

A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS

AUTHOR OF "DOYBOOTE," "GABRIEL VANE," ETC.

The moment she stepped foot within, her ears were the fields, and the rivers. There were no trees here

“rolled me!—then,”—to the boy with the old look

birds, stirring up the summer, and expounding
their various gifts and qualities in the most enthu-
siastic language of which he was capable.

in her seat.

"Oh, don't get up! don't get up!" putting up his hand with the case in his hand, I'll be down, I reckon; but I'm not going to get up long. I thought I'd just drop in and see if there was anything to be heard from you. Mother was rather anxious for you, you know; and, in fact, his eyes searched hers for their secrets, as he spoke, "I was glad enough to do you a good turn myself."

Mr. Lily had slipped down stairs pretty soon after Mr. Banister came in, leaving them thus to themselves. He did not know but Patty and he might wish to talk over private home matters together.

This new arrival in the bird-fancier's little parlor was a young man of some twenty-five years. His dress was close up to the fashion, and his manners overlaid and interlarded with all the popular affections of the day. In person he was tall and well-formed, with an exterior on the whole by no means unattractive. His eyes were black and full, like beads, and his features well and regularly formed. The natural crinkle in his hair he had, with the aid of a hair-dresser's kind offices, succeeded in cultivating into a curl that passed off as a very happy bit of nature. If he stood and faced the south, you would say that those curls had been drifted into a heap by the help of a strong southwest wind; they lay piled up in such a mass. In truth, they assisted the dark aspect of his eyes and the singular effect of his swarthy complexion wonderfully.

A large diamond pin lay glittering on the rich ground of his satin scarf, and upon the little finger of his left hand twinkled another diamond, like the radiance of the evening star. His pants were ridiculously tight, and manifestly not made either for sitting down or going to prayers in. The lustre on his boots added a new light to the room, though it was nothing like the yellow sunshine. Now sucking the ivory holder of his bamboo cane, and now whipping it prettily against the clothed leg of his boot, he appeared to be the happiest, the gayest, the most self-satisfied creature in the world, for whose enjoyment all things originally were, and were created. You would not suppose a care had ever trailed its shadow across his thoughts. You could not have suspected that he, sitting there a little out of the sunshine, was anything but some dainty and destructible butterfly, who had but just come into possession of his embroidered wings.

"Then mother's so-so, hey?" whipping his leg. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. But what a place for her to stay in—that sleepy old Huckle-buck! My senses! I'd as soon think of going out to pasture! But then I s'pose I must go and spend some time with her this summer. She's so set about staying there, I don't much think I shall ever succeed in enticing her away again now. What a place Huckle-buck must be, though, in winter!"

"I had rather be a toad, And live upon the vapor of a dungeon, Than to stay there through these dull, cold winters. How is it people stand it, I wonder?"

Patty thought it might be because they were used to it, in the first place, and, in the next place, because most of them never knew any other way of life.

"Very likely," said he. "But I don't see how a person like you could content herself there so long."

"For the same reasons," answered Patty.

"You'll be pleased to live in Boston, though, I know. Hey? Don't you think you will? Ah, but this isn't Hucklebuck, you'll find. You won't see any old deacons, like your friend So-so—he! he!—trudging up the street. Still, I s'pose the deacon is a good man in his way. I don't fancy that very much, though. What do you think of the town, Miss Patty? Does it confuse you?"

She confessed it did. "Well, one would naturally suppose it would. You won't be likely to feel at home in a day, nor in a week. You've got a right pleasant little spot here, Miss Patty, I can tell you. Really, it's great luck for you, I consider." Then he asked her how long it was going to take her to learn the new art.

She could not tell, but she hoped not more than a few weeks.

"And after that, you will get wages?"

"Yes, sir; I hope to."

"And that's better than teaching a little district school under such men as old Zigzag, and So-so, at—let me see, how much did you get for your services?"

"Two dollars a week, and board myself," she answered.

"Well now, that's a great price, isn't it? How fortunate it was for Hucklebuck that you left just as you did! I verily believe you'd have bankrupted the whole concern!"

She smiled at his satire, though she could not heartily enjoy it.

He began to finger over the materials of her work that lay around on the table.

"When you get a little more time," said he, "and understand your business as well as you want to, I rather think I'll employ you to do a job for me. Should you like to?"

She was a little confused in finding her answer; but finally told him that she supposed he would have to make his bargain with Mr. Lily.

"Oh well, that indeed. Still, I shall consider myself bound to reward you for your labor. I shan't feel satisfied with what he pays you, you know. I'll make you a little present of something or other."

She was silent. She knew well enough that she should never permit herself to receive any gift at his hands, under circumstances like these. But she had not the courage yet to tell him so.

"Yes," he repeated, "I shall want you to mount some birds for me pretty soon. When the work is done, I shall be happy to express to you my sense of the favor, by—by—some little gift or another."

Patty timidly shook her head, while she kept her eyes upon the floor.

"Do tell me," he continued, "what sort of a person this Mr. Lily is? Do you feel quite at your ease here with him? Because, if you don't—"

"Oh, I like him!" Patty answered eagerly.

"Well, I'm glad if you do. But you can't know very much of him yet. And if you should ever happen to feel as if you wanted a friend, I hope you won't forget where to go for one, Miss Patty—really."

Her face colored deeply.

"I've known you so much longer," said he, flatteringly. "And you and mother are such good friends, too. Really you ought to be free with me, and call on me for assistance whenever you want it."

Patty trusted the occasion would never arise. But she did not say so.

"At all events, I shall take the liberty to drop in on you pretty often, now I've found the way. You must remember I got you to the place, to begin with. And I shall always feel grateful to you; as well as to your kind mother," said he. "I will try some time to repay you."

He seemed not to give herself any consciousness about that; he felt amply paid already. It was reward enough for anybody's trouble, to enjoy her friendship.

If she had had the courage to look up at his face while he proffered this flattery, her heart would have been less at ease than it was. His expression was anything but frank, and the light in his black eyes reflected not much else than selfishness.

With more compliments of the same sort, each aiming at increased familiarity with the poor girl, he at length took his leave with a model bow, and promised to come up and see her again just as soon as he could. The air of patronage had by this time changed to that almost of supplication.

Patty felt greatly relieved when he had gone down stairs, for there was a something sinister about him she could not penetrate to the heart of. She resumed her work with nimble fingers, however, and thought, as she grew busy, of the dear old friends, and the dear old places, in far-off Hucklebuck. And still she felt altogether contented and happy.

The next event that happened, was the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Shadblow. She fairly danced with joy, and could not for some time compose herself sufficiently to open it. It was a letter that deserved to be engrossed on vellum. It was a cabinet picture of Hucklebuck, with all its people and customs added. Patty got the latest news in that epistle. Mrs. Shadblow jotted down all the items of local interest with a religious faithfulness, and threw around them the delightful colors of her own description.

What had transpired in the house was of course touched off first. Then the neighbors came in for their share of treatment. And next, the people indiscriminately. And finally, the village babble that rioted all along the pleasant little street. The minister and the Deacons; Mr. Shadblow, and Gen. Tunbely; Mr. Zigzag, and Mr. Tiptoe; Judge McBride's family, and old Malachi; Mrs. Banister, and Abigail Lovitt; they were every one arraigned, called upon to make their plea, and duly bound over for another trial.

But the dear, good woman was fuller of herself, in that first letter, than she was of local intelligence. That motherly heart knew not how to dress its strong yearnings in flowing language, and therefore broke down as often as it began to stretch out the English sentences. She could manage a single period very well; but when it came to breaking up at paragraph with colons and semicolons, she got her feelings and her grammar sadly entangled, and was apt to untie the hard knots by cutting them.

How the good woman loved her adopted child, to be sure! This very trouble in expressing herself made it all the more apparent.

Presently Miss Harrison, who had been quite a frequent caller during the several weeks she remained with her friends, came to say Good Bye in sober earnest.

"Oh, if you would only be kind enough to let me hear from you, now and then!" said Patty. "I can't forget you ever. But I should love to know where you are."

"Certainly you shall," she replied. "I shall take great pleasure in writing to you often, I assure you."

Patty stood delighted. It was this assurance that took away from her sense of loneliness, as such a friend was going from her. Still, the acquaintance had been so sudden and peculiar, she could not at once reconcile herself to its disruption. She sat down to her work with a much sadder heart, when she knew that that friend's feet would now no more be heard on the stairs. It is a great thing, and a heavy, for a young person to part from a friend, with no hope of seeing that friend again; but when trying circumstances have rendered such a friend invaluable, so that even the light of heaven seems to go out with her presence, it is heavy beyond what words can express.

The Spring was soon gone, and Summer was wearing on. Byron Banister came in one day to make a purchase for his mother, and to ask Patty if she was going to have any message, or other thing to send up to Hucklebuck by him. Alas! how the intelligence aroused within her heart indefinite longings to go herself! She was glad to stay where she was; and yet she snuffed the dear old country in the young man's words. He was going. He would see those game old trees that she loved so well. His eyes would take in that endeared landscape. He would revel in all those sweet and simple country delights, but she must stay. How like a struggle it seemed, to quiet her heart into submission to this stern necessity that tracks all of us through life!

She sent some few little gifts to Mrs. Shadblow, and had many things to communicate with Mrs. Banister beside.

XXI.

A LADY IN THE CASE.

One Thursday evening that summer, the usual crowd poured out of the conference room of Mr. Elderberry's church, men first, and women afterwards. Mrs. Banister was there. Mr. Tiptoe was there, with Miss Sally, of course. General Tunbely was there. The young fellows drew their long looks over their ears, and coughed nervously as they thought of their possible luck. The young women came wriggling out the door, and felt goose flesh all over them, as they saw at a glance what they had to go through.

The Rev. Mr. Tiptoe stood in the shadow of the building—for it was a bright moonlight night—stamped his feet, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and pushed it back again, and tried to feel settled and easy. His eyes snapped like fire-coals. He could not have kept his hands still if they had been tied.

Pretty soon he spied the widow Banister. He stepped briskly up to her, and said:

"Shall I have the pleasure, ma'am?"

She could not very well refuse, though she said she was n't a bit afraid to go home alone, and really need n't trouble him.

"Oh, it's no trouble," said he.

And he thought he had made her quite a smart answer.

The instant she accepted his escort by taking the miserable little arm he offered, General Tunbely shot out from his covert in the rear, exclaiming: "If I ain't the biggest fool, now! Thunder and grout! What a fool!"

The better to testify to his indignation in some characteristic way, he darted along past the line of men and women, and came up with the cause of his passion, passing and all out of breath. He brushed so roughly against poor little Mr. Tiptoe's shoulder, that this gentleman was nearly overthrown. As it was, nothing but the support of the lady on his other arm saved him. He looked up to see what had happened, and

opened, or might have about to happen, and almost trembled as he caught a view of the irate countenance of General Tunbely. If there had been no lady with him, there is no doubt he would either have run, or have asked the General's pardon for being in the way. Even with his sister Sally at his side, he would have performed one of those two kinds of penance. But with the wealthy widow Banister, "Ah! that was another thing. No man in Hucklebuck having once got hold of her, would allow himself to run away from such a prize."

Well, and the General hurried by. Off he went to John Kagg's, and offered a libation to his anger. Next he took a stroll on beyond the widow's residence, thinking perhaps to cool himself down from this unhealthy heat. But a walk in that direction obstinately refused to produce any such effect. A man less wise than General Tunbely ought to have known it would.

When he turned finally to retrace his steps, and saw that light in Mrs. Banister's parlor,—the room he was never yet allowed in,—it made his head so hot, that he was forced to pull off his hat; which he did at great risk of parting the crown and brim. When he saw the shadow of Mr. Tiptoe's little arm on the window curtain, he was almost beside himself with rage.

"Oh, if I could only get in there!" said he, gritting his teeth together; "I'd show that young school-master how to crowd in and crowd his betters out! I'd learn him the game of beetle-and-wedge, I can tell him! What a fool I was! But I'll pull his nose for him, as 'tis! I'll wring his weazen little neck for him! He knows as much as a week-old calf; and he's just about as handsome as a skunk-blackbird! I'd fix him, though, if I could put my hands onto him! Yes, you miserable young goat, you! Take all the sweet comfort you can get in there, for you won't be likely to try it again! You black little crow, you! Comin' here into this town to snub your elders, and your betters! Go it, this evening, I tell you; you won't go it another!"

The General was mad enough to paw up the earth and shower it around him. He fairly frothed at the mouth. His short hair stood up over his head just like stubble. He threw his coat open, to let the night air in upon his bosom; and then he pulled it over his shoulders again, and began idly to button it over the rotundity of his figure. Once he seriously entertained a thought of running full tilt across the yard, and butting in the door, like an elderly ram. Then considering that his head might be the worse sufferer by such an excursion, he resolved to lay in wait for Mr. Tiptoe till he should come out, and then beatow the cranium bomb in that innocent gentleman's stomach; thus depriving him of his wind and his ideas at about the same moment. Next he thought of running somewhere to procure a shot, and frightening his enemy to death by a single wild sweep of his ghostly arms in the moonlight. Then he declared he would set a trap for him just outside the gate; so that when he came out he would be sure to entangle his feet, and fall at the expense of his limbs, or possibly his neck.

And while he stood and studied on these various schemes, with others that have not been mentioned, he felt himself gradually cooling down. Till finally, with a good round shake of his big fist at the Tiptoe shadow on the window curtain, and another hearty grit of his molars at the General, he strode away from the scene of his passionate excitement, and concluded to trudge on homeward. For that night, at least, Mr. Tiptoe was safe. The Life Insurance Companies might rest in their security. But then, a reckoning had got to come at some time, for General Tunbely had said so. If he had not been seasonably awed by the recollection of Zera Hawkins' fate, there is no telling but Hucklebuck would have been made notorious by the Tiptoe, instead of the Hawkins murder.

When he reached home, he crammed his brown old pipe full with tobacco, and sat down over the kitchen fireplace to extract a flavor of comfort from the weed. Twice, however, he spit out a piece of pipe-stem on the hearth, from which one would naturally infer that he had not got the right kind of tobacco in his bowl. Occasionally, too, he fetched his broad palm a heavy slap across his knee, which, fortunately for itself, happened to be made up of gristle and bone. The knee had got a little used to it. Now and then he blew out a cloud of white smoke, and sent a string of whispered curses after it, like a tail to a kite. "Fool!"—"upstart!"—"he'll catch it!"—and "Tiptoe!"—were the words that expressed all his sentiments on that subject.

He took another walk around the house before he suffered himself to retire for the night; but walking had ceased to be good for him. He mastered his passion a great deal quicker over the Pine Tree, than he could at this distance from that locality. Absence could no more conquer it than it can conquer love.

As Mr. Tiptoe stepped across his threshold that night, though he did so far forget himself as to suffer his sister Sally to find her way home alone, she nevertheless came forward to greet him with unusual ardor and cordiality. She wanted to know all about it, before he could recover his breath.

"Well," said he, "I've been in."

"And set down with her, did you, Nathaniel?"

"I guess I did," he replied, lodging his hat somewhere among the branches of the hat-tree.

"Well, come in, then, and let me know all about it."

And she led the way into the parlor.

"Where are the boys?" he asked first.

"I've sent them to bed," she replied, "I was bound to get 'em out of the way to-night, if I never did again. Conso, now, Nathaniel; what did the widow say? How did she act to you when you got into the house? Don't you think she is a lady, though? What did you say to her? Did she wear much of her jewelry? You know I could n't see very well in the conference-room. Don't you think't would be a great idea, though? Can you think of anything better for us, Nathaniel? Come; go on and tell me about it, will you? I can't wait to hear you begin, you're so slow! If you don't wake yourself up a little, I don't believe you'll ever catch a woman like her! Come; go on with your story!"

And he sat down on the sofa, and she sat down in a chair very near him; and he began and went through the history of that delightful evening. Her ears were open to their inmost chambers. They took in every syllable of sound with the greed of a whispering gallery. Now and then she interrupted him with a question or two, but it was only to hurry him on with his narrative afterwards.

"Now, Nathaniel," said she, when he was through, "I want you to tell me, in as many words, if you think you made an impression. That's everything. If you did n't do that, you're just got to begin over again."

"Well, really," he answered, sheepishly, "I could n't pretend to say, I made a little

impression on her. I gave her a warm

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Poetry.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

BY W. F. RICE.

"In this sign thou shalt conquer,"
Dear Charles, upon thy bosom placed,
A golden cross I see—
A sufferer's sign, wherever traced,
A victor's sign to thee!

Such, on the bosom of the skies,
Appeared to Constantine;
The mighty warrior blessed his eyes,
And conquered in this Sign.

In deeds of blood was his delight,
And war's unhallo'd din;
Thine be the mental, moral fight,
With ignorance and sin.

If weak, or strong, thou seem to prove,
Still rest on Arm Divine;
Content in wisdom, and in love,
And conquer in this Sign.

A mother's love thy mind hath reared
To virtues high and rare;
A mother's hand, (I doubt not) Charles,
Hath placed that jewel there.

Thy faith for truth and courage pleads;
Thy father's God be thine;
Undaunted march where duty leads,
And conquer in this Sign.

God's world abounds with beauty, here,
Where love and truth may bloom;
But man's own world is false and drear,
And far away from home.

All God-made tastes and joys pursue
Within the law divine;
But man-made appetites subdue
By self-denial's Sign.

Some hope and fear, some joy and woe,
Are part of nature's plan;
To meet with trials here below,
Is but to be a man.

Oh, without murmuring, sigh, or groan,
To Right and Fate resign;
And rest thy cross on God alone,
And conquer in this Sign.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SAXON BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Historians who talk of the "great soul" of Charles XII. of Sweden, overlook some things in his career which should not only brand him as a tyrant, a cool, deliberate ruffian, but in reality possessed of a mean spirit. His disregard of danger was a quality which he shared in common with the midnight assassin and robber; his indifference to wealth was but the desire to get rid of the annoyances which it brings; while his boorish manners, his cruel disposition, and his fierceness for revenge, all stamp him as a cold-blooded, inhuman despot, fit only for the lowest place in the catalogue of kings.

The summer of 1707 witnessed a most cruel tragedy, brought about by the workings of the "great soul" of the Swedish monarch.

John Reinhold Patkul, a noble Livonian, was one of the generals to the king of Poland; but in consequence of his dislike of General Fleming, the haughty favorite of Augustus, he entered the service of Peter the Great, of Russia. He had, previously, been proscribed in Sweden, for his defence of Livonia; and now an ambassador from the czar to the court of Augustus, he was seized as a traitor, for disclosing a project of General Fleming and the Chancellor of Saxony, to purchase a peace at any price from the king of Sweden. The Chancellor discovered that the ambassador knew this, and by artful representations, obtained leave to arrest him. He was confined in the castle of Konigsstein, in Saxony.

In one of the most retired streets of Leipzig lived the family of Charles d'Einsiedel, whose two sons, Axel and Ignatius, had been killed on the plain of Clissau, on the thirteenth of July, 1702. The youngest of these, Ignatius, had married a beautiful Saxon lady, Sophia Vikin, who was no less distinguished for her worth and gentleness, than for her beauty. She had remained with her father-in-law, from the period of her husband's death, loving and beloved, and cherished as much for her own sweet sake, as for that of her dead husband, d'Einsiedel, knowing no difference of affection between her and his daughter Armida.

Between these sisters, by marriage, there had sprung up a devoted love, cemented by affliction, and capable of almost any sacrifice. To Armida, Sophia was the embodiment of every womanly excellence; and the latter dearly loved the gentle girl whose life had grown desolate by the loss of the two brave and beloved brothers, so early cut off from the delightful home where their childhood was passed. Added to this, the wife of Charles d'Einsiedel had fallen into hopeless melancholy at the news of her sons' deaths, and no attention or assiduity of her family to divert it, had proved successful.

Four years had elapsed, when chance introduced to the d'Einsiedel family a new friend, in the person of John Reinhold Patkul. As the acquaintance progressed, it soon ripened into love, on his part, for the beautiful Sophia, whose sweet face was rendered still more attractive from its paleness, and the effect of her close mourning garb. An offer of marriage was the result, and its acceptance warmly encouraged by d'Einsiedel, who trembled at the thought of his own failing health, which threatened to leave his daughters without a protector; and this was rendered doubly distressing by the present state of Madame d'Einsiedel.

