

blue eyes. She was only seventeen, just the age of Emma. And then there are two little ones, Anna and Arthur, easily recognized as the sleeping little brother, and the child whose scream had called Emma to Angela.

Eagerly Angela is relating to her brother all that Emma had done for them, though still calling her Ella Hilton. Her mother spoke:

"I do not believe," said she, "that her name is Hilton; her initials are E. A. Y." Then looking at her son, she continued, "If among your friends and acquaintances you should ever meet with a young lady, whose name corresponds with those initials, let me know. She is wealthy—her dress tells me that—and moves in the highest circles. I know by her conversation."

"Yes, brother," cried little Anna, "and she's got such beautiful grey eyes and black curly hair. Oh! she's beautiful—looks like an angel!" Mrs. Webb smiled at the child's enthusiasm, but said nothing.

"We must look for her; and I am sure we will find her in the highest circles," said Mrs. Webb, as she arose to leave the room.

Ah! Mrs. Webb, even now while you speak, Emma is in your own old room as destitute as you were once. Our readers must not think that in her sudden prosperity, Mrs. Webb has forgotten the claims of humanity, or that she suffered once. No, she did not; she visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and was blessed by them wherever she went. I said once, I should have said *is*, for our tale is true, reader, and she is living still, and in the beautiful city I have mentioned—Savannah.

The summer passed away in fruitless searches after the lost Ella. The winter came on, and still she was not found.

One dark stormy night, as Edmund Webb was returning to his home, his hasty steps were stayed by a light hand laid upon his arm, and a low voice said, "Will you buy this, sir?"

"What is it?" he hesitated.

"A silver *porte monnaie*," answered the girl at his side; "buy it, sir, for the love of mercy. I am in want."

He took it, and slipping five dollars into her hand, said, "Where do you live?"

She heeded not his question, but uttering a hasty "Thank you," passed swiftly away.

Edmund followed at a little distance, for she had said, "I am in want," and he wished to help her. Emma was sick and faint; she had eaten nothing since the day before, and while yet a good way from her room, she felt her strength failing her.

She leaned against the wall for support and closed her eyes. At this instant Edmund came up, and bowing respectfully, he said, "You seem ill, madam, allow me to attend you home. In what street do you live?"

"Indian!" gasped Emma, taking the arm he offered her. They walked on in silence, and slowly, for Emma could scarcely stand. At last Emma paused, and Edmund saw that it was before the house where he had found his mother and sister.

"Thank you," said Emma, gratefully. "I am home, now."

"Good night," said Edmund, as he left her.

Do not think, reader, that he left her forever. He was going after his mother. He reached his home in a few minutes, and going behind his sister, he dropped his late purchase into her lap. Mrs. Webb caught sight of it, and catching it from her daughter's hand, she turned it to the light. It was as she expected—the letters E. A. Y. were there.

"Where did you get it?" cried she eagerly. Edmund related all that had passed, and concluded with—"Now, my mother, will you get ready while I order the carriage? The poor girl is sick, and besides she may tell you something of Ella."

The carriage came to the door, and Mrs. Webb, Angela and Edmund left the house. They soon reached the place, and Edmund remained in the carriage while Mrs. Webb and Angela went into the house and ascended the well known stairs. They paused before the door of their former home and listened. A low voice was heard, saying—

"I think I can almost hear it now—He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and I know that he will repay you, not in this world, perhaps, but he surely will in the world to come. Oh! my Father, take me to that better world; yet not my will, but thine, be done."

Instantly Angela opened the door and went in. Emma was kneeling beside the only chair that the room contained.

"Dearest Ella," cried Angela, throwing her arms about her friend, "it is now for you to lean upon my bosom. Come home with me, and tell me how all this came about."

Almost stupefied with surprise and joy, Emma clung to Angela's arm as they went to the carriage. Edmund sprang out, and as he helped the ladies in, Angela whispered in his ear, "It is Ella."

That night, before retiring, Emma told them her true name, and much of what had befallen her since last they parted. Keeping from them the knowledge of her father's injustice, she merely said, "Contrary to my expectations, I found that I had no money, and was obliged to support myself. I sold everything that I had, even to my *porte monnaie*, for I had no money to put in it."

Angela then told Emma of her "adventures," as she called them, and smiling gaily in the tearful face of her friend, she exclaimed—

"And now that we have you here, we intend to keep you. Nay, Emma dear, don't say so; you are too proud to be dependent! Well, so be it; you shall be governess; we want one for Anna and Arthur. Will you?"

Emma gladly assented, and for the first time those two girls, so unlike and yet so beautiful in face and mind, slept in each other's arms.

Weeks passed away, and Emma rapidly regained both health and spirits. All loved her—Mrs. Webb, Angela, Annie, Arthur, and Edmund. "Aye! and Edmund," he loved her more than any of them did; and ere she had been in the house three months, he sought her as his wife. Emma was proud; and she hesitated. Should she go to him penniless? He saw her hesitation, and attributed it to the right cause.

