

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXII.

(\$5.00 PER YEAR.)
L. Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

(SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.)

NO. 15.

Literary Department.

MIZPAH.

BY MINNIE MINTON.

Author of "Sunny Italy," "The Old Love and the New," etc.

PART I.

"Just the hour for a story, auntie dear," I said pleadingly, as I sank on the soft grass a her feet.

The gorgeous golden and purple hues of an autumn sunset were fading gradually into the dim, misty haze covering the mountains; the air was redolent with the rich perfume of ripening fruits and musical with the hum of myriads of insects, the continuous chirp of cricket and reiterated query and assertion of Katy's delinquency, the defending faction of "Katy-didn'ts" seeming to have the ascendancy; and rightfully, I think, for I always gave Katy the benefit of the doubt, and believed she did not.

"Just the hour for a story, and I am in just the mood for it. So pray open the leaves of that well-stored memory-book, and draw therefrom a tale for the delectation of your little girl again."

"And of what shall the tale be, 'ladie fair'?" said my kind aunt, playfully.

"Of what but love, ma m-m? Naught else suits this soft twilight hour and my unwonted mood of sentiment. I have just been reading some of Coleridge's poems, and have his sweet 'Genevieve' before me now in fancy. But I do not believe, auntie, that

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

"Your time has not yet come, little one," answered my aunt, a shade of gravity stealing over the calm, sweet face.

And then she sat quite still for moments, her dark eyes seeming to be looking far, far away into the unfathomable depths of the future, or over the dark road of the past—I could not tell which. Finally she laid her hand gently on my head, and looking fondly in my eyes began her story—a story that left an indelible impression on my young mind, and which I hope (although cold paper cannot speak like the glowing words from her lips) may aid some by its lesson, as oft it has by its memory aided me in my moments of passion or temptation:

"Listen with your heart then, Minnie, darling, for it is of my own youth I am going to speak; believing that the knowledge of my wrong-doing and the suffering it entailed, may prove a sign-post to warn you from the precipice over which I threw my life's happiness. You are just entering, my love, on the unknown road of womanhood. At fifteen the child's pleasures and hopes are departing; the woman's thoughts and feelings are awakening. With none to restrain or guide those new impulses, those fresh desires; with experience day by day alone to 'e-h, how few reach the goal of true womanhood without bitter suffering. I, alas, was one of those lone ones, who, placed on the pedestal of worldly prosperity, stood apart from all by the power of that very wealth and position which is coveted as the acme of joy, but which to me, as I have no doubt to many another, brought more of pain than pleasure. Many, ay, many a time, have I longed to exchange places with the child of the poorest peasant, who had sisters and brothers for playmates, and parents to love and care for them.

My father, as you know, was Sir Frederick Glyndon, of Glyndon Park, H—shire, England. He married at forty years of age, and, strange to say, made what is called 'a love-match.' My mother was the daughter of the vicar of one of the livings in my father's family. I have heard she possessed not only great personal beauty, but an almost marvellous fascination of manner and great musical talent, so that there was no wonder expressed at my father's admiration of the beautiful Miss Glyde. But when she, a gay, lovely girl of twenty summers, turned from all admirers to give her hand—and I have been assured her heart as well—to the grave man, double her years, comments loud and long followed. That she had the capacity to appreciate his talents, and the good sense to prefer his strong, earnest love, to the passionate admiration of her more youthful *preux chevaliers*, her conduct after her marriage showed. Yielding of her own accord to her husband's love for quiet country life, she left without an apparent regret the scene of her triumphal *entrée* into society; and instead of manifesting the least anxiety to remain in London and retain, as Lady Glyndon, the honors of bellefille which she had won as Miss Glyde, she herself proposed, although the season was scarcely half over, to go down at once to the 'Park,' as soon as she had been presented at the first 'drawing-room' after her marriage.

Here for four years they lived a life of quiet country pleasures, save when my father's duties in Parliament called him to town. Scraps from a desultory half journal, half note-book, which my mother kept during those years of her married life, show me that the only alloy to her happiness was the chagrin she felt that her beloved husband had no children to perpetuate his honored name. The natural mother-love in her true woman's heart sufficed as well, doubtless; but mostly—with the usual self-forgetfulness of earnest love—she wrote only of her regret that her Frederick should meet such disappointment. But finally there came a song of thanksgiving, a burst of joy irrepressible from the hope God gave her, that at length, to repeat her own words: "Baby lips should lip 'mother,' baby hands should clasp her fingers, baby eyes should look into her own day by day, with increasing intelligence and dawning love brightening them. Oh, my God, I thank thee!" That was the last sentence of that

fragmentary diary, blistered so often in after years by the hot tears of that hoped-for child.

In giving me existence my mother yielded her own, and in one month from the day when her pure spirit returned to the God who gave it, her loved husband stood by her side before 'the great white throne.' A collision on the railway, over which he was returning from London with a nurse he had insisted on going himself to procure for his child, launched him and many others, without warning, into eternity. It seemed as if my father must have had a presentiment of coming death, for even in the short period he had been in London, he had had his lawyer prepare a will, bequeathing to me the whole of his large personal property, and such of his real estate as could be alienated from the title. This went to a distant cousin, who, I have been told, arrived with all possible speed and unseasonably rejoiced to take possession of Glyndon Park, while still my poor father's mangled body lay in state, visited daily by mourning retainers—for he had been a just and kind landlord, and won more love from his inferiors than from his equals, whom his reticent manner and quiet tastes rather repelled. In the meantime, the orphaned baby (one of the wealthiest of England's dames era the moon had twice waned and filled on her young existence) had been removed to the vicarage of her maternal grandparent, he proving to be one of the executors and guardians named in my father's will.

My earliest recollections, Minnie, are connected with my grandfather's staid dinners, when I was brought in at the dessert, and introduced to the company as 'Little Lady Glyndon, the greatest heiress in all England.' Of course I had no right to the title of 'Lady,' but it was a fancy of my grandfather's to so designate me, and the servants had easily fallen into the habit of calling me first 'the little lady,' and as I grew older it was converted into 'my lady.'

I well remember my first discovery of its being an honorary title only. I think I must have been about eight years old. My governess had given me a half holiday, for some cousins, children of my mother's oldest sister, were on a visit to their grandpapa. Their father was simply a curate in moderate circumstances, and the children bowed down to the 'golden calf,' represented in my tiny self, as all around me did. They had been taught never to dispute my will or interfere with my pleasure, and were usually very submissive; but that day, incited by a schoolmate—a stranger to me, and a bright, sensible boy of fourteen—they rebelled at one of my capricious demands. My selfishness and haughty, over-bearing temper revolted, and in a fit of childish passion I cried:

"How dare you disobey me—me, Lady Glyndon?"

"You are not Lady Glyndon," said the stranger boy quietly. "I have seen her. She is quite an old lady, and lives at Glyndon Park." I turned upon him a face burning with childish anger, and hot tears rising in my eyes, as I shrieked:

"It is true! I am. Ask grandpapa if I am not Lady Glyndon?"

"It is not true. You could not be a 'Lady' unless your father had been an Earl, and he was only Sir Frederick, not Lord Glyndon." He spoke with the quiet force of knowledge, and I burst into a passion of tears, as I ran to my grandfather's study crying "I am a 'Lady,' I am, grandpapa, am I not?"

I but relate this childish scene to show at how early an age overweening love of rank and power had been fostered in my mind. And alas! I grew with my growth and strengthened with my years. My grandfather and the one maiden aunt, who constituted the family at the vicarage, over-indulged me, and governess and servants flattered me; but none—I felt often with the quick instinct of childhood, and afterwards with the bitter knowledge of experience—not one truly loved me. There was, as it were, a great gulf fixed between me and my childish companions—what few I had—and even a barrier between my relatives and myself, by their consciousness of my immense wealth and their comparative poverty. And beyond this was the servile bowing down to birth and rank, which I have ever seen among the so-called 'commoners' of England.

My mother must have been the one pearl of the family at the vicarage, judging from what I have been told of her and seen for myself of her relatives. Did I mention she had lived but little at her father's house? She had been partly adopted by her god-mother, Lady Seton, a sort of patroness of my grandfather, and one who had aided him in more ways than this even—for poor grandpapa was a man of extravagant habits and earnest desire to keep pace in externals with the 'Country families,' and so frequently required aid of a substantial order from his friends. Lady Seton, being a childless widow, took quite a fancy to the baby for whom she had acted as sponsor, and as the child grew older kept her with her much of the time, and gave her advantages of education and society she could not otherwise have enjoyed. I judge from this fact that my father had seen and known but little of his wife's family, or I think he would scarcely have been willing to consign his child to their rearing, although I know of no one else to whom he could have committed such a charge, for he had no near relatives of his own, and his successor, as I have said, was one he would have little trusted, and in the haste with which his will was executed, he could have had little time for thought or choice, even had he foreseen how soon the appointed guardianship was to be required; I have no doubt that he acted to the best of his judgment. But you see, do you not, Minnie, that my surroundings were calculated to develop the worst traits of my character, and unlimited indulgence gave me no opportunity for learning self-control? But although I grew up willful, imperious, and passionate, you must not imagine me wholly evil; I was most loving in my nature, longing every year of my young life more and more ardently for affection and for congenial

companions upon whom I could freely lavish the tenderness of my heart. The restraint which my birth and wealth seemed to place upon those of my relatives whom I met, was a partial barrier to my loving them warmly; for perfect love must find and feel perfect freedom, entire equality. Still there was much affection in my heart for them, particularly for my poor grandpapa, with his fond pride in my name and position.

I used to look forward, as I grew old enough to observe and think of such things, to the day when I should be mistress of my property, and able to give my grandfather the means to easily support his place among the "Country families," and fill his one ambition—to give as elegant dinners as any Squire or Baronet in H—shire! Still, I was not without my own ambitious "Castles en Espagne," too. I used to picture my presentation at Court, the admiration and homage which were at follow; but oftener, oftener than all other dreams, was the one which gave me a home filled with smiling faces and loving hearts, all turned to me as the orbit around which their wealth of love revolved. Often have I sat, on some lovely twilight evening like this, Minnie, picturing such scenes until the tears coursed down my cheeks, and I sobbed forth in agony. 'Not for me, not for me! I have been alone my whole life—fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless—not even one true friend who loves me for myself alone, who separates me from my possessions, and cares for my very self. Oh, it is bitter! It is wrong! Why did God make me only to suffer? Are there none to care for me—none?"

And then, Minnie, it would sometimes seem as if loving angels were near me, as if soft hands were laid on my burning brow, and whispers of comfort would seem to steal into my aching heart. But alas! not often did I feel these blessed influences, for my own rebellious passions too often repelled these dear angels, who would so gladly have lightened my pathway and saved me from much of the sufferings my own uncontrolled impulses entailed upon me. I know now, dear, that all I have passed through was necessary for my development into a higher sphere of enjoyment. I know that not a trial is sent but it is ultimately for the benefit of some one; either our own willfulness needs the chastisement, as in my case, or it is sent as a warning to others, as sometimes where we see great sorrows befall the pure and good, and wonder why they are so afflicted. God giveth them 'a strength to bear 'we know not of; 'the grace cometh with the burden.' Besides, I had no trials beyond mental ones; all the luxuries and pleasures of this world were at my command, and if I had also had all that others possessed of affection and harmonious, pleasant homes, where would have been my cross? This world would have been a Paradise, and that it is not meant to be; or where would be the desire and ambition for a higher life? Like the Lotus Eaters of my favorite Tennyson, we would be content to dream away existence, murmuring without a thought or ambition for the future:

Surely, surely,
Slumber is more sweet than toil; the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh, rest, we rest! we will not wander more."

But, Minnie dear, God did not put us here to rest alone! He gave us talents to develop, tastes to cultivate, ambitions to strive for; in short, he put in every human breast a longing to attain a point above, ever above that on which it stands. I do not believe there is that discrepancy in human happiness which many speak of. On the contrary, I think the All-Wise, All-Just Creator has so formed each of his children that the pleasures which are withheld of earthly goods from many of them, are fully compensated for by other joys deeper than mere sensuous delights. On the other hand, we who are called the fortunate ones of earth, have something that detracts from our too perfect enjoyment of the gifts of fortune:

So, dear child, as your life progresses, and cares and trials come to you, as inevitably they must, for you know what that pretty little poem of Longfellow's says, which you read last night to me:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

But, believe me, each trial is but as a 'refining fire' for purifying the gold which lies hidden in every nature; the Divine spark of good in every human heart! Each sorrow sent, is to develop some untried strength. Each trouble overcome, is a step surmounted on the ladder of experience, which all must climb. The higher we climb here, the less we have to accomplish hereafter; remember that, dear, when it seems easier to float with the current, than bravely to take oar and battle with wind and wave until the harbor is reached. There is a joy in the triumph far greater than the negative happiness of calmly floating with the stream, striving for naught, and attaining nothing. Above all, dear one, be courageous; 'weary not in well doing,' but go on your road, which now you are just entering on, fearlessly, trustingly:

"Fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Ay, Minnie, strong in the consciousness of right! strong in the knowledge of pure purpose, of truthful design. Not 'time-serving,' as so many of us weak ones are, but fearless to acknowledge and maintain the truth. You know, dear, to what I particularly allude now—our new faith, old as the world, yet new to us—our beautiful belief of the communion of dear ones 'gone before,' yet ever near us! I know, my child, that it will be difficult for you to ever maintain that firm adherence to what you feel and know to be truth, when surrounded, as you will be, by cynical sneers and cavillers and deriders! When sarcasm and wit are leveled at what you regard as your inmost soul, when scoffers point out defects, when even good and earnest souls pity and look down commiseratingly upon you as one 'dejected,' oh! amid all, child of my heart, beloved daughter of

my mourned adopted sister, amid all, faint not, falter not; remember that

"Sorrow and silence are strong,
But patient endurance is Godlike!"