It was settled that the marriage should take place early in the following year, or as soon as the General's embassy should have been completed. There was a quiet and subdued joy upon Sophia's face, that showed her new happiness was still tempered by the remembrance of the old sorrow, not yet forgotten. While her loving heart beat quick at the murmured words of an affection which she never hoped to receive from mortal lips, again, when her beloved Ignatius had been stricken down, she yet trembled at having awakened another hope in the breast which grief had once desolated.

to part no more; and described the court of Poland, the annoyances, and also the pleasant things of an ambassador's life; and, interspersed, were the thousand and one lively or sentimental exclamations which a lover's pen so readily flows to. A few weeks more—and then!

There was the hope and joy, with not a dash of the fearful or melancholy, in his last letter. He was coming home to one dear as life itself to his faithful heart. What wonder if hers beat responsive, and echoed back the joyful tone of his? Armida saw the new lovelight beaming from her sister's eye, and sighed to think of the gallant Livonian who had won her heart also. But this was a secret. To none in the world—not even to that universal, but somewhat ambiguous personage, a girl's bosom friend—did Armida unveil the silent grief which had been hers for months. Not for worlds would she have allowed Sophia to think that she had so compromised her delicacy, as to love where she was not wooed. Her sister had watched her, however, and knew that something was preying upon her spirits; but she only feared that it might be the thought that in accepting Reinhold, she was in danger of forgetting the husband so early lost.

She hastened to assure her that this was not so; that she had told Reinhold that, after all, he could be but second in her heart, where the first place was still consecrated to the image of the dead; and she told her how nobly he had disclaimed all hope or wish to blot out that image.

"Reinhold is a noble heart, dear Armida. When you know him better, you will not look upon him as a rival to your brother, but a worthy successor. Could Ignatius commune with me on earth, I do believe that he would approve my choice." She ceased, for Armida was weeping violently.

"I beg—I entreat you, Sophia, not to impute such motives to my low spirits. It is surely but natural, with my father's failing health, my mother's strange state, and the prospect of your leaving us, that I should feel depressed. Every day brings me some omen of sorrows to come. It was but yesterday that a bird of the darkest plumage entered my window, and this morning when I visited the graves of Axel and Ignatius, lo! the same bird flew out from the fir trees which we planted there."

"My poor sister! do not distress yourself with these purely natural incidents. At any rate do not think them strange or ominous. The same has happened to me three days in succession; yet, believe me, I do not anticipate any evil. It is, doubtless, the same bird which Reinhold saw among the shrubbery, on the morning of his departure. I thought only of one thing, when it flew about my room, and that was, that Reinhold's eyes rested upon it almost the last moment of his stay in Saxony. So, you see, dear Armida, that true love transmutes all things to gold. May you, my sweet sister, be soon sensible of this from your own experience."

How every word pierced Armida's heart like a dagger! She felt like a traitor to her sister, for daring to love Reinhold when he was Sophia's declared and affianced lover; and condemned herself far more bitterly than they would have done, could they have known what was passing in her heart. She tried to hope that she might live down this emotion, and be able to witness their happiness without a murmur.

Meantime she clung to Sophia with more than a sister's tenderness. They were together constantly; by their father's couch, for he was now daily drooping, or making ineffectual attempts to rouse Madame d'Einsiedel from her melancholy, or walking, side by side in the garden. They did not leave home at all; for the habits acquired in their four or five years' mourning had separated them from the society of the young and gay. In the retired quarter of Leipzig in which they lived, there were few things to draw them from their quiet sort of life, even had they been disposed to gaiety themselves; a call from some sympathizing friend, or a brief visit from some relative, being the extent of their mixing with society.

Rumors of war were now reaching them, and already the bulletins gave notice of a pitched battle between the Russians and Swedes, in which the former were triumphant. Sophia's heart trembled, and Armida's superstitious belief in what she had called an omen, pressed heavily upon her mind, notwithstanding her want of faith in such things. Then came the news of the forced resignation of the crown of Poland to Stanislaus Leszinski, the young palatine of Posen; and all this time, there was no sound of Reinhold Patkul's name.

It came all too soon, however; and the first news came like a thunderbolt upon the tender-hearted family at Leipzig. Reinhold was a prisoner at Konigsstein; treacherously given up to arrest by Augustus. It was followed by another report that he was taken from thence to Altranstadt by the officers of Charles XII., who had demanded "all deserters who had entered the service of Augustus; and particularly John Patkul."

Three weary months the noble prisoner remained tied to a stake, with a heavy chain; and still his fortitude and bravery held out against his foes. So, at least, he found means to communicate to Sophia, and bid her to hope on.

She did so; for her nature was hopeful; but there were times when her melancholy almost equalled Madame d'Einsiedel's. Armida was now her only comfort; for her father was no longer capable of even judging of the state of public affairs. He had sunk rapidly; and now lay almost expiring.

With eyes alternately turned towards his wife and the other helpless objects of his solicitude, and looking up to Heaven for the support and comfort for which his lips were unable to form the words of prayer, the dying sufferer claimed all Sophia's care and attention. If the thought swept across her mind, and startled her almost into sudden madness, that Reinhold might suffer death from his enemies, she resolutely recalled the words of his message, and strove to be brave and hopeful, as became a soldier's affianced bride.

The last moments of d'Einsiedel came. A look of ineffable peace came over the countenance which had hitherto worn so sad and anxious an expression, and for hours after death, the smile lingered on the faded lips.

"Oh, that Reinhold were here!" was the continued thought of Sophia's heart, while the melancholy scenes of death and burial were going on. She saw from the window, where she sat between Armida and her mother, the mournful procession that was bearing her kind protector to the tomb, and shuddered to think that she might never see that still dearer protector again, whose life seemed in such deep peril.

That night she sat long at the window, after her

companions had retired. It was a sultry July night; but the dark sky and the stars seemed to bend down, lovingly towards her, and the summer night breeze whispered, like the voices of spirits, to her ear. Suddenly, from the branches of a thick fir-tree, the bird, as she believed, it to be, that had so often crossed her vision before, flew out with rustling wings and alighted close to her hand, upon the window sill. It seemed not to fear when she moved, and she reached out for some seeds which were near, and which it was soon plucking from her hand. She was glad that Armida was asleep, for her superstitious fears would have chased away the bird. It flew back into the tree; but three times that night it came to her window. She sat up until morning; and then, weary, dispirited, and unhappy, she threw herself upon the bed, and slept heavily until the sun was far up in the burning July sky.

Had she died during that sleep, she would have waked in heaven with Reinhold; for on that summer morning, with the earth lying all green and beautiful, and the thought of his affianced wife pressing upon his heart, making life so sweet and desirable; with a soldier's fame resting upon him, and a patriot's fervent zeal for his country—with all these to make him wish to live, he was taken out to die—not a soldier's honorable death, but like the worst of criminals—a death which is so horrible to think of that the pen refuses to trace its details.

It was late the next evening, when Sophia was called down to see a gentleman whom, from his black garb, she supposed to be a clergyman. He had learned from some one in the neighborhood of the death which had taken place in the house; and he talked long and feelingly upon it, as if to gather courage to impart his dreadful news. It was in vain. He broke down at the first word; and Sophia, tremblingly alive to her fears for Reinhold, unconsciously breathed the very name which her visitor had been striving to utter.

"He is dead!" she uttered, with a face that seemed turned to marble, so stony was its look; and as she spoke, she fell heavily to the floor. The stranger raised her and called for assistance. It was useless; for beneath the first certainty of her apprehensions, her heart had broken! She knew not how he had died. God's pity for her if she had!

"Death, the conqueror,
Laying his hand on many a heart, hath healed it forever!"

THE CONFESSION.

This is my last night—and standing as I do on the brink of eternity, I will fill up the few hours that intervene before my execution takes place, in writing down the history of my progress in crime, and how step by step I reached this dungeon. May it be accepted as an act of atonement on my part, and at the same time serve as a warning to others!

I was a forward child, of a sullen, suspicious character, and I afterwards became a rough soldier during a couple of campaigns, at the close of which, peace having succeeded to war, I left the service to farm a small estate which my wife had inherited. Soon after my return from the army, my brother sickened and died. He was an open-hearted, noble fellow, far better-looking than myself, and universally beloved. All those who ever sought my acquaintance, whether at home or abroad, from being his friends, seldom took kindly to me, and generally observed, the first time they saw me, that never were two brothers more unlike, both in person and manners.

We had married two sisters; and this circumstance, which ought to have been an additional bond between us, only contributed to estrange us still more. His wife saw through my character but too well, and I always felt, whenever I gave way to bad impulse of envy or hatred in her presence, as if she read my thoughts like an open book. It was a relief to me when the coolness between us ended in an open rupture, and a still greater relief when I received the news of her death, while I was with my regiment abroad. It now seemed to me as though I had a presentiment of the frightful tragedy that was to take place! I dreaded her, and she seemed to pursue me—yet I even now I see her reproachful eyes glaring upon me, and freezing up my blood! She died shortly after giving birth to a child. When my brother in turn fell ill, and his life was despaired of, he summoned my wife to his bedside, and entrusted his little orphan, a boy four years old, to her protecting care. He bequeathed all his property to him, stating in his will that should the child die, his fortune was to devolve on my wife, as the only return he could make for her affectionate kindness. Then, after exchanging a few fraternal words with me, and regretting our long estrangement, he fell back, exhausted, into a deep slumber, from which he never awoke.

As we had no children, and the two sisters had always been very united, my wife loved this boy as if he had been her own. He was passionately fond of her; but, being the true picture of his mother, both in mind and person, could never, somehow, take kindly to me. I cannot fix any particular period at which I first became aware of this kind of antipathy on his part, but I soon began to feel uneasy whenever he was present. As often as I awoke out of a train of gloomy thoughts, there was that child staring at me, not merely with the inquiring gaze of childhood, but with the piercing look, so full of meaning, that used to annoy me in his mother. It was not merely an empty fancy of mine, attributable to his strong likeness to his deceased parent, for I never could stare him down, let me look as fierce as I might. He was evidently afraid of me, in spite of which he seemed to have imbibed a hereditary contempt for me.

I may deceive myself—and yet I do not think that I intended at that period to do him any harm. It might, perhaps, occur to me how advantageous it would be for us to inherit the boy's property, and I might secretly wish him to die, still I do not think I had the least idea of taking away his life. The idea came very slowly at first, and merely in the dim and distant outline in which we set a vision of an impending earthquake, or the day of the Last Judgment—then it approached nearer and nearer still, and began to lose a portion of its horror and improbability, and after assuming a more definite shape, it became the constant theme of my speculations. When these foul phantasms crossed my brain, I could not bear that the boy should perceive I was staring at him; yet, by a kind of fascination, I could not help gazing on his fragile form, and thinking how easy the work of destruction would be! Sometimes I watched him asleep, but oftener still from the garden, as I crouched behind the bushes, gazing like a tiger on his prey, into the parlor, where he sat

learning his lesson, on a low stool, beside my wife's knee.

Close to our country house lay a deep pool, but it was not visible from our window. I spent several days in carving a rough model of a boat with my pen-knife; and, when it was completed, I purposely left it in the child's way. I then hid myself near the pool, in a spot that he must pass by, in case he came to set the little toy afloat on the water. But he came neither on that nor on the following day. Still I was certain he was in my toils, for I had heard him prate about his toy, which he had even taken to bed with him. I waited patiently, and on the third day, I could see him, from my hiding-place, come running along joyously, with his sillon looks streaming in the wind, and singing—poor child!—a merry tune, though he would scarcely lip the words. I stole behind him, beneath some bushes that grew near the bank, and the Evil One knows how I, a strong, grown man, trembled in every limb as I followed the footsteps of this little child, while he approached the water's brink. I was close behind him, crouching on my knees, and was raising my hand to push him in, when he saw my shadow in the water, and turned round.

His mother's spirit gleamed forth from his eyes. The sun now burst forth from behind a cloud, turning the water into a sheet of molten gold. Everything sparkled as if all nature had eyes. I don't know what the boy said—though so young he did not fawn upon me, nor try to soothe me; all I recollect was that he screamed out, not that he loved me, but that he "would try to love me;" and then he ran back to the house as fast as he could.

The next time I saw him, my sword was in my hand, and he was lying stiff and cold at my feet. I took him up in my arms and laid him gently in a thicket. My wife was not at home that day, nor was she to return till the morrow. Our bedroom window, the only one on this side of the house, being but a few feet from the ground, I resolved to get out through it, in the middle of the night, and bury my victim in the garden. I had not the slightest idea at that moment that I had frustrated my own scheme, and that when the pool would be dragged and no dead body forthcoming, the property must remain in abeyance, or I meant to confirm the belief that the child was lost or had been stolen. For the present all my thoughts were centered on the necessity of hiding every clue to my crime.

What I endured when the servants came and told me the child was missing, and when the messengers, I despatched in all directions, returned to inform me their search had been in vain, no words can possibly describe. That same night I buried him. But now the worst remained to be done; and that was to face my wife, and give her hopes that the child would yet be found. This I continued to do with such a show of sincerity, as I believe that no suspicion rested upon me. The next thing I did was to seat myself at the bedroom window, from whence I could watch all day long the spot where lay concealed my dreadful secret. It was a plot of ground that had been recently dug up, ready for laying down fresh sods, and I had chosen it as the one where the marks of my spade would be least likely to attract notice. The workmen who were laying down the sods must have thought me crazy. I was continually calling out to them to get on faster, and occasionally running out to help them, and stamping on the ground while I kept urging them to still greater haste. Their task was finished before night, and I now felt comparatively secure.

I fell asleep at last that night—but what a troubled sleep it was, and what frightful dreams were there! I fancied I saw now a hand, now a head, rising out of that unhallowed spot of ground. And each time that I awoke out of this horrid nightmare, I crept to the window to convince myself it was only an idle fancy of my brain. Then I slunk back to bed, but only to endure the same torments over and over again. Once I dreamed that the child was still alive, and that I had never attempted its life; and the waking from this dream was more dreadful than all the rest.

Next morning I again took my place at the window, and never turned my eyes off the fatal spot, which, though now turned into a grass plot, only presented to me the appearance of an open grave. If one of the farm servants passed by, I expected him to sink in; if a bird alighted upon the grass, I dreaded lest he should become the instrument that was to bring my crime to light; and every breeze that blew across it, seemed to whisper "Murder!" There was nothing animate or inanimate, let it be ever so insignificant, but what seemed endowed with the supernatural power of upbraiding me for my heinous crime.

My wife, who was as superstitious in her way as I was in mine, and was in despair at the child's disappearance, was bent on consulting a "wise woman" residing in our neighborhood, supposed to have the power of reading the decrees of fate by spirit-rapping. I accompanied her most reluctantly, but preferred being present, lest the sybil should infuse any suspicions of my crime into her mind. On my wife's asking the question, "Where is the boy?" the answer returned by the rapping was found to spell out the words, "With his mother!" My wife was deeply affected, and I was ready to sink into the ground—though I blustered and said the woman spoke nonsense. With its mother! Ay, it had a double signification to my ears—with his mother in heaven, and in the bosom of his mother earth! Repeated experiments and appeals to the spirit, still brought back those dreadful words; and I began to think the woman knew more than she pretended to do, and had seen me bury the corpse on that fatal night.

A few days after, a comrade of mine, who had served abroad, came to visit me unexpectedly with a friend of his, whom I had never seen before. I could not, however, resolve to lose sight of the grass plot, and as it was a fine summer's evening, I told the servants to bring a table and a bottle of wine into the garden. I then placed my own chair over the grave, and thus, feeling sure it could not be tampered with, I endeavored to make myself easy and to enjoy my glass. My comrade expressed the hope that my wife was well, and was not keeping her room, and that she had not been driven away by their appearance.

I was obliged to stammer out in reply the story of the child's disappearance. The soldier, who was a stranger to me, did not look me in the face, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground all the while I was talking, which caused me the greatest uneasiness. I fancied he suspected the truth. I asked him abruptly whether he thought—but I broke down without finishing the sentence.

"Whether I think the child has been murdered?" said he, with a mild look. "Oh, no! what could any man gain by murdering a poor innocent child?" I could have told him what a man gained by such

a deed, for no one knew it better than I did; but I remained silent, though I shivered as though I had the ague.

Seeing the state of excitement I was in, they endeavored to comfort me with the hope the child might yet be found, when we suddenly heard a deep howl, and a couple of large dogs leaped over the wall into the garden.

"Bloodhounds!" exclaimed my guests. "They need not have told me, for though I had never in my life happened to see any dogs of that kind, I instinctively felt they must be bloodhounds, and I but too well knew what attracted them. I felt like one already condemned to death, and I grasped the sides of the chair convulsively, though I neither moved nor spoke a word."

"They are of the true breed," observed the stranger; "and have probably been let loose on trial, and have escaped their keeper."

And as he and his friend turned their heads, they saw the dogs sniffing the ground, and running round and round, like mad, without noticing us, and ever and anon raising their heads and uttering a prolonged howl, and then again laying their muzzles close to the earth, as if to get on the right scent. Presently, instead of turning round so large a circle, they seemed to concentrate all their efforts on one point, which they sniffed more diligently still; in doing which, they approached my chair, when they set up a more frightful howl than before, attempting, at the same time, to tear away its ledges, which prevented their getting at the ground beneath.

"They evidently scent game," cried my guests.

"That's impossible!" cried I.

"For heaven's sake!" said the one I knew, "get up, or they'll tear you to pieces."

"Let them," returned I. "I'll not stir from this spot."

"The dogs must not be allowed to bait people to death. Let's hew them down," said he.

"There is some horrible secret lurking under all this," said the stranger, drawing his sword. "In the name of the law, help me to take this man into custody."

They then seized me and dragged me away, although I fought, and bit, and laid about me like a madman. After some resistance, I at length was obliged to suffer them to lead me off, and then the excited bloodhounds began tearing up the earth, which they flung about as if it had been so much water. What more need be said? Why, merely that I fell on my knees and confessed the truth with chattering teeth, and begged for mercy; that I afterwards denied the deed before the tribunal, and now again own it; that I was tried, found guilty, and finally condemned to death. I may add that I have found neither pity, nor comfort, nor hope, and have not a friend in the world—my wife, happily for her, having been seized with temporary madness, and being in ignorance of my misery or her own; in short, that I am alone with my despair in this dungeon, and that I must die to-morrow.—From the papers of a deceased Prussian Judge.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FREEDOM.

BY ORA WILBURN.

It is a glorious, soul-stirring word—a trumpet-note of awakening power, this angel-call for disenfranchisement from tyrannic chains of creed and world-famed customs; this spiritual rebellion against the manifold forms of oppression that darken our green earth's beauty—that dooms to ignorance and despair the souls of toiling millions. But the beautiful spirit of true liberty has descended to earth once more, bringing "glad tidings" to earth's weary, aching hearts, and enfolding in one mighty band of brotherhood the earnest seekers of its guiding light. Nigh draws the beautiful fulfillment of many a prayerful heart's unspoken, silently-cherished dream of the world's regeneration.

Blessed privilege of pure, unselfish hearts! Glorious liberty! Joyful emancipation from the darkening fear and the cold distrust, thou art one of the boons hastened by Spiritualism. Unbound by sectarian fear or restraint of thought, we pass the portals of the Better Land, led by the Father's love, fearing there no phantom forms of dread, no lake of fire—the soul's remuneration for its free, inquiring thought; but joyfully meeting there the beloved, forgotten ones of heart and home, the spirits of the heaven-afianced.

The soul of the true Spiritualist expands beneath the inspirations of a world-wide freedom, and responds to the heart-touch of justice, demanding the human rights so long withheld by worldly despotism. The principles of tyranny are yet embodied, but their iron grasp is loosening; trembling bigotry thunders not forth so loudly its denunciations; gilded wrong sits not so arrogantly upon her chair of state. The love-light of spiritual freedom dawns upon the million despairing souls that bend beneath the crushing weight of unremunerated toil. Angel accents whisper, heavenly promises foretell, the coming era of harmonious liberty, when labor shall be exalted by the spirit's gratitude, ennobled by lofty purpose; when the willing heart shall gladly add the toiling hands. Then, too, woman's trembling lips no more shall sing the dirge of hope and joy; no longer submitted to the needle's drudgery, to the depressing influences of poverty, her soul shall enkindle with the heroism that inspires the angels! Beneath her beautifying touch, the humblest home shall bloom with a fragrant welcome. No longer engaged in struggles with the cold world without, in sorrowful effort for the scanty daily bread, the waves of harmony shall uplift her soul, and her radiant looks proclaim the free, happy spirit, forming of the earth's surroundings an Eden of love and joy!

