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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light. THE DEAD CHILD.

BY DR. E. CASE.

Thou of the pallid cheek,
Thou of the stilled brow,
Thou whose fair beauty, touched by death,
Hath not departed now,
Thou, of the sleepless years,
Thou of life's sunny hours,
Thou whose voice was that of a bird
Heard in the spring-time bowers,
O'er thy slumbering clay
What a mystery has passed!
Silent and cold and speechless now,
Yet beautiful to the last.

Into the upper life,
To the inner glory gone;
Scaped from the earthly cares and strife
That our older years have known.

Safe from the thorns that pierce
Our wreny, way-worn feet;
Safe from drinking the bitter cup
For every joy we meet.

The false and the unkind,
The base and the untrue,
The stains that mar the immortal mind,
Fair child, are not for you.

Beyond the sphere of these,
Beyond all ills of time,
Thou art passed, like a ray that speeds away
To some fairer, sunnier clime.

To thee the spell is broke;
The bitter hour is o'er.
Thou knowest the light of the flowery clime
And life of the flowery shore.

Thou treadest the regal halls,
Where the departed dead,
In the city of the Living God,
In the Land of Spirits, tread.

The wisest and best of earth
Know not what ye now know;
Earth's proudest kings and conquerors
Are poor, fair child, to you!

What are their gems that shine,
Or the clorets on their brow,
To the fair coronals that bind
Thy shining tresses now?

What are the flowers that bristle
Around their casements rare,
To the flowery asphodels that bloom
Where the deathless Edens are?

What are the wreaths they braid,
The chaplets they entwine
For the proudest, fairest, bravest here,
Compared, fair child, to thine?

And what, oh, what of us?
When shall we come to thee?
How long must we wait at the golden gate
Ere we, too, shall be free?

Must we strain our tear-dimmed eyes
Through the mists before our sight,
To catch a gleam of the spirits borne
Beyond the stars of night?

Must we beat about in grief,
While time and distance bars
The golden gate where the watchers wait,
In the mansions of the stars?

Well, so let it be!
Thou Kingdom of the Blest!
Ere long our bark, o'er the waters dark,
Will moor in thee, at rest.

On the sunny isles that rise
In the far and shining main,
Where 'neath the palms the children play,
Fair child, we shall meet again.
Lafayette, Ind.

THE END WILL BE WELL.

BY B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND, J. P.

Deep down my soul is sunk in more
Than deathless gloom;
No longer beams one joyous ray
Of hope or love;
Darkness unrelent shrouds every thought,
Even the tomb
Presents no charms, nor angels cheer
Me from above.

Life's path is planted every inch
With piercing thorns,
On which I tread at every step
With bleeding feet;
Weary in want my spirit wails
With inward groans,
And naught on earth save peaceful death,
To me seems sweet.

Did JESUS suffer for my sake?
Or only give
A painful pattern to my soul
How it must die?
Say, can we only through much grief
Learn how to live?
And will it fit us for a world
Of bliss on high?

Within my soul a sweet response
From heaven comes;
Hark! while it sings, "Each earthly cross
Will gem a crown,
Like flowers fair, our trials here
A Garland form;
While wisdom hides a smile of love
In every frown."

Thus, while without the raindrops fall,
And nature weeps,
Within my soul the storm has broke,
The bow appears;
And joy like laughing rills, through all
My being leaps;
Tears are but dew, a holy calm
Quells all my fears.

Trust, doubting soul, the unseen power
That rules o'er all;
Is not thy life of greater worth
Than lilies bloom?
Behold His loving hand who checks
The sparrow's fall,
And from this moment banish all
Thy faithless gloom.

Literary Department.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by WILLIAM WILLY & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER V.

Jessie's Diary Continued.

"I must have been asleep I say, sound asleep! And it was all a dream!"

There was great mourning in Dalton when Judge Perry died, but on Woodside the shadow of death rested very heavily. No one spoke of a summer trip now, and within and without the house there was the hush and gloom which death always brings. The impulsive nature of Mrs. Perry was now evident. She was not selfish in her grief, and commanded herself in the presence of others, but she moaned and wept incessantly when alone. "I am desolate and bereaved," she said, "for I have lost father, husband, guardian, all in one!" She had always leaned upon him, and felt incapable of acting for herself.

When I would go into her room to smooth her hair and read to her and try to comfort her, she said, "Oh, Jessie, if I could have died, too! or if God had taken me and left him! I cannot, cannot live without him!" My only hope was in the very intensity of her grief, that it might not affect her like that slow, silent sorrow which, like the worm in the bud, destroys before we are aware of its existence. She made me promise I would stay with her for the summer, and I could not refuse. But before autumn I received letters that my father's health was failing, and Dr. Ward wrote that if I wished to see him alive I must hasten home. "Go," said Mrs. Perry, "go, by all means, at once, but come back to me, Jessie, come back, for we shall be indeed sisters in sorrow."

Dr. Barton called to see us shortly before my departure, but I had not then heard of my father's illness. He was not staying at Greenwood, but at the hotel in the village, which we thought very strange, and we urged him to remain with us. He did not remove his luggage, but retained his room at the hotel, and still nearly all his time was passed at Hillside. He talked and read and played with the children; and he selected Mrs. Perry's favorite music for me to sing and play, and was so kind and gentle in his way, so full of sympathy, never avoiding to speak of our loss, but referring to the Judges as belonging to us still, only having passed "over the river" first, and then he would sing with me that sweet song, "Over the River," (he had a rich bass voice and there was something soothing in its tones,) till Mrs. Perry felt the influence of this comforter and was more like her genial, cheerful self. I have seen the Doctor's eyes follow her as she moved about the room, with such a look of earnest sympathy, as if he read all her sorrow.

"Ah, Jessie," he said, "no wonder she grieves! her husband was one of those rare men whom to know was to love. Save my own father, I should feel no one's death so keenly." And yet, he let business keep him from the funeral, and he had not come to us in all these days of sorrow. I could not understand that.

Mr. Selden was away from Greenwood now; perhaps that was the reason the Doctor did not go there. One day Peter handed him the key of the den.

"No, Peter, put it back in the old box under the ground. If I wish for it I will tell you."

"Your rooms are all in order, sir," said Peter. "Master John told me, if you came, to say that he hoped you would occupy them."

"I shall not need them, Peter. I have a room at the hotel this time."

I was sorry to have the time come for him to leave, for the house was so much brighter when he was there, and the children were so fond of "Uncle Jim," as they had learned to call him. They had their regular recitations now during the day, so that I saw the Doctor only in the evening, but I could hear his voice about the house, sometimes singing, sometimes reading, and beguiling Mrs. Perry by long talks of their travels on the continent.

I remember one day—it was very wicked in me to have such thoughts—I was sitting by the window in my room, and the Doctor and Mrs. Perry were in the garden, gathering pears for dessert. She had thrown her bonnet aside, and I thought as she stood there I had never seen her look more beautiful than in that plain black dress and widow's cap; and the Doctor—to me he seems one of Nature's noblemen, worthy such a woman as Mrs. Perry. And then for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps—yes, perhaps he would win her for his wife. He had always thought her superior to any other woman, why might it not be so?

Oh, Jessie Gray, I said to myself, why should this thought give you pain? Then I remembered all that Dr. Barton, Sr., had said to me, and, on looking into my own heart, for I determined to look there at the risk of great self-mortification and suffering, I found that Dr. Barton had occupied too much of my time and interest; and then I bowed my head in shame and grief, and afterwards rose bravely and looked at myself in the mirror—a small, plain, pale, little woman, and I wondered that I should have been so led astray by the affection and kind wishes of the good old Doctor and his wife. The dressing bell rung for dinner, but I was afraid I was not yet in a right mood to go down, so I closed the shutters and, in the silence and darkness of my own room, thus I prayed: "Oh, God, hear the prayer of one who would love thee supremely. Help me to say, Thy will be done, and, in all the changes of life, to submit cheerfully to the dispensations of thy

providence, resigning all into thy hands, and knowing no will but thine." Then I arose calm, and with a clear insight into my own heart, and a knowledge of my duty. I think I was happier that day than I had been for a long time. I wondered that I had not seen before how like a brother the Doctor had treated me; but my watchful eyes detected his admiration, amounting almost to worship, of Mrs. Perry. She did not see it, I was sure then; but since, I have had proof that she never suspected it. No, her thoughts at that time were all dedicated to the loved and lost.

When the Doctor left he said to me, "Jessie, I hope you will remain with Mrs. Perry. She loves you very much and you are a great comfort to her. I will write to you after my return to Columbus." How thankful I was then that I had been so faithful to myself that day, for now I knew that he would write to me only that he might hear from Mrs. Perry. He did write, and I answered it immediately, telling him nothing of myself, but all about my dearest friend and the children.

Then I had my letter calling me home, and I forgot everything else in my own grief lest my father would die. My brother Henry met me at the Woodburn Depot and said father was more comfortable, and Dr. Barton hoped he might live for some time yet. I was very thankful for this, but it made me sad to see him so worn and emaciated. He was so glad to see me that he shed tears. Aunt Betsey was a capable manager of household affairs, but not a gentle, quiet nurse; the stillness of the sick room was very tedious to her, and she was glad to have me take her place, that she could send away the "shiftless, good-for-nothing hired girl," as she called the poor creature that she had hired at cheap wages to do the drudgery of the kitchen. All winter my dear father hovered between life and death, but he did not suffer greatly; it was a gradual failing of the vital powers. It was a great privilege to be with him. It was like going down to the River of Death with "Christian." And when spring came I saw him put on the shining garments, but my eyes were dim and I could not see him on the opposite bank ascending to the Golden City.

Mrs. Perry and myself had corresponded during the winter—she had been very sad and lonely. She mentioned that Dr. Barton had been to Woodside, but she said nothing else about him. But in two or three of her letters she had mentioned John Selden. He had been at home some weeks during the winter. "Poor John," she wrote. "I never saw so great a change in any one—he is still very sad but not morose. He has taken to Willie wonderfully; and every day the child seems to be winning him from his misanthropy. Madam Homer and Mrs. Selden are spending the winter with Mark Homer in New York."

Again in another letter she writes: "Dr. Barton has been here again, but did not go to Greenwood; and when he met John here, they were very cool and reserved—at least Dr. Barton was so toward John. I cannot understand it; they have been from boys such intimate friends. Poor John!" There it was again. I did not quite like so much compassion for poor John! I thought if Dr. Barton was displeased with Mr. Selden, he had good reasons for it. But then I had little time to think about the matter, for this last letter came the week father died. He died in his sleep; and though I sat by his side, I knew not the moment when the spirit left the body. His face never looked so beautiful as in that sleep, when the angel of death with one touch of his shadowy fingers brought back the beauty of his manhood. We laid him to rest in the church yard, under the trees which his own hands had planted over my mother's grave.

He was very much loved by the people whom he had served for fifty years; but the evening of his burial, my brother and myself stole away from the kind friends who had come to the parsonage to sympathize with us, and took our farewell by the grave. Henry was going South to teach, and must hasten away to fulfill his engagement; he was already a week behind his time. He left that evening in the cars. I was alone in my room, alone in the world, and henceforth dependent upon my own exertions. I knew—for my father had told me—that we were poor. All I possessed in the world, was a little furniture which once belonged to my mother, and a deed of the pasture lot which my father had caused to be made out in my name. I could go back to Dalton; had promised to do so, but I had now made up my mind that Dr. Barton had a design in visiting Woodside, and when a suitable time arrived, he would be master there. I did not dream that even Mrs. Perry, beautiful as she was, would refuse Dr. Barton; and if the marriage should take place, why, I would rather not be the wrongness for Nettie and Willie. It was perhaps wrong in me, and showed that I was not quite so strong as I ought to be.

I was not surprised when I stopped at the station near Dalton, to find Dr. Barton and Nettie waiting for me. The Doctor was very kind, and looked concerned and sad when he saw how pale and thin I had become. He wrapped his shawl round me, for the night was cool; and Nettie slipped her hand under the shawl and held my hand in hers. "Oh Miss Gray," said the child, "I am so glad to see you again; I have been so lonely." There was the real pathos of suffering in the words, and I did not understand then nor till long afterwards, why the dear girl was so lonely and sad. Mrs. Perry was watching for the carriage, and she covered me with kisses, and held me in her arms, and made me so welcome that I was glad to be with her again. What a loving, impulsive nature she had!

It was now nearly a year since the Judge's death, and I thought that evening that Mrs. Perry's sorrow had not worn upon her as I feared. There was much of the brightness of old times about her, and I sat drinking in the beauty of her face that evening, and wondering if I should ever find another woman so lovely. Dr. Barton

felt it, too; I could see that the very ground she trod upon was sacred to him. He left the next morning, and Mrs. Perry said to him on leaving, "Come often to see us, Doctor, now that Miss Jessie has returned," and he threw back his wavy hair, with that gesture of his hand which I know so well, then turned and kissed me. "Yes, Jessie, I will come often, and we will be children again and go out into the woods together when the nuts hang brown upon the tree." The words were addressed to me, but the last glance was for Mrs. Perry; and I read James Barton's heart then, for had not I known him from a boy? When we went into the house, Mrs. Perry said: "He is a noble fellow, Jessie. Has he proposed yet?"

