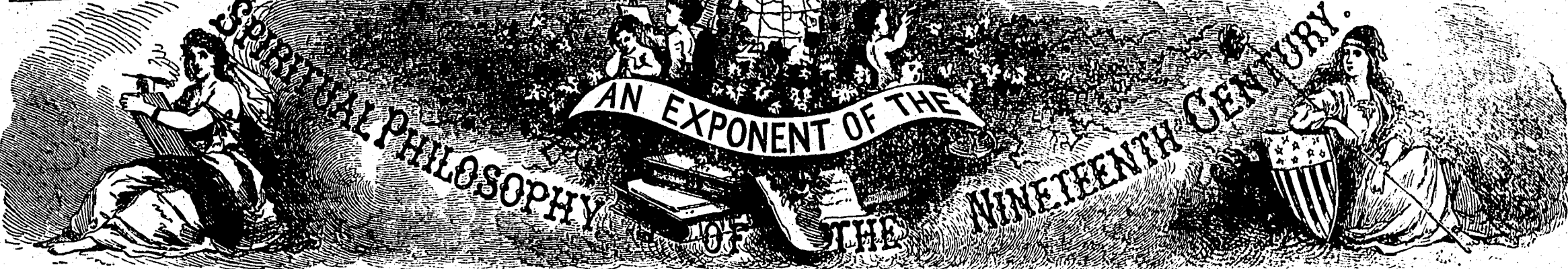


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### STARVING BY INCHES.

By REBECCA J. MASON.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Look, mother! see! the woman has tumbled down!" And the child sprang with one bound across the street, closely followed by her mother. "Oh, mother, how white she is! Is she dead?"

Mrs. Morton, little Edna's mother, placed her hands upon the poor, weak face that had fallen so helplessly upon the cold pavement, and, turning to a gentleman who had hastened to offer aid, besought him to convey the sick woman to her own residence, which was near by.

"Mother," said the loving child, holding a hand of the sufferer within her own childish fingers, "let me stay by her till she wakes up, and then I'll bring Kyley for her to see. Oh, Kyley, won't she love to play with you when she gets well!" exclaimed the child, as a large, dignified cat deliberately made his bed in the little one's lap.

Mrs. Morton's only reply was a loving caress, while she was silently thankful that herself and her child were so tenderly sheltered and cared for. And fitting it is, too, that the sheltered, the cared-for should pity and aid and sympathize with the homeless, the neglected, uncared for, of which there are so many in a crowded city.

"Tell us all, doctor," said the lady, looking into Dr. Brame's face.

"Not much to tell," said the plain, blunt man; "just about starved! all run down! chance if there's vitality enough to carry her through the night. However, give her a drop of wine, just a drop, every ten minutes. I'll be round in an hour and see her again."

All this time the sick woman had lain in an unconscious state. She was still young, not hardly twenty-five, with thin, delicate, nervous-looking hands, heavy chestnut hair, and the face you could not pronounce upon how it should look, when fully alive, it was so sunken, so careworn.

But, if she were now going out of sight, she could not breathe her life out in a more fragrant atmosphere of love than in the home to which she had surely been guided by unseen hands.

The door opened again, and Dr. Brame took his post by the bedside. "In the first place, madam, send this little one to bed." And, as he spoke, he gathered the sleeping child and her sleeping pet in his arms and bore them away to the nursery; then, placing his finger on the wrist of the sinking woman, he watched her in silence. Then, turning to Mrs. Morton:

"She will live! the crisis is over! Now, madam, as I helped find her I shall help care for her. Still follow up the wine, increasing the drops to a teaspoonful; also a spoonful of arrowroot once in fifteen minutes. I will send round old nurse Grace, and you had better find a little rest yourself."

Just then the patient opened her eyes, and wondrous was their expression, bewildered, yet fully conscious. She looked from one to the other, and sunk immediately into a quiet sleep. The doctor bowed and left the room.

And well might sweet Alice Vane rest peacefully in that quiet home—falling, as she had, into a family every fibre of whose natures was keenly sensitive to the woes and wants of others less blest than themselves, who were ever prompt in action to the relief of suffering, in whatever form, rarely asking the causes, and having an ample purse into which they reached a long arm and spread its gifts with open hand.

And who was Alice Vane, and how came she to fall upon the pavement? Her story was brief, sad, but which can be told of many another. Her father, a country clergyman, on a poor salary from which he could save nothing; her mother, delicate; at her father's death she came to the city to try teaching. That requires friends, influence; she was unknown. That failing, she sought a position in a store. She had no experience; could give no reference as to serving others. Then she made the weary round of shops, obtaining a little poorly-paid work, so poor she could not pay her rent, buy fuel and food, to say nothing of washing and lights and dress and car-tickets. But pay her rent she must, in a wretched attic, up four flights of stairs, shabbily furnished, or—die! yes, die! That was the alternative. Two dollars was the price of her room. She could scarcely earn four, and she must live without food. That was why she dropped in the street. Do you wonder at it? A refined, sensitive, educated woman, with finely cultured aesthetic tastes, struggling alone in a great city, with no home except a lodging-house attic—can you wonder that she cannot bear all that pressure without breaking down in health, if not in morals?

But Alice Vane did not break down morally; and there are hundreds of her sisters who go through all privations, and remain true to themselves. That is a point seldom noticed: this death in life; this struggling against the tide year after year, without a day of rest—or recreation. This is the life of hundreds of women in our cities who do not have moral temptations. If those come, as they do, to many, and they have not strength to journey on, then all their hopes must rest in a compensation in the next sphere of existence, for, assuredly, their chance for mercy here is small indeed.

When Judge Morton returned to his home, he did not look upon Alice Vane as a stranger, as Mrs. Morton had written him from day to day regarding her protégé. As Alice gained strength, the family became tenderly interested and attached to her, particularly little Edna, who soon won her way to the invalid's heart. Darling little Edna! with a heart running over with kindness toward homeless children and animals, may you never know suffering!

Although exceedingly happy in the new tenderness which now surrounded Alice in the home of the Mortons, as her health returned she felt she could not remain longer dependent upon this generous family. Her face began to wear a pre-occupied, perplexed look, and one day, little Edna running into her room, surprised her in tears.

"Why, Alice, what you cry for? Was I been naughty to you, or did Kyley scratch you?" asked the sympathizing child.

"No, darling, you could not be naughty, and Kyley never scratches," returned Alice, folding the child in her arms, and covering her with kisses.

"Mother! mother!" called the child, as she heard her mother's step, who was just entering the room, "Alice cries 'cause she feels bad; is she going to die again, mother?"

"Why, Alice, daughter!" said the lady; "what troubles you? I have noticed for some time that you seemed thoughtful and sad."

"Only the thought of leaving you, my best friend. I am now well, and have no claim upon your home; I want to try and support myself, and being quite restored, I think I can do it."

Mrs. Morton sat silent a few moments. She did not like the thought of parting with this girl, who was growing quite into her heart, and the prospect of her again treading the thorny path from which she had so lately been rescued, made her shudder. At length she spoke:

"You have become very dear to me, Alice, and I had not thought to part with you; and yet I do not like to crush out your independence, your self-respect, by detaining you, if you have these views. But cheer up, dear, until I talk with my husband. We wish to help, not hinder you, all we can."

That night, after the family had retired, Mrs. Morton and her husband talked long regarding the change which Alice desired to make.

"But is she not contented here?" asked the Judge. "I have come to regard Alice as my own, and should be loth to have her leave us."

"So have I, husband, and Alice does not wish to leave us; but she feels that it is best to use her self-reliance, and not lean upon us longer; and, indeed, Charles, I should feel so, too, were I in her place. It gives a woman a feeling of positive dignity to know that she is sufficient unto herself—to know that she can stand alone. Why, husband, you forget how long I stood alone before I became your wife, and then you did not marry me because I could not take care of myself."

And the wife laid her head caressingly upon her husband's shoulder.

"No, Agnes, no, I do not forget it," replied the Judge, "but I want to shield Alice's future from the dreadful want she has known. I will not object to her striking out for herself. But, wife, why not make her a liberal offer to teach Edna? Alice is educated, pure minded, really good. Edna is not old enough to go to school; your own health not quite sufficient, in my opinion. Now do not say a word. You must not take too much care upon yourself, and she and the child are very fond of each other. Now I think that will be just the thing."

"And so do I," said Mrs. Morton, "and we will propose it to Alice in the morning. If it suits her we will make immediate arrangements, and then she can keep her present home and at the same time support herself."