Behold the fashionable idler, with aimless soul, frittering away life's precious moments; contrast with her the pale, care-worn seamstress; and say, where is the spirit of true religion, that delights in forbearance, in pity for another. Sister arrayed against sister, in the might of worldly circumstances—woman's heart harboring the disfiguring pride, the assumed superiority against the poorer sister—is this our country's boasted equality? The humble artisan, the conscientious tailor, looked down upon supreme indifference, or scorned by the wealthy drone; the producers of the land, a proscribed class from the refinements of life; music with its soul-elevating tendency, painting with its glorious inspirations, poetry with its angel-messages, reserved for the unappreciating few, denied to the thirsting souls of the lowly—is this our boasted justice and freedom?

When has the workman, the drudging needle slave, time for the cultivation of the intellect, the

expansion of the God-like faculties within?—while ten or twelve hours of the day, are devoted to "hard and incessant toil. The poor household drudge, overwhelmed with cares and petty trials, gladly hails the wished-for evening that she may repose her weary frame, and seek in sleep the rest denied while waking. Unseeing life's beauties, labor, hard and ungenial, binds down her spirit with an iron grasp; there is no music in the night wind's tone for her; no angel essences within the flowers; and if her hope of heaven be strong amid the surrounding discouragements, the earth life is darkened, and its glories unrevealed to her. And when casting aside the galling chains, some struggling spirit leaves the beaten track of so-called *romantic employment*, and darts, secure in its own resolves and holy motives, to stand side by side with man, in the field of science or labor; then, oh, pitying angels! what harsh denunciations, what bitter opposition, what gloomy prophecies are hurled at the offending "strong minded one!"

When a woman's pitying soul is prompted to the cultivation of the healing art; when her true delicacy and humanitarian feelings bid her devote her life to the alleviation of suffering, particularly to the sufferings of her own sex, that need so much a sister's sympathizing hand and practiced eye—then, oh, enlightened age! the torrents of ridicule pour forth; and not "man's inhumanity" but woman's petty rivalry and jealousies, aim the shafts of sarcasm, that, thank God! often fall pointlessly to the dust beneath. Oh, there are hearts burning with a righteous indignation; souls stirring with a holy opposition; spirits rebelling against the tyrant customs that would enchain the eagle-mind to the car of servitude! Independence has enkindled its beacon fires upon the lofty mountains, and thousand hands are outstretched, million feet are hastening towards its beckoning glory. And spirit guides are whispering, God is inspiring; human hearts responding the holy watchword, "Freedom!"

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1858.

COLBY, FORSTER & CO., PUBLISHERS.
THOMAS GALES FORSTER, EDITOR.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

Single copies per year, \$2 00
Three months, 1 00
For club rates, see eighth page.
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TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE WEST.

Our associates, Mr. T. Gales Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the Western States, for the purpose of giving Lectures, and presenting the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT to their citizens.

We trust the friends will prepare themselves for a visit from one or the other of these gentlemen, and give the Banner a helping hand.

THE RELIGION OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

Quite a talk is being made just now about the religious character and tendencies of this new Boston magazine. The Journal's New York correspondent made an extract from an article in the Christian Intelligencer, and endorsed it himself in the strongest possible terms, in which the "Atlantic" is attacked very vigorously for its infidel inclinations; and although the Leiger of this city sought, in a spirited and pointed article, to pin the Journal to something like responsibility in the matter, that paper was unwilling to risk the paternity of an assault of this character. But since then, the organ of the Methodists—Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal—has come out in a column broadside, charging the Atlantic openly, and without any hairs; lifting whatever, with gross infidelity, and beseeching for it, in an exceedingly liberal and Christian way, the loss of subscribers and support it so manifestly deserves.

There is more outright cant in this article of Zion's Herald, than in most productions of the same character. It is nothing but cant, from beginning to end. It declares, speaking of the three several numbers of the Atlantic, that "the evil spirits are increasing in the newly built and garnished house, and are more violent against the truth as it is in Jesus than ever before." It speaks of the article in the January number on "Books" as a "profane mixing of things divine with common, a mixture the more impious because it calls them all divine."

The Herald also quotes from the table of book notices, from the criticism on Spurgeon's Sermons; an author, whose name, according to Punch, should always be spelled with an L before the U; and charges that the critic "tries to sugar-coat this infidelity by talking a great deal about Christianity, while the whole tone of the essay is anti-evangelical. The editor of the Herald don't pretend to believe as Spurgeon believes in relation to 'Free Agency' and the 'Decrees of Providence; but that is of no consequence; he thinks he is 'a gospel preacher, whose preaching is in the demonstration of the spirit, and of the power of God'—which is pure and unmitigated cant, and nothing else." And he further insists, "that he who opposes his (Mr. Spurgeon's) presentation of the great truths of man's utter sinfulness, &c., &c., is found fighting against God!" And more to the same purpose.

The particular point that has called forth these attacks upon the Atlantic, is a passage in a recent article on "Books," that made its appearance in the January number; in which the Bible is spoken of, with other books, in the following way:—"There is no room left, and yet I might as well not have begun as to leave out a class of books which are the best; I mean the Bibles of the world, or the sacred books of each nation, which express for each the supreme result of their experience. After the Hebrew and Greek scriptures, which constitute the sacred books of Christendom, those are, the Desatir of the Persians, and the Zoroastrian Oracles; the Vedas and Laws of Manu; the Upanishads, the Vishnu Purana, the Bhagavat Gita, of the Hindus; the books the Buddhists; the 'Chinese Classic,' of four books, containing the wisdom of Confucius and Mencius. Also such other books as have acquired a semi-canonical authority in the world, as expressing the highest sentiment and hope of nations." "O, O, O, All these books are the majestic expressions of the universal

consciousness; . . . they are for the closet, and to be read on the bed-side knee." . . . "They are not to be held by letters printed on a page, but are living characters, translatable into every tongue and form of life."

This is the gist of the cause of complaint. We would amplify in our quotation, if our space allowed us; but enough has already been given to show the character and grounds for the attack just ventured on by the Herald. Upon this the editor of Zion's Herald remarks—"that there is such a thing (in a magazine), as being so independent and outspoken as to insult the sentiment and sense of cultivated millions," &c., &c. It thinks, likewise, that it was such infidelity as this that killed Putnam's Magazine, the Dial, the Chronotype, and would have killed the New York Tribune, "if it had not at least become dumb on the infidel absurdities with which it for a time abounded." The Herald editor is of opinion, too, that it will surely kill the Atlantic Monthly, "if it continues in this way much longer."

But there is one expression dropped no doubt in haste, from his "evangelical" pen, that is noticeable only because it best displays its own absurdity; and yet it is an absurdity to which such narrow-minded religionists vainly expect the intelligent part of the world is going to subscribe always. It is this:—"Our people as a mass are evangelical in doctrine, however unevangelical they may be in life." We should think that kind of "doctrine" must be something extremely profitable to the soul; one that it is very necessary to subscribe to intellectually, or passively, but yet unable to bring forth any fruit in the daily life! This editor, it is plain, has never yet learned the alphabet of spiritual things. His creed overtops his inner experience. "Doctrines" are with him primary, and of first importance. The formulas must be sustained, no matter whether they contain any soul or not. Any one can see at a glance, that cant predominates here over everything else.

Now we should like to have the editor of Zion's Herald, or any other Herald, inform us,—not in the bald phrases of the creed he worships, but in such language as his own heart's deep experience may furnish,—what he means by the "inspiration" which he speaks of, and insists on speaking of, whenever he alludes to the Bible. If that book was inspired, as certain religionists affect to believe, let for letter and word for word, will he tell us what is the nature and process of that inspiration, if he can. We do not ask him to put himself to the trouble of crying out "mad dog!" and "infidel!" against us, for, before God, we are neither; only, when such men speak of the inspiration of the Bible, we wish them to tell us exactly what they understand by "inspiration." Does he worship the cover and leaves of his Bible? Does he take the spiritual sense of the teachings of Christ, believing them to be a rich and blessed Gospel indeed for mankind, or does he go to the Bible only for texts with which to fortify his religious dogmas and church superstitions? Does he not believe, with the author of the article in the Atlantic, that the sacred books of the several nations cited above are the expression of the highest conscience of the people of those nations,—just as our Bible expresses the highest sentiment of the soul of Christian nations?

Would he childishly, or ignorantly, make it out that God never spake to man save as and when this Bible represents?—that we can never know Him, or come near Him, except by the ways in which He has already been approached and known, such as the Bible describes? Does he mean to say that God has never manifested himself before, nor since, to man? and that having once made so imperfect a "revelation," He will never venture upon the trial again? There is a vast deal of ignorance, superstition, and fear, upon this subject; and instead of the "cultivated millions" of whom he boasting speaks when he would excite a prejudice against the Atlantic Monthly, we question if, upon a thorough searching of hearts, it would not be found that those "millions" were still "anxious inquirers" in relation to this very important matter.

The Herald's Bible is hardly better than the Romanist's cross, because it has lost its spiritual significance and meaning. It may preach its "solemn texts" from till the end of time, but the world will not heed them, because it will not, under such poor exposition, either apprehend or heed their true meaning. The Bible, according to such a lifeless creed, offers no gospel—no good tidings to any doubting human soul; on the contrary, it plunges it deeper and still deeper into dismal despair. Instead, therefore, of being so prolific of dogmatisms, and empirical expressions, and threadbare cant, as the editor of the Herald seems to be, and instead of assailing with unchristian and uncharitable accusations those who have penetrated farther into the spiritual meaning of things than he, shows that he has himself—it becomes him first of all to understand something of the true meaning and teaching of the Bible he affects to defend, and in the next place, to show in his language that such teachings have taken the right hold of his life and his heart. He would not then call on Mrs. Stowe to refuse to contribute to the pages of the Atlantic, nor would he so sincerely hope that the magazine would utterly fail of success as a literary enterprise. We are afraid he does not understand even his own Bible.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

A gift is not of account, so much because it costs money, as because it expresses something. If it bears no fit or happy sentiment on its face, it is nothing worth though it took a thousand dollar cheque to secure it. Silver and gold should not be esteemed, before friendship and love; a red rose will touch the sensitive heart, when a table groaning with plate of rare designs would fail to make a lasting impression.

Who stops to think thus of these things? How many rather exclaim in their hearts, as they look over the heaps of costly things in the shops from which to make a selection—"Oh, if I only had the money now!" But, my friend, it is not money that is needed. A gift is a sign-passed from soul to soul. It is a symbol of truth, of constancy, of the royal friendship which one heart intends sincerely to keep towards another. A glass of water may be made the most beautiful of all gifts; but it of course depends on who gives it. There be those high-born natures, for whom to dispense such favor is the loftiest, and yet the sweetest work of grace.

If a girl hands you a flower, your heart—unless you are an old curmudgeon of clay—will dance with joy. That white hand, as it is extended to you, is purity itself. If the flower be a rose—we have a perfect passion for roses—you shall feel refreshed with the sparkling dew which its suggests, and the volatile fragrance, which it everywhere dispenses. June lies pictured before you, as if it lay asleep in

the lap of a green meadow. The sentiments grow suddenly fresh; a delicious influence exhales from the simple little act; the soul dreams, and its dreams are of peace, and beauty, and truth.

In selecting a gift, everything depends on the taste and perception of the giver. It is quite essential that the character, mental habits, tastes, and sentiments of the receiver should be carefully looked into, else the gift becomes unfit, and of course falls short of its proper expression. Here is where kindly and well-meaning gift makers commit their errors; they fancy their friends are obliged to receive all their presents in the same feeling, whether they are capable of existing that feeling at all times or not.

The young men of Henry Ward Beecher's Society have presented him with a Christmas gift; and to show the fitness of the offering, as well as the remarkably happy manner in which it was received, and with which it was acknowledged, we append the following letter from his pen, which conveys the whole narrative, with the explanation:—

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received from you a singularly beautiful *infant*, for which I desire to return you my hearty thanks. It is valuable as a mere work of art. Indeed, in the line of ornamental useful articles, it is by far the most chaste and beautiful bronze that I have ever seen, and it will be a perpetual feast to my eye.

But this is the least of its value. It will remind me every day of you, who so warmly have united to do me this kindness; and of the young men of my charge generally, whose interest has always been very dear to me.

As a testimonial that you believe yourselves to have received benefit from my ministrations, it is peculiarly grateful.

Did it occur to you, in selecting this article, how many curious and fit emblems were combined in it? In the centre is an old-fashioned beehive, containing no honey, but in which may, in the service of religion, become sweeter than honey in the honey-comb; creeping in the straw covers are bees, emblems of industry—surely most fit to a man in my vocation. The ink is gained through the butt of an inverted sheaf of wheat, giving me a due caution not to fail to give in my writings bread for the mind. A winnowing basket is spread out in front—bidding me to cleanse my discourse of all chaff and retain only the clean wheat. On either side is a fruit basket of a beautiful pattern, with floral and pomonal covers, suggesting fitly the union of ornament and profit in my ministrations.

Nor are the accessories less worthy of regard—the pen-rack is made up of a sythe, a sickle, a fork, a shovel, a pruning knife and a broom, tied together with flowers.

It is my business to cut down weeds, to dig up "roots of bitterness," to reap good grain, to prune each vine, and to cast the refuse into heaps for burning; and yet, as all these implements are bound with flowers, so I am to reform my work with gentleness and the grace of kindness.

I understand your wishes, my friends, and I will endeavor to profit by all these symbols. Neither shall I forget that mouse which lies on the edge of the winnowing basket, stealthily eating a head of wheat. I will watch against all such destroyers of time and profit, both in you and in myself.

Be sure, gentlemen, that I feel deeply your remembrance of me, and accept my thanks, and believe that I shall steadily use your gift to promote piety, virtue, patriotism and humanity to all mankind.

I am, with affection and respect, very cordially yours,
H. W. BEECHER.

THE DRACUT PARRICIDE.

Among the most atrocious and horrible crimes that have ever been perpetrated in our midst, is the parricide in Dracut, &c. The terrible details are sufficient to set one's blood to running cold. The occurrence came to light last week, on Monday. Joshua Heath, a blacksmith, aged sixty-three, lived with his daughter and son, whose ages were respectively twenty-three and twenty-one years. These two children gave their father tea made of stramonium, on the Saturday night previous, and while the old man sat in a state of stupefaction in his chair, the son went up stairs and got his loaded gun, and shot his helpless father through the head! Early the next morning they stripped the body naked, placed it upon a sled, and drew it to a blacksmith shop at hand, in which it was buried but a few inches below the surface of the ground!

Mr. Benjamin Kittredge went to the house on Monday-morning, and inquired of the daughter for her father, who had been accustomed to perform work for him. The girl confessed without much hesitation what they had done, saying that nobody knew it, and begging him not to tell of it to any living person over his way. Mr. Kittredge, of course, roused the neighbors, one of whom was the brother of the murdered man, and proceeded at once to make search for his body. They went into the blacksmith shop, and while there the guilty son came in upon them.

In reply to their inquiries, he told them that he had half a horse buried in the shop for his dog to eat! advising them not to disturb it, and telling them that he would not sell it at any price. Meanwhile, the girl had confessed all to her uncle, and while officers were sent for, the son partially confessed likewise. The body was removed from the dirt which had been heaped up over it only some few inches, and carried to Lowell, where an inquest was held over it. The children were committed to jail. The son was found dressed in the very clothes he had taken off his father's body! When he fired at the poor man, he held the gun so close that the shirt was burned, and the slug came out through his head and fell on the floor.

It is the only extenuating circumstance connected with this most unnatural crime, that neither the son nor the daughter has been considered entirely *compos mentis*, and are, therefore, hardly responsible for the deed. They both allege that the object for which they killed him was to get possession of what money he had—only some two hundred dollars,—and to live without being "banged about" by him, as they had been. Such crimes are rare, we are glad to record; but rare as they are, even one like this present one, accompanied with the revolting details that belong to this, is much too fiendish to be contemplated by the reader save with a thrill of horror. It almost shakes one's faith in humanity.

FEW RENTS.

The newspapers inform us that the pews in Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, were recently rented for the ensuing year. The premiums (over and above fixed prices,) paid for the best seats were from \$30 to \$50, thus making the rent of the best pews on the lower floor from \$100 to \$170. The premiums were kept up even on the cheapest seats, so that the premium on some was about as high as the fixed price!

This may be all right enough, as some people are inclined to think; but it hardly strikes us that the true church of Christ is going to be extended and strengthened among Jews and Gentiles alike, in any such costly way. The grace of God, in order to

"abound," must be able to reach all. This cooping it up in pews, and bidding it off under the threat of the auctioneer's hammer to him who will give the most for it—whether he is able to do it or not—is not going to do the work. It is—we confidently believe—this iniquitous and thoroughly aristocratic new system that is doing more to kill out pure and undefiled religion, than all the dull and humdrum sermons that were ever preached to a church full of sleepy heads and satisfied stomachs. The evil is a radical one, and it will have to be treated after a radical fashion. Until then, we look for no great modification of the present dead state of things.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THOUGHTS FROM THE HEART.

Though far away from those who bless my hours,
My daily thoughts glide back where'er I roam,
And all my spirit feels the gentle powers
Which call it through the silent distance home.
Though time reveal still brighter hours than those,
I never can forget my past repose.

How sad to all mankind a thought like this—
We meet and kindly joy in many a heart,
And many a being crown with rarest bliss;
To know how sad a thing it is to part.
But ah! a wisdom rules the ways of men—
Those parted here, in Heaven shall meet again.

The heart that pines on earth in pain and grief,
For sorrows, too, that are not all its own,
Whose sympathy is founded in belief
That self-succor is not for self alone—
Will walk the stormy path and barren road—
The surest way to win the love of God.

That self-denial which the heart reveals
When trained in cold affliction's common school,
Will nerve the soul to shun the world's appeals,
And thwart ambition's too successful rule—
Which hides the soul within its golden car
As rosy morning hides the tiny star.

Remembered still those loved ones left behind,
And friendship's thoughts shall glid my wand'ring way,
No fiery power in other lands could find
More worthy ones than bless my early day.
Association gave the past perfume,
But memory shall light the future's gloom.

THE LENGTHENING AFTERNOONS.

Those who dwell in the country will understand what we mean; when the light lingers a little longer on the western windows, and the poultry stagers around a little later at the back door, and the cattle delay trooping into the yard to be milked and housed for the night; when the ashes grow white, and the forest floor crumbles, and the snowy cloth is not spread for tea quite as early;—all these are the welcome home-signs of the lengthening days that have begun.

The winter has been an anomaly. Such another December we do not remember. Such a New Year's Day, a sunny wanderer from the bright flock of Southern days, we never enjoyed. With changed surroundings, such as of leaf, and shrub, and birds, we could readily have believed that we were in the lap of beautiful October. The smile of heaven has been upon the earth during the entire season. The winds have indeed been tempered to the shorn lamb, and, as some one has remarked already, the mildness thus far has been worth at least ten dollars to every poor family in the land. We believe the estimate is too low.

The lingering of the afternoon light upon the panes tells us another thing, that it will be but a few short weeks at best, let the weather be as severe even as it may, when we can say that the Winter is at our back. The signs in the sky will make that record full and complete. There will be no formal announcement of such a significant fact on the part of the elements, in the shape of thunders and lightnings, for none will be required; but it will no less take fixed shape as a fact, for all that. The great gate will have turned on its hinges, and all the fresh promises of the Spring will troop in. Let the season end as it may, we have assurance enough to give us great comfort, that we can have but little of it; it will not be long before its tough heart will be broken.