Now she was either deceiving me or was deceived herself, I could not tell which, but I answered, "No, Mrs. Perry, nor do I think he ever will."

"Ay, Jessie, he is too social in his nature to live an old bachelor."

I turned and went up to my room—somehow I could not hear that she should speak thus to me. That very evening I heard John Selden's voice in the parlor, and Mrs. Perry was singing to him; and I knew by the sound that it was his piano not ours that she was using, and I wondered somewhat. I did not go down again that evening. But I was unhappy, I could not tell why, but I fell asleep weeping.

We were very regular and systematic in our school duties that summer. The piano had been moved from the parlor to the school-room, and Mr. Selden's instrument, as I have before hinted, brought to Woodside. Mrs. Perry consented to my receiving two or three music pupils, which occupied my time, and afforded me additional compensation. I was very glad of this, for I had used all my funds at the time of my father's funeral. Mrs. Perry often brought her needle work and sat in the school-room with us. She was very lonely. Mr. Selden came in frequently, and as the days became shorter and the evenings lengthened, his visits were more prolonged. I can hardly tell how it came about, but after a while I passed most of my evenings in my own room with Nettie, while Mrs. Perry, Mr. Selden and Willie, remained in the parlor. I think this was my fault—if fault it was—for when Mr. Selden asked me for music I excused myself, because I was employed so many hours during the day at the piano. Then I was, like most Yankee girls, expert with my needle, and the new morning toilet made many changes necessary. Nettie was crocheting a breakfast shawl for her mother, and wished for my instruction. Thus we were thrown much together, and I found my little companion a comforter in my sorrow.

I was surprised at the change in Mr. Selden. Whenever I met him he was less melancholy, and exerted himself to be friendly and social; but, strange to say—though I believe such is the perseverance of our sex—I ceased to feel an interest even in his great sorrow. Not that dear little Birbie was forgotten, for we all cherished her memory; none with such reverence as Peter, who still made his daily pilgrimage to the tomb; but I now thought of her loss more in connection with others than with the father. I think I am given to extremes, for, from ceasing to feel a sympathy for Mr. Selden, a positive dislike grew upon me; and the more I studied his features, the stronger this feeling became. I noticed that when he spoke he never looked the person whom he addressed fully in the face; then there was a little cast in the eye, which gives to many faces a sinister look—it certainly did to Mr. Selden.

That winter little Dalton became very ambitious, and emulated larger towns in raising a liberal subscription for a course of lectures from our best speakers. Chapin, Beecher, King and others of less note were invited. Mrs. Perry was interested, and very liberal in her subscription. Every lecture evening the carriage was brought round, and Mrs. Perry, Nettie and myself attended regularly, and soon Mr. Selden came to occupy the vacant seat, or we went in his carriage, which was a little more commodious; and as Peter was the more careful and experienced driver, he was preferred during the winter season.

I remember one cold snowy evening I felt a little troubled as we came out of the Hall, and Peter stood at the carriage door with some extra wraps upon his arm, to see, while I was waiting for Mr. Selden to assist Mrs. Perry in the carriage, Madam Homer and Mrs. Selden pass, walking to their own home. I could not see the expression on Madam Homer's face, for the night was dark, but she turned and watched us a moment, and I could easily imagine what her look might be. I did not like the appearance of the thing myself, and turned over in my own mind how I might avoid being one of the party; but I am a poor diplomatist, and all I could do was to tell Mrs. Perry that I wished to make a call upon a friend in town, and would go with her to the lecture. Unfortunately a storm came on and there was no lecture, and Mrs. Perry, who knew Mr. Selden came from his office in the buggy, asked him if he would be kind enough to fetch me home. Thus all I gained by my ruse, was a ride with Mr. Selden, passing Madam Homer's house, when she and Mrs. Selden saw me from the window.

I then resolved that I would perform my duty and let matters take their course, though there were many uncomfortable hours for me that winter.

Poor little Jessie! That was a wise resolution perhaps, to let matters take their course, but we have more knowledge than yourself what that course was, and we will enlighten the reader, though perhaps he has already seen for himself. We will enter the family one of those long winter evenings, when Miss Jessie and Nettie are sewing by the fire in the governess's room. Nettie's breakfast shawl of purple and gray worsted is nearly completed, and she hopes by the next day to present it to her mother. Her friend and teacher is at work upon a black dress for the cold

weather; they have enjoyed the evening, for they have alternated in reading aloud Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables, which is new to Nettie, and her companion has enjoyed the keen interest of the little girl in poor, lonely Hepzibah. The book, the dress and the shawl are all to be finished that evening, and they therefore indulge themselves in sitting up an hour later, and then they linger awhile to talk over the strange, aptly tale, and to their surprise the clock in the hall strikes twelve before they are in bed, and just afterward they hear an enter door below open and shut. Nettie is timid, she is sure there are robbers in the house, but Miss Jessie, whose ear is more acute, is certain that the step is outside of the house, and she raises the window a little and sees some one going across the garden to Greenwood. She thinks she knows the step, but she does not tell Nettie so. The little girl, reassured goes down stairs and finds her mother still in the parlor sitting by the table leaning her head upon her hand, and evidently in deep thought. Nettie goes very quietly to her mother's side and kisses her; then Mrs. Perry is aroused from her reverie and returns the embrace very tenderly, but says in some surprise, "Are you up, Nettie? my daughter must not keep such late hours."

"Only to-night mother, see!" and she threw the shawl over her shoulders. "You will wear it to-morrow morning, will you not?"

"Yes, darling; and the mother holds her to her bosom a moment, and looks into the sweet, young face, when a sudden paleness over-spreads her own features. "Why, Nettie, how much you look like your father!"

"Do I, mother? I am so glad, dear, dear father! we shall never get used to living without him, shall we? Oh, mother! I would like to die and go to father; death does not seem terrible now he has gone from us."

The mother answered not a word, but there was a closer embrace, and they parted for the night.

When Mrs. Perry found herself alone, she rose and walked the room, and it was not until long after the household were wrapped in slumber that she sought her bed.

It was Selden's step that Jessie heard, her ear was not mistaken, and it was with a feeling of triumph which he had not experienced since boyhood that he entered his own home. "I have triumphed!" he exclaimed, as he closed the door of his own room, "a long fought battle, but victory at last!" Now in the prime of her glorious womanhood she is mine! mine!" he exclaimed, as he, too, walked his room, unable to sleep from the very excess of his joy.

Yes, that evening John Selden had told the story of his early hopes to Mrs. Perry. He had gone in, as was his habit, now almost every evening. Carrie had merely tolerated him at first from sympathy with his great loss; a community of sorrow had made her still more lenient to him in his misanthropy. She had striven to draw him from it. Her hope had been to reunite the severed hearts of the married, but not mated. John had invariably avoided the mention of his wife's name, and preferred to turn the conversation to the scenes of their childhood, and early home. Carrie never wearied of this topic. Step by step he had gained ground, Carrie all unconscious whether he was leading her. This evening he had found her at the piano; she was alone, Nettie had been dressing her mother's hair that day, and it was no longer confined beneath the cap, but the heavy masses were wound round her head as in years gone by. The open sleeves fell back from her white hands, looking still more delicate from the heavy jet bracelets on the wrists, the beautiful slope of the round white arm was visible while she played. As Carrie Perry sat there she was more beautiful than in her girlhood. John Selden felt this as he stole noiselessly to her side, and stood till she had finished the sonata.

"Carrie," he then said in a low tone, "give me that again, please."

She complied, merely saying, "It is beautiful, is it not, John?"

He gazed upon her face with the feeling that he had never known before how lovely she was; then upon those fair, round arms, till passion, such passion as only those strong, reticent natures know, was aroused within him. His arm stole round her, "Carrie, forgive me, look at me!" She turned, John Selden was transformed before her! Admiration, passion, intense love burned in his eyes. "Hear me!" he said, deprecatingly, as he saw her look of unguessed surprise and terror. "Hear me, Carrie, before you condemn." You were the ideal of my boyhood, and I have loved no other. When Judge Perry came between yourself and my love, I felt that life henceforth had no charms for me. A passing feeling of admiration, a belief that Anna Homer loved me, made me a captive to her wiles; for you well know I was more passive than herself in bringing about that marriage. I hoped I might forget you—you know the result. But when Birbie came, I knew again what love was; love that filled my whole soul. I began even to believe in God, in heaven."

"John!" said Mrs. Perry, laying her hand on his arm, "begin to believe in God?"

"Yes, Carrie; but I have now neither faith nor hope; there is no God, no happiness, no heaven for me, unless you will lead me to it. Hear me a little longer; do not send me from you in despair just yet. You loved Judge Perry, loved him as the child the father, as the young girl her faithful guardian, and with a father's love he loved you; but it was not like my love; the passion of a life, the fever that will never be cooled till Death lays his cold hand upon my pulse. We are both free now, be mine, lead me to peace and goodness; and he stood before her in all the humility of a suppliant, while the words, the voice, the tone, the eyes full of feeling, told of the deep, warm passion of the strong man.

"John," said Carrie, "can this be so, that all these long years you have loved me, and I never suspected it? and is it this that has made your life so—so unlike what I had hoped for you? God forgive me, John, for my mistrust and want of sympathy."

"Give it me now; make of me what you wish; your love will purify, exalt, redeem me!"

Again he ventured to take her hand and look into her eyes, which, however, could not return his gaze, for they fell beneath those burning glances.

"John, give me time; let me think. Go now."

"But come again?" he said, in a low tone.

"Yes, John, come again; but give me time. Oh, John, it is a fearful thing—such love as this!"

"Carrie, it was terrible to think of dying, and never revealing it to you! I will go, if you command me, but I must come again!"

They parted—but we all know what is said of the woman who hesitates. Ay, Carrie Perry, was there no guardian angel to warn you? Was there nothing in your heart that made you shrink instinctively from the touch of that hand? Was there no memory of that dying prophecy—of those clear, calm eyes that pierced the future and foresaw this scene?

Once that evening there was a still, small voice, but only for a moment, when she looked at Nettie, and saw her father in her eyes. There was something in Carrie's warm, impulsive nature that responded to such love as that which John Selden felt, and to lead that suffering, stern man to peace, was a task that she almost desired.

No wonder John Selden sang his psalm of victory! No wonder he thus forgot the lone, divorced, childless woman, who, in a humble home not far from his own, was brooding over her wrongs and her sorrows, and thought only of the beautiful one whom he hoped soon to call wife! Sleep on, John Selden, but Nemesis is swift-footed and clairvoyant!

Spring had come again, and nowhere did she find a sweeter welcome than from tranquil lawn and whispering trees and swelling buds, than from the hill where Greenwood and Woodside reposed in such quiet beauty. Years of wealth and taste and toil had made them very beautiful, and Dalton was very proud of those homes, always directing strangers to them, as unsurpassed for beauty in the West.

Miss Jessie sat in her favorite bay window, one morning, looking at the scene which never wearied her, but soon her thoughts wandered, and her brow was troubled. War now filled the land, and her brother Henry had, in the very first excitement at the fall of Sumter, enlisted in the Union Army. Jessie would not have had it otherwise; but, nevertheless, there had entered into her heart an anxiety which she could not quiet. There was no one in Woodside or Greenwood to do battle with the foe—no one liable to draft, save Jim, and he told Peter "if the war was against our England, he jabsbers, if he would n't stand a draft, and volunteer, too, and whip the old country till she didn't know London Bridge; but as for fightin' for them murderin' niggers, to set 'em free, as Squire Hall said, by St. Patrick! he wouldn't do it."

"And you need n't," replies Peter. "The Lord's a comin', and he hant nuffin to say to Ireland yet. He's a comin' to set his people free, and all he asks of such as you is not to stand in de road. But if yer found dere, de chariot wheels of his glory will roll over you."

Jim made an exclamation of contempt, and moved away with his hoo to a distant part of the garden. Jessie was tempted by the soft spring air to walk in the garden, and as she walked, she was still musing and longing—as many a woman beside Jessie Gray has longed—for a strong arm to strike for her country. She was so absorbed that she observed no other person in the garden, till a voice near her said:

"Good morning, Miss Gray!"

Jessie turned, and saw Aunt Hannah. Now Jessie had a great regard for the good old housekeeper, and gave her a smiling greeting.

"I hope I do n't intrude," said the housekeeper, with a little hesitation in her manner, "but I have come out to say a few words to you, which I hope you will take kindly, as it is meant."

"To be sure," said Miss Jessie, who wondered a little at the introduction.

"Suppose we go into the summer-house, where we shall be out of sight and hearing;" and she stepped back for Jessie to precede her.

"There, now, Miss Gray, you are an orphan, and my heart often aches for you in your trouble, more especially as you have no one to tell you if you go wrong, or shield you if you make a false step."

This last expression disturbed Miss Gray, and she was about to rise and leave, when she thought that this woman could not feel any ill-will against her, and she would hear her through.

