

# BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI. \$8.00 PER YEAR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867. {SINGLE COPIES,} NO. 2. Eight Cents.

## Literary Department.

### THE LAW OF LIFE.

(An Inspirational Poem, given by Miss Lisale Doten, at the close of her lecture in Mercantile Hall, in this city, March 20th, 1867. Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner.)

Deeply musing  
On the many mysteries of life;  
Half exalting  
All man's seeming failures in the strife;  
Through the city  
Did I take my lonely way at night;  
Filled with pity  
For the miseries that met my sight,  
In the faces, sickly, sad and sunken,  
In the faces, meager, mean and shrunken,  
Wanton, leering, passionate and drunken,  
Which I saw that night,  
Passing through the city—  
Saw them by the street lamps' changing light.

Burning brightly,  
Looked the watching stars from heaven above;  
As if lightly  
They beheld these wrecks of human love.  
"Oh how distant!"  
Said I, "are they from this earth apart.  
How resistant  
To the woes that rend the human heart!  
Countless worlds! your radiant courses rounding,  
With your light the depth of distance sounding,  
Is there not some fount of love abounding?  
Oh thou starlight night  
Brooding o'er the city!  
Would that truth might as thy stars shine bright."

Very lightly  
Was a woman's hand laid on my arm,  
Pressing slightly—  
And a voice said—striving to be calm—  
"I am dying,  
Slowly dying for the want of love;  
Vainly trying  
To believe there is a God above.  
For I feel that I am sinking slowly,  
Losing daily faith and patience lowly,  
Doomed to ways of sin and deeds unholy.  
All the weary night,  
Through this cruel city  
Do I wander till the morning light.

"Hear me kindly,  
For I am not what I would have been,  
If most blindly  
I had not been tempted unto sin.  
I am lonely,  
And I long to shriek in anguish wild,  
Oh if only  
I could be once more a little child!  
See! my eyes are weary worn with weeping;  
Sorrow's tide across my soul is sweeping;  
God no longer holds me in his keeping—  
I have prayed to-night  
Wandering through the city,  
That I might not see the morning light."

Breathless, gazing  
On her pallid and impassioned face,  
How amazing  
Was the likeness that I there could trace!  
"Sister!" "Brother!"  
From our lips as by one impulse broke.  
Not another  
Word, for a brief space of time we spoke.  
But the sweet and tender recollection  
Of our childhood, with its fond affection,  
And at last, the broken, lost connection,  
Came afresh that night,  
Standing in the city  
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.

Pale and slender,  
Like a lily did she bow her head.  
Low and tender  
Was the earnest tone in which she said—  
"Oh my brother!  
Tell me of our father—" "He is dead."  
"And our mother?"  
"And she, also, rests in peace," I said.  
Only to my grievous words replying,  
By a long-drawn, deep and painful sighing,  
Sinking downy again, as if crushed and dying,  
Did she seem that night,  
Standing in the city  
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.

Wherefore should I  
Thrust her from my guilty heart away?  
Ah, how could I  
Whate'er the righteous world might say—  
She, my sister,  
One who shared in mine own life a part—  
Nay, I kissed her,  
And upraised her to a brother's heart.  
And I said, "Henceforth we will not sever,  
But with faith and patience falling never,  
We will work for truth and right forever.  
Ministers of light,  
Watching o'er the city!  
Guide! oh guide our erring feet aright!"

Gently o'er us  
Came a breath of warm and balmy air,  
And before us  
Stood a man with silvery, flowing hair.  
How appearing  
From the murky gloom that round us fell,  
Mild and cheering  
In his presence, I could never tell.  
But I say with solemn assertion,  
That it was no fanciful creation,  
Bearing to this life no true relation,  
Which we saw that night,  
Standing in the city,  
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.

"Children!" said he,  
"One of life's great lessons you are taught;  
Be then ready  
To apply the teaching as you ought.  
All are brothers—  
All are sisters in this lower life.

Many others  
Make sad failures in the weary strife;  
But each failure is a grand expression  
Of the law which underlies progression,  
Which will raise the soul above transgression.  
Yes, this very night—  
All throughout this city,  
Every soul is striving toward the light!"

"Bruised and broken,  
Many hearts in patient sorrow wait,  
To hear spoken  
Words of love, which often come too late.  
Lift their crosses,  
And their signs—the heaviest load of all—  
Bear their losses,  
And be patient with them when they fall."  
Then he vanished, as the shadows parted,  
Leaving us alone, but hopeful-hearted—  
Gazing into space where he departed  
From our wondering sight,  
In that mazy city—  
Vanished in the shadows of the night.

Sacred presence!  
Dwelling just beyond our mortal sense,  
Through thine essence,  
Fill our beings with a life intense.  
By creation  
Man fulfills a destiny sublime,  
And salvation  
Comes to each in its appointed time.  
In that region of celestial splendor,  
Where the angel-faces look so tender,  
Human weakness needeth no defender.  
In the perfect light  
Of the heavenly city,  
Souls can read the law of life aright.

### PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

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

CHAPTER IV.  
Aunt Betsey in the City Churches.

Mrs. Horner was so desirous to get settled in her new lodgings, that she had her own and James's trunk packed by daylight, and before noon started to take possession. The little doctor was standing by his trunks, ready for departure, with the key of the rooms in his hand, which he delivered, and with a very sweet smile, that displayed his teeth in all their brilliant whiteness, and a low bow, he bade Aunt Betsey "good-morning," saying that he was going to Philadelphia in the next train.

The old lady, finding herself alone, locked her doors and went to work. She first threw off the white bed-spread, when, to her surprise, instead of nice blankets, such as covered all her beds at home, she found, first, an old cloth coat cape, next, a soiled, worn hearth rug, and then came two pieces of muslin just torn from the web for sheets. A cotton mattress was below this, resting on slats, one half of which were broken. The good housekeeper stood aghast: "What will poor Jim do?"

The dust of many months lay thick upon the bedstead. This roused her a little, and she went to work vigorously wiping it away, and while doing so, she recollected that she saw a carpenter's shop near the corner of the street. She would call him in to repair her bedstead. A good shaking of every article out of the open window raised a cloud of dust in the little back yard, and not a little remained on the shaker. "Never mind," she said to herself, with head tied up in an ample handkerchief, and dress protected by a huge apron, "plenty of warm water and soap here." Then she examined the old cape and hearth-rug critically, and shaking her head ruefully, exclaimed: "They'll never do—never. Pahl! How strong they smell of tobacco!"

She then took off her head-gear and apron, shook the dust from them, and went into the bathing room. It was very cold. She turned one of the faucets—the little stream was icy cold; the other, of the same temperature. She stood beside them as they both run; no change of temperature, or if any, colder. Aunt Betsey was a patient woman, and she waited; but patient waiting this time was a failure; no warm water came. With sad forebodings the good woman made her way to the basement, and knocked on the kitchen door. A pale, delicate, weary-looking little woman came to the door.

"May I ask, ma'am, if the warm water runs into the bathing room and the room overhead?"

Before the lady could reply, a man rose from beside a table which stood close to the small grated window of the kitchen, and was covered with little bits of iron and wood and small tools, and still holding a piece of steel in one hand, and a hammer in the other, came to the door and opening it wide, said:

"Walk in, ma'am; walk in, ma'am, and take a seat. You are the lady that has taken the rooms above?"

Now the man had a long beard and a ragged coat, and he was in a low, dingy basement kitchen, but Aunt Betsey felt at once that he was a gentleman, and his voice and his face pleased her.

"Thank you; I can't stop, sir; but when I hired the rooms yesterday, the young doctor up stairs told me that there was warm water in the room above and in the bathing room."

"Are you sure that you understood him, ma'am?"

"Perfectly sure. Isn't it so?"

"I'm sorry to say, ma'am, there is none, and not likely to be, as the range is not in use."

Aunt Betsey made no reply with her lips, but her heart said, "Poor Jim! No warm baths!"

She rose to go. "Good-morning, I'll not trouble you longer; but I am very much disappointed."

"Can I help you any?" said the pale looking woman. "Here is hot water on my stove, if you would like."

"Thank you; I will take a little," and almost before the words were out of her mouth, the man had laid down his hammer and steel, filled a pail for her, and insisted upon carrying it up.

Aunt Betsey cleansed herself from the dust, made an examination of her pocket-book, and then prepared for a walk. She first went to the carpenter, who promised to come directly; then to a dry-goods store, where she paid fifteen dollars for a nice blanket, inwardly groaning as she thought of the pile of blankets in the linen-press at home.

"What will Si say to my spending money so fast? But Jim must be made comfortable; he has no mother but me, and I shall fulfill my promise to be a mother to him."

It was late in the day when Aunt Betsey had finished her cleaning, and was ready for Jim; but she had made sundry discoveries: the marble table was broken, and only stood by being propped against the wall; the little dining table was lame in the joints, and one leg inclined at an angle of two or three degrees from its companion; the lace curtain on examination proved to be a coarse netting; the spout of the water-sink was clogged, and needed a plumber; and Aunt Betsey longed for the warm water when she examined through her spectacles the paint and the windows. But the worst trial of all that day was her unavailing effort to make a coal fire, and she was about giving up in despair when help came in her extremity. She had incautiously let her fire run very low, and without being aware of the obstinacy of anthracite, had piled on the coal, to have a famous fire when Jim should come. Alas! whoever expects this relic of ancient life, whose birth antedates that of the first man, to yield willingly to the present generation, will be woefully mistaken. Aunt Betsey, who could engineer her immense "Stewart's Wood Burning Cook" at home, making it the obedient slave of her will, giving out its heat in due proportion for the boiling of a custard or the roasting of a huge turkey, was brought to her wit's end over her little grate in her city lodgings. Weary, hungry, cold, troubled at her long delay from her sick boy, with visions of her bright, warm country home and apple kitchen, she stood over the black mass in despair, almost hopeless of ever seeing it otherwise. Just then, the man who had so kindly given her the warm water, came to the door for the pail. He saw her position, and divined her perplexity. He stepped forward, took out the coal, emptied the grate, brought paper and kindlings, and by the gentleness of one material won over the other: the paper coaxed the wood, the wood coaxed the coal, and soon the bright, glowing mass diffused its heat over the room. Aunt Betsey then hastened to poor Jim, who had become very impatient for her, and weak and nervous from long confinement. The tears came when she sat down by his bedside. Not one word of all her troubles did Aunt Betsey speak; but she gave her sick boy his medicine, smoothed his pillow, made him a cup of tea, and not till then did she eat the oysters which he had ordered for her.

Night found them in their new rooms, which the sick boy enjoyed exceedingly, and Aunt Betsey, wrapped in her blanket, shawl and cloak, slept sweetly upon the couch.

She was up early the next morning, and wrote the following note to Nellie:

MY DEAR CHILD—You may pack a few sheets and a couple of my thickest quilted blankets, and direct them to No. — Sixth Avenue, New York; and ask pa if he will send them by express to me. Jim is not quite as well to-day, but the doctor says I need not be alarmed; it is only the excitement of moving, and that one day of rest will make all right. I have no time to write. You must do the best you can while I am gone. Give the white cow some bran and meal, and have it nicely mixed in warm water; don't forget to leave the handle of the rain water pump up every night. Take good care of your father, and when the weather is very cold get out the warming-pan and warm his bed for him. Do everything you can for his comfort—there are not many girls who have so good a father.

Your affectionate mother,  
BETSEY HORNER.

The doctor was right. The day of rest in a quiet room was of great benefit to Jim; but he was far from well, and as this day, Saturday, was, from the nature of his disease, expected to be a bad one, Aunt Betsey watched him closely, and remained by his side.

She felt very hard toward the smiling little doctor as she became more acquainted with her rooms, and learned how he had deceived her, and was quite angry with herself that she had been induced to pay so much money in advance. But of this she could say nothing.

The next day was Sunday—a bright, sunny day, so soft and mild the air that it seemed as if spring had come weeks in advance. Jim laid quietly in his bed, watching the sunlight that lay in broad patches upon the carpet and lighted up the engraving of "Washington crossing the Delaware," which hung upon the wall.

Aunt Betsey, always an early riser, had taken breakfast, put her rooms in order, and now sat with a clean cap on and black silk apron over her new merino, reading the Bible. The unhemmed cloth which served as an apron for sheets had so disturbed her mind, that he had turned away from the bed, and now sat with her back to it. She was glad that Jim had not noticed them. She was sure in her own mind that she could never get up from fever in a bed where the sheets were not hemmed.

"Aunt Betsey, will you read a chapter aloud?"

"Yes, indeed, Jim, if you like, but you know I ain't much of a scholar, and nowadays smart on hard words. If it was Nellie, now, you might take some pleasure in hearing her; but she hasn't

got no such voice as her Aunt Lottie used to have. Why, Jim, when I heard her read in John, it seemed just as if she had caught the words as Jesus dropped them, before they had lost their sweetness and their power. I'm reading a psalm now that she used to read, because she said it seemed just like poetry. I'll read it to you."

And Aunt Betsey read, in rather a monotonous school-tone, to be sure, but still with an understanding heart, the psalm commencing, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Before she had finished, one of Jim's young friends from the store came in—the one who had been so kind through his sickness—and asked the privilege of staying awhile. Jim willingly assented, and said that he thought Aunt Betsey might like to go to church.

"Why, yes, I think I will. Somehow I always feel happier during the week when I go to meeting on Sunday. I carry all my troubles and leave them there."

So she put on her cloak and her dark straw bonnet with the brown ribbon, and her new kid gloves, and Jim thought, as he looked at her comely face, with the smooth hair on her brow, unadorned save by a simple lace ruche, that she was a very nice looking old lady. She knew just where she wanted to go; the minister up in "Cutney" had told her where she could find a preacher of her own persuasion, and she wished to hear him and see his immense church. The young gentleman hailed the horse car, helped Aunt Betsey in, and told the driver where to stop—at a church near Sixth Avenue and Broadway. But we will let Aunt Betsey relate her own experience in church-going, promising that the following letter was not written until the evening of the following Sunday:

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have been so busy with our sick boy that I could not write to you for the last week.

