

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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MY FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS, SISTERS.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

They are all gone, but one.
A daughter and a son
Were from my parents early taken away;
And my own childhood's joy
Was darkened when, a boy,
I saw them in their coffins as they lay.
To manhood had I grown;
And children of my own
Were gathering round me when my mother died.
I saw not her cold clay,
When it was borne away,
And buried by her little children's side.

Beneath the new green sod
She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's
dew.
For, when she used to leave
The freestone every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
That dew that blessed my youth—
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

How often has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blest me since thy mortal hour!
Two younger sisters then,
Both wives of worthy men,
After one of them had been a mother,
Were touched by the cold hand,
And to the spirit-land,
In quick succession, followed one the other.

To neither could I speak;
Nor, on the marble cheek
Of either pour a mourning brother's tear.
The husband of the one,
The mother of the son,
Has since been borne away upon the bier.
Lake Erie's waters cold
Over a brother rolled;
The day was bright, the lake scarce felt a breeze;
While I have yet been spared,
Though dangers I have dared,
Storms, rocks, and pirates in the Grecian Seas.

Dear brother! in my dreams
Thy floating body seems
To lift its hand, and my poor aid implore!
I'm wakened by my weeping,
And know that thou art sleeping
In thy lone grave, on low Sandusky's shore.
I had one brother more,
The last my mother bore;
He was a boy when forth I went to roam.
He delved upon the farm;
Our father's aged arm
Leaned upon him—his hope, his prop—at home.

He sunk beneath the weight
Of many cares. A great
And growing name he left for strength and worth.
'T was but five months ago!
My father felt the blow,
And now he, too, has passed away from earth.
Oh, could I but have heard
One parting, blessing word
From all these dying loved ones! But the pall,
Unseen by me was thrown,
And the green turf hath grown
Wet by no tear of mine, over their all—

All but the last: thank God!
Before the heavy clod
Fell on his coffin, to its side I drew:
And though the thin, white hair
Lay like the hoar frost, there,
My hand his forehead pressed, that felt like freezing
dew.
It had been marked with care,
It had been bowed in prayer,
For many a year Death upon it stole.
O'er it I bent alone,
'T was love's forsaken throne,
And its death-chill went to my very soul!

Of all am I bereft!
Only one sister left—
A weeping willow, that to many a blast
Hath bowed her slender form.
Oh God! hold back the storm,
That thou shalt send to break her down at last!
Father, to thee I bow!
In very love hast thou
Thy children summoned from earth's toils and
tears.
Uphold me by thy strength,
Until I join, at length,
The friends thou gavest to my earliest years.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars, when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods, when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings, from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful mead,
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

Round Table.

Literary Department.

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JESSIE GRAY.

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

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

About an hour afterwards Nettle came upstairs, but went directly to her own room—an unusual thing for the little girl to omit her good-night to the governess. The door was ajar, and after a few minutes Jessie heard violent sobbing. She went in. Nettle had thrown herself on the bed without undressing, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.
"My dear child, what is the trouble?"
"Oh, Miss Gray, it will kill me if it ever happens. I never thought of it till this evening, and perhaps it is a wicked thought now; but I could not help it coming into my mind, and now it seems like a dreadful, dreadful dream!"
"Tell me your trouble, Nettle."
The child seemed reluctant.
"Oh, Miss Gray! perhaps I am wrong—it was only a little thing—just a kiss and a few words. Mr. Selden and mamma—I was in the library, and they were together in the parlor; they had been talking a long time, but I did not listen, for you know that would not be proper, but as he rose to leave he kissed mamma, and he called her 'Carrie,' and said, 'Next week, dear Carrie, next week my happiness will be complete!' and then some arrangements were made for a summer trip to the lakes. Miss Gray, do you think it possible that mamma will marry again, and that Mr. Selden will take my father's place?"
"I trust not, Nettle; you might have misunderstood. Your mother and Mr. Selden were like brother and sister when young. Try and sleep now; I will read to you."
Children are easily soothed, and not many minutes passed before Jessie was free to seek her own room, and seclude herself with her troubles in that refuge.
Her resolution to leave Woodside was confirmed, but this communication of Nettle's gave a new turn to her thoughts. She loved Mrs. Perry too well not to be perplexed and troubled, and she fell asleep praying that God would guide this friend aright.
Now let those who do not believe in a superintending special Providence, who have no faith in the care of guardian angels over the heirs of salvation on earth, who think it but a poet's fancy that "millions of unseen spirits walk this earth, both when we sleep and when we wake," turn away from these pages, and read no more of this story. To such I shall seem only as an idle dreamer.
As Jessie slept, she dreamed, and I will relate the dream, but I am no Daniel, to give the interpretation thereof.
She was watching by the bedside of Mrs. Perry, who was very ill, and apparently near to death. The most skillful physicians had been called in, but all their medicine and advice had proved useless. Good old Dr. Ward had shaken his head and said, "I can do no more; she must die." And then Jessie remembered Dr. Barton, and started in pursuit of him. It was a long walk, and then a tedious ride in the cars, a search for the house, which proved to be an odd-looking building, unlike any which Jessie had seen, but the room was the same in which Judge Perry had died at Woodside. Jessie turned the key, knocked as she had done once before, obeyed the summons, "Come in," when Dr. Barton raised his head, and Jessie saw the same pale features, and the same expression of terror which she had so often recalled in her waking moments. She told her errand. The doctor exclaimed:
"Why, Jessie, you should have come to me before; I could have saved her. Pray God it be not too late now!" and he rushed out of the house without another word.
Jessie awoke, and the dream troubled her. The impression was strong upon her mind that Dr. Barton ought to know of Mr. Selden's visits to Woodside, and that no time should be lost in giving him this information.
She fell asleep again, and the dream was repeated, and again the same impression made upon her mind when she awoke, that she ought to go to Dr. Barton. So strong was this feeling, that she rose, looked at her watch, then out of the window, when she perceived that it was raining. The train for Columbus left at five o'clock in the morning, and it was three miles from Hillside to the depot.
"How absurd," she said, "to be governed by an idle dream!" and she turned again to her bed and slept. But the third time she dreamed the same dream, and this time the words of the doctor were repeated: "Why didst thou not come to me before? I could have saved her."
Jessie hesitated no longer, but rose, dressed herself, threw on her waterproof and hat, drew on her rubber boots, and stole quietly out of the front door into the street. Yes, Jessie, the quaint, modest, retiring little Jessie, was making her way at three o'clock on a rainy morning on foot to the depot, there to go to Columbus, at the dictation of a dream! She said afterwards that she did not allow herself to think of the absurdity of it, but went forward as if impelled by some unseen force. Strange to say, the road was familiar to her; and when she came to the depot, it was just as pictured in her dream, and the same upon the railroad, though she had never traveled it before. On arriving at Columbus, she turned aside from the cab and hack drivers, and walked up into the city, where she soon perceived a strange looking,

not very attractive, she thought, but the face smile of the one in her dream. She rang the bell, and on inquiring for Dr. Barton, was told that he was in the building, but very much engaged at that time.
"Give him that card," said Jessie.
The servant did not ask her in, and without any thought of the impropriety of the act, she followed the servant up two flights of stairs, when he stopped and knocked at the door of a room, from the inside of which a voice said, "Come in." Jessie saw at once that it was a dissecting room, for a dead body lay upon a long table, and the doctor held a knife in his hand. She started back, and a sudden faintness almost overpowered her.
The doctor came out, not looking as in the dream, but with a look of welcome mingled with curiosity. She begged a moment's interview with him, and then told him briefly of John Selden's visits, of Nettle's fears after hearing the conversation in the parlor, of her dream, and her obedience to it, against her own judgment and wishes.
As she spoke, the same expression which she had seen once before in reality, and three times in dreams, was upon the doctor's face, intensified now, so that Jessie said it made her tremble. It was neither anger nor disappointment, but terror mingled with detestation and loathing.
"My dear Jessie!" he exclaimed, "a good angel hath sent you here. She must be saved from John Selden, and I alone can save her. Let me see," he said, taking out his watch, the train leaves in fifteen minutes for Dalton. You are tired and hungry; you must not go back. I will take you to the hotel, where you must go to bed, after a warm breakfast. I shall not stay many hours in Dalton; my work there is short."
He ordered a carriage, and poor Jessie, too tired even for breakfast, was glad of a room where she could rest, and she had no sooner laid herself down upon the bed, than there stole over her senses a sweet sleep, which lasted some hours, and when she awoke, was refreshed in body and mind.
"I felt," she said, "as if fancy those feelings which have been in a trance. I came back now to the practical world; I ordered my dinner, which related well; and, as the doctor had given orders to that purpose, I was most kindly treated. I remember while I lingered over the nice dessert of coffee, pastry and fruit, that one of the ministers of Columbus was a student of my father, and formerly boarded at the Parsonage. I had seen his name in connection with the Sanitary Commission, and I could easily believe that he could enter heart and soul with the cause of the sick and suffering soldiers. My resolution was taken, my card sent to him, and in a half hour more I was seated in the parlor with him, and had offered my services as nurse to any hospital where he might choose to send me."
"You shall go, Jessie. I know you too well to doubt your ability or question your motive. I want just such a person to go with me to-morrow to Virginia."
I spoke of my trunk, which was in Dalton.
"Never mind that; my wife will furnish you with all you need; it will not be much. We must start to-morrow; the poor fellows are dying there for want of nursing and supplies."
To me this seemed providential. I did not wish to go back to Dalton. I preferred not to see Dr. Barton again. I had a superstitious feeling that perhaps my brother Henry would find friends and care in time of need, if I devoted myself to this work.
I wrote a letter to Mrs. Perry, explaining as well as I could why I had left, and assuring her of unchanged affection; then a short note to the doctor, which I committed to the care of Mrs. Darling, assured that she would defend my course.
While Jessie is going southward to her good work, we will return to Dalton.
There were clouds resting over Woodside and Greenwood that afternoon—low, heavy clouds; and the rain was falling, and there were heavy thoughts in Dr. Barton's heart as he entered, not by the old, familiar garden-path from Greenwood, but through the more formal and somewhat stately front entrance. The bell was answered by a new domestic, who knew not the doctor, and he therefore sent in his card. It seemed strange to him to be ushered into the large, elegant drawing-room, dark because nearly all the shutters were closed, and heavy with rich drapery of damask and lace. On the whole, he was not sorry to be here, for this room had no association with the happy hours he had passed in that house; the bright, cheerful library, or the home-like parlor, with its birds and flowers and books and dogs and work-baskets, had generally welcomed him when he came thither. "Better this," he said, as he stood a moment at the register, which gave forth its heat in such sullen silence.
The next moment Mrs. Perry came into the room, elegant, graceful as ever; moreover, the doctor thought, in the rich black silk, with the large jet cross on her bosom, her only ornament. And yet while with an artist's eye he acknowledged her beauty, it had lost in a measure its enchantment for him. It was a sad, terrible errand on which he had come, but he had never let his heart to the task, and he would do it fearlessly and as a man should do the duty which God requires of him.
The doctor had, in the course of his profession, performed many a severe operation upon the shrinking, sensitive flesh of delicate women, when only the strong desire to do his work well had mastered his sympathy with the sufferer; but never in his life before, or afterwards, though he was in active service in our war, did he shrink as now from the painful task before him. He was warmly welcomed; never had it been otherwise at Woodside; but he must be in Columbus again that night. He had but two hours to stay; he had taken a late dinner at the hotel, and needed no refreshment, and, hesitating how to introduce a

painful topic, he began in a way, which, after all, is the best, at once, without any circumlocution:
"Mrs. Perry, I have heard that Mr. Selden and yourself are to be married soon. Such a report has come to my ears; may I ask if it is true?"
A deep blush suffused her face, and for an instant she hesitated; but for an instant.
"Dr. Barton, were you not an old and tried friend, I should resent such an interference in my affairs; as it is, it seems to me abrupt, permit me to say, almost rude."
"Excuse me, Mrs. Perry, my time is very short. I thought you knew me too well to think, for a moment, that I would ask such a question without a purpose, or that I would willingly give you a moment's pain. If you can tell me that I have been misinformed, that the report is false, I shall return to Columbus with a happy heart."
Mrs. Perry, for the first time, began to suspect that the doctor had a personal motive in this inquiry. If so, a little abruptness, a little indignation was excusable; while deception or falsehood on her part would be cruelly. True to her own sense of honor, she said:
"You have been correctly informed, Dr. Barton. Mr. Selden and myself are to be married in a few days. This will surprise you, but—"
The doctor did not wait for her to finish the sentence. He rose, seated himself on the couch by her side, and in few words and low tones told her that which blanched her cheek and almost turned the blood in her veins to ice. Nature gave way, and she fainted. Fortunately there was ice-water in the room, and the doctor had all needful restoratives with him. She revived; but those few moments wrought the work of years on that beautiful woman. When she regained her consciousness, "Doctor," she said, in a voice so full of remorse and sorrow that tears sprang to the doctor's eyes, "take me to my own room, the room where he died; leave me there; I would be alone to wrestle with this terrible sorrow. You have done right, Doctor, to come to me; but your own conscience must decide whether you have not sinned in deferring your disclosures to this hour."
"I will not excuse myself, Mrs. Perry. God knows I have suffered!"
"I understand you now, Doctor, and much that has appeared strange in your conduct is now explained."
She rose, but how the strong woman had become weak! she tottered and would have fallen. The doctor supported her up the stairs and to her own room. There, tenderly as a mother's hand could have done it, he laid her on the bed, his own tears falling meanwhile upon the stricken woman.
"Leave me now, Doctor; have no fear. I am strong, you know, and never fainted in my life before. I would be alone. When I am able I will see Jessie; dear Jessie! I have not seen her to-day."
"I will send her to you," said the doctor; meanwhile drink this," and he mixed a soothing cordial and left her.
On his way to Columbus, the white, anxious face of little Jessie was before him, and he was eager to get to his journey's end that he might ask her more about that strange dream; he feared she was ill from excitement and fatigue. His disappointment was great to find the bird had flown; and what was worse, he could not write to her or hear from her, at least for many weeks. He turned to his duties with a sad heart. Life was not quite so bright to the doctor as in the days when he wrote those merry letters to Judge Perry.
Jessie Gray proved to be one of the rare few who are capable of making efficient nurses. Cheerful in her temperament, quiet in her movements, accustomed for many years to wait upon her invalid mother, she became, after the first feelings of repulsion and fear had passed away, a great favorite among the sick and wounded. She remained six months, and then returned to Woodburn for rest and relaxation.
She was received with great kindness, especially by her stepmother, who, like most of our Northern practical housewives, had been very active in her labors for the soldiers. "Aunt Betsey" received the weary Jessie as she would have done a sick soldier, and there was almost a strife between her and good old Dr. Barton and wife, as to which should have her for a guest. Her father's old parishioners gave her a warm welcome, and Jessie was petted and kindly cared for till she went back to her work again, encouraged and strengthened for her task. Her time was passed amid painful and distressing scenes, but the gratitude of the suffering and the joy of those who recovered made many bright spots for her.
One day she walked out for exercise, and learned that a colored regiment had entered the place. It was among the first that had been formed, and groups were collecting to see them pass. Jessie joined the spectators, thinking that a regiment of negroes would make sorry looking soldiers. But her surprise was great when she saw this regiment, supreme in the perfect order and cleanliness of their equipments, the regularity of step, and instant obedience of orders. She remained some time looking at them, and observed one soldier, an orderly sergeant, who once or twice directed his gaze to her, and at last touched his cap, and seemed prevented, only by his strict observance of duty, from more definite demonstrations of acquaintance. At last she recognized him. It was Peter! But Peter looking ten years younger; Peter, with an exultant look, as if he had tasted for the first time the true wine of existence.
Jessie was now as eager to meet Peter as he had been to recognize her. She longed for news from her old friends at Dalton; and to her great delight, Peter called at the hospital; and when she congratulated him upon becoming a soldier, his great eyes and his white teeth gave answer.
"Yes, Miss Jessie. The Lord has called me; I'm doing his work. I've been waiting some years for do deliverance of my people, and now,