"I see you start, and there's a flush on your cheek; but I mean no harm, Miss Gray. I am your friend, and I know you are not suspicious, and are ignorant of the slander and gossip there is in this village."

Jessie began to understand now, and she was pale and silent, but listened patiently.

"Now, Miss Gray, I wish with my heart that Mr. John had seen you first. I do, indeed! Your gentle ways and your sweet voice would have made us all love you; but seeing things are as they are, and that terrible Madam Homer for your enemy, I can't advise you to marry him. No, I fear you will only have a life of sorrow; the whole town is full of the gossip; and I do n't like to have them talk so. Indeed, Miss Gray, I love you too well not to tell you all this, and advise you to do something. I can't tell what; you are wiser than this poor old woman."

"Marry him! Marry who? I do n't understand, Miss Hannah!"

"Why, Miss Gray, has n't Mr. John been visiting at your house near all winter? and is n't Dr. Barton going to marry Mrs. Perry some time, if he can persuade her to change her name, and a very sensible, good man he is, and I can't blame Miss Carrie? But you and Mr. John! It don't seem exactly right; and if the matter isn't all settled, I wish you would think about it longer, and not be hasty."

Miss Jessie had heard all now; she had been patient, but she could endure it no longer.

"Miss Hannah, you are right in saying that Mr. Selden has visited Woodside often; for six months he has been a constant visitor there; but in all that time, I do not think I have passed two hours in his society. Marry Mr. Selden! not while God gives me reason!" and she turned away to hide the tears which were flowing freely.

"Do n't be angry with me, my dear Miss Gray! I mean kindly."

Jessie turned and gave her hand, but she could not speak, then hurried into the house. She performed all her school duties faithfully, and it was not until seven o'clock in the evening that she had time to lock herself into her room and think. She looked around upon the room that had been such a pleasant home to her, but could be such no longer.

"I must seek another home at once—but where?" Poor child! she had none. Then she remembered of her musings in the morning, and some pleasant thoughts came into her mind, for she smiled. But tears soon followed the smile, and when she was calm again, she knelt and prayed for guidance and wisdom.

One thing was made very clear to her: she must leave Woodside. Hour after hour passed, and while she sat there John Selden came into the house, and she heard his voice in the parlor: then Willio's step on the stairs, going to bed. She opened the door to bid him good-night and give him his evening kiss. It was a bright, happy face, and he said:

"Miss Gray, I am not afraid now; whenever I begin to be, I say the verse you taught me, and the fear all goes away: 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.'"

She held him a moment in her arms. "Always trust in God, Willio; he will never forsake those who trust in Him."

[Conclusion in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"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 air." (Lionel Henry.)

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWO.

"Here is a warm, sunny seat, auntie," said Will; "just behind is the hill to keep off the wind, and in front the old forest, shorn of its leaves. I like the trees best when they are leafless, don't you?"

"Sometimes I think the leaves hide a great deal of beauty," said Aunt Zera. "Look at the delicate twigs against the clear sky, they form a beautiful network. And see that arch over there; they say that the graceful Gothic architecture was suggested by the forests, where the trees make beautiful temples, with their pointed windows and lofty domes—the best of all temples to worship in."

"Is n't it strange that everybody doesn't try to find some form of beauty to imitate when they build a home?" said Grace.

"They generally do," said Will; "like a pumpkin or squash. There's Mr. Adams's new house, it looks for all the world like a pumpkin father raised last year; flat on one side, sloping on the other, and a general dumpyness all around. That's imitating nature for you."

"You know what I mean," said Grace; "beautiful things in nature always speak to us, and I always think of great and good men and women when I look at a forest tree. But, Aunt Zera, are we to have another true story out here?"

"To be sure we are. It is a place made purposely, one would think, for story telling, so quiet, and yet with such a view of the far-off valley along the river, as if we could send our thoughts out to the world. That forest over there crowning the mountains makes me think of those grand old forests of Lorraine, that sloped down the Vosges mountains. They were said to be haunted by fairies, but they could not be more beautiful than is that one with its purple tint against the grand mountain."

"Oh tell us about them, the fairies, I mean," said Kate.

"But I was to tell a true story," said Aunt Zera.

"Well, I know by your looks that there is a true one coming out of those forests. So begin, do please, while we are all so warm and comfortable here in the sunshine."

"Are you sure you are warm enough?" said Eunie. "Let me wrap the shawl a little closer about you;" and she spoke as if Aunt Zera was left in her care, and several years younger than herself.

"It is as warm as the house and far pleasanter," said Aunt Zera. "And now for the fairies of Lorraine."

That must have been a beautiful country in the province of Lorraine, just under the shadow of the Vosges mountains, and watered by the river Meuse, where dwelt the poor laborer Jacques Dare and his wife Isabella. From the door of their home they could see the old oak forest that had been so long one of the favorite haunts of the fairies. But close by was the church, and the priest did not think that the fairies were Christian neighbors, so a mass was said every year to drive them away.

But there soon came to dwell in this humble home several children, and they loved well to hear the stories of the little ladies in the woods, but their mother loved better to tell them the stories of the Church. One of her little daughters was an eager listener to these stories. Her name was Jeanne, and she was both beautiful and good. She stayed often at home with her mother while her brothers and sisters worked in the field, and she learned to spin and to sew.

But few of the poorer people in that region learned how to read or write, and Jeanne did not learn a word; but all the sweet stories of the Church, of Jesus and Mary, and of the sainted and holy men, were told to her by her loving mother, so that Jeanne thought a religious life was as beautiful as her life at home; and to serve God as pleasant as to serve her loving, gentle mother.

And so she spun and worked at her household duties, and often cared for the sick among her neighbors; and she never forgot to feed the hungry, or give to those who needed. They called her the best girl in the village.

"What village was it?" asked Kate.

"Don-Reny," continued Aunt Zera; "and the villagers all loved her and admired her beauty, and wondered at her piety. At this time—the reign of Charles VII. of France—frequent wars devastated the country; and as the village of Don-Reny was frequently between the contending parties, Jeanne early learned the terrors of war. She often gave up her bed to some poor fugitives who sought shelter from the hordes of brigands that swept over the adjoining country. Once her family were obliged to fly, and returned to find their home destroyed by fire."

Jeanne could not understand why God permitted all this misery, but she had perfect faith that He had the power to raise up a redeemer; and so she prayed often to him and to the angel Mary that they would bring a time of peace.

One day, about noontime, she went out in her father's garden, which was close by the church. It was a fast day, and her thoughts were more than ever given to heavenly things. There suddenly shone a light, brighter than that of the noonday, close by the church. Its brightness dazzled her, and as she looked toward it, a voice spoke to her, "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child, go often to church."

She knew that the voice was not a human voice, and that the light was not the light of the sun; and into her heart came a new joy, and yet she was almost afraid. She had never thought that an angel could speak to her, a simple girl; yet those few words were to her heart like the gleaming of a star through her chamber window, they drew her thoughts away from all other things. That spot in the garden became a favorite place to her. She loved it as if it had been made holier than other places.

The angel paid her still other visits, speaking to her sweet words of counsel; but she only saw the light and heard the voice. But one day the radiance seemed more glorious than ever before. Her gentle heart almost trembled as she beheld the great glory. In the midst of the brightness she beheld many figures, and one that seemed like that of a wise and noble man. Her whole being seemed to reverence him, and she felt both awe and love for him. "Jeanne," said he, "go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him."

What strange words were those to be spoken to a young girl who knew nothing of the world save what had come to her in her quiet, simple life.

"Sir," she replied, "I am only a poor girl, and know not how to lead men in arms."

The angel gave her directions what to do and endeavored to encourage her. It proved to be none other than one of the old saints; and he came again to her to inspire and encourage and to beg her "for pity for the Kingdom of France," to obey his words. Then there came beautiful women clothed in white, and with gleaming lights about them, and their voices were soft and sweet as they spoke to this sweet child and encouraged her faith. "I longed," she said, "for the angels to take me away with them!" and no wonder, for she must have been near heaven in that garden by the church.

"Now, Aunt Zera," said Will, "if I did n't believe you always told the truth I should assert that you were romancing a little. I've read the history of Joan of Arc, and there was none of that lumping in it. No doubt she thought she heard something, but she was a visionary."

"I am giving you a true history of a beautiful life," continued Aunt Zera, "and he who doubts its truth will not believe the angel appeared to Mary at the sepulchre."

"Or took Peter out of prison," said Jeanne. "Yes," continued Aunt Zera, "angels have always been close to the simple, the pure and the good; and Joan D'Arc had a holy mission to perform to her country. Her father and mother had many doubts about her visions, and they bade her stay at home and be a good girl. But there was a power about her that she could not resist. It bade her leave the home she had loved so well, to forget the entreaties of her gentle mother, to disobey her father's command, to go among strangers and encounter peril. It was a long, long time before she could make up her mind to do all this; but at last the spiritual influences were stronger than all others, and they led her forth. None of her own family trusted in her visions, but she had an uncle who listened to her story and believed that heaven had indeed called her to do a great work. He took her with him to his own home, and accompanied her to Vaucouleurs, where, after a time, she had an interview with Baudricourt. She told him to send the Dauphin word to be firm, for the Lord would send him succor in Mid-Leut."

"Baudricourt was a captain, was n't he?" asked Will.

"Yes, and a skeptical one, too; and he thought the easiest way of disposing of the matter was to go to a priest. The priest said prayers over Jeanne, and bid the devil depart from her. But the common people heard about the matter, and heard gladly, as in olden times, and believed and flocked in crowds to see her. To one gentleman she said:

"The Dauphin has no succor but myself, and I must go to him, though I would prefer staying and spinning with my mother. But this is no work of my own; I must go and do it, for it is my Lord's will."

"Who is your Lord?" asked the gentleman.

"God!" replied the maiden of great faith.

"What year was this?" asked Will.

"It was in 1212; sixty-three years before the discovery of America. At last, after many efforts and failures, she succeeded in starting on her journey to the French Court. It was a journey of much peril. She was a young and beautiful girl, but she was too pure to have any fears. When others feared for her, she said:

"Fear nothing; God guides my way! It is for this I was born."

At another time she said: "My brothers in Paradise tell me what I am to do."

And she did pass through all danger in safety, and was at last received by the king. He received her in great magnificence, as if he expected to overawe her by his surroundings. Fifty torches lighted the hall and three hundred knights surrounded the monarch. But she entered the imposing scene with all the simplicity and grace of a child. The king kept himself among his courtiers, that he might test her powers by seeing if she would recognize him. She went immediately to him and addressed him. He was much moved and, it is said, took her one side, when she showed her clairvoyant power by telling of a circumstance known only to himself.

There was by this time two parties: one favored her, the other were her bitter enemies. Therefore she was sent to the Doctors of Divinity, in the great city of Poitiers. She sat down on a bench, and with all the simplicity that had governed her in her home, she replied to the questions of these very reverend men. She related to them her visions; told them about the angels, and what they said to her. The Doctors were so very wise, that they wished to dispense neither party, and finally decided that it was not unlawful to listen to the maiden. Some of her examiners began to quote to her from the writings of Doctors. She replied:

"There is more in God's Book than in yours. I do not know either A or B, but I come commissioned by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and to have the Dauphin crowned at Rheims."

At last it was decided to listen to her, and she was equipped. A brave knight attended her and two pages, and also her brother, Pierre Dare. She rode a black horse, and wore white armor; at her side was the sword of St. Catherine, which she had designated where to find, and a small axe. In her hand she bore a white standard embroidered with fleurs-de-lis.

"How splendidly she must have looked!" said Grace. "I can almost see her now. Did she wear a dress like a woman's?"

"No; she wore a costume like a man's, but her modesty and purity enveloped her like a protecting veil. Everywhere she went people felt the power of her sincere devotion, and when she entered Orleans, the crowd was so eager to see that it was with difficulty that she passed through the streets. They desired even to touch her horse, as if she and all about her were holy."

And now I would like to tell you how the attack on the English was renewed; how jealousy made the commanders plan a secret attack, which failed; how, at last, led by her the French recovered, in a great measure, the glory of their nation. The siege of Orleans was raised, and Charles VII. crowned king in Rheims. But I wanted only to tell you the beautiful story of Joan of Arc while she talked with the angels, and obeyed their commands."

"Oh!" said Will, "do go on! do go on! I begin to believe."

"It would take me till nightfall to tell you of her triumph, and then of her martyrdom; for you know she was cruelly betrayed, and at last burned at the stake. It is a history so full of interest, that I trust you will all find it and read it."

"But, Auntie, did she forsake her faith?" asked Kate.

"At the very last, while the flames curled around her, she cried out, 'Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me.' But there had been times when she lost faith, when she was frightened into doubt because the Church condemned her—the Church that she had so revered. I do not like to think how the poor child must have suffered in prison, with no friends to protect or encourage her."

"And was the king mean enough to forget to help her?" said Will, indignantly.

"He left her to die, when he knew she had saved him his crown. Would you rather have been the king that could do that, or the simple maiden with the trusting heart? Who seems greatest now?"

"But I do think," said Will, "that it was rather mean in the angels to forsake her!"

