress that May used to wear, and put this in its place. You have nothing but fair pictures on your own golden fountain, but you can let this inspire you to help others to be as true and noble as you are."

"Come," said Lucy, "you are thinking altogether too much of my gift. I only wish it could have blessed Will as I hoped."

"It will, Lulu; do you think I am going to forget a single thing that I know now when I begin my life in heaven? Why, like enough I shall have a picture just like this, even there."

"Why, Will! what a strange idea," said Mav. "Why is it strange?" said Tim. "I am sure we shall find everything that can bless us in the spirit life, and why not pictures? Who knows but

Lucy has been an artist for two worlds?" . "Oh, if I could work for Will, when I can no

longer have him to talk to." "But you will have me to talk to; don't this picture show you what spirits can do? Lulu, I will put beautiful pictures before your spirit eyes and then you shall paint them, and help the world to be better."

"But, Will, what can I do?" said May.

"Oh, you can write books." "Write books! why, you won't know anything about books in heaven."

"I think I will," said Will; "for if I know here, why not there? And if you write beautiful thoughts they will have a life in them that will bless me."

"Oh, I thought death was so dreadful," said May, and you talk just as if it was beautiful, and you really seem to think you are going a pleasant jour-

ney,"
"And so I am. I would rather live than to die, because I think I could do a great deal of good and make you all happy. But you see unless I had started on this journey I should have made no one happy, for I was not happy myself. But come, you all look so sad let us open the other packages, though nothing can seem beautiful to us now, after this vision of heaven that Lulu has given

Tim's case of mathematical instruments was next opened, and as his face gleamed with joy as he stooped to kiss Will, Will said:

"Yes, Tim, you are as beautiful as the angel now; and if May will only come and kneel beside you,I think you would make a better picture than Lu's. Look, Lu; don't they represent an angel's dream of love?" But May ran away and brought the other gifts

to be opened, which were well fitted to each. Lucy had a valuable box of paints, and May a package of books; besides these there were many smaller gifts for each. It was a glad, joyous time, and spite of Will's pale face, the evening seemed like the gladdest of their lives. It was because there was so much of heaven in their hearts.

Christmas morning had come, and in Mr. Derby's usually cheerless house there was an unusual bustle, for he was brushing up his long-unused best clothes, and bidding Frank run here and there to bring him some needed article.

"Why don't you go, and put on your better suit, Frank? This is no common day. Come,

Frank soon returned.

"Bless my heart! is that your best rig? Why, my boy, it is n't large enough for a two-year oldshort at the waist-narrow on the shouldersdear me! I do believe you'll have to have some new ones; and I don't care if you run over now to Hill's, and ask him, as a special favor to me, to open his shop and let you have that suit that I saw ready made. Hurry, my boy, for I never was so impatient to be on the way. Well, now he's gone, I am almost sorry. Let's see: it will cost ten dollars. But then-but then if that is true that those girls told me, I think it's high time I began to have something besides piles of gold laid up. A golden fountain! I thought that the only real good was solid gold, in dollars and eagles. Perhaps, after all, there is another kind of gold."

Dinner was over. The large company had enjoyed their roast turkey and plum pudding, and had all returned to the parlor where Will lay, looking more feeble than ever, but glad and happy. He had prepared offerings for all his friends, that should be best suited to their needs. Ed. Jones hall, with a fine portfolio, a purse with money enough in it to assist him in learning a trade. Sam. Raymonds had a package of books suited for him at school, and a beautiful pair of slippers. Charlie and Tom had new jackets and books. Frank Derby had a beautiful set of chessmen, and a book of engravings.

When the delight of each had been again and again expressed, Mr. Derby entered, and Lucy ran to bring him a huge package, which he received with great surprise. It proved to be an immense bag, formed like an old-fashioned purse, and on it was written, "He who draws out an ounce must put in a pound."

"Let me obey first, Mr. Derby," said May, and he opened the clasp and she drew out a little package from one side, but slipped in a large one on the other side. Lucy followed, and did the same, and Tim, and Will, who demanded to have it passed to him. What does this mean?" said Mr. Derby. "I

give away, and yet recieve more in return. You take, and yet I win."