"Do not, my dear Emma," he said, "wreck your own and my happiness for the sake of a few paltry dollars. I love you, and you alone. I have enough for both—be mine my own darling Emma!" What woman could resist such words from the man she loved? I assure you Emma did not. She placed her hand upon his arm and said, "Yes," full from her lips. He drew her closely to his heart; for the first time pressed his lips to hers. Taking her by the hand, he led her into the room where his mother, Mrs. Webb, and brought her to receive his Emma as her daughter. The good lady caught her in her

arms and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven! the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

"A message for Miss Emma," said a negro, opening the door and handing in a note.

The note was from James Hartley, earnestly beseeching her to call upon him immediately, as he was dying, and wished to obtain her forgiveness before he left the world.

Emma was not one to refuse such a request, and, accompanied by Edmund, she went. With his last gasping breath, James told where Mr. Youmans's will was concealed, confessing that the one which was read was a forgery. The property was Emma's, and she would not go to Edmund a "portionless bride."

The sun rose bright and clear on the morning of the 10th of February, 1857. It peeped into Emma's window, reminding her that to-night she was to be married. It threw its bright beams down upon the deck of the good steamer "Georgia," which was slowly making its way to the wharf at Savannah. The sunlight stopped not on deck—a stray beam wandered into the cabin and bathed in its mellow light the face of a handsome young man, some twenty-five years of age. He was returning to his native land after nine years of absence. What changes might not have taken place? He would not know where to find his father's house, and only one other did he know in all the thirty thousand inhabitants of the city. That other was Edmund Webb, and to his house our new friend is going. We will follow him. The steamer touched the wharf, ropes were thrown ashore and caught by eager hands. All was hurry, bustle and confusion. In the midst of it all our friend sought the shore, leaving his servant to attend to his baggage, and slowly traversed the well known streets of his well loved city. A short walk brought him to No. 375 State street. We are tired of calling him our friend, so, if you please, we will look at the card which he has given to the servant. Edmund took it and started, as his eye fell upon the name—"William Waldhour." He hurried into the drawing-room, and catching the new comer by the hand, he exclaimed—

"Willie, my boy, I am glad to see you. I am to be married this evening, and you will be here. I have a beautiful bride, and she is good, too, Willie. I am sure you will like her."

"No doubt of it, my friend," answered Mr. Waldhour, "but tell me the fair lady's name."

"Emma Youmans," echoed William, in surprise.

"I had a half sister by that name. Can it be her?" Edmund told him all that he knew of her, and hoped that she might be his friend's sister. Angela came into the room at this moment, and when she heard the name of the visitor, she changed her formal bow for a friendly shake of the hand, saying as she did so—

"This is our dear Emma's brother. I will call her."

A few moments elapsed, and Emma was folded in her brother's arms.

We have but little more to add. Emma was married that evening, and in less than five months the "Republican" said that Mr. William Waldhour and Miss Angela Laura Webb were married.

And now, in conclusion, let me remind my readers that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Go thou and do likewise." Fear not to spend a few dollars; you are lending to the Lord, and He will repay you."

ORATOR AND ORATURES.

BY ANNE K. HAYDEN.

Yon glorious Orb, his heavenward way ascending,
Bespeaks our Maker's wisdom, skill and power;
Thee, too, their varied hues so sweetly blending,
And lowliest flower,

Raise in the heart of man an adoration,
And wonder, that himself, and these, should be;
That God should view, from his exalted station,
Mortality.

The boundless ocean, which for years has flooded
The unseen treasures of the world below,
The stars, which you pure dome for aye have studded,
His glories show.

All, all that Thou createst, God of beauty,
Is perfect, pure and typical of Thee;
And we, if we performed our simple duty,
Thy heirs should be.

Why hast Thou filled the earth so full of glory?
Why hast Thou filled my breast with longings wild?
Why have strange thoughts been ever swooping o'er me,
E'en since a child?

Why, when all others seem so full of pleasure,
Does this dark, dreary void, in me remain?
Why is this life, which should be deemed a treasure,
So often pain?

Ah! surely we were made for something higher,
Than to be born, to live, grow old, and die;
Else why this still returning, strong desire
For bliss on high?

Nothing but love, and spotless purity,
Can gain an entrance to that blissful land,
Where Mind, through endless ages of futurity,
Shall still expand.

If in the thoughtless ranks of youth and beauty,
My voice rings out in tones as gay as theirs,
When it is past a sterner sense of duty,
The joy impairs.

But when, in blooming fields, or shady wildwood,
My spirit communes with the God of love,
I ever feel a peace, in youth or childhood,
Like that above!

Where waving trees, and flowery arch and column
Breathe the sweet praises to the Great and Good,
Man, puny man, should view, o'erawed and solemn,
The solitude.

All glorious One, eternal, pure and holy,
Oh! wilt Thou deign to hear this praise of mine?
Although it may be humble, worthless, lowly,
It should be Thine!