"Perhaps to them the glory of her martyrdom was greater than that of a crown. Sure I am, that I am thankful for her death and sufferings, as well as her life."

"Come," said Eunie, "it grows cold with the sun behind that cloud; let us go in and hunt over the library for the rest of the history of the fair Maid of Orleans."

"Which I will do myself the pleasure to read aloud," said Will, "while the old back-log sends out its warmth, and Aunt Zera takes a turn at my scarf. Forward, march!"

Arithmetical Enigma.

A curious sum I'll give to you,
So set your wits to work,
And puzzle out the answer true,
Nor think the task to shirk.
'Tis nine from six you first must take.
Do n't wag your head in scorn,
Ere I get through I'll surely make
You see it can be done.
If you succeed in doing that,
You'll very quickly see,
How ten from nine you can extract
Without much mystery.
Take fifty from forty, and now I'm done;
Ye wise ones, pray explain,
How, after this queer figuring,
Just half a dozen remain?

Answer to Flower Puzzle.

One-fourth part of five is (V.)
My second only one, the numeral (I)
Add nothing for the third (O)
Add fifty for the fourth (L)
My fifth is a fourth part of five (E)
My sixth the letter (T)
My whole—VIOLET.

To Contributors.

A true story by Lilly Day will appear soon.

A PRAYER.

BY HENRI GUY DANIELS.

Let him not wildly mourn,
Making his days forever comfortless;
Grant him, when I am gone,
To wear his grief with holy gracefulness;
Inform him with pure piety to see
Upon my grave, tear-blinded though he be,
The anadem of immortality.

Fix in him faith, I pray,
To meet the shadowy changes as they fall,
Seeing, day after day,
The darkness gathering that endeth all.
Until the last, oh let him linger near!
And through the dark transition let me hear
His prayerful voice, to strengthen, if I fear.

When Hope is weariest,
And Faith, despondent, on affliction feeds,
And life looks, at the best,
A troublesome tangle of disordered creeds,
Heal in his heart the wounds that make him faint,
And pour the spikenard of pure self-restraint
Upon them, quieting his wild complaint.

With voices faintly sweet,
And visions fair, his loneliest nights adorn;
Let angels lead his feet
Through ever radiant avenues of morn;
That, when he wakes, his grief may lighten
Upon his soul, than Autumn on the spray,
Or evening on the eyelid of the day.

The Memory of Pierpont.

I was pleased to notice your just criticism in the BANNER of Nov. 3d, relative to the work purporting to be "The Life and Character of the Rev. John Pierpont." To me and to all honest lovers of the truth—especially the ten million believers, in the United States, in our beautiful spiritual religion—the work referred to is simply an abortion and an insult to the good old man's memory and his now bright spirit, as well as an insult to Mr. Pierpont's numerous spiritual friends in Europe, now numbering some millions. If I had the requisite funds, I would forward them to you to publish a correct Life and Character of Rev. John Pierpont; not having them, I can only suggest that those wealthy Spiritualists who feel the spirit of truth of our Spiritual Philosophy, will not be dilatory in furnishing abundant means to publish an elegant, truthful, illustrated biography of "the old man eloquent."

I would further suggest that such a work should be in the highest style of art. The engravings to be mezzotinted, representing portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont, his birthplace and Medford home; also the Hollis Street Church, of which he was formerly pastor, and was shamefully obliged to leave because he dared to preach against that curse of curses, INTemperance. Pierpont's defence on that occasion is well worthy republication. The work should aim mainly to give very concisely his best gems of prose and poetry, and particularly his radically ignoring aristocratic, unspiritualized Untarntism, and bravely lending a helping hand to sail God's spiritual ship over this planet, until he himself departed for the Summer Land.

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS,
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1866.

One of the new boulevards in Moscow has been named the Boulevard Amerikanski.

Lyceum Gymnastics.
In the July number of that very interesting advocate of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, "The Little Bouquet," is an editorial on "The Genius of the Lyceum," in which reference is made to the Lyceum in this city. As my remarks would have very little interest to the young readers of that paper, I would like through your columns to reply to the same.

The Lyceum, as I understand it, is an instrument for the purpose of developing the child's natural methods, to a more perfect manhood; the interchange of thought, and for free discussion between experience and inexperience, so as to stimulate in the child a quickening of all its natural powers and capacities to an even and healthy growth. Now, how can this best be accomplished? If the Lyceum is designed to benefit the rising generation, it must be practical. The question not what it ought to be, and might be made another generation, but what it is and can be made in this. Were the Lyceum an every-day institution, I should heartily accord with a writer in regard to its capacity for a complete system of education; but it is not. If, as he says, it is not a Sunday School, neither is it a week-day school.

The session of the Lyceum with us, generally consumes about two hours; and of all this time only about twenty minutes can be given to all-important part—the development of the moral nature of the child through the conversation. About fifteen minutes are given to singing, five minutes to the Silver Chain recitations and twenty minutes to the marching. This leaves about an hour, which is consumed in the necessary labor incident to the working of the Lyceum; such as calling roll, appending and removing badging, changing library books, distributing tickets, etc., etc., and of which no portion can be dispensed with. The singing and the Silver Chain recitations are important, both for the harmonious feeling they produce and for the principles they inculcate, and they cannot be omitted or curtailed. The marching is one of the prominent features of the Lyceum, and to visitors the most interesting. When the national emblem is used—as I think always should be—it inculcates a love for our flag which is incalculable in its results; it gives variety to the otherwise monotonous routine of Sunday School; it teaches the children to keep time and to march; and above all, it brings them into the Lyceum, where they can be surrounded by the influences and teachings of a better and truer faith.

Thus it will be seen that no amount of time can be devoted to any other exercises unless the session is made too long, or some other exercise of labor is shortened or omitted. Are gymnastic exercises of sufficient importance to crowd any of the others? Almost all children run a play all the week. What amount of additional muscular development would ensue from ten fifteen minutes extra exercise on Sunday? Is it really true that the "positive demands of education" require it?

But the Lyceum is a Sunday School, held in no sectarian sense. Its sessions are held on no other day in the week, and it is a place of instruction. It is not practical or possible in one short hour allotted on that day for the purpose, to take up every branch of mental, moral and physical education. By endeavoring to do so, it strikes me that we will signify fall in accomplishing anything. The world is awakening to the necessity of a more natural and thorough system of education. Gymnastics and object-lessons are being introduced into all the public schools. If the Lyceum has in any perceptible degree to these results, I shall be glad to learn it; even in this event, wherever they are introduced, the mission of the Lyceum in that particular direction will have been accomplished.

We may gain something by consulting the proved methods of instruction that are now obtaining in the public schools; but I think the Lyceum has a higher work to do, than to devote any portion of its brief Sunday hour in the attempt to develop the physical well being of the child by gymnastic exercises. It is our duty, well as our blessed privilege, to teach the young minds committed to our care a better and a system of philosophy than is taught elsewhere. Higher faith in the wisdom and goodness of Creator; clearer views of his providence, and a broader charity toward our fellow men. This can at least attempt to do, with the certainty of some measure of success.

Although I cannot claim a long experience in the Lyceum, yet I must be permitted to say I am satisfied that our present prosperity is solely owing to the very restrictions which a writer says have been the occasion of the failure of Lyceums elsewhere; among which is the omission of the calisthenics. Our Lyceum was opened last October with only thirty members, which number has gradually and steadily increased, until we now have an average attendance of over one hundred children. We have a population of about thirteen thousand, and a few cities of the size can show the same result as to numbers, or the same interest in the community.

Having the interests of this blessed nursery heart, I cannot but express my conviction that we earnestly desire to bring the children within the scope and influence of its teachings, we have to modify the Lyceum method as originally adopted, not only in this particular but in all that could be mentioned.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 10, 1866.

Spirits Came to Him.

The following lines were suggested by words of a little boy of this town, (Hudson, Mo.) who died recently. For some months he had detected the time of his death. Laboring hard shoe manufactory during his hours of school creation from school, he earned enough to pay his life to the amount of one thousand dollars payable on his death to his poor mother. At one time, though delicate, he was in good health, often spoke of seeing the faces of those who formed his family on earth—brother and sister bending over him, when with closed eyes he lay in his little bed at night; yet not in a dream as he in boyish description said, "Making around me appear as on a bright moonlight night." These few lines were written after the death of his father, Nov. 1st, 1866.

O'er me at my evening's rest,
From the spirits of the blest,
Comes the heavenly influence
Lighting up a wondrous scene,
Then it is in waking dream
Angel faces round me beam;
And while closed the mortal eye,
Friends in immortality
Still I see, in forms of air,
Bending o'er me in prayer.

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to "our parents," and inquires "Why was Eve not of the measles? Because she'd Adam?"

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it out to make things somelike.

Winding In.

Slowly, step by step and day by day, the year 1866 (as reckoned on our time tables), is winding in its few remaining weeks. Slowly, too, and with equal certainty, I am winding in and closing out my few remaining engagements, which close with or before the year. Friends over eight hours ride from New York city, need not apply to me to lecture after this date, or until further notice of a renewed itinerary—which I do not expect to renew. For over fifteen years I have traveled over our country, or parts of it, embracing twenty-four States, and during that time lectured constantly on our philosophy; and during the war, also, on the condition and prospect of our country. During the time, and before it, (for I have been twenty-one years a public advocate of Spiritualism,) I have witnessed the increase from a little group that would not fill a good sized school-room, to at least two millions—probably nearer four, as the best estimates now range from three to five millions. My traveling experience would fill a large volume of interesting items, both of tests and facts; but they are passed, or will never be recorded, save the few sketches I have noted and published as I passed along the journey.

I am weary not of life, not of labor, not of the contest in which I have always been victorious and successful, not of my agency and instrumentality of spirit influence—for by it I have always been blessed, never deceived, cheated, lied to or abused—but I am weary of traveling, traveling, traveling on railroads, coaches, boats and omnibuses, in which I have almost lived for years; and ever paid full fare, and never been injured or robbed, nor lost by accident even property to the amount of five dollars. I have been treated well in all parts of the country, and never can repay the thousands of kindnesses I have received at the hands and homes of my many friends scattered over the country, from beyond the Mississippi to the down east of the down east, and from the upper lakes to the lower gulphs of the nation. Thousands who have seen and heard me will see me no more in this form; and thousands of my friends will only read my scribbles, but see my face and hear my voice no more. I have injured my voice so, it is not easy to speak as it once was; and my age precludes my calculation on future or further routes of travel. I intend to lecture occasionally, perhaps nearly every Sunday, but only in reach of my office.

I have succeeded in life beyond my expectations, and beyond the success of most men; not in riches, for it has never been my pursuit, but in rearing and settling a small family, out of which—from three children—two happy families have arisen—one son still in school. Four little grandchildren smile on us, and we are all blessed in health and happiness. Not a discordant note sounds in our circles, and not a spark of Christianity, in any sectarian form of expression, encounters or befores one of our number, embracing the two added as wife and husband; and not a quid or whiff of tobacco disgraces our households. Whiskey, profanity, orthodoxy, vulgarity and slander, are alike foreign from our hearts, heads and homes. I note these items because we have been slandered, abused, vilified and lied about incessantly, during my itinerating labors in this cause, and partly for my open attacks on churchianity and Christianity before I became a Spiritualist. I have lived through and conquered years of poverty and hard labor, and reached a condition of comfortable prospects; but I have never been intoxicated, never been sued, never been converted, never used profane language; nor since the age of Spiritualism, tobacco nor rum have contaminated my person. We are all healthy, harmonious and happy, with plenty of religion, but no sectarian Christianity, and I trust it will never darken the soul doors of one of my posterity. The disinterested reader will pardon me for this personality, since there are many to whom it will be interesting, and to whom I cannot otherwise convey it. My address and business will be duly announced for next year.

Since my return West, I have been so constantly occupied by lectures in Chicago and Wisconsin, and my visits and letters to friends, that I have not filled out my usual share of rambling correspondence for the papers; but I have never been more successful in my labors, nor better appreciated by the large audiences and many friends I have met. I retire with heartfelt satisfaction from this itinerary in our cause. I cannot stop now to foot up the number of lectures or amount of compensation, but I have done all I could and been well paid—especially in kindness, love and sympathy of friends, and abuse of enemies, both of which are useful to a reformer; one as a stimulant and the other a soothing soul balm. I have never been mobbed, nor ever had a meeting broken up or disturbed. Have lectured on Spiritualism in churches of most sects of Christians that have churches, but usually in the rural districts, where the people are more intelligent and liberal in the aggregate than in our cities, as is abundantly proved by our elections and the temperance cause. If old Simeon could rest satisfied with his labors and patience, I am sure I ought to with mine. To many distant friends, FAREWELL; and to many who can call on me, a cordial greeting. WARREN CHASE. Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 10, 1866.

California.

J. B. Hall writes as follows: Our cause in this State is rapidly advancing at this time, under the telling lectures of Benjamin Todd, Esq., and the accomplished Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The celebrated Dr. Bryant has just arrived at San Francisco, and I learn through the press, that he has made some most important cures by "laying on of hands." He has been here but a few days, but his cures have already established his reputation as a wonderful medium.