blessed be Lord, I can work, which is better den waiting."
Jessie inquired for friends in Dalton. Peter's face expressed great grief when she asked this question.
"Oh Miss Jessie, have you not heard? Don't you know about Mr. John?"
There was that in Peter's look which implied something terrible to be revealed. From his somewhat rambling account, Jessie learned that Mr. Selden had, after the reception of a certain letter, shut himself for days in his room, eating scarcely enough to sustain life. That then he rode away upon his favorite horse, "Sultan"—almost equal to Mazeppa—was gone two days, and when he came back, the poor animal looked as if it had been ridden unmercifully, and died the next day. Mr. Selden was so restless and fault finding, that Miss Hannah had a hard time with him. (Peter said nothing about his own troubles.) His business was neglected, and when he undertook to do any, he made such blunders that people were afraid to trust him. At last one day Miss Hannah saw him load his revolver, and go into his room and turn the key. Her fears were excited. She gave the alarm, and Peter and Jim rushed into the room, just as he was about to commit the fatal deed. It was very evident at last, that he was deranged; and after every effort was made to restrain him there, it was found necessary to send him to an asylum for the insane.
"Oh Miss Jessie, I can't tell you what we all suffered before he went. It seemed to me as if I were in a dream, and I heard of his death as if it were a distant thing. He was let loose in our house."
"And Mrs. Perry?" said Jessie.
"Indeed, Miss Jessie, didn't you know that Mrs. Perry and the children were in Europe? Left soon after you did. It was so long ago on the hill, 'peared to me I wanted to go and lie down in the cemetery at Birdie's feet, and sleep till Gabriel's trumpet blew. But I'm glad I lived, for Miss Jessie, I hear de trumpet of de jubilee, to set the captives free. When dis war is over, den, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."
"Miss Hannah! Is she all alone at Greenwood?"
"Oh no, Miss Jessie, Jim is with her. He's saying himself to strike a blow for old Ireland; and he was willing to take care of things at Greenwood, if he need not leave Mazeppa. So Mazeppa is in our stable, and Jim is boarding money to pay a substitute, if he is drafted."
Jessie felt great interest in Peter. "Yes," she said to herself, as she went from cot to cot, praying with the dying, comforting the poor, homesick boy, who longed so earnestly for a mother's care. "Thank God, that he has found work for me to do," repeating it many times that day. She labored so faithfully that the physician advised her to take another rest—six months had passed since her last. She was preparing to follow his advice, when a battle took place, and the hospital was again filled with the dying and wounded. Jessie would not leave them, and her services were too valuable for the doctor to insist, though he feared the delicate frame was unequal to the labor. But Jessie's courage and strength rose with the emergency. She was waiting upon a patient, who had just been brought in from the surgeon's room with his limb amputated, when four soldiers came in with a wounded man, who, from his dress, appeared to be an officer, and laid him upon the cot adjoining where Jessie stood.
"There, now," said one soldier, "we've got him safe away from the surgeon, who would have chopped off that leg in no time, if we hadn't begged hard to wait till the doctor comes to his senses. Nurse, have you any camphor? This man is in a dead faint."
Jessie turned and saw the wounded officer; his hair clotted with blood, his face covered with dust and blood like a thick red paste, his clothes torn, and a wound in the right leg. The eyes were closed, and he lay like one dead; exhausted probably by loss of blood, for there was a perceptible pulse. Jessie understood what to do better than the soldiers. They explained that the patient was a doctor, who knew more about cutting off limbs than half the surgeons in the service, and he shouldn't have his cut off, till he was able to direct about it himself; "and may be, ma'am," said one, taking off his cap, "good nursing will save him. He's been so good to us, I'd like to keep him whole, if I can be done."
The patient was reviving slowly under Jessie's efforts, and soon raised his hand to brush aside the hair which lay in clotted masses upon his forehead. Jessie started. There was something in that motion strangely familiar to her. She tried herself to remove the hair, and partially succeeded. Yes, it was he—Dr. Barton! There were strange emotions of joy and sorrow in little Jessie's heart, but she did not betray them. The pale, quiet little nurse, knew what must be done, and she did it. She had learned a great deal about wounds, and had often mourned that amputation were so hasty. "If we can only save him!" and here she prayed that God would help her efforts.
A surgeon who had been very kind to her, and in whom she had great confidence, promised his aid. The sufferer was made as comfortable as possible. Jessie cut the tangled hair, washed the discolored face, put on a clean, loose sack, in place of the ragged coat; but all this time the sufferer was wandering in his mind, and did not recognize her efforts.
She sat by him all that night; and no patient ever had more tender care. The morning light streamed at last into that hospital, where upon every cot lay the sick and wounded; it lighted up the pallid face of the doctor. He opened his eyes, gazed wildly about him for a moment, and his eyes at last rested upon his nurse. "Jessie Gray!" he said, in a low voice, for he was very weak; "Jessie Gray my nurse! This is good!" and he closed his eyes, and Jessie thought he was fainting. He was very near it, for he suffered intensely; but he rallied soon. "Have they cut it off?"

he asked, Jessie smiled; the idea that a man didn't know whether his leg was cut off or not, amused her.

The smile was so like that of the little girl he used to play with in his boyhood, that it aroused very pleasant thoughts in the Doctor.

"Ay! Jessie, that is no strange. Many a poor fellow do n't know he has lost a leg, till long after amputation."

"We are going to try and save it for you, if possible," said Jessie.

"Is Dr. Perry in this hospital?" he asked.

It was the very one upon whom Jessie depended for aid. He was called, and was delighted to find Dr. Barton, of whom he had heard so much, had fallen to his care. They had known each other well through a correspondence, but had never met before.

No doubt Dr. Barton found the hospital much pleasanter than many of the patients. He was confined here three months; but that delightful old gentleman, his father, came on twice to see him; and at last, when he was able to be removed, there was a happy time in the little cottage at Woodburn. Old Mrs. Barton had thrown open the whole house, to let the sunbeams rejoice with them. She was a portly, cheerful looking old lady, and her hearty "Welcome home, my children," made Jessie feel as if it would be very easy to call her mother. She had promised to do this before they left the hospital; and this evening the cottage was filled with old friends who came with their congratulations for the happy couple.

Henry had a short furlough. There he stood, a hale, hearty young fellow, safe as yet, and sound in limb, though none doubted his zeal and bravery. Jessie's prayer had been answered. Yes; and God has given the little weary wanderer a home, where she can love, and is loved most tenderly. Here she will remain while the war lasts; her husband will return to his post. "God has given me my work also, Jessie, and I shall not rest till there is peace in the land."

"Let me read you this letter," Jessie said:

FLORENCE, JAN., 1865.

DEAR JESSIE—I have learned at last, through the housekeeper at Greenwood, where you are, how my heart has longed for you! Sometimes I hope you will come to me here, for I shall remain abroad a year longer. Jessie, I have suffered much, but I blame myself. Dr. Barton's revelation was terrible, and for six weeks I was prostrate on my bed with fever. I was ordered to this place, and I was thankful for the order. I learn, also, through Aunt Hannah, that the Doctor was your patient in the hospital. I foresee the consequences, for no one can live with you without loving you. God bless you, for you are worthy of him. I have dedicated my life to my husband's memory and the education of my children.

Yours truly,
CARRIE PERRY.

This was accompanied by a long letter from the children, full of the particulars of their daily life, and urging Miss Gray to come and be their governess again.

"Jessie," said Dr. Barton, "what a strange dream that was, which sent you to Columbus! I wish you would tell it to my father and mother."

"I will," said Jessie, if you will promise to explain to me what Mrs. Perry means when she says, Dr. Barton's revelation was terrible."

"Jessie," said the Doctor, looking very grave, "there is no harm in explaining here what must have seemed inexplicable to you. When Dr. Ward asked me to perform that post mortem examination of Judge Perry, I had no hesitation, for I was desirous to satisfy myself of the nature of the disease; expecting to find some affection of the heart. Imagine my astonishment, when I detected sure traces of a subtle poison; a poison to which, I supposed, no one but myself had access. I had placed a small vial of it in my 'Doctor's den,' as it was called, and to Selden alone had I explained its nature and effects. You understand now the expression, which you say, almost frightened you."

You saw me leave the house with a bottle in my hand, and go over to Greenwood. There my suspicions were confirmed, though I struggled against them for a long time. But there was my little vial half empty, and here in the other bottle, proof stronger, even than the accusations of the dead, could be made.

Judge Perry never knew by whose hand he died."

"My son, were you right to conceal this crime?" said the old Doctor.

"Think, father, a moment, that all my proof was circumstantial—to me, it was overwhelming; but I have had too much experience with courts of justice in such cases to trust their mode of procedure. But had I foreseen the suffering which my silence has since caused Mrs. Perry, I might have done differently; but, as I have told Jessie, God knows she was not the only sufferer. As for punishment, Selden has not escaped. Dr. Hayes, who has charge of the Asylum where he is confined, tells me that his is not disease of the brain, so much as the insanity of baffled passion, varied with fits of remorse, such as only lost souls suffer."

"Come, Jessie," said the old gentleman, who saw how pale she looked, "let us go and see the sunset from yonder hill." She rose and took his arm. The venerable, white-headed man stooped and kissed her. "I thank God for the gift of a daughter! The tears came to Jessie's eyes, but she was very happy."

THE MARRIAGE OF LABOR AND SKILL.

'T was a beautiful temple—the workmanship there no plummet nor compass had spanned; Its dome was illumined with brilliancy rare, By light from its architect's hand.

Bright jewels were flashing that never, I ween, Were found in the pearl diver's store; And gems glittered there in their lustre serene, More dazzling than queen ever wore.

An altar, all sacred, was reared in the fane, A couple in wedlock to bind; And sons of the morning re-chanted again Their songs in the Temple of Mind.

They have bowed at the altar, and now they are wed; The graces are waiting around; The prayer and the last benediction are said, And Labor his helpmate has found.

Their beautiful children are thronging the earth, From Greenland's to Italy's sky; They have Labor's strong limbs of legitimate birth And Skill's searching glance of the eye.

What forms from that union have mantled the sod Let poets, let history tell, Since Labor was sent from the garden of God, With Skill as a partner to dwell.

A doctor recently gave the following prescription for a lady: A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl and a new pair of gaiter boots. The lady, it is needless to state, has entirely recovered.

Gold is the only idol that is worshiped in all lands without a temple, and by all sects without hypocrisy.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER THREE.

"Auntie," said Ennie one day, just at sunset, "don't you think it was very silly for people to shut themselves up in cells and caves and pretend that they are serving God?"

"What put such a question into your head in sight of that glowing western sky?" asked Aunt Zera.

"Why, I suppose I was thinking how beautiful everything is, and wondering if we ought n't to be very glad, and whether religion was n't more like that gorgeous sky than like the night that is coming."

"And perhaps another little thought came to your mind?"

"Well, I was thinking whether I should be more religious if I stayed at home from the dance to-morrow night, and then I thought of what father was reading about the men that used to give up everything to serve God."

"They were all fools!" said Will, coming in. "My teacher says so."

"No man is a fool that knows how to give up a pleasure for a principle," said Aunt Zera.

"Do n't, please," said Kate, who had been wonderfully quiet while looking at the changing lights in the West; "don't, please, preach a sermon, or talk about religion, but let us have a story. I heard Stephen say that he should not be in to read for a half hour. So please hurry, Auntie, and think of something real nice!"

"Ah," said Ennie, with a little sigh, "is n't it real nice to be good, and to do right?"

"I shall never believe it's right to shut one's self up and fast and pray," said Will.

"Well," said Aunt Zera, "I have just been reading about a very religious man, and will tell you about him, to see what you think of his religion."

"Oh, dear! dear!" sighed Kate. "I do wish—"

"The very moment you call my story stupid I will stop," said Aunt Zera; "but it shall be all true, and not a dream-story."

Two hundred and fifty-two years after the birth of Jesus—

"That was more than sixteen hundred years ago," said Will.

"Yes, a long, long time; but men were then very much as they are now, in disposition and tastes. They loved the pleasures of this world and its enjoyments, because they were just fitted for the good and beautiful things of the world, as we are."

Well, in this far-back time, a boy was born, and his home was in Egypt. His parents were wealthy, but they did not give their boy an education. The language spoken by them was the Coptic, and there were no books written in that language, but all were written in Greek or Latin. For this reason the Coptic families did not try to acquire an education, as did the Greeks and Romans of the day.

"Do tell the boy's name quick," said Kate, "or I shall go to sleep."

"Oh, I quite forgot! His name was Anthony."

He was a very quiet boy, and his parents were Christians, so that he thought much on religious subjects. His parents died when he was a young man, leaving him all their wealth, and giving him the charge of a young sister. We can imagine how much they loved each other—

"By thinking how Will loves us!" laughed Kate.

"If Will had only one dear sister, and had to be her protector and guide, I do not doubt that we should find him a model brother."

"Hem!" said Will, with mock seriousness; "our story, I believe, was of Anthony of Egypt, and not of Will."