The next morning a family council was held in the library. The proposal was joyfully accepted by Alice, who could now remain with those she loved. And what woman cannot work better and less wearily, surrounded by the magnetism of those who really care for her, and follow out her own natural tendencies—which were teaching and caring for children? Alice was passionately fond of children, and words could not express her love for little Edna. As for Edna, the child was wild with delight, and testified her joy by filling her apron with her patient cat, Kyley, her frisky dog, Gipsy, and her ever-obedient dolly, the broken-armed Sarah, and climbing with them all into Alice's lap. And her mother found she should have to give her a vacation of two or three days to commence with, before her lessons began, to allow the superfluous excitement to evaporate.

The Judge and his wife did not approve of over-taxing either scholar or teacher; and after a pleasant, sunny room, in the quietest part of the house, had been chosen and simply and comfortably fitted up for little people, the hours were fixed—two in the morning, two in the afternoon. The studying was to be upon the Kindergarten system: ten minutes at a time, and then varying with instructive games, singing, little recitations, gymnastics; all of which are so pleasing to little children.

Alice had begged of Mrs. Morton the privilege of having three other little ones, children of poor women whom she had come to know in her days of trial, and to whom she gave gratuitous teaching, thus trying to pass along to others some portion of the kindness she had been receiving. And is it not right, thus to reach forth aid to others which we have some time needed? Yes, needed and received. Surely it is. How many fathers and mothers might reach forth a helping hand, as did the Mortons, in times of dire want and despair, and rescue young women not only from the grave, but from places that lead unto death, by a little aid, and then helping them to stand alone, to stand firmly, to be noble, self-poised; to teach them, if need be, to walk through life alone; to teach them, however pleasant companionship may be, that if their circumstances demand it, to walk bravely on—in time they will reach Jerusalem.

#### CHAPTER II.

Five years had elapsed, and a small gathering of earnest men and women were met together at Judge Morton's, to discuss the grave question which could no longer be put off: How should women be made more comfortable? There are

heroic men and women who work for babes; now the time had come when those no longer babes should be cared for. They had no cause to go forth into the highways and search for fitting subjects. Was there not one even in their very midst—even Alice Vane, who had worked incessantly to bring about an interest, but who had ever been met by the sneering retort that she was a strong-minded woman? What woman would not be likely to become strong-minded through such an experience as hers? And at last, with the cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, she had called this meeting. She did not hope for much; she knew public sentiment laughed at it. She knew the well-cared-for shut their eyes and became as blind to the sight of those wan faces, which were seen every morning going to and every night returning from their monotonous, often distasteful and ill-paid work. But she had set her face toward the great city and would not look back.

With the recollection of her dire poverty, of her constant struggles from day to day to keep those hungry wolves, want and debt, from coming in at her windows, her very flesh shivering and quivering, as it would always shrink and quiver at the thought of cold and hunger endured by herself or others, was not she a fitting one to plead for those who could not speak for themselves?

"Friends," she began, in a broken, tearful voice, (for what woman can speak calmly on such subjects?) "you all know my outward life up to this time. I care not to weary you with a recital of what you know so well. But I should like to unfold to you somewhat of the inner life I lived through all that misery. No temptations came to me to sell myself for warmth and plenty. A higher power mercifully shielded me from that. But oh have mercy upon those who are thus tempted! Some are strong to endure one trial, some another. The Father alone is Judge. But there were hours, when my day's work was done, when, feeling so tired, so cold, so alone, I longed to let my life go out; when, as I dragged my limbs over the sometimes wet and always crowded pavement, and thought of my miserable room—so unlike my mother's home—my scant supper, often nothing more than a cracker and glass of water, with sometimes no fire, and no light, my garments dripping, my feet soaked through—do you wonder that I longed to die? Then, when I would open my purse and carefully count the few little scraps of money, and saw there was hardly enough to pay my room rent, do you wonder I threw myself down and asked God why, of all women, I was so desolate, so forsaken? Do you wonder that I said to God I would never pray again, that I knew he had forgotten me, had cast me off forever, and what I asked, what had I done to merit all this? I, that never injured man or animal? What had I done, that work as I might, I should still have to go cold and hungry? Yes, I cursed God; I hated God. I laughed, even in my wretchedness, at the idea of a tender, loving Father, thus allowing one helpless child to suffer. Ay, I was mad! yes, mad with want; with cold, with hunger! I know not what I did. Friends, where lies the wrong? Let society answer. God owns this vast universe. He gives the human race possession while they remain here—enough for all, for each one to have a portion. Where lies the redress? Let society answer. What is society? A class of human beings blended together for their mutual interest. Has one class in this society any right to oppress, to tyrannize over the other? Look at the other continent; see the wars, the detronings, the uprisings which are continually convulsing the nations in consequence of this same tyranny. Shall we suffer it here even on a small scale? Surely not. How shall we resist? By an appeal to the public conscience? Has the public a conscience? There is a small band of true, loyal, earnest men and women who must work and pray without ceasing, who must rest not by day or sleep by night till the debris be cleared from the public mind, and its conscience be brought out clean and white, then these little ones will not be trampled upon."

Alice now sat down, her whole frame trembling with emotion. She had dedicated herself to this work to the end of her earthly life. She was not alone. When she had finished speaking Doctor Brame arose and addressed the little company. Doctor Brame was a "rare old demagogue." With a superb physique, large and massive, with an eager face, and as eager in daring in the course of right, a grand head, with heavy masses of iron-gray hair, the whole look and bearing of the man conveyed a sense of power; of power to lead his audience, were it large or small; of power to sway the masses. A man like that enlisted in any cause was a host in himself. You felt that such a man could not fail. You felt that he was a born leader, and that you would be led in spite of yourself.

Doctor Brame, in his plain blunt way, began: "Starved to death! Yes, the girl who has just been talking to you was slowly starved. How do women break down in large towns? First, they come, many of them, from a home where they have been tenderly cared for and sheltered. They go to a strange city. The very atmosphere makes them sick, although they don't know it. Then they work in a close shop and are not properly clad, housed, or fed. Living alone, and upon an unwholesome diet will break up any constitution in a short time. People tell you, girls can get good hot dinners at saloons. Well, some women do not like to go into a public saloon; and if they do the dinner must be paid for. They not alone starve for food, but 'starve for free air and sunshine.' I see a good deal of suffering, and in nine cases out of ten of real sickness these are the causes. Now, the question is, what is to be done? Much, very much is to be done, and done speedily. In the first place, let us resolve ourselves into a body to espouse the cause and protect the interests of all women who are obliged to support themselves. Let us hold meetings, public meet-

ings. To do that we must get a convenient place where all so disposed can come together to talk upon this matter; where it can be discussed in its entirety by all classes. Let the opponents come also; let them tell, if they dare, of paying women three, four, or six dollars a week, and then let these same women tell us how comfortably they can live, and support, perhaps, one, two, or three children, or a sick husband, or infirm mother. Good people, what we want is to have those oppressed women, these white slaves, to come forward and tell their own story. I know a widow, here at the North End, who has two young children. She is a lady; has become reduced. She rented two rooms. After a while she gave one up and moved into the attic. Three nights in a week she locks the children into her room, and goes to a 'Home' to watch with sick persons—herself nearly as sick as they. In the daytime she does sewing. She won't live long. She is overworked, underfed, poorly paid. Well, then what's to become of her children? She can't educate them, and after knocking round a few years they'll have to go into shops, and having no health to begin with they'll drag out a life of suffering; at all events, at the present rate of prices. Let us have a room to begin with. I give one thousand dollars. Pass a paper round and we'll have a solid material basis to work on, to stand on. That's as good a platform as any other for a stepping-stone, then we'll go up higher."

In the meantime Judge Morton had drawn up a paper, which was liberally signed by both men and women; and after a few remarks by Mrs. Morton, John Collins, Judge Morton, Lydia Saunders, and other friends, they passed a series of resolutions pledging themselves to consider the body as already organized, and avowing their willingness to work steadily in the cause until their object was gained. They also appointed a committee, of their number, to provide a suitable place where they could hold public meetings. This done they adjourned.

#### CHAPTER III.

Away in the little town of Ashley, in the northern part of New Hampshire, there were busy times at Father Graves's. Squire Graves, as he was often called, was a well-to-do farmer, who had years before left his sweet wife under the sod; and whose whole being was now centred in his two daughters, Susan and Jane.

There was one recess in the old man's heart into which no one presumed to look; not through fear, for he was not a stern man, for although puritan in his notions, his hand and his heart were as broad as the face of his kind oxen. But his grief was for an absent and dearly-loved son, who, in the heat of his youthful blood, swore emphatically that he would not follow the plow, and one starry night, first standing a moment with his hand upon the latch of his mother's bedroom door, he left the homestead forever. The mother, in feeble health, sank at once, and her husband had not power to hold her back. For years the strong man mourned over his double loss, refusing to be comforted; then, old habits returning, he gathered his two daughters, and Becky and Leander from the kitchen, and read his chapter in the old Bible, and sang the old hymns precisely at the stroke of nine.