Jim's fever has passed its crisis, and he is now very weak, but the doctor thinks he will get along nicely. He sleeps a great deal, and as he lies asleep now, he looks so pale and thin that I can hardly keep the tears back. Did you ever think Si, what a handsome boy he is? How proud a mother would be of him! And yet he has never known any mother or father but ourselves. Sometimes I am glad of it, because I love him as well as if he were my own flesh and blood. How he laughed to-day when I told him about the sermon! Don't be surprised, but I laughed telling it, and I laughed in meeting, too, and all the folks laughed. I guess it is the fashion to laugh in that meeting-house. But I'll go back and tell you all about going to meeting in this city. You see, last Sunday I felt as if I wanted to take all my cares and troubles, and leave them with God. I had been humming over to myself—

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
Oh Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With loud desire my spirit flings,  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints."

I wanted to go to the place which our minister at home recommended. I went early, so as to have time to see the building. It is very large, and will hold all the population of "Cutney." Why, the organ is half as big as our meeting-house, and it stands right behind the pulpit.

There were not half a dozen people in the house, so I took a little walk round, and then I thought, as I'm a little hard of hearing, I would go up on the side aisle and seat myself near the pulpit; but the sexton, who was a nice-looking gentleman, and walked very straight and held his head very high, said to me:

"You may sit in the gallery, ma'am; there are free seats there."

Now I never felt so curious in my life, because you know we would not do that in "Cutney." But I rose and walked slowly along, and it seemed as if he watched me, because he came again and said, "If you prefer, ma'am, you may sit down here," pointing to a pew close to the wall, behind a pillar. Now, Si, I felt just as I suppose colored people do. You know we always put them in the back seat, or up gallery. But I tried to put away all wicked thoughts, and said over to myself—

"Might I enjoy the meekest place  
Within thy courts, oh God of grace."

I noticed the sexton was very busy seating the folks as the church filled, and by-and-by there came in two handsome young ladies, with long wavy plumes in their hats, and great black bags on the back of their heads, covered with gold netting, and dresses looped up over scarlet petticoats. They looked as bright as golden robins. The sexton motioned to them, and they followed him up the aisle, where he found a seat for them near the pulpit. Soon afterwards there came in a spruce young officer, with a captain's bars on his shoulder, and stopped a moment at the door; but the sexton spied him, and gave him a seat near the young ladies, which seemed to please them very much, for one nudged the other, and then they both looked at the captain and put on their sweetest smiles. Then I saw a soldier come in with a blue overcoat on, and he stood a moment at the door, but not long, for the sexton spied everybody that came, and he gave him the seat close to the wall, behind the pillar, where he was going to put me. In a few minutes the soldier rose and laid aside his heavy overcoat—no wonder, for the house was very warm, and his seat was close to the stove—and then I saw that he had on his shoulder two stars, indicating his rank to be that of a Major-General. The sexton, who must have had eyes all over his head, saw it too, and he went and spoke with him. I couldn't of course tell what he said, but the general shook his head, and settled himself down behind his pillar as if he came to hear and not to be seen. Pretty soon the sermon commenced, and it was upon the duty of Christians to be benevolent; and I felt, Si, that I never had done half enough for those who had not the gospel.

The minister wanted his people to give ten thousand dollars on the next Sunday for the spread of the gospel in the destitute parts of our country. That is a great deal for one church at one time, is it not?

The prayers were good, and were like angels' wings to me, bearing me up to heaven. I can't say so much for the music. One lady sung alone, and I could not find the place in the book, nor understand a word she said.

In the evening I went to a church that is very near here for an hour with our friend, Miss Hooper. Why, Si, you would have opened your eyes wide, and your ears, too, for that matter. The bells made sweet music when we went, and continued to do so for some time after we entered. Then the church was full of all manner of carved work and gilding. I should think the kings of the earth had brought their honor and their glory into it; I thought I was too plain an old lady to go there, but the sexton gave me a pleasant seat, and remarked that the pews were all free, and not long afterwards I saw a poor, weary, laboring man, with his wife and a little boy, enter and kneel beside a gentleman and lady who got out of their carriage as I came in. The lady wore rich velvet and furs, but she did not move away from the poor woman in her clean calico. It was very pleasant to me, and I wondered if it would not please our Saviour. The prayers were read from a book, but though I wore my gold bowd spectacles, I could not find the places, and gave up trying. There were boys in white, who sang so sweetly that I wanted to go and kiss the little darlings. I wish Nellie could have been there, for she could have answered from the book, she reads so nicely, and could have sung with the rest. Jim was very much pleased that I had been to church, and he said that the next Sunday I must hear one of the popular preachers. He wanted my opinion of him, because he says we know what good preaching is in "Cutney." I tell him we go in for sound doctrine and the catechism, and I do not want to go where the gospel truth is not preached.

"By no means," he said; but he was sure I would like the truth this man preached.

So this morning, as the weather was pleasant, and Jim's friend on hand to stay with him, I ventured to go alone across Fulton Ferry, where I followed the crowd to a plain meeting-house, that looked like Uncle Josh's great brick barn. I thought I must be mistaken, and inquired of a gentleman if this was Mr. B.'s church. He said I was right, but it was not always easy to find a seat, and as the crowd was great I was afraid I might have to come away. But I was pleasantly disappointed, for after stopping a moment in the entry, the sexton came to me, and asked me if I would like a seat, and gave me one where I could see and hear very nicely. And now you will want a description of this minister, that you have often wished to hear. Now don't you tell the minister and deacons at home, and I'll tell you just what I think of him. You know some of our good folks at home think he's not quite sound in the faith, and a little radical; but you know somebody says the devil ain't half as black as he's painted. Now it would not do Deacon Stiles a bit of harm to hear him, for he did come down upon stung Christians like a sledge hammer. Perhaps if the deacon would read that sermon, he'd raise his subscription for the minister. But he did tell one rather tough story. I believe it, because a minister said it in the pulpit. It was about a rich man and a poor man, who went together to the oil regions. The poor man invested all he had in the world, a few thousands, and waited till he was weary and hopeless for profits, which came not. The rich man was more successful, and after realizing handsomely from his investments, concluded to be satisfied and go home. The poor man then came and urged him to buy out his claim. "I am discouraged," he said, "and afraid to wait any longer. Will you give me what my claim cost?" The rich man did not want it, but after much urging consented. The next day they discovered oil, and one hundred thousand dollars was offered for the claim which the young man had relinquished for a few thousands. The poor fellow felt badly, of course, and remarked that it was always so with him: he was either too soon or too late, but never in luck. Now what do you think this rich man of New York did? Why, returned his claim to the young man, and thus made him worth a hundred thousand! Did it because he thought it was right and honorable. Now, when I told this to Jim, he laughed, and said if he could only see that rich man he would ask him to buy a little oil stock which he owns.

But what made Jim laugh more heartily was when I told him that the minister said he was very much grieved that the "Saints of the Herald" were not pleased with some of the proceedings of his church. I did not see anything to laugh at all, but Jim kept repeating "Saints of the Herald. That's good, auntie." Then I told him I wished he could have been there and joined in the laughing, for everybody laughed, and all the congregation seemed to have a good time generally. There were beautiful flowers on the table—there was not any pulpit—and then all the congregation sung together that beautiful old hymn, "When I can read my title clear." Why, Si, I haven't sung with so much spirit since I was a girl and sat in the singing seats in "Cutney," as I sang to-day in that church. Now I suppose Deacon Stiles would say that the exercises were not solemnizing enough, and that young Mr. Nightingale, who preaches for us sometimes, and uses such beautiful words, and reads his sermon so sweetly, and looks so grave, is a superior preacher. But I like this plain, outspoken way which the preacher had to-day. He made me feel just as if I would not be a bit afraid to talk to him if he'd come to "Cutney." I think he'd enjoy one of our turkey dinners, and a cup of good coffee; and the way he talked about hills and trees made me think he would like to sit in the

shade of our great elms, and fish in the little trout brook that runs through the meadow, and looks like a silver ribbon as it sweeps round the "Ox Bow."

But I must not spend all my time in telling you about the ministers. You want to know if I have money enough, and I must say you are very kind when you add, "Do not let Jim suffer for anything which money can buy," and you add, "I think, Betsey, you were somewhat taken in when you paid the 'nice little doctor' in advance for your rooms. I would not repeat such a transaction."

No, St. I will not; and besides, I think, after all, that you understand business out of doors better than myself; but then what a poor hand you would be at making butter and cheese! We have our different gifts, as St. Paul would say, and we will not dispute, as St. Paul do nowadays, about which is superior. I only know that I long to see you and the old home again. I would not give the dear old farm for all Madison Avenue, if I must live in that place and see all the time only stone buildings and nice furniture.

I must not close without telling you that I have discovered another inmate in this house. The gentleman in the basement sits all day long by his table, and I hear the tap of his little hammer, and now and then a click, click, like the motion of a clock. His wife looks pater every day, and she has a weary but patient look, as if she were waiting for something. The house was so very still, saving the slight noise below, that I supposed there were no other people in it. But the other evening I went to the drug store for some medicine, and as I hurried home I saw before me an old gentleman with a long cloth cloak—such a cloak as Judge Phillips used to wear, when he presided in the court, twenty years ago. I have not seen such for a long time. The man before me wore it very gracefully, one side thrown over the right arm. Ah! St., do you remember who used to wear a cloak just in that way? This attracted my attention, and I walked slower and did not pass him. His hair was very white, for once he took off his hat, as one might do on a warm day, but not common on a winter's night. He had a great deal of hair, and he ran his hand through it as if it burdened him. He was tall and erect, and walked as if he were younger than his white hair would indicate. There was something about the man which interested me, though he was but one among many others on the street at the time. What was my surprise to see him step at our door, take out a pass key, and let himself in, as if he belonged to the house. I waited a moment before I followed, and then I distinctly heard a step in the hall above, and on the stairs which lead to the third story.

I found Jim asleep, and I sat down and wondered who the old man could be, and thought it was strange that we had seen and heard nothing of him before. Then I fell to musing about another person who used to wear a cloak in that way, and then Lottie came into my mind, and I seemed to hear her saying, as she threw her arms round me and nestled close to me in bed, "Oh, Betsey, you must forgive me, but I love him better than father or mother, brothers or sisters!" But good-night, Jim says, "Please, Aunt Betsey, read a chapter in John."

Your loving wife,  
BETSEY HORNER.

CHAPTER V.

The Mysterious Lodger on the Fourth Floor.

Mrs. Horner had always lived in the country, and of course knew all her neighbors and their affairs. It is not to be supposed that she would long remain without making an effort to know more of the old gentleman on the upper floor; and her various surmises, and her attitude of listening whenever a door opened or a step was on the stair, amused Jim, who had long since become accustomed to the isolated and independent life of the city.

"Now, Jim, do you suppose he lives there all alone?"

"Indeed, I do not know, auntie; but he could do so easily, by hiring some one to clean his rooms, and taking his meals at a restaurant."

"But what a dreary, lonesome life that would be, Jim, for an old man! It makes my heart ache to think of it."

"There are many such lonely lives in great cities, aunt."

"There, now! Just listen, Jim. I hear a foot-step. He's coming down, surely! It is just a week to-day since I met him on the street. Yes, it is him. Hush!"

And Aunt Betsey opened the door "just a crack," as she said, and saw the same cloak and hat pass through the hall into the street.

"Now, Jim, you look at your watch, and see what time he returns. I should not be surprised if he was a very orderly person, and regulated his walks by the clock."

The old lady was delighted to find her surmise correct, for he returned in just one hour, and the time of returning corresponded to a minute with that of the week previous.

"There, Jim, I've found out one fact; and now I venture to say he goes to the same place every Saturday evening at this time."

"You jump at conclusions rapidly, aunt."

"Well, now, we'll see."

"Rather a difficult process in this crowded city," said Jim.

"It is so curious," said Aunt Betsey in a low tone, as if talking to herself—"It is so curious: an old man living all alone, and going out only at dusk! I hope there's nothing wrong about him."

Having said this, Aunt Betsey went on with her knitting; but her thoughts were as rapid as her fingers. The coal was burning brightly in the grate; Jim was lying in that quiet, passive state generally attendant upon convalescence. The linen sheets, with their broad hems, and the snow-white pillow-cases, were evidently washed and ironed on the farm at "Cutney," and the old lady wore a very complacent look when she turned that way. Tac tac tac, went a little hammer in the kitchen beneath. It had become so common now that it was noticed only in these quiet hours when Aunt Betsey was reading or knitting. A thought seemed to enter her head, for she started up suddenly, knitting-work in hand, and left the room. Jim thought he heard a slight knock on the kitchen door, and then a stopping of the hammer. Yes, Aunt Betsey had gone to make a call on her neighbors. She was kindly received by the gentleman, but there was a thinness in the manners of the lady which prevented the visitor from being quite at ease. The husband evidently observed it, for he said:

"You must excuse us, Mrs. Horner. We are living in a very plain way at present, and my wife feels a little ashamed of our quarters; but as we keep no servant, we are of necessity in our kitchen a great deal. We have a parlor, and I shall be happy to receive you there, but to-day there is no fire there, and I am equally happy to see you here, if you can excuse the dark, dull room."

"I am sure you would be amused. My husband was absent one day at the meeting of the Scientific

"And the plants," said her husband, glancing at a long row of little pots on a shelf upon one side of the kitchen, near which was a stand, with a large tub on it, and what Aunt Betsey called "a curious sort of pine tree stuck into it." "Yes, the plants," he repeated, sadly. "I hope this cold weather will continue for a week longer, at least; for you know that the first pleasant day I must carry my pet to Mrs. Stewart. This, madam," turning to Aunt Betsey, "is a rare specimen of the class Scosanolira, order Monogynia; Mrs. Stewart has offered me twenty dollars for it, and I must part with it, because I need money; but it goes against my heart sadly. I have some fine specimens of Cryptogamia in the parlor, which I would like to show you some day, Mrs. Horner."

"Thank you, sir; I like to see all that's new and curious. I believe God gave us eyes and ears to see and hear what is going on around us; and for my part, I like to know my neighbors, especially if I live in the same house with them."