"People in those days were superstitious and believed in signs, and thought that they should be guided by the first passage that their eyes fell upon on opening a book. One day, as Anthony entered the church, he heard the preacher say, 'Go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor.' He thought that it was a special command to himself, so he sold all his property and distributed the proceeds among the poor, reserving only enough for the support of his sister; afterwards he gave away even that, because he thought the command, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' must be literally obeyed."

"And was n't he right?" said Ennie, "if he meant to really obey all the commands of Jesus?"

"What a strange question!" said Will. "Do you suppose we've got to do everything exactly as somebody tells us?"

"Ennie was admiring his sincerity," said Aunt Zera, "and we must all do that; for, as he was the only son of wealthy parents, we may suppose that he loved his possessions. He put his sister under the care of some pious nuns, and determined to give up all worldly cares."

He had heard of an old hermit who lived in a grotto, and went to see him to learn something of the solitary life he led. He chose himself a solitary cave, and began a life of devotion and simplicity. He labored with his hands for his own support, and gave all of his earnings that he did not absolutely need to the poor.

But he thought that this life was not holy enough, because he longed to see the face of his beloved sister. This he thought was a temptation of the evil spirits. He thought of his sister's loveliness, and of her affection for him, and he called it a sin."

"What a dunce he must have been!" said Will. "What a saint!" said Ennie.

"We can all see that he made a great mistake," continued Aunt Zera. "He was calling what was best and holiest in himself sinful and wrong, but he was doing what to him was a duty. He now thought that he could talk with the spirits, both the good and the bad. Sometimes the evil spirits urged him to a life of selfishness and ease, but he would not listen to them. Then angels would come to him and comfort him."

His piety and devotion became known, and he was considered a saint. Those who had any trouble, went to him for comfort, and the sick were brought a long distance to him, and he healed them. Many of the sick were healed by coming and sitting near him. He could not cure all, and those that he could not aid, he tried to teach to be patient, and to accept their trials as blessings.

Very many came to him to be taught the best methods of becoming like himself; and the desert where he lived was filled with hermits. He gave them tasks to teach them patience; and what do you suppose they were?"

"To sew up a sheet some bright, sunny afternoon in summer," said Kate.

"If that was the task," said Will, "we should rejoice in Saint Kate of our household. I should say it was to hoe corn when the robins were chirping in all the trees, and the fish filling the brooks."

"And I," said Ennie, "should imagine it to be to do a sum in arithmetic, with a brother and four sisters talking about the Johnny-jump-ups and Wind flowers."

"Well," said Aunt Zera, "he used to keep his pupils at various tasks. Some he made draw water out of a well all day long, and pour it on the ground; others he made rip a garment, and sew it up, and rip it again."

"I was right," said Kate. "I dare say they turned sheets, if they had any."

"There was a general laugh, and Aunt Zera continued:

"Others were set to weaving a basket and pulling it to pieces again. If they performed their tasks with patience, he told them that they were growing in grace."

But the thoughts that came to him disturbed his meditations, and he went secretly to a mountain near the Red Sea. He lived on the fruit of the palm tree and water. After a time he filled the soil, and supplied his own wants and gave to travelers. His place of retreat was soon discovered, and again people flocked to him, both to be cured and for instruction in holy things. It was said that the wild beasts of the mountains would not harm him. The monks used to go to him, to beg him to accept olives and oil, and they used to hear many voices, as if others were with him, but these were the voices of the spirits with whom he conversed."

The historian Jerome tells a story of him. As he was passing through a valley, a satyr met him, and bowed his head in reverence. Anthony was touched, because he knew it to be one of the gods that the Pagans worshiped, and he believed that it was thus confessing Christ."

"Now we know that it is all humbug," said Will; "for satyrs are only imaginary beings, like fairies."

"Jerome says, 'Though some may think this improbable, yet we all do know that the Emperor Constantine brought a satyr to Alexandria, and his body was embalmed and preserved.'"

"There!" said Grace; "I always did think there were fairies."

"This satyr was no doubt an ourang-outang," continued Aunt Zera.

There was a general burst of laughter, and Grace blushed to a scarlet.

"Thus all imaginary beings have a real existence in some form," continued Aunt Zera. "When Anthony was an hundred years old, and his hair and long flowing beard were silvery white, he went to Alexandria, by invitation of the bishop, that he might preach against some heresies in the church. He was so venerated that crowds came about him, that they might touch his garments, and be healed of disease. Multitudes flocked to hear him preach, and many converts were made. The Emperor Constantine and his sons revered his opinions greatly, and sought his advice. Some good sayings of his are preserved to us. I will repeat two or three: 'My book is the whole creation—the Word of God that lies open before me. I can read it whenever I please.' 'Regret nothing which is already past.' To some one blind he said, 'Do not mourn that you have not such eyes as enable even gnats to see, but rejoice that you have eyes by which angels see,' thus showing us that he believed in spiritual vision."

When he was an hundred and five years old, he knew that his spirit was about to pass from his body. He talked most cheerfully of death, and had full faith in a happy future. There was retained in Egypt at that day an ancient custom, that seems to us very strange. The dead body was embalmed, especially if it had belonged to a holy man, and being carefully wrapped and sealed, it was placed on a couch or recess in the house."

"Just think," said Ennie, "of having a mummy, like those we saw at the museum, on our parlor sofa! Oh dear, what taste!"

"And think of it's being some dear friend," said Grace. "It makes me shudder to think of it."

"That is because we no longer reverence the body, save as it has held the spirit. Anthony was afraid that his body would be unduly revered, and begged that he might be privately buried, and the spot where his body rested be revealed to no one. He therefore, with a few trusted disciples, retired to a solitary place, and while they were praying around him, his spirit left his body as peacefully as a child goes to sleep. Is there not something sublime in such a death? With all the errors of his faith, what an earnest believer that old saint was!"

"But, Aunt Zera," said doubting Will, "do you really believe all this story? Isn't there a good deal of romance in it? What Stephen calls clap-trap?"

"The biographer of Anthony was no less a man than Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, who declared that he had written only what he knew to be true of this good man. No doubt the faith of the religious men of those times was very simple things seem like miracles, as we can learn in the story of the ourang-outang; but lives devoted to one's best ideas of right, perhaps would give us men that could work as great wonders as did Anthony."

"Well," said Kate, "I have n't been a bit sleepy, only when you told about his wise sayings; and I'm glad there are fairies, and—"

"Oh, but there are n't," said Will; "that's the way you always turn things."

"All but the sheets," said Kate; "those I turn by sewing over and over."

"How can you laugh so?" said Ennie. "I want to go off to the mountains, and see if I can't get near heaven."

"The heaven that Anthony found was not because of his solitary life, but because he trusted and beloved fully in the religion that to him was the truest."

"I'm sleepy this minute," said Kate; "and there comes Stephen with that splendid book of travels in Egypt."

"And now we shall know something more about the place where Anthony lived. I wonder what he thought of the sphinxes," said Will, and rushed off to get lights, for the darkness had fully crept on them."

Aunt Zera gave a tender look at the evening star, and Kate whispered:

"Do n't you suppose Anthony used to watch it from his home in the desert?"

Conundrums on Trees.

1. What tree works hard for a living?

2. Which is the dandy among trees?

3. Which is the most sociable of trees?

4. Which is the most quarrelsome?

5. Which tree wears winter garments all summer?

6. What tree is the terror of naughty children?

Answer to Arithmetical Enigma in our last.

Nine (IX) from SIX leaves 8.

Then (X) from IX leaves 1.

Fifty (L) from XL leaves 10.

SIX remains, which is half a dozen.

Correspondence.

A Visit to the Artesian Wells in Chicago.

A few days ago, in company with Mr. James and a few friends, I made my first visit to this great resort of citizens and strangers in Chicago. I was sorry, on my late visit to Chicago, to find so much division of opinion and want of confidence and cooperation among Spiritualists on this and other subjects, when we are so much in need of organization, harmony and concert of action. I fear we shall furnish our share of Orthodox evidence of human depravity, by carrying our personal feelings, bickerings and prejudices into matters of general and public importance and utility, and show that we are as selfish as our Christian brethren. But this applies equally to other subjects and places, as well as to Chicago and the Artesian Well. I was sorry to find it in this, and hope it will not destroy the truth or usefulness of the discovery, nor prevent more being made.

Singular as it may seem, I have never read one of the pamphlets nor many of the articles written about these wells; and although I know the authors and most of the writers and their views, and would not question the honesty of any, yet I can see how personal feelings can work into individual opinions, and turn facts or errors of little or no importance into great notoriety, and especially criticism. I have not a penny of interest, pecuniary or otherwise, in reputation or character, in this enterprise, nor the least interest to deceive friend or stranger with any statement I could make about it; nor will I, if I can avoid it. I was slightly acquainted with the movement when it commenced by spirit direction, and they induced the organization of a company and purchase of land and drilling of the first well. I have known little of it since except from reports, mainly by personal friends of mine, whose opinions are varied and not always free from prejudice. I knew the work was projected and directed by spirits; and maps and drawings, I have no reason to doubt, are of the same origin. That the directions have been strictly followed, or the results strictly as predicted by spirits, I could not testify, and should not expect to in either case, for I have long known spirits are not infallible; but to me they have been more reliable than mortals, even the best mortals I have known in life. But I must haul in these comments, and state what I designed to in brief; and without these speculations or reflections, I arrive at the following conclusions:

By spirit direction a company was formed, means invested, labor performed, deep holes drilled in the rock and earth, where the spirits directed, beautiful drawings of the surface and underlying strata made through the medium, (whether correct or not I know not, but could not trust any but a scientific correction,) and the purest water to my vision and taste I ever saw in Chicago, and excelled by none elsewhere, is now flowing over the tops of the two pipes, some ten feet above the ground, in apparent abundance, or up to the measure of the pipes. It flows off in a little brook channel made for it, to a basin or reservoir, where it is ponded to be frozen into ice, of which it is of course can make the very best, and be manufactured in large quantities for the market that needs it so much in Chicago, and the cities southward to the Gulf of Mexico, where it can be carried by car and boat both winter and summer. They have a very large ice house and several other buildings on the premises, but nothing looks so good, so pure, so refreshing, so inspiring, as those streams of pure and sparkling water in such a city as Chicago, where no pure water was ever before seen, except above the city in the clouds, and none ever tasted unless filtered at least once. To me and several mediums the water seemed to have a medicinal property, but as the chemist cannot detect it, and its purity is not marred, I conclude it is magnetic or elemental, or perhaps spiritual; and if only even imaginary, may be of great service, since such remedies often cure.

Here ends my facts in testimony. Now I may be permitted to remark for myself, setting aside all speculations on oil (for I never had oil or water on the brain), and water powers, and speculations of all kinds, here certainly is a treasure to the people of Chicago at least; and the expenditure of money which the company need, could secure more land and erect a good hotel, and fit up a hydropathic and healing institute, and make one of the most useful institutions in the West, and not interfere with the manufacture of ice, which can be carried on in winter and sold in summer. I wish one million of dollars could be laid out judiciously there. It would make a place as useful, if not as ornamental, as the celebrated Fairmount water-works of Philadelphia. I hope such assistance as is needed to use what has already been brought to human reach, will be secured by the company; and if more useful discoveries are brought to light, the good use we make of this, will show we appreciate and deserve them. Theological, geological, zoological and commercial speculators are boring in various ways and directions in and out of the city, to find the source of this stream, or other pure water (or water of life) for man or beast, but as yet with little success.

WARREN CHA.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 23, 1866.

Queries Concerning the "What Is It?"

Barnum has a "What Is It?" and why should n't Spiritualists? Chinese puzzles for the juveniles, and metaphysical puzzles for children of a larger growth.

It appears that "the discussion of abstract questions in the BANNER," is like a ghost that will not be laid, for we are again reminded of the game of the little joker, "Now you see it, and now you do n't," by a PRELIMINARY article on Spirit and Matter, in the BANNER of Sept. 1st. We will quote a paragraph:

"But the two atomic principles are eternal and infinite in quantity, and being so, by a new formation of spirit through the transformation of grosser matter, would make the vast oceanic realm of spirit more than infinite in quantity, which would be simply an absurdity, as it is impossible to add to infinity."

The first part of the above quotation informs the reader that spirit and matter are infinite in quantity; the latter part affirms that spirit is the infinite quantity, hence the absurdity of resolving matter into spirit, and adding to this infinite quantity.

The writer also says that "spirit and matter are coequal and coeternal." How, then, can there be any difference, essentially, between them? We will assume, what the correspondent admits, that spirit and matter constitute the infinite quantity, but he elsewhere informs us that "back" and "behind" both spirit and matter "is the God principle, or interpreting soul of all things." But ALL of this "soul" cannot be in the "things," or it could not be "back" and "behind" them. We have, then, spirit and matter—the infinite quantity—plus, more or less, of the God principle? But your correspondent says "It is absurd to add to an infinite quantity. What, then, shall we say

of his two infinite quantities, which, added together, still have "back" and "behind" them a God principle? The following are, substantially, his statements:

1. Spirit and matter are the infinite quantity.

2. Spirit is the infinite quantity.

3. Spirit and matter are the infinite quantity, plus the God principle.

WHERE is God, and of what SUBSTANCE is he made?

The above review does not reflect specially on your correspondent, as he distinctly says the thoughts are not his, but humanity's. We were simply desirous of appropriating our portion of the bequest, but have been somewhat puzzled in determining what USE to make of it.

Lawrence, Mass., 1866. F. T. L.

Dr. Newton in Newport, R. I.

Dr. Newton returned to Newport last week, and procured a large house for an infirmary, and during the week was busily engaged in healing. The sick and lame came by hundreds; and Wednesday, I think, six hundred and seventy were landed by a single train, leaving hundreds at stations by the way who were unable to find room in the cars. A gentleman who was in Newport at the time, said he saw people who went into the Doctor's rooms on crutches come away without them, and run down Thames street with youthful agility.

The Newport Daily News of Wednesday had the following article:

"WHAT THINK YE?"

Our people have been greatly astonished on the arrival of the cars to see, for the past few days, crowds of persons, surpassing in number the visitors of summer, who have appeared in the streets. These throngs are daily on the increase, and are now attracting marked attention. They are wearing their way to the rooms of Dr. JAMES R. NEWTON, whose fame as a healer of diseases without the use of medicine appears to have reached the remotest part of the land. They come, the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, and the subjects of nearly every other ill that flesh is heir to. The streets are literally crowded, and if this state of things continue, our city will soon be a Bethesda equal to that described in ancient times.