I have said there were busy times at Squire Graves's, for the sewing circle of the church, to which they all belonged, in good and regular standing, was to meet at their house on Wednesday, and it was now Monday. The new minister had come; had preached for them the day before, as the Squire said, a good, sound, solid Orthodox sermon, with none of the isms and dogmas he sometimes read of in the papers. Susan, who was the Martha of the house, always cumbered with many cares, was bustling around, arranging the "front room," carefully setting the chairs in long rows against the wall, and for the third time that morning she polished the brass andirons, the door latches and the knobs of the bureau. A wooden table covered with a red cloth stood firmly between the windows, upon which the Bible, the hymn-book and Baxter's Saints' Rest were conspicuously placed. A large, tall glass lamp-stand, trimmed (but not burning) stood upon either end of the mantel; in the centre was a vase filled with gaily-colored paper roses. The whole room had a stiff, puritanic air that made one feel disposed to draw up the paper shades and let in the beautiful sunlight; to throw away the paper flowers and replace them with a profusion of the fragrant natural ones that were growing just outside the shaded windows. This room was Susan's own province, and indeed her own personalities, her own peculiar tastes, were all mirrored in its arrangement.

It was hard to tell who Susan resembled. Possibly some far-off ancestor, of whom the family had never heard. Her father, although clinging to the old habits, the old creed of his youth, was not obstinate or self-opinionated; he even took the agricultural papers, and cultivated his land according to their new-fangled ways. So that proved him to be a man of progress. Not so his daughter Susan. Tall, hard-faced and angular, she stalked around the premises, and made everything as irregular as herself. Strictly conservative, narrow-minded and bigoted, fond of unceasing toil, she looked upon others as lazy, shiftless, who spent their time wandering through the fields, or reading books. And as for music, she lifted her hands in holy horror when Jane asked her father for a piano. There was the spinning-wheel in the kitchen—was not that enough? And yet Susan Graves was kind-hearted. Not a neighbor died for miles around, but Susan Graves was in at the death. She sat up the straightest, she cried the hardest, she wore the longest and deepest veil at her funerals, and she looked the most solemn. But Susan Graves possessed one rare virtue, seldom found in one of her character. She never gossiped, or meddled with other people's affairs. She simply held to her own likes and dislikes, without obtruding them upon oth-

ers; and if she could not endure frivolity and idleness, she did not interfere with any outside of her own family. For was she not the eldest daughter?

Susan had a strong ally in Becky, the old and faithful servant of the family. Becky was a short, stout, square-built little woman, who had never known much trouble in any form, and who jogged along as she used to in the days of Squire Graves's boyhood, thus having been a fixture in the family ever since his first recollection. Becky believed in old-fashioned, thick-soled shoes, and she could be heard from morning till night, clattering about on the bare, sanded floors, or groaning audibly as she heavily climbed the broad, painted staircase, for Becky was not as ethereal as the women of to-day.

I have said twice before that it was pretty busy times at the Graves's just then. Becky had washed and ironed, and she and Susan had heated the great oven, and shoved into its cavernous mouth, and taken out when properly baked, loaf after loaf of golden-colored bread, and still deeper-hued golden-colored cake, and well-filled, tender, flaky pies; and deep dishes, still crackling with the cackling of the chickens baked therein, protesting they had never believed in hot places before.

And then, the sputtering and sizzling at the huge, open fireplace; the babbling and the hissing of tongues that could not ask for a drop of water to cool themselves; the grunting of the hams, that would grunt until they were fairly sliced and eaten—all this was keen pleasure to both these women.

The next day was also fully rounded out with duties well done, and the morning of the third Jane begged to be allowed to frost the cake. Now, Susan and Becky had ever considered themselves as joint mothers to Jane, and had ever carefully spared her all labor; but they had not been wise enough to give her something in place of household work, and therefore she had grown up vain, frivolous and insipid. It was not the girl's fault that she stood for hours at her glass, admiring her pretty doll face; that she busied not her hands in useful household work, for the two spinners both looked for "our Jane" to make a good match. Therefore the girl had grown up to twenty, idle and selfish. Was she to be blamed? Surely not. She was kind enough at heart, but where her father sick, or was there an extra rush of company—which happened but seldom—the two others took all into their own hands, and left her nothing—no care, no work. Thus she grew up helpless, and they—they knew not what they did.

Precisely at three the company were to assemble, the matrons and maids in the afternoon, the young men and their fathers in the evening. The family breakfast was always over by six in the morning, and then the day began in earnest. The chambers and other rooms were all arranged the day before, so this morning could be devoted to laying tables and dressing for the occasion. In the first place Susan went into the "parlor chamber" and brought out the Squire's white bosomed shirt, his best cassimere pants and his ancient, blue, swallow-tailed coat, heavy with large brass buttons, in the pocket of which she placed a span clean handkerchief. These she carried down to the kitchen bed-room, whither the Squire would have to resort to make his toilet; and, having seen Becky go up to her garret to make the necessary preparations, she just took a peep at Jane to give her a word of advice, and then proceeded to her own apartment.

Miss Susan had a comb and cap she always wore on state occasions. The cap had been her mother's, the comb her grandmother's. I forgot to tell you she had red hair; had been young and pretty it would have been called golden; but that time was long past, and if she gave it one regretful thought, she determined to comb it out of her brain as she vigorously brought the comb and brush down through what was now simply wiry red hair. Having arranged her hair in classic severity, by drawing and tying it tightly on the top of her head, she placed in it the high-topped comb, and surmounted the whole with the high-crowned cap ornamented with green ribbons. Her dress was a heavy brocade silk of a deep purple color, relieved by wide stripes of yellow. Her shoes were good, thick calfskin; that she said "she could step out in." Becky appeared in a suit of homespun blue; with a clean, starched, check apron—a good, sensible apron; and as her hair was cut short it required only an extra application of home-made pomade in order to have it look perfectly sleek and shiny. As for Jane, she was prettily dressed in white; her hair hanging in natural curls, her feet encased in comfortably kid slippers, which seemed more in accordance with the June day than did her sister's heavier attire.

The new minister, who boarded with old Deacon Grant, was expressly invited to tea, as was the deacon himself. Precisely at three the good women might be seen driving up to Squire Graves's front gate, and the Squire and Leander had enough to do to drive the teams round to the barn and unharness the horses. Becky was to open the front door for guests, Jane to escort them to the chambers, while Susan remained in state to receive and place them; for this little town had its aristocracy and thought much of caste. So the poor widow Jones and her daughter Ann were not expected to come as early or sit as near the new minister as Deacon Grant's folks or Doctor Killam's wife and daughters. Mrs. Grant was the presiding officer of the sewing-circle, and of course earliest; talked the most, carried the largest pair of shears—for they worked for Birnam—and made herself conspicuous in all good causes.

"I do declare, Miss Graves," said Mrs. Grant, wiping her face and fanning herself vehemently with a large feather fan, "I'd no idee seein' so many this hot day!"

"Well," answered Susan, "I'm glad they've come. It's made us a dreadful sight 'o' work to



git things ready, and I pride myself on being a pretty good cook. Besides, then poor heathen must want their things by this time. Only think, Miss Grant, to have them poor creatures go naked, or almost naked! Why, I should think they'd catch their death of colds!"

"Oh, it's a good deal better off there than it is here—but it's not enough here for me—so I suppose they're used to it. Now I'll just look over this ere basket and see what's what."

So the good dame carefully looked over the contents of a large sewing-basket belonging to the society, and gave to each a portion. By this time the company had all assembled, and Deacon Grant and the new minister were to come to tea at five. The hands flew, and the tongues as well. Various topics were discussed—the state of the crops, the state of the church, and lastly, the young man who was to supply their pulpit.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "where he was born, and what Collins family he belongs to. There used to be a Collins family lived up on the upper road, down there by the big apple-tree, in a house with only one door to it, as you go to Cousin Sabina's, on the road to the South Parish in Moorstown. I'll write to Sabina and see if she knows anything about him; or rather I'll get my Dick to write—so long sense I've writ anything Sabina's are clumsy at it. I might a gone down to Sabina's; but there! I didn't hear him preach till Sunday, and then Monday was wash-day, Tuesday train, and today's Wednesday, so I don't see how I could a gone. But then, I like to know all about folks. Perhaps he's a wolf in sheep's clothing! He ain't a very big one, though, if he is."

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Chloe Adams, the village tailor for more than thirty years, "as it makes so much difference after all, provided he believes the catechism and keeps the Lord's day. I don't know as we've any business to rake up his family, or to try to find out whether his grandfather was rich or poor. If he just preaches to us about the blessed Jesus, that's all we need."

"It seems to me," began the timid widow Jones, "that we know sufficiently of him to give him our confidence. Although I do not like to comment upon an absent person, yet I have been informed from reliable sources that he comes from an excellent stock, who have been well cultured for generations; from a family conspicuous for charity of heart and hand, for pure morals, sound principles of right, and all that goes to make a man. Where he was born or bred I do not know. Such things have little weight with me."

