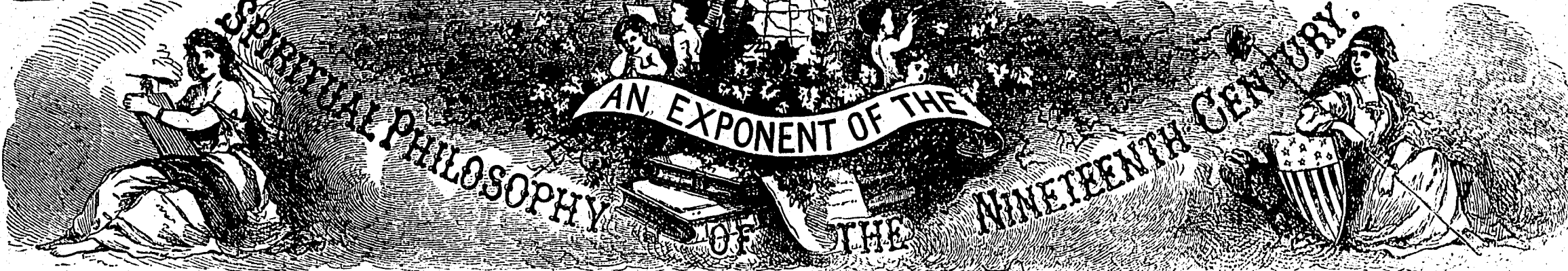


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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

#### ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

#### CHAPTER V.

All this time Edward Foster, Horace Goodman, and Thomas, the brother of Edward, had been pursuing their avocations in Boston, occasionally meeting, and sometimes with the company of Louisa. Had she known what was transpiring in New Orleans and Mobile, it is impossible to tell what would have been her emotions. She was now somewhat humbled under a sense of her own misfortunes and disappointments, and particularly in not being able to secure the first place in the affections of Edward. Every word she said to him, though in secret, and in a struggle against it, she had, however, made up her mind for a single life. She had experienced marriage, and read of it in novels, and observed it in others quite sufficient to make her dread, and often to loathe it. She began to cultivate a proud disdain and independence of it. She was a little affected with the "woman's rights" question. All very naturally, no doubt; yet still this nature of ours, which so craves companionship with some one of the opposite sex, in whom we can confide and to whom we can come in all the experience, joys and sorrows of life, and there share equally life's secret, was so strong in her that she sometimes lit up her beacon even on the storm-tossed ocean of her dark experience. Sometimes Edward would question her on this topic, and in her calmer, more rational moments, he found her still with the heart of a woman, sound and orthodox to the core. But when Thomas came in, then all would ring again.

"Marriage?" said he, "why, I always advocated it. But I tell you what, you can't have everything in one thing. Now, suppose you happen to make a mistake about it? Fact is, women are women. As I heard an illiterate preacher once say in his sermon, when he was trying to enforce the virtue of confidence: 'Confidence, my brethren, is confidence.' So I say, 'Things are what they are. Now, before I would live in a little, miserable, cramped-up, poverty-stricken style, all the time fearing what I should have to do next, or how I should manage with wife, children—good heavens! only think of it! Why, I would look out that my dish was right side up when it rained porridge. What's a wife all made up of sentiment and fine looks and grace and manners, and all that? No, my good folks, you will never catch me blundering with a woman only. No, no."

All this was uttered with such a determined aspect, and with such a hearty enjoyment of his own inspirations, that it rather amused than offended the company. Edward, however, had so much of the pure, divine idea about it, and such a tinge of melancholy just then, that he could not join the laugh with the rest of them.

"What's the matter, Edward?" said Thomas, roughly.

"Oh, nothing but my own thoughts."

"Own thoughts, ha? What d'you think o' beauty now, Edward?"

"I hope you don't think I'm always looking after that."

"Take care, my young fellow! I would n't trust you long with that witch."

Truth was, they were all a little suspicious of Edward on that score. But it was no use; he was committed, and they all knew it but Thomas. He was managing his own fortunes with all the sagacity and shrewdness of a thoroughly business man of the world. He was bent upon riches, and would have them. Everybody thought he was destined for a rich man. He was in the hide and leather business. He was one of the few who survived the terrible revulsion which came upon that trade in 1837. At a time when everybody, almost, failed that was in it, he managed not only to float upon the waters, but to sail upon them, and steer his bark clear of destruction. His losses were comparatively trifling, and after the crisis he went ahead with three-fold power. And in the midst of his prosperity he was systematically engaged in seeking for a wife. His keen and worldly eye was roaming out everywhere, into all possible, accessible regions, where fortune might lead to a matrimonial speculation. He was not in a hurry; he was too cold-hearted and calculating for that. He would wait for years rather than marry, as he termed it, a "woman only." To be sure, being already prospectively rich, he could perhaps afford to do this; but he had an overwhelming regard for the "main chance," which was always uppermost in his mind.

Goodman once undertook to lecture him on this subject. It was when they were alone, and Thomas had been reverting again to what he considered his brother's infatuation.

"Foster," said he, "it is my opinion that you need cautioning as much as your brother. If he is too readily enamored with beauty, you are crazy for riches. I know your brother better perhaps than you do. He is a congenial spirit of mine. And you may be as sure as you are of your life, that he never expressed himself so in favor of mere external beauty; he wants to see the outward in conformity to the inward. He has peculiar views upon the subject. I don't know that I agree with him in all respects, but I am sure, for I have talked with him hours upon the subject, that he has a fine, mystical sense of the connection between interior qualities and exterior forms. I have been perfectly entranced with his

conversations. If there appear to be exceptions to this theory, as there evidently are, and very many and grave ones, then he finds, in a still deeper philosophy, something in the form of the spirit itself, which, when emancipated from the flesh, will vindicate the perfect righteousness of all mental and moral good in a superiority of external, heavenly beauty. Allow me to say, sir, you are not half—not at all so rational in your estimate of worldly riches."

Thomas listened with the utmost patience and good humor. Indeed, it was a rare thing to catch him out of humor. If anything would do it, it would be a bad trade. After Goodman had finished his address he laughed volitionally. He then looked right into Goodman's face, and, with a merry, squinting, confident twinkle in his little black eyes, he remarked:

"Then you think Edward has a 'fine, mystical sense' in his notions. So do I. A little too fine to be practical. I tell you what, friend, perhaps I do n't know my brother; perhaps he do n't know himself; perhaps you do n't. There are some theories in this round world which I think had better be put down at once to the debit side of the profit and loss account. But what I do know I do know. Risky—ha? I know something about risks, too. I'll bet you anything—to cut the matter right down to the plain practicality of the case—that when the great catastrophe happens, if it ever does happen—when we are fast locked in those bonds from which there is scarcely any deliverance but death, I'll be the happier man of the two."

"That may be," replied Goodman; "but who's to be judge?"

"Ah! well said. Not you, nor Edward, nor myself, altogether. We'll go into a committee of twelve—have a grand jury on it—submit it to a sensible world."

The conversation was now growing somewhat unpleasant, and Goodman wound up with the following remarks:

"I only want to caution you, my friend, candidly and rationally. There is such a thing as a divine Providence exercised in this world. It connects most fully and intimately with our lot in eternity. You may get richer here, and it may be that this is the best thing for you. It may be more in accordance with your very life. You may not be capable of those more spiritual states which do not require riches for their support—nay, which riches might be an absolute obstruction to you. You may, therefore, be suffered to go on in this way. But there are others who can do better without them. It is foreseen, in their case, that they should not be entangled too deeply in the affairs of this world; and so riches are withheld from them, and all with reference to their lot in eternity. Divine Providence, allow me to say, is very particular in this respect. Men think, too frequently, it is all of chance, or inevitable law. But, rightly considered, there is no such thing as chance in the affairs of this world; and as to law, of course God operates by laws; but this is the application of the law in the particular case. Besides, there are personal and invisible agencies that occasionally bring to bear upon us higher laws. Trust me, Foster, this is a truth. Now, we can use or abuse the facilities and opportunities we are here favored with; but we shall not be permitted to, only just so far as it may subserve our best possible interests in the other life as connected with this. If it is seen we cannot be elevated so high there, then we are permitted to live in this world accordingly, as the free will of man is consulted in every case. And there must be some to attend more fully to the material affairs of the world. There must be some to accumulate riches. Frequently, very good men are so treated; but very frequently, bad men. I warn you, therefore, as I would my own brother, not to put too much confidence in the perishing things of time. Remember, God has an eye to eternity, for you and for all of us."

Thomas received all this with the most imperturbable coolness. He was a thoroughly skeptic concerning the things of "another life and of divine Providence; and he only replied by humming a low sing-song abstractedly to himself, as he shrugged all further allusion to the subject.

Letters were now received from Mobile, from Mrs. Willard, wherein she made a brief statement of their affairs at New Orleans, and, as it was her best policy, told the plain truth concerning her adventures with Louisa's husband. A good report was borne of his hitherto successful reformation, and that he had now been employed as clerk nearly six weeks, with faithfulness and sobriety. Such a story, however, more than ever aroused the envy and incredulity of Louisa. "Oh, I do think it is preposterous," she exclaimed, "to think of my sister's course! Out there in Mobile together! Anybody would think—well, there! I do think it is unaccountable." Edward tried to calm her, applauded her sister's heroism, and affirmed that she might be the means of restoring him altogether, and reuniting them in unlooked-for happiness. As the thought now, for the first time, forced itself upon her in a momentary seriousness, and she also thought of her husband's early affection, his noble qualities, and the possibility that he might one day claim her again for his wife, she dropped in her chair, covered her face with her hand, and gave way to solemn reveries. Mysteries seemed to thicken upon her, and a silent tear stole from her sad, bright eye.

Another sadness was now added to the contemplation. In the course of another fortnight, a letter was again received from Mobile, announcing the sickness of Mrs. Willard there, and some alarming symptoms of it. She had exposed herself, in her constant travels to and from the store, which was quite a distance from her boarding-place, to all sorts of weather, and, being not fully accustomed to the Southern climate, had taken a severe cold, which induced fever. At the date of the letter, she was lying in a precarious

state. This agitated the fears of Edward and her sister much. Edward could scarcely attend to his business. Had it not been so far off (and no railroad then), he would have raised money, and gone on immediately. But he was not left long in suspense. Another letter came, and still another, and she was no better; and finally, in about three weeks from the first intelligence, came the melancholy tidings of her death.