Yesterday more than six hundred of this sort arrived on a single train of cars, and others were left at different stations for want of room. Many of these were invalids, while others were their attendants and friends. For an hour Thames street presented a lively spectacle as this multitude, some on crutches, some with canes, some in express wagons, some in hacks, and some in omnibuses, wended their way to the doctor's residence, a famed physician. The Doctor formerly received his guests at his private residence, but this is now simply impossible. He has accordingly leased a large mansion near the Perry Mill, which was filled to overflowing. When these arrived many were unable to plain admission, because of the press, and were obliged to seek accommodations elsewhere. For a long time the yard in front of the house was literally packed with human beings, all eager to hear the words which should pronounce them well.

Of the matter of treatment we have nothing to say, for the simple reason that we have no knowledge of it. It would seem that some at least of the reports of wonderful cures must be true, or so many would not be influenced to come here. Concerning these facts we may have something to say hereafter, when we have more definite knowledge of them. As it is, we simply record what is taking place, leaving others to philosophize on the theme."

In view of these astonishing results, Mr. THOS. R. HAZARD published in the Mercury of Saturday a communication addressed to the secretaries of the city, pertinently stating the case, and asking them to show their faith in the Master by their works. I apprehend they will remain silent. They will decline entering the lists at such a disadvantage.

Professor Tooley is now speaking for us, and is drawing large houses. To-night our hall was crowded, and, what is unusual, we had to open one of the galleries to seat some two hundred who could not be accommodated upon the main floor.

The lecture to-night was: "The Development of Religious Ideas as affected by Climate." It was rich in history and philosophy, and had a breadth of thought which carried conviction, and left behind matter for the hearer to carry away and ponder over. Bro. Tooley is broad and comprehensive; he is rounded out in due proportions, and touches humanity and Nature on all their sides.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum give entertainments on the evenings of December 4th and 5th, consisting of tableaux, songs, recitations, &c., closing with a general social.

Fraternally yours, W. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 18, 1866.

From Illinois.

Where one is working for the physically sick during week days, and the spiritually sick on Sundays, as I am, but little time can be found to keep the friends informed of one's movements. We (myself and "guides") have been laboring earnestly in behalf of humanity in this vicinity since the first of June, healing the sick, and speaking on Sundays to souls anxious for the truth. Have spoken in Farmington, Yates City, Macon and Peoria; and the demand to go to other places in this section is constantly increasing. Mrs. Wilhelm has also been in this vicinity, uttering soul stirring words, that awakened a lively interest in our beautiful philosophy.

Although I am blessed with the double gift of healing and lecturing by and

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1886.
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should be addressed to the Editor.
The Editor of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-commu-
nication; it is the effort to discover all truth, relating to
the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare
and destiny, and its application to a concrete life. It recog-
nizes 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 spiritual world, and the inter-
relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the
spiritual world. It is this catholic and progressive, leading to
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

We Cannot All Do All Things.

In some remarks last week we undertook to
show the folly of denying authority to any in-
dividual because it might not be universal and ex-
ceptional in its developments. Obviously there
can be no greater mistake than for an individual
to draw all his conclusions in regard to the possi-
bilities of the genus man, from his own separate
experiences solely. For example, take a man de-
ficient in the mathematical faculty, and how im-
credible to him would have seemed the possi-
bility of those computations by which Newton and
La Place have estimated the movements and the
size of heavenly bodies! Take a man deficient
wholly in mechanical skill and aptitude, and how
many generations of such men might have lived
and died before a steam-engine could have been
produced! Take a man without an ear for music,
and how impossible it would have been for a
whole universe of such, by their combined efforts,
to have produced melodies like those of Mozart!

To the rightly disposed medium the fact of the
immortality of the soul is as much a moral cer-
tainty as the probability of our waking on the
morning after a night's sleep. The medium's fac-
ulty may be said to be *instinctive*; for it is some-
thing which "performs blindly and ignorantly a
work of intelligence and knowledge"; and that
is Sir Wm. Hamilton's definition of an instinct.
But the Investigator denies all authority to in-
stinct in giving no hopes of a future life; denies
it, because he, the writer, does not happen to be
conscious of the existence in himself of that instinct
which others have in so wonderful a degree. Now it
is just as unphilosophical and irrational for a
man to deny immortality to others, because he
himself may be unconscious of those transcendent
faculties which are developed in mediums, as it
would be for him to deny, because of his own defi-
ciency as a mathematician or a musician, the possi-
bility of the existence of such mortals as Newton and
Mozart.

The Investigator thinks that instinct—if there is
any instinct in the case—ought to give us the same
positive assurance of our future existence that it does
of our present. Well, to many minds—to those of
most mediums, for instance—the assurance is
quite as positive. "Ay," says the Investigator,
"but the assurance ought to be universal and un-
exceptional!"

We all remember the story of the atheistic phi-
losopher who thought that pumpkins, instead of
acorns, ought to grow on the oak tree. He was
cured of his theory when an acorn fell and hit him
on the nose. It seems to us short-sighted mortals it
would be pleasant to have one's spiritual senses
so opened or elevated, even in this life, as to en-
able one to see the truth, instead of being at the
trouble of groping for it. So we fancy it would
be pleasant to be as great a mathematician as La
Place—as facile a performer on the pianoforte as
Blind Tom—as consummate a painter as Raphael
—as ready an accountant as Zerah Colburn—as
accomplished a pugilist as John Morrissey—as
brilliant a poet as Tennyson. Why has not Provi-
dence made the possession of all good things
"universal and unexceptional"? God knows!

It is very instructive, and seems very unjust,
that Providence should give my neighbor a fac-
ulty, and deny it to me, especially when I greatly
desire and covet it. We can't explain why Provi-
dence should be so partial; but we do not, on that
account, deny the fact. Because Swedenborg, or
the Seers of Prevorst, or Andrew Jackson Davis,
or David Home, or Emma Hardinge may see a
spirit, and I may not, I am not going to jump to
the conclusion that they are either dupes or liars,
especially when they prove to me, as they do, that
they possess powers of prevision or clairvoyance,
such as transcend all our normal faculties, and
such as we ascribe only to spirits.

Herein we are confident our "secular" friends
are on the wrong track altogether. Until they
can repress and put out of existence, and prevent
the future generation of such beings as seers,
mediums, clairvoyants, they can never carry out
their *beat ideal* of an atheistic community, from
whose minds and hearts the notion of a future life
can be excluded.

We must form our conceptions of the capabili-
ties and the destiny of man, not from a single
specimen of the race, (though probably, even in
the lowest, an unnoted ego might detect divine
possibilities), but from an aggregate of specimens
of the highest and noblest type. Here is a grown
man, whom we find it impossible to teach to do
the simplest sum in arithmetic; and here is a
boy, not six years old, who, if you will give him
the exact date of your birth, will, before you can
count ten, tell you how many seconds old you are.
Here is a man who could not, if his life depended
on it, distinguish one tune from another; and here
is a boy who will play from memory all the tunes
of an opera he has heard but once. That there is
a mathematical faculty and a musical faculty—
latent and undeveloped though they may be in
the minds of these deficient ones—we do not
doubt. And so in regard to the spiritual or medi-
umistic faculty in the minds of those who scoff at
the idea of a future state of existence.

The Investigator might, with just as much rea-
son, say that the mathematical or the musical
faculty ought to be "universal and unexceptional,"
as to say that the spiritual faculty and the "in-
stinctive longings" ought to be "universal and un-
exceptional." There is a faculty for sympathizing
with and apprehending spiritual truths, as there
is for grasping the fundamental principles of
mathematical or musical science. Where the
faculty is deficient, we ought humbly to try to de-
velop it, instead of denying the rightfulness of its
existence in others, and pronouncing it a mere
exaggeration upon the human soul, to be removed
by the surgery of these "secular" doctors, who
think to cure the great heart of humanity of the
hope and belief of rejoicing the loved ones gone
before.

Washington, D. C.
Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Washington, D.
during the month of December.

Faith Proved by Works.

To the Clergy and Professors of the Christian Re-
ligion of the City of Newport:
I learn that the far-famed Dr. Newton is heal-
ing multitudes of their sicknesses and infirmities in
Newport, through, as he asserts, the power of the
spirit and the laying on of hands, as was done in the
Apostolic days. I also understand that the Doc-
tor professes to have a living faith in the doctrines
taught by Jesus of Nazareth, and asserts that the
great and beneficent work he is performing is
simply an exemplification of the truth of the
memorable promise made by the divinely inspired
Master to his disciples, after partaking of the last
supper, in the following words:
"I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works
that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these
shall he do."—John xiv: 12.—Douay version.

Now unless there is some radical mistake in the
translation of this passage, its meaning seems too
plain to be misapprehended. It follows, that as
Jesus healed the sick by the power of the spirit, and
the laying on of hands, so must every true believer in
him be able to do the same, and even more, than
he did. Now Dr. Newton asserts that he believes
in the teachings and divine mission of Jesus; and
the truth of his declaration seems proved by the
fact that in accordance with what Jesus himself
promised, he is enabled to perform the works that
were made the only test of true belief.

As I am totally unacquainted with either Latin,
Greek or Hebrew, will some Doctor of Divinity,
or other person learned in Biblical languages, be
so kind as to inform the readers of the Mercury
whether or not there is any mistake in the trans-
lation of the passage of Scripture I have quoted;
and if there is not, will he also be so good as to
say who, in his opinion, are the true disciples
of Jesus of Nazareth at the present day—those
who assert their belief with the lips, but do not
prove the truth of their assertion by performing
the works that were made a test of belief; or those
who, like the Doctor, assert the same belief with
their lips, and do perform the works that were
made the test of belief by Jesus himself?

Respectfully,
THOMAS R. HAZARD.
COMMENTS.
We are heartily glad to see the above article,
from a writer who so fully appreciates the mat-
ter, published in a journal like the Newport Mer-
cury. The fact is, the time has long gone by when
these "works" can be ignored or written down.
There they are, uttering their own irrefragable
testimony. We do not remember, with all the
rest of the ridicule that has been cast on Spiritu-
alism, to have seen any serious attempt to bring
these cures of Dr. Newton into disrepute. They
are too palpable to be denied, and it is notorious
that this is not the mode of attack which the en-
emies of the cause dare undertake. They know it
will not do for them to oppose what people can
see for themselves to be true. Hence they let Dr.
Newton's cures and healing pass, and fall upon
matters which they do not understand them-
selves, and which allow a certain margin for mys-
tery. There is a good deal to be said concerning
this magnetic system of healing, as practiced by
Dr. Newton, and particularly from the side of
Faith. But for his faith, we undertake to say that
he would be deficient in such works as now pub-
lish his name to all parts of the country. If we
read the Scriptures as the credulists insist it must
be read, we arrive at precisely the same conclu-
sions that are reached by Mr. Hazard. He be-
lieves in "works," such as Jesus promised his
disciples they could perform if they only had
faith. Then if a person cultivates and strengthens
his faith, he can do even greater things than was
ever done before. That is Dr. Newton's case. He
does what he once probably never thought it
would be in his power to do. Why? Chiefly be-
cause of his faith. If this is not so, then we will
thank any Orthodox minister, who makes the
slightest claim to scholarship, to tell us what the
text quoted means, or can mean. Certainly it
was put there for a purpose. If Dr. Newton has
missed its significance, then who will tell us what
it really is?

The wonderful cures of this renowned medium
are bringing to him multitudes who thus hear the
word and see the work of the spirit gladly. Here
are evidences which bigotry cannot set aside. We
have it on good authority, that not much more
than a week ago the old Colony Railroad man-
agement had to put on four extra cars to accom-
modate the multitude of blind, lame, and halt
persons who went to Newport to be healed at the
Doctor's hands. The large house he occupies is
crowded with those who come, having faith in his
power to heal them. The press is oftentimes so
great as to render it impossible to work your way
into the room where he is. The intelligent por-
tion of Newport now concede the power over dis-
ease which he manifestly possesses. But to what,
save to spirit-power, can they ascribe it? We
should really like to know. Will the clergy of
Newport consider Mr. Hazard of being wrong in
his belief or reasoning? What is the power em-
ployed, if not spirit-power?

Winterish.

We have had the first snow—Thanksgiving has
come and gone—and here we are in the first week
of December. The winter is right here. Whether
we are to have a hard winter or a comparatively
easy one—whether it will be open or a tight one—
time must be left to tell us. Very soon now we
may expect the ground to be frozen stiff, so that
it sounds hard under foot. We may look for
snow squalls and snow storms. The surface of
the ponds and streams will be all frozen smooth.
The outdoor work will generally be over, except
in the woods with the axe. Among farmers the
occupation will consist of those daily industries
under cover that so take up the time and bring
round nightfall so soon. In the cities the gas is
lighted early, and the days are not much more
than strips of light between overlapping reaches
of darkness.

But the pleasantest reflection is that the even-
ings are going to be long and quiet. These are
the crowning glory of winter, and its noblest com-
pensation. Those who bundle off to bed, night
after night, soon after getting their supper and
warming their feet, live in but the lower plane of
their existence. These long, quiet nights are the
time for study and reading. They contain the
hours that are more than golden; and we turn
back to them in thought, when the summer comes
round again, with a heartfelt joy at having made
so much out of them. The winter we regard as
the treasury of the year. It brings us back to
ourselves again. The mind is most active during
this season. It makes the longest marches on the
road to victory. It is the season of social pleas-
ures and the delightful enjoyments of friendship.

New York Matters.

H. B. Storor is engaged to lecture before Ebbitt
Hall Society of Spiritualists during this month.
Mrs. Townsend has just closed a very satisfac-
tory course of addresses there, and is engaged to
return again in the spring.
Emma Hardinge speaks for the First Society of
Spiritualists in Dotworth's Hall, the Sundays of
this month. She has just finished a lecturing en-
gagement in Philadelphia.

Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

Miss Doten will continue to lecture in the after-
noon only in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street,
the Sundays of this month. Friends should avail
themselves of this opportunity to listen to the
teaching of one of our very best speakers.

Laura V. Ellis in Connecticut.