An Mrs. Jones ceased speaking, there was a deep flush upon either cheek, for she was a woman of great delicacy of feeling, and in feeble health. Her husband, a man of superior culture, had met with heavy losses, and being intensely proud had come to this obscure village, where he was wholly unknown. Mrs. Jones had never mingled much with her neighbors socially, except at the monthly meeting of the church sewing-circle; and since her husband's death the little aristocracy of Ashley, with one or two exceptions, had neglected her entirely. But Mrs. Jones paid small heed to its neglect. Her resources were within herself, and her time wholly occupied in the education of her daughter and the management of her half-acre of ground, by which they supported themselves. Squire Graves often lent her a helping hand by sending Leander round to plow her land, and do many a small job that would otherwise have fallen hard upon the mother and daughter. And Susan often ran over with Becky carrying a basket, on baking days.

—I have said that Susan Graves was no gossip; therefore she had not uttered a word regarding the new minister. She preferred to know him and judge for herself. In the meantime she and her sister had left the room, for their tea hour was five o'clock. Squire Graves was diving like a huge duck into a pair of cold water which stood upon the wash-bench in the shed. He then retreated into the bedroom, from which he soon issued, the personification of a country Squire. His face beamed with good nature and hospitality, and he looked decidedly dignified, as he always did in his high black neck-stock and swallow-tailed coat. The Squire had just time to finish his toilet when the rattling of wagon-wheels was heard in the yard, and, hastening out, he reached forth his hand, cordial hand to both Deacon Grant and the Rev. John Collins, the new minister. The Squire called to Leander to unharness the deacon's horse, and at once ushered the two gentlemen into the "front room." At first an awkward silence ensued; then Mrs. Grant rose and introduced the minister separately to each of the ladies. Soon Becky appeared at the door with a summons for tea, and the whole party proceeded to the kitchen. Mr. Collins was placed next the Squire, who asked him to pronounce a blessing upon the food set before them, which he did, in a touching and reverent manner; thanking God for the plenty that was in their midst, and asking that they might ever remember those who seldom saw the bounty that met their eyes. Susan and Jane and Becky hardly tasted of the supper, so intense were they upon serving their guests, and the gentle Mrs. Jones made herself silently useful in helping the sisters attend upon the numerous company.

John Collins had little sympathy with foreign missions, and his motive in being present at this gathering was to acquaint himself more intimately with the people who had chosen him to expound unto them matters pertaining to their salvation. They thought of the salvation of their souls. He meant to preach to them of the salvation of soul and body both. In person John Collins was a small, slight man, with a thin, nervous frame, a purely intellectual face; you felt in looking at him that he was one who would die in a just cause; that, though slight, and all nerves, he would meet shock after shock, blow after blow, and yet rebound. You felt there was metal in him; smooth, clear, springy, both intellectually and physically. Was he in his right place? And John Collins, as he sat at that table and noted the talk, the manners, the apparently slight value they placed upon education, felt that he had met with elements that would be hard to battle with. The next day he was to be ordained, and great was the rush at Squire Graves's that night to see the new minister. While we have been talking the company had been eating, and by this time tea was over. All the ladies adjourned to the "front room" except Mrs. Jones and Anna, who kindly remained with the sisters, as the kitchen would be wanted when the young men should arrive.

"Now, Miss Jones," said Susan Graves, "I didn't say much to the new minister, but I watched him well; and it's my mind he's got a tough row to hoe here. But I'm going to stand by him. I've read him from top to toe; and you mark my words, you won't find him no such easy tool as Parson Lovejoy was. That man ain't no fool, not a bit. I tell ye, we're going to have a war in this church, and he'll fight strong; and they shan't step on him if I have to learn everything over again."

"Well, Susan," replied Mrs. Jones, "I have a hope that Mr. Collins is somewhat reformatory; and we do indeed need some such steps here. We are stagnating; we know but little of what is going on in the outside world. We need some one like him, fresh and strong, just entering life; for, Susan, I have known something of life elsewhere, and there is much to be done. All are not as peaceful, all are not as well fed and well cared for as we that live here."

"Why, Miss Jones, what do you mean? You don't mean that everybody don't have victuals enough to eat, do you?"

"Yes, Susan. In your well filled house, where you have lived for forty years, never going beyond your native town, and not reading much, it is not possible that you should know of want and suffering. But I have lived in large cities, and there are hundreds of young girls like your sister Jane and my Anna, who do not have enough to eat or a comfortable place to sleep."

"Oh, Miss Jones," replied the good, kind soul, wiping her eyes; "you don't mean that. You don't mean girls like my Jane don't have no homes? Miss Jones, do come over day after tomorrow and tell me all you know about it. You and Anna come early, and stay the whole day. That's news to me, that there's any place where folks don't have victuals enough. Oh dear! If it was our Jane! And I've always been so careful of her; never let her wash her own clothes, or sweep a floor."

"It seems to me, Susan," added Mrs. Jones, "that this young man, coming as he does from a large city, must have seen a good deal of life, and if I read him aright he will work for humanity—a humanity nearer than Birmah, and—"

"Why, Miss Jones, don't you think them poor little heathen children ought to be taken care of?"

"Dear Susan," said Mrs. Jones, taking her hand, "your heart is all right, but there is not time now to talk. When I come to make that visit we will discuss all this."

The young men were now assembling who had been invited for the evening, and many, too bashful to enter, were still hanging around the door, talking of farming and raising cattle and the like, yet all anxious to be presented to Mr. Collins. Finally Jim Grant came in, and under his friendly shelter came Amos Smith, who sat down, uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, crossed his legs, played with his watch-chain, looked up to the ceiling, down at the floor, and finally stammered out, his face turning scarlet:

"Good evening, Mr. Collins; glad to see you."

Mr. Collins, who was just then engaged in conversation with Squire Graves, on hearing his name mentioned, rose and crossed the room, and taking the youth by the hand, expressed his pleasure in the opportunity afforded in meeting the young man. Amos, quite emboldened by his reception, hurried out to bring in his companions. Among them was Arthur Voss, a tall, stalwart, brown-faced farmer, who lived with Captain Smith as hired man. The young man extended his hand in a frank, cordial manner to the minister, and in a few minutes was engaged in close conversation with him. Mr. Collins found that, though uneducated, he was made of noble material, and Arthur Voss invited the minister to go with him to the kitchen, and make the acquaintance of his comrades.

On the whole, John Collins was pleased with the new people among whom he had come. He saw, indeed, there was much conservatism among the elders, much prejudice to be met, many old and false ideas to be overthrown, uprooted. But he found many sound and sensible young men like Anna Jones, some large-hearted and energetic ones like Susan Graves; and her father he was especially drawn to. So among the young men, there were sturdy fellows, awkward and bashful, rough and unpolished, whom he felt sure would work with him. That meeting laid the foundation for many a real friendship between the young women, the young men and himself.

Soon the old house rang with merriment, for when the young men found that the minister was "not a bit stuck up" their reserve melted away like frost before the sun; and, although he did not enter into their games, he was round among them, chatting socially and gaily with all. At ten o'clock the company dispersed, all in good humor. There were those who thought they could lead John Collins as they might. There were others who saw that where John Collins planted his foot there he stood; that he was one who would say:

"Come one! come all! This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!"

However, the meeting was a success, and they separated, to meet on the morrow at the minister's ordination.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**THE ARMY OF PROGRESS AND TRUTH.**  
BY JACOB W. SYNDER.

Come, Angel of Mercy, inspire us to sing,  
In deep loving tones that will thrill every heart;  
Like beautiful song-birds of bright sunny Spring;  
Impart what they know of their musical art.  
Let harmony ring through the isles of the soul,  
Infusing each life with its melody sweet,  
All potent to charm as its soul-chords untold,  
Where we with immortals so lovingly meet.

Chorus.—Then come with the Army of Progress and Truth,  
To scatter the darkness of Error's long night;  
Let all join its ranks, from the oldest to youth,  
And give to the breeze every "Banner of Light."

Come, Angel of Love, and inspire us to live,  
By loving the good and by living for all;  
By living to love, and to love to forgive.  
A brother or sister who erring may fall;  
For Love is the chain which unites us as one  
With all human souls by its mystical tie—  
The main-spring of life—all the good that is done,  
Is guarded in Love by the All-Seeing Eye.

Chorus.

Come, Angel of Truth, and inspire every thought,  
To grow and expand like a rose in full bloom;  
May Truth light the soul which can never be bought,  
From youth up to manhood, from thence to the loath,  
Thy image so fair on each feature impress,  
And speak through the eye, with its still earnest voice;  
Give comfort to life-weary souls in distress,  
And freedom to all in thy strength to rejoice.