"That's right, that's right, Mrs. Horner," said the gentleman. "Now I was very much afraid that my work here might disturb you sometimes, and I was intending this very day to call in and see you, and ask the question."

"Well, if you had called we would have been glad to have seen you, for I must say it has been lonesome like, some days; but as for the noise, we are not disturbed in the least; but I would like to know what you are making?"

"I have a number of inventions on hand, but just now I am making a machine to illustrate my improvement in the mechanism for obtaining intermittent rotary motion. It will astonish mechanics, and I am sure will bring me a fortune. I have not the least doubt of it, and I tell my wife that by next winter she will have a pleasanter home, and a servant to wait upon her. You see that curious thing hanging upon the wall? Well, that is a model for a machine to extract the stumps of old trees; and here is another for sowing seed. When I was a boy I lived on a farm, and I have a great desire to invent something which will be useful to farmers. When I make money, as I am sure I will, by my inventions, I shall buy a little home far away from the city, where I can raise my own vegetables, and have plenty of room and fresh air."

The wife smiled, but shook her head.

"Ah, Mary, you must have more faith. Inventive genius is rewarded in this country. We'll see brighter days yet. We were not always situated as we are now, Mrs. Horner. I am a doctor by profession, and had earned a few thousands, which I had laid aside for a rainy day. But when I read about the wonderful silver mines of Nevada, I said to Mary at once, 'There, now, the road to wealth is open to us,' and I invested all I had in a mining company. Then I invented machinery for crushing the ore, and discovered, as I thought, a new method for separating the silver; but one day I was so inconsiderate as to explain my invention, and tell my discovery to a gentleman who called, when to my astonishment I saw his name a few weeks afterwards in the papers as having patented both; and thus I was left unable to reap any benefit from months of study and experiment. Then the assessments upon my silver stock came fast and heavy, till I could not pay them, and lost all that I invested. We had leased this house, which you see is a very pleasant one, but as we could not afford to keep it, all we rented your rooms to the 'little doctor,' as you call him."

"And don't you rent any other part of the house?" said Aunt Betsey.

"No; but we lease ours from the old gentleman on the fourth floor."

Aunt Betsey dropped her knitting-work and listened attentively. "Now," she said to herself, "I shall certainly learn all about the mysterious man." But the gentleman said no more on that subject, but called Mrs. Horner's attention to his hincents, which were growing finely, and only needed more sun and air than the dingy, low kitchen supplied. Now the old lady was not particularly fond of house-plants, and only tolerated some at home to please Nellie; she had much more interest in her neighbors than in botany; but she called the hincents very pretty, though she had plenty at home, and preferred, she said, apple and pear trees in bloom to all the hothouse flowers in the city. [I am not sure that her taste was very defective here.]

The doctor, however, was mounted on one of his hobbies, and the good woman must needs wait till he had had his ride. He thought sometimes, he said, of having a hothouse in the city. The profits would be very great, and then his life full of enjoyment. But, alas! all his spare money had gone so deep into a Nevada mine that it would never be drawn up again. He had no business now in his profession, but he hoped, yes, believed, that he should make a fortune yet by his ingenuity; that would be the quickest way.

"You see my pet there. As I told you, I must part with that, for the rent and the coal bill and the baker's bill must be paid. Life is a struggle here in the city, Mrs. Horner, a race where the victors are few and the vanquished lie stricken and helpless, for no one has time to lift the fallen."

"I hope there are some good Samaritans even in this wicked city; but how can you know who are sufferers, if people shut themselves up in their houses and tell no one of their trouble?"

"Ay, Mrs. Horner, there are enough that proclaim their poverty, and beg your charity; but there are others who suffer alone and in silence. Hundreds, no doubt, die, who are too sensitive to tell the world of their poverty."

"When men shut themselves up all day, and only go out at night, I think it is time to inquire who they are and what they are about," said Mrs. Horner. "Now that old gentleman on the fourth floor is a real puzzle to me. He's as still as a mouse all day, but as soon as night comes he seems as wide awake as the owls. I did not know but he might be some poor creature who had not decent clothes to wear in the streets, and so went only at night; but if he leases this large house that cannot be the case."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the happy doctor with the old coat and the bushy whiskers. "So you will puzzle your head over the lodger on the fourth floor, as my poor Mary did for months after we came here to live. But it is all in vain; you will never read that riddle. I would as soon undertake to tell 'who was the man in the iron mask,' decide 'if we have a Bourbon among us,' if saltpetre will explode, or who killed Tecumseh, as to try to answer your question: 'Who is the man on the fourth floor?'"

"Why, has not he any name?"

"We call him Mons. Naret—a French name you will perceive, pronounced without the t. That was the name under which we transacted our business, and by which we now address him; but I have some reasons for thinking that it is not his real name. Wife, do tell Mrs. Horner about your visit to the lodger on the fourth floor."

The lady smiled as she said:

"I wish, Mrs. Horner, that if another opportunity presents to visit him, you may be the one, as I am sure you would be amused. My husband was absent one day at the meeting of the Scientific

Club. I was alone in the house, when, as I sat sewing, the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Naret stood before me, looking like a ghost for paleness, and trembling so much that he could scarcely speak. He wore a shawl over a long, all-damask dressing-gown, and, if you have seen him, you know that he is a tall man, but he seemed then to loom up to the wall.

"Mrs. John! Mrs. John!" said he, "I believe I am dying! I think I am very sick. Can you come to me?"

Without waiting for an answer he turned and went up the stairs as silently and swiftly almost as if he were the ghost I at first feared. I followed, but before I was at his door he had thrown himself upon the bed, and there was upon his face for one instant a look of extreme suffering; then he fainted and lay like one dead. There was camphor and cold water near, and I used them freely and with some success. In a few minutes he was recovered and said:

"Thank you, madame; you are very kind. I am sorry to trouble you. I have feared this might happen. I am subject to such attacks, and will, no doubt, die in one of them."

He seemed much agitated, and his heart beat against his breast like a poor, fluttering bird against the bars of its cage. He told me that I would find some medicine in the pantry. I opened the door, and as I did so he said, "Third bottle, second shelf." It was there, and near it the finest, most beautiful little crystal glass I ever saw. He bade me pour five drops into the glass, half filled with water. He took it and it soothed him.

"I think I shall recover from this," he said; "but not many more such; no, not many more such!" And he looked very sad. "I am not ready to die yet; not that I fear death—no, 't were easy, were my work done, to lay aside mortality; but I must live a little longer. Mrs. John, I can trust you. I have studied faces a great deal in my life, and I know that your face is the index of a heart that will not prove false. If I should die in these rooms, you will find a key in my pocket-book which will open that little Indian cabinet. There are letters to friends who may care for me, and who will see that my remains are sent to England. Will you be the one to open the cabinet?"

I promised him, for I could not do otherwise, feeble as he was, and I then told him I would make him a cup of tea. He assented, and was passive as a child. I was going to my own kitchen to do it, but he told me I would find tea and all that was necessary in the pantry. A fanciful little Japanese tea-caddy, an antique china cup and a bright copper tea-kettle, small and polished enough for a fairy, were on the shelf, and a gas stove on a bracket in the corner of the room. I saw but one tea-spoon, and that was very small and heavy, and had a crest upon the handle. It was a dainty cup of tea, and he was pleased with it, and, soon after drinking it, fell asleep. I wish you could see his pantry. There were few articles there, but those few were all very antiquated and very nice: one plate only, but that of real Sevres china; one tiny silver fork, with the initial letters, 'J. N. S.'; and a crest; one tea-cup and saucer, same as plate, (Sevres); but different in design; one goblet—real cut glass, and the tiny glass of which I have before spoken. These articles comprised his table furniture. On the little table near which I sat was a very fine linen shirt, evidently quite old, but neatly mended. As I sat looking, but not handling it, I saw a needle and thread attached to the sleeve and to a yet unfinished darn so beautifully worked that few women of my acquaintance could do it. I was puzzled, I assure you, for I had never seen any woman or girl ascend the stairs since we came to the house, and my surprise was not lessened by seeing on the shelf in the cupboard a neat little work-box, which (excuse a woman's curiosity) I found, on opening, was furnished with everything necessary for sewing, a small gold thimble, scissors, &c., &c. I heard my husband enter the house, and I came down stairs thinking it would be best for him to go up. But he said, "Wait awhile; let him sleep." Then in about an hour he knocked at Mr. Naret's door. The gentleman himself opened it, and in answer to my husband's offers of assistance, said he was better, and needed no aid.

"Yes, very polite and very cool," said Dr. John.

"But very grateful, I think," said his wife, "for he brought me, a few days afterward, a small but rare bouquet. That was the only way that he recognized my attention."

Her husband laughed. "My wife has been weaving quite a little romance about him; but New York is too full of adventurers and satinslipped rogues for me to trust any man that accedes himself on the fourth floor, and is afraid of sunlight. I tell wife that the next time such a ghost appears to her, to call in Dr. Jarvis from the next door, and never again administer strange medicines in antique, try crystal glasses."

"Well, doctor, I think Mr. Naret has some trouble, and is in perplexity about something. I think he is a good man."

"Perhaps so; I know nothing to the contrary."

"It is said," said Mrs. Horner, "for an old man to live alone; and it would seem that he cooks and mends. Oh, dear! the deacon would think that times were hard if he had to make a cup of tea. I wonder if he'd know whether to put in a tea-spoonful or a pint. But there, I must go to Jim. He'll miss me."

And Aunt Betsey went up to her room quite as much in the mist about the lodger on the fourth floor as when she went down.

[Conclusion in our next.]

Note from Mrs. Horton-Newton Matters—Missionary Work.

I have just been looking over the BANNER, (which, by the way, everybody says is increasing in real merit,) in which I saw a note in the Western Editor's column, entitled, "Weary, weary, worn!" to which my soul has often responded, and wondered if such great, noble souls as our Western editor did ever feel such words sounding in his whole being, like some deep pent-up fountain just ready to break forth in a wall from the weak heart of woman. Well, it is a little comforting to know that somebody knows something of life's experience in this direction, and can sympathize with us in our common trials. I know, though often driven almost to despair from mere fatigue, that there is always rest for the weary; just at hand. Our rigid goals never place greater burdens upon us than they can help us to bear. Never was I better apprised of this fact than when I went to Newton Corner, last month, to speak for the society of Spiritualists, who, last October were "moved upon" to hold meetings for six Sundays. Our worthy sister and eloquent lecturer, Mrs. A. A. Orrtor, first addressed them. Six meetings created sufficient interest to warrant their continuance for six months. Thus far it has been an unexpected success, both in funds to sustain speakers and in desire to extend the investigation of the Spiritual Philosophy. The friends in Newton, Brighton, Watertown and Waltham were truly inspired to do a good work. The union and harmony exceeded that of any place I have visited for years. And this is not speaking disparagingly of any places where I have lectured. Among the many earnest souls are Brothers Hagar, Sawyer, Ranney, Painter and Perkins, who put forth the hearty aid and hands in this work; and they held up by many others in the department named towns. We kept the articles for a full year, the whole making for a permanent foundation for future progress. When first called upon to speak for them, in February, I, too, felt "weary,"

but not hearing my prompter say there was time to rest, went forth to duty, and truly found there was rest even in labor. Strengthened by such associations, I have consented to act, for a time, as missionary for the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists. Assisted by the pioneers of the past, I shall go cheerfully forth to scatter seeds of truth upon new soil, which will oftentimes be a lone pilgrimage, unless I may at times get a word of cheer from those who have hitherto been my cherished friends. Thankful for all the past, I'll go bravely forth to meet the future, knowing "as my day is, so shall my strength be." Fraternally thine,  
Newton, Mass., March, 1867. S. A. HORTON.

Original Essay.

GOD AND PROGRESSION.

BY D. M. LAPHAM.

Whatever is, is from God.

It has been said, "God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; without variableness or shadow of turning." "He is everywhere, and filleth immensity." "In Him we live, move, and have our being."

I consider these statements true, and base my conclusions in this essay thereon.

The question is often asked, "What or who is God? where is He? &c. My impression is, that God does not exist separate from formations, but is the life and foundation of everything. The highest manifestation of God is the highest intelligent, reasoning being. God being everywhere, is equally in the fierce tornado as in the calm summer sunshine. He is in war, as well as peace. He manifests Himself according to the conditions that control. If they are harmonious, then He will appear in peace and harmony; but if they are inharmonious, then must He appear in accordance therewith. He is ever active, never dormant. The plant grows on the Sabbath as any other day; and if God were not in the plant, it would not be. He fills the lowest hell equally as the highest heaven. The devil (so called) is but a part of the Almighty, manifesting through inharmonious conditions. Conditions and developments change, and then the manifestations of God change. Nothing can be thought or done, but He is in it. Even the lowest thought or meanest act is but the All-in-All, manifesting according to the condition and development. When these change for the better, then will the manifestation of His power be more pure and blessed.

It may be asked, "When will these undeveloped conditions cease? They will never cease. They always have been and always will be. I don't mean to say that the condition of a formation may not change for the better—from the inharmonious to the more harmonious. Such change will be, always has been."

Formation and change never began as a whole, and never will end; that is, there never was a time when they were not, for there can be no beginning if there is no ending. It would be contrary to reason or the teachings of nature. God is self-sustaining, even in the undeveloped and inharmonious conditions of His existence. Male and female elements are equally divided in Him. Father and mother form one in His being. They copulate and bring forth in countless ways, as witness the mineral, vegetable, animal, and even planetary formations. Many of these are abortive; but if conditions permit, they will develop and advance to perfection.