This remarkable young medium has been hold-
ing sances for physical manifestations in Middle-
town, Conn., and has created quite a sensation
there. The editors of the Constitution, however,
were inclined to dispute the genuineness of the
manifestations, and state that "the mysteries of
the cabinet were fully revealed," &c. To this
Mr. Kelley replies by offering them five hundred
dollars to make good their assertions. The fol-
lowing is Mr. K.'s card:

"Messrs. Editors Constitution: I notice in your
paper of this day's date an article commenting
upon the remarkable manifestations produced
through Miss Laura V. Ellis, the wonderful child-
medium, in McDonough Hall, on Friday and Sat-
urday evenings last, in which you seem to en-
dorse the statement of the committee that the
child was the trickster," by the statement that
"that sort of a humbug don't pay in this vicinity."
I was not present at the hall on either of the
above evenings, but I did attend a private exhibi-
tion of those manifestations at the house of B. F.
Hatch, Esq., on Monday evening last, in com-
pany with a number of thirty respectable citizens
of this town, not one of whom detected any trick,
and not one of whom will pretend to show how it
was possible for the child to have performed the
feats, bound hand, foot and neck, and fastened to
the cabinet in the manner she was. I will not go
at length into detail of the manifestations pro-
duced on that occasion, but will merely state that
everything promised in the bills printed at your
office was fully performed, many of the feats be-
ing performed in from one to five seconds each.
Now if it is true, as you state, that this sort of a
humbug don't pay in this vicinity, I propose to
make the exposure of it pay, and I do hereby offer
a reward of Five Hundred Dollars to the committee
who declared the child a trickster, to yourselves
who pronounce it a humbug, or to any other per-
son who will, within three months from this date,
produce a person who will, after being bound and
fastened in the same manner that Laura V. Ellis
was on the occasion referred to, perform the so-
called tricks, said tricks to be performed in this
town, either in public or private, at the option of
the party producing them, in presence of a com-
mittee of five citizens of Middletown, who wit-
nessed the manifestations through Laura V. Ellis,
two by the party who proposes to make the ex-
posure, and the fifth by these four. The five hun-
dred dollars to be paid to the person or persons
shall decide that the feats have been performed;
said feats to be performed first with the door of
the cabinet closed, and lastly with it open, so that
all can see how it is done. I do not propose that
the person selected to perform these feats shall be
a member of the committee, but any person, even
the most renowned juggler, not excepting Signor
Blitz himself, may be selected. I will put the
money into the hands of any responsible person,
as soon as I am notified of the acceptance of this
challenge. I think, Messrs. Editors, that a thorough
investigation of these manifestations will con-
vince you that there are "more things in heaven
and earth than are dreamed of in your philoso-
phy." Yours very respectfully,
L. L. KELLEY.
Middletown, Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1886.

Burying the Dead on Sunday.

The clergymen of Norwich, Ct., have issued a
circular expressing their objection to attend
more funerals on the Sabbath, except in cases
of absolute necessity. They object to the practice
as being a clear violation of the fourth com-
mandment, both from the amount of work it involves,
and because it keeps many people from attending
the church service.—*Ex.*

We clip the above from one of our daily papers;
and as this is a practical evidence of the perni-
cious teachings of Old Theology, we cannot re-
frain from noticing it. Poor, tired souls, these
ministers! "Too much work!" We deeply sym-
pathize with these clerical gentlemen, if conscience
troubles them in breaking the fourth com-
mandment, and only wish it would trouble them in like
proportion while preaching the God-forsaken and
anti-philosophic doctrines they are endeavoring
to force into the brains of intelligent men and
women. They have come to the conclusion not to
attend any more funerals on the Sabbath, "ex-
cept in cases of absolute necessity;" which, in
plain English, means, that if the bodies cannot
possibly be kept over till Monday without decay,
then they will condescend to pray over them on the
holly day! But the last objection to performing
the solemn rites of burial on the Sabbath explains
the whole thing, and shows how weak the founda-
tions of the Church are: "because it keeps many
people from attending Church service!" Shade
of consistency! what ministerial shepherds! We
do not wonder they are shaking and trembling
about their congregations. And now they are
afraid that the dead are going to rob them of the
spoils of Churchanity!

Such weak-minded conclusions as these ministers
have arrived at on the subject of the burial of
the dead, are unworthy even the most ardent ad-
vocate of hell-fire and brimstone. As far be-
hind the age of progress and reform and a natural
religion as Massachusetts clergymen are, we be-
lieve they have more sense and dignity than to
descend to such measures to keep the Church
alive or prove their fidelity to Christian principles.
We suggest to our friends in Norwich, that if they
have any trouble in the future to obtain any one
to officiate at a burial on the Sabbath, we will im-
port a supply of mediums from Massachusetts,
who neither think it a sacrilege or a violation of
any moral or spiritual law to bury the dead on
Sunday. And in the meantime we hope all con-
tributions for the enlightenment of the heathen in
foreign countries will be appropriated a little
nearer home!

To the Charitable—Donations Solicited in Aid of the Destitute.

The poor in great numbers dwell in cities, and
unless aided by the liberality of the benevolent,
suffer from cold and hunger during the winter
months.

In past seasons we have been instrumental in
aiding many destitute persons in Boston and its
vicinity, by furnishing them with bread. We
were assisted in this labor of love by donations
from Spiritualists and others, at home and abroad;
and if they could but have heard the thanks that
were spontaneously uttered in their behalf by the
poor creatures who called at our office for bread-
tickets, they would no doubt have considered
themselves well paid for the timely assistance
they had rendered.

Winter is again at hand, and again the poor
need aid. Who will assist us in furnishing them
with bread, as in times past? We again solicit
donations, assuring the donors that all moneys
coming into our hands for the purpose specified,
shall be appropriated judiciously. A record will
be made of every dollar received by us, and pub-
lished from time to time, with the names of the
donors, unless otherwise ordered.

New Music.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington
street, we have received the following new pieces
of music: "Is that you, Andy? or My Policy?"
by Joshua Hutchinson and Walter Kittredge;
"Kitty Carey," a song, music by Hutton; "The
New Russian March," arranged for piano by R.
Berbridge; "The Pretty Bird Waltz," by C. Coots,
Jr.; "Gallant so gay," a ballad, music by Harold
Thomas.

SP—We are under obligations to L. B. Brown,
Esq., for a report of the proceedings of the Wis-
consin Convention of Spiritualists, which will be
found in this number of the BANNER.

New Publications.

THE GALAXY for December 1st is on our table,
and its contents are exceedingly attractive. There
is a review of Walt Whitman's new volume,
"Drum Taps," one on Mosby and his Men; one
on Swinburne's Poems, by Richard Grant White;
besides tales and essays, and the sparkling Nebu-
le. The Galaxy is overflowing with life and
vigor, and is, in every sense, a living American
magazine.

Lee & Shepard, and George Coolidge, of this
city, have published a very handsome little edi-
tion for '87, of the AMERICAN LADY'S ALMANAC,
which contains the calendar, blank memoranda
pages, literary selections of genuine excellence,
and a full explanation of the game of croquet. It
is as neat a little publication as we have seen.

THE LADY'S FRIEND on Williams's frontier
for December. At the close of the year its freight
of attractions and values is much above even
what has been since last January. Its fash-
ionable plates and receipts are of real value in the home
circle, and its literary department is popularly
managed and catered for.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for December opens with
an illustrated ballad on Uncle Joe, and is follow-
ed by illustrated prose papers of much interest.
There is a most readable sketch of the mode of
life pursued on Sable Island, besides a detailed
illustrated sketch of the scenes on the Hudson,
made immortal by the pen of Irving. Among
them, Sleepy Hollow, the Old Dutch Church and
Irving's Grave. The rest of the contents is as va-
ried and full as ever, and the Editor's Depart-
ment very satisfactory. For sale by A. Williams
& Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS appears in a new glory of
illustrations, which will greatly enrich the al-
ways attractive pages of this favorite magazine.
The list of writers for it is really superior, and
their pens work for nothing but juvenile enter-
tainment. The improvements projected for the
new year we have a taste of in the December
number.

The new magazine—the NORTHERN LIGHTS—
will shortly present itself by specimen numbers.
It is abundantly supplied with editorial and con-
tributing talent, and has enlisted in its service
and interest some of the freshest minds of the
country. Mrs. Howe and Mr. Edmund Kirke cer-
tainly know how such a serial ought to be pro-
vided for, and they are not the ones to omit a
single requisite of success. We predict for it as
general admiration as the phenomena which its
title happily suggests.

Remarkable Presentiments.

Last week Friday, Mr. J. D. Seaver, of Stowe,
Sheriff of Lamoille county, was fatally injured.
It seems there was a horse trot at Morrisville,
in which he and a Mr. Gilman were parties. Sev-
er's gig was overturned by his running into Gil-
man's, when Mr. Seaver was dragged about thirty
yards and badly mangled, especially about the
head.

While at Montpelier last week, we heard some
very remarkable statements, made in connection
with the death of Mr. Seaver, as stated above.
We give them as we heard them, and can, if nec-
essary, name our authority. We understand that
for a long time previous to the death of Mr.
Seaver, his wife repeatedly told him that death
would soon enter their family, and strongly urged
him to purchase a lot in the cemetery—upon
which, it seems, Mr. Seaver had been at work
helping to lay out.
On the morning of the day on which the above
tragedy took place, Mrs. Seaver told her husband
that she had dreamed the night before that she
saw him thrown from a wagon, dragged some dis-
tance, and strike his head against something, she
could not tell what, and was killed. She urged
him not to go to the race. He smiled at the
dream, not being at all superstitious, and went.
He, however, seemed to be not altogether right,
and just before the race told Mr. Gilman that he
would much rather not drive; but upon the
urgent solicitation of Mr. G. did so, with the
above result. Mrs. Seaver, upon his departure
for the race, dressed herself as if ready for a jour-
ney and awaited, as she affirms, to be called upon
to go to him. And she was. When sent for, she
told the messenger before he related his errand,
that she knew what he had come for. All of
which we give as we heard it, and pronounce it
very strange, if true, and we believe it is.—*Vermont Record.*

The above statement is going the rounds of the
secular press—even the Boston Journal copied
it—as a singular and truthful warning. Had it
been headed *spiritual manifestation*, through the
mediumistic powers of Mrs. S., as is the fact, not
one of the secular papers would have given it a
place in their columns.

Confession in the Church of England.

The fact that the Roman Catholic custom of
confession has been of late years gaining ground
among the High Church party in England, has
often been asserted. At length Dr. Pusey him-
self, in a letter to the London Times, acknowl-
edges it, and evidently rejoices over it. He says:
"The use of confession among us all—priests
and people—is very large. It pervades every
rank, from the peer to the artisan or the peasant.
In the course of this quarter of a century (to in-
stance my own experience, which I must know),
I have been applied to to receive confessions from
persons in every rank, of every age, old as well
as young, in every profession, even those which
you would think least accessible to it—army,
navy, medicine, law."

What tofcolory men will resort to for selfish
purposes. Priests, we believe, if anything are
worse than speculators in the necessities of life—
for while the latter interferes with the physical
man only, the former swindles both the physical
and the spiritual at the same time.

Rev. S. C. Hayford.

The Universalist, printed in this city, contains
the following:
"Rev. S. C. Hayford, late pastor of the Universa-
list Society in Belfast, Me., having become a be-
liever in Spiritualism, has withdrawn from the
denomination. His letter of withdrawal is pub-
lished in the BANNER. Its tone is good. We
cannot agree with him in his way of getting at
what he deems the truth; but we approve of his
course in taking his true position."

How different is the tone of the above from the
comments of the Augusta Gospel Banner! All
we ask of our opponents is fair play and no dodg-
ing. If Universalist ministers will leave their
flocks, where they for a long time have been feed-
ing upon dry husks, to enter the fertile fields of
Spiritualism, we shall receive them with open
arms, whether it please the Universalist press
or not.

Howard Athenaeum.

The success of the Florences at this theatre
for the past six weeks, is a gratifying indication
of their great prosperity. Those who would en-
joy a leisure hour to their entire satisfaction, after
the tolls of the day are over, should visit the How-
ard in preference to other places of amusement.

The Little Bouquet.

The November number of this Lyceum
favorite has reached our office. It is filled with
interesting reading and illustrations, as usual,
well adapted to the minds it caters for.

The National Convention of Spiritualists—Where and When shall the Next Meeting be Held?

The Secretary of the Convention is desirous of
obtaining an expression of opinions and views
from those interested, in reference to the time
and place of holding the next meeting. The ar-
ticles of organization provide that the President,
Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer shall
be an Executive Committee to designate the times
and places of holding Annual National Con-
ventions; but it is certainly desirable that these
officers should have the cooperation and assistance
of Spiritualists throughout the country to aid
them in making arrangements for the meeting,
and selecting such time and places as will best
suit the wishes and convenience of all concerned,
and be most conducive to the successful accom-
plishment of the great objects and purposes declared
by the Convention to be its design in forming a
National Organization.

The meetings of the Convention have assumed
a migratory character. The first meeting was
held in Chicago, the second in Philadelphia, and
the third and last in Providence. There seems
now to be a sort of tacit assent or understanding
that the next meeting should, on the migratory
plan that has been adopted, be held somewhere
in the West or Northwest, though the decision of
that matter is still open for consideration by the
Executive Committee. One inducement, doubt-
less, which led to the selection of Providence, was
the liberal tender to the Convention by the Provi-
dence congregation of Spiritualists of "the free
use of their hall, a fraternal greeting and kind hos-
pitality." A similar offer now from any suitable
place will be gratefully entertained by the present
Executive Committee; and the Secretary hereby
respectfully invites the attention of associations
of Spiritualists in the cities of the region of coun-
try named to this matter. He is desirous of hear-
ing both from associations and individual Spiritu-
alists, at an early day, in order that he may lay
any propositions or suggestions they may have
the kindness to make before the Executive Com-
mittee for its consideration.

It, to some extent, becomes the duty of the Sec-
retary, as it certainly will be his pleasure, to act
as a channel of communication between the Spiritu-
alists of the country who are interested in or
may have any suggestions to make in reference
to the next Convention; and he proposes, from
time to time, to make synopses for publication in
the spiritual papers of anything with which they
may favor him in relation thereto, thus promoting
and facilitating an interchange of views and op-
inions among those interested. He desires that the
next Convention shall be a grand success in every
respect, and that much good may result from its
deliberations; and if his efforts, in the way of aid-
ing in making preliminary arrangements for the
meeting, acting as a channel of communication
between Spiritualists, or otherwise, can be made
to subserve any useful purpose toward attaining
the desired end, they will be most cheerfully given.
Address, "Dr. J. A. ROWLAND,
Washington, D. C."

High Prices.

There is great complaint everywhere, espe-
cially in our large cities, in consequence of the
continued high retail prices of the necessities of
life, while it is a well known fact that the whole-
sale prices have fallen off considerably. It is
criminal for speculators—devotees of "greedy
gain"—merely to combine to keep up prices,
when there is no absolute necessity therefor; thus
stealing from the poor every dollar they earn,
leaving naught in case of sickness or other con-
tingencies that are daily arising among this class
of our fellow citizens.