She died on the 25th day of May, 1832, after a sickness of five weeks. Every possible attention was bestowed upon her from her first attack to the closing scene. In particular, the man for whose welfare she had exerted all her powers, whom she had followed from city to city, with the determined purpose of rescuing him from vice and misery, and restoring him, if possible, to her beloved sister—this man, touched to the very heart by her condition, now appropriated every hour he could spare from business, and gave himself up to the most devoted attentions. He provided nurses, watchers, physicians—everything that man could devise for her relief and help; and, night after night—as he had taken lodgings in the next room to hers, for the purpose of being called on in case of any emergency—he was compelled to listen to her moans, while every distress that she suffered sent a pang through his own frame; and when, at last, it became evident that she must die, he was so affected that he could have died himself, had it been necessary, to save her. But he was doomed to stand over her and see her depart, and to close those beautiful eyes in the sleep that knows no waking. Her last words were—"Mr. Cushing, pray, pray be faithful. God will guide you, if you are only faithful." After a few minutes more, she uttered the words—"Louisa, Edward!" and she never spoke again, except to murmur the name of "William." It was the name of her first love—her faithless husband.

Cushing turned from the scene with overpowering grief. He felt what he never felt before—the divine beauty of a pure life, and a Christian's triumphant death. It sent conviction deep down into his soul. He was a different man henceforth. He resolved before God—if for nothing else, for the sublime devotedness of this noble woman—to walk henceforth in virtue and sobriety. Her image was constantly before him. He continued after her death in a very serious and contemplative mood, and it was observed by every one that a new spirit had come over him. He confessed to all his associates that he had lost the best friend he had in the world. It was not known in Mobile that he was then married, and it was supposed by all that his wife was dead. That now, after the removal of his devoted friend, he felt the strongest promptings to return to his wife. What would she say to him? How would she receive him? These were questions that exercised him much. But he could not stay in Mobile. It seemed to him that the grave had absorbed all—had annihilated all there worth living for. And now again returned the thoughts of his mystic experience in the memory of his past life. Oh how full was everything of meaning, but this one, insupportable, mysterious calamity of her death. Was it, after all, he would think in his best moments, that it was his mission to reform and save him, and that accomplished, was his work upon earth done? But again he would think, "Perhaps she sees me now. How many times did she try to instill into my mind, thoughts of spiritual things altogether exceeding my capacity!" Cushing prayed as he never prayed before. Down upon his knees, in his closet, did he often implore the Almighty that if her pure spirit was anywhere in the infinite realms of space, that it might be permitted to visit him. He confessed his crimes; he besought forgiveness; he resolved upon a Christian life.

How much more had this woman been to him than his legal wife ever had! True, he had given much occasion for offense and alienation on the part of his wife; but after all, his wife, more given to worldliness and fashion, never exerted herself as this woman did. And oh how the connections of this life sometimes assert their superiority above all human laws! And how it will be manifest in the world of spirits, when the externalities and conventionalities of this world are all snatched asunder by death, that those who are truly connected by various ties of human relationship—who have sympathized, or befriended, or loved, or helped one another here! Yes, blessed God that every single spark of true affection that has been cherished toward a human being in this world, must, by the inevitable laws of affinity, be perpetuated and strengthened, and become the cause of more or less happy associations in the world to come. So, at least, felt Cushing. He had been taught by his best earthly friend that it was so; and his delightful hope now was, to continue the memory of her goodness and faithfulness, all the days of his life; to follow on in the path that she had marked out for him; and if possible, to be reunited with his wife. He felt that he was prepared for it—that he could prove a true and faithful husband, and that should she now see him, especially as he stood connected, in his improvement, with her own sister, and with the affecting incidents of her sickness and death, she would perhaps receive him with something of her early affection. And he trusted that after a short time their marriage could, as it were, be re-enacted and renewed for all time.

With this thought, after a few days of reflection, he made up his mind. At first he thought he would write to Louisa, but he finally concluded that he would go to her in person, present himself as her reclaimed and worthy-to-be-honored husband, and asking her forgiveness for the time that had passed, offer himself anew as an object of her love. He lost no time in carrying out his resolution: he settled up his affairs in Mobile immediately; took farewell forever—as he thought—of the South and all its blandishments, and embarked in the ship Neptune, for Boston.

Edward had, in the meantime, been so tossed upon the ocean of his own feelings, that he seemed hardly the same being. It was difficult to tell which was the greatest mourner, he or Louisa. The latter felt all the sorrow that belonged to a sister's affliction, but the former pined in secret, and experienced a breach in his existence which he had never known before. Moved by those deeper feelings which are thoroughly above all the ties of family relationship, the young and melancholy lover now felt keenly the hollowness of the world. Under the pressure of this affliction, it was now proposed to find a pleasant family where each of them could board. One was soon found at the west part of the city, where commodious rooms were engaged, and where, as intimates and friends, they tried to enjoy themselves as best they could, under the vicissitudes of a perplexed and varied life. Horace Goodman had always kept the intimacy of his noble friend, and had frequent and interesting conversations with him. They could now sympathize more deeply. Their experience had become more similar. Horace had the most precious of his thoughts centered upon her whose lovely form he had laid in the grave, and much and deeply did he contemplate the significance of his vision of her, as interpreted by Edward. The whole subject came up anew between them. Edward declared he could not think of his dear friend as lost, or as gone from him. He loved her still; he felt her presence still; he dwelt upon her glorious form. "Away with all this nonsensical talk," he said, "about spirits having no forms. If they have no forms, they are nothing. They are in the human form, of course, and there are the same loves between the sexes, only higher and altogether spiritual; they don't marry nor give in marriage as they do here, but what is to hinder souls that are formed for each other from being drawn together by spontaneous affinity? Nay, can you imagine a perfect heaven without it? Horace, do you think all that beautiful essence, which here made the body so admirable, has perished, or is dispersed into impalpable ether? The outward form, to be sure, has returned to the dust as it was; but the inward, the substance that so radiated from those heavenly eyes, and lit up that splendid countenance, and supported that whole frame—why, I tell you that it lives in heaven more substantially than it does on earth. How beautiful must the angels be! What divine countenances, and perfect expressions!"

"But, Edward, you recollect you told me once that while your dear friend was thousands of miles from you, so that you could not commune with her, mine was possibly nearer—nay, so near, despite of death, that I had probably seen her and heard her voice."

"Yes, I do recollect it."

"Well, what was I going to ask is, Do you now feel so yourself? Do you think Mrs. W. is nearer to you than when she was on earth?"

"Yes, in one sense—in the highest sense, I do. Spiritual affections do not diminish, but rather increase, by being elevated into the heavenly world; and the soul then becomes so free from the clogs of the flesh that it can act more freely, see into other souls, pierce to the more interior depths of the spirits which it loved while here in the body, and thus put itself into more immediate and closer connection than perhaps it ever could here."

"Oh! that perhaps?"

"But it is a self-evident truth. I need n't speak so doubtfully. Why, my good friend, if the persons that here associate on earth, who live together, and call themselves friends, and frequently husbands and wives, could see into each other's hearts, and read all the secret motives that actuate them, and comprehend the real feelings which at times are suffered to move them, they would be perfectly amazed. Think of the base and grovelling motives for marriage! I know it sometimes looks cynical and misanthropic thus to revert to the sad realities of poor human nature, but let us receive the wholesome caution. Manifestly, we see here, frequently, only a vast sham. The spirit itself we cannot see, only as it reveals itself in all noble and undoubted actions, and in an intuition which is infallible. Here, then, I rest, in my faith of spiritual realities, and in the sure connections of congenial souls wherever in God's universe they are."

"You are certainly a man of faith, and philosophy, too; and I hope you may enjoy both, in reference to the dear friend you have lost."

"Don't say lost, but gone before."

Such is only a specimen of the oft-repeated conversation which these two friends enjoyed, and of the results it led to. Edward found no other companion like him, and even in him he could not find that depth and height of thought which cheered his own soul. It was an inextinguishable support to the affliction that now came upon him.

It was at about this time that Louisa began to think more seriously of the fate of her husband, and was moved to write to him. She really wanted to know the results of her sister's labors. She accordingly seated herself, one day, to the task. She happened to say that she had been deeply moved by her sister's regard for him, and expressed a desire that it might all prove true—that she had heard of his improvement. The letter was sent just one day after he had left Mobile for Boston. Of course he never received it; but the time of coincidence, when they were both thinking so deeply of each other, was an incident of some interest afterwards. He was coming to her, but she did not know it. After the letter had been sent, she felt much more of her sister's love, and thought more seriously of their associations and journeyings through life. The miserable woman she went to New Orleans with she condemned in earnest indignation. Still, a silent voice would whisper in her ear, but alas, that Providence might have something more to do with these events than any one could fathom.

The news of Mrs. Willard's death struck

Thomas with unusual emotion. With all his sensualism and worldly proclivities, he had a true human feeling for any one in distress; and when he saw his brother in unaltered grief for the loss of one who was dearer to him than all the world beside—though he could not help suspecting the nature of the attachment—he shed great, manly tears. "Edward," said he, "I am sorry for you; if I could help you I would. Your own thoughts must do better than all I can say." And looking at him in real sympathy, and seeming to feel his own inferiority, he continued: "You have resources that I know nothing about; call on me at any time, if you want money; such as I have is yours." And as he reached out his hand, and laid it, in good hearty fellowship, on his brother's shoulder, they both felt the glow of a higher nature above all the rubbish of the world.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Louisa was all this time employed at her business—which was that of needle-work—for two or three of the fancy goods stores in the city. She managed, by dint of perseverance and industry, to keep herself above want, and even to lay aside something for a "rainy day." She was in good health, was of much stronger constitution than her sister had been, and was therefore in a state of comfortable independence. She inwardly thanked God that she was no longer dependent on any man, but could make her own way through the world.