My dear auntie's voice was broken, and she fairly sobbed with the warmth of her impulsive feelings as she finished her earnest adjuration. My own eyes were filled with tears as I silently pressed her hand to my lips, and breathed an inward prayer for the strength to endure all things, and for aid from those pure spirits whom our Father in heaven permits to watch over earth's wayward children.

My aunt (so called by the fond love I bore her, and the knowledge that she had been more faithful than a sister in her devotion to my dear dead mother) smiled playfully as she recovered her equanimity, and said:

"You will be thinking this is not the love-tale for which you asked, dearie. But patience; that is coming. You shall know to-night what has so long excited your curiosity, little one: why your old maid auntie wears this ring with the Hebrew inscription, 'Mizpah.'"

"Stop short there, auntie," I cried, putting my hand on her lips, "until you have begged my pardon for calling my dearest, best, ay, and loveliest friend, by such an odious name! Why! you are only thirty yet; and with your beautifully clear complexion, bright eyes, snowy teeth, and wavy masses of jetty hair, look scarcely older than I, and ah! you know how much more beautiful!"

"Nay, my child," she said, with the saddest of smiles; "beauty belongs to youth; and it seems to me I outlived mine half a century ago!"

"Wait, ma mie, until I tell you what I heard papa say. He told Uncle Robert he never saw a person, save yourself, who seemed to possess the fountain of eternal youth—that fount which the Spaniards vainly sought in their hopes for El Dorado. And afterwards, when I asked him what he meant by the fountain of eternal youth, he said its waters were composed of unselfish love, and when they sparkled and bubbled, brimming over, running into every one's cup, filling it with gladness, that each drop added a new beauty to the giver, and thus gave her the charm and loveliness of eternal youth!"

"A pretty poetical idea, Minnie. Your father was always full of flowery fancies. Nevertheless, auntie is an old maid—"

"Then," interrupted I, "if you will have it so, she is

"A sweet old maid, pensive and good and kind;
Her great soul chastened by refining fire;
Lovely in face and form, a saint in mind,
A brave, true woman,
Doing duty here, and looking higher!"

"Trying, Minnie, ever trying, I hope, to 'look higher,' but each of us have our weak moments! None so strong but that sometimes, if but for a moment, a second, they are tempted, after having 'put their hand to the plow, to look back' from duty to pleasure. Not but that there is a pleasure of a higher order in the sense of duty well performed, but the duty in itself is often bitter in the accomplishment. Struggles not only with one's own desires, but with the opposition of others, are to be overcome; battles often of a lifetime, before we 'sit at the feet of God victorious.'"

But a *revelation a nos monstros*. I have given you a sufficiently clear idea of the influences of my childhood for you to understand how I grew up a haughty, willful, imperious, but passionately loving and impulsive girl—resisting the slightest coercion, but giving freely and generously aid or affection where my impulses and not *advised* led me; submitting to no control, but doing willingly what I could to make others happy, if not suggested by any save my own inclinations; a strange compound of good at the base, with a great overgrowth of faults and weaknesses on the surface! When I was seventeen years old, my mother's old friend, Lady Seton, for the first time sent me an invitation to visit her. Fortunately for me, my personal appearance pleased her, and she made me remain with her under the best masters, until the following year, when I was 'presented' under her auspices. My great fortune, added to what was considered a beautiful face and form, gave great *clat* to my *entrée* into London society. I but received it as my due, and my imperious and exclusive tastes added to my *pretensions*. With my pride and ambition, there were so few whom I considered worth an effort on my part to entertain or even be gracious to, that to be of Miss Glyndon's 'staff' was considered quite an honor, and zealously striven for by many a young nobleman. Among these were two whom I shall call Lord Leydon, and the Hon. Robert Herndon; these are not their true names, but the initials being the same, you will be able to distinguish which I refer to, when I give you presently my diary of that time to read, as I shall have to do; for I find, Birdie, that your auntie is not, after all, so 'brave' as you represented her in your quotation, and cannot even at this distant day speak of her heart-history!"

Dear auntie's eyes were shining with drops brighter than the dew falling around us; and I put my arms around her as I listened to the faltering voice, and felt the tremor of the taper fingers clasping my own, and begged her not to go back to her sad past, (a past which I had always instinctively felt was sad without knowing why,) but to look forward to the bright future.

"I am sure it will be a bright one, auntie, for mamma used to say all things work together for the good of those who love God, and I know you love him, for you love everything he made. Why, even that poor little, ragged, dirty baby we found on our door-steps last week you took in yourself and cared for it as tenderly as if it had been your own, when even the servants were afraid to touch it, for fear of catching some disease!"

"Inasmuch as you do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me," murmured auntie, softly. "But, childie, your curls are damp with the heavy dew; the twilight has faded, and the stars are showing their bright eyes, warning us that it is time a sensible old maid should take her little

girl in doors, and instead of sentimentalizing in a romantic or bor employ herself in the more rational manner suited to her years—of making tea for her Birdie's papa."

PART II.

As I gave my dear auntie her good-night kisses that evening, she placed a book in my hand, saying:

"Little *dreamland*, Birdie, when I wrote these pages of joy and sorrow, that any eye save my own would ever behold them; but since I have begun a story I am too weak to finish as I promised, this record will serve to accomplish my object, will show you how suffering must ever arise from willful indulgence of the baser parts of our natures, and how purification ever cometh by suffering, and the peace which passeth all understanding is granted to those who seek it, and more and more knowledge of the life eternal to all who do not willfully close their eyes to the truths which myriads of pure spirits are ever trying to teach one and all of us. None so high, none so low but they are surrounded by these invisible ministrants longing to guide our wandering feet, to enlighten our darkened vision, to open our minds to a knowledge of a higher and purer existence. Let your mind, my child, be more open to those best influences than was mine, clouded as it was by the deep mists of ignorance, error and proud obstinacy. I need not ask you, Minnie, to judge charitably or look leniently upon these confessions, for I know the love which fills your heart for all God's creatures, reared as you were in an atmosphere of love—the tenderest mother-love, (which I never knew) and which even yet overshadows you and is gradually, in spite of worldly influences and counter-teachings, leading you step by step to the attainment of that belief on which I firmly rest, knowing, feeling, as you will yet know and feel, that it is the true rock upon which to found one's house."

It was a dainty volume that I eagerly opened as I reached my room, bound in velvet of emerald green, with golden clasps and tiny lock set with small emeralds; the inside, soft creamy paper, with many a marginal device in water-colors, delicate and fanciful as the mind which I knew conceived them, and the fairy-like fingers which traced the lines on the pages had executed their surroundings I felt certain.

Sept. 25th, 1842.—Ever since Lady Seton gave me that written book of my dear unknown mother's, I have felt I too would like to keep a sort of—not journal, for I dare say I shall make few records of my outside life, my comings and goings, sayings and doings; and certainly not a diary, for I never could bear to know that I had to do anything, and the very thought that I was to write daily would take away all desire, I'm sure, to write at all—but a kind of heart-book, a confidant, a sort of other self. I have never had a confidant in my life. I do not think I ever could pour out to other ears the inmost feelings of my heart, as I see so many of my age do. Are they their inmost feelings? If so, I don't think their hearts lie far from the surface, or require great strength or power to touch them. Heigh ho! I would like once to see some one for whom I had genuine respect. Is my organ of veneration imperfectly developed? or why is it that men all seem animated automata here in England, cut out on the same pattern, saying and doing so exactly the same things that it seems to me sometimes as if could one soul or mind (query, *have they either?*) step out of its own individual body and into that of another man, it would never discover any difference; would fill the niche as if made for it! As to my own sex—I remember how I used to long, when a child, for a sister! Well, judging from the class of young ladies whom I have met this past year, since I've been here at Lady Seton's, I think now a sister would be—a great bore!

Sept. 28th.—As we were driving in the Park to-day Her Majesty passed. She bowed, as usual, kindly to Lady Seton, who was a Maid of Honor at Court when Her Majesty was but a little child. How very plain face lights up into almost beauty when she speaks so kindly to one. When I was "presented" at the first "drawing-room" this season, I looked, as we first entered, with some surprise at the Queen; but, as we approached and she recognized Lady Seton and kindly addressed her, then, as I was presented, gave me a gracious recognition, accompanied by the flattering assurance that she recollected my mother and thought I resembled her. I understood why Her Majesty is enthroned in the hearts of her people, and thought I too could love her as I never yet have loved any woman. If I were to marry an Earl, I wonder if I could be appointed Maid of Honor. It would suit me to marry some one high enough in power and position to feel myself second only to the Queen. Why couldn't I have been of royal blood? Your Majesty! I like the sound; and they call my tall form "queenly," and my flashing, black eyes "imperious," and my manner "haughty enough for an empress." I heard Lord L—say so. Why can't a Prince marry a subject?

Nov. 12th.—We are down at L— Park, owned by the young Earl, and presided over by his mother. What an *outré* custom it is which keeps us in hot, dusty, smoky London all the lovely spring and summer, and sends us out to bleak country-houses amid sleet, snow, howling winds and creaking doors—enough to give one the horrors instead of a merry Christmas! When we are Queen *nous changeons tout cela!* We'll have Parliament prorogued in November, and in bright, cheery, budding April we will "hiss away" o'er hill and brae.

"Mademoiselle, have you one grand love for the Nature?" said the Marquis De Latour to me this morning shiveringly.

"Not in November bleak and drear," answered I, half-smiling at his poor, pinched face and blue nose. "He had been trying, poor man! to be a 'Jolly Briton' and join with the sportsmen in 'Tally ho and hark away'; but having met with

an ignominious fall, from his hands—as he assured me pathetically—“being so tired, so froze with this bitter English air that, mailemelle, I had not do power to guide mon cheval, and he averted in the leap and I jump to do ground to keep from falling.”

“Ah, Monsieur le Marquis,” thought I, “mayhap you did jump, but how then came the whole right side of that gorgeous green and gold hunting suit covered with so good a semblance of English ditch-water?” He is a debonnaire little fellow—this grand marquis of the long name—dances well, plays guitar or flute to sundry sentimental airs of la belle France, and apes the British reserve and coolness, which, with his natural bonhomie peeping out in every look and gesture, makes rather ridiculous this great representative of the French nobility. Apropos of nobility, there arrived to-day a nobleman of another nation—that is if our cousins across the water desire to have any nobility in their democratic country. At least they have titles, it seems, for this American is called the Honorable Robert H—. He is a near connection of the Minister from America to our Court. The wife of the minister and her sister, Mrs. Minton, arrived under the escort of this American “Honorable.” Mrs. Minton has one of the most charming faces I ever beheld. It reminds me of Murillo’s pictures of the Virgin, so spiritual, so loving and trusting, and such a calm, holy happiness in her soft, hazel eyes. She has the sweetest little fairy of a child, with clustering brown ringlets, great, gray eyes of wonderful depth and earnestness, but so shy, so very shy they rarely meet your gaze. Her devotion to and absorption in her mother is astonishing in so young a child, and oh, the depth of affection that shines in that mother’s eyes as they rest on her little one! It makes my heart ache with the old pain of childhood, the craving of a motherless child for the tender love it has never known.

Dec. 24.—I crossed, to-day, in a volume of poems shown me by Mr. Robert H—, (it seems Americans are always plain Mr. in addressing them; even their President,) and composed by a countryman of his, rejoicing in the cognomen of H. W. Longfellow, some lines that seem to have been written expressly for me. Perhaps we were en rapport, as the French call this new theory that Monsieur Mesmer has been trying to introduce, throwing people into all kinds of awkward and unbecoming positions at will. But here are those lines that attracted me:

“To go through life, unloving and unloved,
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing and wild impulse
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong,
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks!”