It gives us pleasure to observe that the public
press in various portions of our country are dis-
cussing the subject with earnestness. The New
York Sun thus refers to this condition of things
—and we hope its suggestions will be at once
adopted:
"Everything eatable and wearable has gone
down materially in the wholesale markets within
the last two weeks, and yet the retailers have to
a great extent, refused to lower prices a single
peg. Buyers should bring this class to their
senses by limiting their purchases to the smallest
amounts consistent with the present requirements.
Prices must come down in the retail markets;
and, if the retailers will not drop voluntarily, they
should be forced into it by a partial suspension of
purchases."

Effect of the Pope's Allocution.

"Malakoff" the Paris correspondent of the
New York Times, thus describes the effect of the
denunciatory documents recently sent forth from
the Vatican:

"The last publications of the Pope and the high
clergy have disgusted even the enlightened Catho-
lic world, and added many friends to the 'Rome
capital' of the Italians. To see men whose mis-
sion it is to preach concord, peace and good-will
among men, utter such things, but anathemas and
curses against society, and against political and
social progress, is enough, of itself, to turn against
His Holiness and his blind Bishops the better
part of his Church. Everybody almost in France
has got tired of the whining of the Pope, and
as it is with the most outrageous and inexcusable
attacks on society. There is less interest, there-
fore, as to whether he abandons Rome next
month; and exactly because this diminished in-
terest is shown, it is thought he will stay. In
fact, the chances are more than even that he will
stay where he is. The Emperor is determined to
bring about a reconciliation between the Pope
and Victor Emmanuel, and he has sent his right-
hand man, Gen. Fleury, to see the King, and to
urge the matter on. So that we are rather re-
lieved, at present, to the belief that there will be
a reconciliation."

For the West.

I wish to become acquainted with the various free,
and methods of organization of the various free,
religious societies of the West, including all or-
ganizations of Spiritualists, Friends of Progress,
Rationalists, Free Thinkers and Infidels. I wish
to open correspondence with officers or members of
these societies, in order to obtain from them copies
of whatever declaration of ideas, aims or prin-
ciples or constitutions they may have adopted; with
a statement of the time of organization, present
number of members, &c., with such other infor-
mation as may help me to form a just estimate of the
character and importance of this disavow of the
religious work of our time.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Bro. Harrison, the work you mentioned is the one last published on that subject.

The ice is thick enough for skating in St. Paul. —*Boston Investigator.*
—Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt, the "good book" says; and now we have it recorded that St. Paul has become a skating park!

The Washington Republican says new questions will arise at the next session of Congress of such importance as to overshadow and overcloud all the differences which have arisen between Congress and the President.

The Freedmen's Bureau is in receipt of a report from the Assistant Commissioner for Florida, containing interesting information relative to the freedmen. The unprejudiced portion of the community treat the freedmen with fairness, and but few cases of ill treatment have occurred recently.

HEAVY FAILURE IN THE PROVISION TRADE. Messrs. Dehon, Clark & Bridges, one of the largest of the New York provision houses, failed recently. Its liabilities are stated at over \$500,000. Four other houses suspended recently.

The bones of a Mastodon were recently found embedded some thirty or forty feet in the earth, at Cohoes, N. Y. The carcass was fifteen feet long and twenty-five feet high. Prof. Hitchcock says the animal must have died there over ten thousand years ago! This statement is exciting the ire of those who believe in the infallibility of the Bible story of the creation. The number of those who believe that the earth is not over six thousand years old, is diminishing very fast. The science of geology has produced indisputable evidence to the contrary, proving the earth's existence ages back of that period. None but stubborn bigots or theological cowards deny the truth of such evidence. Prof. Lyell and other eminent geologists have demonstrated that the Delta of the Mississippi required more than a hundred thousand years to form!

There is a pious lady in Connecticut, who, when she is unable to go to church, sends her card.

When the chimneys of lamps become foul or covered with a white crust that can neither be washed off nor removed in the usual way, rub the inside with whiting and strong vinegar, then rinse with clean water, and wipe them perfectly dry.

A married lady of Detroit sold her rag-bag recently for one dollar, and afterwards remembered that she had deposited one hundred and ninety dollars in it for safe keeping.

A gentleman asked Rothschild's advice as to speculating in the finance and banking companies, at that time in high favor. "Oh, yes," was the advice; "but if you do speculate, my friend, you must do as you would in a shower-bath, soon in and soon out."

A constable in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice with the following clause: "I will expose for sale the 1866 av Jan wun lytle roan horse, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment."

Isaac Taylor emigrated from England to Cleveland at an early age. He commenced by blacking boots, got a small farm in Michigan, engaged in the Wisconsin lumber trade and became rich. From his own experience of orphanhood he formed the determination to found an orphan asylum. This widow has just done. The endowment is nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The asylum is to be situated at Racine.

Mr. J. B. Harrison, of Kendallville, Ind., who recently lectured in this part of the country with good satisfaction to his audiences, is engaged to speak for six months in Bloomington, Ill.

The Observer says it is a sad fact that many of the modern Jews are simply infidels. At the dedication of a new temple at Cincinnati, costing \$250,000, the preacher (Dr. Wise) proclaimed a disbelief in a coming Messiah and in miracles.

If it is infidel to disbelieve in the teachings of old theology, then more than two-thirds of the people are infidel, and are all the better for being so.

The Mobile Gazette, like the Alabama, has gone under, through the management of the pirate Sommes. Firing one last broadside into the sides of "Puritanism," it settles and sinks, while Puritanism sails on with flying colors. Such men do more harm than good, in alienating the minds of the people North and South.

Mesmerism is the key which unlocks the mysteries of revelation, unlooses the seven seals, opens that mystic book, the immortal spirit of man, by healing the sick, cleansing the leper, causing the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and demonstrating the wonderful phenomena of clairvoyance and spiritual communication.

The Paris physicians report many serious cases of disease caused by steady work with sewing machines, and in other cities the attention of physicians has been called to the unhealthiness of this employment. The worst kind of disease we are aware of, caused by "steady work with sewing machines," is the scanty remuneration the operatives get for their labor.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

A lady was arrested in Dunell, Ill., for wearing "bloomers." She was from the East, a stranger in the city, and her manners were unexceptionable, but the Dunellthers could not tolerate such a spectacle in their city, and the unfortunate lady was dragged before a magistrate. The prosecutors were, however, ashamed into withdrawing the complaint.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

The cable receipts are nearly \$5000 per day.

At a school in Connecticut a boarder owed his landlord \$20, and as a receipt for \$20 or over requires a two cent stamp, the man gave the boy a receipt for \$19.99 and gave him back one penny, thus saving one cent. If anybody can beat that in meanness, let's hear of it.

Wm. C. Bryant, the poet, and his daughter have gone to Europe.

The first vessel of the American Steamship Company's line, intended to run between Boston and Liverpool, was launched at Newburyport last week.

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked, "Who is master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

A widow said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the young lady, "for the second time."

TRAITORS IN THE FENIAN CAMP.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York World, says he knows that every plan and every action of the Fenian organization is made known to England; and not only that, but that if, she liked she could at this moment lay her finger on every Fenian in Ireland. The writer asserts some five weeks ago a man named Sutton or Dutton, arrived in Ireland, said to be the accredited agent of Stephens, and vested by him with full powers; intrusted by him with all the secrets of the organization. This man has been bought, and is at this moment doing the work, not for which he may have been sent by James Stephens, but for that for which he is paid by the British Government.

A poor woman and her child lately settled in a Western city, and were greatly reduced and in need of food. The child seeing a chicken in the back yard, wanted to kill it and have a pot pie. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked, and God would surely punish you." "Then," said the youngster, looking up, "let's move back to New York; there ain't any God there."

Our City Government has ascertained that gas can be manufactured for a dollar and a half a thousand feet, and without the facilities enjoyed by a Gas Company; yet consumers have to pay treble that price.

The population of Turkey is nearly 42,000,000.

A Paris Journal states that at the beginning of this century, five children were the maximum result of marriages in France; the present average is three children for the whole of France, and two for Paris.

Notice is called to the advertisement of Mrs. J. B. Paige in another column.

Beloit, Wisconsin, is largely interested in the manufacture of paper, having now in operation four establishments of this kind. The mills of one firm are capable of producing four tons of paper per day, and are soon to be enlarged. Strange that the prices do not come down.

"So it seems," as the young girl observed to the sewing machine when she put the work before it.

The brain of a decapitated person, according to recent investigations of eminent French surgeons, does not die for several minutes after the head is severed from the body.

Miss Nettie M. Pierce, of Detroit, Mich., is announced as a new lecturer on Spiritualism. She had lately lectured at Toledo, Ohio, giving great satisfaction.

An oceanic battle between France and the United States is now talked about, and French capitalists stand ready to put their money into it liberally.

A chap inquired at the post-office in Erie, the other day, for a letter for "Enry Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hold letter for my name. It do'n't commence with a h! Look in the ole that's got the ho's!"

A young lady stepped into the store of a merchant by the name of Wade, and very innocently said she would like to be weighed (Wade). "Really, I am very sorry," said he, "but my wife will tell you that you are too late by a couple of years."

The persons who live on the fallings of their neighbors will never die of starvation.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

Happiness enters most frequently into that mind which is the most tranquil in its desires.

"Mother sent me to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening," said a little girl to her neighbor. "Did she say at what time?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind."

Why do the birds feel depressed early in a summer morning? Because their bills are all over dew.

A common-sized cabbage was ascertained by Hales to exhale from 15 to 20 ounces of water during the twelve hours of daylight. This quantity is more than is given off by the skin of man in the same time.

A bachelor says a girl is a sun when she causes one to sigh for her.

A Western editor thinks that Powers is a swindler, because he chiseled an unfortunate Greek girl out of a block of marble.

Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side, and then turns and lies on the other.

The quantity of paper used every year in England represents a weight of two hundred and twenty millions of pounds. France uses one hundred and ninety-five millions of pounds; while the United States of America, with a much smaller population, consumes more paper than England and France put together—namely, four hundred and forty millions of pounds.

Homes at a Moderate Rent.

In the BANNER of Nov. 24th, I observe an article under the head of "Homes at a Moderate Rent." This subject has engrossed my thoughts for a long time, as many of my friends will affirm, they having heard me express my views upon it. The plan of Mr. A. T. Stewart does not fully embrace my idea, though it goes very far in that direction, and is, perhaps, the first grand step toward it.

My thought is this: That all philanthropists who contemplate donating property and money for the benefit of the poor, do it in this wise: That all properties and moneys thus donated, shall be permanently invested in productive real estate; the net rents and revenues annually accruing from the same, to be left in perpetuity, to feed, clothe and educate the poor. If, for instance, enough could be invested in any one town to meet the necessities of its poor, the increase of said revenues would be commensurate with the increase of population and the consequent poor; therefore, this investment once secured, its perpetuity would become certain. Some might object to the tenure of the lease. Such an objection could very readily be overcome, namely: At the end of the legal statute of "limitations" of any State, or of the United States, it would become the manifest policy and interest, both of the State and of the United States, to renew and extend such lease; and thus on through all time. This plan would, if generally adopted, ultimately secure the comfort, education, and consequent elevation of all the poor in every community throughout the country.

I simply make the suggestion, leaving to those who have property and money to bestow, to carry it into execution. Very truly yours, G. B. S. Washington, D. C.

Note from Rev. B. S. Hobbs.

The following note is from a gentleman who formerly preached old theology, but cannot do so any longer, for his soul has been opened to the influx of truth from the spirit-world, and henceforth he must preach the higher Spiritual Philosophy, or preach not at all. There is plenty of work for him, and thousands are starving for the true bread of life. Friends, give him a call at once.

EDITOR BANNER.—It is something more than a year since I penned a letter for your columns. I then supposed I should soon be engaged in the lecture-field, and, before this, have the satisfaction of doing something in this stirring, working age. But circumstances of a character not to be over-come, have prevented me from doing much, as yet, in the great vineyard of spirit labor.

Now, however, I feel at liberty to engage in the work. I am more than tired of being idle while so many are toiling, bearing the burden and the heat of the day. I am quite well satisfied, from a long and tried experience, as briefly set forth in my letter published in the BANNER Oct. 14th of last year, that my work in the pulpit, as in the past, is at an end. I have no wish to repeat the experiment; no desire longer to be an advocate and defender of even the most liberal church theology.

The times demand something more. There is to-day a great voice from the heavens, telling earth's children that the old is passing—the new is at hand. But even now my path is difficult. I would labor; but who will tell me how and where to enter the field? I am not a great light, and who cares for a feeble, feeble light?

Of the humble, lowly ones of earth, having neither a great name nor shining talent to command attention. I would fain go and speak to the people the words that I am bidden; but who will give me bread, and listen with patience to my teaching? My friend, ordered, protected through more than twelve years, had stripped me of the last vestige of earthly goods, and it is only in the depths of poverty and much trial that I can march through even an open gate.

If any of our destitute places, in this country, within my means, can be reached, I will commence my labors as soon as informed where they are, if my poor services are required. If any of our working societies are in want of a speaker, I will be at their service, if they will make the venture to ask me to come.

Now, readers and brothers of the "fraternity," what more can I do than I have offered? What more can be rationally be required at my hands? My apology for writing thus must be found in the necessities of the case. I promise you I will write differently hereafter. I write at all, for I dislike, above all things, the man who talks only of himself.

Hoping to hear of an open door soon, I will take my leave of you, dear readers, and this kind of writing in the infliction of such a letter.

Yours for the truth, B. S. HOBBS. Quincy, Nov. 22, 1866.

Corroborative Evidence.

MR. EDITOR.—I desire to corroborate the message which appeared in the last number of the BANNER OF LIGHT, purporting to come from the spirit of Isobel Elliot. All the statements therein given are correct, and the tone of the communication is correspondingly so. The loss we have sustained would be irreparable, were it not for the beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism, which teaches us that our sister is with us still, participating in our joys and sorrows, guiding us to higher aspirations and nobler deeds.

Long may the glorious BANNER wave, to gladden the hearts of its readers, and continue to be an open, free avenue for the messages of our spirit friends and relatives to their loved ones of earth.

Yours for the truth, MARIA E. GILLET. Quincy, Nov. 22, 1866.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Dec. 31, 1866, I will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied 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 Artisan's 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. Conoley; "Poems," by A. P. McComb; or "The Gift 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 Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Emma and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; or the second volume of "Arenas of Nature," by "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Homer; 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 Babcock 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, not in 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 befriend 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. 644 Broadway, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum. Friends visiting the city are invited to call, where Dr. BROOKER, 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.