One evening, sitting in her room all alone, she was thinking over the story of her life. It seemed to her, exaggerated as every one's experience is apt to be in the light of their own self-importance—that there was enough in it, if it only had a sequel, to be framed into a readable romance. She was half inclined to attempt the writing of it. Why was it, thought she, that I was so foolish, so inconsiderate, as to throw myself away in the manner I did? I knew the man I loved was intemperate, and had other bad habits. Why did I not disown him at once? Why could I not have foreseen my fate? Or was it that—

In the midst of these broken contemplations, a rap was given upon her door, and Mr. Willard was announced. "Mr. Willard!" exclaimed she, "What! William Willard!" Indeed it was he, the former husband of her sister. He had heard of his wife's death, by a letter from Cushing, and came to Boston for information of further particulars. He had sought out, by what was told him in the letter, the residence of Mrs. Cushing, and had come to her that evening expressly. Louisa had not seen him for years. When last she saw him, it was when he was on a visit to Boston, and the very last time that he had an interview with his wife. He was then in almost the lowest stages of shabby-genteel dissipation; he was fast going to ruin. He had been cruel, as well as neglectful, to his wife. She would never have forsaken him, or let him go from her grasp, had it not been for the intolerable abuse which he had heaped upon her in his intemperate states, and which finally allowed no hope of reformation. When she parted from him the last time, it was with such a conviction of permanent separation, and such a blow upon her gentle spirit, that she was thrown into violent nervous agitation, which prostrated her for weeks. This the cruel man never knew of, till it was revealed to him that evening. As he sat, not much improved in appearance, but with an evident seriousness in his aspect, as though conscience had been gnawing somewhat effectually at his heart, and listened to the simple story of Louisa—how his wife had left Boston for New Orleans, in the company of a treacherous friend, who had deceived and maltreated her, and finally turned her out of doors; how she was thence compelled to seek employment as saleswoman in a store in that city, from whence she was again expelled, as also from her boarding-house, for false suspicions connected with the attempted reformation of her brother-in-law; how she thence traveled to Mobile for no other purpose than to save him, and, by exposure and labor, had died there, unfriended and alone, except by the man whom she had tried to bless. As he listened to all this, he sobbed aloud. The hardened man was smitten to his heart's core. He turned away from the narrator, walked to another part of the room, was observed to be looking at something which he held in his hand, and to be weeping profusely.

"What have you there?" said Louisa.

"There it is," said he, in great agitation, as he threw it into her lap, "and may God have mercy on my soul."

It was a beautiful miniature of Mrs. Willard, which he had himself painted while she was in the very prime of her beauty, and he was in the height of his profession and success as an artist. Louisa looked upon it, gazed into its almost speaking features, and involuntarily mingled her tears with his, at the recollections it brought up.

"Oh, wretched, wretched life!" exclaimed Willard; "what have I done to that fair creature?"

"It is all over now," said Louisa.

"All over? I fear it is not."

He hung his head in silent agony, as he realized for the first time how great was the injury he had done; and he could hardly persuade himself that it was all true that he had heard. Rousing himself, he inquired—"What do you say—that she was trying to reform your husband?"

"She was; I could hardly believe it myself."

"Where is your husband?"

"I know not—unless in Mobile."

"It's a strange matter; and she no doubt would have saved him if she could. How long did she bear with his infirmities? How much did she suffer for me!—and from me, alas! How she labored to make me a different man! Oh, fool, fool that I was! I would give anything to see your husband."

"We can write to him, and no doubt get every particular."

"I want to see him."

"You might go out there and see him."



"Do you say she was turned out of doors twice, and—"

"Don't dwell too much upon it; she is happy now."

"Oh, my God, it is insupportable!"

"This indeed heavy to think of."

"Who else knew my wife?"

"No one that I know of, that had any particular interest in her, except a young man that boarded in the house."

"A young man that boarded in this house?"

"Yes."

"Is he here now?"

"I presume so."

"Who is he?"

"Edward Foster."

"What—that used to keep with Cushing?"

"Even so."

"What interest had he in her?"

"He became a very intimate friend of hers. You know how we used to associate when my mother kept the boarding-house; he became more attached to her before she left for New Orleans, and I believe counted her as his first friend."

"How intimate did he become?"

"He thought everything of her."

"Was he anything more than a friend? Did he have any affection for her?"

"Edward was young, you know; he had an affection, I presume, founded on a just esteem for her."

"Were they much together?"

"A good deal, before she left the city."

"Tell me in plain terms—did that young man love her?"

"You are not jealous, I suppose, of any pure and true affection that he could cherish for one so lovely, under the circumstances?"

"Jealous? no—not now—but, was he really attached to her in the way you intimate?"

"I know not but I am disclosing matters that ought not to be mentioned; but Edward is my friend as well as he was hers. He is a most amiable young man. He is more than a brother to me. But he thought a great deal more of Mary than he did of me."

"Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Yes; for you must not intimate to him what I have said. He is a very pure-minded, sensitive, delicate young man. I would not have his feelings injured for anything."

"You talk as though there was an unusual attachment."

"Mr. Willard, it was so pure and true that he could not help it."

Willard now walked the room in agitated thought, while Louisa took occasion to expatiate upon the inevitabilities and mysteries of human love. It was evident that a feeling of miserable jealousy was now kindled in the heart of Willard though his wife was dead, and had died, unquestionably, by his neglect and ill-treatment. Alas! poor human nature. That such a feeling should live in the heart of so degraded a man, even toward the living benefactor of his deceased wife! And even though he had been convinced of the immaculate and angelic purity of Edward, no doubt his wicked and selfish heart would have been somewhat ruffled at the thought of another sharing the affections of his virtually divorced and forsaken companion. Time will come, some day, when love shall be more justly privileged than it is now—when those who do love with purity and sweetness shall be accorded all the rights that there are in the condition, by a power that transcends all mere legal enactments, and all the trammels and obstructions of a disordered society. But this will only be in a purer and better age of the world, (not by any of the expedients of our modern reformers,) when marriage itself shall be emancipated from everything but love, and that shall reign supreme over all humanity. Especially shall it not be said, then, that a brute, a demoniacal abuser and trampler of the holy affections of woman, shall claim by law any exclusive right to her sympathies and favors, while her true lover must be shunned, suspected and put off.

"Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

After some reflections and a little conversation, in which Louisa, from her own galled sense of never having been able to be first in Edward's affections, could not help being more free in her disclosures to Willard than she otherwise would have been, Edward was sent for. He came down stairs and entered the room as familiarly as a brother. He was introduced to "Mr. William Willard, widower of the late Mrs. Willard, sister of Louisa." It was almost too much for Edward. He stood trembling and pale. He bowed retiringly, in extreme diffidence, and the shock sent him unconsciously and timorously to the other side of the room.

"Were you acquainted with my wife?" said Willard abruptly.

"I was, sir."

"I am told by Mrs. Cushing that you was an intimate of hers."

Edward looked at Louisa, then dropped his eyes, then plucked up all the courage he could, and said, tremblingly:

"I was somewhat intimate with her before she left the city."

"Did you correspond with her?"

Another look at Louisa. "I did, sir."

"Well, can you tell me any of the particulars of her death? Are you in possession of any letters from her or from her friends?"

"A still greater agitation. "I had a letter from her, sir, before she was taken sick, and two or three from Mr. Cushing during her sickness; also one informing me of the particulars of her death."

"Well, can I have the privilege of seeing these letters?"

"Any information, sir, that I can impart to you that will be useful, I should be most happy to communicate."

"I want to know everything that pertains to her misfortunes, trials, experiences of any interest, and of her sickness and last hours."

"You shall have it, sir, most willingly."

Edward at that moment caught a sight of the miniature that had been laid upon the table where he sat. He took it involuntarily into his hands, and, as he looked upon it and the countenance of his dearly beloved was before him in unexpected vision, he was suddenly chained to it as by a spell. The penetrating eye of Willard saw what had happened, and he sat still, watching every expression visible in the young man's face. He saw him sway and breathe with emotion, looking intently, now at the picture, then upon vacancy, then pale as it were with dread, then glancing hastily at Willard, then with a trembling hand trying to look upon it and hide his emotions, and at last, in the space of not more than two minutes, as expressionless and motionless as a stone.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" said Willard, the syllables repeated from his mouth with measured and awful utterance.

This aroused Edward, and he looked first at the man, then at the picture again, and tried to speak, but hesitated.

"What's the matter?" said Willard abruptly.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Edward, "how life like!"

"Ah, my young man, I painted that when I lived in her life, and was dearer to her than her own soul!"

"And was she as dear to you?"

"She was! she was!"

A silent pause in the conversation—each of the gentlemen thinking ominously what the other's feeling all meant—was now broken by Edward, who exclaimed, as by involuntary impulse:

"She was the dearest friend I ever had!"

"She befriended you, did she?"

"She did."

"And did you befriend her?"

"I did."

"God reward you for it!"

These words were a relief to Edward. It was plain now that whatever may have been his feelings of jealousy or mistrust, he was not disposed to utter them in words, but to let honor and manhood prevail to the extent of not offering any affront to the young man. Louisa herself was afraid of a dreadful onslaught, but she stifled her feelings, in wardly praying that nothing might occur to wound the deep feelings of her friend. Willard complied with his implied promise to her, and did not suffer himself to become disagreeably aggressive.

It was a sight to make angels weep. It might have been well said: "Look on this picture, and on this." The imbruted, degraded and shattered man who was her legal husband, and the simple, pure, unsophisticated and true lover, who was there by his side. Some day, I say, these terrible problems will exist no longer. No demand was made by Willard for any more of the letters than what related strictly to his wife's experience; and for this purpose Edward invited him to his room alone. They were in conference for the space of nearly two hours. Every item of intelligence that Edward possessed, which could be of any satisfaction to him, was minutely imparted, portions of her letters and of Cushing's being read faithfully in his hearing; nor did the conscience-stricken man once offer to invade that delicacy which was the sacred privilege of Edward, to draw from him anything which was not freely and voluntarily communicated. Edward told him enough, of his own accord, to satisfy him of a very deep and affectionate regard, leaving him to draw his own inferences as to anything further. When all was said, and every inquiry had been faithfully answered, he then asked if he thought Cushing had any particular affection for her, above what arose from her efforts in his behalf. Some fear, still working at the bottom of his evil heart, that some one might have loved her, seemed still to linger—a touching testimonial to humanity's secret depths. Edward answered him promptly, "No."

"But," said the inquisitive man, "this was uncommon—this zealous attempt to reform a man of no nearer kin than a brother-in-law, and under such circumstances, too."