Mr. L. Armstrong, writing from Sacramento, under date of Oct. 20th, says: The Spiritualists of this city have a lecture or conference every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and a lecture in the evening at 7 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum meets at 2 1/2 P. M., every Sunday. It was commenced one year ago yesterday, with about twenty-five scholars, and has been increasing in numbers nearly every Sunday. The regular attendance the last three months has been from ninety-five to one hundred and seventeen. The Lyceum elected their officers last evening. The old officers were re-elected for another year. Dr. H. Rowman, Superintendent, Mrs. Dr. Rowman, Musical Director, Miss A. G. Brewster, Guardian of Groups. Our meetings and Lyceum are held in the Turn Verein Hall, on K street, near Tenth. Spiritualism is increasing in interest here, and mediums are multiplying. Our speakers are citizens in business here—Mr. Lyon and Mrs. Dr. Upham, and they are much liked.

Rev. John H. Burdett informed the people of New York in the papers of Tuesday morning, that the shooting stars were in fulfillment of prophecy, and that after they have continued five days "all will be chaos." The time has passed; but the chaos is all in the reverend gentlemen's brains.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866. OFFICE 154 WASHINGTON STREET, BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, I. B. Rich, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPRITUALISM is based on the capital fact of spirit-communication and influx; it is the effort to discover the true relation of the spirit to the material nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"Liberalism" against Spiritualism. In our issue of last week our associate in the Western Department of this paper, referring to the liberality of certain journals in their treatment of Spiritualism, remarked of one as follows: "Take the Gospel Banner, published in Augusta, Maine. It has shown great fairness and impartiality relative to Spiritualism."

We regret to see that the compliment thus awarded has not been justified in the remarks in the Gospel Banner of Nov. 17th, in reference to the withdrawal of the Rev. S. C. Hayford from the Universalist ministry. In his letter, explaining his reasons for leaving the ministry, Mr. Hayford, after declaring his belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism, remarks: "I believe in a present inspiration, and cannot consider the Bible as an absolute and infallible authority. I believe we may draw from the same founts that prophets and apostles drew from; that true religion is reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. I believe firmly in the central thought of Universalism, viz., the dual business and happiness of all mankind. But I reject their relics of old mythology. I regard Universalism as one great step in the advance of Orthodoxy, and Spiritualism as a step still further in advance."

Upon this simple, manly, and eminently Christian declaration, the Gospel Banner comments as follows: "This, then, is his religion, all there is of it. Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. It is not to do anything, but believe anything. He would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, 'Religion is indispensable to your happiness, and consists in your internal power of communion with God and angels.' This is the sufficient and all essential thing."

Now, with precisely as much justice, liberality and good sense, as are contained in this passage, might the Pharisee of old time have said of Jesus Christ, "This, then, is his religion—all there is of it! Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels!"

For was not such the reliance of Christ? And did he not rebuke in scathing words the spirit now breathing forth in the above most unfair perversion of the language of Mr. Hayford? "Ye hold," said Christ, "the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do. Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition."

"It is not to do anything nor believe anything," says the Gospel Banner of Mr. Hayford's religion. "It is not to wash pots and cups, nor to believe the traditions of our sect," said the Pharisees of Christ's religion. And they might have added, almost in the very words of the Gospel Banner, "He would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Who taught us to rely on "our own internal power of communion with God and angels," if not Christ himself? Who was it that said, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, ye shall receive?" Prayer to whom? To whom but God? "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," said Christ to him who had remarked, that more than burnt offerings, and more than sacrifices, was love of God and one's neighbor. On what principle of fair literal construction can the Gospel Banner charge it upon Mr. Hayford that because he finds true religion in reliance on the divine grace sent down to seeking souls, he therefore repudiates all doing and believing? With precisely as much fairness might it be said of Christ, that because he tells us the pure in heart shall see God, he therefore regards morality and beneficence as non-essentials.

But the disingenuousness of the Gospel Banner is still more strikingly displayed in another part of its article. It lets fly a shaft at Spiritualism; and does it by quoting a part of one of our articles (taking pains to omit the qualifying context,) and then drawing a most unwarrantable conclusion in these words: "Now from all this we gather these simple facts: 1. That the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures; and 2. That hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say. This is not our assertion, but the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations."

All which is utterly false in spirit so far as it is based on our remarks. We said that "the best and purest medium may be made the instrument of uttering mendacious or profane communications." Immediately before, in the same article, we had said: "There are on record an ample number of cases proving that truthful communications have been received." All he (Judge Carter) can fairly say is, that a certain proportion of the so-called spiritual communications are—especially when they refer to temporal and secular matters—untrue." Thus cautiously and carefully did we fence round our admission. Nay, after saying what the Gospel Banner quotes, we immediately added, as a sequel to the admission: "This does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given," &c.

And from this the "liberal" Gospel Banner deduces that it is "the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations" that "the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures, and that hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say!" So much for the ingenuousness of the Gospel Banner of Augusta, Maine! It suppresses one part of a declaration in order to give undue stress to another!

It is well known that the doctrine always taught in our columns has been, that as there are many "audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures" in this sublimity sphere, there are likely to be many such characters in the spirit-world. The good men and wise and true among one's own acquaintances may generally be counted on one's fingers, while the foolish, the unthinking, the undeveloped may be counted by hundreds. What folly to suppose that the same proportion does not exist in the spirit-world!

If these undeveloped spirits were not permitted

to manifest themselves—if none but holy and advanced spirits were allowed to communicate—we might, as an ingenious correspondent (Mr. W. P. Gates) well remarks, have our doubts of the continued existence of these poor erring ones, and fall into the Second Advent doctrine, which conveniently consigns all such to annihilation.

"The spirits are most audacious and awful liars," &c., says the Gospel Banner; intending obviously to convey the idea that we had declared that ALL the spirits communicating with mortals were liars, &c.; a declaration just as unreasonable, and as much at variance with our teachings, as it would be for us to say that all men are "lying, profane, impious creatures!"

If the Gospel Banner can derive any satisfaction from such manifestly unfair and unwarrantable garblings, perversions and deductions, we think it will do well to seek a little of that light which it objects to in the case of Brother Hayford, and rely more on that "internal power of communion with God and angels" at which it now scolds so indignantly.

What is Instinct?

In some remarks recently in reply to the Investigator, we observed: "It is no answer to our reasoning, therefore, to say that because all men do not desire immortality, the argument drawn from instinctive aspirations does not hold."

We gave our reasons for this opinion; but the Investigator, without condescending to answer those reasons, simply reiterates its dogma in this wise:

"The teachings of instinct are spontaneous, intuitive, innate, universal, and of course depend not upon reasoning or instruction for their acceptance and acknowledgment. Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct? Undoubtedly."

In order to understand what we are talking about, let us inquire, what is instinct? Instinct is simply intuition. The Latins *instinctus*, from which the participle *instinctus* is derived, simply means to *instigate*. A good definition is given by Paley: "An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction." This definition is very near to that implied in the quotation from our cotemporary.

Now it by no means follows that the "teachings of instinct" (if teachings they can be called) should, according to the Investigator's assertion, be "universal," in the strict sense of that word. One man may instinctively shun what another man may run his head against. One man may instinctively have a fondness for cats, and another an aversion. One man may instinctively aspire to another and a better life; and another man may be wholly indifferent to the subject. One man may be instinctively jealous, and another quite the contrary. The whole purport of our article was to illustrate the great fact which the Investigator quietly ignores, in the inquiry it puts, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct?"

With quite as much reason might it be asked, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be haters of cats, if the repugnance were taught by instinct?" And yet nothing can be better established than the fact that the aversion to cats with many persons is purely and ridiculously instinctive; so much so that they will become aware of the animal's presence before it is seen, heard, or smelt; so much so, that no reasoning can overcome it, no instruction can uproot it. One dog is instinctively a setter, and another a pointer. The Investigator's question would be just as reasonable in the following parody: "Now as all dogs, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be setters, if setting were taught by instinct?"

The Investigator says: "Now it seems to us that if we are to exist in a future life, we ought to have of our present existence, if, as our friend says, the coming life is taught by instinct." We have not said that "the coming life is taught by instinct." What we have said is, that the instinctive aspirations of humanity toward continuous life, and especially toward reunion with the loved ones gone before, are an earnest of immortality and of the truth of the revelations of seers, mediums, and spirits in this respect. The Investigator demands from instinct "a positive assurance." But it is of the very nature of instinct to *instigate* and not to assure, to suggest and not to reveal, to feel and not to reason. To ask that instinct should give us the same "positive assurance" of our future existence that we have of our present, would be more unreasonable than it would be to demand of instinct that it should make us feel the shadows of an event ten years ahead as distinctly as we might feel those of one immediately impending.

Instinct does not deal in arguments or in reasons. It is quite as irrational as the poet who did not like Dr. Fell:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell; The reason why I cannot tell; But this indeed I know full well, I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

The Investigator says: "Man has no innate ideas about anything." Here the great question that has puzzled all the philosophers, from Aristotle down to Locke, and from Locke to Sir William Hamilton, is settled by a single stroke of the pen. *Voila une opinion*, as the polite Frenchman said. Since much may be said on both sides, we shall not set our foot within that vortex at present.

The Investigator concludes that "the argument from instinctive longings does not prove immortality." We never said it did. All that we ever contended that those "longings" prove, is that man is *interiorly fitted*, by his aspirations, his wishes, his thirst for knowledge, his affections reaching beyond the grave—for an immortal existence.

We, as Spiritualists, however, do claim one thing as proved, and that the materialists and the "secularists," as well as the sectarian, are always swift to dodge or to ignore, in the face of the accumulated testimony of ages and of hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons now living. We claim that there are, and always have been, such persons as seers, prophets, mediums, who manifest powers wholly transcending all that can be predicated of our mortal senses, and who must derive those powers either from spiritual faculties of their own, superseding the natural, or from intercourse with outside spiritual intelligences. The facts upon which these convictions rest are of daily occurrence and patent to all; and the so-called science that refuses to look them fairly and squarely in the face, is simply charlatanism, whether it range itself under the banners of orthodoxy or of "secularism."

The spirit of Mrs. Eliza Smith, who passed to the spirit-world two weeks previous, mentioned in last week's BANNER, manifested through Mrs. Conant, at our Free Circle, on Monday, the 10th. She expressed great pleasure in being able to come back so soon, and bear testimony to the truth of our beautiful philosophy. She said she had met all her dear spirit friends, and was very happy.

John Neal on John Pierpont.

Mr. Neal furnishes the Atlantic Monthly for December with a fine analysis of his friend John Pierpont's character, although his reminiscences are even more interesting. How Mr. Pierpont became a lawyer, how a merchant, how a minister, and how a poet and platform orator, is well told by Mr. Neal, who knew his friend intimately and well. Mr. Pierpont's changes in life remind one of what Emerson says of the genuine New Englander, throw him down anywhere, and he will fall like a cat on his feet. But it is instructive to note how very lightly the living writer touches his deceased friend's conversion to the truths of Spiritualism. He admits the fact, where he finds a stopping place large enough, that he was a Spiritualist, "or rather"—as he chooses to phrase it—"a believer in the phenomena that used to be called witchcraft in the days of Cotton Mather." This is certainly very kind in Mr. Neal, and not a little thoughtful. It was a good idea for him to allude—if no more than to allude—to a great change in the mode and basis of his faith, which formed, as he confessed in his noble speech before the Providence (not Philadelphia, Mr. Neal,) Convention, the culmination and crowning satisfaction of his long and glorious career.

There is a single passage, however, in which Mr. Neal gives a grudging admission to the reality of his friend's belief in Spiritualism. We will extract from the same so far as our space permits. Says Mr. Neal, after alluding to Mr. Pierpont's conscientiousness, and his unswerving following of evidence, wherever it led him:

"What was he to do? There were the facts. They were not to be controverted; they could not be explained; they could not be reconciled to any hypothesis in physics. If he was given over to delusion, to be buffeted by Satan, whose fault was it? That he was by nature somewhat credulous, and, though patient enough in his investigations, rather too fond of the marvelous, what then? His conclusions might be wrong, his inferences faulty, though honest; but how were they to be counteracted? That he sometimes took too much for granted, I believe, nay, more, I know; because I myself have seen him grossly imposed on by a woman he took me to see, whose impressions were thought most wonderful. But then he was a devout man, a close observer, an admirable logician, accustomed to the competition of opposite analogies and to weighing evidence; and if he misunderstood the facts, or misinterpreted them, or inferred the supernatural from false premises, why then let us grieve for his delusion, and wait patiently for the phenomena which led him astray to be explained."

Just so, Mr. Neal. And how long do you suppose that you and others like you will have to "wait," if you care no more for the explanation than you betray in this paragraph? You may believe it more "popular" for the present to ignore, or to slur, these manifestations, but we beg leave to tell you that it will make no difference whatever with the great truths that are continually operating on men by natural laws. Take your own time, we beg you, to look into these "facts," and to study their "explanation;" but believe us, that the loss is nobody's but your own, and no damage done to the cause you now approach so devoutly. Mr. Pierpont's courage and independence carried him triumphantly through. He had no vanity and no fear above his faith. He was true to himself, and sought truth wherever it was to be found. If those who criticize him would go and do likewise, they would have a far better claim to be heard in judgment upon him.