Chorus.

Come, Angel of Wisdom, from bright starry spheres,  
And teach us by arts the past ages gave birth;  
By all the great joys and sorrowing tears  
Enjoyed and endured by the ages of earth;  
Oh, teach us to learn and to look higher still,  
Through Science and Art, which are Wisdom's true wand,  
To grasp every Truth by the power of the will,  
And look at the Future and bright Summer-Land!

Chorus.

Spanish Ranch, Plumas Co., Cal., Dec. 2d, 1869.

Religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-learned faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping tune.

## The Lecture Boom.

### THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### WHO AM I?

The question of the present hour will be, Who am I? Last Sabbath, you will remember, we commenced with the first of these four mighty problems, which the soul in every age has perpetually put to itself; those fateful questions which neither science, religion nor philosophy nor mere external observation, has ever yet fully answered; which, in fact, but the light of a spiritual revelation can solve, namely: What am I? Who am I? Whose am I? and Whither am I bound?

The examination which we last Sabbath instituted, with a view to resolving the question, What am I? showed us man as the microcosm of the universe; a structure so grand, so masterly, so full of the germs which constitute power, and the elements that make up all we know of being, that we stood before the mighty statue of the divine humanity, gazing upon its godlike proportions with an admiration little short of worship.

Entering upon a fresh scene of inquiry to-day, we advance one step further, and question, Who am I? A single identity amid the vast masses of humanity, who on every side of me present structures as grand, microcosms as complete, powers as mighty as mine; in the midst of a multitude all fashioned with equal wisdom, beneficence and care—Who am I? Whether I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder amid the outcasts of the city streets, or picture myself achieving the highest conditions of human greatness, still there are minds—many higher, some lower than my own.

Let me once more turn my thoughts inward, and through my own special identity strive to solve the question: Who am I? I will remove myself in imagination from amid the surrounding masses, and stand alone in the wilderness, far from the throng of my fellow-men, with none to rival me in power or beauty, save the blooming flowers, the sighing wind and the waving grass, living isolated and unmatched. Here will I question of myself, Who am I? As a mere external being I stand possessed of all the powers which constitute the grandeur of humanity; but I stand alone beneath the cold blast of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, with no one to construct me a shelter, none to fashion my garments; my feeble hand unable cannot execute these duties. I have neither the architect's skill, nor the weaver's craft. I can neither build nor clothe me in the fabrics which the hands of so many artisans must help to complete. My unaided power cannot accumulate the implements of use, nor get together all those commodities for which the whole civilized globe is taxed to spread the table of luxury. I cannot reproduce the forms of beauty which the painter imprints upon the canvas, nor how out the marble into the living glory of the sculptor's art. I stand a poor solitary unit, and what am I alone? As the snows of winter silver my head, and I bend beneath the infinites of age, where are the kind hands of youth and strength to uphold my failing powers? Where the loving lips that shall whisper consolation in mine ears? Where the friendly eyes that shall look upon me with assurances of unyielding love, when I tread the silent valley that leads me to the unknown land of souls? Living alone, dying alone, Who am I? I must be one amongst the multitude, and hence I must lie me back to the multitude who absorb me—and amongst them endeavor to find my identity and my place, though it should be one of the least that make up the sum of humanity.

Now I return, and now once more resume my inquiries. I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder of civilized existence. I behold myself plodding through the city streets, where all I behold speaks of plenty, wealth, ay, even luxury and splendor—a beggar, homeless, friendless, alone; I gaze with wistful face into the eyes of every passer-by, seeking one to whom I may appeal for bread. Hungry and fainting, I ask of some wealthy stranger, but he spurns me from him, and rudely denies me the poor pittance which I seek. Who am I, that I ask alms of him? Who is he that he should thus deny me? He is God's steward, entrusted with wealth and plenty, but only to be dispensed again to necessitous fellow-men like me. He is God's vicegerent, commissioned to feed his poor. I have tempted him, and he falls. I have demanded of him the store with which God trusted him, and he has failed in his commission. For this act my mark is set on him; his lack of charity to me is a failure in his duty—a sign on him which shall remain forever. Unknown by name, yet in eternal destiny I am known to him as some one forever. We may never meet again; I may look upon his face no more, but forever and forever he carries the stamp of my individuality through the temptation, to good or evil, which I became to him.

I pass on, and another gives me the alms which he has denied. We, too, part, perhaps forever, but the deed of kindness wrought on me can never die. On that man's fate my need has written mercy, and charity, and through my agency there has a record gone up to heaven for him, and I have been the means. Though we may never stand face to face on earth, yet in the great day of account, when God numbers up his jewels, that stranger's deed wrought out through me, the beggar, shall be remembered. I am something to him. And to both these strangers I am a part of destiny.

I pass on still further. There are curious eyes, gazing upon me; there are inquiring lips, demanding of me my history; they give me neither alms nor scorn, but they listen to my story, and in the organization of city life they cite me as an example—the pauper, and to them the representative of pauperism; they leave me to devise some schemes for remedying the condition of the poor, so that in all the reforms suggested by my condition, how much of consequence I have become to my kind!

I am no more the mere wail on the ocean of life. Society changes, and people think of and care for me. Though I know not my identity, yet I am one of those who form the sub-stratum of society. Beneath their feet my tears are falling; they tread upon my woes, and shape their pathways in my griefs. I am a motor in life's noblest schemes of reformation, and when the world shall be made wiser, and society more equal, my name shall be found recorded in the series of causation. Pauper as I am, when night's shadows fall around my way, I, like more favored beings, seek some place of rest, and, no matter where I sleep or lay me down, beneath the tattered banner of my wretchedness and rage there cluster round me some who love or own me. Perhaps it is a father, mother, or relative; perhaps some poor companion, but some one there is who knows and cares for me, to help me; and beneath the ragged vest burns human love as tender as fills the heart which throbs beneath the silken robe.

Not in my houseless wanderings I am not alone. There are loving eyes that looked upon my own in unconscious infancy; there are kind voices still to bid me welcome, though it be but to the shelter of the wayside; there is ever some one to love me, and for me to love. I am something to my kind, and millions such as I exist; millions, that walk the city streets—some to love, and some to hate—but all to make some mark upon the eternal page of human destiny.

I pass on. I am now the tolling operative; there are thousands of rough coats, and blistered hands, and breaking backs and hearts like mine. Who knows me among the masses, as I carry my load, or wield my hammer, and toll from early dawn to sinking sun? Who cares for me? I am weary now, and seek my humble home, and as I go, I look upon the various buildings of the splendid city, the bridges, dykes, roads and canals which my hands, or the hands of such as I, have helped to form. Who am I? Why, I and mine are the thews and sinews, nerves and muscles of the world, and through our veins rushes the tide of power, which brings the result of perfected civilization. They do not write my name on the shining roll of fame, or emblazon it on monuments of bronze or stone; but the world is rife with me, and temples of worship, galleries of art, lycæums of science and works of use, are monumental tributes to my deeds and the deeds of such as I. We are all and each identities in the midst of masses; we can each say to the world, This I have done for you—what have you done for me? Let me enter my humble dwelling. Everywhere I see the good and use another's hands have wrought; the planks beneath my feet have been felled from primeval woods, and sawed and laid down for my use; the hands of toil erected the walls around me; around me are the images of well-known faces which the sun-god's majesty of the heavens have traced for me—faces of loved ones, drawn by the magic finger of the sunbeam; the jet of flame which lights my humble home is a mighty gospel, written by God himself; he laid the foundations of the coal in the ancient forests, and, as they fell, he packed them closely, during the process of ages, upon the floor of the heated earth, banded them up with mountains, and, in time, came man, to drag this wealth of treasure into light, and through veins and arteries beneath the city's streets it circulates, until it gleams with equal splendor as a jet of flame, in the abode of the artisan and the prince alike; the table is spread for me with the products of apothecary's toll; the fragrant tea that now invigorates my frame, was gathered in far-distant lands; the spices, from islands of the sea, are here; bread, from ears of wheat, prepared by toll and labor; roots and fruits, gathered by many hands for me. The poor rough cloth that covers my board, is woven by the same machinery that spins the fabric for the richest lady. All of man's toil I share in. I cannot number up the million hands that have been busy for my comfort. I cannot tell the gospel of eternal use mapped out around me; for in all the perfections of the age in vast machinery, and all that is useful in civilization, I partake with all mankind. My toll, too, blesses some who are dependent on me—an aged sire, or tender wife or child—for I am not alone, poor tolling operative though I be; this world is my world, and its heart-affections are as truly mine as thine; oh sovereignty of my nation.