"It means just this," said Lucy, with a pleased smile. "It is just the way you do, and everybody else: the more we give, the more we have." "But that's not fair. Let me see what you

"But that's not fair. Let me see what you have been doing for me. A warm dressing-gown 11-2 and 11-2 o'clock, in Irving Itall. Speakers, engaged:— -a soft pillow-a quilted night-cap-some soft slippers—oh, how comfortable I shall be. Yes you shall have all I promised—that is, just what you wish. I tell you, girls, I have thought of what you said ever since I saw you, and I believe it's rue. Come, wish."

May and Lucy and Tim all whispered in his oar, and then he bent toward Will.

"You all want the same thing, and you shall have it. Come here, Frank; they all wished that I would send you to school, with a plenty of books and clothes, and I'll do it. Yes, I will!" and he brought his foot down with a strong stamp of approval. "But, Will, my boy," said he, "they told me you were going away, and here you are sick: you are not fit to travel."

"Oh. the way I shall go will not need strength, Mr. Derby. I shall leave my body behind."

"You are not going to die, Will?"

"I think not, Mr. Derby; that is, I expect to live, but to let my body die. I have done you great wrong in the harm I did to Frank in leading him into mischief; but perhaps he will soon overcome all that, and I shall be able to make amends to you both."

"You've done that already, Will. I never felt so much a man before. I remember you used to call me old miser, when I passed you. And so I am; but old misers have hearts, if folks only knew how to warm them into life. These girls told a story to me that set me a-thinking, and I begin to feel young again. But, Will, I wish I could let you take my place, and that you would live, while I, an old man, might as well die. But, after all, I rather think I am not half old enough to die: if doing good is to measure the length of my life, it is pretty short. I would n't want to die now, with no more blessings to take to heaven with me."

The evening passed in pleasant conversation, in singing, and the playing of games. Mr. Derby sat in the corner, looking on with real delight, and played a game of chess with May. When they parted, they each felt as if they had been near the gate of heaven, through the beautiful pathway of love, and as if Will was the anger who led them, by his own purified life. It was a Christmas day never forgotten, for from this time these boys began a new course of life, and each one seemed to try to bless Will by making him feel that the good he had done them was greater than the evil.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SARAH I. CARPENTER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.-A letter was sent to you several weeks ago, which has just been returned by post. Your proposition was accepted, with the privilege of judging of the matter submitted.

Answer to Enigma, by George D. T.—Banner of Light: A Weekly Journal of Romance Literature and General Intelligence.

Answer to Rebus in our last.—The Let-

Luigma. By E. W. and L. B. P., Newport, R. I.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 3, 11, 5 is an adverb. My 1, 11, 8, 5, 2, 7 is a staple product.

My 0, 1, 14 is convenient in summer. My 13, 6, 5, 9, 3 is a study.

My 12, 9, 6, 10, 2 is a musical instrument, My 8, 14, 6 is a beverage. My 4, 6, 0, 13 is part of a vessel.

My 12, 6, 9, 3 is the French term for bread. My whole is a city in Europe.

Prize Enigma---No. 3. (Designed especially for "young folks.")

As readers of the BANNER residing in Boston and its immediate neighborhood have greatly the advantage of those who reside in the country, in their greater facilities for reaching us early with their solutions, we propose to award TEN PRIZES to the authors of the ten best (not first) solutions of the following, which shall reach us by the 15th of May.

Let those think now who never thought before, And those who seldom think, now think the more.

Nine letters there are—and nine only—in me, There is no one on earth who more happy can be: My 5, 3 and 6 is a creature some love;

My 1,7 and 8 is wherever we move; My 3, 7 and 9 is a great source of light; My'8, 1, 7 and 5 has filled many with fright; My 2, 4, 1 and 5 it some folks doth suit

To use when they wish to urge forward a brute; My 6, 3 and 5, it is said, ne'er had birth; Whoe'er finds my whole, finds an angel on earth. Now each of the ten the best answer shall give, For their skill and their pains shall a "PRESENT'

receive.