There is no creating, strictly speaking, (making something out of nothing,) but it is all forming. If there ever was a time when matter did not exist, then it has been created. But I conceive that just as much matter as now exists, always did and always will exist—no more nor no less. There is no such thing as vacuum. Immensity is full, and cannot be fuller. The voluntary and special acts of God are in the reasoning and intelligent formations. Through these agencies He answers prayer, and interposes to bring about a change of conditions. By this power the very elements may be controlled; as witness the stilling of the tempest through Jesus. By this power pestilence can be stayed—diseases cured, and other inharmonious conditions removed. God teaches on earth that He is self-sustaining. The seasons come and go, and earth passes through conditions of impregnation and formation. These, many of them, come to perfection, and then change, and, finally, return to the reservoir of matter that feeds earth, as witness the vegetable and animal productions. These give place to other and finer developments if conditions permit. God being in all and through all, has perfect surroundings as a whole; but they may be imperfect as a part, which may produce feelings of ineffable joy and gladness, or the pangs of distress. The child of sorrow weeps. It is but the part of God in the child weeping. The wounded animal groans with anguish. It is but an expression of the great "I am." Here He is expressing himself with song and gladness, and there with the pangs of distress. Each individual part of God is able only to compass its own pangs and pleasures. By suffering pain we appreciate ease.

There is perfect compensation in all from God the All-of-All, down to the most insignificant throb of life. There is a perfect state. God is perfect. Primary elements are perfect. Germs are perfect—that is, cannot be reduced to any more simple state, and retain their germinal nature. It is only the adulteration and conglomerate that, in the course of nature, things progress out of. These conditions must come of necessity; such ever has been the case and will be. The idea that all formation or a part will progress to perfection and then rest, there being no more to progress to that state, must be erroneous, else there would be a state of inactivity which is contrary to nature. I conceive that coexistent with God there is a law of conditions. Existence cannot be without it. God himself cannot escape, set aside, or annul this law, any more than the smallest conceivable living particle can, or than He can blot out his own existence. Therefore God manifests with unfathomable love and mercy, or with inconceivable hate and vengeance, according as this law controls. So the Bible is true when it says, "God is a God of vengeance," "a jealous God," and also "a God of love and mercy" for He is either, according to the conditions that obtain. This law in Moses and his followers was, "an eye for an eye," &c.; while the same in Jesus and his disciples was, "return good for evil," &c.

It may be said that if whatever is, is from God, then man is not accountable for anything that occurs through or by him. What has been the accountability of man in the past? Has it not been to suffer if he violated a greater law than the law of conditions controlling him? or to be happy if he could comply with this greater law? Has this not been the case, whether on the moral or physical plane? Is accountability a state of obligation, on the part of each individual formation, to stand its ground and experience pleasure or pain, according as existing conditions will have it, varying continually, as each individual advances on the road of progression? I think so.

Each portion of God is accountable to the law, which will always govern; and will rigidly demand a settlement of account. A perfect balance will be struck with each member sometime. God, in entirety, does not suffer, because there is a perfect balance between pain and pleasure, gladness and sorrow, in existence, as a whole. So is He, in his completeness, perfectly harmonious, because of this balance. Each formation has its existence under a law of cause which will force it to a rigid adherence.

Thought is a grand power of the Almighty. It is not a substance, any more than the picture on the retina of the eye. It is to the mind what the picture, or shadow, is to the object. It is evident that God is not progressive, for if this were the case He would be continually increasing in refinement; and enlightenment; to-morrow in advance of to-day; yesterday less progressed than to-day; and, as we go back in time through the cycles of the past, we could reach the beginning of God, to a time when He was not, intellectually.

Again, as God is, unquestionably, a substance, and as this substance would continue to be less in the past, as more in the future, there would be a certainty of reducing to nothing; and as nothing could not create something, or, in other words, God could not create Himself, therefore the idea that He is a progressive being is contrary to Nature and reason. And now, as "God is all in all," as "He is everywhere and filleth immensity," as "in him we live, move and have our being," as "God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever," &c., and, as, in accordance with the position taken at the beginning of this essay, whatever is, is from God, and that He does not exist separate from formation, I say, from all these considerations, I have come to this conclusion—that there is no such thing as progression in the aggregate. I do not assert that there is no progression of the parts of existence, for there is a continual progress of these formations to a state of perfection. But I do claim that there is no progress of existence, as a whole.

As individual planets, suns and systems advance on their long road to perfection and dissolve back into the reservoir of matter, to keep up the supply and render formation self-sustaining, new planets, suns and systems wheel into the circle of progression—are born into the realm of existence. So has it always been, and so will it ever be; this progress or advancement to perfection never having had a beginning and never to have an ending.

These are my strong convictions of to-day, but I would like to consider the reasons of other minds who may think my ideas false.

Springfield, Ill.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Emma Hardinge and the "Color Doctor."

The spiritual investigator will remember that some seven years ago, in the Boston "Age," I detailed an interview between these two, and what came of it. Mrs. Hardinge being in this city on the 6th of March, we again proceeded (this time with a young lady in company, anxious to see the sights) to the same old one-story brick house on N. 17th street, and were warmly welcomed into the interior by Dr. Hotchkiss, the "color doctor," or as the neighbors call him, the "snapping doctor." We were ushered into the dirtiest room, and by the dirtiest man we ever saw. We found there two patients, who were soon dismissed, and left the field clear for our party of three. I will premise that this time Emma went armed to resist him. Conscious in her own strength, and with my assistance, she only wanted to talk with him; but "the best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang a-ga-gone." No sooner had she been seated than there she was, as fixed as a statue; he had not done anything, nor said anything. My assistance was in vain; she was completely his slave. He then approached her and commenced his snapping. And I wish here to call the attention of psychological operators to the fact that he did not command her, did not speak to her, but her motions were simultaneous with his. When he snapped, she snapped, stamped or groaned. He would extend his index finger; hers would be there to meet it. This was new to me, for all the operators that I have seen or heard of, induce their illusions by force of word and gesture. Then she would change, and come under the spiritual influence and address him and me. Then resume her normal state and converse, but a snap of his finger, and off she would start again. Now this room had not been opened or cleaned for six years; you can imagine its dirty condition; yet this cultivated and refined lady went on her knees in all that dirt, and taking his dirty hand, blessed him and his rags, in language that I cannot command as to repeat. And thus she passed from one state to the other, so that she was under the two influences and her own normal condition at least fifteen times each, during the hour that we remained.

I said once, "This is the spiritual influence?"

"Yes," she replied, "this is the spirits." Hardly had she spoken that, when a snap of his finger called her away from me to him. Hanging on the wall was a wooden anchor. She saw it, and joyfully ran and embraced it, dust and all. When she was near the door where I sat, she seemed in great pain. I became alarmed, and took her hands to relieve her. This he allowed me to do, (he is an arbitrary old fellow,) but would not let me leave my seat, nor remove my hat. Frequently during the séance he would call my attention to the fact that all three of us would be in the same position, as regards hands and feet; and he called that "coming into harmony."

Although the scene was one that I find it impossible to portray, I was the only observer, for our young friend left me alone by going into a sound magnetic sleep for the first time in her young life.

I said before, that he does not claim to be a Spiritualist; he now says that he is approaching us and we him; and that soon we will be in harmony. He has partly given up colors as a basis, but still uses them as he did with Emma.

"What does all this mean?" The influences say, "This man is the embodiment of earthly magnetism—take away his dirt and he would be nothing; she is the embodiment of spiritual magnetism. Here were the two forces in direct conflict; and while the battle raged it was the only spectator. The results were improved health and soiled clothes to all, and some new ideas to me."

The old doctor made all of us, before we sat down, turn round twice. Said he, "When you put down your right foot, a shock is generated that is impelled to the center of the earth; and so with the left; and the act of turning produces harmony." This is a new idea, and may be true.

The old doctor uses good language, and sometimes rises to eloquence. Emma was differently affected than on the first visit to him. Then she clung to me; but now she would not let me touch her hat, gloves, or shawl; and he had to hand them to her before she would put them on. He finally placed "me" on "one side" of the fire and Emma on the other, the young lady in the center, and described us as positive, negative and neutral, and all constituting harmony, and closed the circle by taking off my hat as the clock struck twelve.

We are promised further experiments under superior conditions, and I shall take pleasure in reporting them.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1867.

Children's Department

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

(LIONEL HWY.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Confucius.

"Auntie, dear, I want a little of your advice," said Will in a low tone to Aunt Zera, as if he did not care to be heard.

"And why do you want my advice? You know I should say, do as seems best; if you think the poor Chinaman needs your money—"

"Oh, but, auntie, it isn't the Chinaman at all; it's Mr. Blount that wants the money."

"Well, you know I would say do as you feel, for money is of far less value than the feeling that one has done right."

"Well, auntie, I happened to hear Stephen say at lunch time, that every country had a religion that grew naturally from the condition of the people, or something of the kind, and just as like as not the Chinaman is not fitted for Mr. Blount's sort of religion at all."

"You will find, however, that what I say is true. But Confucius became distinguished for his great labor in collecting the scattered fragments of old books, and the wise sayings of men who had lived fifteen hundred years before him."

"For this labor he has been warmly thanked by his countrymen. They say that by preserving these writings for ten thousand ages, he possesses ten thousand times the merit of the original writers."

"They would not make very good Yankees, would they?" said Will. "Catch a Yankee thinking like his grandfather! Why, Aunt Zera, if you'll believe me, I've been real troubled lately, because Kate says I am an old fogey."

"You like the good opinion of others, no doubt," said Aunt Zera, "and you are sometimes afraid—"

"Don't call me a coward," said Will, blushing. "I must call things by their true names. He who is afraid to believe in any truth for fear of being laughed at, is the worst kind of a coward."

"But Will will knock down any boy that says he's a coward," said Kate.

"I dare say Will is brave in all dangers. I am sure he was quite a hero when he dragged the boy out of the pond the other day, at risk of his own life."

"The ice was cracking all around him," said Kate.

"But he was ashamed to own that his Aunt Zera believed in spirits, and that they could communicate with her, when David Blodgett asked him," said Aunt Zera with a smile.

"Well, auntie, I do hate to have people think you are a fool, when I know you are the smartest woman in the State."

"You know, auntie it isn't exactly because I am afraid, but I don't want people to misunderstand things."

"Look again, boy," said Aunt Zera; "don't stop at the surface, but look down deep."

"Please, auntie, don't ask me to tell exactly what I do think. But let us return to the investigation of the Chinaman's religion."

"Oh dear, dear," sighed Kate. "I thought we were going to have a story. I do not like religion—I mean religion that is talked about—and I think I'll return to my own stories, about the dear little fairies that made their home in the lilies."

verbs that express his feelings when dismissed from court. He was fifty-six years old when he started on his exile.

"The poetry, please, auntie," said Grace. "If I can remember, here it is: Oh, how is it, azure heaven, From my home I thus am driven."

"But what did he teach?" said Will. "First of all, that human nature is good and beautiful, unless it is made unholy by wrong doing, or is clouded by ignorance."

"I am sure that is better than Mr. Blount's idea, that everybody is ever and ever so wicked," said Grace.

"It is truly a noble idea, and he taught that the best way to make men truly good and wise, was to reverence God, to be just and kind to every human being, to be temperate in eating and drinking, and to let the conduct be always proper."

"I never heard any minister preach from that text," said Will, "and I always remember texts."

"You will find, however, that what I say is true. But Confucius became distinguished for his great labor in collecting the scattered fragments of old books, and the wise sayings of men who had lived fifteen hundred years before him."

"For this labor he has been warmly thanked by his countrymen. They say that by preserving these writings for ten thousand ages, he possesses ten thousand times the merit of the original writers."

"They would not make very good Yankees, would they?" said Will. "Catch a Yankee thinking like his grandfather! Why, Aunt Zera, if you'll believe me, I've been real troubled lately, because Kate says I am an old fogey."

"You like the good opinion of others, no doubt," said Aunt Zera, "and you are sometimes afraid—"

"Don't call me a coward," said Will, blushing. "I must call things by their true names. He who is afraid to believe in any truth for fear of being laughed at, is the worst kind of a coward."

"But Will will knock down any boy that says he's a coward," said Kate.

"I dare say Will is brave in all dangers. I am sure he was quite a hero when he dragged the boy out of the pond the other day, at risk of his own life."

"The ice was cracking all around him," said Kate.

"But he was ashamed to own that his Aunt Zera believed in spirits, and that they could communicate with her, when David Blodgett asked him," said Aunt Zera with a smile.

"Well, auntie, I do hate to have people think you are a fool, when I know you are the smartest woman in the State."

"You know, auntie it isn't exactly because I am afraid, but I don't want people to misunderstand things."

"Look again, boy," said Aunt Zera; "don't stop at the surface, but look down deep."

"Please, auntie, don't ask me to tell exactly what I do think. But let us return to the investigation of the Chinaman's religion."

"Oh dear, dear," sighed Kate. "I thought we were going to have a story. I do not like religion—I mean religion that is talked about—and I think I'll return to my own stories, about the dear little fairies that made their home in the lilies."

"Oh Kate," said Eunie, "how can you read such books Sunday?"

of the Chinese. They think that the soul when it dies passes into some other body.

"What you called transmigration?" said Will. "Yes. And one day some priests of Fo passing the dwelling of a rich peasant, saw three large ducks before the door. They immediately stopped before the house and began to weep bitterly."

"But perhaps your husband will not be so careful, said the shrewd priests. The good woman was so filled with pity for their anxiety, that she gave them the ducks."

"No doubt," said Aunt Zera, "that some day the Chinese will be willing to learn truth and wisdom; but at present they cling to their own ideas, and I believe it will take many wise teachers to change them much."

"One more funny story?" said Kate. "Well, one more and I am done. An old man had been converted to the Catholic faith, and was to be baptized. The missionary expressed his joy that the old man's soul was to be saved."

"I do not understand," said the old man. "The priests assure me that when I die I shall become a post-horse to the Emperor, and that I must be a faithful animal, to repay the Emperor for his kindness. I cannot bear to think of it. I dream about it, and feel myself harnessed and ready to receive the whip of the driver. What shall I do when I am really a horse? If your religion can save me from such a miserable future I will be a Christian."

"So do I, auntie," said Will, "but I think I'll give a quarter to Mr. Blount, and save the rest toward paying my passage to the Celestial Empire, for I mean to go, and I will study the religion of Confucius when I get there."

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

This beautiful little creature, so fairy-like, the smallest of the feathered race, is a native of America. There are seventy varieties of them, so naturalists tell us, and yet only one kind ever visits the United States.