"It was her own glorious spirit," said Edward, enthusiastically, "that prompted her, in spite of all her own misfortunes, to seek and save a lost man, and restore him, if possible, to her sister."

"Strange!" said Willard, thoughtfully.

"Not strange at all, sir; perfectly characteristic of her nature."

The man could not but be pleased with this eulogium passed upon his once loved wife, and he almost refrained from asking any more questions. Still, he looked suspiciously. Oh, cursed spirit of perverted jealousy!—that, after love had all died out in him, and during his opportunity, he had almost forgotten her—had shamefully scorned and abused her—he should still think he had a property, as it were—an exclusive right, invested by law, I suppose, even in the memory of her affections! But it all goes to illustrate how, in that true love which by birth and culture belongs to the soul, there is something which, of right, horribly dreads and shrinks from the idea of its peculiar affection being touched or shared by another. When any intrusion is made by another into these holy relations, then the feeling of jealousy comes in as a providential safeguard, as though the very sanctities of heaven were invaded and profaned by unclean hands. It is a holy fire, a burning flame, frequently, which breaks out against those infesting the love of consorts, and which causes a just pain lest love should be divided and should perish. In its legitimate and nobler functions, we cannot too much admire it; but in its perversions and pollutions, like every other high thing, it degenerates into the vilest passion, and is the just cause of scorn and ridicule.

Mr. Willard went as far as he could. He wanted to be very sure that nobody had ever loved his wife, or done her a favor out of any real affection above friendship—for his spiritual consolation, I suppose. Miserable man! Yet let not him judge him too harshly; for there did break forth from his lips some tender expressions, as of recognition of Edward's superior claims, and as evidence of some remaining naivety.

After the conference, and as they were about returning to Louisa's room below, Edward detained him for one minute; and, said he, "Before we go down, I want to ask of you one favor."

"Certainly."

"I would ask, then, if I can have that miniature, or a copy of it, as a memento of one so dear to us both."

"That miniature! I would not part with it for a thousand dollars."

"Could you not, then, make me a copy of it?"

"My good fellow; I have one thing to say to you. You profess to be a Christian. You read, then, in the good book, 'Set your affections on things above; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.' I see, by your countenance and make, that you are somewhat finely and delicately constituted. You can observe that precept. I cannot; I am too far gone. I am attracted to you, my young friend. You were favored with the society of my wife. I have seen it by all your emotions; I know it by your conversation; and now your request of me the gift of her likeness. I give you—oh, I give you (and here he was raised to an enthusiasm wild and fearful,) 'what is better—the memory of her virtues! May they beget in you the likeness of her spirit. Oh, it is terrible! I confess it—I confess it all.' And you," (looking upward,) "oh spirit beloved, forsaken, abused—"

He could go no further. He sank into his chair, buried his face in his hand, and gave himself to solemn reverie. Edward broke the silence by addressing him in the calmest manner, assuring him that it was good that they had met; that he should always remember it kindly; that, if he could help him in any way, he should be pleased to do it. Said he—"I cannot think you are never to see better days. You feel disturbed now: it may be an omen of good things to come."

"Stop, friend. No good thing can come of this—nothing but misery. Talk not to me so."

"Oh yes! There never was a cloud so dark but it had its silver lining."

"What possible good can come of such a ruin? I tell you I am too heavy and gloomy to be comforted by any such talk."

"But, my dear sir, you are not in a mood now

to reason dispassionately upon it. I can see, perhaps, better than you can. I see into your heart. I see how tenderly you once loved, and how awful are the stings and pricks of conscience."

"Squillingly, but sternly—"Can you see into me? You must have a wonderful vision for darkness. You are of the bat species—a true seer."

After cooling off a little, and calming down to his usual mood, Edward motioned him to the room below. On entering, Willard commenced with Mrs. Cushing in a style somewhat prophetic. Said he—"I thank you for this young man's acquaintance; but now, my good woman, if you have any power over him, guard him. He is liable to go astray—ah, he is! Believe me, he is too tender, too delicate, too romantic, too passionately fond of female beauty. Heaven forgive me—I know what fine things are, and I have a love for him for his simple honesty. He is as transparent as a crystal. He loved my wife for what she was; but, had she not been beautiful as heaven itself, would he ever have become so attached to her? Should even I have become so?" And here, gathering himself up into one last speech, he said, emphatically—"Take care of him! I am ruined—miserable!"

He made his way quickly to the door, Edward running after him, to know where he stopped. "At Will's Hotel," he said; and no more was seen of him for the night.

"These are strange scenes," said Louisa to Edward. "That man is almost bordering on derangement." The whole conversation was discussed between them, and they both mutually resolved to make an early attempt to find him in the morning.

In the sleep of that night, Edward had this remarkable dream: He saw, in the distance, a man clothed in vile raiment, of deformed countenance, blotched all over, standing on a sandy desert, above which was a gloomy and threatening sky, and dark birds of awful omen, that flapped their heavy wings in an audible and doleful manner, while the man was straining his eyes, and looking for some ray of light from any human habitation that could possibly afford him shelter. At last, he ventured to look up. He saw what appeared to be a star peering through the sevenfold darkness. As he looked, it brightened; when he turned away, it darkened. In this manner, he was groping his way through the desert, when presently a human figure appeared to him, and said—"Friend, what seekest thou?" He, not at all astonished, at the presence of a human being so little expected, said—"I am seeking a shelter for my exhausted nature." The figure pointed him to the star above him. He looked, and it shone still more brightly. While they stood upon the plain, the traveler cast an eye upon his clothing, and was somewhat surprised that he appeared in no better trim. Suddenly the figure disappeared; and the traveler being bewildered at the thought of what it all meant, Edward saw him reach out a hand toward him. At this instant, another man appeared, of a similar but not so bad an aspect, and the two together commenced an upward path, through patches of green foliage, and sparks of light from the leaves and waters around, to a house which had the appearance of an old-fashioned English inn. Here they seemed to be prepared to stop for a while, when the vision began to grow dim, and finally disappeared altogether.

This dream Edward never told to any one for a long time. He felt that, if it portended anything, it was that the Divine Providence, in which he had now begun to trust more firmly, would conduct his own affairs in this unhappy and seemingly unpromising matter.

On the morning of the next day he made an immediate effort to see Mr. Willard again. He found him at the hotel designated, and decidedly more calm than the night previous, and disposed to enter freely into conversation on all matters pertaining to their former conference. He proposed to remain in the city three or four days. He had friends to see, and some business that he wished to attend to. He went again to see Mrs. Cushing, and was very serious on the subject of his wife's death.

On the third day of his tarrying, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, as he was strolling, melancholy, through Tremont street, he met a man who looked somewhat familiar to him. They stared at each other for a moment, then approached, and, with an expression of sudden amazement, Willard exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Cushing, is it you? You are the very man of all the earth I wanted to see. How long have you been in Boston?"

"Just arrived from Mobile."

"This is capital! Have you been expected here?"

"Not that I know of."

"But, Cushing, I must see you right here. Go in here at the hotel a moment; I have something I must say to you."

"I am on my way now to my wife; she does not know that I am here; I can hardly stop now."

"Just a moment—not more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I want to speak to you about my poor wife."

"Your wife, my dear sir, is in a happier land. I had the melancholy duty to perform of closing her eyes for the last time."

The tears began to swim in the eyes of Willard, and his companion in affliction could not deny himself the duty of stopping then, for a few minutes, and they went into the Tremont House together. Cushing there made known to him, briefly, every particular of her sickness and death.

"This," said the unhappy man, "is what I have come to the city for. I wanted to know all. I received your letter, and then immediately sought her sister, and I am glad now that I have met you. Did she suffer much at last?"

"A great deal, for several days, until about twelve hours before her death. She was then so exhausted she could hardly speak. She would answer by signs and pressures of the hand any question that might be put to her, but she was not in pain then, and she passed out of the world like going to sleep."

"What were her very last words?"

"Her very last was the utterance of your name. She turned her head in an effort to say something, apparently, which she would not leave unsaid, but all she could utter was a low, murmuring sound of 'William.'"

"My God!"

Yes, it was too much for the man to think of; she had thought of him to the last; and, at this revelation, he turned away from his companion, muttered incoherent words of "Memory, memory!" and seemed absorbed in the contemplation.

"As to memory, sir," said Cushing, "I could tell you something profoundly interesting."

"What?"

"I cannot tell you now, but will take another occasion."

"I have heard that she befriended you."

"Befriended me? If it had not been for her I should not have been in this trim now. I should have been a ruined man. She has saved me from the lowest hell."

A statistician estimates the number of dogs in this country at six millions.

"How so?"

"Mr. Willard, I must be frank and plain with you. I know something of your past life. It has been not altogether unlike mine. We married sisters. Alas, for their misfortunes by us! But let me adjure you, by the memory of her blessed spirit, by all her virtues, self-sacrifice and heavenly beauty, by your regard for your own welfare here and your happiness in eternity, to forsake these ways that lead to death. Do it, sir, immediately. She saved me; she could have saved you, had you submitted to her reasonable endeavor. I have heard her speak of you. Indeed, sir, she formed that purpose—the purpose, if I should effectually reform, to take encouragement to come again to you. God seemed to have inspired her with these determinations. Nothing could have stopped her short of death. She became a different woman after she left you; misfortune and affliction seemed to bring out her better nature. At all events, I never saw her so at home, nor met a Christian of her persistency anywhere. She was a true heroine. Oh, if you could only have heard her talk! She had a faith in something above the dull mathematics of this world. I believe she was providentially sent to me; and, sir, from what I know of myself, I can say with certainty that, if she had lived, it would not have been long before she would have come to you, and applied herself again to the work of your restoration. Yes, sir, she would have lived with you again, if there was any mercy in the heavens that could have reached your obdurate heart."

Willard could not reply to this; he was confounded. All he could say was—"Fool that I was, that I did not know her better!" But the past had gone forever, and it was no use to lament over it. Our regrets, at least, can only make us wiser for the future; and no one felt this more deeply than Cushing. His companion in vice was as yet unpromising. In vain did he try to rouse him, and to extort from him some promise of effort to reform. He could only overpower him and confound him with his plain rebukes and expostulations. The fallen man still muttered forth his suspicions of illegal love for his wife, by some one who had no right there, almost like the lingering remnants of insanity. And to Cushing he finally said—"You was a good deal with my wife; you saw much of her—you. She helped you; you knew her well."