To each of the ten persons we have designated, we will forward a copy of "Not one Star GONE," and "How to MAKE HOME HAPPY," which we have just published. Address.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lycoum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, at 21-2 and 71-4 r. M. Admission, ten cents. Lecturers engaged:—Susle M. Johnson, May 1 and 8; Charles A. Hayden, May 18; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, May 22; Miss Lizzie Doten, June 5 and 12. FRIENDS OF THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY WIll meet ever Monday ovening at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, corner of Pro-cince street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission from.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, overy Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 5, 12 and 19.
CREEBEA,—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, May 1, 8, 22 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Blass, May 15; H. B. Storer, June 5 and 12; N. S. Greenleaf, June 19 and 20.
OUINCY—Mostlines every Sunday in Rodger's Charle. Ser

N. S. Greenicar, due is said 20.

QUINCT.—Moetlings every Sunday in Rodger's Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 1045, and in the afternoon at 245 clock. Speakers engaged: —Lizzle Doten, May 1 and 8; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 22 and 29; Roy. Adln Ballou, June 5.

L. A. Diss. July 22 mil 29; Rev. Adii Ballou, June 5.
Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church.
"The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 1-2 A. M.
The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and
evening:—E. H. Heywood, May 1; Dr. H. Hamilton, May 8;
Mrs. C. P. Works, May 16, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during June; Mrs. A. A. Currier, July 3 and 10; Lizzlo
Doten, July 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during September;
Kellie J. Temple, during October, November and December.
Cuttoner Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings average Sunday Chicores, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternion and evening, in Music Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 31-2 o'clock in the afternioon. Speakers en-gaged:—A. B. Whiting, during May; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during June.

during June.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Loyden
Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Ichabod Carver, Cor. Sec., to whom all letters should be addressed.
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bilss, May I and 8; W. K. Ripley, June 19 and 26.

WORCESTER.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall, every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:— Mrs. S. L. Chappell, May 1; Moses Hull, May 8; Martha L. Deckwith, May 22 and 29.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, May 15 and 22; Miss Lizzle Doton, May 29; G. B. Stelbins, June 5; A. B. Chilid, June 12; William Lloyd Garrison, June 19; W. K. Ripley, July 17 and 24.

NORTH EASTON.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Jennio S. Rudd, May 8.

May 8.

PORTLAND, MR.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hail, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday School and free Conference in the foreion. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Moses Hull, May 1; Rev. Samuel Longfollow, May 8; Wendell Phillips, May 16; Theo. D. Weld, May 92; Frederick Douglass, May 29; Miss Nellie J. Temple, during June.

New York—Dedmosth's Hell.

NEW YOUK. — Dodworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening at 10 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock. The meetings are free.—Clinton Hall. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, prepared to the control of permanent speaker.

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lic speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every sunday, in Smeed's Hall, 481 9th street. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, May 1; L. Judd Pardee, May 8, 15, 22 and 29 and June 5; A. E. Newton, June 12, 19 and 26; Thomas Gales Forster during July.

CINCINKATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Sy iritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Minth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME, The Celebrated Spirit-Medium, ENTITLE

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE:

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY Judge Edmonds, of New York.

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ula,]
The Revelation,
Hope for the Sorrowing,
Compensation,
The Eagle of Freedom,
Mistress Glenare, [By Ma-

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Love, (Shakspeare,)
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riety and novelty of character seems to me admirable. The book absorbed me too much for my other studies and letters, so I saw it best to stick to it and finish it off." The Philadelphia Press says: "The prominent idea is giganic.''
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able power-the power of truth outspoken, with the voice of a man who is in carnest." John G. Saxe says, in the Albany Argus: "The story is one of great power, and will be found extremely entertaining."

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nalism. The eminent author leaves no doubt as to his views

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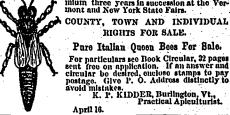
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