We of the North love the Winter, rough and rude as it is; we grow vigorous and healthy in its violent winds; we get hearty in the sturdy encounter with its snows and blows, in manfully breasting its rudeness, and defying its assaults. This very opposition which it calls forth, does not fix its lodgment deeper and firmer in our hearts. We love it because it is such a hard customer. If it was all blandness, and sunshine, and geniality, it would soon loosen its hold upon our associations, and become at length little more than an insipidity.

But now and then, once perhaps in a decade or two, it is a rare treat to spin through a winter, especially a winter of depression and want, as swiftly and pleasantly as we are going through this. We try to feel grateful enough for the welcome change which Providence is extending to us. Our heart is full of joy; and, above all, we linger with quiet delight on the contemplation of these lengthening afternoons.

SUFFERING POOR IN BOSTON.

"Please give me a cent to buy some bread," said a little girl.

On the 31st day of December, 1857, in the Christian city of Boston, this petition was made by a child eight years old, with downcast, sorrowful look, with a modesty and meaning that could not help touching the coldest heart. Her feet were bare, and her frail and suffering little body was covered with but shreds of rags that once were garments of the thinnest, cheapest fabric. This was all the protection this poor child had, to keep out the chilly winds of a cold winter.

Again she said, "Please give me a cent to buy some bread?"

"What do you want bread for?"
"For my father and mother; they have nothing to eat to-day. My father is sick, and my mother takes care of him. My father broke his arm, and he has pain in his feet, too; so he can't move them."

"Do you beg every day?"
"When it is not very cold, I do; when it is very cold, I can't beg, for I have no shoes to wear, and my feet would freeze."

"How much did you get by begging yesterday?"
"I begged all day, and got three cents, and bought some bread, and we ate it."

"Was that all your father and mother and yourself had to eat yesterday?"
"Yes, sir."

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"
"No, sir."

The streets were covered with ice and mud; it was raining and snowing alternately, and I thought it would be more Christian-like, more in keeping with the true philosophy of life, to send a hawk to take this child home, than it would be to send a hawk for each of all the little girls who had warm clothes, stockings, shoes, overshoots, cloaks and furs, to keep them warm—which is the case with most of the lit-

tle girls who twice a week attend Mr. Pappant's dancing exercises, two doors above the place where this poor child called to ask the alms of one cent to buy some bread.

"Where do you live?"

"In Burgess Alley; No. 2."

"Would you like to have me go home with you and see your father and mother?"

"Yes, sir."

We started, and on our way, in passing the Post Office we met two poor candy girls, also barefoot, and very thinly and miserably clad. "Do you know these two girls?" I said to my little companion.

"Yes, sir; I know where they live." "Invite them to come with us," said I, "and I will go and see their fathers and mothers, too." They willingly joined us, and we four journeyed on over the ice and through the mud; three, unprotected little girls, barefoot, and I with stockings and boots. While I was warm and comfortable, they were cold, hungry, and suffering; I could almost feel their little hearts beat with gratitude as they hurried along with me, for they thought, perhaps, that by my visit, some pains of their hunger and wretchedness might be assuaged.

We came to Broad street, then to Half-Moon street, then to No. 2 Burgess Alley, the home of my first little companion. The mother welcomed me to a room about eight by ten feet. The father soon woke from sleep to welcome me too, but with a deep sigh. The bed half filled the room; this, with two poor chairs, a deal table, was all the room contained, all that belonged there save a few rags, the souls, flesh and blood of the father, mother, and a girl about fourteen, and my little companion.

I said to him: "Your little girl came to ask me for a cent to buy your bread; and the power of her little spirit has drawn me here." I asked him to tell me what his condition was, and in substance he gave the following:—

"My arm was dislocated and broken fourteen months ago; the bones were not properly adjusted, for I had nothing to pay the doctor, and my arm is now useless. Rheumatism in my feet and legs for about eight months has made them swell twice their usual size, and they are perfectly useless I cannot move them. Oh, God! have mercy. My little girls, one fourteen, one eight, pick up all the fuel we have, and bring it in their aprons, or the lap of their dresses. They sometimes sell candy to buy our bread, and pay our rent; sometimes they make nothing the whole day, and at most but a few cents, often not above three or four cents. We live on stale bread, seldom anything else. We are often so hungry, that we are obliged to send them begging. Oh, God, have mercy!"

My first little companion now accompanied me to the home of the two barefoot little girls we met at the Post Office. We ascended from Half-Moon street, seven pair of winding stairs, as "dark as Erebus," they were faithful pilots.

The mother welcomed us to a room containing only a few broken dishes and a bedstead, no bedding save a ragged brown cambric sheet of small size. This was all they had to keep them from freezing during the night. The mother said it was warmer to sleep on the floor than on the bedstead without even straw or sheets.

I said to her that I had seen her little girls barefooted on the ice, and I had come to see if it was real necessity and want that made them go barefooted. She said, "Oh, God! we suffer!" And the sigh of agony she gave forth went to my heart like a dagger, justly piercing me, for I had in this case unjustly questioned the honest appearance of their suffering and wretchedness.

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, a gentleman recently returned from Australia, with some means, but more heart, was introduced to these sufferers. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with their real condition, which Heaven knows could not be worse, their wants and sufferings. For one week he visited them every day, and in silence administered bread to satisfy their hunger, and some covering to shield their nakedness from the cold winter winds.

On the seventh day of January he carried a delegation of these sufferers before the SPIRITUALIZING SEWING ASSOCIATION, a benevolent society of excellent ladies who meet every Friday at 14 Bromfield street, to make provision for the suffering poor. And these ladies in *tearful pleasure* furnished seventeen garments to clothe these sufferers.

Your servant,
A. B. CHINN.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The President and Secretary of the Navy have consented to permit the steam frigate Niagara to be employed by Mr. Cyrus W. Field and others for the laying of the cable across the Atlantic, next summer, and that vessel is accordingly being put in a state of preparation for the undertaking. She is now at New York. Her engines have been taken apart, and are to be overhauled and refitted; her yards and spars are many of them to be made heavier, and the chain portion of her standing rigging to be enlarged. Everything else will remain undisturbed—just as it was when she returned. A berth is being dredged where she can lie afloat at low tide, in twenty-five feet of water.

This great enterprise holds the interest of both worlds up to the same high pitch it was made to reach, at the time it temporarily proved a failure. The welfare of the nations depends upon its success. Peace looks to its silent aid in securing her blessed and permanent victories. Ten thousand times more important is the laying of this single strand across the floor of the surging Atlantic, than all the battles that were ever fought and won, and all the treaties and protocols that were ever signed and sealed by the high contracting powers of the nations. Every step in the progress of this gigantic undertaking will be watched with intense solicitude.

"HUOABUOL"

The popular demand for this most natural and effective story, now running through the numbers of this paper, continues unabated. We are receiving increased orders for the Banner, in consequence, from all parts of the country. The instalment of the present week is exceedingly fresh and racy, and full of genuine humor. We bespeak for it the reader's special attention.

Back numbers, containing the earlier parts of the story, may be had by addressing the proprietors of the Banner of Light. We printed a supply at its commencement, calculated to meet an unusually large demand.

ROOMS FOR MEDICINE.

To let at No. 6 Warren square, two parlors, furnished in handsome style; will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. Apply to the proprietor, at the above address.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Henderson, after an absence of some months, reappeared at this Hall. The engagement with the Hall sisters having expired, they were absent, much to general regret. We are sorry to learn that their sweet, plaintive, mellow voices, will no more be heard at these lectures; but we trust that into whatever engagement they may enter hereafter, they will give as good satisfaction as they have given the audiences at the Melodeon.

Mrs. Henderson's subject was announced as "The Word of God." She said, it was necessary, in this age of the world, that man should have some guide. In fact, mankind has sought for such a work, and is still seeking it. Christianity has taken a book, given through different organizations, and in a dark age, which it claims to be the only word of God. But when we see God's perfection, how can we recognize that book as his only true word—full of imperfections and incongruities, as it is known to be?

We understand that God has laid down laws for our government. If we follow them out, we will be drawn nearer to Him. If we neglect them, the result is reversed. When we look back, and see how the people have worshipped the Bible, for hundreds of years, almost with idolatry, considering it as embracing all that it was good for man to know, we can but mourn, that the facility for conveying the thoughts of divinity to mortals is so obscure. Is it possible that the will of God can be given in the language of earth? His ways are above our ways, and His thoughts above our thoughts. We must turn to nature—to the great volume of man's soul—turn from the external to the internal. There is a great philosophy here, which cannot be found outside of this great volume—a language not written by the hand of man, but by the finger of God. You have had the book of nature open before you, but you have read only the external, and you cannot understand. If we go back and compare the darkness of the olden times with the light of to-day, we cannot but believe that God is nearer to us than He was to the world then.

The scientific man does not make principles; he only employs them. Many learned men are lacking in moral and spiritual development; and morality alone gives temper to wisdom.

Going back to the past; we find the springing of grass, the voice of the warbling bird, and all animate nature, speak of God. Revelation comes to the individual, by the still small voice, that speaks to you through nature. You must be subject to God's laws, and, by closely following out the impulses of your divine-instilled humanity, make yourself an example for emulation. You must search for living knowledge—not for the dead past.

You are seeking for happiness in the present life, which will last you through eternity, and you seek it in the dead past, rather than in the great book of nature. When you look forward with fear and trembling, to your future torments, which the Bible of the past tells you of; you are counselled to beware of the wrath to come; but the book of nature tells you to do more, and so prepare yourself by love to your fellows, that there can be no fear of death, as the transposition of a well-spent life on earth to a new field in eternity. Man has sought in vain for a solace for his soul, but he still seeks. Is it possible that he is always to be disappointed? When the great volume of nature is understood, he will search in vain no more. Man has strayed from the right path to gain this end, into by-paths of minor differences; but when he does away with sin, and disease which follows it, and conquers his evil passions, then will he turn to the God-principle.

If the Bible is the only guide for the world, why does it not fulfill its work, satisfy the longings of man, and check the growing evil in the world? We need a Bible, that, instead of teaching men to quail, as slaves, before a tyrant-power, will learn them to love God, by love to their fellow-men. When this principle is diffused through the world, and its people are taught an universal brotherhood, then can we clearly "look through nature, up to nature's God."

When man comes up with the laws of the new dispensation, he will be taught to rely upon himself, not on Moses, and the dark age in which he lived. There is no infallibility—no perfection—save in God. Man verges nearer infallibility, as he approaches his highest developments.

This book of God opens man's eyes to beauty everywhere. In the haunts of vice we see the soul often displayed, by accident, to be noble, even in its degradation; and we have charity to hope, and faith to believe, that the love of God will wash men pure again, and make them recipients of His mercy.

After a solemn, cheerful petition to the Deity, Mrs. Henderson announced herself in readiness to answer such questions as the audience should propound.

We give below a necessarily brief report of the questions and their answers:—

Question.—Why did Christ call his disciples his mother and his brethren?

Answer.—He felt that they were united by a universal love, not confined to a few persons; and, regardless of the ties of consanguinity, he would send abroad his love, and let it become so diffused that the human family would become one family, and children of a common father.

Q.—Is not life and immortality to be obtained through Christ? and is not this law sufficient, if obeyed, without the existence of Spiritualism?

A.—Spiritualism is no conflict with the teachings of Christ—simply a continuation of what Christ left undone. Christ spoke many things which he knew could not be understood by those to whom he spoke, and that it would be reserved for us to explain them.

Q.—In what sense was life and immortality brought to light by Christ?

A.—He taught how to control particles to perform miracles, marvellous and wonderful to some, yet explainable by natural philosophy—and so turned man's attention from the present life to the world beyond.

Q.—Were not the miracles performed by the disciples of Christ, done without any influence of natural law?

A.—We know not to what extent, but he gave them power to cast out devils, by the use of his name; but the simple name of Christ alone could not cast out devils, else it would not be so often on the tongue of the blaspheming. By no other means than through natural law was the miracle consummated.

Q.—Did not Peter, as is recorded in the New Testament, heal the sick man, in a miraculous manner, and in a brief space of time?

A.—Such is the account; but it does not explain

the phenomenon by which it was done any more than you know how, and can explain why, says come when you sit down to a table. The disciples were mediums, and were gifted with the same natural influence that mediums of to-day have. We know that men on earth have more or less power to control electricity, the fluids, etc., and thus account for the cures produced by Peter under natural laws.

Q.—How are we to understand that Christ turned water into wine? was it according to natural laws?

A.—We believe that Christ did nothing to conflict with natural laws, though we cannot explain these laws from lack of knowledge of them. We believe that Christ influenced the multitude to taste wine, and that he gave the water all the appearance of wine, by a psychological or atmospheric impression.

Q.—Did Christ have any more influence over the atmosphere than other men? or had he especial power?

A.—He had in the same measure that his life was purer, holier, and higher developed than the lives of other men.

In the evening, her subject was announced as, "Who shall we worship—how, where, and when?" She characterized worship as the natural aspiration of the soul. Every person seeks something to which to pay homage, and in his own way. The Christian God is a being worthy the worship of man. The Jews worshipped a God of force; but when Christ came, he taught them of a God of love. But the Christian God of the present day is not the God of which Christ taught. Mankind have tried to reconcile the God of the Jew and the God of the Christian, and to reconcile the inconsistencies of the Old and the New Testaments. The heathen worship Gods of wood and stone, and shed human blood to appease their imaginary wrath. The Christian has added to the God taught by Christ the ideal of his own mind.

This is inconsistent, as is the idea that God should give his children over to everlasting torment. True religion is found in whatever is lovely and good; the true God would have us cultivate our affections, and teaches us to desire to do good, and to benefit one another. The next question is, how shall we worship this God? Shall we bow down on our trembling knees? We are not to bow down like a slave before a tyrant, but rather do God service because he is good and holy; not with fear and torture, but with love, which casteth out fear. We should love God as a child loves its parent, with a simple, trusting faith.

Again, if we find God everywhere, where shall we go to worship him? Man should go forth with cheerfulness, meekness and fortitude, and perform every noble deed that lays in his way, and this, too, for the sake of doing good. No worship is so acceptable to our God as this. His religion is not knee-bending—not a recitation of formal prayers, but being noble and good for their own sakes.

By what authority does man set apart one day out of the seven, for an exclusive worship of God? If it is a God-appointed day, by what authority was it ever changed? Are not all days God's days, one as much as another?

Neither is it necessary that you should go into a house to worship him. Do you not know that you are God's temple? The most high lives not in houses, but in hearts. We believe that it is necessary to worship God, but not as the hypocrite worships him. Let every day be a holy day, and let your worship be a service of love.

At the close of the lecture the following questions were asked and answered:—

Q.—Do spirits, in communicating through mediums, willfully make misrepresentations?

A.—It depends on what kind of spirits they are. As they were on earth, so they are in the spirit-life. Men often attract untruthful spirits, for like seeks like; and spirits often give great names, hoping thereby to attract the attention to their messages which they could not otherwise have.

Q.—Do persons afflicted with insanity of long standing, recover after passing into the spirit life?

A.—Insanity is not a natural condition of the mind; and therefore there is no mind so deformed, but will, under the guidance of the God of love and the ministrations of holy spirits, in process of time, recover its natural condition, according to the laws of progress.

Q.—How could Jesus, when he was full of the Holy Ghost, have been controlled forty days by the devil?

A.—Christ's nature was human, and, like us, he was liable to temptation, as the Bible expressly declares. The devil who tempted him was the human nature within, but his spirit of truth triumphed.

Q.—Does Enoch, who was translated, appear in the spheres, in his human body? If not, how did he get rid of it?

A.—We claim, here as elsewhere, the action of natural law. The spirit was liberated from the body particle by particle, until they were entirely disunited.

Q.—Did the Deity speak to Adam and Eve and the serpent, in the garden of Eden?

A.—Deity speaks to every one, through the voice of conscience. It was this voice which spoke to them.

Q.—What mark did the Lord set upon Cain, after the murder of Abel? If black, are the people of color his descendants?

A.—God set upon Cain a moral mark, not a physical mark. It was a darkness set upon interior nature, not upon his body.

Q.—Under what influence was the ass, when he spoke to Balaam?

A.—It is said, an angel was in his way. In that case, man was so below the beast, that the angel could speak through the beast, when it could not through the man, though the beast had not the faculties of speech. Christians believe this narrative of an event thousands of years old, yet deny the voice of the angels through mediums of to-day!

Q.—Did the Deity speak to Moses, out of the burning bush?

A.—For an answer to this question we must refer you to the Bible. The voice came not from God in audible language, but was the voice of the soul. Men had extraordinary ideas of God, and they have given us to believe that the voice of soul was his verbal utterance.

Q.—Are not the medium's mental faculties excited to a higher degree than in her ordinary condition? Is not her brain at work whilst delivering the lecture?

A.—Most certainly. Spirits must adapt themselves to the faculties of the medium.

Q.—Does not physical and mental fatigue follow her efforts?

A.—After the exertion of the faculties there must be a reaction.

Q.—Where is the evidence that the lecture is the

result of spiritual communication rather than of a somnambulic condition, which is generally characterized by a greater than ordinary lucidity of the mental powers?

A.—You must judge of the matter yourself. You know that mind can act upon mind without language. You must compare these productions with the intellectual faculties of the medium.

Q.—Do the properties and forces existing in matter by their own innate energy produce the phenomena that take place in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms? Or, are these properties and forces employed by God himself or by his "ministering" spirits in producing these phenomena at the time that they occur, in a manner similar to the one in which one of our chemists would employ in his operations?

A.—Though not very pointed, we will answer this question according to our best ability. The processes of nature are under the control of the first cause. Scientific men are servants in the hands of God, to develop and unfold his laws. Spirit moves through nature more than through man. Man in creation is but a creature in the hand of God. What is more beautiful than to see art and nature combined?

Q.—Does matter always have to pass through the mineral state before it can become a vegetable, and through the vegetable before it can become animal? or are the original properties of matter combined in such a way as to produce the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, without being obliged to go through these intermediate states?

A.—We suppose God to be the first cause. Man sprung not from the animal kingdom alone. In the horse, the vegetable, the mineral, you find the particles that make up man. Man is the crowning-work of creation.

At the close of these interrogations, the medium improvised a poem, which we are compelled to omit this week.

ONWARD.

Rev. John Pierpont delivered his poem entitled "Onward," at Concord, N. H., the first week in December.

A friend, writing us from that place, says that the Rev. gentleman "brought forward the subject of Spiritualism in his poem in a new phase, recommending his hearers to investigate for themselves, and we find our opponents a little more lenient towards us."

Onward! a simple word, but mighty in its meaning. It is a magic wand, which, in the hands of a mind like that which Pierpont possesses, is capable of arousing mankind from the lethargy of ages, and causing them to storm with success the very walls of the eternal city of God.

Late European Items.

The Cunard steamship Africa, Captain Shannon, which sailed from Liverpool about half past two P. M., on the 26th ult., arrived at New York morning of 9th inst. The Africa brings twenty-five passengers. She passed going into Liverpool the bark Geo. Bradford, and ship Scottish Chief. Jan. 1, 8:30 A. M., lat. 49, 15 N., lon. 35, 20 W., passed a steamer bound East; Jan. 9, 8 P. M., passed steamer Arago, from New York for Southampton.

The steamship Antelope, from Portland, arrived at Liverpool at 8 P. M., on the 28th; and the steamer Fulton, from New York, reached Southampton the same night.

INDIA.—An Indian mail, with dates from Bombay to the 4th of Dec., had arrived at Suez, and would be due in London about the 20th ult.