"Ay, sir; and perhaps her spirit now knows us, better than we imagine. 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' Come, my good fellow, go with me now. Walk with me to the house of my wife, and I will there make another appointment with you."

They walked, arm in arm, to the house where Cushing had learned, by inquiry, that his wife was boarding, and there, upon the door-steps, made an appointment for a meeting the next day, at Will's Hotel, in Elm street.

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

MID SHADOWS.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOCK.

As I sat in lonely musing,  
Solitude and silence choosing,  
Shadows, coming on apace,  
Gathered me in their embrace.  
Shadows, gathering all around me,  
With their strange, woe-power bound me.  
Shadows, passing swiftly on,  
Seemed in sombre shapes to form.  
Near they came, still closer drew,  
Till to spirit-forms they grew;  
And in fancy I beheld  
Loved ones, whom I knew so well.  
Then on life I sadly pondered,  
And my mind far backward wandered,  
While those silent shadows, creeping,  
Over me their watch were keeping.  
Like a vivid panorama,  
One by one, they passed before me  
Forms familiar, once loved faces,  
Bringing scenes of distant places.  
One I saw—a noble youth—  
On his brow, the seal of Truth;  
In his eye, true, manly daring;  
Noble goodness marked his bearing.  
He went out to fight for freedom,  
When the cry for help first reached him;  
Like a patriot, strong and brave,  
All for the just cause, he gave.  
Loyal heart, so firm and true—  
Even life—he gave that too.  
Many more, 'neath Southern skies,  
Sank to earth, no more to rise.  
Then, a maiden, passing on—  
Just a glimpse, and she was gone.  
Well I know her—lovely, smiling,  
Weary hours with song beguiling;  
When life was opening bright,  
She went out from mortal sight.  
Still another, pale and sad—  
Once I knew her, happy, glad.  
Base desertion, cruel scorn,  
Broke her young heart in life's morning;  
All life's joys were at an end;  
Rest was sweet, and death a friend.  
Faded flowers decked her bed,  
Like her own hopes, crushed and dead.  
Then, of shadows, still another—  
One we cherished like a brother;  
Strong and happy, fond of life,  
Ready for its toil and strife;  
Stricken down—alas, how soon!  
Ere his sun had reached its noon.  
Hard, to give a form so brave  
To the cold and lonely grave!  
Hard, a face so glad and bright  
No more blessed our mortal sight!  
We would fain have kept him longer,  
But the stern decree was stronger.  
So the form lies cold and still,  
But the spirit comes at will:  
For I saw him moving on,  
With my friendly, shadowy throng.  
Sad I felt, yet glad to meet them;  
For I knew that I still greet them,  
Some day, when I leave the mortal,  
And pass calmly through Death's portal,  
No more shades, but real and true—  
Friendly faces, clear to view.  
Near I know, they must have been,  
Else I had not shadows seen;  
So, perchance, again they'll come,  
Dimly to my earthly home;  
And I'm sure they'll wait for me,  
When, at last, my spirit's free.

THE NEWSPAPER.—In a recent sermon by one of the Presbyterian ministers in Cincinnati on the secular and religious press it was said:

"We can get along without coffee for breakfast better than we can without our paper. Not only as a vehicle of news is the paper powerful; not only because by the paper does Flora McFinnsey do her day's shopping and the merchant his day's buying, but especially because it does the practical thinking of a large part of the people. They are too busy or too indolent to do it for themselves, so they get a man to set up nights, state the facts, and draw the conclusions and advocate a theory for them, do the whole up in a convenient package and slip it under the front door. In half an hour, while they sip their coffee, they have not only learned what is going on in the world, but exactly what they ought to think and how they ought to feel about the mixed up business in this great rushing world of ours."

A statistician estimates the number of dogs in this country at six millions.

We will not stop to compare the Lord's

## The Lecture Room.

ASTRO-THEOLOGY—ADAM'S FALL AND REDEMPTION.

A LECTURE BY REV. D. W. HULL.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. xv. 22.

Our text leads us to contemplate the fall and redemption of Adam. In speaking on this subject we shall ask to be relieved from the pain of echoing the popular theory, or any theory that does not accord with our reason. We shall then treat men's theories, and even the Bible, with all the respect their innate truths demand, and no more. We do believe, however, that there is more truth in "Adam's fall and redemption" than we have been wont to admit. But ere we can elucidate the golden truths thus hid away, we must strip this account of the mass of error which so thoroughly encases it as to give it a bad reputation.

We read that God placed man in the Garden. "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Gen. ii. 16-17.

When the clergy quote this text they generally render it thus: "Of the tree of knowledge, instead of 'Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.' A great deal consists in their fixing their theories, and garbling the Bible to suit; for if they do not, the common people will either lose faith in them or the Bible. Then it really appears that the forbidden fruit was necessary to keep Adam from doing wrong—to keep him out of hell. Look at the first pair, as they go around like the wild Australian children, picking berries here and there, without sense enough to keep out of mischief. An unreasonable God curses them if they attempt to learn right from wrong, and damns them if, in their ignorance, they do wrong. It is at this juncture that the devil—that compassionate, sympathetic being, who was never known to do any harm in the universe, and who has finally succeeded in reforming Adam's God, so that he blesses men for doing what he once cursed them for doing—must step in and save the whole posterity of Adam from—learning good from evil—took pity upon man, and began to try to lift him up from his degradation. So he meets the woman in the garden and begins to talk with her on the subject. He tells her that it is a mistake about the fruit being poison: 'Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' Gen. iii. 4-5. No wonder the woman ate of the forbidden fruit. I imagine I hear her soliloquize thus: 'I am a poor ignorant, exposed to the wrath of Almighty God. I don't know right from wrong. If I eat of this tree I shall be like the gods; I can tell what I should and what I must do no longer. I can then avoid the wrong and do the right, and ever after I cannot fail to please him. But the loquacious gentleman I met this morning said there was some mistake about the matter—that there was no danger of death from the tree; and, to convince me, he actually ate two or three apples. But, then, suppose it is true? what is a life of ignorance worth? Must I spend my whole life moping about without sense enough to dress myself? Why, none but a tyrant, unfit to be obeyed, would require that of any individual. No; let me spend my three score and ten years in the pursuit of knowledge, rather than to crawl around this earth without any object through a long eternity. If I live, I must live for no ignominious purpose. God wants that I should glorify him; but what are my praises worth if I am so ignorant as to not comprehend their meaning? In addition to all this, he has left me and my husband here entirely alone, with this wily gentleman, and he well knew that I was too ignorant to resist his logic. I don't know about this God or any how. The devil appears about as smart as he is, and a far more of the gentleman; besides, God's stories don't hang together well. He wants me to be virtuous, yet forbids my learning what virtue is. My reason convinces me that the other gentleman's story is the most reasonable. If I am wrong it is because the Lord has no mercy on me, and I have not yet learned good from evil. One bite from that tree would teach me which is right. As it is, I think the devil's a whole lot correct, and I know of no better way to change my mind than by eating one of those apples. Surely the Lord won't object to my eating one of those apples, if I am driven to that extreme in order to change my present condition. Besides, all this, and death any how. If I fail to learn good from evil, I am liable, in my ignorance, to sin, and then I'll die. If I eat of this tree I'll die. Now I will weigh this matter: in one scale I will put death, knowledge of right and wrong, and a life of virtue with a possibility of eternal progression, should there be any mistake about this death; in the other scale I will put ignorance, sin, death, and which results in sin and death. My decision is made. Mr. Devil, I will try one of those pippins, if you please."

The woman reasons well for an ignorant woman, and her logic soon convinced her almost idiot husband that if he would lead a life of virtue he must learn what virtue was. Now, the wily gentleman, and they learn that they are in a state of nudity, and they retire beneath the fern to make themselves some aprons. But an angry God summons them to trial for trying to learn how to please him. He curses them, their posterity, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and even the earth with its herbage, for the sin of learning how to live virtuously. But mark you, how soon the reformation begun on earth is commenced in heaven. Adam was called out—a great, naked specimen, six feet high, who would never have known of his nudity if it had not been for the forbidden fruit; and he excuses his nakedness, says he is ashamed to be seen in company in such a condition. And he finally succeeds in convincing the Lord that Nature designed his body should be covered. Having converted the Lord over to so much of the devil's doctrine, he made them some clothes, such as they were, and we have never since heard of the Lord or any of his angels appearing *dishabille*, though we read that one of his servants tried for three years to revive this style of living by getting a shabby pattern of the Lord's robe, and he was so much pleased with it that he made a great many more. No doubt the improvements of modern times. I believe there was a sect of Adventists in Maine about the year 1844 or 1845, who tried to revive this ancient custom of primitive innocence, but the world was steeped in wickedness, and the weather was somewhat cold, and they were compelled to return to the "folles and fashions" of the nineteenth century.

So the man did actually learn something by partaking of the "forbidden fruit." The devil said he and his wife would "be as gods, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii. 5); and the Lord says, "Behold, the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil" (Gen. iii. 22). And now that he knows how to be virtuous, the Lord will give him endless life, says one. Not a bit of it. "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life" (v. 24). This he did lest man should "put forth his hand and take of the tree of life, and eat and live forever." So long as he did not know "good and evil," Adam was welcome to life; but, the moment he had learned how to be virtuous, he incurred the penalty of death. But is it not a little strange, that, after the Almighty had made it impossible for Adam to become immortal, he should be reduced to the paradoxical necessity of becoming as once his own son and his own brother, and give up his immortal life, which he never could lose, as a sacrifice to himself for the sins of the world, and thus pay himself for giving the world (or a part of it) that very life which he had deprived them off? And that, as the devil helped man in the transgression, and thus brought death upon the world, he helped man to commit a greater sin—to kill himself?—and our sins were so great we never could have been forgiven unless we had (by the grace of the devil) committed a greater sin; so, if the devil gets us in a scrape, he gets us out again, with a bonus of knowing right from wrong.

We will not stop to compare the Lord's



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## Banner of Light.

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### Mrs. Stowe on Spiritualism.