“Ah, yes! ever bleeding, silently dripping, dripping from our heart’s core, but hidden from all. I overheard Lady L—, our hostess, remark to one of her guests, “Yes, Miss Glyndon is very beautiful—the beauty of an Alpine glacier, dazzling, brilliant, sparkling, but frozen!” I cannot imagine one ever loving her, or her bending from her haughty stateliness to listen or respond to words such as most women of her age love to hear. “Oh, my God! and all the time a heart as warm, as earnest as her own is throbbing for love, as the parched grass for the dews of heaven, longing with a power and strength of passion that these shallow natures cannot guess of, for the affection it has never known or given. Why is it? I used to dream that, growing up beautiful as my mirror showed me I was, I would, as soon as seen, be admired, sought, loved and won. But never, never, and all who have paid me court, have I felt that one loved me for myself. No god seems to be worshipped here but rank, and his handmaid, money, serves as priestess at his shrine. Money! How I hate the very word! Has it not taken away my very individuality? Where was I ever regarded as anything but the personification of so many thousands in stocks, bonds, shares, heaven knows what, that go to make up this immense fortune of mine? Did I hear Lady Seton whisper in reply to some question of the Dowager Marquise, aunt of Marquis de Latour, “Yes, an immense fortune, and her father a Baronet of one of the oldest families in England!” I feel, each day of my life, more and more, that I am set apart from others’ true interest or affection by a brand as fatal as the mark upon the brow of Cain.

I see a good deal of the Americans. Mrs. Minton has rather sought me out from the first, and the “Honorable” is so constantly with or near her, that necessarily I see much of him, rather to the discomfort of Lord L—, our host, and that grand Marquis Eugene Henri Guillaume De Latour. The last named individual flutters around me, on all possible occasions, like (to use the trite but truthful old simile,) a moth fluttering around the candle. But it will only be the wings of your vanity that are singed, Monsieur le Marquis; not a touch to your heart do I fear. It is not the woman you worship, but what she represents, with perhaps a small quantum of admiration for the casket which contains the golden treasure.

A reception at the American. This evening Miss Mrs. Minton looks at me with a great pity in her soft, hazel eyes that puzzles me. What does she see in me more than the belle and helress which others behold in looking at Miss Glyndon? Her little fairy of a child has taken a great fancy to me. Although so shy with others that no persuasions or bribes can win her from her mother’s side, she has taken up of her own accord coming to my sitting room every day, when her mamma lies down for the rest and quiet her delicate health renders necessary. Little Minnie sits at quietly watching me through the hours, if I am reading or writing, with an earnestness in her great, gray eyes that often startles me. And she says the quaintest, wisest things in her pretty little shy way, that makes one feel as if a woman’s knowledge were hidden in that baby-form. Being so much with her, Mrs. Minton says, never having brothers or sisters and playmates of her own age, but depending wholly on her mother for companionship and teaching, has developed her preternaturally. Although not six years old, her mother talks to her as if she were a friend; asks counsel in little things, consults her tastes (which are exquisitely refined) in matters of dress, books, music, whatever occupies her own thoughts. She is such a tiny, little thing that she is often mistaken for a mere infant, and it amused me intensely on her first presentation at dessert, after their arrival, when Lord L— attempted to take her on his knee, to see her throw up her dainty little head, as she drew closer to her mother, and see the indignant flash under the long eyelashes, as she whispered, “Why, mamma, do n’t be know I am Miss Minton?” She never allows a gentleman (excepting Uncle Robert) to call her anything else. To her mamma, and lately to me, she is “birds,” “fairy,” and all pet names that are sweet and beautiful and loving, and oh, how touching to one who, like myself, never knew them!

The Honorable Mr. H—, it appears, is a kind of adopted brother of Mrs. Minton; was a ward of her father’s, and reared with her in the same house. Her husband (who is a Judge of distinction), being unable to come with her, when the physicians ordered a sea-voyage, Mr. H— brought her to her sister, the wife of the Minister. It seems impossible that sisters should be so utterly unlike. Madame Leroy is a fine-looking, haughty woman, very accomplished and literary, and au fait with all that makes a perfect “femme de la monde,” as different from her little Madonnie-like sister as a grand Juano from a modest little St. Cecilia.

[To be continued.]

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 cry to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and care to meet in happy air.”
(Lionel Lincoln.)

(Original.)
NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. XII.—NEW DELIGHTS.

Nela’s thoughts and feelings, as she began her new life in a home so different from the one she had always known, can best be given in her own words, in a letter to her grandmother, which was written, as all good letters are, so simply and naturally that every word seemed as if spoken from her heart.

“MY DEAR AND BEAUTIFUL GRANDMOTHER—
I kiss you in my heart twenty times before I begin my letter, and I am glad that I can do so quickly, for I am in such a hurry to tell you everything.

Oh, if you could only see my room where I am writing. You must know that my mamma intended quite another room for me, but my papa whispered to her, and she looked at me as if she was never so surprised in her life, and she immediately gave an order to a servant, and I was ushered into this love of a place.

But I suppose I ought to tell you how I like mamma. I thought she must be a queen when I first saw her. She looked just as I always supposed queens did, and she moved about as grand as Queen Elizabeth, that Mr. Graves told us so many nice stories about. And when she kissed me, you would have thought that I was some fine lady. And she has such beautiful hair—some one comes and dresses it every day—and her eyes look just like a picture. So you may know I like her very much, and think her the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

And this room that is mine—all mine, they say—how can I tell you how beautiful it is? The carpet looks like that spot we found in the woods last summer, where the green and brown moss was all sprinkled with Star-flowers, Violets and bunches of the Scarlet Cornet. And the curtains are buff damask, like that piece you said was your grandmother’s gown, who lived in England; and over the buff ones hang lace ones, that look like the mist that rolls off of the valley after the sun is up. And the bed is hung over with just such curtains, and the chairs and sofa are in buff with white flowers.

But I found in the room something I liked much better than all this. It was a vase full of the most exquisite flowers, and a hanging basket of Ivy and the beautiful green plants we used to find in the meadow and woods. I almost cried as I looked at them, thinking how far away I was from you and the beautiful woods. But papa came in just then, and hugged and kissed me, and called me his country lassie, and asked me all sorts of questions: whether I would like to live with him? and if it was n’t much better than Adams, where there was no opera or theatre? Of course I said yes, but I did n’t know anything about the opera, and when I thought of the dear old hills, and the singing birds, and you, and Rosa and Tony and dear Mr. Graves, I wanted to cry again; but mamma came in, and asked me over so many more questions.

She wanted to know if I would go and be fitted for my new dresses. I said, “yes,” but I thought that purple silk you had altered over for me was a plenty fine enough. But you see I did n’t know, for it does n’t look stylish at all beside mamma’s. But I am sure it was a plenty good enough to wear down to dinner, but mamma would n’t let me go because there was company, and she said my dress would be spoiled if I appeared in that style. I did n’t know what she meant, but I whispered to papa, and he told me it meant only my first appearance. Why she did n’t say that, I do n’t know. I wonder if I shall ever wish to use words that other people do n’t understand.

But I must tell you about my visit to the dress-maker’s. In the first place—I hope you won’t feel badly, for I could n’t help it—I had to be fitted to some French corsets, and mamma would get them small, for she said I must look genteel any way. I twisted and turned for awhile, but she said, “my darling,” so sweetly, that at last I stood quite still, and now I have got quite used to the pressure of them.

I am to have a blue silk, that is just the color of those blue-bells that I raised from the seed that Tony gave me, and a pink silk that looks like the rosy cheek of the peaches that we gathered off the old tree in the garden. And then there is a green, just the color of Geranium leaves, and a brown like the cinnamon you put in the custards, and a white lace dress, and then a street dress and a breakfast wrapper of crimson, and I can’t think of the rest. And then mamma bought me some collars, and gave ten and twenty dollars for them, though I should n’t have thought them worth as much as the one you gave me last Christmas that cost fifty cents. Mamma would not let me wear that. She said it was only fit for a servant to wear. But I kissed it when I folded it up, and think it quite pretty enough for me.

But, dear grandma, I am afraid I shall tell you if I tell you anything more. I do want to see you a great deal more than I want to go to the opera. I would love to sit down by your bright fire better than to look at the beautiful things about me. My head aches and I think I should never stop writing. You must tell Tony to take good care of the Geranium I gave him, and do n’t let Rosa think that I forget my little room, with its white curtains and its silver moonbeams. Dear grandma, I plan every day a little journey to Adams, and think how nice it will be to wash your dishes again. I offered to help mamma the other day, and she looked as if I had offended her, so you see I have not much to do, but I am to have a French teacher very soon; mamma says it is very necessary.

This is from your own loving NELA.
Aunt Prue read the letter through without stopping. She took off her glasses then and wiped them, as if she could not see well, but the mist was in her eyes. “Dear little one,” she said to herself, “she has begun the weary journey; she has entered the thorny path; may the beautiful angels keep her, for I know the Lord has loved my darling, and will not forsake her now.”

In a fortnight afterwards she received another letter.
“MY DEAR GRANDMA—I went to the opera last night, and was so sleepy this morning; that I could n’t write to you in season for to-day’s mail. I hope as the old stage rolls in to-morrow, you will not miss your little one’s words. I don’t know what ails me, but I do n’t sleep well nights. I feel nervous, and lose about, and wish I was in my own bed in the cool chamber beside yours, for the house is so warm here I feel as if I had a fever, and papa says I must n’t sleep with my window open.

I had a splendid time at the opera. Mamma let me go with a young gentleman that visits here. He said so many fine things to me, that I thought some of them must be true; so I looked in the glass when I got home, and there was only my old self, but I looked paler than I used to. I think it is not fashionable to be healthy and rosy, for everybody looks sick to me.

The young gentleman’s name is Robert Sinclair, and his father is very rich, and he is very handsome, so mamma says; but I think Tony is much better looking. He asked me which I preferred, Bellini or Verdi. Now you must not laugh at me, but I did not want to seem stupid, and so I coughed, to give me time to make up my mind what to say, and not quite understanding him, I said I thought green was the loveliest color in all the world. You see I thought he said something about verdure. Papa said I was a verdant country lassie, and they all laughed, and I too, though I was ready to cry at my stupid ignorance; but how should I know that Verdi was a great composer of music?

I am resolved not to make another such blunder, for I will pretend to know, if I do not. I hope Mr. Sinclair don’t think me quite a fool. Dear grandma, I have got so used to the fine things here that I do n’t think much about them, and feel as if I would like something new to look at. I do believe the more one has the more one wants. There is mamma all the time talking about some new thing she will have. She bought a ring the other day that cost a thousand dollars, and then she did not seem to care anything about it.

She is all the time telling me about my lovely hair, and my brilliant eyes, and my style, till I wonder if she loves me, or if I am like the ring, only wonderful because I am new. I do want one of your kisses, with your arms around my neck. I believe it would rest me, for somehow I feel tired most of the time.

Tell Tony I do n’t forget the roasted apples, and think they would taste better than the creams and cakes they have here. Have I told you we dine at six, and have courses of meat and pastry and fruit until I am all tired out, and believe I should like my bowl of bread and milk better.

Dear grandma, I try to do just as you would like to have me, but I want also to please papa and mamma, who are so kind to me. I often wonder why they did not care for me before; but mamma says she had no idea I was so fine a representative. I do n’t know just what she means, but think it must be that she had no idea I would so well represent all your loving care—for which you must let me always be your own little NELA.

Letters like these continued to come to Aunt Prue once in two weeks all through the winter, but each later one revealed more and more the fact that Nela was getting absorbed in the life about her. The letters grew shorter, and there was less anxiety to let them be a true picture of her life. She complained of weariness and headache, and of always being in a hurry.

When she left her grandmother’s house she had insisted that she would return in the summer and begin again the beautiful life. She even hung up her shawl and hat where she could find them readily on her return. But the spring months wore away, and nothing was said by Nela of her visit. Her grandmother kept a cheerful heart, and planted the morning-glory seeds where Nela used to, and trimmed the border of pinks, and twined the honeysuckle a little further over the door where Nela’s hands had bound its last year’s growth.

It was plain to be seen that Aunt Prue’s eyes often grew dimmed, for she had so frequently to wipe her glasses and to seem to brighten her eyes; and her voice, too, had a tremble in it and seemed more feeble than it used to. Rosa cared for her very gently, but the light of her eye was dimmed, and no one could take her darling’s place. Late in May, when the beauty of the forests, the hills and the meadows cannot be told, but must dwell in the heart and speak out in ringing joy-bells—it was in all this wonder of life, one sunny May afternoon, that Aunt Prue received the letter that she had watched for two whole weeks.

“MY DEAR GRANDMA—I hope you have not expected a letter. I have been in such a hurry. Papa, mamma and your Nela are going to start for Newport next month, and I can never tell you how much there is to do. I have had to have an entire outfit. I take the carriage and do my shopping myself. Papa does not seem to care how much money I spend, and it is so nice. I must not write more, for I expect a call every moment. Do n’t forget your NELA.”

Aunt Prue went that sweet sunny May day up into Nela’s room, which had remained just as she left it. She knelt down beside the bed and buried her face in her hands.

“I thought I gave my darling into the hands of the Lord,” she cried in bitterness, but I did not. I still claim that she shall walk in my garden. Oh Father, let me be strong to trust her. If she forgets me, I will not forget her. Let me give her to the All-Protecting power of God.”

No one saw Aunt Prue until evening; but when she came down it was with a pale, calm face and with a smile resting on it that told of hope and trust. Mrs. Jones came in, hoping to hear Nela’s letter, for such an excitement was a great blessing in the quiet, humdrum life she led.

“Well, I suppose Nela will be coming home soon; I am sure she ought to, for if ever a woman was the making of anybody, you’ve been the making of Nela,” said Mrs. Jones; “and if she forgets you she’ll be the ungratefullest hussey I ever heard of.”