Quakers and Friends.

Whichever title we give them, they are at bottom Spiritualists. The silent prayer in public or at the family table betokens it. The season of speechless quiet before they begin their public worship, points directly to it. They are a people who believe in the receptive condition of the soul, as necessary for securing impressions from the superior world. The founders of the sect pronounced openly for the doctrine of personal and immediate inspiration. That was genuine Quakerism at the start. The soul of George Fox was opened to inspiration, in the midst of the erratic and impulsive religious methods of his time, and he declared to his fellow men only what it was distinctly given to him to utter.

We see a statement that the Quakers in England are abandoning many of their original tenets and convictions, and coming over to practices which are more fashionable and popular. This will, of course, bring them to the end of their organization as a distinct sect. The moment a class of persons, who have received illumination, begin to peddle their light around for some personal comfort or advantage, the conditions on which they received their light are reversed and the influx ceases altogether. Self-seeking soon puts a stop to all good. Divine endowments fall to come to us when we seek them for the purpose of building up our own power. The real spirituality of the order of Friends vanishes before the attempt to turn it to worldly profit. Still, we insist that the original birth of the sect is to be ascribed to causes very nearly allied to genuine Spiritualism.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

We mentioned last week that Miss Lizzie Doten would deliver one lecture, in Mercantile Hall, in this city, each Sunday afternoon, commencing quarter before three o'clock, during the month of December. Bear in mind that she does not speak in the evening, as the hall is used by Mr. Gaylord's Society forenoon and evenings.

Miss Doten has just closed a successful course of lectures in St. Louis. On Tuesday, Nov. 13th, she gave a lecture in Hannibal, Mo., of which the editor of the Hannibal Daily Courier says: "The lecture of the unrivaled orator, Miss Lizzie Doten, was received with the profoundest attention, at the Court House, last night. Of her lecture we must content ourselves with but few remarks. For elegance of diction, chastity of style, classical beauty and freedom of utterance, we do not remember when we have heard her excel. Her subject, 'The True Faith,' was well adapted to the occasion, well expressed, and altogether highly creditable to her head and heart. Her theory, in our opinion, is unexceptionable, and her ideas will doubtless live when the present generation have passed over the turbulent waters of Death." She was to give another lecture on the following Thursday evening. Miss Doten is fully appreciated in the West as well as in the East.

The State Association—Next Meeting.

January 9th and 10th is the time appointed for the next quarterly session of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, to be held at the Melancon, in this city. The Secretary has issued a printed circular, embodying the object and aims of the Association. Friends who receive a copy are requested to take action in the matter, as suggested in the Secretary's note accompanying the circular. Much good can be effected by this Association, if the people will contribute their mite to sustain it financially.

Our readers are referred to a letter on our third page, written by a prominent citizen of New York; giving the particulars of the astonishing cure of his niece, by Dr. J. R. Newton.

Thanksgiving.

The President led off with Thanksgiving recommendations, and the Governors of nearly all the Northern States have followed a pointing the same day—the 29th—for the festival. There are few persons whose do not sensibly warm to the associations, memories of this time. It calls up agreeable meetings of two and three generations around the same hearth and the same table. This is the occasion when those who have old home life and gone out into the world without their troubles, eager as children to the old familiar scenes and faces, and overflowing with silent gratitude for the active life and enriching endowments of the social sentiment. An anniversary gathers charms to itself. Lapses. Every year brings its special contribution to its worth, making it of more value in the eyes of the spirit. This is largely true of such an anniversary as Thanksgiving. It touches at every point on the precious feelings of the heart. It preserves the precious fruits of our experience, embalms for personal possessions for all time.

All the boys and girls will be home this no matter how far they may have scattered at the call of interest and duty. The old will be ready and eager to give the return of a sincere greeting. The grandchildren fall to ecstasy—those of them who have kept on the old homestead, and those who made but few yearly pilgrimages as yet spot whence their father or mother sprang, a bubbling up of genial talk there will be the familiar rooms! What choruses of laughter, as nature which have been kept so long, impinge again upon the plane another's experience! How the eyes of father and Grandmother will brighten and in the corner! What a world of sunbeams break out in rooms that perhaps have been up for the greater part of the year, and how rare will seem the life that starts up glad scenes! It would strike one who has casually upon it, that there was the very center of the social universe. Here full sufficiency for the heart which it casts the globe to find, and makes the search in vain. Remember the poor this week. Let without some token of the gratitude and which we are supposed to feel. If we have ourselves been benefitted by it, then gratefulness overflow where it may bless. The secret of giving is in the return it they are indeed more blessed who give, than who receive. We can enrich our own enjoyment in this anniversary very greatly, if we sent to divide with those who are less than we.

We devote this season to thankfulness are grateful for the bounty of nature, and the latter rains not having failed us, granaries being now all full. Just before winter shuts down with its frosts and snow of all things meet that we should pause to our joy at the generous harvests which carry us safely through.

Accumulation of Catholic Churches.

The Roman Catholics are very active in building spacious churches in this country. The last few years they have probably built new churches than all the other religious institutions. The foundation is being prepared for a large cathedral, on Washington street, in New York. The edifice will not cost less than two thousand dollars. A new church, of the newly completed in Cambridgeport, located Harvard street. The corner-stone of a man Catholic cathedral has just been laid in Columbus, Ohio, by Bishop Rosecrans. The architecture selected is the "Victorian" style, and the entire cost is estimated at three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Energy is exhibited by the Catholics all over the country.

Dr. Bryant in California.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is creating a great stir in San Francisco, where he has performed "wonderful cures by the laying on of hands." The papers are teeming with the "miracles" effected by him. Among the first was the wife of a well known attorney, Daily Flag, after giving the particulars of her case, says, "Here, then, is a subject worth the subtlest metaphysicians; but it is too complex to be entered on here. We do not understand the process of the healing, nor 'know the way of a bird in the air.' But know that, after four years' helpless prostration the invalid can now walk, and, also, that she can fly." The doctor's visit to California, timely, and much good will result therefrom.

Maximilian Caught.

The Austrian in Mexico played a little sum" with the French General Bazaine, to get out of the country and leave his office in the lurch, with nothing like a throne. But Bazaine got wind of what was going overhauled his errand Emperor before he the Austrian frigate that was in waiting. The consequence is that Max has got to die in due form, acknowledge the stability of the throne, and name a successor. But it was very little difference, any way. Napoleon to take the French troops away, and then up the business.

Magazines.

THE RADICAL for November has a varied list of contents, the leading one E. C. Towne, which is a sort of spiritual rhapsody, and of course of deep interest. The papers will repay a thoughtful perusal. BEADLE'S MONTHLY for December is by vibrations, running over with fresh tales, essays, notes of travel, and poems. Inducements to subscribers are very liberal, likewise the intention to employ more talent on its pages for the coming year.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Judge W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, an exceedingly interesting lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, in Music Hall, last Wednesday on the growth, development, resources of our country. On account of Thanksgiving Mr. Beecher cannot be here to speak on it as previously announced, but will fill his place on the 10th of Dec. The next lecture course will be given by Henry Vincent, Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th.

The Quebec Sufferers.

We acknowledge the receipt of five dollars from the Quebec sufferers, from Mrs. P. Ton. The Quebec subscription in London had reached \$12,500 sterling. Queen Victoria addressed a letter of sympathy to the collecting funds, and contributed \$380 to the cause.

ALL-SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our Dead Letter page (the 6th) is pretty lively this week. One spirit says he lost his body in Libby Prison, through the maltreatment of Dick Turner, the Superintendent, and that thousands of his comrades who fought for "the old flag" also perished through the maltreatment received there, and now they are somewhat astonished, as a matter of course, that President Johnson should pardon the very man who was the immediate cause of so much misery and cruelty to the Union prisoners. The communicating spirit is pretty sharp in his remarks, because he feels that he at least was not used right, and he now thinks the President ought not to have released Turner from his share of due punishment.

Another spirit—who claims to have been a Southerner—follows with a reply, couched in becoming language, in which he assumes that Mr. Johnson was elected by the Republicans, and that if he has done wrong in his official capacity, the party that elected him should be held responsible, etc.

Certain inspirational speakers think they can snuff out with a breath the abnormal lecturers. They might as well attempt to change the course of the tides. The humble trance mediums all over the country are fulfilling their missions for the enlightenment of humanity quite as ably as are those who assume to be more favored of the spirit-world.

An obituary notice of Mrs. Eliza C. Smith, sent us for publication by an esteemed correspondent, was anticipated by our editorial notice of her demise last week.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BALDWIN PLACE HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.—The second anniversary took place in Music Hall on the evening of the 19th, and was largely attended. The children belonging to the Home were all seated on the raised platform. The exercises opened with singing by the children. Mr. Otis Clapp read a brief report of the work done in the Institution. After explaining the object of the home, the report stated that since the foundation of the institution eighteen months ago, the whole number received into its fold was 1128; of those 417 had been furnished with pleasant homes; 415 were day scholars and children received into the nursery; 67 were colored, from Richmond, who stayed until places had been provided for them. During the last six months 41 babies from three weeks to three years of age, had been given up to the nursery, and had nearly all been adopted; 47 babies had been cared for in the nursery during the day while the mothers were at work. The expenses of the home for the first year were \$21,734, and for the last six months \$11,000. The average cost, not including the building, has been \$31 for each child.

THE OXYGENIZED AIR PRACTICE.—We learn that the number of persons engaging in the popular and successful Oxygenized Air practice is quite large. The headquarters in this city, 119 Harrison Avenue, are the resort daily of parties investigating the merits of the system and learning the localities that are not yet secured. This practice opens a lucrative, dignified, pleasant and most useful business; and wherever it has been introduced with energy, intelligence and judgment, its success has been all that could be desired. The discoverer of the system, Dr. C. L. Blood, can be seen any time as above, or letters directed to him will receive prompt answer.

EXCELLENT CROP OF CRANBERRIES.—Our friend Nathan Crosby, of East Brewster, was the most successful cultivator of the cranberry, on the Cape, this season. The berry is large and full-sized, and makes a most delicious sauce, as we can attest. Thanks, friends Crosby.

HORACE GREELEY, in a recent editorial, expressed the opinion that sooner or later the blacks are to be enfranchised, and that the Southern whites are to be relieved of their disabilities incurred by the rebellion, and adds:

"We propose to march directly and quickly to the end plainly in view, and thus save the country from several years more of turmoil, social anarchy, disorganized industry, and general unthrift and wretchedness. And, though we expect opposition from both extremes, we are confident that a majority of the American people, North and South alike, concur in this view, and that their number is rapidly increasing."

They are building cotton factories in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi.

We regret to learn that our friend and brother, Mr. George Haskell, formerly of this city, an active Spiritualist, has met with a severe loss. A correspondent, writing from Harvard, Mass., says Bro. H.'s barn was burned by an incendiary Nov. 11th, together with a valuable horse, four cows, two young heifers, fifteen tons of hay, wagons, etc. In an unsuccessful attempt to rescue his horse from the flames, Mr. H. was severely burned about the head and face; his hands were also burned. As Mr. H. was but slightly insured, the loss bears heavily upon him; but he has the sympathy of many warm friends, who will no doubt render him all the aid he may be in need of in consequence of the misfortune which has befallen him.

We understand that Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the young pianist, who met with unusual success in Germany, has been engaged by the Harvard Musical Association, to play at their second Symphony Concert, Dec. 7th, Hensell's celebrated concerto for the pianoforte, which, in point of difficulty, has no equal. We are also pleased to learn that Mr. P. has concluded to remain in Boston during the winter, and will receive a limited number of pupils for the piano. We hope he will meet with success as a teacher.

HULL'S MONTHLY CLARION for November has reached our sanctum. It is well filled with the spiritual food the soul is longing for. It is published at Milwaukee, Wis., at \$2.00 per year, and is well worth that sum. Moses Hull and L. B. Brown are the editors and proprietors; both earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism, and of course all the other reforms. The Clarion should be well sustained.

The Constitution of New York is to be revised in Convention, the people having so voted at the recent election.

The wife of M. Thayer, a French Senator, has recently appropriated her family jewels, of the estimated value of several million francs, to a pious object. The gems have been mounted in a magnificent crown, which received the Popo's blessing, and has since been placed upon the head of the image of the Virgin in the chapel of Touvens. In what way is humanity benefited by such pious objects? Had the pious lady given the same amount toward feeding, clothing and educating the suffering poor all around her, she would have won a blessing which would have proved invaluable to her in the spirit-world.

Four millions of misdirected and uncalled-for letters came to the dead letter office during the year ending June 30.

THE CONSTITUTION SET TO MUSIC.—A Paris Journal states that a composer and pianist known in New York and Boston, has set the American Constitution to music. This strange oratorio was lately performed before a selected audience, and though it lasted for several hours, it was received with enthusiastic approval.