Lucknow had been relieved. Sir Colin Campbell joined the forces at Alumbagh on the 11th of November, and on the 19th, after a series of severe struggles with the enemy, the garrison at Lucknow was relieved. On the following day, the sick and wounded, and the women and children were sent under escort to Cawnpore. One authority says that the relief of Lucknow was achieved with a loss of only four officers killed and forty wounded. The government telegram says the army under the Commander-in-chief, amounted to about 22,000 men, amply sufficient to reduce Oude to entire subjection, a task which will occupy them for some months to come. Another despatch places Sir Colin Campbell's forces at 12,000 men. The Malava field force, under Brigadier Stuart, had relieved Mussarahad, dispersed the Mehidore rebels, and was clearing Malava of insurgents. The columns under Brigadier Shaw, and Col. Cotton and Tiddrell, were scouring Rohilcund, complete success attending their operations everywhere. Reinforcements were pouring into India, and all alarm for the garrisons and outposts had ceased. The East India Company's despatch states that Sir Colin Campbell was slightly wounded, but not sufficiently so to interfere with the performance of his duties. The Gwalior rebels had advanced within fifteen miles of Cawnpore, but had again retired to Calkee. Gen. Windham, it is stated, has marched to attack them. Twenty-four inferior members of the royal family, and an influential rebel chief had been executed at Delhi. The Jodhpore legion had been defeated with great slaughter, and the loss of all their guns, by Col. Girard's forces. Col. G. was, however, killed. All was quiet in the Punjab. The fort and town of Saugor remained untouched, but there were large parties of rebels in the surrounding districts. The Bhel disturbances in Khandersch continued, and a rising of some Beruds near Mood-hole is reported.

GREAT BRITAIN.—At a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool to the Siamese Ambassador, Mr. Beverly Tucker, the United States Consul in that city, was one of the speakers. He congratulated the Assembly on the glorious news from India, and trusted that the triumph of English arms would be complete, because it was the triumph of civilization. He said he had no doubt whatever that there was an immense trade to be developed with Siam, and he felt assured that the "Star Spangled Banner" would, like the flag of Great Britain, dip in the water to the vessels of Siam approaching the great Republic of America.

The ship Wallace, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, has been lost at sea. The crew remained on the water-logged ship for eleven days with nothing but the body of a dog to subsist on. Three of them perished.

The London Times again reviews the Mormon difficulty, and the government plans for its suppression. It hopes that the Mormons will decide upon a migration before they are involved in the calamities of war.

A mutiny occurred on board the ship J. J. Boyd, on the 24th ult., as she was on the point of leaving the River Mersey for New York. The crew armed themselves with handspikes, knives, &c., threatened the officers, and refused to proceed to sea, on the ground that the ship's provisions were bad. Information of the state of affairs having been conveyed to proper officials, officers were despatched to the vessel, and arrested twenty-seven of the men, without opposition. An examination was to take place the day the Africa sailed. The second mate was badly cut about the mouth by a blow from a handspike.

The London Post taking its cue from the President's message, advocates the construction of a railroad to the Pacific through the British Provinces.

In London on the 23d, the Funds were steady and firm, and the money market was again easier. The various Joint Stock Banks lowered their rate of discount for best paper to 8 per cent. No new failures were reported. On Thursday, the 24th, the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount from 10 to 8 per cent, and simultaneously with this movement repayment was made of the \$2,000,000 of over issue.

Messrs. T. B. Coddington & Co., iron merchants, Liverpool and New York, have resumed payment. The London Times of the 26th, has an article in relation to the portion of the President's message, touching on the commercial crisis. It says: "It seems likely that the commercial disasters of the United States will have their due effect on the policy of the government, and the manners of the people. This time the collapse has been too complete, the calamity too wide spread, and the causes too evident, for the impression to die away and the speculators to resume their old game as soon as the vibration of the shock has passed. The message of the American President is bold in its criticism of the existing banking system, and denounces freely the practices to which it has notoriously led; and now the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report to the Chief Magistrate, does not hesitate to demand the interference of Congress to do that which the several States will probably shrink from doing themselves. It may indeed be as much out of the power of Congress as of the local legislatures to act decisively. However, the opinions of the government are not the less evident, and it is fit that they should be known and considered in this country."

It is said the English and French governments are trying to settle the difficulty between Spain and America in regard to the frigate Terrolana.

FRANCE.—The French government had determined, after mature deliberation, to work the gold mines discovered in upper Senegal.

A further reduction of the French army had been decided upon, and the Minister of War ordered 30,000 renewable furloughs to be prepared.

More rumors were current of contemplated changes in the Ministry at the commencement of the New Year, but they were not generally credited.

The Convention, concluded between Franco and Baden, for the construction of a massive bridge across the Rhine, at Kehl, will, it is said, be sanctioned by the German Diet.

It is said the Emperor had approved of the provisions of a bill intended to be passed through the Corps Legislatif early in the session, for restraining gambling on the Bourse.

NAPLES.—Details are published of the effects of the earthquake. The first accounts prove, as usual, to have been exaggerated; but, nevertheless, a number of buildings in various places, were destroyed, and many lives were lost. Full particulars had not reached Naples at the latest dates, nor had any communication been received from Sicily, as the telegraph had been destroyed by the earthquake.

THE BLACK SEA.—The question about the Russian ports in the Black Sea, which was on the point of being settled, is somewhat complicated by the fact of the Russian government having re-established military servitude on the coast of the Crimea, razed the town of Kamelsch, and forbidden the entrance to that port of merchant ships, as before the war.

The Buzp World.

FUN AND FACT.

Read every page of the Banner this week, where may be found the usual variety of entertaining and instructive matter.

BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.—The monthly meeting of the managers of this Association was held Thursday evening week. Full reports from the various Districts were presented, from which it appeared that 1879 families, including 1448 foreign and 481 American, have been aided during the month of December. Whole number of visits, 2434. From the Report of the Acting General Agent, it appeared that the whole number of applications at the Central Office for the month was 1562, showing an average of about 60 daily, during the 26 working days, while the whole of applicants for the corresponding month of last year was but 398, showing an increase of 1164.

It costs so little to live in Florence, that it is a wonder everybody doesn't embezzle, and go there to spend the rest of his life along with his embezzlings.

RESUMING WORK.—We learn from the Lowell News that the Hamilton and Appleton Companies commenced this week running their mills on full time. For some months they have been running only five days in a week. The Middlesex Company have been employing a few operatives of late on some fine work. The Boot Mills, that have been stopped for three months, are expected to be in full operation on the first of February.

TOP-DRESSING FOR LADIES.—From the time consumed by a young lady in "doing her hair," it is evident that this is the *mane* part of her dressing.

The Directors of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad Company have voted to surrender the road to the Trustees, for the benefit of the Bondholders.

Peter Wilson, nephew of the celebrated Red Jacket, and chief of the Cataragus tribe of Indians, was recently attacked near Lovejoy's Hotel, New York, and robbed of \$76 by six ruffians.

The heroism of the Newburyport pilots, in rescuing the survivors of the crew of the schooner Sunbeam, on the North Breaker, at the mouth of Merrimack River, is worthy of the highest praise.

MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The meeting of the Trustees of this society, the oldest county society in the State, was held at Concord on the 6th inst. It was fully attended by Trustees from all parts of the county, and the business was transacted with great unanimity. The premiums were assigned for the next exhibition, and awarding committees appointed. The next cattle show is to be held on Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858. The affairs of this society are in a flourishing condition. Its officers

are Hon. John S. Kyles, of Concord, President; Andrew Wellington, Esq., of Lexington, and George O. Brastow, Esq., of Somerville, Vice Presidents; Joseph Reynolds, M. D., of Concord, Secretary; Geo. Heywood, Esq., of Concord, Treasurer.

"Is your horse fast?" inquired a man of a Vermont horse dealer.

"Beats all creation."

"Good bottom?"

"He's all bottom. Why, I drove him so far one day, that it took two days to get him back again."

The U. S. Senate has confirmed Arthur W. Austin as Collector for the District of Boston and Charlestown.

A true picture of despair, is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

An engine boiler on the New York and Erie Railroad exploded on Saturday, and killed a fireman and a flagman.

Some of the Chinese in California have silver watches so large that they use the outside to fry potatoes in.

A man attempted to seize a favorable opportunity, a few days since, but his hold slipped, and he fell to the ground considerably injured.

At the election in Kansas, on the 4th instant, the Free State ticket was chosen.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent in his hose, has gone West and taken out a patent for cross-eyed needles.

Further advices have been received at the War Department, to the effect that the Mormons will not retreat from Utah; but will dispute every inch of ground with Federal troops. Gen. Scott has issued orders for reinforcements, and the Mormon war will be pushed with vigor in the spring.

The individual who was content that his life should be linked with crime, has found a strong chain round his leg.

The Washington Union repudiates William Walker's plan of "annexing" Central America, and argues that "if we must plant our institutions in regions south of us, by the strong arm, let it be by open and honorable hostility," &c.

The speaker who was "drawn out," measured a foot and a half longer than before.

Joseph C. Sleeper committed suicide at the Matteson House, Chicago, 9th inst. His family reside in Sandown, N. H.

A writer who is down upon dosing and drugging, says a man may have "the constitution of a horse"—but that is no reason why a doctor should treat him like an ass.

Orlando Hunter has just recovered a verdict of \$7000 against the Green Bay, Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad Company, in the Racine Circuit Court, for the death of his father, who was killed about two years ago by the train from Chicago.

Sheridan, having threatened his son Tom to cut him off with a shilling, received this retort:—"Where will you get the shilling?"

Money lender—"You want a hundred dollars! Here's the money. I charge five per cent. a month, and as you want it for a year, that leaves just forty dollars coming to you." Innocent borrower—"Then if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you."

A man named J. P. Hall has been arrested in Buffalo for robbing the United States mails. Some stolen letters were found on him.

Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the American House six months. Did you foot your bill?

"No sir, but it amounted to the same thing—"Brad," the landlord, footed me."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. L., writing from Michigan, is informed, in answer to his inquiry respecting the best collection of words and mimes for the use of family circles of Spiritualists, that we consider "The Poems of Life," compiled by John S. Adams, as decidedly superior to all others, inasmuch as no other work of the kind embraces so large a field of Spiritual truth and General Reform. It comprises over 600 of the best poems in the English language, each of which is accompanied on the same page with an appropriate tune. It forms a very neat duodecimo volume of nearly 300 pages, bound in cloth. The retail price is 75 cts.

B. G. MEMPHIS.—We thank our correspondent for his letter. He may rest assured he has nothing to fear from us on any of the subjects he mentions. Our province is to publish the facts of Spiritualism, believing that when men become true Spiritualists, good works will of necessity follow.

DR. A. D. LYNN.—Your letter, mailed the 9th, came too late for this week. Free Discussion rules here, and we will do as you request.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mrs. HENDERSON will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A CRUISE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cts.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION in aid of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonious Band of Love and Charity"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

Mrs. B. Nightingale, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Broadway, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Jan. 16.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. She will also attend funerals.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Washington Hall every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 12 A. M. and 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHURCH.—on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Wimsimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

Miss Mayoun will speak at Concert Hall, Waltham, Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th. Admission 10 cts. Also at Brighton, in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 15th. Admission 10 cts.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALAM.—Meetings are held in Creamer's Hall, Essex street Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

ELIZABETH.—Miss Rosa T. Amedy will lecture by particular request, in "Loring Hall," Brighton, on Sunday evening next, 17th inst. Admission 10 cts, to defray expenses.

MARLBOROUGH, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
DREAMS.

BY A. P. P.

We are dreamers all in this world below,
From the babe in his cradle to man in his prime;
But sweet as the springs in Sahara that flow,
Are our visions of joy 'mid the sorrows of time.

The dream of the school-boy—oh, waken him not:
Though the book at his side all unopened doth lie;
He has left the pent school-room for greenwood and field,
All nature his teacher, beneath the blue sky.

The maiden sleeps softly—the bright united future
In colors all glowing is painted by Love;
No gloom in that picture—but waking she'll find,
That day without night shines only above.

A prisoner is sleeping—in yonder lone cell
His hands are all fettered, his couch the cold stone;
The blood of his brother burns red on his brow,
And his own for that brother's are long must atone.

The charm of his vision—in boyhood again,
He sees a fond mother and bends at her knee;
With innocent lips lips—our Father's—once more,
And guiltless of crime is happy and free.

Oh, tread ye here lightly—dissolve not the spell
Nor bring to the dreamer the real again;
For better the romance of dreaming, I ween,
Than the pangs of remorse, and the clank of the chain.

The old man is dreaming—oh, look at him now!
All haggard and worn with the battle of life;
In weakness and sadness he lays himself down,
A weary, a weary with contest and strife.

A dream comes and sooths and bears him aloft,
To the life where no age, and no sorrow can come—
He breaths the music—the pearly gates open,
And angels are waiting to welcome him home.

Yes, dreamers are we in this world below,
The babe in its cradle—the man in his prime;
But sweet as the springs in Sahara that flow,
Are our visions of joy 'mid the sorrows of time.

BRIDGEVILLE, VT., Jan. 2, 1858.

Correspondence.

THE RESURRECTION.

LAONIA, N. H., Jan. 3, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—Subjoined is an article which is going the rounds of the papers; and being somewhat thick-headed myself, I cannot comprehend a certain portion of it, which you will see is underlined.

Being a constant reader of the "Banner," I, for one, would like to see a few words of explanation, and perhaps there are hundreds who have read the same article, that are similarly situated.

Hoping that I have not intruded too far, I remain yours truly,

C.

THE REMAINS OF MADISON.—In digging for the foundation of the monument recently erected over the remains of President Madison, the coffin was exposed to view. The appearance of the remains is thus described by a Richmond paper:—

"The body placed above the coffin had decayed, but no earth had fallen in upon it, and everything appeared to be as when the coffin was deposited there, except that it was slightly out of place, allowing a partial view of the interior. As there was no fastening to prevent the part of the lid covering the superior portion of the body was raised, and several present looked in upon the remains of the great Virginian. The coffin itself, of black walnut, was in perfect preservation, and the interior was nearly filled with a species of moss, which adhered pertinaciously to the wood. Beneath this, and partially hidden by it, were a few of the largest and hardest of bones. The lower jaw had fallen away, and the bones of the breast and ribs were gone, and the only parts of the skeleton which remained were the skull and portions of the cheek bones, the vertebrae of the neck, the spine and the largest bones of the arms. All else of the upper part of the body had returned to the dust from whence it was taken, and in a few years more every trace of the body will disappear, until the trump of the resurrection shall unite the scattered particles. The body had been interred just twenty-one years."

We do not wonder that our correspondent cannot comprehend the sentence italicized. And we trust he never will understand it so far as to be swallowed up in its absurdity. Among the many errors which the past has brought down to us, the ideas entertained by a portion of the church on the subject of the day of judgment, and the resurrection, are the most injurious to the growth of man's soul, and the most productive of mental darkness. This darkness which hovers over man as a cloud, produces hell enough, even on earth, to satisfy a universe of revengeful gods, such as the church worships and fears.

Infidelity, with its doctrine of annihilation, is refreshing indeed to a dogma which teaches a suspension of all life, thought, or action, during countless years, and that, all of a sudden, at the blowing of a horn, which we can hardly conceive to be found in an immaterial heaven, the spirit of man looks around for his old bones, and trembling, shakes and shuffles them up to a great white throne, to answer for sins committed thousands of years before, and which his sleep must have obliterated from his memory. The doctrine is too absurd to be put before the public at anything but a twenty-five cent "nigger show," where the aim of the face bedaubed with burnt cork, is to talk and act as ridiculous as possible.

That the Christian church should have been betrayed into this inconsistent theory, is one of the most surprising follies of the world of mind. Believing as it does in the Divine origin of the Bible—that all that is therein is God's word, it is strange that it has no more rational idea of man's destiny. Not to mention the Old Testament, the sacred book of the Jewish nation, wherein many instances are recorded of the spirits of men manifesting themselves to the inhabitants of earth, the New Testament, the Christian's sacred book, is replete with positive proof that man does not, for any considerable length of time, lose his consciousness at death, but lives on with the same features and form, the same powers of thought, which he possessed here. The three most palpable cases in proof, are those of the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus and his two disciples, whom it seems they at once realized as such; the resurrection of Christ himself; and the statement of John that his Revelations were given by one of the prophets. The greatest lesson Jesus taught, which was entirely new, (his maxims of love having been given years prior to his existence by heathen philosophers, as they are termed, though perhaps not practically illustrated by the life, as were as the words of Jesus,) was that of the resurrection of the soul of man. From his own almost immediate appearance after death, to his disciples, the church should have learned that the spirit of man never ceases to live. He even told the thief, who asked to be remembered when Christ should come to his kingdom, that on that very day when the mortal body was writhing in the agonies of dis-

solution on the cross, he, the thief—all that made the man—his spirit, should be with him in paradise. It was not said, wait patiently in the arms of death until a far off day, and then get up out of the grave, when you shall be awakened with a blast from a horn, gather together the dust which is left of your present body, and seek me out. No, there was no death, then, nor is there such a thing now. But the church has failed to read the lesson they might have read in this, and is even behind the Catholic church in their understanding of the life of man. Even Rome recognizes immortality, and has more rational and Christ-like views on this subject than the Protestant. In rebelling against the errors of Rome, the Protestant church, in blind fanaticism, refused to acknowledge her truths, and the world suffers to this day for this blindness to the virtues of others.

The conviction must force itself upon every candid mind, that owing to the misunderstanding of the truths taught in the Bible, something more is needed by man to afford him a glimpse of his future existence. The germ of all spiritual truth, we believe, is to be found in the Bible, but if it is sought to understand this truth from the misconceptions of it man has brought forth, the effort will be a failure. In other words we believe that man needs a new word of God, a book whose pages shall appeal to his material as well as spiritual nature, or through the former to the latter, and that this revelation is to be found in the communication now open, between our friends who have passed to the true life and ourselves. We believe that the phenomena of Spiritualism, as seen at this age, is the best word of God which ever came to man; for it presents the honest and careful soul, who is willing to seek and knock, not only with positive proof of the condition of his friends who have gone before him, but it unfolds to him what his position will be, and furnishes the key wherewith he may unlock all former revelations from God, which, without this key, are not to be divested of the living waters they contain to refresh the soul of man.

Let but the honest man, with a burning desire and devout prayers for truth, go manfully to work, and dig among the rubbish which too often envelops the new revelation, rubbish cast upon it by the church even, and he will find rare gems of truth, which unfold to him, as he gazes and ponders upon them, new and enlarged views of God and of man. A diamond lustre will sparkle in every page of God's word as given by Christ, and he will have no such ridiculous notions of life here, or hereafter, as those which have perplexed our friend.

Instead of looking in the grave, among the decayed elements which, in the immense laboratory of Nature, are giving forth life and sustenance to newer forms of matter, for the venerated Madison, that man will call on him from the realms of the blessed for truth, wisdom and love, and his bright spirit, which long ere this has ceased to think of the form which served it as a habitation upon earth, except to bless God that it served him well there, will delight to draw nigh to the humble soul, who in child-like simplicity calls for truth, and minister to his wants in proportion to his capacity of reception.

The mouldering, decaying form, has done well in giving life to the moss which nearly fills the coffin, and it in turn shall die, as did the animal whose death was its life, and in its death must a newer and higher vegetable life unfold, until perhaps, the blue violet shall lift its petals to the sun, and tell of another age when the stately tree shall be all that is left of the body of the hero; but that body shall never more have life in its human form. Neither God, nor Madison, can call that back from the laboratory of Nature.

C. H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM, SALEM, MASS.

Mr. Editor.—Having witnessed some very striking tests, or spiritual manifestations, through Mr. C. H. Foster, of Salem, Mass., as medium, for the benefit of all those interested, I hereby give you some of them for insertion in your paper, that all such may judge of his power as a test medium.

The first that I witnessed, was in October last, in my neighborhood, at which time he was entranced, and what purported to be the spirit of Rev. Hosea Ballou, spoke at some length through Mr. F., as medium, to the satisfaction of all present; there were also many questions answered by raps, and a number of communications written through his hand. He then called for a piece of white paper, which he laid on the palm of his left hand, with a lead pencil on top of the paper, and his right hand resting on the table, holding the same under the table. He then asked if the spirit would write its name. In a short time raps were heard, when the question was asked if they had written? Three distinct raps indicated the affirmative. The paper was taken from under the table, and the words "Hosea Ballou," were intelligibly written from right to left. This was performed several times, and different names were written in the same manner.