“Nela won’t forget me,” said Aunt Prue calmly; “but if she enjoys the new flowers that blossoms in her path, shall I wonder?”
“Well, I always said she was just like her father,” replied Mrs. Jones tartly, “and everybody knows that it was a burning shame that he did n’t come and see you for nearly eighteen years, and if Nela does the same, I should wish she was where my Lucy is. Oh dear!”

If Aunt Prue had not gained the victory in the stillness of her own room, perhaps these words would have troubled her, but now she smiled at their impudence, and replied:

“When God put the stars in the heavens he gave to each an orbit. How gloriously they revolve without a jar. It was only last night that I was looking out on the wonder, and I said, can it be that a God who is the centre of all this majestic order, can fail to be the life of every human soul; and if he is the life, will it not revolve in its own place exactly fitting to the sphere for which it was placed in the Divine order? No; I will not be afraid of that order, but in my own appointed place do the best I can; neither will I chain another soul to my orbit, but by the gentle influence of my trust and hope will I strive to be as the benign evening star, that is said to shed down to men its loving power through all the thousands of miles between. Let us not seek to be stars, but the planets in the firmament that give to the night its glory and to the universe its majesty.”
Aunt Prue’s face glowed with celestial fire, and

Mrs. Jones was awed into silence, and quietly took her leave. Tony came in not long after to ask for Nela and of her coming.

“She will return to us some day,” said Aunt Prue, “but just now she must live a life a little way from ours; but only think what riches she will bring to us by-and-by from the new paths she has entered.”

But Tony was not satisfied, and looked sad and thoughtful.

[To be continued.]

BED-TIME.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed, with her small hands folded above her head; and fixed her innocent eyes on me. While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee. “Mamma,” she said, “when I go to sleep, I pray to the Father my soul to keep, And he comes and carries it far away, To the beautiful home where his angels stay; I gather red roses, and lilies so white, I sing with the angels through all the long night; And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep, He gives back the soul that I gave him to keep. And I only remember, like beautiful dreams, The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams!”
—Little Corporal.

Answer to the Riddle in the Banner of Dec. 7th.

His is a pronoun in the possessive case;
Pan, a utensil, in the kitchen finds a place;
I both a vowel and a pronoun is, that’s clear;
Lo is an exclamation which we often hear;
La is the name of the note; so jot that down;
Hispaniola, the place, enslaved by the Spanish Crown,
M. P. A.

Original Essays.

JESUS—HIS LODGE—EMBLEMS PROBABLY WORN.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

There was once in Judea a company of men associated in a peculiar manner, all of their number being chosen for membership by a most remarkable man, over whom, as disciples, by common consent, he exercised mastership. This company, and the person who called it together, were a secret body or Lodge for the exercise of fellowship. Correlatively they were not allied as master and servant, but as master and disciple. This Lodge had its mysteries, its symbols, etc. Its Master was also Teacher of the Mysteries. He indoctrinated those who were received into companionship. He taught a true, grand, sublime Spiritualism, and this not only in private to his disciples, but in public to Jew and Gentile, to Pharisee and Sadducee, heralding the same wherever he went, albeit in synagogues or market-places, in grove or temple, on sea or by sea-side, in the vale or on the mountain-top. His teachings were accompanied by spiritual phenomena which the men of his time have chosen to call signs and wonders, in demonstration of the truth and the objects of his mission.

The Lodge of disciples of this master and teacher included in its jurisdiction those who have been called “the fishermen of Galilee,” for some reason not quite manifest to all men. It is because four of these disciples, “Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother,” were occupied, when called by Jesus to his discipleship, in mending or in casting into the sea their fish-nets? These are the only fishermen found in the whole fraternity of “the twelve,” or of the whole number who ever became disciples, of whom there is any record of such avocation. Will the occupation or trade of four men in twelve, or in a greatly increased number, being a manifest minority, attach itself to and give their trade-name to a multitude or overwhelming majority?

But this Galilean Lodge of ancient Spiritualists had symbols, among which, no doubt, was the form or figure of a fish, cast from some metal, or carved from ivory, shells, etc. Hence it is more natural to infer that these disciples and their master, the great teacher and demonstrator of spiritual truths, were sometimes called “fishermen” by reason of the emblem worn about their persons as a badge of fraternity, and not for the reason that Simon Peter and three others were called from their nets. A writer says, “The figure of a fish carved on the monuments in the Roman catacombs, is an emblematic acrostic intended formerly to point out the burial-place of a Christian, without revealing the fact to the Pagan persecutors.” On the steeples-spires of some of the old Protestant church edifices, in Continental Europe, it is said there still may be seen the same in the figure of a fish. There is one in that form on the spire of a church edifice in the city of Albany, New York.

The Jew and the Roman, whose religions had been assailed and condemned by the Master of this Lodge, conspired to kill him, and shortly the Roman Procurator, winking at the judgment of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and conforming to the wishes of the maddened populace of Jerusalem, delivered him up to be crucified. This tragic event scattered his disciples, and some of them found their way into other cities and provinces.

While yet at Jerusalem, “the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them,” and recommended the election of seven men of their number to a Diaconate—a novel affair and organization not provided for or known under the administration of the Master in his lifetime. It was a sort of Board of Management of the secular affairs of the Fraternity. Among those chosen to fill the membership of the Board was one “Nicolas, a proselyte of Antioch.”

It was not till sometime after the Crucifixion of Jesus that the disciples were called Christians. Says the historian: “And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.” Here was established what is called a “Church”—a body of persons in some sort of association. It does not appear to be that of the continued Lodge of the Great Master, as established and conducted by him in Galilee. Whatever its structure and mode of government, it claimed to be the offspring, in its spiritual elements, of that destroyed or disbanded Lodge. In some sense these Christians afterwards recognized Jesus, in spirit-life, as still regarding them as within the pale of his Mastership. How well they behaved, and how some of these “Churches” were esteemed by him in his high and heavenly dwelling place, is matter of Scriptural record. Here at Antioch began an ecclesiasticism which has descended to us in its career through the centuries.

The newly chosen deacon, “Nicolas, a proselyte of Antioch,” no doubt belonged to the church here. It is not necessary to note here the historical statements concerning this Christian deacon. It will be sufficient to refer to the estimation of Jesus himself, as a spirit in spirit-land, of those Christians who pretended to adopt his teachings and to practice his principles. Read his indictment, declared through the mediumship of John, while prisoner on Patmos, and seen in the Apocalypse, against the church at Ephesus, at Smyrna, at

Pergamos, at Thyatira, at Sardis, at Laodicea. See how the Judean Master dwells on the deeds and doctrines of the deacon of the church at Antioch. In his mention of proselytizing matters found in the church at Ephesus, he says: “This thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate.” He tells the church of Pergamos, childlingly: “So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate.” But enough. If in periods proximate to the time in which the Galilean taught in his Lodge and in public, the churches and deacons were subjects of such indictments as those preferred against them by him in his bright and blessed abode in the heavens, what must be their corruptions and departures from his teachings after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, one thousand of which constitute the Dark Ages—that millennium of ecclesiastical slavery, when the Hierarchy was sole custodian of the Scriptures and supreme exponent of religion?

A few words now about the badge undoubtedly worn by the disciples of Jesus—the olden Spiritualists. Venerating his name, and believing in his Philosophy and the Religion which made him a martyr, and discarding the intervening ecclesiasticism of the Ages, I class myself as his disciple—and I would like to manifest myself as such in all the acts of my life. As a Spiritualist of his school of Philosophy and Religion, I deem it cognate to such profession to wear upon my person the symbol or emblem which distinguished, as I believe it did, the discipleship of his Lodge during his Mastership in the flesh. Accordingly, long since—more than a year ago—I ordered the manufacture of a cravat or breast-pin. It has the form of a goldfish, is made of pearl, and suspended from two grasped hands wrought in pearl, and forming the head of the pin. On one side of the emblem are engraved the Greek letters, Alpha, Gamma, Delta, being the initial letters of certain words, forming a sentence which was an utterance of Jesus, and foundational to all his teachings. On the obverse side is the All-Seeing Eye. I deem it a proper and beautiful emblem to be worn by all true Spiritualists, in testimony of identity of faith and fraternity with the first and most ancient Society or Lodge of Spiritualists.
Nov. 1, 1867.

“SOCIAL EVILS.”

In the Banner of Light for Dec. 14th, is an article under the head of Social Evils. It is a good article, and I wish that every lover of humanity could read it. I wish especially that every Orthodox minister could read it. Possibly some of them could be led to see that Sabbath breaking, unbelief, praying, non-attendance upon Church services, dance meetings, &c., are not the great crying sins of this generation.

The people are tired of hearing sermons upon these threadbare, worn-out and falsely presented subjects. Why not, Christian ministers, treat your congregations for once to a discourse upon these real and actual sins? Why not talk to those of them who are husbands and fathers, after this wise: “Brethren, everybody in this world has their faults. There is a good deal of evil and a good deal of good in everybody’s heart. But every one has a peculiarly besetting sin; a sin by which they are easily tempted and led away. Now I believe, brethren, that the peculiar besetting sin of the major part of the husbands and fathers of every congregation, is: too frequent indulgence of the sexual propensity in lawful wedlock. I do not charge many of you with infidelity to your wives, but I do say that many of you are shortening the days of your companions—whom you have vowed before heaven and earth to love, cherish and protect—by too great an indulgence of this propensity. I dislike to say anything that may appear harsh or unkind, or that is calculated to wound the feelings, but I am commanded to speak the whole truth, whether men will hear or forbear. I believe that there are thousands and tens of thousands of men who are killing their wives in the way I have mentioned, just as surely and truly, and many of them as criminals, as if each one should open a vein upon his wife’s arm and extract daily therefrom a certain quantity of blood. All men who are conscious—and there are many such—that they are thus killing their wives by inches, are just as guilty before God as if they took their lives by some other direct process.”

It will probably be a long time before ministers will be brave enough, and true enough to their convictions, to speak such plain, homely, truthful, terrible words as these. But the time will come when some will dare to talk thus.

No great wrong was ever righted without plainly spoken words directed right at the root of the evil. No great revolution was ever performed silently, and in the dark.

Abuse of the sexual propensity—a propensity just as pure and holy, and as proper to be understood and talked about as any other propensity God has given us—in various ways is the giant sin of our day, and leads directly and indirectly to more misery and unhappiness than any other evil that can be named.

A good deal has been written of late upon the sin of abortion, and women are most sorely condemned for this truly terrible and unnatural manner for the prevention of offspring. But how many abortions, think you, would be committed, if husbands and those who are not husbands never had sexual intercourse without consulting and honestly abiding by the wishes of the opposite sex? Here lies the worst of the matter. God has given woman a nature loving, confiding, dependent, tolerant of abuse—and men, thousands and millions of them, are low enough in the scale of being to take advantage of these God-given and beautiful characteristics of woman, and entail upon her the cares, pains, trials and responsibilities of maternity, without consulting her wishes, any more than if she had not the slightest interest in the matter. Well and truly has Henry Ward Beecher said, “There is a great deal of the animal about man yet.”

Now I do not believe that women are angels. But as far as regards the matter under consideration, I believe she is a great deal purer and better than our own sex. Feticidism is a crime. I have no apologies for it. But man is most to blame. What is the cure? What is the remedy for this degradation, this defilement, this leprosy of uncleanness, with which our race is afflicted? In a few words it is this: All men, all women who are working for the good of humanity, must learn this important lesson, and then teach it and preach it, viz: The true road to the restoration of the soul to God is through the restoration of the body to purity. Let every man and woman and child seek to so live that their bodies may become a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the great work is accomplished. PHYSICIAN.

The Banner of Light is issued and sent every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

OFFICE 154 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL, LUTHER COLBY, EDITORS.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

Centripetal and Centrifugal.

We have recently read in the columns of the London Saturday Review—a paper that publishes each week a readable and truly brilliant essays from practical writers as any that delight the sense of cultivated readers—an article of considerable length in examination and comparison of the two separate theories now widely entertained respecting Life and its objects and purposes; the one theory being, substantially, that there is really no use in making a fuss about things at all, since the enthusiasm and energy that are spent in pushing some favorite view or opinion is certain to come short of any visible result at the best, and it is better to husband one's resources, temper, and time for one's self, and become individually wise, learned, virtuous and good, regardless of how the rest of the world gets on—passing luxurious hours of dreamy ease in the library, speculating but little upon the probabilities or possibilities of events, and suffering others to try their experiments and settle down at length in the conviction that there is no use—the other theory being, that there is no life but in action, that the single object of living is to labor for the benefit of mankind, that it is one's duty to drive it at them, preach it to them, and in every possible way seek to impress it upon them that there are certain things which they must know and see; that the world will never come right until they do know and see them, that, rather than miss the blessing, it is better by far to break down the slow and orderly procession of events, and stir up the elements of revolution itself.