And now for another picture. I will leave the sphere of use, and seek that of mere ornament, as my illustration. Let me take the life of the poor player. What am I now? Only a poor stage player; of what value is such a destiny as mine? To wear a tinsel crown, to wield a mimic sceptre, and then pass on, forgotten by those who for a brief hour smile on the transient pageantry of the stage. Stay! I, too, am surrounded with uses; the poet's inspiration kindles for my service; the painter earns his meed of bread through me; I am a source of employ to writers, artists, mechanics and many a son of toll and genius, ere I strut my little hour upon the boards. Hundreds reap the advantages of my occupation. The tinsel robes and mimic adornments that I wear tax the ingenuity of all who make and sell them. Thus beauty, use and art find in me a common centre—I am of greater power than I know. And as I recite the poet's thought, or give forth the merry jest, I cheer the weary heart, and light the smile of joy on some clouded face, and as the curtain falls I know that I have been a joy to some, a lesson to others, a source of interest to a host to whom I am unknown. Were I alone an artist—I am he who gathers up the beautiful, and enshrines on canvas the memory of the great, the grand, the terrible; he who perpetuates the past, and presents its glory to succeeding ages. Equally great the power of the musician which lifts the spirit up to heaven. Thus in the sphere of ornament as in uses, where can you find a single thought that is lost, a word that sounds not through the corridors of time, carrying with it a power through eternity?

Picture me as the merchant, rich and proud—he who seems of no use, save to himself—he who gathers into his coffers the wealth of selfish gain. Who am I now? Pause a moment. As I stand upon the wharf, and send my ships from continent to continent, I hold the chain of commercial interest and human brotherhood, and connect its links from nation to nation; how many various peoples do I gather beneath the standard of my commercial power; how much knowledge do I draw forth of foreign lands and peoples? Am I not binding up the whole world in one gigantic system of mutual dependence and associative action? If I adorn my walls with gems of art; if I regale mine ears with the strains of sweetest music, do I not give bread to the artist, poet, sculptor and sons of genius who thrive upon my bounty? If I load my table with luxuries, and adorn my family with rich fabrics, how much wealth do I not put into circulation to procure them? Am I not God's treasurer? and is not every object that I gather around me an evidence that I am but entrusted to dispense his riches? Oh brand me not as merely selfish, though I am strong and rich. I am an instrument of commercial use to thousands, and as such shall be found my name in the book of eternal uses.

Who am I? though I may be destined only to shine as the puppet who wears a crown. Who am I? The merely idle prince. Behold my ante-chambers thronged with dependents; my command can stamp their names with infamy, or send them down to remotest times with honor. I am the central power around which cluster all the various interests of the nation. Though my personal service may not be recognized, or my presence seen by the public eye, yet all the powers of art, science and national life, flow through my veins. I am the central artery through which flows the tide of national influence and interest, and my uses are known to him with whom there are no high, no low, but all are necessary links in one eternal chain, on which are strung the beads of ever-varying minds and destinies.

And now I must pass away, and whether beg-

gar, artisan or king, poet, player, merchant or musician, I must die. To-day I am—to-morrow I shall be forgotten. Not so. Whatever has been my use will never die. Whatever place I have filled will send down its uses through all time. The works of my hands will still live on, or prompt me to imitation or improvement. Still, who am I? Granted that I may leave the world made better than I found it; granted that its wheels roll smoother for my labors, what is that to me? And when I am gone and my labors left behind, where am I gone? and what of the soul that enabled me to become the minister of use? When my foot no more treads the earth, when I am not, what for me? And here it is that my speculation fails, and the dark cloud of mystery settles down upon my future. Only as the hand of the spirit opens it; only as I shall know that I shall live beyond the uses of the passing hour; only as I can realize that I may carry fruit with me to another life, will the uses of this be found. Beggar though I have been, crushed down beneath the load of poverty, when I pass out to the vast unknown, what shall I carry with me? I know that the prince carries not with him the value of his shroud. What my place or mission may have been among men, earth alone can answer. But earth has ended for me, when the heart ceases to beat, the light is gone from the eye, and the curtain is dropped forever! Oh raise it, lift it, souls of the mighty dead! rend it asunder, oh spirits of the immortals! leave me not in the dark mystery of material existence only! Religion answers me with the faint voices of the long ago which have come so far through the arches of time that their echoes are lost; and when I ask of the fathers for light, they answer me with strange, vague words. Sometimes they tell me I shall go to the Great Spirit, far off in some dim, mysterious land; sometimes, that I shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking till some distant day of wrath and doom; sometimes they answer me with the cold external voice of science, and point to the fires extinguished, the material form fading into decay with no higher result than the memory of its perished loveliness; sometimes they whisper of a life to come, but never tell me that my uses shall follow me—that the life I have lived on earth I shall carry with me to that land beyond.

But behold the gates are opened to me, and there I am stored up in the spirit-world all that I did on earth, and there I can trace the results of every deed I've done; there I may discover the resignation of the beggar, the tears and sighs of the poor. I see them woven into those crowns of glory and robes of transfigured beauty. I behold all treasured up; the works of the operative, the struggles of the player, the ideas of poet, sculptor and artist—all preserved.

All that we have done is there; I know that after I have fulfilled my mission I still shall be the man I was on earth, for I shall carry all my manhood with me. It only remains for me to return to my spirit and question whether I have made the most of its endowments, and put to its best uses the life which has been entrusted to me. Have I borne as best I might the cross of the beggar? have I done my duty as the tolling laborer? have I, as the poor player, acted well my part? have I striven for goodness? have I sought to help some other more feeble than myself? have I, as the merchant, faithfully discharged God's commission entrusted to me? have I been the soldier of the Lord in whatever place he has commissioned me to fight? Who am I? It matters not what round of the ladder my feet may tread—the lowest or the highest; the beggar is as much worth as the king, the poet as the mightiest one who gives him patronage. Wherever the foot of man may tread, wherever he can toll, there is his mission marked out in the woof of existence. It is enough that around me lies my duty and my use; it is enough that I have seen that within the vast confines of the eternal world those uses are never lost. If I have played well the part—however small or large—which he has given me, I shall surely reap my harvest in eternity; and not only so, but I shall continue the uses commenced on earth, and rise to others of which earth is but the corner-stone. Since bright spirits have opened up the view of the land beyond I have learned that nothing on earth is lost in the heavens eternal—for pain and toil and grief there is compensation, glory for the thorns of martyrdom, and a crown for every cross. I will return to my life of effort, and never more may the voice of questioning murmur pass my lips. I live forever; I shall be an immortal spirit; and though here none may know like my Heavenly Father who I am, in the thought that I live forever all my destiny here and hereafter is accomplished.

The speaker closed with the beautiful poem "Evermore," and announced, after its recitation, that she should consider on the next Sunday afternoon the question: Whose am I?

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT.—On Thursday evening last a gentleman and his wife attended a social at Harmony Hall, leaving their children at home in the care of a female domestic. During the evening the lady received demonstrations of so remarkable a character that something was wrong at home as to warrant us in relating what is stated to be true, and which the sequel verifies. The lady in question, while a looker on upon the pleasures of the dance, was suddenly alarmed by hearing several very loud raps upon the glass in the window near which she was standing. Upon looking out a hand was seen, when the attention of others was called to the phenomena, "all of whom witnessed the hand and heard the raps upon the glass as they were repeated. The lady was strongly impressed with the phenomenon; that matters were not as she had left them at home, and calling upon her husband, she stated her fears and gave him an account of what she had seen and heard at the window, desiring that he should at once return home and ascertain whether her fears were groundless. He did so, and upon reaching home was amazed to find a man standing at the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge not at home. Upon further examination it was found that the domestic had taken advantage of the absence of her employers, and had ransacked the house for plunder, which she readily found by converting the wearing apparel of the ladies into a mass of rags, and that the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge not at home. Upon further examination it was found that the domestic had taken advantage of the absence of her employers, and had ransacked the house for plunder, which she readily found by converting the wearing apparel of the ladies into a mass of rags, and that the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge not at home. Upon further examination it was found that the domestic had taken advantage of the absence of her employers, and had ransacked the house for plunder, which she readily found by converting the wearing apparel of the ladies into a mass of rags, and that the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge not at home.