It is one of the most beautiful of all birds in the elegance of its form and the brilliancy of its plumage, which is wonderfully delicate. It loves to frequent gardens and sip the honey from the flowers just as the humble-bee does.

Notwithstanding its tiny size it is full of pluck and courage, and so combative that it will often show fight to much larger birds; and not only this, the little creature possesses the most violent and ungovernable passions. If it is disappointed in getting honey from a flower, it will sometimes tear it in pieces with all the fury imaginable; it will often fight with desperate fury.

Honey is not its sole food; although it is very fond of sipping the flowers of their sweet contents, yet it also eats quantities of small insects that it finds floating in the atmosphere or resting upon the flowers. The general color is a rich, golden green; its breast and neck are of a grayish white.

Sometimes when a window is open, one of the dear little fellows will come darting in, and if there are any flowers in the room he will pay them a visit to see if they have any of the sweets he loves so well.

He is a general favorite with everybody, and as he poises himself in the air the intensely rapid motion of his wings makes it look as if he was surrounded with a golden mist. His long, slender bill seems made for the very purpose of penetrating to the very bottom of the tiny cups of the flowers.

The nest of the humming-bird is most exquisitely constructed, and is a marvel of littleness. It is only an inch in diameter and about an inch in depth. It is usually fixed upon the upper side of a branch of a tree, and the outside is so nearly the color of the tree upon which it is built that it often escapes observation entirely, or passes over a knot or excrescence upon the tree. It is beautifully lined with down taken from the leaves of the mullein plant, and in it the female lays two little eggs about as large as a pea, pure white in color.

If any one goes near the nest, the little owners will dart around their head and attempt to defend the dear little home they love so well. They are often caught by blowing water upon them through a tube or glass syringe, or shooting them with sand. Then they are stuffed and mounted in groups with other birds and put under a glass, making a beautiful ornament. They are often worn in the hats or bonnets of little children as ornaments.

In South America, where they are very abundant, you will see them as soon as the sun has arisen hovering over the flowers in flocks, looking as if a beautiful cloud, golden hued and many-tinted, had fallen upon them from the sky.

When next you see one of these little creatures, study its habits, watch its graceful motions, try and find its tiny nest, mark the brilliancy and beauty of its delicate plumage, and you will have another beautiful lesson of the wonder and glory of that divine creative power that fills the world with beauty in an infinite variety of forms.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

"I stand amid the roar Of a surf-tormented shore, And I hold within my hand Grains of the golden sand— How few, yet how they creep Through my fingers to the deep, While I weep—while I weep— Oh God! can I not grasp Them with a tighter clasp? Oh God! can I not hold One from the plied waves? Is all that we see of seem? But a dream within a dream?"

Edgar Allan Poe.

RAT POISONS.—If rats trouble you poison them. This is much the most certain and expeditious way of getting rid of the pests. Take Carbonate of Barytes, one ounce; Tallow, half pound; Oil of Rhodium, 20 drops. Mix well. This is greedily eaten by the rats, produces thirst, and they leave the house in search of water and die on drinking.

An exchange says that in a public office in a Western city the following notice may be seen: "Lost—A valuable new silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

Written for the Banner of Light.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. C. A. R. POORE.

Alone within my silent chamber, In the twilight shadows gray, I am sitting, sadly musing On the friends who've passed away. Up within the latticed window, Breathing fragrance through the room, Come the gentle evening breezes, Laden with a rich perfume.

But my busy brain is throbbing With the memories of yore; And my heart is fondly yearning For the loved ones gone before. Father, mother, gentle brother, And one nearer, dearer still, Who have crossed the mystic river, Can ye not return at will?

Breathe upon my world-worn spirit Balm from the Elysian shore; Give me sure and sacred token That ye love me as of yore. For in hope I'm waiting—waiting For an angel vision bright; But yet, most of all, I'm longing For my little one to-night—

She who in her baby beauty Passed from our out mortal sight, When upon her waxen features We had pressed our last good-night. Kind hands entwined with roses And decked with bud and spray The form we so had cherished, Then laid with tears away.

The blue eyes are sealed in darkness, Changed is now the dimpled cheek, And the tiny, loving fingers, Folded lie in quiet meek; Perished is the little casket Which we deemed so passing fair, But the precious gem that graced it, Sparkles still in glory rare.

And her pure and stainless spirit, Freed from mortal strife and pain, From the verdant summer bowers Comes to visit us again! All unseen she's crossed the threshold, And has climbed upon my knee, And with voiceless, mute caresses, She bringeth peace to me.

Though unto my earth-bound vision Her outward form may not appear, Yet my heart is strangely thrilling, And I feel her presence near. Now from off my spirit vision, Dispelled by heavenly light, Flees the mists and dark'ning shadows, My little one is here to-night!

Howitt's History of Paganism.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF PAGANISM IN ALL AGES AND NATIONS. By William Howitt.

This work is calculated to do excellent service in the cause of religious truth, even though the author is tethered to the foregone conclusion that the Hebrew mythology in the Bible forms an exception to the essential origin of all the ancient religions; and he makes the same mistake in his work on Spiritualism, or "History of the Supernatural in all Ages." Had he been a learned Freemason, or had he had the key thereof with which to open the profounder Biblical mysteries, penetrat-

ed their dark corners and disemboweled them by the same mode of the ancients, he would have beheld in their allegories, opened in all their various aspects of parallelisms, the mystic landmarks resting upon the same foundation as in Heathendom. When the Bible is opened from this point of view, and its personified physiology of the earth and the heavens understood, it will be found to possess no exclusive root of the matter, supernatural and infallible. Taking the Mosiac system as parallel in Landmarks with the Egyptian wisdom, and of the nations round about, we shall find its truths very subtly veiled in mystic drapery, requiring the peculiar wisdom of these days to understand a parable of the interpretation thereof, the words of the wise and their dark sayings. Hebrew and Heathen symbols are essentially alike in the Nature-worship of old time, and we may readily grant the various truths underlying them; but it is the very folly of our age, and the darkness visible, to claim the Bible as outside the common survey of antiquity, as not within the pale of the mysteries, and veiled from the vulgar eye by the priesthoods who had the engineering of the same. It is neither just nor true that the Hebrews had God, or Abraham, to their father, while the heathen had only the devil. The various religions or mysteries, taught the same essential moralities, however perverted by the outcropping of the various sects, nor were rites and ceremonies so unlike but that each might rejoice at the festival of his neighbors. Christianity was an outgrowth, a step forward, a progress, a come-outer reform, radical, revolutionary and sublimely beautiful; hence so foully assaulted by the church and clergy, which it supplanted; but growing from the day of small things, a clergy became its engineers, binding the people to creeds in various shades of belief as contemptible as useless; yet enabling the clergy to ride the people, booted and spurred, by the grace of God through long ages of terrible atrocities. But whatever ignorance and darkness the church theology has wrought, as the mother of its devotion, the Christian system is not to be jumped out of the ordinary causes of being. Its parables reach down into that primary Nature-worship of which Christ, or the Wisdom in that name, had many things to say that the people could not hear.

In the sacred code of all the religions by Mazzini, we find the same common plane of all the ancient civilization—the same common moralities; and apart from the human sacrifices, Mexico, when discovered, presented some very pure traits of moral and spiritual life, as cited in Prescott's history, and Peruvian civilization was remarkable in many of its aspects. The advice given to her daughter by the Mexican mother, as cited by Prescott, has never been surpassed by that of any Christian mother: yet old Jewry itself was never more humble in its slaughter of men, women and children for the glory of God than were the Mexican priesthood in their sacrifices to their God. If we did not know the force of education and rule—of tongue and grooving to the embrace of Biblical theologians—it would seem impossible that an author like friend Howitt, in his gathering of all religions, does not behold the marks which prove the Hebrew of common type, and of like beginning, with no more just claim to the supernatural and infallible than that of the nations round about. The ark, symbol of the world and woman, the ship of many waters, the sacrifices, sprinklings of blood, &c., new moons, Sabbaths, or festivals, &c., all go to show a common parallelism.

The first books of the Bible appear to have been compilations from earlier records, and from the

legendary lore of those days, alike common in essential nature, and more or less prevailing from India to Palestine, and from Phœnicia and Egypt to Greece and Rome.

How silly, then, to suppose that Israel was landmarked by the finger of God, while the same was done in Heathendom by the fall of the devil. It is quite as susceptible of proof that Israel gathered from their neighbors, as that their neighbors gathered from them. The Mexican God appears parallel to him of Phœnicia and Israel, and when he led his people from the northwest to the Mexican lake, "they went forward," says Purchas, "bearing their idol with them in an ark of reeds, supported by four of the principal priests, with whom he talked and communicated his oracles and directions. He likewise gave them laws, and taught them the sacrifices and ceremonies they still observe. And even as the pillar of cloud and of fire conducted the Israelites in their passage through the wilderness, so this apish devil gave them notice when to advance and when to stay." Thus the same things done by the Israelites were of the Lord, but were of the apish devil when done in Mexico. It is not said whether "this apish devil" smote as many as the Holy Lord God of Israel when the people looked into the ark.

When we see how the three sons of Noah and the eight people of the ark form a mystical domicile for the Lord, or *Deus ex Machina*, according to the master-master, child of the Hebrews, or the mysteries, we shall not fail to see that the Hebrew Godmen were quite as cuts in their calling as the other priestcraft in all ages and nations. The Noachic mysteries and superstitions have a key to their opening. The bold and free genius of Greece sometimes caused extinguished laughter to rent the skies, by speaking right out in meeting. Even sorrowful Job seems to hear all the stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy. The grand old Homer stands a giant among the Gods, yet none the less condescended to men of low estate; and in the advance of a thousand years, the spirit gives him utterance to proclaim the equivalent of that most beautiful truth, "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

"It is what the Gods require; those Gods revere. The poor, and strangers are their constant care. To such their cause is dear, and he who helps them, He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs."

The Grecian mysteries were essentially one with those discovered in the pattern on the mount, whose cloudy canopy stretched from India to Egypt, and covered the happy land of Canaan. In whatever mode they were celebrated, we invariably find a certain door or gate viewed as of primary importance. Sometimes it was the door of the temple; sometimes the door of the consecrated grove; sometimes it was the hatchway of the boat within which the aspirant was enclosed; sometimes a hole, either natural or artificial, between rocks; and sometimes a gate in the sun, moon, or planets. Through this the initiates were born again; and from this the profane were excluded. Here may be found that female aspect in the HE-SHE of Jehovah which has a tabernacle in the sun, and was like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. Here we may find that cleft in the rock where the Lord showed his countenance to Moses; here the door of the ark and the windows of heaven, through which are seen the waters of the great deep, and those above the firmament which swathed the profane antediluvians, and left them like Pharaoh's host in the Dead Sea, when the Lord took off their chariot wheels and left them to flee from the face of Israel through the horrible pit and miry clay.

The sacred secrets were the mysteries in all countries, that whoever revealed any portion of them was instantly put to death. "The Book of Enoch" informs us that the great sin of the antediluvians was that they revealed the secret of the mysteries—those mysteries which involved the generation of the heavens and the earth by the very natural process, as continued unto this day, even to the very mode in which the Lord buried Moses.

Those who had been initiated into the mysteries were held in the highest honor and respect, and possessed of motives to the highest honor and purity of life. But these secrets, kept hid from the foundation of the world, were liable to perversion and sensuality, whether the mysteries were of the phallic Baal or the phallic Jehovah; both included the original Jacob in the covenant of circumcison. In its ineffable degrees, Freemasonry has preserved the same mysteries, but excludes the women, whom St. Paul commands to learn of their husbands at home. Those initiated into the mysteries were held in the highest honor and respect, and possessed of motives to the highest honor and purity of life. But these secrets, kept hid from the foundation of the world, were liable to perversion and sensuality, whether the mysteries were of the phallic Baal or the phallic Jehovah; both included the original Jacob in the covenant of circumcison. 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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL, EDITORS.

LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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A Generous Donation.

Dr. Calvin Hall, of Willimantic, Conn., has generously placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars to aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT in families where it does not now go, by defraying half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00).

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Our good brother Hall stands upon the rich fruits of Spiritualism, and is desirous to help others to a like blessing.

We have scarcely a subscriber who does not know of some one or more who are deserving of the above generous offer, and we hope they will find pleasure in assisting such to avail themselves of this offer at once, as the amount is limited.

Write plainly the name, town, county and State, and address letters to WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Reconstruction of the Union.

The New York papers announce a work soon to be published on this subject, in a letter from Judge Edmonds to Gov. Morgan, one of the Senators from New York. The New York Tribune says:

"The American News Company will soon publish a 'Letter on the Reconstruction of the Union,' written by Judge John W. Edmonds to Senator Morgan. It discusses the Constitutional questions, the powers of the President and Congress, the condition of the South, the Freedmen, the Democratic policy, and its spirit. It is fairly impressive in the following paragraphs: 'I have often noticed in the halls of Congress and elsewhere disquisitions as to what is now the true status of the Confederate States. Some claim that they are States still, and entitled to all rights as such; some that they are conquered provinces, and others that they are States with their rights as such in abeyance, &c. Of what use are all these subtle distinctions, these metaphysical refinements, which have prevailed so long at the South that they have caused the people to reason themselves out of home and hearth, out of property, country, and political rights? For my part, I say, away with them all! What we want is practical good sense, that shall produce everywhere obedience to the supremacy of the law and a happy reunion throughout the land.'

Some of the residue of that part of the paper, which we find in the New York Evening Post, after stating the proposition that the Union could be dissolved only by unanimous consent, says:

"Therefore it is that there is no provision in the Constitution in conflict with this great purpose of perpetual union; and it is equally true that there is no express prohibition against the secession of one or more States.

The men of that day were too wise to suppose that all wisdom was concentrated in them, and that none was left for their posterity; and, content with an explicit avowal of their purpose, they left it to future ages to meet the events which time might bring in its train, and to future wisdom to provide the remedy.

It is in such a condition that we now find ourselves, with power, either by amendments to the Constitution, or by laws of Congress (within the limits of its power), to provide any remedy which the emergency may demand. And we find nothing in the way of the exercise of that redeeming power but the abstractions and refinements and subtle interpretations of the Constitution, which, ushered into prominence at the close of the last century, have brought upon us in our day the disasters from which we have not yet fully recovered.