After a long and adroit handling of each of these two classes, the former having, in fact, no tangible and positive purpose or theory, and the latter being full of heat and inflammation over theirs, the writer of the essay described weighs each in the balances of his judgment and pronounces that, although each may be useful and necessary in the world in its way, yet it is safer and more wise to follow neither. In other words, while trying to steer a middle course between positive and negative, he actually arrives at what amounts to negation itself. Now we hold that both parties are essential to the progress of what is truly denominated life; that one is the balance and counter to the other; that, as in the case of spheres, there could be no cutting down without the mutual action of both—the one in aggression and the other in resistance; that indifference is necessary, and action is necessary; that, taken separately and without taking the other into account too, both are right and both are wrong; that there must be rest as well as action, and cessation from growth as well as growth; and that the real good of mankind is evolved from the collision of one with the other, of belief against disbelief, of hope upon indifference, of light across the field of darkness.

No doubt the doubting and denying, and indifferent, and negative class has speculated upon all, or nearly all, those same themes about which the other side is so much agitated; also how could it settle down, as upon a solid and fixed conviction, to the belief that all these movements in thought and enthusiasm in action are to no purpose, bringing men round merely to where they started? It takes positive thought to make a skeptic. He cannot doubt and deny until he has examined. But we must needs allow a great deal to temperament in these matters. Even when certain individuals say they have no faith in this or that, their actions, or if not their actions, their very sympathies belie them, showing how hard a thing it is for us to travel outside of the set limitations of our being. It is not to be denied, as the negative class holds, that in a sense we do travel in a circle; but these successive circles are not all of the same size; they are concentric, and all the while widening in the lake of that vast existence which is our most mysterious and imperishable gift. Yet, on the other hand, we must start for some points in order to get anywhere. There is no progress made by standing still. We must push forward, or we inevitably go backward. This is a truth so very plain in human experience, that all the fine theorizing of the negative class cannot avail to set it aside. Whatever they may have to aver and argue respecting motion in mere circles, it is certain that there must be motion, or death ensues.

Hence we name these opposite views, with the classes of minds that respectively hold them, the Centripetal and Centrifugal forces of life, both being essential to that sure progress, or expansion, which is the law all human life obeys. They are in correlation to one another. One draws support and sustenance from the other. One depends on the other's action or inaction to maintain its own place and position. The impulse, or impelling force, would be spent for naught if it struck out into the air only; it must have something to resist in order to be of the force it is; contact and collision, or at least contrast and comparison, are essential to the perfection of the work which it has hidden in the Divine purpose and will to accomplish.

No man is precisely like any other man. Two individuals could not, if they tried, and in spite of what they professed and proclaimed about it, could not take the same view of anything. No two persons can stand in exactly the same angle of vision relatively to any object or idea. The reason of this is apparent. In variety, in opposition alone is it possible to have progress and growth. So it has been ordained, and there is no wisdom above that of the Power ordaining. We are only creatures, and it becomes us to accept gratefully as fast as we learn.

The Ellis Girl Medium.

Laura V. Ellis, the medium for physical manifestations, in company with her father, has been on a tour through Vermont. Her séances were well attended wherever she went, and the people more than ever anxious to witness the wonderful manifestations given through her mediumship. They have returned to their home in Springfield, Mass., and after a few weeks rest, will probably visit New Jersey and New York State.

The Day of Convulsions.

The almost universal unrest that prevails is significant of causes that are so general as to be fundamental. In the physical, as in the spiritual world, the commotion goes on with little or no interruption. There are meteoric showers, hurricanes and cyclones, water-spouts, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the entire globe being encircled by the action of the elements at one and the same time. Can it be, as not a few persons are at last beginning to wonder, that these convulsions are but complements of the profounder and interior movements which have been going on and are still progressing in the spiritual realm? The coincidence certainly does tend to provoke serious thought on the subject. Nature is full of significations in all her acts. He who wishes to do so, may read much in her outward expression, which merely superficial eyes would fall utterly to detect.

The West Indies are in a hubbub over risings of the sea and shakings of the earth. The inhabitants of certain of those islands have been made great sufferers, and large numbers have been sacrificed. We just now receive intelligence that these earthquakes are felt in Central America, and threaten to move further down on the Continent. Off the coasts of Japan and China there have occurred most destructive cyclones, and thousands of the inhabitants are reported to have been carried off. A Mexican volcano that has not been known to be disturbed since the Spaniards under Hernando Cortez entered that country as conquerors, gives symptoms of throwing out streams of lava. Yeuusiu, in the other quarter of the earth, is emitting smoke and flame in volumes that are described as sublime in their effects. All the world is in commotion. We are just through a long war on this continent, and Europe appears to be making ready to plunge into a similar experiment. With the rest, and crowning all very fitly, the spiritual world is perturbed to its very depths. Old Theology can make nothing of it all, but stands still and is lost in wonder.

Iowa.

J. L. Potter, whose address for the present is to the care of E. A. Wilson, La Crosse, Wis., is thus spoken of in the Iowa Observer:

"We heard Mr. Potter deliver a portion of an address—whether he was in the body or out of the body, we know not—but he certainly delivered things that would have been 'unutterable' to the majority of persons under a like peculiar case. The peculiarity of the case consisted in his delivering the speech in a very fluent and forcible manner upon a subject that was selected for him by a gentleman in the audience, after the meeting came together. We think that nearly every candid person who was there will agree with us that the address, considered simply in the sense of an intellectual effort—offhand and impromptu—even for a person who had deliberated much upon it before, must be considered a very creditable affair. He spoke right along in a very spirited and entertaining manner."

Mr. Potter has been successfully at work in lecturing to and organizing societies in the fertile State of Iowa and its vicinity. He speaks well of an open field through the line of his travels for lecturers, and particularly for test-mediums. The following persons may be addressed by mediums or lecturers who desire to work in that region: H. Augur, Fayette, Iowa; H. Wornburry, West Union, Iowa; E. B. Mack, Waverley, Iowa; W. W. Mullin, Sherbrook, Iowa; E. B. Collins, Iowa Falls, Iowa; E. H. Gregg, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Mr. Potter says that he hopes speakers will visit the Western States, for a great work is yet to be done there. Let each and every one put their shoulder to the wheel.

Women for High Positions.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond's application for appointment as Minister to England, received the following official indorsement:

To the President.—The undersigned, Members of Congress, learning that there are applications on file in the State Department for foreign Consulates by competent and worthy women, respectfully request that said applications may receive due consideration, and that your Excellency will not allow any prejudice against the sex to disparage their applications. On the contrary, we earnestly urge that every woman applying for a position of honor or emolument, be treated with equal deference and the same attention as is extended to men, and that equal opportunity be afforded them to serve the country. We would further suggest that, in view of the agitation of the great question of female suffrage now being so skillfully conducted in the Kingdom of Great Britain, it would be manifestly proper to initiate this plan of recognizing women, in all her capacity, to advance the cause of civilization by making such an appointment to that Kingdom at this time. Signed, Thomas E. Noel, Mo.; John W. Chandler, N. Y.; L. W. Ross, Ill.; Charles Sitgreaves, N. J.; W. Munger, Ohio.

On this paper, the original of which was presented to the President by Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, appears the following indorsement: Referred to the Honorable, the Secretary of State, whose special attention is called to this application in connection with other papers now on file in the State Department. ANDREW JOHNSON, October 19, 1867.

More Spiritual Publications.

That indefatigable and earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Moses Hull, sends us the prospectus of a magazine he proposes to publish, to be called the "Spiritual Rostrum." It will be issued at Hobart, Lake County, Indiana, on or near the first day of every month. Each number will contain a lecture on Spiritualism and other matters of kindred interest. It will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter, printed on new long-primer type. Subscription price \$2.00 per year; single copies 20 cents. As all such publications have a tendency to promote the interests of Spiritualism, we hope that Spiritualists will extend to our brother that patronage he shall require to insure the successful continuance of his magazine. The prospectus does not inform us when the first number will appear; but we may hope at the commencement of the new year.

The American News Company.

The sum total of publications of all sorts distributed throughout the country every year by this enterprising and successful Company, is surprising enough. Their figures in dollars for 1866 expressed a cash business of over three and a quarter millions; and the current year is a very large increase on that. Let business go as it will, everybody in this country reads. The books of this Company abundantly show that. They conduct their business more or less on the Express system, despatching any and all publications, large and small, old and new, cheap and costly, to all parts of the continent. Their profits are in each case very modest, but there is such a vast amount of business done by them that they count up rapidly. The Banner of Light is pushed everywhere by the American News Company, who serve it promptly to the many thousands that are supplied at their hands.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We understand that S. S. Jones, Esq., will recommence the publication of the Journal, in Chicago, Ill., on the first of January, 1868.

Music Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson, of Toledo, Ohio, made her first appearance in this city, as a lecturer, in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 15th. Considering the three days' snowstorm, as large an audience as could be expected greeted her, but had our friends known what a fine speaker she is, the storm would hardly have kept any away. The audience seemed more than pleased with her, for each countenance beamed with admiration. Many advanced the opinion that Mrs. Bronson is the most eloquent female orator on the rostrum at the present day. Her clear voice and smooth intonations could be heard in all parts of the large hall. Her manner is very quiet, and denotes a lady of accomplishments—which is the case. Her lectures, however, are all given while in a perfectly unconscious trance state.

The following is a synopsis of her discourse, the theme of which was

THE IDOLS OF THE SOUL.

The soul was ever seeking idols; looking for objects to which it might present its offerings; by means of which it might demonstrate itself an object of love to its Creator. It recedes those powers which it fondly believed to be centered in the idol to which its adorations were paid. Whenever any object was selected and held up as an embodiment of good, as an example which should be followed, a benefit which should be sought after, that moment the idea conveyed by its mention, became an idol of the soul. Man did not worship at outward altars only for himself; he worshipped in the unseen which brought souls together, and generated the purifying influences of love, in order to demonstrate his faith in God, as he desired God would demonstrate himself in his own soul.

Thus if man worshipped a God, that God was an idol to him as far as he believed the ideas represented by him. We worshipped God as an object, an idol, a personal God, the moment we built a name for him, and established a limit to his power and set up boundaries to his mercy—then he was indeed to us an idol.

All men did not need God, or the conception of one, in their minds. Their idols were to be found in the objects for which they labored daily. To the avaricious man, gold was an idol. He might do some good with the proceeds of his labors, but if he measured his own good deeds or the deeds of others simply by what they were worth, he was but worshipping the chief idea of his mind. Thus we might all discover what our idols were by looking around us in the walks of every-day life.

A man who bowed before the conception centered in the Nazarene, who believed the story of his life and teachings, and that he was nailed to the cross, worshipped an idol; and it was well. He worshipped a cross, which was the symbol of surrender and bigotry—the cross of other men's infidelity.

If we could not get to God by any other way, then it was well enough to go by Christ. It was well enough to love the Church, for she had nourished our youth; she had been our staff in the days of our youth when we were hungry. The blood of her Jesus had been living water to wash the dirt of sin from our hearts, and should love. It mattered not what idols she cherished; what ideas radiated from her centre; she had laid the track on which the car of progress should speed on its conquering way, and therefore our respect was due to her, even though our conception of individual needs and her conception of man's collective needs widely differed from each other.

We all sought God in some manner, whether we knew it or not. As we did good, we worshipped God. So far as he acknowledged existence of a law governing all the affairs and concerns of his existence, he acknowledged God in his soul. We were very prone to sit in judgment on our brother-man, to brand him as an infidel, and to believe there could be no harmony between minds who did not believe alike. But there was an unseen chain running through all the grades of selfishness and pride, and we were as we acknowledged the good in another, so far as we recognized and acknowledged the existence of God.

A man was not an infidel when he denied God's existence, because he was unable to conceive of its reality. He was not infidel to all truth, when he denied only a part of it. If he violated part of the law, it was not lost. The part he did receive sought its idol, around which to circle his ideas of truth and purity, leading humanity onward and upward.

The Church was good to its own condition—to its own disciples—to those who could see no further—but Nature demanded an outward demonstration of its inward faith. A man might believe in a God, endorse the Church creed, bow before its altars, chant his hymns, but the spirit of it all he might have denied in his life. So in what we lived, we showed the idols of the soul—that humanity everywhere possessed some principle which must not be ignored by others.

The God of the Puritans aided them to break the bands of ecclesiastical tyranny, and worship according to the dictates of conscience. The God of Calvin aided him to break the slave bands of his ideas, and gain higher views of life and immortality. The God of Wesley opened the door of salvation to the poor sinner, and he was as he more of truth than Calvin had recognized. He had gone a step further, and received more light from the throne above. He cleared away a little more bigotry, he dispelled the shade, and gave every one a chance for salvation. We should give him our love as far as he has given us light. Light was right as long as it lived—we could not drive it away from us if we would; we worshipped it as long as it lived, and it was the inner sanctuaries of our individual conditions.

To-day's idols were only a little more spiritualized, more sharply defined than those of the Pagan Church. Man in our day would not bow to blocks of wood and stone—he had borrowed the Trinity from the astronomer—he had made objects of worship from ethical ideas and conceptions. An Spiritualist, we recognized a God whom he believed to be one step higher than that which he worshipped by our brother-man—while he thought our God was lower. We should not stop to criticize our fellows—if we were ascending, we should try to elevate others with us; if descending, pray for some one to help us. Our faith commanded that none should say "stand aside—I am holier than thou!" "I am nearer to God than thou."