It is not great wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident of life.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Davis will lecture each Sunday afternoon in December in Mercantile Hall, 18 Summer street. There will be a lecture on the 24th of each month. There will be an evening lecture, the hall being preengaged. Admittance free.

The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M. in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meeting will commence at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists of Chicago are connected with the First Spiritual Society of Chicago, which holds regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—N. M. Greenleaf, Dec. 9; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Dec. 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at Liberty Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Society, of Chicago, hold regular sessions at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists and Liberal minds of Chicago hold regular sessions at Music Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30.

CHICAGO.—The "Plymouth Spiritualists" hold regular meetings in Lynden Hall, three times the week. Children's Progressive Society, of Chicago, hold regular sessions at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. J. M. Wood, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30.

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Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, E.S.G.

KEEP FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDER, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

COMMENDATORY.—We cannot speak in too high terms of CURE'S DIETETIC CURE. It is a well-earned remedy and invaluable cure. Why will you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, when so good a remedy can be obtained so easily?—14—Dec. 8.

Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer!

Internal and External Remedy.

Travelers are always liable to sudden attacks of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus, and these ailments when about from home, are very unpleasant. PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER may always be relied upon in all cases. As soon as you feel the symptoms take one teaspoonful in a glass of new milk, and in five or ten minutes you will feel better and drink hot. Repeat the dose every hour until relieved. If the pains are severe, bathe the bowels and back with the medicine clear.

In cases of Asthma and Phthisis, take a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water sweetened with molasses; also bathe the throat and stomach frequently with the medicine clear. Dr. Sweet says it takes out the worms in cases of house-sitting faster than anything he ever applied.

Fishermen, when exposed to fish by having their skins placed with hooks and fins of fish, can be much relieved by bathing with a little Pain Killer as soon as the accident occurs. In this way the itching is soon abated, and the skin as in five minutes, say three or four times, and you will seldom have any trouble.

The bites and scratches of dogs and cats are soothed by bathing with the Pain Killer clear. Great success has been achieved by applying this medicine as soon as the accident occurs.

Such curative and healing powers are contained in Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, as are known to the history of medicine. See Certificate of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire counties, for the sale of Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificate of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificate of Cures and advertisement in another column.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VALIQUER. (Endowed with Litchfield's External Application.)

DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application. Warranted to cure DIPHTHERIA, CROUP, LAM

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim was spoken by the Spirit who name it bears, through the instrumentality of

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.
Our Free Circles are held at No. 152 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father, since thou dost in mercy veil thy purposes from human sense, and doth lead thy children oftentimes through dark and mysterious paths unto the kingdom of heaven, therefore the need of that holy, sublime trust in thee, that martyrs have felt in other ages.

Oh, our Father, we need not tell thee that the mother cannot understand thou art dealing in mercy, when thy voice calleth the babe of her bosom, and she layeth the little form away among the flowers. Oh, we pray thee for an outpouring of thy Holy Spirit, in the form of holy trust, upon humanity. Let thy children everywhere know thou art a God of Love; endless, all-powerful Love. Thy mantle of mercy thou castest over Nature and the human soul; and though Nature or the human soul cannot see thee, or understand thy purposes, yet thy love is abiding; thy love is sufficient; thy love is an all-perfect, all-pervading principle, holding worlds in their proper places, leading all souls unto the kingdom of heaven.

Oh, our Father, let thy ministering angels preach thy truths unto souls that are imprisoned here in human casements. Oh, let thine angels sometimes draw aside the veil that thou hast in mercy dropped between the world of Mind and the world of Matter; that here and there a soul may behold some of the glories of thy kingdom beyond Time; inspiring humanity with a divine trust in thee.

Oh, our Father, we would bring unto the altar of this day and thy life, all our best, brightest thoughts; and, wreathing them into garlands, we would ask thy blessing upon them. Oh, let them grow great and strong and mighty for good. And when this day and many other days have rolled by, and that which is now the present shall become the future, let us see therein the bright, fresh garlands that we weave to-day, as crowns of glory for our waiting souls. Amen. Oct. 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, for a submittal of your questions.

QUES.—By S. Moses, of Rochester, N. Y.: There is a man whom I trusted as a friend when in need; as a friend, I trusted him with my property. He betrays my confidence, keeps my property, and refuses to give me that that is justly and honestly mine, and justifies himself in so doing. Now what I wish to know is this: When such go to the spirit-world, will they approve of and justify their unjust doings in this life, and have no regrets for the past, as they appear to have none while here in the earth-life?

ANS.—As man passes out of the flesh, so he enters upon the realities of the spirit-world—thinking the same—and, to all intents and purposes, he is the same, so far as his spirit is concerned. All the evil or so-called evil deeds that a man commits while on the earth, will be washed out by his own individual efforts, through his own individual unfoldment. When the man or woman shall learn that there is a better way, that there is a more just way, then he will lay aside that which is less just, and pursue at once a more proper course. But the soul must receive an education. Here it can plume its wings of justice and fly away from those things you call evil. But the law of retribution is a law all perfect and holy in itself. It punishes not through anger, not because the Author of the law is angry with the subject, but the very nature of the misstep induces action of the law; and when the law acts upon the subject, straightway the subject begins to feel that there is a better way—that that is not the most proper course. Then sorrow comes, because there is more or less confusion. Put new wine into old bottles, and the bottles will burst. Confusion follows for a time, and then regret. You know very well how you have suffered the past four years from the political confusion everywhere among you. So it is with regard to the soul. When it learns it has made a mistake, even in the most trivial thing, it experiences sorrow. Then comes this agitation, this cutting off, this severing from the body of the soul those circumstances that made its covering. But all these things grow very slowly. Man never becomes great and good and wise in a day. We do not believe in that repentance that comes like lightning upon the individual. No, we cannot. We believe in that that is of slow and natural growth; that comes out of the lower strata, shoots out into the present, making a lasting immortal flower.

Q.—By J. C. C.: Will my friend Enoch Harrington and the band of spirits that accompanied Captain Mitchell, after the burning of his ship Hornet, in lat. 2° North and lon. 112° West, please give a description of their perilous passage and what became of the two missing boats?

A.—A friend present, as the representative of the party in question, informs us that it would be impossible to give a clear description, mentally and materially, of the scene through which they passed. With regard to the two missing boats: the cargo of one has entered the spirit-land, and they know no more of the cargo of the other boat than you do, but presume they are not inhabitants of the unseen world; therefore must be either on dry land or on the ocean. Oct. 4.

"Blake."

A gentleman out in Connecticut where Mr. Ellis and I have been holding forth, wants to know what my real name is, and why I have not got an education after death; why I don't get one, so I can make a little better appearance than I do in public.

I come here to inform him that a star can't be a moon, and a moon can't be a sun. If he aint lived long enough in the world to find that out, then it's time he went to school. I choose to re-

main just as I am for a while, at any rate. I can't say but what I may take a leap up by-and-by. Who knows but what I shall be a Daniel Webster or a Rufus Choate some time? But at present I'm very well satisfied to be "Blake." I'm well off, and I'm doing more good in one twenty-four hours than he probably ever will do. He'd like to know, I suppose, if my senses ever were clear! I had as good a pair of eyes to see with, had good clear senses as anybody had, and could see a thing about as clear as anybody. Wants to know, too, why I don't talk outside the cabinet; why I don't give manifestations without the cabinet. I'll ask him a question before answering his. Old chap, why don't you talk and move round and navigate without using your body? How happens it that you use your hands, your feet and your tongue, too, for it must be a good one, else you could n't use it so well? Now if you don't know that there is just as much need of a cabinet and a medium for me to manifest through, as you have need of your body to get round with here, I'd recommend that you go to school. I think you're a little below me in some things. Now if you object to my coming here to read you a lecture, you can do the next thing. [How are the séances attended now?] Oh, pretty well. [Are you coming to Boston soon?] Yes, we are coming here, and we're going to raise a general breeze this winter. I'm getting the wires laid so I'll be able to talk without the cabinet. Oh, I've been right here before, right on this platform, and talked through the cabinet. I can do it again. The time will come when I shall stand here right in my own body, so you'll see me just as I am. The time will come when I shall stand right outside the cabinet. You can't make the moon fall before it's time, can you? I can't do these things any faster than I can. I'd like to see you do half as much, I would, any of you that ask us why we don't do this and that. I'd like to see you do half as much without a good deal of training, on your side.

Well, good-by to you; much obliged to you. Oct. 4.

Frances E. Sawyer.

My friends who are on the earth have requested that I should manifest here, if possible, and inform them whether or no it would be best, under all circumstances, for them to avow their belief in the return of spirits? They fear it would not be as well for them, were they identified with modern Spiritualism. I can only refer them to the words of Jesus. He says, "Let your light so shine before the world, that they seeing the light, may believe and glorify your Father in heaven." They do not let their light shine, so cannot expect to receive the blessing.

I would counsel that if they have that which is good, that which has been food to their souls, they should give of their abundance to those who have not. It is mean, it is uncharitable, it is unjust to withhold that which you have in your possession, that the world groans for every hour. There must be some brows crowned with thorns, and theirs may as well be the martyrs as any one else. Why, were I here on the earth, and out of my present knowledge of things, I would preach the Gospel of Truth, the whole gospel, though all the world closed their ears; though all the world were arrayed against me in terrible opposition; for I should then feel I was doing my duty, and that would be unto me the kingdom of heaven.

My friends declare that they shall believe whatsoever I may be pleased to give them on this subject; that they will hold whatever counsel I give them as sacred and good. God grant they may, for their own good, and for the world which has need.

I am Frances E. Sawyer, from Orange, New York. Oct. 4.

Charles Foswell.

Charles Foswell, sir, at your service, and at anybody's else who may need my aid. I am from Charlottesville, Penn., and a soldier—union soldier—who'd like to get back home in this way, if you have not any objections. If you're a copperhead, sir, keep out of my way. I'm death on copperheads, and always was when I was a youngster. I did n't like them any better when I grew up, and went out to do battle agin 'em.

I've got some folks here on the earth that are just as afraid of dead folks as you would be of a rattlesnake. They're shut up in the church; but I'm going to get at them some way, for, wessell-like, I can get through a small place. I can! and I'm determined to go through. I never was out-generated but once, and that was the time that I had to leave my body. General Death was smarter than I was, so he ruled the roost, and I had to obey his orders of course. But I'm master now, and I'm driving my own team, so I can drive my own communication home. They say it goes sometimes on the wings of thought, and sometimes by your steam engine. Well, I'll take mine along, if you haven't any objections, sir, for it might be hard driving thoughts along just where I want to have them go. They believe in dead folks, and in the guardianship of angels, and all that pertains to Spiritualism that is found in the church, folded up in that. They believe in that. But this coming back, and talking face to face with ghosts, they don't believe in. They're afraid—they would be—to shake hands with me, to let us talk to them as we do here. We do n't care, no; but they're not like this lady. I went to her this morning, and says I, "How do you do?" She said "How do you do?" "I thought you'd be afraid of a ghost like me," says I to her. "Not a bit," said she, "I've seen too many of them to be frightened." "Oh you have," said I. "I did n't know but what you might be a little afraid." "Well," said she, "you'd better go to somebody that ain't so well acquainted with dead folks as I am."

My folks are afraid, but they'll come to it. I'll touch 'em lightly first; then I don't know as they'll believe it's me. I'm bound to go in. I'm bound they shall know I've come back, I am! Oh I'm sure to win.

I said in my last letter home, I think this business will be wound up about such a time, so I shall soon be home with you. By gracious! if it wasn't wound up with me sooner than I expected. You know I was looking to the closing up of things and the war, and I thought Government would begin to muster us out, so I'd soon be home again for good. But I got mustered out in a different way. So you'll please tell the folks I intended to go home, but had other business to attend to; I shall pay you some day for it. And still further: you'll tell them I'm no more dead than they are, nor half as much. I am myself, and I hope I'm a little better than I was here, because I've been trying to improve since I came to the spirit-world. I'm not so rough as I was. I could come back here now, and could pick you out as fine a horse as ever I could. But still I don't mean for you to understand that I'm a horse jockey now. [Was that your business here?] Well, that was a branch of it; wasn't it of it. It was a limb of it. I liked it pretty well

when I was on the earth. But as it is, I'm soliciting an invitation to go home. [I hope your folks will give you one.] I hope so too. [I think it will do your friends much good, besides helping yourself.] Well, I could try. If I failed, that would be failure number two.

I'll appeal first to Benjamin—"little Ben" we used to call him—and if he can work the cards so he can get in, I'll furnish him with a ticket to as good a show as he'll wish to see. He's the greatest fellow for liking to go to shows that ever I see. He'll sell his soul for a ticket to go to a circus or show, I really believe. You tell him for me, I'll ticket him to as good a show—if he'll only give me the chance—as he ever was to in his life. For he's got that within him that I can work over and bring out; that will let me go up to him as I did to this lady, and say, How do you do? Now there's a good many folks that would be glad to be like that, don't you think so? [Yes.] And I'll promise not to show him anything that would be likely to frighten him. I don't suppose he remembers the time when he first went to a show. He yelled like a good one, he was so frightened. Well, I'd wait awhile, I'll take away the fear first, before I take him into the show.

Mr. Chairman—I believe that's what the parson called you that was here—I'll call round again and square up. I belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. Oct. 4.

Isabella N. Joice.

How do you do, sir? I come to tell the gentleman who is trying to find the man who murdered Johnnie and me, that I shall be with him nearly all the time until he does find him. And if I was permitted, I should tell him right away where he is. But if he will do as Mr. Hurlburt told him to do, he will gain something to help him in his researches. Mr. Hurlburt wishes me to tell him that he was once employed in the Boston Post-office, and he's always felt more or less of an interest there. And as he has been somewhat connected there—the gentleman—he was through sympathy attracted to him, from the fact of his earnestness and good motives—not because he wanted the reward, but because he really desired to obtain our murderer. [The time has not yet arrived, I suppose, for you to give his name?] No, sir; but I am hoping every day it will.

All communication between the man that murdered, and his friends and acquaintances, has been suspended; because he is very cautious, and being so, he don't dare to write to them. And he says every day, "Why, I'd rather die, than live this way. I feel as though every stone under my feet were a detective." Well, by-and-by, when that feeling grows upon him, he will begin to grow very weak; so weak that he will be easily taken. Oh he's a bad man! too bad to be at large in any civilized community. I don't want him to be found and executed, because—not so much, at any rate, because I bear any ill feeling toward him, but because I know he is so dangerous. He knows it himself. He has said so to himself many a time; and to his friends.