At another time, I went (in company with my brother, who is a writing medium,) to Mr. Foster's house, No. 4 Turner street. The medium and ourselves only being present, both my brother and myself, by direction of the medium, at different times held a piece of clean white paper under the table, with a pencil—all hands being on the table except the one that held the paper and pencil—when we both distinctly felt, apparently, a hand thrust the paper and pencil to the floor. The question was then asked, "Will the spirit write its name?" (Three raps.) In a short time raps were again heard. I took the paper from the floor, and on it was distinctly written, from right to left, the letters reversed, our sister's name. She died some two years since. The writing was a perfect fac simile of hers. During the evening the room was well lighted. The medium was thrown into a trance several times, and spoke on different subjects, we were satisfied the medium himself could have had no knowledge of in his natural state. A hand bell that was under the table was ringing at intervals. There was still another phenomenon, like unto the rapping, with a hand, upon our bodies, when the medium was out of reach of us. We next moved a melodeon into the middle of the room. I examined it carefully, filled it with wind and tried the keys, all of which answered in their natural tones; I then let all the wind from the instrument, tried the keys, and they refused to answer—not a sound came forth from them. I then carefully shut the instrument up, looked it, and took the key. We then, at the suggestion of the medium, took our seats some four feet from the instrument, when the medium said, "Any questions you may ask will be answered from the melodeon." My brother then asked if the spirits of four well known clergymen, who have long since passed to the spirit land, (naming them,) were present—each one being called for

singly. The answer came forth, to each, as they were called, in three distinct tones from the melodeon. On our first entering, my brother laid his hat on a chair in one corner of the room. No one present had approached that part of the room during the evening. He was directed by the medium to hold his hand under the table, which he did, while all other hands were on the table, when my brother exclaimed, "I felt a hand take hold of mine, and I felt something like a book in it." I said to him, "Put your hand under again; perhaps you may get hold of the book." When, with a light, I looked under the table, and to our surprise there lay my brother's hat.

At the first of the present month, with Mr. F. and a few friends in our neighborhood, we had manifestations similar to those before named. The medium sat with us at the table, raps came, he was entranced several times, and we got some very satisfactory answers to many questions—the answers purporting to come from the spirits of our departed friends, through the medium, none of which the medium had knowledge of.

The medium then called for paper; it was provided and examined to the satisfaction of all present; the medium held it under the table with his left hand, and the other was resting on the table, while one of the company held a pencil in his hand at the other end of the table, that it should not come in contact with the paper; the paper was taken from the medium's hand to the floor, the pencil not being within two feet of the paper at any time, the gentleman that held the pencil said that he saw the letters rise on the paper, in the shape of a name which was distinctly read by all present.

One of the company asked if there were any of his spirit friends present. (Three raps.) If they would write their names, as they usually did when on earth. (Three raps.) A piece of clean white paper was produced, when the medium held it under the table and the gentleman held the pencil as before, and the name of one of his friends was given, which he said was a fac simile of his signature, which he had in his possession. Many other tests were performed to the satisfaction of all present.

I present the above facts, hoping they may be the means of inducing others to investigate a subject which is engaging the attention of many thinking minds.

Very respectfully yours
SALEM, Dec. 31, 1857. N. O. BRONDS.

DANIEL RHODES—A REMARKABLE TEST.

Mr. Editor:—I was much gratified in reading the communication in the last number of the Banner, from Daniel Rhodes.

He therein refers to an earthly friend, who called to see him a few days before his departure to the spirit world. I am the "dear friend" spoken of.

During some years of intimacy with Mr. Rhodes, I often conversed with him on the subject of Spiritualism; but at the visit to which he refers, I determined (after some doubt what to do) not to mention the subject. I can testify to the truthfulness of the facts given in the communication of Mr. R., as I am cognizant of all of them, and I read in this letter a recital, much to my astonishment, of my own thoughts—thoughts, too, that were never communicated to any person.

To me, this document is gratifying in the extreme. Here are a number of facts, incidentally related, which are beautiful tests of the truthfulness of spirit communications. I say incidentally, for they came quite unlooked for, and were not given at all as tests.

Oh, that we could realize the fact, that our unseen friends are around us—are reading our thoughts—and from the knowledge there gained of our wants, or even our wishes, are carrying out plans for our good and happiness. They are the same kind friends now as they were when visible to us. And while attentive to our material wants, how earnestly do they strive to lead our thoughts to the true riches; how beautifully do they bring us the heavenly manna—angel's food. Let us try them by the rule taught by Jesus, and judge of their quality by their teachings, for "an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit;" and we are again told that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Now if evil spirits teach us virtue, they are destroying themselves; but if good angels again bring glad tidings to earth, why not receive them?

Why will not those who profess to believe their Bible, ponder upon some of its plainest teachings, and bring them down to life? Why will they not practically believe the words of Him whom they gladly call their Master. "My words, they are spirit and are life."

THE EXPOSITION OF DR. A. DAVIS.

Mr. Editor.—In looking over your paper of July 2, I saw a communication from a correspondent, relating to the exposition of Spiritualism by Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn. Now, in all charity to my Brother Davis, I will say a few words relative to this subject. No doubt he felt that he was acting from principles of right, and felt that sincerity which all of us feel, when we think we are acting from feelings of justice and honesty. Still, are we not sometimes led to believe and act that which is not strictly right? Are we not made too often the victim of our own wills, without stopping to reason whether we are right or wrong? Too often are we led to cast aside reason, and quiet the matter, without giving the subject any investigation. Reason has in the past, by many, been cast off, and our passions been let loose.

To frame any sort of opinion in regard to a matter which we do not see fit to look into, some among us do our gift to great advantage, and to those who do the world owe their obligations. No subject like Spiritualism can be investigated in a moment; but needs the study of man's mortal existence, and then he has but commenced to learn (like the boy his alphabet), the first rudiments of his education. We can contemplate it only as we learn of the laws of our own existence, and those that govern the universe, vast as is the mighty ocean. Yet can we contemplate of its grandeur and sublimity only, as we see its splendor as it foams and breaks along the shore. We know but little of the vast orb we inhabit, unless we study with the human mind the wonders and works of our Creator, God. Man (as has been said) has lived in the age of effects, not caring to learn the cause. We, as intelligent beings, should wish to know the cause, and make this subject our study. One of the most sublime works which God has given man, is to learn and know of him. We all feel and desire among us to know more of our future destiny, and at times feel that too much mystery is connected with our life on this earth. But we are alone to blame for the feelings that such thoughts bring, and we should depend more on the

light of reason within ourselves, to study and make creation plain to us.

In the age we live in, history gives us but a confused idea of creation; and the Bible, the book every man should look to as the guide to his eternal happiness, without this light of reason, will but poorly satisfy us of all we wish to obtain. People are beginning to seek and know for themselves that which they have trusted too long to others, and as they do this, light must follow.

"Seek and ye shall find," stands out in too plain language to be misunderstood, and men will have no excuse to offer to their Judge in the hour of trial, for not understanding the way of knowledge. Think, then, ye who make hasty conclusions, and cry delusion. Think, and reason well, before you settle a matter of so great importance to you individually. Seek it calmly and earnestly, and you, too, shall find the peace that thousands of your fellow-men to-day enjoy; that peace that floweth on like the river of life, bearing you on its quiet stream to the haven of rest.

Reason, Truth and Love,
The three great buds of Hope,
The road that leads to joys beyond,
This world of fears and doubts.

J. S. C.

SPIRITS OBEY THE PRAIRIE WANDERER.

Mr. Editor.—Here am I, nestled down with a dear good cousin, in her far off prairie home. She is a Spiritualist, and as mediums are few and far between; we are thrown upon our own resources for spiritual food. Neither of us were developed, as we thought, sufficiently to get any manifestations; but I proposed to sit and see if our spirit friends would not cheer us with their presence. We had sat for some time, and had about given up the idea that they would manifest in any way, when, oh, joy, the tiny rap was heard on the table. Long we sat and conversed with the heavenly messengers; and oh, never since the day that the gates of the spirit world were thrown open to my enraptured vision by those persecuted pioneers of the spiritual phenomena, the Misses Foxes, have I felt a greater thrill of delight, than on that occasion. How delightful is it, here, in the solitude of a prairie home, to know that our loved ones are around us, to cheer and bless our otherwise solitary abode. We had rather hear the simple rap made upon a table, and listen, as letter by letter of the alphabet, lessons of heavenly wisdom are given us by our spirit friends, to guide us to their beautiful spirit home, than listen to the worldly lore of all the wise Savans of Harvard, Professor Felton not excepted.

There is a goodly number of Spiritualists about ten miles distant from where I am stopping, and they are, as I have been informed, anxious to have some lecturers come that way; they would meet with a hearty welcome, and also good remuneration. Do send some along. I intend, as soon as I can, to visit the Spiritualists at this little town, where I am told they have excellent circles. If anything of interest occurs in the way of Spiritualism here, I will try to keep you informed, and hope that my humble efforts may meet with a kind appreciation at your hands. Truly yours, in the cause of Truth,

CHARLES SYNDER.

BAD SPELLING BY A SPIRIT.

At the risk of shocking the savans of Cambridge, we publish the following communication, which was given through a lady whose orthography has not been neglected, as had that of the spirit, and who would not spell quite so loosely as he has done, which is very good evidence that it was an influence exterior to her.

There was a schooner named the "Black Gull," cruising in the vicinity of the West India islands some five or six years ago. Of the other particulars, we know nothing.

NEW LONDON, Jan. 4, 1858.

DEAR BANNER:—I do not know but you will get tired of my coming so often, but if you do, all I can say is to put the letters where you do broken type. I send a communication, as it was rapped, a letter at a time, and if you think it worth publishing, please do so. The manifestation was given at a friend's house, the medium being a lady of this place. The communication, as it was rapped, letter by letter, is as follows:—

I do not wish to intrude, but seeing you are sitting for spirit manifestations, I have long wanted to speak to my friends, but they do not think I am in the spirit world. I sailed from Rio Genaro five years ago; the schooner foundered in a gale of Cape Hatteras on the night of March 9th. The Capt. George Russell, and the schooner Lioness. I alone was picked up by a piratical schooner. I was kept for a fate worse than drowning—they wanted me to join them, but I refused, and so I lived for nine days with death staring me in the face; but the tenth day I had to walk the plank—it was a happy relief. I have been long trying to manifest myself, but could not approach near enough. My sister and mother are both living somewhere in Florida. If they should see a medium I could tell them something for their benefit. The name of pirate schooner Black Gull.

PHINEAS SCOT.

The above is a correct copy.
Yours, ever in the cause,
H. C.

RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE PUBLISHED IN THE BANNER.

BELFAST, Jan. 4, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—I am frequently inquired of by friends, if the communication directed to Dr. Moody through the Messenger Department of your paper, dated November 11, is true. I would say to such, no one but myself can know how true. There are tests and conditions in that communication known only to myself, my God, and his spiritual messengers. He speaks of aspirations gathering and clustering around the affections of the heart, rising and ascending to the eternal Spirit and Father of all, breathed in silent and secret prayer. Who knows? and who can tell how true? I, and I alone. "Oh, he has a glorious work to perform, and I wish, if possible to make him fully realize the position he stands in." The above was written on the eleventh of November; and on the thirteenth my wife and myself were dismissed from the Orthodox church of Belfast,—for Spiritualism,—having been members of that society and church for thirty years. Shade of Cotton Mather; do you not blush at the spirit of intolerance and bigotry of the nineteenth century?

What is said of my patients, or rather my wife's, (for she is a healing medium,) is true. We trust, however, what is said of the eyesight is given as a test, (and a good one it is,) rather than the actual condition of the case. Hannah and Samuel Moody

are frequently with me in spirit, and through different mediums have made themselves known to me, making similar requests, and verifying their presence by giving a fac simile of their handwriting. William says he died short of two years ago; he died last May; he calls his age twenty years; he was a little over twenty-one years. To my mind this is evidence of truth, not deception; had there been collusion, how easy it were to be accurate in dates, which many mediums fail to give, from conditions not understood. "I must be willing to wait God's time, which is the best time," was an often repeated expression of his during his sickness—a firm belief in the Bible doctrines of ancient and modern Spiritualism, and his spiritual visions, soothed his passage to a brighter world, though he had ambition and bright visions of this world, and kind friends to allure him to earth. "His spirit has not gone beyond the bounds of the farthest star," but in spirit he almost daily manifests himself to us, as he promised he would, in some pleasing and happy manner, by which we cannot fail to recognise his spirit presence.

I give you this communication for your encouragement, particularly Mrs. Conant's; and that my friends, and the friends of Spiritualism may know it is truth, and by his spirit's particular request that he may thereby be permitted to communicate through you again.

God speed the cause of righteousness and truth.

Yours truly,

RICHARD MOODY, M. D.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

From the Spiritual Clarion, a smart little sheet devoted to Spiritualism, and published at Auburn, N. Y., we clip most of the following items. They will undoubtedly be interesting to many of our readers:

G. E. Walcott, the painting medium, of Columbus, Ohio, is doing a large work in that line. He is like, wise an occasional public speaker. Among the private mediums in that city, we learn of Mrs. R. Reed, Mrs. Dr. Swain, and Miss B. F. Mutchler.

Wm. H. Brown is a healing medium, of Zanesville, Ohio.

At Newton Falls, Ohio, are O. P. Kellogg, trance speaking medium; Mrs. Shakspeare, healing; and Mrs. Earle, rapping.

Miss Emma Hardinge, returning from a successful visit to Watertown, Troy and Rondout, supplied the desk at Dodworth Hall, on Sunday, the third instant.

Wm. V. Noe is a newly announced Spiritual lecturer recently reported by the Telegraph to speak at Dodworth Hall, New York.

H. P. Fairfield has returned from the West, and may be addressed for a short time at Collins' Depot, Mass.

G. M. Jackson, the young trance-speaking medium, of Prattstown, N. Y., writing to the Clarion from Watertown, N. Y., says:

"The cause is taking root rapidly here in Northern New York. It has advocates in every neighborhood. There are about three thousand Spiritualists in this region, where I have been laboring for a month and shall stay through January, after which I shall be ready to answer calls elsewhere. I find the Clarion generally taken in this section, having a wider circulation than any other of our papers. Long may its shrill and stirring notes echo over the broad plains of humanity!"

T. L. Harris discourses every Sunday, morning and evening, in the University Chapel, fronting Washington Square, New York.

The Spiritualists of St. Louis have engaged a hall for meetings during the coming year; A. Miltenberger, Secretary.

The Spiritual friends of Cincinnati have a hall for regular gatherings. T. G. Forster has been speaking there.

The friends in Columbus, Ohio, have engaged Mechanics' Hall for three meetings every Sunday.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Spiritualists have hired the Universalist church for one year.

The Universalist church in Jonesville, Michigan, is open to Spiritualism one half of the time.

As one of the favorable omens of the time, the editor of the Clarion states that he has lectured on Spiritualism in churches opened to him in the following places in the State of New York: Auburn, Spaford, Canistota, Fulton, Morris, Bridgewater, Watertown, Potsdam, Rushville, Madrid, Louisville Landing, Brownsville, Branchport, LaFargeville, Dundee, Alexander, Victor, Byron, Glens Falls, Laona, and he now holds unfulfilled invitations to speak in many others, including churches of all denominations; in none of which has he been asked to compromise his sentiments.

The Methodist church, Niles, Michigan; the Unitarian, Detroit; the Universalist churches of Joliet and Elgin, Illinois; Racine, Wisconsin; Somers, Connecticut; Moravia, N. Y., are opened for spiritual meetings.

R. P. Ambler is giving a series of lectures in Baltimore, Maryland.

D. T. Griffen, of Warsaw, N. Y., writes that there are some scores of Spiritualists in that vicinity; have had occasional speaking through S. Cooper and Mrs. L. L. Griffen, trance and healing medium; says they have been somewhat scourged by loose and "vague-bond" mediums, of which, good Lord, deliver us, as soon as possible.

Dr. John Mayhew writes from St. Paul, Minnesota, where he is now engaged in his public labors.

A. B. Whiting's home address is Brooklyn, Michigan. He is now at Providence, Rhode Island.

Warren Chase is lecturing in Michigan. His home address is Battle Creek, Michigan.

J. H. W. Tooley is on a tour West, and was last reported at Battle Creek. We wish John the eminent success he is capable of meriting.

J. P. Hibler, of Oregon Territory, reports the Spiritual philosophy advancing in many good minds in that far-off region. Mediums are being developed and inquirers are increasing, but the great need is for able and responsible lecturers.

Dr. S. G., of Memphis, Tenn., for many years a prominent Methodist leader, has come out a bold, fearless advocate of our faith.

Rev. J. P. Averhill, of Battle Creek, Michigan, formerly a Universalist clergyman, some time since embraced Spiritualism. Mr. Averhill, it seems, recently held some correspondence with the Christian Ambassador, published at Auburn, N. Y., and sent a communication which the Ambassador declined, as it had a right to do. The Ambassador thinks Mr. A. ought to resign his relationship with the Universalist organization, if he has embraced Spiritualism.

About five hundred lecturers and mediums are now almost constantly devoted to the public field of Spiritualism, mostly in the Northern States.

The most comfortable, elegant and economical home for Spiritualists and invalids visiting N. York, may be found at Dr. Wellington's Water Cure, No. 84 East Twelfth street. Our friend Hazard, of Nelson, N. Y., reports about

twenty-five strong Spiritualists in that town. Among the mediums are Mrs. H. R. Norton, Mrs. B. White, A. B. Graves, healing and speaking; C. M. White, Miss J. Burny, Miss M. J. Graves, speaking; Mrs. C. M. White, clairvoyant; C. S. Johnson, healing; Miss E. Johnson, writing; T. Harris, tipping; E. Richardson, Mrs. A. Hogeboom, Mrs. W. Harris, trance; R. S. Hazard, A. Hogeboom, impression; Mrs. J. Graves, writing.

We are indebted to Dr. J. Mayhew for this new list of mediums in New Hampshire: Mr. Bond, Lebanon; Dr. Burt, Walpole; healing. Mrs. Danforth, Manchester; healing and speaking. W. Brown, Drowsville; speaking and seeing. In Vermont: Mr. Holt, Bridgewater; Mr. Ballard, Burlington; Mrs. M. F. Brown, Mrs. Cook, Rutland; Mrs. L. Cook, Montpelier; healing. Mrs. L. A. Horton, Sudbury; Mrs. S. Baird, Leicester; Mrs. A. B. Manchester, W. Randolph; trance speakers. Miss E. E. Cogswell, East Middlebury, arm-prints.

The editor of the *Clarion* says:—"It was current at the Oberlin, Ohio, Theological Institution, on our late visit to that very pious locality, that Joel Tiffany had made a clear renunciation of Spiritualism. Joel will probably survive the report, and if Oberlin wishes to test it, let a despatch be sent for Tiffany to appear before the professors.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY FRIEND, MRS. F.

BY COSMOS.

There's a voice that comes from the spirit-land
And a shadowy form is near,
As you listening catch the ethereal tones,
Borne softly upon the ear.

It speaks of the friends so dearly loved,
That have passed from earth away;
But their spirits reined with heavenly light
Still round your pathway play.

They linger about you in sorrow and gloom,
And pray for the heart that is weeping;
They float in circles of airy light,
O'er the form that is placed in their keeping.

And oft when in slumbers the curtains of night
In darkness close over the sleeper,
The spirits pass lightly, in signals their own,
And claim the thoughts of the dreamer.

And the spiritual eye, discerning the sight
That is measured by law and position,
Seeks forms of beauty, and visions of light,
In the trances of spirit-condition.

And the voice comes soft to the waiting ear,
And bids him go on with his mission;
And when upon earth his work is all done
He feels the truth of his vision.

The magic circle still round him bends,
But viewless; dreaming no longer;
His spirit is lightened of burdening care,
And ever grows brighter and stronger.

On the confines of space the spirits still wait,
And fit o'er the forms that they love;
They whisper of God, and a better estate
Prepared in the mansions above.

INFANT DAMNATION.

The Long Island Times prints the following:—

FLUSHING, Dec. 30, 1887.

Rev. Alpheus S. Nickerson, North Woburn, Mass.:—
Friend and Brother—I have just perused the statement of your nonconfirmation to the "Congregational" Ministry by a committee of men, on account of what they deem a heresy as to the "salvation of infants," but I am positively sure that you were at that moment confirmed and consecrated to a truly Godlike Ministry by a Committee comprising thousands of Angels.