A Pennsylvania negro has recovered \$300 in damages from the Trustees of Green Township for refusing his vote.

AMERICA THE GREAT ARBITER.—Garibaldi has written a letter in which he says he regards the American people as the sole arbiters of questions of humanity amid the universal thralldom of the soul and the intellect.

W. W. Beaman, of 50 School street, sets artificial teeth, from one to a full set, in a style superior to anything of the kind we have ever witnessed. His work is so well executed, that not one in a thousand can detect the artificial from the real molars.

HOW TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow, and the ink will come out with it. This is said to be unfulfilling.

A thimble full of acid, bits of zinc and copper, formed a battery of sufficient power to send distinct signals across the Atlantic and back—3,700 miles.

The Florences have made a great hit in their new Irish drama, "Bridal Eve," at the Howard Athenaeum. This theatre is deservedly popular with Bostonians.

NEGROES IN THE WAR.—Frank Moore is engaged on a volume, which will be published in a few weeks, containing a record of the actual services in the field, the hospital and the camp, of the negroes during the war.

TO WHISKEY DRINKERS.—An old lady in the country, at the time of wooden nutmegs, declared that she did not find fault when the article was made of sassafras wood, but when white oak was substituted, she would not buy them. It was enough to tempt the dealers in whiskey to tamper and mix the liquor with foreign compound, when the first duties of two dollars per gallon were imposed upon it. Since then, besides that and the Government license, an additional tariff has been laid upon it, and the dealers, to make themselves whole, or, at least, get a profit on their goods, have gone into the adulteration alarmingly. For many people will not pay a high price when they can buy low, notwithstanding the article is impure. Therefore we warn all our readers to beware of drinking the "ardent," especially in these degenerate days, upon the fear, pain and penalty of getting the coats of their stomachs corroded by the vile stuff.

Alderman Talcott, of Chicago, celebrated his silver wedding last week, by giving a dinner to one hundred and fifty married veterans at the Soldier's Home; also to the children of the Orphan Asylum and to the inmates of the Home of the Friendless, nearly one hundred women and children. Each of the three dinners were elegantly served.

The Governor of Illinois has received a letter from Lord Monck, stating that the Canadian government is inclined to treat the Fenian prisoners with mercy.

Victor Emmanuel entered Venice on the 7th. The reception was magnificent, enthusiastic and very great.

Prices of provisions must come down. Poor people have peddled out their hard earnings long enough to enrich greedy speculators.

GOOD DEEDS. The peaches rotten on the wall, hiding in hollow cells of green. Where platted leaves hang thick about, And scarce permit them to be seen. And so, in truth, good deeds should be Concealed in sweet humanity.

The Denver News says there is a fearful state of things in Salt Lake. The Gentiles dare not leave their houses after nightfall for fear of assassination.

From the latest reports it would seem that something like two million of people have died of famine on the shores of the Bay of Bengal.

A valuable cobalt and nickel mine has been opened in Madison County, Mo. This ore is worth in England \$100 per ton.

News from Paris, Nov. 20, per Cable telegraph, says that M. Moustier, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, is preparing a note on the Mexican question. It is understood that it will be conciliatory toward the United States, and will not object to a recognition of the Juarez Government.

Preparations for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, will be finally completed on the 16th of December.

"Have you seen Madame G.—? Since she has embraced M. Banting's religion she has diminished at least one-half." "Then she must be charming," said M. M.—, with nativete. "Not at all. She looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

A cataract with an unbroken fall of 2,000 feet has been discovered in the Tuolumne River, California.

The largest railway depot in the world is said to be that in Cleveland.

John Bright's Dublin speech causes quite a stir in England. He has plainly pointed out how the chronic misery of poor Ireland can be cured. He thinks, however, the evil will never be reached except through universal suffrage.

All the States which have so far appointed a day of Thanksgiving, have fixed upon Nov. 20th.

The Cincinnati Gazette says hog cholera is prevailing in the country adjacent to Cincinnati, and the producers are killing the animals and sending them to market to save themselves from loss.

Springfield is the second city in Illinois in point of population.

A slander case between a couple of ministers is on the docket in the New Haven courts.

The annual census of the Indian tribes, made by order of the Secretary of the Interior, shows that the total number in the United States is 233,774. The once powerful Six Nations, in the State of New York, have dwindled down to 4,013.

A. J. Davis's sister, Mrs. Williams, of No. 8 New street, Newark, N. J., is giving remarkable proofs every day that she is a medical clairvoyant, and excellent also as a magnetic healing manipulator.

The artesian well in the stock-yards in Chicago has reached a depth of one thousand and fifty feet, and is now flowing at the rate of sixty thousand gallons per day. The stock of this Company will eventually pay big dividends.

Personal. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson has just closed a successful lecturing season in Charlestown, Mass., and during December she speaks in Oswego, N. Y.

J. S. Loveland, now on a lecturing tour through the Western States, has arrived at Mount Airy, Ill., where he will remain during December. In a private note he says the cause of Spiritualism looks encouraging in the West, especially in regard to Children's Lyceums.

Mr. Charles Poor, a well known citizen of Charlestown, passed to spirit-life last Thursday. His faith in the Spiritual Philosophy was firm, and he entered the spirit-world with a knowledge of whither he was going.

Walt Whitman, the eccentric poet, who has been a clerk in the Attorney General's office since he was discharged from the Interior Department by Secretary Harlan, on account of the alleged immorality of one of his published poems, has been promoted to a third class clerkship.

Antonia Barbarovna, who died lately in St. Louis, left a fortune of \$50,000, which he accumulated by keeping a fruit-stand.

Queen Victoria's annual income is \$2,000,000, and her living expenses \$700,000.

Adollia Patti, the American prima donna, is worth \$300,000 in gold.

J. Osmond Barrett, the former pastor of the Universalist Society, at Scammon, Ill., has entered into an engagement to speak at Wheaton, Ill., for six months. Bro. Barrett is an independent thinker, and will not be trammelled by sect.

N. P. Willis has had a paralytic stroke, and is in a very critical condition.

"The Nursery."

This is a genuine child's magazine, and decidedly the best for very young children that has appeared. Indeed it is the only one of its kind. It forms a small quarto of thirty-two pages, exquisitely printed and profusely illustrated. Terms, \$1.50 a year, or \$1.20 where more than a single subscription are sent. Single copies, 15 cents. It may be ordered of Alexander Williams, 100 Washington street, Boston, or of the American News Company, New York. This first number forms the cheapest and prettiest gift-book of the season for infant readers. The original contents are admirably adapted to fascinate the young; simple without being silly; witty, and yet in perfect taste. Miss Seaverns, the editor, has made an unquestionable hit.

New York Correspondence.

ANDERSON'S SPIRIT-PICTURES. The spirit-artists who employ the mediumship of our genial and sensitive brother, W. P. Anderson, have just completed a life-size picture of a gigantic Indian Chief. The attitude and expression is one of dignified repose, the left leg being carelessly thrown over the supporting right, as he rests both arms upon his unstrung bow. A myrtle vine twines the bow useless weapon, and at his feet lies a quiver filled with flowers, from which some have fallen and are scattered around him. The costume is rich, and in accordance with the historical characteristics of aboriginal taste. A blanket, heavily fringed and ornamented with beads, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders and hangs gracefully about his person. A necklace of beads ornaments the brawny neck above the richly-worked collar of the blanket. From a girdle around the waist depends a beautiful garment of white ostrich feathers, so delicately shaded that they seem to the eye as soft and downy as the real feathers themselves. The "leggings" and "moccasins" are fringed and ornamented with bead-work.

This Indian figure symbolizes the manly vigor and beautiful proportions of the healthful, natural man, together with that refinement of the spirit and development of human sympathies which are the result of progression in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. The long chase—life's progressive journey—has not been without reward. Ere he crossed the great river, his fleet foot wearied the deer in the chase, and his sinewy arm sent home the deadly arrow to the heart of his enemy. The strong, aspiring nature of the animal man sought supremacy and dominion through destruction. The agony of a spirit driven from its body by his cruel tortures delighted him, for it evinced the weakness of his enemy, and he rejoiced in the contrast of his own strength. And when torture and death came to himself, then was it his greatest triumph to control the quivering nerves, to give no outward sign of agony, but to retain every faculty under control until the parting moment came, and then, gathering up all the powers of life, to spring at once into the spirit-land.

With all this vigor of life and power of self-control, he appears in the spirit-picture. But how different his weapons—how much nobler his purpose—how divine his ambition! He visits the lodge of the pale face with no menace of cruelty or revenge. The spirit of human brotherhood and kindly helpfulness shines through the lineaments of his noble countenance. The bold features and grand proportions indicate power to accomplish what his free spirit prompts him to perform. The bow upon which his hands are crossed, may symbolize immortal purpose, but the deadly arrows of destruction shall speed from it no more. The quiver, once his armory of death, is now filled with beautiful flowers, which are also strewn in his pathway, emblematic of those graces of the unfolded spirit which perpetually bloom in his presence, and which he comes to bestow upon the friends who welcome him.

This picture has intrinsic merit, and although it is not claimed, either by the spirits or the medium whom they employ, that it is a perfect work as judged by the ordinary standards of art, yet none who see it will fail to admire the elaborate and delicate shading that by the instrumentality of pencils alone, the artistic minds have made to represent this noble son of the forest, this brother of our immortal nature. The picture is understood to be a portrait.

The original picture will be on exhibition for a few days in this city, tickets of admission being obtained at the BANNER Branch Office, where, also, photographic copies, suitable for framing, can be obtained.

I am glad to state that Bro. Anderson's health seems again confirmed, so that he expects to be able to fill the orders for pictures which have accumulated on his hands.

LECTURES IN THE CITY. Since Mrs. Harding's engagement closed, the audience at Dotworth's Hall have been diminished, although the quality of the lectures delivered there by Dr. Hullock, Dr. Horace Dresser, and Rev. F. L. H. Willis, were certainly worthy of as large an attendance as ever.

At Ethel Hall Mrs. Townsend has been "winning golden opinions from all sorts of persons," (viz the centration-bugs), while the crowded hall evinces the power of the feminine element to draw, particularly when combined with so much of the pathetic, ideal, philosophical and reformatory qualities that characterize her utterances. Publicly and privately she has been industrious in scattering the seeds of truth, and dispensing the rays of that inspiration that giveth understanding. H. B. S.

Salem, Mass. Our meetings in Lyceum Hall have been continued this month with unabated interest, and every Sunday evening hundreds have been present to hear our admittance. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes has lectured each Sabbath the present month, and has given addresses that have been full of the pure principles of Spiritualism. The desire to hear more of this doctrine is constantly increasing, and unusual interest is manifested by all classes of society. Some of the sectarian priests are a little exercised in their minds, that so many foolish persons are found to listen to "these fanatical or misguided medium speakers," but all such are earnestly requested to exercise patience and wait but a little longer, when they shall see a much more abundant outpouring of spirit-power and an interest awakened to know the truth, that the time-honored and creed-bound teachers of theology have been unable to originate or sustain. Truly did you say last week, "The good seed has taken root, and the glorious fruit will be gathered in in due time." T.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Dec. 31, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D. For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Conley; "Poems," by A. P. McConah; or "The Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfowl Club," by Emma Harding; "Hossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature"; "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Supernatural Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babbcock Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. English edition. The price of this work is \$2.50, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time. Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Poor Fund Donations.

To send the Banner of Light free to Spiritualists who are too poor to subscribe for it.

We have for several years past sent our paper free to poor Spiritualists who earnestly desired it and could not afford to pay the subscription price; but we can do so no longer—at least, add no new names of this class to our list—unless we are aided in the work by the friends of the cause who have the means to spare and the disposition to help the poor. Therefore we appeal to those Spiritualists who are willing to act with us in this matter, to the end that "those who are thirsty may partake of the waters of life freely." We shall publish a record of all moneys so received.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

Our office in New York is at No. 514 Broadway, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum. Friends visiting the city are invited to call, where Dr. STROMER, our Agent, will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of mediums, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. SIMONS, Medical Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, 1249 Broadway, corner 31st street, New York.

JAMES V. MASSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

L. L. FAIRSWORTH, Medium, answers SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$4 and four three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1040 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

No remedy in the world ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

A lady who has had several years' experience as a worker among the neglected and degraded classes, desirous to cooperate with Spiritualists, and others of liberal ideas, in the formation of a "City Mission," or "Ministry at Large," with a view to seek out and labor to uplift the fallen, the outcast, and the suffering of all ages and conditions. Any one interested in such a work, will please address, "A. M., office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill."

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERSON for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—Fine carte de visite photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 1st.

WINTER.—This is the first week of Winter. Soon we may expect snows and winds and chilly weather. Be careful of exposure, and provide yourselves with COLE'S CURE BALM, for Croup, Coughs, Colds and Bore Throat. It is an excellent remedy. 1¢-Dec. 1.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE.

DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application. WARRANTED TO CURE RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture. Price of each of the above... \$1.00 per Bottle. G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchendon, Mass. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., M. B. Burr & Co., Boston. John F. Hays & Co., Waterbury, Vt., General Agent. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6¢-June 2.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine for the Sick. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire countries, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Nov. 24.