It was our duty to remember the highest idol which it was demanded of us to worship was humanity, for it was an idol in which God moved and lived and breathed. As we cherished this idea, so did our idol become Godlike—so much more did we worship the spirit rather than the letter. If we would come forth and break bread morally and spiritually with our fellow-men, then would we come out of gloom into glorious sunshine, and fulfill our work in the name of the Father.

It might be well that we should, if we exhibited, thereby, in our lives the symptoms of moral disease, and the sin attending it, that others might escape it, or we be led to see our error and come forth purified out of the flame. And we must see our error, for no one was perfect—none could pass the stone of persecution to his brother.

Our idols were actions of humanity—the results of our labors. If we did not live our prayers, then they were useless. Our labors should become our idols, and our idols would then be enlarged, as progression brought on a greater angle of vision. Man's spirit was but a leaf put out by the tree of God; sometimes we saw the flower, and in it we recognized the germ, and when the fruit came, we found within it the seed. Thus from age to age the process went on, and the more we found in life, the more we found in God.

We should not deny the Gods of the Pagan, or Mahometan, the idol of the Brahmin or the creed of the Church—the ideas or opinions of any man or set of men—till we were able to give them in their stead a higher God, a grander idol, a broader creed, or purer and truer ideas and opinions. We should ask no man to leave his Church till he could find a larger one. No spirit could give to each man a God, a guardian to guide—one who should create a god, or a guardian of God could not do it. Man must do it for himself. Each opened wide the door of heaven when love to his fellows became the guest of his inner nature!

But if a man loved he must show it in his love of others. Had we a right to deny to any man his idol? No! We had no right to declare any to be wrong, except to us, or our belief—according to our light. If you had a God and your neighbor had not, it differed no more in the fact of your belief, and his lack of belief, in the existence of

the Deity. Your need brought you a conception of God fitted to your condition; and his need would bring him the conception which was necessary for his individual condition, which should elevate him from ignorance and set his feet in the way of peace. It was well to believe according to our conceptions of light. When we strove to believe in a God who felt our spirits longed for one near unto us, and we felt that we must have an idol within ourselves. Thus every man was his own Saviour, and made his own heaven or hell! No one could demonstrate for us the existence of a golden-paved city of Jerusalem; but if any believed it, it was just what they needed.

Behold the poor, ragged, starving child; it might believe God to be untrue to it—it might feel that its prayers were unanswered; the man bowed down by the weight of his crimes, expiating his sins upon altars his fellows had made for him. What was God to them? To the child he was embodied in the idea of food—to the convict, in that of freedom. We should pray for them from our lives. It was not our duty to pray God to feed the child, but to feed the hungry little one ourselves, and embody our prayers for her in bread! Duty did not call us to pray for the same. We should ask him why he was thus conditioned, before we judged; why he sinned, before we told him he was a sinner; why he was there, before we told him he had lost our respect and love! We should not make his crown of thorns heavier by our additional pressure, but lead him out into the warmth of glorious light—teach him the truth, and then he would tell us why he was there, and shake off the shackles of his sin. The child would be turned to a temple of learning, and error and darkness would flee away! We educated the sinner into greater crime by constantly telling him he was wrong, and giving him rather than the golden crown of sympathy, the chaplet of condemnation to pierce his soul. We should remember that when we stooped to condemn we were on the same plane with the criminal; when we reached down the hand to help the poor upward, we were on the level with the oppressed and Nature demanded of us like exertions in both cases for an ameliorated condition. By thus tolling for our fellows we should be the great mediator between supply at the top of the ladder of existence, and need at the bottom!

We should throw away the idols of the past, and take idols by which humanity would be benefited. Let them be such—having right for the leader in our choice—that we could forever be true to them; and teach the good to others, that we might thus become to them ministering angels. Our idols would not then be in the Church, but in the heart; we should keep them by the altar-fire of our own spirit—we should be the high-priests to show them forth in deeds of love to humanity.

Our idols were evils to us as far as we were limited by them. Sin was only sin as far as it gave man the pain which was the path of wisdom. God gave to mark out the path of wisdom, and judgment followed need. It was the law of all animated being.

We should do for others what we did for ourselves. We should make our idols beautiful, that others might be brought to do so too. We should give our religion to all—then we would be workers in God's vineyard—then the idols of the soul would be as a personal God—a deity existence—a redemption from wrong—a Jesus—a man—a Christ—a spirit!

The controlling influence announced that on the next Sabbath an opportunity would be granted the audience to select the subject for the address, and to ask questions on any matter properly coming before them; after which the services closed with a benediction.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The forenoon was taken up with the Children's Lyceum. The hall was filled with spectators, who were exceedingly well pleased with all the exercises, especially recitations. Just before the close, Dr. A. B. Child and E. S. Wheeler spoke fitting words to the children, which they appreciated. Mrs. Bronson (Music Hall lecturer) was present, and very feelingly expressed her deep sympathy for the children, and the interest she felt in the Lyceum method of instruction. The children who grew up under its benign influence will become better men and women, and be happier in this and the future life.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson gave a fine discourse in the evening before the "First Spiritual Association" in the above hall. Hereafter the lecture will be given Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, (instead of the evening.) Miss Lizzie Doten will speak for them during January.

Noble Pioneer Workers.

Dr. J. K. Bailey and his wife, of Adrian, Mich., are devoted and useful workers in and members of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists. Their time is wholly given to organizing Societies and Lyceums, to lecturing, conversational meetings, healing the sick, and proclaiming the New Gospel which shall redeem the world from sorrow and the slavery of religious bigotry. There is grandeur, nobleness, beauty and loveliness in men and women who go forth at the bidding of the spiritual world, free from the narrow, personal, mercenary considerations of selfishness, to do the true work of humanity, feeling as Christ felt, love, sympathy and compassion for all. Let our good friends in Michigan, and in every place, see to it that all the unselfish workers for the promulgation of Spiritualism be warmed, clothed, fed and aided in their noble work by hospitalities and generous sympathies. Our hearts and our prayers are with those whose hands are ready and whose feet are swift to do good to others.

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

We learn from the New York Herald that Col. Chivington, whose name is connected with some Indian massacre, has repented and gone to preaching again. He is located at Nebraska City. His son was drowned in the Platte, a grandson was drowned at Denver, his wife died very suddenly at a camp meeting, and it is reported that one of his daughters was lately drowned while stepping from a ferryboat. He had also been unfortunate in his business transactions, having lost the accumulation of years. Considering all these afflictions as a visitation of Providence, he has asked and has been restored to the church with which he was formerly connected, and has assumed clerical duties. The "visitation of Providence" referred to, is simply the outworking of a great law of Nature, namely, "Whatever ye sow, that shall ye reap."

Meeting of the Spiritualist Association.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, which takes place at Mercantile Hall, in this city, on Tuesday, January 7th, and continuing the following day, will be an interesting occasion. The efforts of the Association to place lecturers in the field the past year, have been a decided success, and much good has been the result. Other States have followed the example of Massachusetts in sending out evangelists to spread the gospel of Spiritualism among the people. Besides the choice of officers and the transaction of business that will promote the aims of the Association, there will be some excellent speaking from prominent Spiritualists. The sessions will be free, and we hope the hall will be crowded.

Dr. Moore, at Dio Lewis's Institute, Essex street, has kindly volunteered to instruct the children belonging to the Lyceum, in light gymnastics, for the very moderate sum of one dollar per head. About fifty scholars were present last Wednesday afternoon.

New Publications.

TOMMY HICKUP. By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CLAUDIA. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The first of the above two volumes is a juvenile, and a continuation of the "Rosa Abbott Stories," which has enjoyed such a fine run of popularity. The authors know how to play on the young feelings with a skillful hand. Little Tommy will prove as taking a story for the little folks as she has yet written. The publishers have taken pains to make it look as pretty as it really is.

The second of the above—"Claudia"—is from the pen of a lady who enjoys a wide reputation as a story writer in the weeklies and magazines, but of late has concentrated her powers on single and sustained efforts in fiction, each of which is a clear gain on its predecessor. "Claudia" is an exciting story as a story. There is character and incident enough in it to make it a living production, which it undeniably is. The narrative is flowing and graceful, and the description picturesque and bright. We note a disposition with Miss Douglas to condense her dialogue, packing it with nervous energy, without falling into the latter fashion of spasmodics. This story deserves a wide recognition by the reading public, and we feel confident that it will add greatly to her reputation as a writer of fiction. The neat style of its publication is not to be overlooked.

THE QUEENS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Mrs. Ellett. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

We spoke of this book a week or two since in preparation. Its appearance justifies every favorable word we said concerning it. Mrs. Ellett, in the first place, is among the most graceful of American female writers; and, besides that, she has a list of subjects on which to exercise her pen, that ought to make her production a truly engaging and even brilliant one. The volume is illustrated with the portraits of some of the most distinguished ladies, past and present, in American society, and the sketches of all the characters treated are of rare interest and permanent value. This will prove a very popular book, as it richly deserves. A happier theme could hardly be chosen for pen, pencil, graver and publisher.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR DECEMBER.—If this is a specimen number of the new year, the young folks will have many an hour's delight; for it is rich in story and in song, in pleasant narrative and illustration. This monthly brings a Christmas gift, in the shape of a colored engraving, which will be highly valued by the world-wide admirers of Bo-Peep. Bayard Taylor has in this number a pleasant narrative called the Pacha's Son; and Mrs. Stowe makes too short a chapter of the contrast between Pussy Willow and Miss Emily, for we all like to know how those dear little girls manage things so after the order and style of heaven's own mansions. The new year promises an added attraction in a tale by Charles Dickens. The enterprising publishers will meet with all the success that their efforts claim.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE: or Board Court and Langdale. A story of home. By Miss Lucretia P. Hale, author of "Seven Stormy Sundays." Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This is the fourth edition of a story once popular, by a highly talented lady, sister of Rev. Edward E. Hale, of this city, on a subject that is at the foundation of our social health and prosperity. It has long been out of print, and it has been thought that events in this present day require its republication. The introduction written for it by Mr. Hale will let the reader into the character and objects of the tale, which are wholly charitable, benevolent and protective to a class that is to be absorbed into our social body in the near future.

GOLDEN TRUTHS. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This pretty volume, printed with such taste and care, is the fit repository of a selection of vital truths from the writings, prose and poetic, of some of the finest souls. The strain it breathes is a purely moral, if not a positively religious one. Anybody who desires a sort of *vade mecum* for the comfort and strengthening of his heart, will welcome the appearance of this timely little presentation book with gratitude.

LEGENDS OF THE WARS IN IRELAND. By Robert Dwyer Joyce, M. D. Boston: James Campbell.

The author of this pleasant volume of historical reminiscences has worked up with great skill and felicity a series of delightful Irish Sketches, for which his experience and sympathies have thoroughly fitted him. The list of Sketches is varied, and every lover of Ireland will read them with satisfaction. It may be had at this office.

FRED, MARIA, AND ME. By the "Author of the Flower of the Family." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

This little book was originally published in "Hours at Home," and met with so much favor as to make it desirable to issue it in the present form. All who have read that gem, "The Flower of the Family," will be eager to have its worthy little successor.

THE LADY'S FRIEND, for January, 1868, is a very fine number, with new and marked points of attraction, full of plates, pictures, and patterns, and overrunning with choice popular literature. It opens the new year under the most promising auspices, and we trust its enterprising publishers will realize more than their continued expectations. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Charles Scribner & Co., New York, publish a very handsome descriptive catalogue of their own books, which they will send to any address on application. It will be found very convenient for buyers.

Music Hall Meetings.

The next regular lecture of the course on Spiritualism will be given in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12th. As previously announced, there will be no lecture Dec. 29th and Jan. 5th, as the hall will be occupied for a Fair, it having been secured for that purpose a year ago. Season tickets, securing a reserved seat, can be obtained at this office or at the hall, for \$2.25 each.

A Good Idea.

A thoughtful correspondent suggests that the Secretaries of all Spiritualist Societies throughout the Union attach their names to the notices of their meetings published in the Banner of Light, as in his opinion it would be a great convenience to speakers and others who wish to correspond. So we think.

"The Stellar Key."

This new volume by A. J. Davis has just been published at This Office, and is now ready for all. It is illustrated with diagrams and engravings of celestial scenery, and makes a volume of 202 pages. This last work of Mr. Davis is destined to have the widest circulation of all his books. Send in orders to This Office early.

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation.

Thou Spirit of Truth, infinite and perfect, do thou quicken the understandings of these mortal children, so that they may understand thee as thou speakst in this day. We ask that the fires of past altars may be extinguished, and that thy fires alone may burn upon the altar of the present hour.

And lead us, oh Father, afar from the night of blind superstition, to reason's clear light. And wash from our faces the war-paint of creed, in the clear, flowing fountains that spring from good deeds.

Amou.

Oct. 28.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now hear your questions, Mr. Chairman, and answer them if we are able to.