The infamous and diabolical assumption by darkened and base minds, that a Beneficent Creator stamps with moral depravity the infant at its birth, and sends it forth a mental cripple, but demanding of it the most responsible duties, is doomed to the general execration of every candid and justly reasoning mind. Such a baneful creed could only have emanated from the gloomiest abodes of superstition, ignorance, and delusion. So far from being worthy of a God, it would darken the character of Satan himself. Sentiments so imbued with demonism are in direct contradiction to those of the benign Saviour, the great Medium between God and Man, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God," and they can only find approval in the minds of those who are educated in the tortuous misconceptions of sectarian mental depravity, and where so pernicious and false an education has imperceptibly constrained them to look upon the Creator as a vindictive and avenging God, one ever ready to visit vengeance on man—Creator who in retributive wrath for the error of one inexperienced being, doomed his unborn, innocent, and unconscious progeny to a perdition extending through all after ages. Could any man be found on the earth, who would thus cripple his child from birth, as is attributed to God, he would be hurled from society as the basest of miscreants, and be branded with the universal execration of his fellow-men.

WM. R. PRINCE.

WHERE IS OUR CHARITY?

Is it not most lamentably clear that love is the most wanting of all the Christian graces, where we should have expected to see it enthroned in majesty and ruling in power—I mean in the Christian Church. What do we see in Christendom? A vast complication of ecclesiastical machinery, churches established and churches unestablished; a vast accumulation of doctrines to be believed, duties to be performed, and rites to be observed; a vast array of biblical learning and criticism, in which every word is examined, weighed and defined. We have creeds, confessions, liturgies, prayer books, catechisms, and forms of faith, and discipline. We have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachers. We have councils, convocations, synods, conferences, assemblies, and other ecclesiastical bodies without number. We have commentaries, reviews, magazines, religious newspapers, and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of religious books, from the four-page tract to the quarto volume. We have cathedrals, churches, chapels, and schools—in short, a wondrous and complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and agencies—but where is our charity, without which all these things are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? Where is that love which is more excellent in the sight of God, not only than all our natural endowments, but than all our spiritual gifts? Where is that love which suffereth long, and is kind even to those who are unkind to us, which seeketh not her own, which thinketh no evil, but rejoiceth in the truth—that love which believeth all things to the credit of others, and which covereth, with its mantle, all things that are faulty—that love where there is no evidence to convict, and which, for the sake of others, cheerfully endureth all things in the way of labor, sacrifice, and self-denial?—*English Tract for the Times.*

The readers of the *Banner of Light*, who wish for Insurance on Lava, or against loss by Fire, are invited to apply to M. Mun Dean, No. 78 State Street Boston, Mass., who effects Insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The following communication was received from A. R. C. through the mediumship of Esther Hancock, of Philadelphia.

Gaze on the vaulted dome of night and behold its myriads of beaming stars. Look upon these beauties, and what truth is conveyed to thy interior spirit? If thy physical eyes, unassisted by the gleamings of thy interior, shall behold that dome studded with the gems of wisdom, what idea of truth is conveyed into thy mind? Dost thou behold them in their magnificence and true beauty? Thou dost not, but art satisfied to consider them as gems placed there for the adornment of the earth—to shed light on its benighted inhabitants—to cheer them during the absence of the superior light of the sun. But behold, again, with a little more knowledge gained from the experience of thy mental researches, and now thou wilt gaze upon them, not as mere decorations for the sky and earth, but as being points of central attraction, around which revolve numerous planets and organized objects, bearing upon their surfaces the signet of the all-powerful Jehovah.

Gaze still deeper and thou beholdest them moving in perfect harmony, revolving through and around each other, all bearing witness of the interior harmony and peace, wisdom and love, which alone could create such a miracle of beauty. Each star upon which thou gazest is as thy sun, lighting millions of souls during the term of their existence with physical nature—lighting up their physical homes that they may read lessons of truth and wisdom from all things surrounding them.

Now seest thou not how the mind, unassisted by interior knowledge, gathers some of the beauties of wisdom into a small space, partial and dim, and knows not the interior, spiritual light therein. So it is too often with those who receive illuminations from the realms of the immortal home.

Light is now breaking over the darkened world. Thou receivest our truth and our wisdom, but as yet thou gazest merely on the outside, satisfied, with the brightness which is reflected therefrom, and searching not for the interior and more celestial light which envelopes the inner depths of its significance; yet even now thou wonderest at its brightness, but be not content, though they now seem to thee as stars, yet these truths, as the stars, shall unfold to thee countless avenues wherein shall flow the wisdom and love of God from their inexhaustible fountain, into the interior depths of thy spirit.

Truth can never be fully comprehended by mortals; but that which is received should be kept before the mind and reflected upon, so that the interior wisdom may be more fully comprehended.

When we thus present the scroll of wisdom, unroll it, and as thou dost endeavor to comprehend the teachings written thereon, thou shalt continue ever learning, but never reaching the end thereof. For truth is a perfect circle of light emanating from the Divine Being, permeating every particle of the universe, and finding its way again into the spiritual depths of the Infinite God. Thus, in whatever step thou shalt perceive truth, it will lead thee onward and upward toward the Father of all, for its rays stream in no other direction, but ever centre in the Creator of the universe. Therefore fear not to examine into all things, and if thou perceivest truth, follow it wheresoever it may lead thee, for pure from the realms of light it shall ever guide thy spirit, freeing it from the imperfections that have gathered around it during thy sojourn in the darkened valley of earth.

On these beams of truth angels have descended to the earthly habitations of man, and breathed into the heart the love and wisdom which they have perceived during their progress through the immortal realms of the spirit home.

Bright is the glorious career of the soul, though born amidst imperfections and undevelopments, yet being immortal in its nature, partaking of the powers of the immortal, Infinite Being, its course is ever onward and upward. The ever enduring law of change produces light out of darkness, development out of undevelopment. Its immortal faculties, ever reaching—ever grasping after infinity, lift it above the impurities with which it is surrounded, and at last casting off its physical body, with which it has hitherto been encumbered, it soars above into those lands where wisdom sheds its light unclouded by the vapor of earth. There, as it basks in the warm sunshine of the Lord Jehovah, it expands into indescribable beauty and joy, and the interior light of the soul sheds around it a holy halo, and with radiance brighter and brighter, does that halo glow as the soul progresses through the spheres of eternal wisdom and love. Seest thou the end and aim of thy existence, whether on the earth or in the spheres of superior light? Ever act, then, in accordance with what truth stamps upon thy soul, and then shall thy existence on the earth be one continued anthem of praise, and a ray of glory ascending even unto thy Father in heaven.

THE USE OF SPIRITUALISM.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KIRBY, of Roxbury.]

It instructs and teaches us how to live, and how to prepare for the life eternal, for if the true foundation is laid in the earthly life, there will be a better, a surer progress in the spiritual. This theme is one of the greatest interest, and I feel myself incompetent to do it justice. If the spiritual life were open and plain to all, people would then see that it were best they have trials on earth, and so meet them bravely; they would see that the best policy is honesty; that by doing good to others, though they may not receive any return on earth, the recompense is sure in heaven—for unto your good works accordingly shall the reward be. Though your eyes be near-sighted in discerning the future, take the advice of a man who has passed through all this, and believe. Do not be blinded to the truth, because you cannot understand its causes and reasons. How much you have to learn you cannot comprehend but by inquiring now, and learning the rudiments on earth, you will escape much when you come here.

Though I was an educated man, a minister of Christ's church, I knew very little of the true religion, or the uses of a good and pure life. Prayer is not the least use unless a man lives right; and if he does live purely, godlike, he needs not prayer, though it is pleasant in the sight of God when the heart is right. But God does not require prayer. You can worship Him any other way; as well in teaching others, in relieving the unfortunate, in binding up the wounded, and pouring balm into the broken heart. In doing good in all things, and unto all, you worship the Divine Creator of the Universe. There is another way to please God. It is this: try and improve the talent, or talents, which He has given you, be they much or little, high or low; improve

them to the best of your ability, and you will be rewarded.

When Spiritualism is more understood, when it becomes more popular (that is the word), so that people of small minds will dare to speak and act for themselves, then there will be a very different state of things. Some have private circles at their houses, and meet a few friends; but, when out of these circles, spiritualism is never named; or, if it is, they have nothing to say. Ah! Spiritualism is not the popular thing. Then some who are a little more open go to public circles, or to lectures, and speak of it in every day life; but of this class there are few. Then there is a class who are regular Spiritualists—they are called insane lunatics. There is yet another class, (and the hardest of all), I mean Christians, or your church-going people—they are in reality so prejudiced that they will not see—and I verily believe that if Christ himself should come to them, if he did not come in "a coach and four," and magnificently dressed, they would put him out of their synagogues as they did in olden times. And yet it is him in whom they believe—him whom they worship. Truth is truth, no matter in what form it comes, and will prevail—and no man can prevent it.

Spiritualism, my friends, will prevail throughout the world, it will be acknowledged as the only true religion of God, and its voice be heard in your Churches, your State Houses, your Court Houses and in your private families. Then will there be justice and right on earth—then will the poor man be no longer poor, but all equal and alike—no more want and starvation—no more quarrel and strife; but peace and happiness will reign throughout the land, and all shall be as brothers in one common family, looking up to one Father, God. This is the use of Spiritualism, and can there be anything greater?

The spirit of SYLVESTER JUDG.

THERE IS HARMONY IN NATURE.

What a grand instrument is Creation, suspended in the vast infinitude of chaos, whereon God, with divine wisdom, draws forth harmonies of the most exquisite beauty! Can man, with his small comprehension, judge what is right or not? Can his eyes, so near-sighted, tell where there is beauty and where not? Can he, standing upon the highest pinnacle of his intellect, view the great expanse around him, and tell where Creation begins, and where it ends? Can he tell where God is, or rather where he is not? Can he say this is better so, or this should not be so? Will he, in the importance of his own insignificance, make himself a God, whereunto men shall bow the knee? Will he introduce a discordant note on the instrument divine? If so, then the consequences be upon himself, for none can suffer for the faults or follies of another. Each person has within his or her breast a tiny instrument, placed there by God, on which can be played melodies of the utmost sweetness, or can be made to utter inharmonious and discordant notes. Thus, as he tunes his heart, so will he be happy or miserable. This instrument is of so sensitive a nature, that no impressions, once given, can be lost. Though it is ever capable of receiving, its strings are of the finest texture, and rough fingers should not play upon it, but it should be used with the utmost delicacy and caution. A word or glance will draw forth its most beautiful melodies, as also cause it to pant, and lie still like a stone.

Ah! mortal, let it be the study of your lives to play no harsh or discordant music on the heart of your brother. With tender and loving fingers press its tiny strings, and draw forth the rich harmony of love and beauty, even as God plays upon Creation in wisdom and truth. And then shall peace and harmony truly reign throughout all the universe.

The spirit of LAURA E. TRASK.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COX, whose services are engaged exclusively for the *Banner of Light*. By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *finix* beings, liable to error like ourselves. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not asked only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

Mediums, and the Influences which should attend them.

This communication was given in reference to a medium who had committed suicide, at the close of some conversation respecting it. It contains entirely different views from any party entertained, in some respects. The remarks in regard to influences by which mediums should be surrounded are undoubtedly true, and are not amiss at any time.

Marvel not at these things, for that which you see at this age of the world was alike seen at the days of Jesus. Now, the twelve Apostles were twelve mediums, centering around the great centre, Jesus. He, you see, was amply sustained. But was he not tempted—was he not led into the wilderness, and did not the evil influence say to him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from the high position; you occupy?"

Oh, marvel no longer at the things which befall mediums, now, for it is not strange, but simple—very simple. Now Jesus was pure and holy; the divinity shone forth through him in brilliant lustre, and yet he, with all his power, was obliged to have twelve pillars, as it were, to hold him up. These apostles formed a material and spiritual battery—a hedge strong round about him, that the evil influence could not penetrate, and that he might not fall. He was sorely tempted—best on every hand by evil influences—out of the world and in the world—but he fell not, because he was strongly supported by God, through his apostles.

Now we, of the spirit world, are obliged to draw around our mediums the same power, to keep them from falling.

The medium who has fallen, was one of rare powers, very susceptible, and easily influenced by good and bad. She was not strong in herself to resist the evil, and she failed to draw around her a material battery; for a time she had them, but anon she left their influence, and the floor that had been swept and garnished, was again the dwelling place of Evil.

He who said to Jesus, Cast thyself down, said the same to her, and she fell, because she had no sustaining power. Our mediums are subject to temptation and death, as was Jesus, and they are in just the same need of batteries to support them, as was he. For a time these batteries may become broken, but if they come together again, and you shall say to the tempter, Get thee behind me Satan, he will go hence.

We regret her fall, we regret that Satan has triumphed. Yes, many in the spheres are sorry therefore. We weep, as did Jesus at the grave of Lazarus, and we come to you to let you know how you stand. Oh, keep that out which would lead you into temptation, and offer up prayers for your mediums, that they may be given strength to resist it.

Satan says, Come hither, and I will give you all the kingdoms of earth. Know you not he lies? Oh, then do not place yourselves in harmony with him, for you will surely fall. Marvel not that the high and good come not to stop this evil power in its work, for when Satan comes and whispers his false tales in your ears, and you yield to him, you are in harmony with him, and we cannot come to you, because we are not in harmony with him, and we cannot dwell with him.

CHANNING.
Written.—I have a great deal to say to you, and if you will promise not to get weary, I will come and talk to you.

KIRKADOG.
Entranced.—I am glad to get here. I come to tell the truth—practical truth, not serious dressed in roses. Your good friend C. has commenced, but has not gone through with it—We shall not disagree, but he will dress matters in his own clothing, and I shall dress them in mine.

Now a medium has just come to us from you. What brought her here? The Evil Influence. How she came to give way, you know. It matters not what way this influence enters—whether by a glass of rum, or by disappointed love. Now, my friend, this medium lacked friends who took an interest in her welfare. She had plenty of casual friends, but they were not around her spirit to sustain her, and so she fell. She yielded to the dark, unseen influence, and took her own natural life. Now you will say, Why did we not prevent the catastrophe? Well, we sought all the time to draw material forms about her, whom we could influence, and thereby save her; and we did not know but we should save her, until the last hour. Her spirit friends told her friends that she would be under evil influence, and that they must sustain her, but they did not do it. Now I must wander off. Channing speaks of Jesus, but he failed to give you one important item, which I'm going to fill up.

You recollect he told you there were twelve chosen to sustain him. Now recollect that one of these pillars fell, and became possessed of an evil influence, and betrayed his master. What fell by this breach in the great chain of harmony? Why, the evil influence dwelling in certain men, dissolved the union between the natural and spiritual; Jesus was crucified. Then what became of this disciple whom the evil one got possession of, and through whom the evil one approached and crucified Jesus? Why, the same power took his natural life, and he went out and hung himself. There you see the same power displayed which you see in the mediums of the present day.

Her own spirit friends carried the medium in question to —; and why was she carried there? That he and those around him might sustain her. But the battery there was incomplete, and the cage was opened, and the bird flew away.

The evil influence which sought to destroy her, as it sought to destroy Jesus, was continually whispering, come away, and she went. Her spirit friends foresaw what would take place, and foretold it through her, precisely the same as Jesus, and the spirit through Jesus foretold of the dissolution of Jesus through himself. She also knew that this was coming upon her while in her natural state. It was given to her to know, as it was given to Jesus to know of his dissolution, when he prayed, "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me."

I have often told you how important it was that mediums should have mortal batteries around them, but I could not impress it upon you as I wanted to. Now I hope I shall be able to.

But perhaps it will be said by some that the prophets foretold Jesus' death. Was it not foretold through other mediums that she would pass away with the falling leaves of Autumn?

You may say it is best to let these manifestations alone; we see the trouble we are getting into, and had better stop. Can you do it? Can you prevent these mediums from being noted upon by those in the spirit world? I answer no—it is not in the power of mortals. You may leave them, to be sure, but the same power will work, and they will be in danger every moment; and all that mortals may do cannot engender means to crush the power that is now going abroad in your land.

No—all you can do is to see that your mediums are surrounded by good influences. This has always been instilled in your mind, and can never be effaced.

Some ask why are evil spirits permitted to commit such depredations? If the medium Jesus had not power to resist the evil one without powerful batteries, how can you expect the mediums of the present day to? They need batteries as much as he did—they need to be subject to positive minds, who cannot be led into evil. We cannot take mediums from among those who have strong minds. Do you suppose we could use you as I use this medium? Certainly not; we are obliged to subdue her spirit entirely—to drive it out, as it were, else what you would get would partake too much of her own mind, and you would not get our ideas. Now this very weakness of mind renders them susceptible to the influence of spirits, good and bad, and mortals are used to sustain her. We seek those who have strong magnetic powers, and who are predisposed to do good. Those who have a strong physical form, that will not yield under a pressure of mental and physical labor. Then again those who are susceptible to impressions, and who, if they receive good, know it, if bad, know it, and who will cast the bad away.

Now always test all you get from the spirit world. Spiritual and material evidence must always be mixed. If what spiritual matter you get stands the test of material examination, receive it. I never blame you if you don't believe me. Spiritualists place too much dependence upon their spirit friends; they are a mere epiphany, and their spirit friends are everything. I have always told you to use your own judgment. I tell you so now, and leave.

Edwin Wedger.

Man never lives till after he is dead. Now I know this to be true. Life on earth is a mixture of death and life, not real life in the strict sense of the word. But after you get rid of these mortal bodies, you begin to live; you are not subject to sickness or accident, or afraid that Death will call for you. Now every one on earth is more or less afraid of death, and your very fear brings you in contact with death, and you cannot be fully alive. This mortal body belongs to death, and while your spirit inhabits it, that spirit is to a certain extent connected with death. There is not one of you to-day who would be ready to cast off this mortal form, which is good for nothing, for one which is not subject to decay, and for one which cannot be called for by some other power.

I said good for nothing, but I will take that back, for if it were not for this body I should not be here to-day. My body reposes under here by your Common—that's all right enough—just as good a place as any other. When I came here I knew nothing of Spiritualism; I came on a tottering bridge, and I didn't know but it would let me down to endless torment; but it did not, and here I am.

I was a happy fellow on earth; never so happy as when surrounded by music, and I have plenty of it here. Not inharmonious music, to suit this inharmonious time, but made harmonious to the harmony of every sphere. It's a pity some of my friends could not cast off their mortal bodies and come along with me and hear it. I have friends, dear friends in your city. I have communicated some, not much, and I was told to come here and do so. I should like to get a chance to come to them often. They are not Spiritualists, oh, no; they have not received enough to be so. They do not yet know, and belief comes first. But as our opportunities are limited, our friends must not think we do not try hard enough to convince them. We use the instruments as often as we can. Mediums are prized higher than they ought to be in one sense, in your life, and in spirit-life. You look upon them as falling plants. Two-thirds are sick; and the other one-third are not better. The reason is, that you exert so much will-power over them that you keep them out of their natural sphere all the time, and their constitutions cannot keep up the vitality. Now, you should not think so much of them, and then you will not exert so much will-power over them. This is, perhaps,

queer logic, but I am not a wise man, any more than I was on earth. I was young, and had not time to acquaint myself with all the learning of earth.

I have got one brother I want to communicate with very much indeed. I want to tell him that the little difficulties which have clustered about him for some time past, are lifting. He often wonders if his spirit friends can see the conditions about him. We want him to know we can, but these very difficulties form a cloud through which it is almost impossible to see his spirit. We want him to form a circle, even if he has no medium, for he is a medium, though we cannot tell how soon he may be developed.

My name is Edwin Wedger. I am brother to Albert, who came here some time ago. I am not recognized by you, so I'll go on with my story, if you have no objection. In regard to all the rest of the family, I might single them all out, and send a blessing to each, but it is not necessary. I have the same love for all I had on earth, only it is purified. I have the same desire to have them happy; and if I am never so far off, I feel their sorrows, for the ties of affection which bind us form a channel on which their sorrows reach us. Soon we shall almost dwell together, for in time the Light will shine, and overcome the darkness. Indeed, your power has little to do with it. The power is with us. You Spiritualists have more to do with breaking Spiritualism than you have with making Spiritualists. One says, "there is a Spiritualist; he believes in it, but he does this wrong and that. I'd believe in it if it wasn't for this." Then you see you hinder us from making Spiritualists. See to it that you do not break our work. The light we give you, is given for you to light yourselves by, not to lead your brother. So it becomes you to take care how you walk, for you have slippery places to walk over, and your heels might slip up before you know it. I should say more but my time has expired, and I am obliged to break off just as I have.