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gar, artisan or king, poet, player, merchant or musician, I must die. To-day I am—to-morrow I



\_\_\_\_\_











**Mamie Emerson.**  
How do you do, Uncle Willie? [How do you  
, Mamie?] How is it you always know me?



\_\_\_\_\_



## Banner of Light.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WALTER CHASE,  
No. 27 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

## OUT OF PLACE.

Among the misfortunes to which the people of this country are subject, on account of persons being elevated to places by wealth, or wealthy friends, for which they are entirely unqualified, probably no one imposes more serious evil on community than the elevation of editors and writers for the popular papers, who are utterly reckless of truth or honesty, and wholly unreliable for moral integrity. That we have many such thousands of people, is well known, and even those who take the papers which they edit, or write for, know the fact, but cannot do without the papers, and hence have to bear the evil. We were forcibly reminded of this fact, which we have long known, by certain wonderfully wise exposures of spiritual phenomena by the use of mountebanks—by writers who either knew there was not only no *exposé*, but no correspondence between the real and the counterfeit; or, if they did not know, were utterly unqualified to give the public any information on the subject, and knew they could not; but, being of the class referred to, as out of place, they did not care for the truth, or honesty, but only to pander to popular prejudice, and feed that prejudice through their journals, hoping to increase the sale, and get rich and out of the way before the real truth is known. We were somewhat surprised to see the Boston *Post* enter so largely into this line of labor, but of the *Journal* we did not expect anything better, knowing its antecedents. But of all the real actors in this recent drama, no one has made itself more ridiculous than the time-serving and hot and cold blowing New York *Tribune*, which, in trying to ape some of the English aristocracy, has befuddled itself and tried to befuddle its readers by repeatedly repeating the silly twaddle of Carlyle about "Dead-sea Apes," which it rolls as a sweet morsel under its tongue, evidently delighted with a morsel of wit, which one would think it had not seen or felt for a long time. Perhaps it can now make friends with the wise foreigner whom it most bitterly denigrated (if our money serves us) a few years ago, for his equally but not more ridiculous assumptions and false statements about our American slavery; but then, it was the *Tribune's* ox that was gored, and, of course, it cursed and fought the *Bull*; now, it is a neighbor's ox, in which the *Tribune* has no investment, and it exults, and shouts, and tries to add its feeble efforts to put down the unpopular truth, and that, too, when, if the editors of the *Tribune* do not know that the facts of Spiritualism are true, they certainly are not fit for editors of such a paper; and if they do, and are dishonest, they are sadly out of place. They can hang on which horn they please, but on one they will be impaled, and there the future will crucify their selfish ambition and present reputation.

## ANOTHER CALL FROM THE SUMMER-LAND.

With feelings of deepest regret we are again called upon to part with one of the ablest workers in our ranks, and one who gave us greater promise of usefulness than most of those of her age. Our sister, Alinda Wilhelm Slade, well known to us from the very start of her public career, has ever been true to her highest convictions of right and duty, and with energy, perseverance and true devotion to the cause which she had espoused of aiding in opening the intercourse between the two worlds, she has steadily grown in power and ripened in spirit until she became one of the main pillars of the structure the spirits had reared in this world to lean upon with their heavenly inspiration.

She has gone to a better, happier world, and left us to wonder who will fill her place in the lecturing ranks and social circles in which she was so important. The gates to the spirit-world seem of late to be swinging all the time, and letting through those we have been associated with here in the glorious work of spreading our new gospel, and yet our numbers are constantly increasing, and the work goes bravely on.

## WHO WROTE IT?

The *South British Review* gives us the following as a close translation from a Lyric in the *Vedas*, for which even this Christian authority is compelled to admit an antiquity of at least four thousand years, which is rather hard on Adam; but the Hindoos themselves claim for it an antiquity of about twenty thousand years and a godly original. We copy it as a specimen of better sense than many of the messages claimed as coming from the Jewish God at a much later date:

"How multifarious are the views which different men inspire!  
How various are the ends which men of various crafts desire!  
The leech a patient seeks; the smith looks out for something to crack;  
The priest seeks devotees from whom he may his fee extract;  
With feathers, metals, and the like, and sticks decayed and old,  
The workman manufactures wares to win the rich man's gold.  
A poet I; my sire a leech, and corn my mother grinds;  
On gain intent, we each pursue our trades of different kinds.  
The draught horse seeks an easy car; of gallants the girls are fond;  
The merry dearly loves a joke; and fogs desire a pond."

## Mediums' Convention in Western New York.

The Quarterly Meeting of Mediums and Speakers convened on the 20th of November, in Lelloy, continuing two days. P. I. Clum, of Rochester, presided. In attendance were several speakers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff and Dean Clark. The meeting was one of interest, the utmost harmony prevailing throughout, leaving a good impression upon the citizens of the place, many of whom (probably) never before listened to such profound philosophies and truths as were given forth by the several speakers, particularly from Bro. Clark the last evening session, which could not fail to clear away the mist from the eyes of those who listened, placing the philosophy of Spiritualism before them so clearly that they could not fail to appreciate it, as was evident by the quiet and profound attention manifest on that occasion.

These meetings are always characterized by fraternal and harmonious influences, leaving a salutary impression on all who attend. The friends of Lelloy entertained most hospitably all from abroad, to whom many thanks are due, particularly to Bro. S. Chamberlin, who tendered the use of his hall for the Convention.

Some effort was made by the Missionary Committee to engage missionaries to labor in the State. The next convention will be held in February, time and place to be given hereafter.

SARAH A. BURTIS, Sec'y.

Rochester, Dec. 10th, 1869.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Great master of the poet's art!  
Surely the sources of thy powers  
Lie in that true and tender heart  
Whose every utterance touches ours.

For, better than thy words, that glow  
With sunset dyes or noontide heat,  
That count the treasures of the snow,  
Or paint the blossoms at our feet,

Are those that teach the sorrowing how  
To lay aside their fear and doubt,  
And in submissive love to bow  
To love that passeth fluting out.

And thou for such hast come to be—  
In every home an honored guest—  
Even from the cities by the sea  
To the broad prairies of the West.

Thy lays have cheered the humble home  
Where men who prayed for freedom knelt;  
And women, in their anguish dumb,  
Have heard thee utter what they felt.

And thou hast battled for the right  
With many a brave and trenchant word;  
And shown us how the pen may fight  
A mightier battle than the sword.

And therefore men in coming years  
Shall chant thy praises loud and long;  
And women name thee through their tears  
A poet greater than his song.

But not thy strains, with courage rife,  
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above  
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,  
Itself a canticle of love!—*The Independent.*

A Call from Modern Macedonia—  
"Come over and Help us."

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.—During a late visit to St. John, New Brunswick, I perceived that the people there, as is the case wherever the light begins to shine, are waiting for some person or persons to guide them in their aspirations to a more satisfying theory of their souls' destiny, than that of the theology which predominates in the Province. I met, in my last year's residence there, many persons whose inner lives expressed some of the phases of mediocrity, but, not understanding the nature of such phenomena, they were unheeded.

But there are not a few who, like myself, have seen the spirit manifestations in this country, and are echoing the ancient words, "Come over and help us." They say that it all may be true, but some proof is wanted.

I have no doubt that a good test medium, accompanying a lecturer, would be much appreciated.

There have been two mediums residing lately in St. John, who went by the name of clairvoyant doctors, and, under this name, had all their time occupied.

But the light that shines so brilliantly in this land, is beginning to illuminate the darkness of the old theology, and the people are expecting a change, but know not what it is to be.

The cheering fact of spirit communication has demonstrated itself to my inner nature, and I wish to extend to others the blessings that I have enjoyed.

I was requested to interest some mediums to make a journey, which, I am sure, would repay them for the effort.

C. B. HYNCH.

## Interest on Money.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—A correspondent in your last issue (Dec. 25) asserts that to exact interest on money is a crime, and there are many who believe this, and would have our laws so amended that at least the amount paid by the borrower should be limited.

You will permit me to ask whether one who had by industry and economy been able to build a house to shelter himself and family, should be obliged to give this up to the first young spendthrift who might apply for it, without rent? or, having sold the house, and taken a note for the amount, whether this, too, should be without interest?

Equally, if our labor is invested in merchandise, and we dispose of it to younger, more active partners, we are entitled either to share in the profit on the sales, or accept such other compensation, in the shape of interest, as the parties to the contract may agree upon.

And, we are to remember, finally, that all those things which we use as money, such as bank notes, legal tenders, checks, and other forms of currency, are but the titles to our property, without specifying the particular kinds, and for the use of all this we are entitled to interest or rent.

JUSTICE.

## Baltimore, M. D.

DEAR BANNER.—On Sunday evening Miss Nettie Pease lectured on the life and virtues of our much beloved sister, Mrs. Alinda Wilhelm Slade, to one of the largest audiences that have assembled at the Law Building. The rostrum was trimmed in white, with Mrs. Slade's portrait framed with evergreen, and these words, "I still live," over it. The speaker opened the discourse with an original poem, entitled "Faith and Knowledge." She then spoke of the many trials that our sister had passed in early life, and how she had succeeded, step by step, to where she stood when she took her flight to that beautiful home to which we are all slowly but surely journeying. She then closed by reading an original poem very appropriate to the occasion, and the citizens of this city will have enough to feast on for some time in listening to the discourse.

Yours most respectfully,

MRS. E. J. WILHELM.

Sec'y of the State Society of Spiritualists.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 18, 1869.