Now, sir, if you will please tell the gentleman to persevere, I shall be with him, and he will certainly be successful. Those who have weighed the matter thoroughly and carefully, will give him such information as will be sufficient for him, when he goes to the place he has been told to go to. I have been charged to give none here to-day; for if I should, they say it would thwart the very end they desire to gain.

I thank you, sir. I am Isabella N. Joice.

Stance opened by T. Starr King, closed by "Lightfoot."

Invocation.

Oh thou whose light shineth in the midst of all darkness, whose perfect love overcometh all evil, whose boundless mercy reacheth all souls, and whose everlasting wisdom comprehendeth all things, to thee we pray. Thou hast opened for our understanding thy vast volumes of life human and life divine; and thou art teaching us to read them. Thou art pointing out unto us the way for our souls' salvation; through ten thousand times ten thousand sources thou art perpetually speaking to our souls. And yet, oh Life, and its Source, we cannot understand thee. Therefore it is that we ask, in all earnestness and with a deep sincerity, to know more of thee and more of thy laws. Nearer, oh God, still nearer to thee, is the watchword of our souls. And, while we struggle on, sometimes fainting and weary, and sometimes strong and full of hope, yet by our prayers and thine answers thereto, we shall ever be able to bear our crosses and withstand all the shafts of evil with which we may be surrounded.

Oh thou Spirit of Eternal Justice, do thou visit all those souls who have seemed to wander in their human life, from thee. Water the falling flowers in the garden of their hearts, that they may blossom anew; that their fragrance may be inhaled by angels; that life may be made better by it. Oh, give us, thou Spirit of Humility, thine own life. Wrap us in thy mantle, that we may be secure from all that may cause us to aspire too high, to ask too much.

Spirit of Love, do thou baptize us in thine own pure waters! Let us understand what thou art. Spirit of Truth, though our brows are crowned with thorns, though thou dost scatter thorns in our pathway, be thou with us! Lead us out of all darkness unto the light of thine own kingdom, for thou art great, good, and holy, and all perfect. Oct. 15.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By W. T. Smith, of Michigan: I saw in the BANNER of June 2, 1866, that on the removal of a body from its original resting place, it had turned to stone. Now, Nature teaches me that when the life-governing principle leaves, the form must decompose. Please give your views upon the subject.

ANS.—Your correspondent seems to have very limited conceptions of life. He fails to understand that life is everywhere; that there is no place devoid of it. The principle of life cannot, by any possibility, ever absent itself from any place. Its manifestations are so numerous that you cannot number them; but the life is the same. It would have been just as reasonable a question to have asked why God does not die when worlds change their orbits, as to ask why the life-principle did not die when the spirit, or thinking part, inhabiting the machine, was separated and distinct from the machine. It is absolutely impossible for us to enumerate and follow out all the manifestations of life. No one soul can, by any possibility, ever do it; for, if they could, then there would come a time when the soul would die from mere inertia. The soul must be active, and can only be active by virtue of seeking to know what there is around and beyond it. If you all understood life perfectly, even your own life, so as to be able to define the compass of your own being, why then the propelling force within you might sometimes become inactive. But this cannot be; and we believe that the Great Principle of Wisdom, governing in all things, perceives that the soul must ever have a

something to ask for, that there must ever be a something it has not attained. And this, we believe, is the very power that holds it in existence, and the very foundation upon which immortality exists. Decomposition is but another term for change. The body changes at death—it may be to stone, it may be to dust—but the life-principle never leaves it.

Q.—Do spirits return and take upon themselves physical bodies again? and, if so, about how often is it repeated?

A.—Your speaker has returned absolutely and taken upon himself a physical body; but it is by no means certain how often he may repeat the same manifestation. Your correspondent has reference to the Pythagorean doctrine, perhaps a little different answer to his question may be needed. It would be absolutely impossible for us to determine concerning the stated period of time allotted to soul, whereby or when it must return and take upon a human form, and manifest through that form, provided the great, wise Father hath determined it must so unfold itself. Nature, by the decrees of God or Life—or give it whatever name you please—by some well-established decree, seems to have an infinite variety of ways and means through which to perfect itself; and the same law holds good when referred to the soul. The soul, as allied to Nature, makes use, we believe, of every form known in Nature, through which to unfold itself. The soul speaks through the rocks, through the rills, through the waves of ocean, through the skies, through all forms of animate and inanimate life, as well as through the physical form. This is absolutely true, and you cannot successfully dispute it.

The sculptor perceives before him the block of marble. The soul or inner life of his own being is thrown upon the marble. And so he chisels away, day after day, until the block of marble seems to be endowed with life. What has made it so? What has wrought the change? Why, the action of the man's soul upon it. The soul has wrought, through the human machine, and down through physical, material life, upon the block of marble, until it is a glorious representative of human life. The soul is there; the man's life is there. You cannot look at a beautiful rose, admiring its beauty, inhaling its fragrance, without endowing it with your own life. Your thought of the rose is far more beautiful than the rose itself. You should understand this one great truth: that, as God speaks through the soul, so he speaks through all these forms of life also. Life is everywhere. God is Life, and Life is never silent, never inactive. It is always going outward and onward, perfecting itself according to the law of its great Author. Oct. 15.

Augustus Carson.

It is two years ago this very day since I paid Nature's debt in dying. I then had not the least idea that I should ever be able to manifest in any sort of a way again among the things of earth, provided I had an existence at all. To me there was very great doubt concerning a hereafter. But Nature works, or God works, through mysterious ways, and sees fit to cover those ways until we reach them; that is, we are not allowed to see much of our future. I was but a short time ago—say two years and a half ago—I was, in more senses than one, arrayed against you people of the North, although I claim a birthright here among you.

Some seventeen years ago I removed from the North to Savannah, and there became largely identified with Southern affairs; had many friends there and my interests were there. So, when it became a fixed fact that the two portions of this country, North and South, must go to war with each other, I consulted my interests; and I must say I obeyed the dictates of my conscience in the matter. And so I went to war against you. And I am not here to-day to say I'm sorry I did, for a man should never be sorry for doing what he believed to be right. I am only sorry that I did n't know any better way; not sorry because I took that course, because it was the best I knew of at the time. The fortunes of camp life brought to me sickness and various kinds of unhappiness, which terminated the connection between me, as an individual, and my body, two years ago.

I have left, as I before remarked, many friends. But there are a certain few that I am particularly attracted to. My wife and little son I would fain return and aid, if I shall be endowed with the power so to do. But I must first make them aware that I have the power to come back before I can aid them in a way they will be conscious of. I may aid them without any consciousness of the fact upon their part; but that, to me, is a very poor way of doing business.

When the inhabitants of this world are satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt that those they have called dead still live, and, under favorable circumstances, can return, aiding them or acting against them, as the case may be, it seems to me they will have learned a truth that is worth all other truths, is grander than all others that they may have learned. And until they shall have gained that truth, shall have been in their possession entire, there will always be death—death, as there now is, death with its sting. Take that away, and virtually, then, there is no death.

My wife will remember her last words to me when she bent over me to catch mine from my weak lips. They were these: "Oh, Augustus, what am I to do when you are gone? Who am I to look to? Oh, what is to become of me and my little boy?" My soul could not then answer her questions satisfactorily. I did not then even know that there was a God who defended the widow and the orphan, though I hoped there was. To-day I know there is a Power that takes care of everything. And to-day I know that I can do something, by virtue of that Power, toward taking care of those who were dependent upon me, and that are to-day dependent upon me.

I am very glad to be able to say to that sorrow-stricken soul, "The clouds are breaking, the morning is coming, and very soon, I am quite sure, you will see happier days than at present. I have labored earnestly for it, and I feel sure I shall be successful. Nothing would give me greater joy than to come to you at home; come where I am known; come where I shall be understood." Not that I am ungrateful for the privilege I enjoy even of coming here to this distant telegraph office to send a few words home; but I ask for something greater, something better. If I did not feel that I needed it, I would not ask for it. And we are taught in this land of beautiful reality, that whatever we absolutely need we shall obtain. The question only is, when we shall obtain it? When we shall need it the most.

I am unable to proceed further, sir, so I can only close by telling you that what I have given is intended for my friends; but particularly for my wife, Marietta Carson, and little son, Augustus Carson. My name is Augustus. My age, at the time of my change, was thirty-eight and five months. I died at Savannah. Oct. 15.

Anna L. Stephens.

There was an understanding between myself and some of my friends to this effect: that who

ever of us died first—if the way was open, as Spiritualists declared—should return, telling of the place we had reached, to those we had left behind.

I was a medium myself for a certain kind of manifestations, such as tipping tables, and getting answers by sounds. Though I did n't believe myself that the power was produced by spirits, yet I did n't know. I was very sure that I had nothing to do with it, only to place my hands upon whatever object was being acted upon. But I thought, as very many others do, it was electricity. Still, I never could account for the intelligence electricity manifested.

Some of my acquaintances, who used often to be with me when I would give the manifestations, did really believe that it was some spirit or spirits communicating with us, and I used to laugh at them for their credulity. But they said, "What else can it be? Tell us what it is, if it is n't that?" Well, I could n't tell them myself, and at times I was very fearful.

I never liked to be left alone, because I would often be annoyed by these sounds. When I was alone they frightened me, for I could n't but attribute them to something supernatural. I attached them to something that was dead, and they always made me tremble when I was alone.

It is but a very short time ago since I was in Boston. I came here to see my friends, and there were quite a number of conversations we had upon the subject of Spiritualism. I can't tell how many times that a number of us promised that whoever should go first, should return to those who are left.

It seems that I was the first to be called, therefore the first to make good the promise. As yet, I am not able to give much definite information, clear information of the land I have reached. It is a place, a real place that I'm living in; how much of a home it will be to me I cannot tell, but I'm sure that it is a reality, and sure also that I am able to come back. Therefore Spiritualism is to me really true.

At first, I was very much frightened when I knew there was no hope for me; then a feeling came over me that all would be well with me hereafter, wicked as I might have been. So I gradually lost my fear and my strength also. And thus died, I suppose easy, although I could hear mingled sounds of terror and of prayer. Oh such a strange, wild medley of sounds reached me! Yet I seemed to be even then borne up above them and afar off, although they were all around and near me.

I am only giving my own experience—not the experience of any one else. I am not able here to give an account of my life, that I may be identified thereby; nor do I know that I shall ever do so. It is not needed to those I come to. I think I have given enough, or shall give enough, to identify me as one soul, at least, to those I come to.

When I parted from my friends, I promised they should hear from me as soon as I arrived at my destination. I little thought, then, that my destination would be beyond Time; that my body was designed to go beneath the waves of ocean, and my spirit destined for that spirit-home that I knew so little about. But so it was.

But I feel my promise as binding and as sacred to my friends as though I had landed upon that distant Southern shore. I am a presence still; I am alive. I am Anna L. Stephens, just as I was, only I've lost my body. The waves of the Atlantic hold it in its embrace. But I live, and I believe in the presence of God; for whenever we ask this one or that one where God is to be found? the answer comes, "He's here; child; he's here. Don't seek him in the future; God is here." So if he is, then I am in his presence.

I have a great deal to say. I feel I have a great deal to do. I have been told so by those who came to the spirit-world before me; and I presume it is so.

I would give, or will give—if my friends give me a chance to come to them where I can speak as I can here—a clear and vivid account of that terrible scene. Oh, it was terrible! but not so much so to me as to others. [Were you lost on "The Evening Star"?] I was. Say that my message is particularly designed for my friends. I will give you a few of their names: Jessie Stephens, Adelaide Welsh, Mary Fulton. Oh, I might go on and give you a score of names. But since I've gone, they'll remember the promise, and they all read your paper, so I'm sure of a hearing. I thank you, sir. Oct. 15.

Edith Brandon.

You'll take me to mamma, won't you? She's at home, sir. Won't you take me? [Where's that?] Where she lives. Won't you take me? Where be I now, sir? [In Boston, Am I?] [Yes.] My mother lives in St. Louis, sir. [How long since you went to the spirit-world?] I went, I came to my father nine weeks ago. He came before I did; and I want you to take me back to my mother, that's what I come for. [She lives too far off.] Will you tell my mamma I come, and want to come home? Will you tell her that Edith came? and will you tell her that papa is with me, too, and he wants to come?

He says I should tell my age, [and name] Edith Brandon. I was seven years old. My mother's name, Edith. My father's name was Josiah; and he and I live together now. [Have you been here before?] No, sir.

Will you tell mamma I come? Oh, she will be so glad if you'll only let her know that I haven't forgotten her, and that I want to come to her; won't you? [Does your father think your mother won't you?] Oh yes, he says so; yes, he says so. He says I misunderstood him. He brought me here, he says, and introduced me to the gentleman who would send my message to mamma; yes, sir. And will you tell her I did n't want the wreath preserved? I'm glad she did not get it done. Father says, "It would only be a souvenir of sorrow, and not of joy." It is a very bad practice; and I'm so glad the flowers withered before she had it done; for if she had, it would have made her cry to look at it.

[To the Chairman:] If I had anything, I would give it to you. [You are welcome. Come again.] I would like to. And can papa come, if he likes? He says he would like to very much. Oct. 15.

Prayer by William E. Channing; Questions answered by Abner Kneeland; Letters answered by George A. Redman.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Burton, to her brother George; Judson Lewis, to Henry Barnum, in Independence, Texas; Susan Tullie, to her husband and friends.
Monday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stella Lewis, to Mrs. J. M. Lewis, Independence, Texas; J. M. Lewis, to relatives in Sandwich and Hermitable, Texas; J. M. Lewis, to the city, to friends; Wm. Smith (colored), of the Sabbath, Co., to relatives in Haverhill, Mass.
Tuesday, Oct. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hannah A. Prickett, to her sister, Mrs. Clark; Nellie Wilcox, to her parents, in Nebraska; City, N. Y.
Wednesday, Oct. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Fowler, an actor, who died in New Orleans, La.; Wm. McNamee, of that city; David Wilder, to his son, David Wilder; Enslie, wife of the editor of the "Cleveland Co.," to Robt. Dowling, at Mokenau, Ill.; J. M. Lewis, to J. M. Lewis, of the 21st Mass. Co., to his brother, and wife, living at Cross street.
Monday, Oct. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Josie Hunter, to her father, Stephen, Hunter, of Opelousas.

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[illegible]

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured binding or edge. The right side is a white page area. Faint, illegible text is visible across the page. A small, dark, irregular mark is present near the top of the page.

the Banner one year. It will be forwarded to me
receipt of the papers with the advertisements marked