In two articles published by Mrs. Stowe in the *Church Union*—her brother's paper—she has spoken, with considerable freedom and a significant boldness, on the subject of Spiritualism; these to be followed by a third, going to show to what extent the beliefs of the primitive Christians on the subject of spirit presence correspond with the scriptures. What we want to bring out here is the simple fact that Mrs. Stowe avows her belief openly in spirit communion and in the mighty power exerted by the invisible upon the current affairs of men. She asserts as follows: "We hold to that belief in the *unbroken unity* possible between those who have passed to the higher life and this. We hold to that vital faith in things unseen which was the strength of primitive Christians. The first Christians believed what they said they did—we do not. The unseen spiritual world, its angels and archangels, its saints and martyrs, its purity and its joys, were over before them, and that is why they were such a mighty force in the world. St. Augustine says that it was the vision of the saints gone before that inspired them with courage and contempt of death—and it is true."

So much toward Mrs. Stowe's belief, as she is induced to make a clear and whole statement of it. Let us regard with more attentiveness what she has to say respecting its grounds and supports. Speaking of the spiritual phenomena, she confesses it is high time the church aroused itself to their serious consideration. "That such experiences with the phenomena are becoming common in our days," she observes, "is a fact that ought to cause Christians to consider." So we have been preaching and teaching, without cessation, for years; and it has been our constant assertion that the time would certainly come when those who style themselves exclusively Christians, and who control and operate what they again denigrate the Church, going so far as to give it the presumptuous title of Orthodox, would be forced to attend to the pressing significance of phenomena whose presence they could not always ignore. Mrs. Stowe herself admits that these remarkable phenomena which affect belief upon this subject are not confined to paid mediums and spirit circles, so-called. They sometimes come of themselves to persons neither believing in them, looking for them, nor seeking them. Thus coming, they cannot but powerfully and tenderly move the soul. "There is the secret of the whole story. Spirit influences refuse to be obedient to the form and pressure of cramping creeds; they ignore religious times and seasons; they come as the scripture itself asserts of the Kingdom of Heaven, 'without observation'; but, for all this mystery and secrecy and silence, they are no whit less potent and real, nor do their visitations work with any less force on the surprised and oftentimes startled soul."

The article we are now referring to in particular sets out with the reproduction of a scrap of conversation between the writer and one of the most distinguished and honored of New England clergymen. The latter spoke of Spiritualism, it appears, "as one of the most dangerous forms of error—as an unaccountable infatuation." He denied peremptorily that there was for it either a scriptural or a rational foundation. To which Mrs. Stowe replies with a review of the religious customs of the early Christians, showing beyond question that they believed fully in the continued union and communion of spirits on earth and above. She instances the frequent celebration by them of the Lord's Supper, and cites from the writings of St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine to prove that angels and men join in the same ascriptions and songs of praise and joy, that the general assembly of celestial and earthly creatures join together on such occasions, and disembodied friends are awaiting with a thrill of indescribable delight the hour of our joining them in a sphere where reunion is to bring perfect bliss. Mrs. Stowe says for herself that "the continued identity, interest and unbroken oneness of the departed with the remaining, was a topic frequently insisted on among early Christian ministers; it was one reason of the rapid spread of Christianity." How altered now, when for believing in such a truth Christians are unceremoniously thrust out of the churches!

The spiritual heaven is quietly doing its work. It is the "still, small voice" that gets the patient hearing at last. The churches may not recognize what is going on in their midst, but, by the results wrought, they will at the right time be compelled to acknowledge all. The great change will have been wrought before they will know how it was done. Its very secrecy is on account of the hard discipline employed by the Church in the hope of suppressing it. Of these secret experiences Mrs. Stowe writes with much feeling and a genuine sincerity, that "in the very nature of the case, they must forever remain secret, yet they have brought to hearts, bereaved and mourning, that very consolation which the Christian Church ought to have afforded them, and which the primitive Church so amply provided."

### Williamsburg, N. Y.

A correspondent, writing us from this place, Sept. 30th, states that Henry Will, 92 1/2 street in that city, is busily engaged in disseminating spiritual light from his bookstore and circulating library, and the tracts which from time to time he is publishing. His sign—which is situated on the main street of the city—prominently proclaims: "Banner of Light Bookstore. Office of the People's Popular Progressive Pamphlets and Tracts. Denton's Radical Discourses, &c." His tracts are put up in three styles, denominated the Worcester series, the Boston series, and what is to be called the New York or Williamsburg series. This last is in preparation, and will be in small book form of twelve pages. Judge Edmonds's will head the list. The circulating library has proved a great success as a method of spreading the knowledge of truth. "Many who take out the books," we are informed, "on the library plan, find them too good to return, and so purchase them outright." We wish our brother success in the good work.

### Spirit Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

The proof of the truthfulness of our messages from departed spirits still continues to come in, and we from time to time give it to the public, as we promised at the commencement. While returning thanks to those friends who have so kindly acceded to our expressed desire, and forwarded us verifications, wherever they know the facts, we would earnestly request all who may be knowing to the correctness of any spirit communication coming through our Message Department to notify us of it at once, that we may have the satisfaction of exhibiting such intelligence to a skeptical age.

In the *Banner of Light* for July 9th, 1870, the following message and editorial note were published by us:

EBENEZER TWEED.

The question which I am to answer this afternoon is this: Will Ebenezer Tweed, return from the spirit-land, and tell us where we can find those papers that will inform us concerning certain debts that were owed him at the time of his death? Those papers, I have two months before I died, and for this reason: the persons who owed them were poor, and I did not want them to be troubled after my death. So I burned the papers. It was my business, and nobody's else. I knew that they would be troubled, and I knew there was not one of them in condition to pay; and I knew that my heirs had better lose it than for them to pay it. I burned the papers, I burned the papers, I burned the papers. They are not in existence; so it is fully for them to call on me or anybody else to assist them in getting what they never will get. Ebenezer Tweed, to his heirs.

The statements contained in the above message, neither ourselves nor our medium had any earthly knowledge of. We therefore trust any one who may know such a person as Ebenezer Tweed—those he speaks of, or any facts connected with his earthly life—to give us what information they may possess, to the end that spirit-communication may be proved in this instance, as it has in many other cases.—E. H.

In response to this, we have received the following letter, which completely verifies the statement contained in the above in such an undeniable manner that it seems to us that any mind unbiased by prejudice would be willing to accept our hypothesis concerning the transaction, viz.: that it was Ebenezer Tweed himself who gave us the message:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT: Brothers—In the *Banner of Light* of 23d July, I read a communication from Ebenezer Tweed, followed by a request that any one knowing such person or spirit would please answer.

For many years of my early life, I was well acquainted with Ebenezer Tweed. We went to school together. He was then an orphan boy, raised in a family of poor people. About thirty years ago, he removed from his native State (Pennsylvania) into Illinois; after which, I had no knowledge of him. But, since reading his communication, I visited the home of Ebenezer Tweed, and the people with whom he was raised; and there I learned that, by industry and economy in Illinois, he acquired property of considerable value. He never married. His only near relatives were two sisters in Pennsylvania. About two or three years ago, he, after a short illness, died, leaving no will, but leaving behind him a large family of children. One of the family with whom he was raised administered his estate, and expressed much surprise and anxiety at not finding evidence of greater wealth in the form of notes, bonds, or mortgages, and thus reported to the sisters that he was certain there had been such papers in E. Tweed's possession some time before.

The language of the communication is therefore right to the point, and sounded so characteristic of him, although I had not heard of his death, I could not but believe it was from him, and true. I therefore took the trouble to seek cautiously and particularly, knowing the people I was interrogating were by no means Spiritualists; nor did I tell them why I looked for the communication. I first received the history of Tweed and the answers to my questions. Then I showed to them the communication, which silenced their skepticism, at least for the time, and said it would be well to send the papers to his sisters.

Trusting success to the *Banner*, and true answers to the communications, I am, etc.

Truly yours,  
JAMES COOPER.  
25 North 7th street,  
Philadelphia, Aug. 21, 1870.

The *Banner of Light* during June, 1870, contained a characteristic message from S. K. Head, a well-known Boston printer, who died in Savannah, of which the following letter is corroboratory:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—In your last issue, a communication appeared purporting to be from S. K. Head. I will state that I was well acquainted with Mr. Head, having worked with him in the *Morning News* office, at Savannah, Mr. Mason being the proprietor at that time. I am further convinced that the message emanated from him, from the fact that he made himself known at a private circle at my house, a few evenings ago, and I asked him if he could give me a test that would leave no doubt in my mind as to his identity. He said he thought he could, and he surely did. E. H.

Nashua, N. H., June 8, 1870.

### Woman's Rights in the Republican Convention.

The Republican State Convention, of Massachusetts, met at Worcester, on the 5th inst., ex-Governor Bullock in the chair. Among the spectators in the galleries were quite a number of ladies. Mrs. Livermore, who was elected a delegate from Melrose, and Lucy Stone from Brookfield, took seats with their respective delegations. We record these facts as significant of the incoming tidal wave which shall in good time place woman upon the same plane as man in all the affairs of life. Mr. Slack, of Boston, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Republican party of Massachusetts, is mindful of its obligations to the loyal women of America, for their patriotic devotion to the cause of liberty; that we rejoice in the action of the recent Legislature in making women eligible as officers of the State; that we thank Gov. Claflin for having appointed women to important political trusts; that we are heartily in favor of the enfranchisement of women, and will hail the day when the educated, intelligent and enlightened conscience of the women of Massachusetts is in direct expression at the ballot-box.

After which Judge Russell offered the following:

Resolved, That there is no logical or reasonable answer to the claim of suffrage and civil equality for women; that the subject is not to be treated with ridicule or sarcasm, and that when the women of the State or the nation demand equal political rights, those rights must be granted and secured by a constitutional amendment.

Sororally referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Mrs. Livermore then rose, and was received with warm applause and cries of "Platform." She presented the memorial of the recent Woman's Suffrage Convention in Boston, asking for the extension of equal political privileges to women. She then asked leave to say a few words, and was answered with applause.

The Convention renominated the present State officers, except the treasurer, the nominees for that office being Mr. Adams, of North Brookfield. The efforts of the advocates of Woman Suffrage and of the Prohibitionists to have their several causes adopted into the party policy were vain.

¶ We have just obtained a few copies—all there are left of the edition—of "Principles of Nature," by Maria M. King. This is a valuable work, and those who would own a copy should send in their order soon. Price, \$2.00; postage, 24 cents. "Real Life in Spirit-Land," by the same author, has reached a second edition. It is admired by all who have read it.