Dec. 8.

Elizabeth Graves.

I am very unhappy, so unhappy! not on my own account, but for my children. Oh, my children! if they could know how many times I have stood by them since I left earth, and how many times I have tried to speak to them! My youngest daughter! I grieve for her, for I see unless she turn and walk in wisdom's path, sin and death, misery and degradation, will be her doom.

Can I rest? No—not while I see those I love so well going straight to perdition, even here on earth. I left that child when she was fifteen years of age. I knew that unless some good angel could influence her for good, she would walk rapidly downward when I left her. I knew, when I was told I could not live, that my Louise must do different, or she would go to ruin when bereft of a mother's care, and I dived to leave earth. My disease was consumption, but I was only confined to my bed three days. All that troubled me on my death-bed was my child. I cannot be happy now until I see her differently situated. I lived and died on Thatcher street. If you ever saw the house, you will know it; it is a one and a half story house—there used to be a store underneath, sometimes two. There is a porch built out over the steps, and there is no paint on the house. My name is Elizabeth Graves. Oh, tell my child to heed the last words I said to her. I am sorry to say that she does not do it, although she promised it.

I should be in hell if God had not provided a way for spirits to return to earth, for my child will make an eternity of unhappiness for herself.

I shall not come for nothing to-day, for God is good, and I know He will bless my mission. I cannot talk beautifully to you, and I do not come to please the ears of the people, but to benefit my child.

There used to be colored people living next door to me when I was there. I have been here a little over, or a little less than, four years—I cannot tell you, which, but it is pretty near it. My child has not had much of a home since I died, but she is at her sister's much. She has not much control over her, for she is easily led astray, although she is a good child at heart.

I would like to talk with my other children, but this child is so ever present to my mind, that I cannot, until she is happier.

Dec. 12.

Mary Davis.

I had a body once, like the one I now occupy. Fifteen years ago that body was taken away, and it reposes in the old burial-ground in Hanover, N. H. On the stone you find the following:—

Sacred to the Memory of

MARY DAVIS,

Wife of Capt. William Davis.

That's all you'll find there. No, there is no age on it. I feel very, very strange in coming here. I had a great desire to come, and was told in coming I must give something to identify myself. So I told the presiding spirit I would give that, and he said, "that will do."

I have a daughter in Boston, and that is why I have come here. Oh, how I wish I could speak to that child. How I wish she were here to-day, for I might give her much counsel, and make her much happier. She is an orphan now, for both father and mother are in the spirit world. She is a very nervous child; if it were not for that, she would long since have been a medium, for she has good medium powers, and we have only feared to throw as much spirit power upon her as is necessary to control her.

Now I'll approach her in this way, and maybe she'll be calm enough, when she learns her mother desires to commune through her, for me to do so. She was a child when I left, but ten years of age. She is well situated, and I find her happy as the world says, but sometimes I see, beneath that happiness, a thorn. Ah, who knows by the face whether sorrow or joy holds reign in the soul? None but those can tell, who see the soul.

My daughter's name is Mary—called for me. She is the only child I had. Good day.

Dec. 10.

Elizabeth Snow.

My name was Elizabeth Snow. I have been in the spirit life eight years. I died in New York city—my disease was fever, and I was sick about ten days. I have friends in Boston to whom I wish to communicate. I have a sister Mary Ann, to whom I wish to communicate in particular. She wonders why she was not sent for when I was sick. I want her to know I was carried among strangers when I was so sick I was not conscious to know whether I had friends or enemies about me. All she knows of my death is that I died in New York, of fever.

I was at work in a milliner's shop on Broadway; I had worked there about two months when I was taken sick. I left Boston and went to New York while my sister was at the East. Circumstances rendered it prudent for me to leave Boston without the knowledge of my friends, and as my sister was absent, I did so, but shall not communicate these circumstances. I did not write to her often, because I had hope that some day I should be more happily situated, and preferred to wait until that time. Tell her I had the best of care when I was here. Tell her it was no fault of mine that I did not tell her I was sick. Tell her I am often with her, but cannot communicate at present with her, though she is a medium. She will doubtless be anxious to communicate with me when she learns this, but the spirits who have charge of her will develop her in their own way and in proper time, and it is well that she be not too anxious.

Say to my friends I shall meet them all in time. Good day.

Dec. 8.

May mortals cease to live in self, and learn to live in Him who was and is and ever shall be, that truth may come forth from man without the dross of earth and its shadows; that all they in earth life may draw nigh unto the Court of Jehovah, for He cometh in Righteousness and Judgment to seal His own. Who are His own? We answer all mankind. Therefore rejoice who sit in darkness, for your God will in time give you the shadows of His Light.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels from words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
Sparkle forever.

The snow is falling lightly
Upon the trees and ground;
The fields look white, and holy,
And the old Cathedral's crown'd.
The cottage roofs are covered,
On the stiles, and the pathways,
And all about the plains.
It lies in village lanes;
On the stiles, and the pathways,
And all about the plains.
It is driven against the windows
In fantastic, fleecy crowds;
Like spots and fathery fragments
Of Summer's whitest clouds!
It steps upon the meadows
Light as blossoms from the tree;
I love to see it floating,
For it looks so well and free.

Good temper is like a sunny day. It sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soothing of disquietude.

"Deliver us from evil," Heavenly Father!
It still besets us wherever we go!
Bid the bright rays of revelation gather,
To light the darkness in our way of woe!
Remove the sin that stains our souls—forever!
Our doubts dispel—our confidence restore!
Write thy forgiveness on our hearts, and never
Let us in vain petition for it more.
Release us from the sorrows that attend us!
Our nerves are torn—at every vein we bleed!
Almighty Parent! with thy vernal befriend us!
Else we are helpless in our time of need!
Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure Holy Spirit!
New vigor give to Nature's faltering frame;
And, at life's close, permit us to inherit
The hope that's promised in the Saviour's name.

Oh man! fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them. There is neither to-day or yesterday in the powerful echoes of the memory; there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt.

The world is all a mighty choir,
And we the instruments therein;
The voice of music doth inspire,
And at her signal we begin.
The lords and great ones lead the choir;
Both time and time themselves select;
And at their nod we strike the wire,
And play, now more, now less correct.
Andante is the poor man's tempo;
The rich in Adagio you'll find;
With them it's Forte, Maestro;
We, all unheeded, pipe in behind;
And many a man plays very vainly,
Because his strings are somehow wrong;
And crowds you'll find expected only
To blow the bellows all life long.

Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours—none over the soul.

'T is weak to pine for pleasure past, be scorn
To hoard the leaves still green in memory.
Our happiest days, like fallen flowers must die;
The winds that take the blossom leave the thorn;
To some hard trouble all of us are born.
Blessed a day with rights, if we can dry
The tears of those who have more cause to mourn.
How many hate, who might each other love,
Did they but judge the living as if dead—
Stretched cold before them with dim stony eyes!
Dinner far than all the stars above—
In one forgiving word in kindness said—
One loving look that in the memory lies.

A good constitution is like a money box—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

The Celestial Sisters.

Waupee, or the White Hawk, lived in a remote part of the forest where animals abounded. Every day he returned from the chase with a large spoil, for he was one of the most skillful and lucky hunters of his tribe. His form was like the cedar; the fire of youth beamed from his eyes; there was no forest too gloomy for him to penetrate, and no track made by bird or beast of any kind which he did not readily follow.

One day he had gone beyond any point which he had ever before visited. He traveled through an open wood, which enabled him to see a great distance. At length he beheld a light breaking through the foliage of the distant trees, which made him sure that he was on the borders of a prairie. It was a wide plain covered with long blue grass, and enameled with flowers of a thousand lovely tints.

After walking for some time without a path, musing upon the open country, and enjoying the fragrant breeze, he suddenly came to a ring worn among the grass and the flowers, as if it had been worn by footsteps moving lightly round and round. But it was strange—so strange as to cause the White Hawk to pause and gaze long and fixedly upon the ground—there was no path which led to this flowery circle. There was not even a crushed leaf nor a broken twig, nor the least trace of a footstep, approaching or retreating, to be found. He thought he would hide himself and lie in wait to discover, if he could, what this strange circle meant.

Presently he heard the faint sounds of music in the air. He looked up in the direction they came from, and as the magic notes died away he saw a small object, like a little summer cloud that approaches the earth, floating down from above. At first it was very small, and seemed as if it could have been blown away by the first breeze that came along; but it rapidly grew as he gazed upon it, and the music every moment grew clearer and more sweetly to his ear. As it neared the earth it appeared as a basket, and it was filled with twelve sisters, of the most lovely forms and enchanting beauty.

As soon as the basket touched the ground they leaped out, and began straightway to dance, in the most joyous manner, around the magic ring; striking, as they did so, a shining ball, which uttered the most ravishing melodies, and kept time as they danced.

The White Hawk, from his concealment, entranced, gazed upon their graceful forms and movements. He admired them all, but he was most pleased with the youngest. He longed to be at her side, to embrace her, to call her his own; and unable to remain longer a silent admirer, he rushed out and endeavored to seize this twelfth beauty who so enchanted him. But the sisters, with the quickness of birds, the moment they described the form of a man, leaped back into the basket, and were drawn up into the sky.

Lamenting his ill-luck, Waupee gazed longingly upon the fairy basket as it ascended, and bore the lovely sisters from his view.

"They are gone," he said, "and I shall see them no more."

He returned to his solitary lodge, but he found no relief to his mind. He walked abroad; but to look at the sky, which had withdrawn from his

sight the only being he had ever loved, was painful to him now.

The next day, selecting the same hour, the White Hawk went back to the prairie, and took his station near the ring. In order to deceive the sisters, he assumed the form of an opossum, and sat among the grass as if he were there engaged in chewing the cud. He had not waited long when he saw the cloudy basket descend, and heard the same sweet music falling as before. He crept slowly toward the ring; but the instant the sisters caught sight of him they were startled and sprang into their car. It rose a short distance, when one of the elder sisters spoke:

"Perhaps," she said, "it is come to show us how the game is played by mortals."

"Oh, no," the youngest replied; "quick, let us ascend."

And all joining in a chant, they rose out of sight.

Waupee, casting off his disguise, walked sorrowfully back to his lodge—but, ah! the night seemed very long to lonely White Hawk! His whole soul was filled with the thought of the beautiful sister.

Betimes, the next day, he returned to the haunted spot, hoping and fearing, and sighing as though his very soul would leave his body in its anguish. He reflected upon the plan he should follow to secure success. He had already failed twice; to fail a third time would be fatal. Near by he found an old stump, much covered with moss, and just then in use as the residence of a number of mice, who had stopped there on a pilgrimage to some relatives on the other side of the prairie. The White Hawk was so pleased with their tidy little forms that he thought he, too, would be a mouse, especially as they were by no means formidable to look at, and would not be at all likely to create alarm.

He accordingly, having first brought the stump and set it near the ring, without further notice became a mouse, and peeped and sported about, and kept his little sharp eyes busy with the others; but he did not forget to keep one eye up toward the sky, and one ear wide open in the same direction.

It was not long before the sisters, at their customary hour, came down and resumed their sport.

"But see," cried the younger sister, "that stump was not there before."

She ran off, frightened, toward the basket. Her sisters only smiled, and gathering round the old tree-stump, they struck it, in jest, when out ran the mice, and among them Waupee. They killed them all but one, which was pursued by the younger sister. Just as she had raised a silver stick, which she held in her hand, to put an end to it, too, the form of the White Hawk arose, and he clapped his prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their basket, and were drawn up to the skies.

Waupee exerted all his skill to please his bride and win her affections. He wiped the tears from her eyes; he related his adventures in the chase; he dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He was constant in his attentions, keeping fondly by her side, and picking out the way for her to walk as he led her gently toward his lodge. He felt his heart glow with joy as he entered it, and from that moment he was one of the happiest of men.

Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and as the spring drew near with its balmy gales and its many colored flowers, their happiness was increased by the presence of a beautiful boy in their lodge. What more of earthly blessing was there for them to enjoy?

Waupee's wife was a daughter of one of the stars; and as the scenes of earth began to pall upon her sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was obliged to hide these feelings from her husband. She remembered the charm that would carry her up, and while White Hawk was engaged in the chase, she took occasion to construct a wicker basket, which she kept concealed. In the meantime she collected such rarities from the earth as she thought would please her father, as well as the most dainty kinds of food.

One day when Waupee was absent, and all was in readiness, she went out to the charmed ring, taking with her her little son. As they entered the car she commenced her magical song, and the basket rose. The song was sad, and of a lowly and mournful cadence, and as it was wafted far away by the wind, it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice which he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. Though he made breathless speed, he could not reach the ring before his wife and child had ascended beyond his reach. He lifted up his voice in loud appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket still went up. He watched it till it became a small speck, and finally it vanished in the sky. He then bent his head down to the ground, and was miserable.

Through a long winter and a long summer Waupee bewailed his loss, but he found no relief. The beautiful spirit had come and gone, and he should see it no more!

He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's still more; for the boy had both the mother's beauty and the father's strength.

In the meantime, his wife had reached her home in the stars, and in the blissful employments of her father's house she had almost forgotten that she had left a husband upon earth. But her son, as he grew up, resembled more and more his father, and every day he was restless and anxious to visit the scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter, one day:

"Go, my child, and take your son down to his father, and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird and animal he kills in the chase."

She accordingly took the boy and descended. The White Hawk, who was ever near the enchanted spot, heard her voice as she came down from the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of his son, and they were soon clasped in his arms.

He heard the message of the Star, and he began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the present with great dispatch. He spent whole nights, as well as days in searching for every curious and beautiful animal and bird. He only preserved a foot, a wing, or a tail of each.

When all was ready, Waupee visited once more each favorite spot—the hill-top whence he had been used to see the rising sun; the stream where he had sported as a boy; the old lodge, now looking sad and solemn, which he was to sit in no more; and, last of all, coming to the magic circle, he gazed wildly about him with tearful eyes, and taking his wife and child by the hand, they entered the car and were drawn up into the sky, beyond the sight of birds, or power of mortal eye to reach.

Great joy was manifested upon their arrival at the starry plains. The Star Chief invited all his people to a feast; and when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud that each one might continue as he was, an inhabitant of his own dominions, or select of the earthly gifts such as he liked best. A very strange confusion immediately arose; not one but sprang forward. Some chose a foot, some a wing, some a tail, and some a claw. Those who selected tails or claws were changed into animals, and ran off; the others assumed the form of birds, and flew away. Waupee chose a white hawk's feather. His wife and son followed his example, and each became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and, followed by his wife and son, descended with the other birds to the earth, where he is still to be found, with the brightness of the starry plains in his eye, and the freedom of the heavenly breezes in his wings.

THE TEA-GARDENS OF SHANGHAI.

We bustle our way through the narrow streets. We pass the temples and the yamuns, unentered, for we have seen a hundred such before, and we reach the tea-gardens of Shanghai City. These are worth a visit, for they are the best I have seen in China. A Chinese garden is usually about twenty yards square, but these cover an area of ten acres. It is an irregular figure flanked by rows of shops, rudely analogous to those of the Palais Royal. The area is traversed in all directions by broad canals of stagnant water, all grown over with green, and crossed by zigzag wooden bridges, of the willow pattern plate-model, sadly out of repair, and destitute of paint. Where the water is not, there are lumps of artificial rock-work, and large pavilion-shaped tea-rooms, perhaps twenty in number. Here self-heating kettles of gigantic proportions are always hissing and bubbling; and at the little tables the Chinese population are drinking tea, smoking, eating almond hard-cake or pomegranates, playing dominoes, or arranging bargains. There are interstices also of vacant land, and these are occupied by jugglers and peep-show men. From the upper room of one of these tea-houses we shall have a view of the whole scene, and A'Lin will order us a cup of tea and some cakes for lunch. The jugglers and gymnasts below are doing much the same kind of tricks which their brethren of England and France perform. M. Houdin and Mr. Anderson would find their equals among these less pretending wizards. I am told that those peep-shows which old men are looking into, and laughing, and which young boys are not prevented from seeing, contain representations of the grossest obscenity. Here is a ventriloquist, who, attracted by our European costumes at the casement, has come up to perform. "Give him a dollar, A'Lin, and tell him to begin." That dirty, half-clad wanderer would make another fortune for Barnum. He unfolds his pack, and constructs out of some curtains a small closed room. Into this he retires, and immediately a little vaudeville is heard in progress inside. Half a dozen voices in rapid dialogue, sounds, and movements, and cries of animals, and the clatter of falling articles, tell the action of the plot. The company from the tea-tables, who had gathered round, wag their tails with laughter, especially at the broadest sallies of humor, and at the most indecorous denouements. In truth, there is no difficulty, even to us, in comprehending what is supposed to be going on in that little room. The incidents are, indeed, somewhat of the broadest—not so bad as the scenes in our orthodox old English comedies, such as "The Custom of the Country," for instance, or "The Conscious-Lovers," but still they are very minutely descriptive of facts not proper to be described. The man's talent, however, would gain him full audiences in Europe, without the aid of grossness.

"Ho lai"—"fire, there." Shall we light a cheroot and stroll about? Don't make too sure, Mr. Bull, that the gentleman in the Mandarin cap, who is holding you by the button and grinning in your face, is saying anything complimentary about you. In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old Mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide-awake, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments, which serve the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity according to Chinese rites. In fact, the Frenchman, in his antique disguise, rather resembled a Chinese idol. But ask the French Consul at Shanghai about this; he can tell the story better than I can.

CHILDREN.

Christ, in blessing the little ones of Judea, blessed all children; and meant that we should reverence them as the hope of the world. How when life grows dark before us—when its woes oppress, and its crime appeals, we turn instinctively to little children; with their brave, sunny faces, of faith and good cheer—their eyes of unconscious prophecy, and drink from the full fountain of their fresh young natures, courage and comfort, and deep draughts of divine love and constancy. How a child's pure kiss drops the very honey of heaven into the heart sowed by worldly misfortune!—how a child's sweet smile falls like oil on the waters of thoughts vexed by worldly care, and smoothes them into peace!—*Grace Greenwood.*

Children's Department.

ENIGMA—NO. 2.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 2, 12, 7, is a certain period of time.
My 6, 8, 9, is a favorite drink.
My 9, 6, 7, is a part of the body.
My 4, 6, 7, is a vehicle.
My 8, 2, 3, 13, is a household article, greatly in use in the time of our great-grandmothers.
My 7, 12, 13, often incites men to evil deeds.
My 3, 12, 7, 10, 15, is a comfort to the sick.
My 2, 6, 16, is an instrument used to propel a boat.
My whole is a celebrated Statesman and distinguished citizen of Boston.

AMY LEE.

LEE, Jan. 7th, 1867.

TO
A race immortal is begun indeed;
My hope, dear Cousin, is to increase my speed,
Your "New Year's" prize to obtain.
Like the bandwagon in a child's debate,
I expect in history to behold their fate,
To be glorified again.

From her affectionate cousin,

JOHN LEE.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMERY, 23 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium.
J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.
A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.
Mrs. W. H. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.
CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.
H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COOMLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, may be addressed at this office.
WM. H. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.
JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

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Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.
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NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. R. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PHILMAN, Acting Manager. Doors open at 6 o'clock; to commence at 7. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commences at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 o'clock.

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ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth session—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children, half price. Doors open at 6 o'clock; commence at 7 o'clock.

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J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. 1f-25 Sept. 18.

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THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and a Bench street. Terms, \$5 per day, or by the week, at price to accord with the times. Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Proprietor. Dec. 12.

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J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 8 Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store).
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No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.
Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 1f Dec. 2.

SPIRITUAL CLARION, NEW VOLUME.—The CLARION, published by Mr. and Mrs. H. Clark, editors, Astor, N. Y. has just commenced its second volume. The CLARION is a Weekly Journal of Spiritualism, eight pages—terms, \$1 per year in advance. Sent by mail, \$1.10. Address, H. Clark, N. Y. 1f Jan. 18.

MRS. T. H. PHABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON Place, Boston. April 11—4f

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