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.—The remedy should be used when the disease is in the incipient stages, and when it first appears in the system, such as a hacking Cough, Pain in the Chest, Difficulty of Breathing, Cold Night Sweats. Before the system is too much disorganized, Allen's Lung Balsam will be found to give immediate relief. For sale by G. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston. No. 212½ Ave. for the Deaf, 57 South Family Medicine generally. Nov. 24.

PAIN KILLER.—The Woodstock (C. W.) Sentinel says: "It is a generally admitted fact, that the medicine manufactured by Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, has been instrumental in alleviating much pain, and giving relief to millions of suffering humanity. The medicine is really almost everywhere known, and its reputation is now established as the most beneficial family medicine now in use, and may be taken internally and externally to great pain. Nov. 24-25.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agent type twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance. Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

First Abridged Edition of the Manual, FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. It contains Rules, Marches, Lessons, Instructions, Silver Chain Recitations, Hymns and Songs. Price, per copy, 10 cents, and 10 cents postage if sent by mail; for 10 copies, \$1.00, and 10 cents postage. Address the Publisher, ELIA MARSH, 111 BROADWAY ST., Boston. Dec. 1.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, PERMANENTLY located at NEWPORT, R. I., office, 239 Thomas street. Office hours from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M., 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. on Saturdays, and on the 23rd of each month. Dr. N. cannot be called on for any case without seeing the patient. Dr. N.'s letters must be as short as telegraphic dispatches, or they cannot be read or answered. Dec. 1.

GOOD BOARD WITH MAGNETIC TREATMENT. ONLY THIRTY MINUTES FROM NEW YORK.

Mrs. ELIZA P. WILLIAMS, (sister of A. J. DAVIS), Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healing Medium, can accommodate two or three persons, either as boarders or as patients, at her residence near the Park Hotel, in Boston. Her terms are \$10 per week, including board and magnetic treatment. Apply to her address, DORRAN & WILLIAMS, No. 8 NEW STREET, NEWARK, N. J. Dec. 1.

DR. BARDEN'S CONDENSED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Sold in Cases or Single Bottles. DR. B. B. STORER, Agent, 34 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Dec. 1.

A GOOD SITUATION.

FOR A WIFE TO BE WITH A HOUSEWIFE in a small family, residing in a pleasant village, about 10 miles from Boston. Address, with reference to salary, to Boston, stating where an interview can be had. Dec. 1.

A WORD TO BOTH SEXES.

SOBERLY ANY LADY WISH TO IMPROVE HER COMPLEXION, and to have her skin clear, soft and free from all disfigurements of the skin, she should use a gentleman's dressing brush, best made upon the head, or the growth of whiskers, or mustaches, or change the hair to a more desirable color, they had address Mrs. ELIZA LEE, No. 8 DORRAN ST., NEW YORK, and be sure of receiving such information as will return mail as well as their most suitable expectations. Dec. 1.

MRS. ARRY M. LAFIN FERRIS.

PSYCHOMETRIST AND TEST MEDIUM, read from hand-writing or initials; also, gives directions to those wishing to become clairvoyants. Personal directions, 43 West Broadway, Room 10. Reading, 2¢. Business Hours, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Dec. 1.

"A NORTON JOHNSON"—Comic Life of "An-der-son's Spirit Pictures," by Dr. Norton Johnson. The most humorous book ever published. New York. Price only 25 cents. Postage free. For 10 copies, \$2.00 per copy. Dec. 1.

MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium.

Trance Test Medium, at No. 115 CORNHILL STREET, next door leading from SUMMIT STREET. Hours from 10 to 12 and 2 to 5 P. M. Dec. 1.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant.

Clairvoyant, 117½ WASHINGTON ST., Boston. Dec. 1.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

An association of friends of the cause will commence with the beginning of the New Year, the publication of a new periodical, to be entitled:

NORTHERN LIGHTS; AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TALES, TRAVELS, POEMS, SKETCHES AND ESSAYS. IT WILL BE EDITED BY JULIA WARD HOWE and EDMOND KIRKE. And among its contributors will be the following well-known authors:

- JULIA WARD HOWE, author of "Passion Flowers," "Later Letters," etc.
HOWE, author of "Poems," etc.
JANE G. AYRES, author of "Outpost," "Hornet's Daughter," etc.
LOUISA M. ALBERT, author of "Moods," "Hospital Sketches," etc.
"THE FORTY-NINE," author of "Herman," etc.
LEONORA P. HALL, author of "Stories," etc.
FRANCIS W. SUTHERLAND, author of "Up-river Sketches," "Banking Establishment," etc.
ROBERT H. NEWELL, author of the "Orphan of Cere" papers.
FITZ BURN L. DEWEY, author of the "Harsh Letter," "Fiduciariness," etc.
"OLIVER OPTIC," author of "Books for Young Folks," and "Editor of 'Our Boys and Girls Magazine.'"
CHARLES T. COXSON, author of the "Tribune."
CHARLES DAWSON SHAW, late editor of the "Vanity Fair."
CHARLES G. HALDEN, author of "Miles O'Reilly, His Book," etc.
EDMOND C. SEDMAN, author of the "Diamond Wedding," etc.
EDWARD S. RASH, JR., author of "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," etc.
FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of "France and England in North America," etc.
FREDERICK V. SANBY, P. M., (cashier in postmaster.)
WILLIAM H. ALLEN, author of "The Postmaster of a Future Life," etc.
EDMUND SPENCER, author of "Essays," etc.
"SHREVE BOSTON," author of the "Dead Letter," and EDMOND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines," etc.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS" will be issued in weekly and monthly parts—each weekly part containing forty large octavo pages; and it will be printed on the paper, with clear type, and illustrated by J. A. Sawyer, from designs by the artists. The subscription price will be THREE DOLLARS for the volume of twenty-six numbers. Single copies will be FIFTEEN CENTS.

Subscriptions will be received and the trade supplied by THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 110 and 121 Nassau street, New York.

LEE & SHEPARD, 149 Washington St., BOSTON, THE PROPRIETORS.

Communications and exchanges must be addressed to "Editors Northern Lights," Boston. 2¢-Nov. 24.

NEURAPATHIC BALSAM; OR, NATURE'S GREAT HARMONIZER.

(Discovered and put up by direction of spirit-physicians.) AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ALL HUMORS AND SKIN DISEASES! Piles, Catarrhs, Hemorrhoids, Worms, Burns, Sores, and all Affections of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEARLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and...

The New Covenant--Judge Carter's "Lying Spirits," and Bro. F. L. Wadsworth's Estimate of Mediumship.

The editor of the Chicago New Covenant has recently made copious extracts from the BANNER...

Bro. D. P. Livermore is exceedingly skillful at finding such articles in Spiritualist papers as are headed "False Communications," "Dark Circle Mediums," etc.

As to "lying spirits," our position is: pre-sent and past existence constitute one endless chain of being.

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Spiritualists of this country consider full seven-tenths of spiritual manifestations genuine--that is, "spiritual" in their origin.

Possibly we may err in our estimate of the genuineness of spirit-manifestations.

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To publish our article containing the explanation in full.

The Investigator's whole article upon "exaggeration" while amusing, reminded us of these lines of Emerson: "There are people who can never understand a trope, or any second or expanded sense given to your words, or any humor; but remain literalists, after hearing the music and poetry, and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. They are past the help of surgeon or clergy."

Man proposes, but God disposes, is a saying that has been often verified in the world's history, and all human experience proves that the realm of "free will" is circumscribed by very narrow wiles and bounds.

There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew our work, and then into that shape it fits.

For how often do we find our personal wishes and plans thwarted, when not in consonance with the designs of those potent guides who lead us through the mazes of human life, and overrule our purposes to suit their wiser schemes.

My labors in this place, though performed under physical difficulties, have proved profitable, to me, in spiritual experiences, which I trust will better prepare me for future labors in the great field of reform embraced within the compass of our utilitarian religion.

Everywhere within the range of my observation, Spiritualism is moving forward with rapid strides, "from conquering to conquer," and the persistent efforts of its enemies and the mistakes and shortcomings of its friends are alike unavailing in checking its triumphant sway.

Yours for the labor of progress, CINCINNATI, O., 1895. DEAN CLARKE.

Progressive Lyceum in Springfield.

From Springfield I will send you a word of cheer about the good work that is going forward here.

The people are taking hold of the matter in earnest, and are determined to make it a success.

Mathematical.

My attention was called to an article concerning the proper or true figures to be used in order to obtain the circumference of a circle from the diameter.

Young Respectfully, JNO. LAING.

Oakland, Cal., Oct. 6, 1895.

To Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

The undersigned, in behalf of the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Vinland, Cumberland County, N. J., take this method of commending to your favor Doctor J. B. Dunton, who proposes to collect funds to finish the large Free Hall of the Friends of Progress in Vinland.

SPRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston--Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in December in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street.

The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in No. 2 Tremont Row, Hall 23.

Speakers engaged--N. S. Greenleaf, Dec. 2 and 9; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Dec. 10, 23 and 30.

CHILSEA--The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 1/2 P. M.

LOWELL--Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

HAVERHILL, MASS.--The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill hold meetings at Music Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M.

Worcester--Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening.

LYNN, MASS.--The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall.

SALEM, MASS.--Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all.

MALDEN, MASS.--Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 11 P. M.

FOXBORO, MASS.--Meetings in Town Hall, Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 11 A. M.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.--Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 7 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock.

PUTNAM, CONN.--Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 11 o'clock.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.--The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church.

NEW YORK CITY--The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Duane's Hall, 606 Broadway.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 55 West 53rd street, near Broadway.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.--Children's Progressive Lyceum holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock P. M.

TROY, N. Y.--Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.--Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street.

VINELAND, N. J.--Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.--Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock.

CHICAGO, ILL.--Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago every Sunday at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street.

Mrs. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass. Dr. E. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. J. T. DOW, lecturer, Cookville, Tenn. Dr. H. E. EMMETT, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn.

A. T. Foss will speak in Willimantic, Conn. on December 15, 1902, during January. Will lecture week day evenings in the vicinity. Per address, 100 Main street, Willimantic, Conn.

Miss ELIZA HOWE FULLER, Stockton, Me. Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance speaker, will lecture, attend circles or meetings in Willimantic, Conn., during January. Per address, 100 Main street, Willimantic, Conn.

J. G. FISH, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Fred Mrs. FANNIE B. FELTON, Cache Creek, Colorado. R. J. FINNEY, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dr. W. F. FOSTER, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Lowell, Mass., as connected with the manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture in Lowell, Mass. C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1855, Ch. Isaac P. GREENE will lecture in Providence, R. I., Dec. 2 and 9, in Woonsocket, Dec. 9 and 16.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON will lecture in Colorado Territory until spring, when she will lecture in California. Friends on the Pacific coast will be glad to hear of her. Per address, 100 Main street, Willimantic, Conn.

Mrs. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Lowell, Mass., as connected with the manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in New York, N. Y., until the end of April. Mrs. Harding can be reached at her home, 100 Main street, Willimantic, Conn.

Mrs. HENRY HOUGHTON will lecture in Milford, N. H., and S. Will speak week evenings in the vicinity of Lowell, Mass. Mrs. S. W. HARRIS will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during December. Address as above.

Rev. S. C. HAYFORD, inspirational speaker, will lecture to the Spiritualists Societies. For a full list of addresses, see BANNER, Dec. 23 and 30. Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.

Mrs. NELLIE HAYDEN will receive calls to lecture in Lowell, Mass. Address, No. 20 Walnut street, Worcester, Mass. Mrs. H. H. HAYDEN, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will answer calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged.

Dr. E. B. HOLDER, No. Clarendon, Vt. Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt., will speak week evenings in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 23 and 30. Address, Brandon, Vt.

Miss JULIA J. HUBBARD, box 372, Malden, Mass. W. A. D. HUME will lecture on Spiritualism and its development, West Side P. O., Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. C. H. HUNT, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Dr. J. H. HUNTER, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Lowell, Mass. Dr. H. H. HUNTER, Worcester, Mass. Dr. H. H. HUNTER, Worcester, Mass.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker. Address during November, North Middleboro, Mass. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNE will make engagements for the winter. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. GIBNEY will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Ms.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. Mrs. H. P. BROWN, P. O. drawer 6815, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. Dr. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Western States. Address, Berlin, Wis., care of J. Webster.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, 101 West 12th st., New York. Mrs. E. A. BLISS, 250 North Second street, Troy, N. Y.

WARREN CHASE will speak in Rock Island, Ill., during December. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DEAN CLARKE, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt. Mrs. LAURA CURTIS is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. L. K. COONEY will lecture and heal in New England from Nov. 10 until March 1. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hampstead, N. H., care of N. P. Cross, 15 Marshall street, Boston.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will receive calls to lecture in New England until further notice. Address, 11 South street, Boston.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture, and also pay particular attention to establishing new Lyceums and laboring in those that are already formed. Will lecture in Springfield, Mass., during December. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in the vicinity. Address as above.