Therefore it is that I say away with them! For if they are to rule, emancipation is not half achieved, secession is not half killed.

We learn that the work is a very elaborate discussion of all the questions involved in the reconstruction of the Union, and deals with great gentleness with all parties, being severe, if at all, only with those at the North who from mere party considerations have sympathized with secession and rebellion.

Of them, it speaks in this wise:

"There is another portion of this class of Northern people who are swayed by far different motives. They have sympathized with secession from mere party considerations. Having enjoyed power for years by a coalition with Southern waters, they have clung to their 'confederates' from a reluctance to abandon their hold on power and patronage. For them I invoke no sympathy. They have 'given up to party what was due to mankind.'

During the war of 1812 with Great Britain, there was a party in the Eastern States so hostile to our Government and the war, that they assembled at Hartford and claimed the right to make a separate treaty of peace with the common enemy. It was not long before public opinion got thoroughly extracted from them, that to be known as a Hartford Conventionist was a perfect disqualification for all public position. The stain was, in the estimation of the people, indelible, and even death did not eradicate it. The class of to-day, of whom I am speaking, may profit by the example. Our people have other means than the gibbet for punishing sympathy with treason, and it may be true yet that men

May live but in history's curse, Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worms."

Their number, however, is not large enough to demand much consideration, and death and shame will alike contribute daily to diminish it, and that more rapidly as our people grow more and more to appreciate the magnitude of the conflict in which they have triumphed, and the vastness of the sacrifices which a national patriotism has prompted them to make for their country and for freedom."

We learn that the main object of the publication is to present the whole subject fully to the view of all the people, that they may devise the proper remedy; for it insists that it is public opinion, and not Government, which in this country determines every matter connected with the public welfare.

Therefore it is that the Judge in his letter enters into a minute description of eight classes of our people who are to be considered, and to be affected by any measures that are to be adopted.

Those classes are five at the South, viz: those who were loyalists all through the war; those who have become loyalists since; the "poor white trash"; the Freedmen; and the secessionists; and three at the North, viz: the anti-slavery men; the sympathizers with secession; and the conservatives.

The characteristics, objects and wishes of each

of these classes are minutely discussed, in order that each may be consulted, in order to bring about a perfect union.

The following is a portion of what is said about the Freedmen:

"So, too, see how they have met the new condition in which they have suddenly found themselves! So different from that to which they had been accustomed all their lives! The wonder is that they did not run wild in their exhilaration, and, casting aside all law and order, indulge their sensuality without stint. It will not do to measure them, at such a moment, by our standard. Can you or I, Senator, realize the feelings of a man of mature age, who all his life long had been trodden under the foot of bondage and bound submissive to the will and the lash of another, suddenly emancipated and allowed to stand in the presence of God and his fellows, a man and the equal of man? Every nerve would vibrate; every vein would throb in the wildness of joy, and it would be more than an ordinary mind that would preserve its equanimity and avoid some outbreak of emotion. Yet when that magic proclamation went forth, like the Divine command through the prophet of old, announcing 'liberty through the land,' there was no outbreak. Deep and still flowed the current of feeling in the freedman's heart, and silent gratitude to God absorbed all other emotions.

I tell you, Senator, there must be a good deal in a people who can thus receive such an event."

Of the President and his policy, this is written, of the peculiar characteristics of the Southern people:

"Two questions, however, naturally present themselves: one is, what effect have these peculiarities already produced? and how far are they to be considered in our efforts at reconstruction?

This effect has been most unhappy:

1. Aside from their having produced the war itself and caused its stupendous sacrifices and sufferings on both sides, they have caused the rejection of all the offers of conciliation which we have made.

2. They have caused their people to submit to the result of the war of arms suddenly and reluctantly, thus plainly telling us that nothing but the consciousness of our superior power has extorted from them even an appearance of submission.

3. When through the policy of the President they were again clothed with the power of local self-government, instead of justifying his confidence and uniting with him in his efforts at a cordial reunion, they conferred their power upon the worst enemies of the Union, and seem to have striven with all their might to defeat his humane purposes and to render him and his policy of conciliation odious to the whole country."

And again:

"It is probably true that the lawlessness and violence, which all accounts agree in saying prevails to so great an extent at the South, would not now be found there, if it had not been for the encouragement which these people have drawn from the language and action of the President and his administration. But it is equally true that but for that cause we should not now have known how unchanged were the opinions of this hostile class, how bitter their hatred toward us and our cherished notions of freedom, and how ready they are at heart to seize upon any opportunity, lawless or otherwise, to show their determination not to submit to the result. So that while we may mourn over this lawlessness and violence, we may be thankful for the opportunity of learning how deep-seated is the cause, and how certain it is that that cause exists.

There is a good deal in this. For so kind and forgiving was the general feeling of the North at the close of the war among the masses of our people, that we might easily have been induced, by a different line of conduct on their part, to have readmitted them to the Union before they were fit for it, and we might have been slumbering on a volcano that was only delaying its eruption until it had recruited its exhausted strength.

It is charitable to suppose that this has been the error of the President, and it is to be supposed that he will, in due time, appreciate the lesson which the disturbed state of the South so plainly teaches. At all events, you of the Legislature must not neglect it, for you may be assured that there are many thousands in the land, who in the beginning shared with that officer in his forgiving temper, who have now so thoroughly imbibed the lesson that they will not forgive you or him for disregarding it."

We learn from our correspondent at New York, that in an address delivered by the Judge on Sunday evening, March 31, to the Spiritualists at Ebbitt Hall, he gave an account of the origin of the work.

He said that last September he came down from his country place at Lake George to attend to some business in town, and on his arrival found a letter from one of the mediums of this city, enclosing a communication to him from Lincoln, expressing a wish to speak to the American people through the Judge. The Judge sought an interview with Lincoln, and expressed his willingness to be used for the purpose. The answer was that it would, in due time, be given to him what to say.

After the Judge finally returned to town, and some time in October, Lincoln and other spirits came to him one evening, when alone in his library, and in the course of two or three hours gave him the substance of what it was wished might be said. The Judge made a memorandum of the heads or topics to be treated, and of the order in which they were to be discussed. That remained on his table unnoticed and unused until a few weeks ago, when he was told that the time had arrived for writing out the communication in full, and so he gave himself up to the work as exclusively as his professional engagements would permit. Thus in about ten days the work had been written, and he assured his audience that if anything had ever been the product of spirit dictation, this was. His own mind was in it, to be sure, and it was not easy even for him to say what part was his and what theirs. Of this, however, he was certain: that the tone and temper of the work and the current of thought were theirs; and the garb in which it had been clothed was his, with occasionally a thought originating with himself. It was a joint production, of which he would be proud to be able to claim the whole authorship.

From the extracts we have given, and from what we learn from those who have read the work, we are persuaded that it will be found to be one of deep interest and very generally acceptable. One misfortune, we hear, is that he can get no publisher, but has to bear that expense himself, which he can hardly afford, besides the labor of preparing the work. Had it been a "Sensation Novel," he would have found publishers enough to relieve him of the burden.

Get on to the Land.

Mr. Greeley, every now and then, makes his personal appearance in the columns of the Tribune, advising young men, and men of middling age, if they have but moderate means and a good stock of health, to get out of the crowded towns and cities upon the land. Land, he says with truth, is the cheapest article that can now be bought with money, even in the oldest and most thickly settled States. Then farming, as an intelligent and progressive plan, with the help of modern machinery and improved implements, is the most independent occupation possible for a man to choose. He can make himself a solid citizen, and wield an influence worth talking about, with broad and well-tilled acres under his feet. Five thousand dollars judiciously laid out and cared for, will give a man a place in the world at once, who might otherwise be all his life hanging on by the skirts of things, and know little, if any, true happiness.

Spiritualism at Work.

Our elevating religion is by no means silent or inactive. Wherever we see a stir suddenly made over its progress, or its presence, we may be sure it is busy at its work. And very faithful service for humanity it is performing, too. Even those who think they have shielded themselves from the reach of its influence by setting up emphatic public professions which close the doors of belief in its presence, we find that all their precautions have availed nothing, and that its mysterious work proceeds the same, as if no such imaginary barriers had been set up against it. There is no such thing as shutting out influences so subtle and so powerful. They will find their way over the heads of those who think themselves most capable of shutting them out. We might as well dream of cutting short the operations of nature, in any of its numerous departments.

It is worthy of remark, how many persons in the churches, and conscientious and faithful persons, too, derive all the real religious life that characterizes them from their secret and abiding belief in the elevating, consoling and rewarding truths of Spiritualism. Thus does our religion find its way into the heart of all modern institutions, to repair and renovate them. Thus does it work, and will continue to work, until it shall be discovered that it has overcome all obstacles and is the ruling, inspiring faith. In the very disposition, so apparent with many, to turn away suspicion of their faith with badinage and ridicule, to be seen a mask which they find it exceedingly convenient to use on occasions, under which they feel confident they can do more and better both for themselves and the cause that sustains them in secret. It matters little, at best, in what way men receive the truth into their souls. If its light blinds them, then let them screen their eyes from its full effulgence. But as for stopping the steady shining, that is entirely out of the question.

Opening to Asia.

As far as we can, we are pushing across the continent and cutting through the isthmus, to find our way to Asia. There four hundred millions of human beings await our acquaintance and neighborhood. We are in need of the traffic which they will bring to us, and they of the invigorating aid of our enterprise. The bringing together of populations so different in their tastes and ideas, the one getting round the world again to the point where it started from, will be an event worthy to commemorate the wonderful age in which it is finally accomplished. Civilization moves in a circle. It started from the east and has proceeded westerly, gathering and developing new forces in its career, and will soon have got round to its starting place. In its progress, it has marched through the various tribes and clans, both of Europe and America, the red man of this continent being overtaken last. We should not lose sight of the fact, that to have lived to witness this consummation of the centuries is a privilege for which we cannot cease to be grateful. It is the crowning glory of the world's whole history.

The Rush to Paris.

It looks as if everybody was going this year. At least, they will try to go if they can raise the wind. Not Atlantic ocean wind, but the rocks. Not such rocks, either, as mariners avoid, but tin. And not such tin as is to be got in the mines of English Cornwall, but the kind that is carried in the pocket, and helps a person to swim in the world, instead of sinking. It is calculated that a hundred and fifty thousand persons are going from this country to attend the Great Exhibition. And yet the United States have but a small space, comparatively, allotted them in the show, all the European nations being much more favored than we. But it is questionable if Great Britain will fill up its department one half so thoroughly as we shall ours. But whether our space in the Exhibition be much or little, there is a mania for going to Paris this year, and everybody who can will certainly be there. It will be so "jolly" to meet in Paris the neighbors that we hardly know at home. If this whole thing only was a pledge of peace and fraternity what a welcome it would extort from all.

The Indians.

A new Indian agent is loudly called for, who will see to it that the red men get what is their rightful dues. The truth about the misuse of the Indians is slowly coming to the surface, and it is time it did. They have been cheated out of the very land the Government deliberately set apart for them. The railroad corporations have gone on and seized their reservations, as if they were common to all; and individuals, under Government warrant and on their own account, have plied the trade of fraud with these poor men until they are little better than vagabonds, and are not to blame for having lost their faith in white men and their governments almost entirely. We should make haste to set this wrong right, and there are symptoms of its being done in due time. No matter if it is interest or necessity that leads to it; only let it be accomplished in time to repair, in some small degree, the wrongs, the outright crimes with which we stand chargeable.

Philadelphia Children's Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum in Philadelphia, of which Mr. M. B. Dyott is Conductor, will give their annual exhibition at Musical Fund Hall, Locust street, above Eighth, on Friday evening, March 29th. Puffs have been taken by all the officers to have the exercises given in as perfect a manner as possible, and of a character that will interest all who witness them. These festive occasions have been so popular in years past, that it is now esteemed a privilege to attend, and tickets have to be secured early in order to be sure of gaining admission. We are glad to see such a desire to aid in so noble an institution. These Lyceums are laying the foundation for the future stability and success of our spiritual philosophy.

Liberty Hill, Conn.

A. G. Doubleday writes us, that at a meeting of the believers in Spiritualism at Liberty Hill, Conn., he was requested to inform the public that they have a meeting-house ready for the use of lecturers on Spiritualism. Heretofore they have had such speakers as: Dr. John Mayhew, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. French, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Loveland, Mr. Storer, Mr. Foss, and others, and he thinks all were satisfied with the reception and compensation they received; and others are invited to visit them. Further information will be given by addressing J. W. Clark, Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Doubleday is engaged there for the first Sunday of each month for the present.

New Music.

C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, N. Y., has just published a pretty spiritual song entitled, "Where have the beautiful gospels' poetry and music by the favorite author, James G. Clark. Also the 'Juvenile Party Galop,' by J. de Janssens.

New and Wonderful Discovery in Electricity.

Mr. H. Wilde, of Liverpool, has brought out a new discovery in electricity during the past year, which is described as exceedingly brilliant and important. He has found a method of producing electricity in quantities and of an intensity hitherto unknown, by the action of feeble electrical currents upon powerful magnets. His apparatus consists of six small permanent magnets weighing only a pound each, a ten-inch electro-magnet machine, having an electro-magnet weighing three pounds, (which accumulates and retains the developed electricity, on the same principle as an insulated submarine cable or the Leyden jar,) and an armature evolving within an iron cylinder at the rate of fifteen hundred turns a minute. The cylinder is about a foot long, and has a bore of two and a half inches; the armature which plays within it, not touching the sides, is coiled about with insulated copper wire. It is from this armature, when the different parts of the apparatus have been connected and put into operation, that the electricity is evolved and the effects are produced.

This machinery evolves a light which rivals the sun in its dazzling luminousness, and surpasses that orb in taking photographs. At a distance of a quarter of a mile it throws shadows from the flames of street lamps upon a wall. Two photographers in England have set up the machines in their shops, and now do all their copying and enlarging by the new electric light at night. The heating power of the flame is so intense that it melts seven feet of No. 16 iron wire and heats to a red heat twenty-one feet of the same wire in an instant. The cost of the apparatus is small, the waste of materials trifling, and the expense of working light. For lighting streets, for light-houses, and for illuminating public buildings the new discovery is far superior to gas, and there are probably various other purposes besides those already indicated to which it may be devoted, if its properties are truthfully described.