Q.—Has our late war so far settled the disturbing element of slavery and its party entanglements and entailments, North and South, that we may avoid another conflict? And, furthermore, does the negro possess the characteristics that will enable him to live successfully and happily with the white at the South, or would it not be better for him to remove to some other country and live by himself, and this without derogating from his rights, which we see God has determined he shall have?

A.—The dark scenes of war through which this nation has but just passed are still fresh in your minds, and every scene is peculiar to itself and possesses its own life. Every son and daughter claiming a home on this American Continent, that has come to years of understanding, need not be told that there is still a spirit of discord alive. The hoarse mouth of the cannon and the sharp edge of the sword have failed to destroy it.

It lives still, and has its own law outside the law of active life. Therefore, if it is in action, you may know that it will culminate in some peculiar form or other, at some time or other—it may be in the far distant future, and it may be very near at hand. I believe that the present scene of strife is in present, for it is with you even now—it will be followed by one upon a mental plane. It may be called a mental war. And, as the pen is said to be more terrible than the sword, so thought is more terrible than deed, though you may not so understand it. And I believe that war that is to come will do more toward liberating the slaves upon this continent than that through which you have just passed. The physical war has brought the North to a better understanding with the South, and vice versa. And, therefore, it has conditioned both so that this mental war, when it shall be opened, will result in good. The North will say to the South, "You have a right to expect this much of me," and the South will say to the North, "You have a right to expect this much of me."

The negro claims his home here, and he has the right so to do. The soil is as much his as yours, and should you attempt to remove him—it matters not whether your motive be good or bad—you will find that the policy will not work as well with him as it has worked with the red man. He knows you too well, and, knowing you, will exercise his God-given power in consonance with his knowledge. He will not be driven from hence without warfare. He knows his rights, and will fight for them, and the great army of freedmen who have gone yonder will fight for him, too. The lesson that the great All-Father has sought to impress upon your minds, namely, the right of freedom for all and justice—as it means with God—you have failed to learn. Notwithstanding your homes have been desolated and your hearts have been wrung by the loss of near and dear friends, still your lesson is not half learned. Now that the negro is in part a freed man, now that you cannot buy or sell him bodily, you determine many of you—to do so mentally and socially. Now that it has been determined that he has a right to his freedom, many of you determine that he must exercise that right in some foreign land. But, I tell you, inasmuch as he knows his rights, he will fight for them. The last few years have educated him in warfare, and, if need be, he will throw his knowledge into the scale against your injustice, and who, think you, will come off victorious? The voice of God has been sounding for years over your land: "Let my people go," but you have held them in body, and when you can do so no longer, you desire that they shall depart out of your coats. No, no, it cannot be. It never will be.

Q.—Is the doctrine of preexistence, or the idea that man always existed as a conscious individual being, true?

A.—I believe it is true. If I doubted that I had existed as a conscious, individualized intelligence throughout all past eternity, I should have no hope for the future.

Q.—Does the controlling influence have any knowledge of a life previous to that which he experienced while in the body here?

A.—Absolute, perfect and clear.

Q.—Does not the theory of progression believed in by Spiritualists, and so often found in communications from spirits, carry with it, as a natural sequence, the idea of a starting-point or a beginning?

A.—No, by no means. Because you live under a law of infinite progress, you are not to suppose

that there was a time when you were beyond the limits of that law. No, I do not believe that the soul ever had any starting-point. I believe it always has existed, else I could have no hope that it always would exist. Oct. 28.

Josiah Wolfrang.

It is nineteen years this very day since the Angel of Death visited me, and I passed through his gates into eternal life. While listening to the remarks of the friend who has just retired, I became so forcibly impressed with the truth of his remarks that I can scarcely refrain from alluding to them. It seems to me that since we have clear and distinct remembrances of our earthly life, since we possess the individuality of that earth-life after death, that is very great evidence in proof of our being distinct individuals, conscious individuals even, before we entered upon the stage of human action.

We remember our earthly lives, but they seem to us to be somewhat unreal. They seem to us more like dream-life than like a real, objective life, and yet we know that the life we passed through here was real. We were no imaginary beings, and it should be understood that when the spirit becomes clearly conscious of its spirit-home, that it is enabled to look back over ages by virtue of its own life-line, and it is able to recollect circumstances of its being that had an existence long before it came upon the sphere of earthly activity. But I am not here to speak for or against the theory that my friend and brother has defined. I am here to meet, if possible, those dear friends that are still in the shadow of this world.

[Do you have distinct remembrances of a previous life before this you had on earth?] I have, sir, and in this way: I have visited localities in the spirit-world, since I have left the earth-life, that have had the effect to rouse my recollections, and I have distinctly remembered that I have lived there before, that that locality was once my home. I know I had, because my own magnetic life was there still; and I know it because the scene immediately called forth my memory and I remembered it.

The friends I have left do not understand that the spirit can return, and I would so far lead them away from their present views as to give them a clear knowledge that the spirit can return. And now, for their benefit, let me give the words that were my last on earth: "I am going to the home of my fathers. I am going to enjoy the society of angels, and, if permitted, in my Father's house of many mansions I will pray for your welfare. I will remember you all." It has pleased our Father, God, to permit more than a remembrance of those we have left. It has pleased him that we should return, that we should take upon ourselves again the clogs of earth, and through them manifest to those we love. It is of little account whether we are Jew or Gentile. When we pass to the land of souls, every soul falls to its own level, and rises by virtue of its own goodness. The Christian can rise no faster than the Jew. The worshiper at the shrine of Mahomet can run no faster in the way of wisdom and truth than the worshiper at the shrine of the Nazarene. I had no faith in your Jesus the Christ, when here. I believed he was yet to come. I believed he whom the Christian world worshipped was an impostor.

I was earnest in my faith, and I received the reward of my honesty. The doors of my Father's mansion in the spirit-world were not closed upon me. And I find Christians there. I find all classes of thought represented there. Of what avail, then, are the religions of earth? They avail you much here, but there they are worthless.

To my son, who still lives and abides in the Jewish faith, I have only this much to say: "If your heart is satisfied in worshipping at the shrine of Israel's God, worship there. It is well. And if you can minister to the best good of the people through your special faith, oh, minister to them. And in your dealings with your fellows, whether Jew or Gentile, remember that the book of life is very large, and that no name will ever be forgotten. They will all be found there, and each one will receive what is their due and what they need to elevate them in the sphere of progress and wisdom."

To my daughter, over whose life a shade has passed, I would say: "Kneel reverently and bless the shadow, remembering that God giveth the rain as he giveth the sunshine. I am with you and shall bless you, even though curses seem to meet you on every hand."

I was known by the name of Josiah Wolfrang. I am expected by those who favor my faith, and through them I hope to reach my own family. Oct. 28.

George S. Price.

Well, Major-General, I hail from Vermont, and I am under the impression that I shall somehow or other get a shot at my friends. I do not know how, but it's random I'm going to fire, and if it don't hit I shall shoot again.

Well, I believe the first thing on the programme is the name, ain't it? [Yes] Well, mine was George S. Price, and I hail from Montpelier. [A good place.] Tip-top. And I've got some half a million of friends. That's setting it high, you know, but I thought I'd take 'em all in. I want to reach 'em all. I don't want 'em to say, as they did in the last letter I received from them: "Why do you write to so-and-so? So-and-so says, why do you write to them? And you do not say a word in your letter about so-and-so; and have you forgotten so-and-so?"

I tell you what 'tis, I should have had to done nothing else, and the quill would have outstripped the musket, if I'd written to all the friends I wanted to write to, and who wanted to hear from me. So I'm going to take 'em all in, and I'm going to fire away, and if they get hit and their theology is injured by the shot, they will be so much the better for it. I was a Methodist in my young days, but I don't think the sprinkling went deep enough, somehow or other. I think I'd ought to be soured all over. It would have lasted longer.

My old mother said—she was a Baptist, you know, and she did not believe much in the Methodist idea—she said she did not know but it was all right to sprinkle, but at any rate she would rather be immersed in the river Jordan. "Now," says I, "Mother, seeing the river Jordan ain't handy, may as well take a few drops and be satisfied." But the old lady didn't exactly see it in that light. But I was kinder pious, and had been to one or two inquiry meetings, and been hauled over the coals and prayed for and done up in good shape, and they put me on six months' probation, and I managed to keep pretty straight that six months, and so I got in; but I don't think it done me much good. I don't think I had much more religion after the sprinkling than before—and I never had enough to hurt me, anyway. But I got through with the dying business, and ascended all right. And as for the judgment, why, all I can find about it is, that we are judged as we go along, and there is a judge inside of every one of us. We ain't got to go to no old fellow on a throne. It's nearer at hand than that. We are

judged, and thrashed soundly for everything we do out of the way. That's what they tell us, and I begin to believe it. So now to the folks I left I s'pose I must say I don't come back with any profession of religion whatever.

I was told a short time before I died—before I enlisted in the army—that I was a backslider and lukewarm. I told 'em I was worse than that. I was froze to an icicle. Somehow I could not get hot up no way. They said I must go to the meetings. Well, I could not get up steam enough to go there. But here I am, and if there's a hell for me hereafter, I s'pose I'll get warm there. You see I can't be anything but myself, no way—was always on a joke here, and can't be anybody else now. I reckon I should be a preacher if I could have kept on a sober face long enough. I'm just the same now—just exactly the same.

I'll tell you what my sister once said to me. Says she: "Do you think if you had death staring you right in the face, that you would crack a joke then?" "Well, I don't know, Tilda, but seems to me I should want to crack a joke on him." "Well," says she, "you'd better go out and split that wood, and then go to meeting to-night." She was a good deal more pious than I was. Well, I split the wood, but I did not go to meeting. I went to a turkey shoot. I suppose they will say I remember all the wicked things of my life, but not the good.

I am happy here. I'm as gay as our old goose was the day before she was going to be killed. I'm all right. And if the old fellow is going to spring a trap on me, I'll go down singing. I'm not going to have the mumps for nobody. I had 'em once. I can't be sober, no way. I must be myself.

Now, look here. If any of the boys from the 2d Vermont Cavalry want to hear from me, let 'em go to some of them folks where they can tell you what 'tis, I could talk to 'em for six months at a time, if I had the privilege, and I don't think they would be any worse for it—might not be any wiser, but they would not be any worse for it.

Oh, by-the-way, little Jake Collins in our regiment want no coward, he said—no cowardice about him. But he found he was kinder 'fraid to die. "Oh, boldly," he said, "if I only knew what was coming after it, I would not be afraid; but I ain't done just right here, and I'm a little afraid. I don't care about being shot, but I am afraid to die." Now, for his benefit when he comes to die, I'll just say this much: All you've got to fear is what's right round you in the present. Just take care of the present, and the future will take care of itself. Here's a tip-top kind of a life here. You need not be afraid to enter it. Nothing to fear after you get over here. It's just as easy as you would mow a good smooth pasture lot, after you get over. It's the brambles you meet on the way that's going to make the trouble. Don't be at all afraid. If the water is cold when you get to the edge, plunge in suddenly and it is all over. That's the way I learned to swim.

Now, if my sister would like it, I'll try to get some kind of religion again she gets here, 'cause I know she will be a good deal happier, but I ain't made up mind what it shall be. I do not know but I shall turn Jew. At any rate, I'll try to get some kind of religion. You ain't no Methodist. Do something. Well, I'll try to be But golly, I'll have to wear a stiffer dickey than I ever did here. Now, if my folks ain't satisfied with me, it's nothing new. That's all. I'm used to it, so I ain't going to make no apology. At any rate, if this shot don't hit 'em they may look out for another. That's all.

If I was here on the earth I should be just turning my thirty-first year, but as I ain't here, I don't know whether I've any right to reckon on time or not. I've been dead—dead, no; I never was more alive in my life. I began to live since '62. That's about so. I've renewed my age since the fall of '62. By gracious! If I only had the crowd here, would n't I frighten 'em out of their wits? They used to say they believed the devil possessed me. I ain't seen him yet—I suppose because he is inside of me.

[To the Chairman.] Well, stranger, if I have any loose change round me, I'll give you a quarter when you come across to pay your toll. If I do not, why you must take the will for the deed. Good-day to you, and a happy passage to you when you come over. Oct. 28.

Josephine Burroughs.

I come back to my Aunt Mary, and to tell her to be good to Annie. Tell her to be good to Annie. She is my sister. And not let the lady have her that wants to take her, to adopt her as her own child. Don't let her have her.

Mother is here with me. I died first, and two weeks after she came too. Annie was sick, but she got well, and she is with Aunt Mary. And a lady came and wanted to take her; said she would educate her and dress her fine, and she should have every advantage. But the lady has got a bad temper, and she would n't treat Annie always well, and Annie would be so unhappy, and mother says, "Don't let her go. Just wait till you hear from the letter you sent to California, and then you will know what to do." My name is Josephine Burroughs. I lived in Chicago. I should be ten years old if I was here. I was n't but nine when I died. I died first, and two weeks after mother died. She got sick taking care of me. She got the sore throat and died, too. Mother prays Aunt Mary not to give Annie up to anybody ill she tells her to. [Is your sister younger than you?] Yes, she ain't four years old. Mother says when Aunt Mary hears from the letter she has wrote to California, she will know what to do. She thinks because she has n't had an answer to one letter she wrote, that he don't want to answer. But he did not get it. But he has got the next one, and he will answer it, and tell her what to do, and send her money, too. She must n't let Annie go. [What is your aunt's name?] Mary Alger; and Annie is with her.