### Reopening of the Boston Music Hall Lectures.

The course of lectures on the spiritual philosophy, so successfully carried out for the last three years at this place, was again opened for the fourth season by a lecture from Prof. WILLIAM DENTON, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 21. A large audience and a most beautiful day combined to render success certain. The choir sang "Gloria in Excelsis," after which the chairman, (Mr. Lewis B. Wilson,) spoke of the course now to be commenced, and stated that among those who were to follow Prof. Denton, were Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Miss Lizzie Denton, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Edward S. Wheeler, J. M. Peabody, and others whose names would be hereafter announced. Professor Denton was then introduced. The subject of his discourse was "Growth vs. Creation," which he handled with his usual ability. As we shall hereafter publish a report of this telling lecture, we omit a synopsis of our own, giving in lieu thereof a condensed account from the *Daily Post*:

Prof. Denton commenced his lecture by saying that those persons who had read Uncle Tom's Cabin would remember that when Tom was asked who made her, she replied, "Nobody as I know of; 'speaks I growed.'" Prof. Denton thought that Tom's answer was a very philosophical one, and said that her simple answer contained more sound wisdom than the doctrinal teachings of the Bible. The Professor denied in toto the theological theory that our world, man, or animals of any order, were suddenly called into existence and harmony by the fiat of a Supreme Being, and contended that these results were produced by causes having for their primary governing powers not a personal God, but the God of Nature. In support of his argument the speaker gave a geological description of the earth, tracing it from its chaotic or fluid state down from the Silurian and Devonian to the historic period, when it produced plants and the lower order of land animals, then picturing to his hearers its growth and development until man appeared. He concluded his description according to the hypotheses of celebrated geologists through the multifarious phases which our earth must have passed until the present time, attributing all this great transition not to the Christian's God, but to the unswerving laws of Nature. He characterized the passage in the first book of Genesis, wherein it is said that Adam was created from the dust or slime of the earth, as an absurdity, and said that he supposed when Adam awoke and beheld Eve and cried out in transport of joy, "This is the bone of my bone and the flesh of my flesh," that Eve, being a beautiful and modest person, made a very Bible was confused and amazed, and stammered that work as an old Jewish story-book. The discourse was listened to with great attention by quite a large audience, composed of both sexes. During the lecture the several witticisms of Mr. Denton developed many a smile into a good hearty laugh.

Next Sunday Prof. Denton's subject will be "The Coming Day."

¶ A. J. Davis's new book, "THE FOUNDATION," owing to the extra cost for illustrations, &c., will be sold at retail for \$1.25, instead of one dollar as previously announced, and at that price will be the cheapest book in the market.

### By What Law?

Perhaps the history of the human race does not furnish a parallel for such marvelous coincidences as occur in the following items, which are well authenticated, both by documentary testimony and that of Mr. Sylvester R. Hazard, of Newport, who is now living:

George Hazard was born in South Kingston, R. I., March 31, 1727.

Thomas H. Hazard, eldest son of George, was born in South Kingston, March 31, 1793.

Sylvester R. Hazard, eldest son of Thomas, was born in South Kingston, March 31, 1793.

Christopher G. C. Hazard, eldest son of Sylvester, was born in Newport, R. I., March 31, 1818.

Since the birth of Thomas an anniversary has always been held by the family, on the 31 of March, to commemorate the event.

### The Saturday Evening Gazette.

Under the editorial guidance and inspiration of Mr. H. G. Parker, has entered upon a new career. Each Saturday it comes freighted with live matter, largely original, skillfully supplemented with literary selections, and illuminated by the latest intelligence from all quarters of the world. It has organized a fine staff of writers, on whom it draws for the best of their brain-products. As a commentator on current topics it is independent and bold, yet discreet and inviting confidence. Its editor is making a thoroughly superior journal, and the future reputation of the *Gazette* promises to outstrip any that it enjoyed in the past.

### Third Edition of "The Voices."

No work of recent issue has created so much talk and criticism as Warren S. Barlow's poetic work, entitled "The Voices." The third edition is now in press, and will shortly be issued in superb style, printed on tinted paper, and bound with especial care as to its external appearance. It will also be embellished with a steel plate likeness of the author. It will be the most elegant book of the season. We advise those who have a copy of the previous editions to lend them to their "Christian" friends, and buy one of the new ones, with its improvements, for family use.

### Rather Doleful.

A clergyman in a thrifty town down East not long ago prepared a sermon on the "Great Judgment." In the preparation of the sermon he evidently had in mind the usual congregation. "Sunday came, and with it rain. In the course of the sermon the minister said: 'With my hand on God's Holy Word, I dare to say that out of this congregation at least one hundred, on the great day, will be damned!' Our informant, who was present, counted the congregation and found only a hundred and five, children and all!"

### "The Future Life."

The second edition of this popular work is out, and selling rapidly. It contains just the information every one is anxious to obtain, namely: a description of the future life, portrayed by those who have passed the change called death. The reliability of the work is vouched for and endorsed by Judge Edmonds, who also wrote the introduction, and commends it to those who would obtain a knowledge of the country which they soon must visit.

¶ Complaints still come in, notwithstanding our earnest appeals, from time to time, for speakers to keep us posted correctly in regard to their locality, that our list is incorrect. It is astonishing that our friends are so remiss. What does it mean?

¶ By a call in another column, it will be seen that the next Convention of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists is to be held in Haverhill, Oct. 22d and 23d.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, lectured in Suncok, N. H., Sundays Oct. 21 and 24, to good audiences, at Bartlett's Hall. She will speak at Stafford Springs, Conn., Oct. 23, 30th, and Nov. 6th, and at Saituate, Mass., Nov. 13th. She is ready to accept calls to lecture in New England.

The *Washington Sunday Gazette*, in announcing that Ed. S. Wheeler was engaged to speak in Harmonical Hall in that city during October, says: "Never before in its history has Spiritualism had so firm a hold upon the attention of the community. Mr. Wheeler is an able exponent, and of old theories is a perfect iconoclast."

Warren Chase will lecture in Denver, Colorado, Sunday, Oct. 30th, if the friends there make arrangements, and notify him at or before the Topeka Convention, which takes place Oct. 22d; or if no arrangements are made there, he will speak at Greeley, Col., on that day.

Miss Severance, an excellent test medium, has resumed her sances at No. 263 Washington street, Boston.

J. G. Fish has been lecturing in Springfield, Mass., for some time, and attracted unusual attention.

Miss Jennie Loys lectured in Plympton, Mass., last Sunday, and is engaged to speak there again on the 21st, and in Plympton during February.

A. E. Carpenter is prepared to make lecturing engagements for the fall and winter, anywhere in New England. Address care of *Banner of Light*.

Mrs. Junette J. Clark will answer calls to lecture and do missionary work; also speak by inspiration at funerals. Address 153 Harrison avenue, Boston.

J. O. Barrett is lecturing in Ohio during this month.

N. Frank White, during this month, can be addressed care of this office. He will lecture Sundays or week evenings. He goes South during the winter.

Dr. E. C. Dunn is engaged to attend the Nebraska State Convention Oct. 28th, 29th and 30th. The Doctor intends to remain for a few weeks in that part of the country. Societies desiring his services as a speaker should address him immediately, at Rockford, Ill.

J. M. Peabody's address for October is 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio, care *American Spiritualist*. Week-day evenings he lectures in the vicinity.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, writing from Morris-town, Minn., says: "Bro. Jamieson has been here and given us a course of lectures, which were well received. The people like him better than any previous lecturer. We are still gaining ground. I lecture every two weeks, and we have good quiet audiences."

Dr. J. R. Newton arrived at New York, in the steamer "City of Paris," on the 3d instant.

Mrs. F. A. Logan's address is Indianapolis, Ind. She is meeting with good success as a lecturer.

M. Milson, spirit artist, will be at Little Falls, N. J., until the first of November. Orders for spirit likenesses are more successfully filled in the home of the friends of the departed. Address, care Dr. Andrew Stone, Troy, N. Y.

### New Publications.

THE EXAMINER.—This new monthly religious review is issued under the editorship of E. O. Towne, a name not unknown for breadth of learning, thorough research, and the Scriptural statement of the doctrine and faith of Spiritualism. It is published at Chicago, and the first number presents a table of articles that, for clarity and power, and freshness of view and thought, would be well worthy of a magazine in the history of its reputation. "Crazy Chicago" is the title of a tale that leads off, of which three chapters are given. Then follow papers on Dickens, James Freeman Clarke's treatise on Theism, the Unitarian Situation, Rev. Mr. Abbott, the Religious Purpose of the magazine, Upon Vision, Free Religion and Christianity, Matthew Arnold's Views, Dr. McCosh in Boston, and other topics bearing relation to the plan of the enterprise. All appears to be done with thoroughness, fullness and energy; and still there is no lack of that repose which, in literary performances, is a requisite to the genuine enjoyment of the whole.

The editor of *The Examiner* announces it as his religious purpose to teach a Christianity whose creed is contained in the words, "Our Father who art in Heaven," and unfolded in the doctrines of God's perfect fatherhood over all souls, the brotherhood of all men in this world and the next, our supreme duty of love to man and filial loyalty, of trust and love to God, and inspiration and providence the source and guarantee of knowledge, holiness and blessedness forever. Especially he has herein put his hand to the work of rooting up "theological heatism," to expel from men's minds the idolatry of the Bible, and to open to all human feet the path of direct, obedient and happy trust in God. We do not question that *The Examiner* will do yeoman service in this direction. Mr. Towne has already made an indelible impression on the spiritual thinking and feeling of the age, and we sincerely wish generous success to the new magazine, to which we shall naturally recur again.

THE GENTLE LADY'S BOOK RECEIPTS and Household Hints make a stout and handy volume for the housekeeper, young or old. It is a compilation, by S. Annie Frost, of the contributions from her pen to the *Lady's Book*, for a long course of years, and hence is thoroughly sifted by the experience of her readers and acquaintances. The table of contents of itself makes an appetizing sight for the eyes.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY and LYCEUM RECORD is a new and very attractive candidate for public favor, appearing under the editorial auspices of J. H. Powell, whose reputation as a spiritualistic writer is well and widely known. This monthly is published in Boston, by W. E. Brown & Co., who have done their part in giving it a neat and striking typographical dress. Its contents are such as "The Spirituality of Dickens," "William Blake," by Howitt, "The Mediums," by J. H. Powell, "Progressive Ditties," "Lyceum Record," and a story by Louise S. Powell. It promises to be a popular publication in the field of Spiritualism, in which all sincere workers are welcome, and cannot be without their high reward. Success to the new enterprise.