Charity is Love.

In what we give to the poor, suffering people of the South, let us show no symptoms of being glad of such an opportunity to "heap coals of fire" on their heads. We have no right to interpose our judgments in these things. They are too serious, and we know not ourselves how soon our own case may be as sorry as theirs. Give, when you give, to satisfy the nobler instincts and impulses of the nature; not for effect, to have it seen and known of men. Boston has so far shown generosity in this matter, and New York has done well; but the people themselves must be moved by a common spirit of charity. Sympathy is the key which is to unlock it all. If we do a kindness, or perform a generous service, without real kindness and without generosity, so far as the act or the service reacts upon ourselves it would be better if we had coldly withheld our hand.

What a chance is offered us to wipe out all past hard feelings and prejudices, by the charity we are asked to perform! It will not be likely to occur again in many a generation. If we improve it as we ought, we shall insensibly elevate the character of the entire country. We shall be able then to see as never before how much higher nobleness, generosity, sympathy and love are as endowments for the public heart and mind, than mere enterprise, energy, wealth and power without them. We mistake greatly if this present occasion is passed by to perform such a service in the cause of Love and Humanity as will work for the national exaltation as long as we continue one people.

Womanhood Suffrage.

This question is being agitated in many of the States. The Kansas Legislature has passed a law granting the right of suffrage to women, and it goes to the people for ratification. The Missouri Legislature is discussing the same question. The Maine Legislature has done the same. New York is soon to hold a State Convention to amend the Constitution, when strong efforts will be made to incorporate a clause giving the right of suffrage to women. In the Legislature of our own State a bill to that effect has been discussed, though defeated in the House; but only ninety-seven members were found illiberal enough to vote against it. The heaven is working, and next year that number will undoubtedly be reduced. John Stuart Mill, member of the English Parliament and a prominent reform leader, advocates giving this right to woman. Intellectual minds in both hemispheres are waking up to the importance of this subject, and it will not be many years before woman will have a voice in saying who shall make the laws which they as well as the men have to obey—if they do not even help make them themselves.

English Reform.

Lord Derby's Reform Bill is in the House of Commons, and he has courageously met the public demand for an enlargement of the franchise, and proceeded to take his position even in advance of that which the Liberals themselves would have chosen. Mr. Bright wanted nothing but the question of franchise settled; but that would be narrowing the issue altogether too much to risk upon it all that would be put there. Parliament and the people are determined to establish and set in immediate operation a well-considered and comprehensive system of Reform for the nation. It would be tempting fate to consent to put everything to hazard, for the sake of trying the whole case piecemeal. The Liberals headed by Gladstone, discover that they would oppose the sense of the nation if they were to set up a factious opposition now to the measure proposed by the Tories, merely because they are Tories. The result seems to promise to be a general confusion of parties in Parliament for the present, with reference to a readjustment and reorganization on new grounds. The tendency is to liberality and progress.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

Our correspondent, A. C. Nichols, says a good lecturer is wanted in Leavenworth; also a healing medium like Dr. Newton or Dr. Greer. As the latter gentleman is now in the West, perhaps he will feel it his duty to visit Kansas. Leavenworth has over thirty thousand inhabitants and is still growing vigorously. A few years ago, it was a small trading post; but last year it did thirty millions' worth of business. The Evening Bulletin of that city publishes an article on the Spiritual Philosophy, with the *modus operandi* observed in holding circles for manifestations. It is evident the people there are hungering for spiritual food.

Another Missionary in the Field.

The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists last week chose Mrs. Sarah A. Horton to engage in the work of pioneering through the States, to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel of Spiritualism. The Association now have two laborers in the field, but there is work enough for half a dozen more.

The Davenport in Russia—Emma Hardinge.

The London Spiritual Magazine for March contains the following in regard to the above named distinguished mediums:

At length these remarkably gifted mediums have found a resting place, freed from the distractions of baffled materialism and jealous rivalry, in the capital of Russia, where, under the patronage of the Emperor and Crown Prince, and the leading nobles of St. Petersburg, they have been fully engaged for some time past, having made, as I am credibly informed, many converts, whilst they have reaped at the same time a rich harvest in a pecuniary sense.

They have given four public sances each week, to crowded and thoroughly appreciative audiences, at the high charges of twelve and sixteen francs admission.

At one of their private sances there were twenty-five persons present, all members of noble families, and all professed Spiritualists; at the close of the sance the Davenports were complimented by many kind expressions of sympathy, and were pressed to explain the cause of their brutal reception in some parts of England. After leaving St. Petersburg, the Davenports and Mr. Fay are engaged to visit Moscow, and from thence it is most probable they will proceed through Turkey, Egypt and Austria, to France, which tour they think will occupy about a year. It is not likely, therefore, that they will visit England again until the middle of next year, by which time it is to be hoped that the class of skeptics in this country, represented by the Hulls, Cummins and Fjaneurs, may have more light, and be prepared to acknowledge their past errors and the reality of that peculiar phase of Spiritualism exhibited through the passive mediumship of the Davenport Brothers.

EMMA HARDINGE.—Mrs. Hardinge has been fully occupied since her arrival in America, by the exercise of her commanding powers before very large audiences, in the cities of Philadelphia and New York.

It will gratify her numerous friends in England to know that after she has fulfilled her present engagements in the Western States, she will return about the close of the ensuing summer to settle permanently in London.

Her motives for this step are to gratify her aged mother, who desires to spend the remainder of her days in her native country, and for the protection of her own health, which is, I regret to hear, somewhat impaired by her great labors in the cause of Spiritualism. Her medical advisers have consequently recommended her return to England, where she may remain in comparative quietude. It is not her intention, therefore, to undertake any public duties in this country, but so far as her health will permit, she will always be ready to help the cause which is nearest her heart, and which, she says, is the prominent object of her life.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Miss Doten's subject Sunday afternoon, March 17th, was, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," a sentiment uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago, but which must be much nearer its fulfillment to-day. She dwelt mainly upon the great advance which has been made, in an intellectual, philosophical and moral sense, in the sentiments of the people since that time; the great interest which is being felt in the world in regard to the glorious revelations of Spiritualism; the influence exerted on us by the spirit-world, through the magnetism and electricity contained in his own body; that the immense power in man, through these subtle elements, has not yet been demonstrated; that before the close of this year the scientific world will announce a new discovery, (new in science but not in Spiritualism,) namely, that a man will be able to stand before a public audience, and by virtue of the magnetic and electric properties contained in his system, raise ponderable substances by merely using his will-power. The scientific savans will then claim that all the physical manifestations which have been attributed to spirit-power were done by electricity; but ask them to explain the intelligence which underlies these manifestations, and they will be unable to give a correct answer. An answer can only be found in the spiritualistic theory.

At the close of the lecture she gave an original poem, which matched "the good time coming" with the good time now.

She speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

The Eddy Mediums.

These mediums are holding sances for physical manifestations in Syracuse and neighboring towns with complete success. The skepticism of hundreds has been so thoroughly weakened that the truth will be able to find its way to their souls without much more opposition. At one of their sances the company was composed of skeptics, with but two or three exceptions, but were such candid investigators that quite a harmonious condition prevailed. One of the party had brought handcuffs, and requested the privilege of applying them to the wrists of the mediums. It was cheerfully granted. All were satisfied with the impossibility of their being removed without help from some source; yet while the mediums were thus manacled, the manifestations took place as usual, to the great astonishment of the beholders. After the most rigid scrutiny, all acknowledged that some invisible power must have aided in the performances which took place in the cabinet.

Work and Wait.

While we work, let us learn to exercise patience, because patience both strengthens faith and is a proof that it is alive and active. There is much to be waited for, as well as to be done. We cannot do of ourselves alone, but must have time with us. That is the great cooperator in human affairs. When we are in haste and impatient, we leave out the very element which is of the first importance in the case. The spirits wait, although they work incessantly. They realize what a part patience and time play in the operation of the divine laws in human affairs. Thus we are taught distinctly two things: the imperative necessity of working with all our might, as if the whole depended on ourselves and our own exertions—and the equal necessity of humility, and trust, and patience, as if it were all a favor, at best, and depended not at all on our own effort.

N. Frank White Coming East.

We learn that this very efficient and noble worker in the spiritual ranks, who has been lecturing with great success in the West for nearly two years past, contemplates returning to New England next July, and will accept invitations to lecture during the coming fall and winter. He is too well known to need a word more in his favor. Those wishing to secure his services had better address him soon. He is speaking in Cincinnati, Ohio, during March and April. His address can always be found in the "Reformer's" column in our paper.

New Publications.

THE "DIAMOND DICKENS." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. This eminent Boston firm have put their hand to the republication, in exquisite form and dress, of all the works of Charles Dickens.

NET NEVINS, THE NEWSBOY; or, Street Life in Boston. By Rev. Henry Morgan. The third edition of this excellent book has already been issued, and the demand for it continues unabated.

THE INITIALS. A Love Story of Modern Life. By the Baroness Tautouphous, author of "Quits," "At Odds," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston by J. J. Dyer.

THE INITIALS. A Love Story of Modern Life. By the Baroness Tautouphous, author of "Quits," "At Odds," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston by J. J. Dyer.

HISTORY OF THE "SHENANDOAH." By Cornelia E. Hunt, one of her officers. New York: G. W. Carlton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

MORBY AND HIS MEN. By J. Marshall Crawford. With portraits of all his officers. New York: Carlton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. New Edition. Boston: Dola Marsh. This excellent edition of the New Testament, from the last London edition, includes all the Gospels, Epistles and other places now extant, attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles, and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers.

THE HEALTH REFORMER'S COOK BOOK is the title of a timely and serviceable little pamphlet of receipts for preparing farinaceous and vegetable food, for the well equally with the sick.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION publish the fifth series of their popular tracts, composed of six numbers, all from the pen of John P. Ward. They are neat, and breathe the religious spirit.

Personal.

Mr. A. James, the medium, is for the present carrying in New York, where he has been for several weeks, during which time he has spoken four Sundays in the forenoon, at Dodworth's Hall.

Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., speaks in Louisville, Ky., during the month of April.

Jonathan Whipple, Jr., the healing medium, is in Haverhill, where he will remain for a few weeks.

Dr. E. C. Dunn lectures in Dubuque, Iowa, through the month of April. Will speak in adjoining places during the week, and prescribe for the sick.

Judge W. A. Boardman will travel and lecture during the summer in Kansas and Nebraska, upon "What is Man? What the Universe? Its Spiritual Relations?" &c. Address at present, St. Joseph, Missouri.

J. H. W. Toohy speaks in Springfield during April.

Jenny Lind and Madam La Grange, world renowned vocalists, are coming to this country again, so it is said.

Hiram Woodruff, the celebrated turfite, is dead. "Artemus Ward" left about sixty thousand dollars.

Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, has been murdered. A report had reached the English Consul at Zanzibar, that Dr. Livingstone and half of his party had been murdered by the Caffres.

Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood, of Natick, is very popular as a lecturer. Her themes are "Intemperance," "Our Duties to the Freedmen," and "Woman's Social and Political Rights."

Rev. Jabez S. Swan, of New London, the well known revivalist, has become deranged. If such men can't stand up under the horrid doctrine they preach, what sad results must be entailed on the listeners who believe what they hear.

"Christ and the People." The following notice of Dr. A. B. Child's new work with the above title, from the Christian Register, is rather remarkable considering that the paper is the organ of Unitarianism in its most rigid sense:

"Christ and the People" is the title of one of the most extraordinary books of the age. It contains, within its two hundred pages, the very essence of Christianity—such a Christianity as humanity has never yet dared adopt as its law of life. Its spirit is the most sublime optimism, the most absolute faith in an Almighty, all-pervading God.

Wyandotte, Kansas. The Spiritualists and liberals of Wyandotte, Lawrence and Topeka, Kansas, have organized a society and engaged Miss Sarah A. Nutt, a promising young speaker, who has been in the lecturing field for some three years, for one year, who will divide her time equally in the three places.

A New Work. Under the title of Mirette, M. Elie Sauvage has just published at No. 10, Rue de la Bourse, says the Paris Galignani, an interesting and original novel, in which the action is placed alternately in real life and in that beyond the present world, one explaining the other.

Levee in Worcester. I want to say one word about the Levee in Worcester, the 22d of February. Too much commendation could hardly be given to the Managers, and the Society generally, in getting up that entertainment. It was a success from beginning to end. Not an act but what was courteous and polite, from all to all; the order and decorum of the entire party I have never seen equaled in so large and promiscuous an assembly.

Won't Accept the Truth. My attention was called recently to an article in the Watchman and Reflector, the Hard-shell Baptist's organ of this city, wherein the writer gives an account of a visit to a Boston medium. I will not take the trouble to reproduce the stuff which the bigoted scribbler has perpetrated, but only despise the mean and intolerant spirit which prompted him to write, and the narrow-mindedness of the editor of that sheet, which would admit of such an article, when, if a fair and true statement of results of a nature at all favorable to Spiritualism were offered him for insertion, would be rejected. I will know. Never mind; let them go on, abuse and vilify what they can never understand, at least in their begotten state; it will have a little effect upon the blessed work of Spiritualism; as the barking of a cur would have upon the moon; we will ever rejoice in the bright light of our faith, and in the presence of our Lord, who is in us, and we are in him.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Little Crow" evidently feels enraged at what he sees going on among his red brethren in the Far West, as his message in this week's BANNER will show. He suffers his indignation to boil over. He seems to have small respect for Gen Sherman, calling him by the most odious Indian name, "squaw." We trust "Little Crow" will find it in his heart to be pacified when he comes to reflection, and that the charges he makes against so distinguished a General as Sherman may be cleared away. But the red man's honest indignation at the continued wrongs endured by his people is not to pass unheeded. It is the native expression of an aroused soul, and must have free course.