## Westward, Ho!

To the readers of the *Banner of Light* on the Pacific Coast: I wish to invite correspondence with people in California or Southern Oregon, and especially Spiritualists, in relation to the country and its advantages. There are a number of families in Minnesota, who wish to go to a warmer climate, and would prefer one of the above places. There will be mechanics, farmers, teachers, in fact all sorts of people, who wish to go there to work, to make a home, and we wish to know something about the country, what we need to take with us, how we can live till we can earn or raise something for our support, what land can be bought for, &c., &c. Will Myron Morse, with others, answer this, as a number of his old Ceresco friends are among the number? Please address

MRS. HARRIET E. POPE.

Morrisville, Rice Co., Minn., Dec. 10th, 1869.

## Adrian, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Adrian are holding their meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall, with good attendance.

The Ecumenical Council is in session at Rome. One of the most important committees was announced, being that on questions of faith.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton has been nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

## New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, 1870, presents a strong line of poetry in particular, the prose articles not falling behind the standard of any of the best numbers yet issued. Of poems, it contains Lowell's new production, "The Cathedral," an extract from Bryant's translation of Homer, Whittier's "Nauhaught, the Deacon," Dr. Holmes's "Singing the Snow Line"—and advancing to Old Ages—and Dr. T. W. Parsons's apostrophe to Gold. Col. Higginson contributes a very meaty, as well as spiritual, essay on "Americanism in Literature," showing that the time is coming when, by the sharp changes in our experience, when literary workers and minds will become fully in sympathy with the age they live in, and that in consequence we shall present the grandest, because the completest, specimens of literature extant. It is to be born out of the new soul of the times. Bayard Taylor opens his new story of Joseph and His Friend, drawing a pleasing contrast between the social refinements of town and country. Henry James reviews the positions and arguments of Mill, Bushnell, Egan Sargent and President Woodley, in discussing the Woman Question. What to do with the Surplus—the title of a paper looking into the proper mode of disposing of the surplus revenues, Goldwin Smith contributes a sterling paper on "The Study of History," and W. D. Howells tells us how to enjoy a ride "By Horse Car to Boston," which, though no new thing to most people, is made so by his coloring pen. This is, as a whole, a remarkable number of the *Atlantic*, in respect of its entire list of strong and agreeable qualities. It is an earnest of a triumphant year for a magazine that has been but a series of triumphs from the beginning.

PURMAN'S MAGAZINE for January, 1870, has a steel engraving of Pere Hyacinthe as a frontispiece, with a sketch of the distinguished preacher and his church by John Bigelow. The other articles are of immediate interest, the opening one being "Cuba and Spain;" one on American Hotels, by one who knows the inside arrangements; the author of "Still Life in Paris" contributes a story, "Concerning Charlotte"—Part I. Sketches in Color is the second number of a series of pictures taken by a person who has tried to educate the blacks in the Department of Agriculture in Washington; Thawed Out is a brisk and pleasant tale; Shirley Hyde exposes to us the peculiarities of the French Salon through the convenient instrument of a story; Mary Clemmer Ames begins a tale entitled, "A Woman's Right;" there is a paper on "The Philology;" and we have table talk, literary gossip and criticism, notices, poems, and other attractions and novelties to rouse to what we should call a strong number of this excellent magazine even for the New Year. Putnam enters on a career of expanding prosperity.

LITTON'S MAGAZINE for January, 1870, leads off again with the story of Anthony Trollope; gives a sparkling Christmas tale, with a ghost and a fairy in it, a happy conceit that is full of gay humor; discusses International College, by which is meant a uniform standard for all colleges; the Capital is done up in an interesting essay; Wirt Sikes lets us frankly into his personal experience with Literary Lunatics; and we have poems, tales, literary miscellany and editorial criticism in generous measure. Altogether it is a bright and well filled number of this attractive monthly.

WOMEN OF POWER, by Marc Monnier, is the seventh of the delightful series of volumes from the press of Scribner & Co., New York, designed for entertainment with valuable instruction. All the results of the wonderful discoveries made in Pompeii are here collected in most attractive form, and the story illustrated liberally by the pencil of the artist. Here we find in pictures the very houses of the people whose domes were read in the darkened skies that shut down on their lives. We see exact copies of their domestic utensils. Their statues and various works of art are brought distinctly before us. Everything, in fact, is sketched for the eye and mind just as it was before the eruption of Vesuvius shut out the world from the buried city. Very recent excavations have brought to light another skeleton in a perfect state of preservation, with pearls, gems, coins and utensils, that only increase the interest felt in the people whose daily life was thus fixed and preserved at its sudden standstill by this great disaster. This volume is a worthy addition to the useful and beautiful series to which it is attached, and enhances the value of its predecessors.

Mr. James Reed, the Swedenborgian minister, has written a thin little monograph on "MAN AND WOMAN, UNLIKE YET EQUAL," which contains a compact and compendious argument on the subject which it treats. The reader will prefer to look between its attractive covers for himself, to discover those points of interest which give character to the performance. It is full of thought, sound sentiment, and evinces a steadfast desire to reach the truth by candid-patience and justice.

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELA is a beautiful volume for Christmas, from the press of J. B. Ford & Co., New York, and is a fragment from the forthcoming "Life of Jesus," by Henry Ward Beecher. This selected part pertains to the Nativity of Christ, and will therefore be widely welcomed with this festive season. No reader can but find an endorsement of the attractiveness with which Mr. Beecher accomplishes his task. Its pages glow with feeling and color. They will be in universal request at this time. The book makes a beautiful and worthy Christmas gift.

Leo & Shepard put forth a little gem of a box, containing "Psalms," a series of thirty games with cards. Compiled by Mrs. E. D. Cheney. It is a nice thing for the young folks.

THE NURSERY for January is brimming with bright pictures and reading. Mr. Storey improves on himself continually. The new year opens well for this little magazine, which we cordially commend to all who are blessed with children.

## Opinions of the Press.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston: William White & Co. Mr. Davis is a modern Spiritualist—a leader in that numerous body of extremely liberal minded people who are not only not only holding communion with those who have passed beyond the river, but in visions he travels thither himself and remembers what he sees. We speak positively on these points, but we speak from Mr. Davis's plans. If there is any deception in the matter the one most deceived is Mr. Davis himself, for we have not the shadow of a doubt that he believes all he says. To him, at least, the "Summer-Land" is a reality; and its wonderful beauties of mountain, valley, sky, woods, streams and plains, are as much to be enjoyed as things of earth, while the freed spirits which constitute its "best society" are just such persons as we all desire to see so clearly delineated and so fully described. The brief description of "The Summer-Land," which we select, almost at random from the book, will indicate something of Mr. Davis's visions, and his method of recording them:

"The Summer-Land is vastly more beautiful than the most beautiful landscape of earth. Coastal waters are more limpid, the atmosphere more soft and genial, the streams are always musical, and the fertile islands there are ever full of meaning. The trees are not exotic; the birds are literally a part of the celestial dome, every one having its lessons of Divine significance. That which is nothing to an idiot is a great deal to an intelligent man; that is true in common things on earth, and it is true, to a wondrous degree, in heaven. When a person enters there by suicide or by murder, whether legal or illegal, or however else he may be introduced, the question is not how he came there, but what he brought with him? A man who was not strong enough to keep another from doing him a wrong—to say nothing of one who was not strong enough to keep from doing deliberate wrong to others—is a subject of philanthropic care taking and discipline. In the Summer-Land these delicate ideas and finely shaded moral distinctions are recognized; and you will find yourself under a new government—a God-ordered, instead of the laws of earthly judges and legislators. You will be surprised, and yet most likely you will say it is about as I had supposed."

It should, indeed, be the sources of satisfaction to the poor denizens of this metropolis to know that there is a land—even if it be beyond the grave—where justice will be administered with even hand, and judges will have some reference to their decisions, to the law and the evidence. Mr. Davis does not say, but the inferences are strong, from the facts above stated, that the elective system does not prevail in the Summer-Land.—*Packer's Monthly.*

Henry Ward Beecher dooms an offender to "sit for four mortal hours in a cold church and listen to a sermon read by a near-sighted man who had lost his spectacles!"

A New Story for the Banner.  
As the *Banner* is ever backward in good works, we this week commence the publication of an Original Story of great merit, entitled

## "STARVING BY INCHES!"

It treats upon some of the much needed reforms of the day with telling effect, and will be endorsed without doubt by every sincere friend of humanity, as its liberal ideas and strong moral tendencies cannot fail to prove wholesome food for the public mind.

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"STARVING BY INCHES!" How many poor mortals in the great cities of the world are at this moment repeating the ominous phrase, with despair indelibly stamped upon their sunken countenances! And yet there are those in affluent circumstances who heed not the cry, but live on in ease, luxury and content. If our story, "STARVING BY INCHES," shall arouse such to a sense of that duty they owe to common humanity, then shall we indeed be thankful.

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