The twentieth thousand of "UNIVERSAL LECTURES," by E. H. Heywood, has been published—being a favorite essay on the injustice and impolicy of rolling woman without her consent. It is a remarkably pungent and lively production, and deserves the circulation and reading it receives.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for September has come to hand, bearing a full freight of excellent literary matter. We recite the list of its contents as follows: Alfred the Great and His Times; Madame de Sevigne and her Letters; Icelandic Literature; Yachting not merely Sport; The American Bar—William Pinckney; Sophocles and his Tragedies; The Abyssinian Church; The Franco-Prussian War; and Literary Notices and Reviews. The *National Quarterly* continually reveals new resources of learning and logic, and for the variety, freshness, strength, and general satisfactoriness of its literary matter, as well as to the general reader as to professed scholars and men of admitted culture, it is without a superior in its chosen walk in the country.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION.—The third lecture delivered by J. Wesley Dodge, builder and founder of the Free Chapel on the Hill, at Malden, is printed in pamphlet and for sale at our counter. It gives the views of the author in a comprehensive manner, and cannot fail of interesting the reader thereof.

A valuable pamphlet of good size comes to us from E. P. Miller, M. D., New York, entitled "Dyspepsia: its varieties, causes, symptoms and treatment by Hydropathy and Hygiene." It is sufficient to interest those troubled with that distressing malady.

A FATHER'S ADVICE: A book for every boy, by E. P. Miller, M. D., and A MOTHER'S ADVICE: A book for every girl, by Mrs. E. P. Miller, M. D., are two indispensable little books which every parent should put into the hands of their children.

MERRY'S MONTHLY ranks with the very best of magazines for young folks. The October number is excellent.

### Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—Singing, Silver-Chain recitations, a song by Charles W. Sullivan, also by a quartette of members, marching, &c., &c., made up the exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum on Sunday A. M., Oct. 21. The question, "What is disease, physical or spiritual—and what are the remedies?" was discussed, and the services were conducted, for the first time, from the new Lyceum Guide, recently published by J. M. Peabody and others. The attendance at the Lyceum was the best, on the 21st, for the last four months, and the number of scholars is on the increase.

Monthly Concert.—The first monthly concert given by the Lyceum since the decease of Mrs. Sarah A. Morton, the late Assistant Guardian, took place at Mercantile Hall, Sunday evening, Oct. 22. Notwithstanding an increased price of admission, a good audience assembled, and everything passed off in a highly creditable manner. Instrumental music, by Abbie Morton; recitations, by Ella Pashoff, Alice Gayvan, Ella Bragdon, Cora Stone, Ella Barbour, (original) Clara Shelhamer, Bertie Lovejoy and Maria Adams; songs, by a quartette, (consisting of George H. Woods, Anna Gayvan, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucerne Lovejoy); also by Hattie Richardson, Hattie Melvin, Maria Adams and Stella Coggins, Elina S. Dodge, Clara Shelhamer, Charles W. Sullivan and Miss Mary A. Sanborn; a dialogue written for the occasion by D. N. Ford, and carried on by five misses; the reading, in a highly artistic manner, of Poe's "Bells," by M. F. Davy; and an arrangement of tableaux and music, prepared by Mrs. Maria Adams, entitled "The Evergreen Shore," completed the programme. A shrine decked with flowers, with the banner of the Lyceum laid upon it, was erected on the rear of the stage in memory of Mrs. Morton, and during the evening the old quartette, which she used to complete—Messrs. Sullivan, Ford and Miss Sanborn—sang with too long paths—but without an alto—"The Gates Ajar," it being their first attempt to sing together since she went "up higher." During the evening a piece, written by Edwin Christie, was sung by Misses H. Richardson, E. S. Dodge, and Messrs. C. W. Sullivan and D. N. Ford: "Shall we meet them again?" The success of the opening concert for the winter must have been quite encouraging to the workers.

Cardinalia Hall.—The Boston Progressive Literary Association, composed of the members of the old Dramatic Society, held its third annual reunion, at this hall, 94 Hancock street, on Thursday evening, Sept. 29th. After an instrumental selection by Miss F. Locke, Frederic M. Hawley proceeded to deliver the address, briefly stating the objects of the society, and giving its history and an account of what was hoped for in the future. He referred to the change in name, since the last reunion, from "dramatic" to "literary," and alluded feelingly to the departure from their midst of Mrs. Morton, once a member with them. The quartette attached to the Literary Association—Messrs. J. H. Davidson, Fred M. Hawley, Misses Hattie L. Teel and Anna Gayvan—sang "She is with us." M. F. Davy read with excellent effect a poem by Poe; C. W. Sullivan, in the absence of D. N. Ford, read an original poem, which he [Ford] had prepared for the occasion; Anna Gayvan declaimed; a written discussion, in brief, on "Tall vs. Short—who has the best of it in life?" was received with great merit—the disputants being Charles W. Drake and Fred M. Hawley. The quartette then sang "Beyond the clouds;" Hattie L. Teel declaimed, and J. H. Davidson gave a song and pianoforte selection. Supper was then announced, after which an autograph album was presented, by proxy, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Lovejoy, from the B. P. L. A.; a presidential speech by Mr. Drake, George H. Woods receiving it for the parties. At the conclusion of the presentation services the pleasure of dancing were added to the literary enjoyments till an early hour on Friday morning. The best of feeling prevailed, and it is evident that the Association will be of good to its members—and friends as well—in the coming year.

Temple Hall.—On Sunday morning and afternoon, Oct. 2d, the regular circles for spirit-communion were held with great success at this place. In the evening S. W. Crooker and J. H. Bickford lectured before the Boylston-street Spiritual Association, a good audience being present. Fine music was given by a choir directed by Prof. Hudson.

Lecture by J. H. Powell.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th, this gentleman lectured at Temple Hall on "The Spiritualism of Charles Dickens," the lecture closing with a séance by Mrs. Powell. The lecturer quoted freely from the writings of Mr. Dickens, and proved conclusively that the *fictioner* man and author was conversant with the workings and subject to the direct impression of the spiritual state, though the outer—unlike Theakery and others—lacked the courage to acknowledge the fact to the world. Owing to a severe storm on the evening in question but a small number were present.

CHATELAIN.—Prof. William Denton opened the course of spiritual lectures at Granite Hall, Sunday evening, Oct. 2d, by a lecture on "How to Live." A large audience was present, and the greatest attention was paid to his remarks—not a person retiring till he had finished. He will continue to speak there on Sunday evenings during his engagement in Boston at Music Hall.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The Lyceum holding its sessions at this place had a very interesting meeting Sunday morning, Oct. 2d. In addition to the regular exercises, the question, "Is God a progressive being?" was considered—many of the officers and leaders giving good answers. Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, who was present, briefly discussed the question, and ended by complimenting the Lyceum on its appearance. Near the close of the session, he offered a reward to the scholar who should succeed in gaining the largest number of members to the school—the name to be reported to him on his next visit. J. H. Powell was also present, and made a few remarks on the question, closing with a notice of the plan and aims of his new spiritual magazine. Declarations were given by Misses Lillian Fay, George Marlain and Master George Pearson. A song was well executed by Little Flo Ballard, Ella Willis and Abbie Goss, Clara Elliott and Emma Willis, Willie Elliott, Annie Willis and Ida Elliott joined in dialogue, which were well rendered. The marching was excellent. Thomas E. Moon was announced to lecture at Harmony Hall in the evening; and, after singing, the meeting adjourned.

The school also uses the new Guide, and the reports are in its favor. An earnest endeavor is being made to help along the Lyceum movement by the officers and members, and it is truly to be desired that the Spiritualists of Cambridgeport will rally to its support. A course of assemblies, for the benefit of the Lyceum, is in progress at Harmony Hall, each Thursday evening.

MILFORD.—Washington Hall.—Henry Anson, Assistant Conductor, writes: "The usual exercises were carried out at the Children's Lyceum Sunday morning, Sept. 11th; after which, came speaking by Master Willie Wilkinson and Miss Lilla Smith, and readings by Master Freddie Reed, Misses Hattie Draper, Carrie Adams, Flora Cheney, Minnie Williams, Ida Hill, Nettie Anson, Carrie Fisher, Mrs. Montague and Emil Brown. Remarks were made by J. L. Buxton, Henry Anson and Emil Brown."

In the afternoon and evening, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, of 10 Chapman street, Boston, lectured to the Spiritualists' Society of Milford, and was very much liked. It has heartily recommended all who may desire to form and hold regular circles to send for Mrs. Burnham, as I consider her one of the best mediums for that purpose, I have over had the pleasure of sitting with."

PLYMOUTH.—"L. B. R." writes, Oct. 3d: Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, commenced an engagement here for this month, on Sunday, Oct. 2d, morning and evening. She was liked very much, as she always is, wherever she may be. After singing, a spirit, purporting to be Henry C. Wright, took control of Mrs. Willis, and spoke a few words to the children and friends. I saw you wish to have the list of meetings and officers corrected. We have not corrected ours since the last year. Our meetings are held every Sunday in Leyden Hall, Lyceum meets after the morning services are over. Officers of the Meetings.—President, L. B. Ballard; Treasurer, Allice B. Sampson; Collector, Richard Bagwell; Trustees.—Potnam Kimball, Benjamin Churchill, Bradford Barnes. Officers of the Lyceum.—Conductor, L. B. Ballard; Guardian, Allice B. Sampson; Librarian, Clara Robbin; Musician, Mrs. Lydia Benson.

FRIENDLY REMEMBRANCES.—Last week we received a large box containing a variety of delicious fruit from "Walnut Grove Vineyard," forwarded by our good friends Hudson and Emma Tottle, for which we return our grateful thanks. John Wetherbee also loaded our table with some of his finest pears. Thanks, John—long may you live to do so!—moreover







Not a vacant seat could be found, and all, who once