A course of Sunday evening lectures in the Boston Theatre was commenced last Sunday by the Unitarian Association. Rev. G. H. Hepworth delivers the first four lectures.

Our city school committee refuses to abolish the Franklin medals in the public schools, and has increased the salaries of the principals of the English, High, Latin and the girls High and Normal schools to \$4,000 per year.

THE JAFFA COLONISTS.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Tribune, in a letter dated Feb. 23, says the Maine colonists at Jaffa are in a terrible state, and the American Consul General was going down from Constantinople to put things to rights. It is surprising that any body of men can be induced to leave our own country, where they can do better than anywhere else, to engage in uncertainties.

The Spiritualists of Loudon, Canada West, are anxious to have some good test-medium visit them. Address Wm. Dizeell.

Madder colors red. This is the reason why the madder you get the redder you grow.

Mr. Bright, in one of his late speeches, said that one-half of Scotland is owned by twelve persons, and one-half of England by one hundred and fifty.

Why is a woman darned stockings deformed? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

A new counterfeit five dollar national bank bill has made its appearance. It has but four figures of persons in the group surrounding Columbus, while the genuine has five.

Professor Agassiz, in a lecture recently delivered in New York, stated his disbelief of the progressive theory—that men sprang from monkeys. His audience, many of whom had doubtless been assimilated of their ancestors, under a feeling of great relief passed a vote of thanks to the Professor.

Can a woman be wetter than when she has a catarrh in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, forty springs in her hoop-skirt, and high-tied shoes on? Yes, when she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

The Louisville Democrat says a lawyer is strongest when he is fee-blast.

It is stated that in one hour the Hudson bank defaulter would be praying fervently at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association and the next tapping the bank for money to satisfy his demands.

The Annual Fast in Massachusetts has been appointed for April 4th. In New Hampshire the

The sounding for the cable between Cuba and Florida has been completed, and the cable will be laid next November. A submarine mountain, 3,000 feet high, was discovered while making the sounding. The average depth of water is 5,100 feet.

The Republican ticket for State officers and members of Congress in New Hampshire, was chosen by a large majority at the recent election.

The first annual meeting of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in the City of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th of May next, commencing on Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock. The object of this Association is to secure Equal Rights to all American citizens, especially the Right of Suffrage, irrespective of race, color or sex.

THE BALLOT. A weapon that comes down as still as snow-fakes, and as soft as the mud; But cuts a freeman's will; And lightning does the will of God.

If a man's wife is well-bred he won't need any but her.

Harvard college now holds funds amounting to \$1,939,303, from which the income last year was \$147,110.

Senator Wilson succeeded in getting the West Point appropriation bill amended so as to prohibit drills and parades on Sunday, and to make it the duty of the Chaplain to organize a class for Biblical instruction and give his whole attention to the religious welfare of the cadets.

MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY OR SPIRIT POWER. Be whatsoever it may, it certainly does remove diseases. Dr. Greer's practice, now at No. 122 North Jefferson street, in this city, fully illustrates and sustains this declaration, as hundreds cured will testify. We have seen that, by this strange, mysterious healing influence or power, the sick are restored to health, and in much less time than by any other known remedial agency, and that, too, without medicine. Some of the very worst forms of chronic diseases have been cured in a few days, while all acute diseases are cured in a few minutes. In fact, according to Dr. Greer's theory of disease and philosophy of healing, it is calculated to cure all curable diseases. He therefore solves the very worst cases especially those considered incurable by other physicians. The poor he invites "without money and without price." He will continue his practice among us here again, before visiting elsewhere, for one month, or until further notice.—Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.

An Unnatural Religion. It is seldom one meets with so explicit and emphatic an affirmation, that what is called religion, in the popular sense, is so totally foreign to the natural promptings of the human heart, as in the following extract.

The writer is Rev. Thomas Smyth, Doctor of Divinity, author of several works on Presbyterianism, and the History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, from which this quotation is taken:

"We find an unanswerable presumption in favor of the Scripturally and divine origin of Calvinistic doctrines, because other churches were led to adopt them? For on what other supposition can the harmony of so many professions be reasonably accounted for, and especially when we remember that these doctrines are, and ever will be, most discordant to the natural reason, and unpalatable to the natural feelings of men?"

One knows not which most to wonder at; the absurdity of his "presumption," or his blasphemous acknowledgment. But really, comment on the above admission is unnecessary. G. A. B.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.) WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

A. J. Davis's Works, and Others. For \$2.00 we will put up and deliver to express, or as ordered, a complete set of the works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, three of which are pamphlets. These works will make a good and substantial library of our literature, that every Spiritualist who is able ought to possess. Nature's Divine Revelations, thirteenth edition, has blank leaves for family records.

Voices of the Morning. An elegant volume of poems by Belle Bush. Sent by mail for \$1.25. Apocryphal New Testament, by mail, \$1.15; Age of Reason, 50 cents; American Bible, 25 cents; Diet of Spiritualism, 50 cents; Fugitive Wife, 35 cents; Elder Tuib, 75 cents; Jean of Arc, \$1.00; Plain Guide, \$1.25. Dr. Thomas Palmer, for \$1.00, can be had here—not the one Mrs. Waterbrook complains of. Our shelves are now well filled with a large assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, and we shall be happy to select and fill any order, from ten cents to twenty dollars, with books that will pay well for reading.

Popular Medicines. Dr. Bartlett's Family Medicines are for sale at our Office, 544 Broadway, New York; used several years, and recommended by Warren Chase. Also, the Neurogastic Balm, recommended by Dr. Newton, and selling fast. Duff's Serravallo's put up by our brother, Dr. H. B. Rorer, and fast gaining a reputation as a cure for diseases of the nerves, which are so common in our nervous country. Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, for the hair, 61 per bottle. West's Medicinal Candy, an excellent remedy for bowel complaints, especially for children. For the place—opposite Barnum's Museum, over American Express Office.

The Sidewalk, in the Morning. At the early break of the sunlight on the streets, the first figures that attract one's attention are the athletic forms, at irregular distances, with slow and stately tread, of the sleepy police. Next comes the poor, ragged and dirty rag-picker, looking up scraps of paper, cloth, coal and wood, and all loose articles of the least value. These are mostly females, old and young, few middle aged. A little latter comes the working-man, hurrying to his post of daily toil from the hasty breakfast, and with the marks of broken sleep still on his brow. Next, and close after him, from seven till ten A. M., thousands of females, mostly young, can be met, (but seldom overtaken,) hurrying to places of labor in the shops, where the scanty pittance received for the weary hours of each day's toil does not enable many of them to dress or live even comfortably. Their honest countenances, earnest and hopeful look, marked often with a sadness or sorrow, enable any one to distinguish them from the courtizans, or evening walkers. The burdens and trials of life rest heavily on this class of our citizens, and often the internal struggles against temptations to vice are terrible, causing many to yield to the alluring serents that lead to dissipation, prostitution and death. No class of people need so much and get so little done for them by law or religion, as the poor shop girls of our great cities. Virtue is the prize most of them are suffering poverty to retain, while rich men banter them down to the lowest wages, and lavish their hard earnings on the prostitutes, enabling the latter to often live in idleness and luxury a few months or years, and then be borne away in disgrace to the graveyard, forgotten in a week by the very crowd that hurries along the same as when they were in it.

How much longer we shall have to talk, and only talk, of giving woman her rights and her earnings, is yet to be seen. Action must follow soon or late, and justice be done. No class of people endure as much and get as little in return. They are the most temperate part of society; few of them drink even tea or coffee—cannot afford it—and we might say none use tobacco or liquor, so soon as a working girl begins these popular vices she falls into other bad habits, with the men who never (or seldom) stop with tobacco and liquor. If the women were voters, we should soon have temperate officers and temperance laws, and justice done to woman; but while she is denied the ballot, she must continue at the mercy of man, a slave, a mistress, a parasite, a parlor ornament, and occasionally a companion, with equal respect and esteem.

News in Brief. Sunday, March 18th, was a genuine March day—wind and snow and rain and blow, till even the preachers dreaded to go to church.

Blocking of tracks and drifting of snows on Saturday evening, broke the thread of our engagement at Bridgeport, Conn., and left us in the city to enjoy the first Sabbath day of rest for nearly two years, and never as it were needed. We had the pleasure of hearing Miss Nettie Colburn, at Dodworth's Hall, in the evening, deliver an eloquent and highly interesting discourse to a large audience, who seemed to appreciate it.

Abraham James, of Chicago, has been lecturing to the society at Dodworth's Hall for several Sundays with good acceptance, and promises to do efficient service in that department if his health will permit.

Bro. Peebles had a warm greeting at Ebbitt Hall, and, storm or no storm, he will have large and intelligent audiences during his stay. Both societies are renewing their hold on the public, and are determined to live and grow, if perseverance and energy in the best of causes can secure growth.

The cause at large is certainly gaining strength in New York, as well as in the country, of which we have abundant testimony. W. A. Danskin, of Baltimore, was here last week, with a medium, demonstrating one of the most remarkable feats of phenomenal spirit power ever presented to the skeptics—too much for the belief of many Spiritualists, and yet so clearly demonstrated to the senses that no sane person could deny the fact. It seems of late as if our spirit friends were determined we shall have evidence sufficient for every honest skeptic, candor and honesty alone being required in any one who seeks the truth to be insured success in finding it.

The Usury Laws. Massachusetts, it seems, has advanced a step in abolishing her usury laws. Nearly twenty years ago, while a member of the Legislature of Wisconsin, we succeeded in getting a bill through that body, which became a law, abolishing the usury laws of that State; but it was in advance of the times and people, and they went back, and lost the advantage they might have gained by retaining it. All the States will abolish it, and many other laws which work injury, in time; but legislative progress is slow, as well as sure, in our country.

A gentleman wishes to obtain a small, plainly-furnished, but pleasant room, capable of being warmed, with partial board, in some Spiritualist family, or where there are people of rational intellect. Terms moderate, and location within fifteen minutes' walk of Cooper Institute. Address J. L. Smith, Banner of Light office, 644 Broadway, New York.

Appreciated. Everywhere I observe increasing attachment to and appreciation of the BANNER, as THE true organ of true Spiritualism in this country. Long may it continue its faithful guardianship, and as bravely meet the hosts without and within a hitherto.

MARY J. WILCOXSON.

A New Work on Spiritualism

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or to then, 3 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Office in New York. No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M.

Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

"What is Thought?" Thought is a material substance, surrounding us spiritually, as the air surrounds us physically, and as we draw from the air such matter as the physical condition requires and the capacity permits, so the spirit draws from the atmosphere of thought such matter as is adapted to the wants, conditions and capacities of the spirit, and arranges them into ideas. L. M. ROSE.

Note from Cincinnati. The cause moves on, and all is well. I have more than I can do, and am paid well—in fact, as well as I could desire. Keep your BANNER flying, the only spiritual paper in America. E. V. WILSON.

Business Matters. THE RADICAL for March is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

MISS M. K. CARRIEN, Medium, will answer Sealed Letters. Terms, \$2.00, four 3-cent stamps. Address, 248 Plane street, Newark, N. J.

DR. URBAN CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND SICK, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

DR. L. K. COONEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

Although there are many Skirt Supporters, none of them can possibly surpass BACHELLER'S PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTER for health, comfort and convenience. Dry and fancy goods stores have it. Manufactory, 10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON.

A MASS OF EVIDENCE has been received from sufferers of NEURALGIA who have been entirely and permanently cured of that disease by taking DR. TUENER'S TIG-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. The action of this medicine is prompt and satisfactory. All apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

One of the greatest causes of ill health is Indigestion or Dyspepsia, with their attendant miseries, such as Head-ache, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, &c. COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE will certainly cure these troubles, as thousands can testify.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

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

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Jan. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

JEWETT & NORRIS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Boston, Mass., and London, England. PROSECUTE claims in favor of HEIRS, LEGATEES, and NEXT OF KIN in any part of Europe, Great Britain, or any British Colony. Family Claims and Genealogy prepared. \$500,000,000 in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland alone. We have lists of persons, HEIRS or KIN advertised for. Lists of persons whose heirs have been advertised for by order of the Court of Chancery between 1760 and 1866. Lists of Intestates deceased in Great Britain, Australia, British Guiana, New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land, Victoria, Cape Good Hope, South Australia and New South Wales, leaving property in England or the Colonies. All apothecaries have it. Fee for search for any name, ten dollars. Apply to Boston Office, JEWETT & NORRIS, Mar. 30.—47 46 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER I. DR. GEORGE H. EMERSON, PSYCHOMETRIST AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING THE DISEASE UPON HIMSELF, AT ANY DISTANCE, CAN EXAMINE PERSONS AT WILL HOW THEY FEEL, AND AT THE SAME TIME, ONE CAN MANIPULATE, AND DRAW DISEASES AT A DISTANCE. 42 each. Drawing of names and places, 10 cents. Treats patients at a distance. Address Post-office box 1029, giving your name and Office, 109 Bedford street, Boston, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 1st—Mar. 30.

A WORD TO BOTH SEXES. SHOULD any of you wish to improve her complexion, remove freckles or blotches, or any other blemishes of the skin; also, check or increase the growth of whiskers or moustaches; or change the hue to a more desirable color, they may do so by using the "WATERBURY" skin medicine, and may receive such information by return mail as will surpass all other most sanguine expectations. 1st—Mar. 30.

RICH, RARE AND RACY eight pagod II-illustrated Paper. Full of Fun. Unpleasant paper printed only once a year, and is a gem. Every subscriber gets from \$1 to \$2. Subscribe NOW. Every subscriber gets from \$1 to \$2. Address, STAR SPANGLING BANNER, Hildesheim, N. H. 1st—Mar. 30.

DR. J. B. JENNINGS, M.D., M.P.H., Magnetic Electricity, Traveling Physician—Heal without medicine in most cases. Dr. J. B. Jennings, M.D., has been in practice for many years. 1st—Mar. 30.

J. H. CURRIE, Medical Clinician and Lecturer on the Human Mind, 109 Bedford street, Boston. Patients by mail, at their residence, when desired. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. 1st—Mar. 30.