Oh dear! Everybody has to die that comes here, don't they? [It is only momentary—the "second death." When you come again you will feel better.] Oct. 28.

Spance opened by Louis Howard; letters answered by Francis White.

Invocation.

Our Father, through Nature's fearful [it rained hard while the intelligence was speaking] face we lift our souls to thee in prayer, asking that the full consciousness of the presence of thy holy spirit may rest upon these mortals. We do not pray unto thee because we have fear that thou wilt neglect thy duty toward us, but because the spirit of prayer is within us and seeks for utterance; because it is by prayer that we learn the way of truth, and come into an understanding of thy laws, it is by prayer that our souls wing their way to heaven. Thou art our spirit-guide; thou art our life; thou art the source from whence we come, and in which we exist. Thou art the ever-present spirit on whom the soul relies, and yet it sends out its prayers toward thee as though thou

were afar off. And this is well; for thy blessing always follows the soul's earnest prayer. And, our Father, grant that the Chief Magistrate of this people may learn the way of duty, and having learned it, find strength to walk therein. Grant that his head and his heart may always be clear toward the law of truth. May he always ask of his inner, better nature what is right, and when he receives the answer, may his attendant angel strengthen him in the way of duty. Our Father, grant that the souls composing this nation may seek earnestly to be at peace with themselves and with all the world, and best of all, at peace with thee. Grant that the banner of truth and justice that has just begun to float over this land, may continue to rise higher and higher till it reaches the skies, till its ample folds are held by every nation upon earth, till every soul shall feel that beneath its folds there is peace, there is justice, there are those attributes that belong to thee. Our Father, grant that the souls that have passed from the battle-fields of this nation may each and all find the way of return pleasant and profitable. Oh grant that they may all be fired with the spirit of love toward those they have left, and may that spirit burn upon the altar of their natures till all doubt on earth is quenched, and the form of faith rises triumphant over all clouds of doubt, over the night of superstition, till the morning shall dawn and every soul shall know that thou art here as thou art everywhere. Amen. Oct. 29.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Can departed friends sever the silver cord that binds us to our material body, if the spirit inhabiting that body desires it, and the spirit-friends are anxious or willing to grant that desire? We believe they can. Are we right or wrong?

ANS.—You certainly are right in your belief, for if the spirit was possessed of that power while in the body, it certainly is possessed of it after leaving the body.

Q.—In the Banner of the 22d of Sept., 1866, the controlling spirit, in answer to certain questions, uses the following language: "This is a truth—a great and mighty truth—that you are all changing places. That you die, is proof of it; that you live again beyond the tomb, is another proof of it; that as ages shall again roll on, you will again inhabit human forms, is still further proof of it." Does the controlling spirit mean that spirits, after being separated from their earthly tenement, will again occupy a human body as they did before the dissolution? And if so, will those bodies be subject to decay as were the former ones? The above message of the intelligence is not clear, and a little explanation and further information is solicited.

A.—The theory of the resurrectionists is by no means without foundation. But they have arrived at a wrong conclusion. One of our most able speakers once said that the air was full of truth, and whoso was most susceptible would receive it first. Now these resurrectionists have perceived the truth and grasped it, but they have applied it in the wrong place. They believe that the spirit is to return after the lapse of years and inhabit this old body again, living on a new earth and under new circumstances, but having the old body. Well, that the spirit will return to earth again and become re-incarnated in a human body, there is no evidence. Indeed, all that we have been able to gain is very largely in its favor. But our experience does not determine that we shall come again and inhabit the old bodies that we have laid off. The soul, the thinking, the intellectual part of man, finds expression alone through organized form, and if it expresses itself upon earth, it must express itself according to the laws of earth; and as the human form is the highest in existence, and the form through which the soul can best express itself, we believe that the souls of those who have gone beyond this world of man, full of shadows and sunbeams, will return again at some far-off future period, to live again through human life, and that human life, we believe, will be in a different condition from the life of to-day, yet it will be organized life in human form. The ancients, who believed in this theory to a certain extent, had more correct ideas than the world has to-day. We do not wonder that many souls in contemplation of this theory shudder at it, since they have, many of them, tasted very largely of the sorrows of time; but if they would pause and consider that they are in the hands of an infinite law that will guide them whithersoever it will, whether they will or no, they would cease to mourn, methinks, over what is best for them—over what all their mourning will not change. All life, we are told, moves on by distinct degrees, and it moves in cycles. It is rounded into being by passing through the various experiences of human and intellectual life. If this be true, have we any guarantee against returning again to earth? Able minds contend that we have none; and your speaker himself believes that there is much soundness in the theory.

Q.—Can you state entire all the laws and conditions of this re-incarnation?

A.—Inasmuch as the law is greater than ourselves, we are unable to grasp it. Inasmuch as the law is infinite, and we are finite, we are unable to come to a clear understanding of it, only so far as certain points of it are shadowed forth through our own experience, and the experiences of others. In contemplating the condition of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, we are enabled to perceive that their life progresses in cycles—that it repeats itself. The seasons come and go. The seed is put into the ground. It becomes the oak. It passes again to the acorn, and becomes the tree again, and again and again. Round and round the cycle runs, without any end. This, I believe, is eternity. That which had a beginning and has an ending, to me does not imply eternity.

Q.—Does not that acorn-life afterward reappear in animal life, as when an animal eats the acorn?

A.—Certainly, and yet it is not robbed of its own identity. Essentially it is the acorn still. It has only changed its relations to other forms. It has not lost its identity.

Q.—Is it a fact that the life of the oak is in the animal that has eaten the acorn?

A.—I believe it is a fact, just as it is a fact that the life of the arlet is in his painting. Precisely the same.

Q.—Is it a fact that the life of the fish and the flesh consumed by man is in the man?

A.—Certainly it is. Man stands at the head of all organized life, and he can only stand at the head of that life by holding within his own being the compound of all those beneath him.

Q.—It is a fact that the life of the missionary is in the cannibal who eats him?

A.—I believe it is.

Q.—What becomes of the two human beings—the missionary and the cannibal? Are they identical, or are they not?

A.—As distinct individuals, I believe they are two. The elements that go to make up external expression are preserved distinct. Their own peculiarities are not infringed upon. It is only the external. You eat the fish; I do not believe the

fish is lost. He has only changed his external expression, while in essence the fish remains the same. It is a strange, mysterious law, but it has the angel of truth ever above it.

Q.—Is the spirit of the missionary independent of the cannibal after he has eaten him?

A.—Entirely independent. The action of the things of time do not destroy the spirit. The spirit is under the rule of a higher and more potent law than the law by which forms are governed. To a certain extent, it renders obedience to the law of the form while it is in rapport with the form, but no further. Form cannot destroy it. Form cannot eat up its individuality, its identity.

Q.—Do you recognize the spirit of the missionary as distinct from the life of the missionary?

A.—Man is dual, I may say he is three-fold in his nature. The essential part of man is entirely distinct from the external expression, just as the musical performer is distinct from the instrument. You would not think of calling yourself a piano because you could play upon it; certainly not.

Q.—I understood you to intimate that the life of the missionary is absorbed in the cannibal who has eaten him. He became one with him; yet afterwards you say the spirit of the missionary is entirely distinct from the cannibal's spirit. Here is an apparent inconsistency.

A.—If you understood me to say the life, the essential part of the missionary was destroyed by the cannibal, you misunderstood me. The animal life, I believe, has become incorporated with the animal life of the cannibal, but the spiritual life remains distinct, and entirely apart from the cannibal. There is an annual life attending every human being, and there is a spiritual life. While the spirit is in communication with the body, and the animal life is in subjection to the spirit, the spirit plays upon the animal life; the animal life becomes its servant, and it is through animal life that these various forms of expression are given. All animal life is projected into external form by the spirit, which is superior to the animal life.

Q.—Is this animal life a sort of bond which binds the spirit to the body?

A.—No, not precisely that. It is a medium through which the spirit acts upon the body. There is a certain degree of attraction between the animal and spiritual life. The amount of attraction depends upon the harmony that exists between the spiritual and animal life. Where there is a want of harmony between the two, there is disease, either mental or physical. But where the harmony is perfect, there is perfect health.

Q.—Is this animal life united in some sense with animal magnetism?

A.—I believe it is, and to a certain extent is identical with animal magnetism. Some have determined it to be one and the same thing.

Q.—Is the spirit in the body independent of the spirit out of the body?

A.—Every spirit possesses a certain degree of independence; but it is also, to a certain degree, dependent upon every other spirit in or out of the body.

Q.—Is the spirit out of the body independent of spirits in the body?

A.—The answer we have already given will serve for the question.

Q.—Can anything be accomplished without the two natures united?

A.—Nothing, so far as the things of this world are concerned; for it is through form—the highest of organized forms, the human—that all progress, intellectual, moral and social, upon earth, is made. Oct. 29.

Mary Eliza Truman.

I am Mary Eliza Truman. I have been dead three years. I was in my thirteenth year. I was born in Richmond, Virginia, but I died in Detroit. My mother's brother, my uncle, lived there. I was sent there when my father went into the army, and I had a fever—they did not tell me what it was—and I died with it. My uncle's little girl, Laura, died first. She had the same fever, and I took it, too, and then died. My mother has been here ever since I was born—here in the spirit-land. I never knew her on earth. My father says he would find no fault with all his losses from the war if I had only been spared. And he feels so very bad, I thought I'd come. Old Maria said I'd be a heap better come if I did not find my father, than to think I'd ought to come and not come. [Maria is with you?] Yes. I should n't have been sent North if she had not died, 'cause my father would have left me with her. My father said, "Nobody knows what will happen to the negroes, and nobody knows what will happen while I am away, and if she is there she will be safe." But now he is very sorry I was sent away. He thinks I might have lived, and says it was a curse upon him for sending me North. But it is n't so; that is very wicked! It is n't so. My mother would like to come to him, too, and if she can she will.

There is a medium in Richmond that allows us to come to her, and I went, but none of my folks were there. They were all strangers, and so I was n't allowed to come; I tried, but I could n't. [You could not get power enough to control?] No. Maria did; she did; but she was n't known, and so the folks who was known had a chance. But if my father can only go there, I can go. I don't know what the medium is, but only they can let her Julia, and if he can find her, go there I shall come. Will you please to say to [Yes. Will you give your father's full name?] Yes. What do you want it for? [So that he may be sure to get your message.] Oh, is that all? [Yes.] Alexander D. Truman. You do not want anything bad, do you? [Oh no. We only want to aid you.] Oh, yes; I thank you. And do you want my mother's name? It was Mary Eliza, just as mine. [We do not want those facts about your father may know it is you.] Yes. I did not know but you wanted something bad. [Oh no.] My father was a doctor. He thinks if I had only been with him I should have lived; but I reckon I should n't. I am glad that I did n't, because I've got acquainted with my mother, and we are together, and we are just as happy—oh, just as happy as can be!

And Maria, she was with my mother when she was sick and when she died, and she always mourned for her, and she told me all about her, and she told me if I was good she would come to me and watch over me, and if I was bad she would cry; and I always believed it. Now that was true. I told father so once, and he just laughed as hard as he could. "That is all nonsense," he said; "you must n't believe all the servants tell you." But I did believe it, and I was right; for my mother says she was always happy when I was good, and when I did it she was mourned; and that's just the same as crying, is n't it?

[Your father still resides in Richmond?] Yes; but oh dear, everything is different now. And I'm so glad I'm here. Tell him not to mourn any more for me, because if he is good I shall come and watch over him, and I shall be just as near him as I was here; and if he's good, I shall mourn—I shall cry—I know I shall. Tell him I can come to him very close after I have been here, and if I can, and if I see everything, I shall want him to be, oh! so good. You tell him that, won't you? [Certainly.] Tell him I do not want him to swear any more. He does swear—oh! he swears sometimes. What do you suppose Maria used to say when he used to get mad and swear? [I do n't know.] Well, I'll tell you what she said one time: "Why, Massa Alex, do swear so it take the wool off of my head." You know, she was losing her hair—her wool—and she told him that was the reason. I told him of it, and he laughed just as hard as he could. Tell him he need not swear, 'cause I do not like it, and I can't get so near him if he does. And tell him he must n't whip his horses. He gets mad with them, and whips them hard. I did n't want to rattle with him when I was here, because he did, and I want to go with him now if he does. You tell him so, won't you? Good-by. Oct. 29.

Henry J. Trimble.

Dear old Boston! I am here once again, but oh! how changed! I had been familiar with Mr. Clarendon, with these things before death, they would not seem so mysterious to me. You who shall pass on with a knowledge of these things will not stand wondering at the action of the law between the two worlds; but when you wish to return, will take advantage of it and return. I have been free from the body since July, 1866. I received a terrible wound at Petersburg in June, 1864. It resulted in my death, the following year. My fortune in being able to reach you, and to die surrounded by my friends. And I am also for-