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.

It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown that in birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downward, and into which the air passes and re-passes in the progress of breathing. This is not all. The very bones are hollow, from which air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once resolves the mystery.

—Gardner's Music of Nature.

An important editor in Alabama wants to know when we're intended to pay the "debt of nature." We are inclined to think that when nature gets her done from him, it will be by an execution.

FRANK NETHERBY.

WOOLING BY TELEGRAPH.

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

Some men leap into matrimony, as if they were about to take a plunge in the dark, and cared not to scan beforehand the dangers to which they might be exposed. The waking-up which follows such a precipitated step is not always the most agreeable. Some people glide into the chains of Hymen gracefully—sentimentally—as if they were about to enact a sort of life poem, full of thrilling incidents and rapturous delights. Need we say that they soon discover married life to be a far more prosaic affair than they had imagined, and that they occasionally feel the pressure of thorns amid the roses of their daily path. Some people walk deliberately into matrimony as into a state which must be ventured on once in a life, and which is likely to prove, on the whole, a very tolerable condition—with its due proportion of cares and comforts, of sorrows and of joys. Such people often make what are called "sensible matches," and, if they do not enjoy much of the sunshine of life, neither do they encounter many of its storms. Now Frank Netherby, the hero of my present "chapter," did not choose any of these commonplace modes of getting married—he telegraphed himself into matrimony! a method which had, at least, the merit of originality to recommend it; and so I think it may interest my readers to hear the story of his wedding day.

Frank Netherby was the youngest son of a gentleman of good property, and of some consideration in the county of Sussex. The family estate being entailed on his eldest son, there remained to the junior branches of the family but slender expectations of future wealth. They were, however, rich in the advantages of a good education and of a happy home—blessings which oftentimes exert their silent influence on the life long after more material riches may have taken to themselves wings and flown away.

Frank was an ardent and impetuous boy, full of strong affections and passionate impulses. He was his mother's darling, and her overweening fondness for him contributed, perhaps, somewhat to increase the natural willfulness of his character. From his earliest childhood he expressed his determination to enter the navy—a profession which seemed so well suited to his disposition, that his father yielded a ready assent to his wishes; and right joyous was the merry boy, when, at the age of thirteen, he found himself in all the full-blown dignity of a Royal Middy preparing to join his ship, then under orders for the West Indies. The only drawback to his happiness was that there was no likelihood of his encountering a foe, for we were then at peace with the world. A more insidious danger, however, than sword or bullet, awaited our young sailor, who, at the expiration of three years, came home worn and wasted from the effects of West Indian fever. For awhile it seemed that home, with all its affections and enjoyments, had many charms for him; but, with the return of health and vigor, he became impatient for a more active life—so that great was his delight on being appointed to a ship then under orders for China, which was at that time the seat of war. In this new sphere of duty, Frank found ample scope for the ardent activity of his nature; and, in the course of his Oriental campaign, distinguished himself more than once by the gallantry of his conduct, which was named with approbation in the despatches of his commander. How eagerly those despatches were devoured at his paternal home, need not be related here. Even the sire of the family acknowledged that this "scapegrace of a boy" was a credit to his name; adding, that "he hoped he might live to drink his health as an admiral." Nor was the domestic circle less joyous when, at a later period, tidings reached them of the promotion to a lieutenantcy of their "young hero," and of his consequent withdrawal for awhile from the active duties of his profession—a circumstance which would allow them the gratification of welcoming him home.

Frank Netherby had scarcely completed his twenty-first year, when he returned home to be idolized by his mother and sisters, and spoiled by the fairer portion of his acquaintances, who, like all others of their sex, had an innate love of glory, and a passionate admiration of all those who had won it on foot or on the battle-field. Like most sailors, Frank was the devoted champion of womankind. Whether he were dark or fair, young or old, if only she were in want of help, she was sure to find in Frank a faithful and "pauvre chevalier." With such a disposition, it may readily be conceived that Cupid's shafts had been more than once successfully aimed at our hero's heart. But these attacks had heretofore proved so light and harmless that they had only given additional zest to the joyous days of his boyhood.

A graver peril was now at hand. By way of doing honor to her gallant son, Mrs. Netherby had invited a large party to her house a few days after his return home. The dashing young officer was gladly welcomed by old acquaintances, and cordially greeted by new ones. Amongst the former were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, the widow and orphan daughter of a gallant admiral, who had many years before sacrificed his life in the service of his country. Annie Fleetwood was a pleasant, bright-looking girl of seventeen. This was her first debut in society; and the simple freshness of her toilet, consisting of a clear white muslin dress, relieved only by blue ribbons, harmonized well with the artless expression of her countenance. Frank at once claimed old acquaintanceship with both mother and daughter; reminding the latter how he had insisted on bestowing upon her a parting salute, when he had taken leave of her as a mildly many years before, and how very prudish she had been on the occasion.

"You were really quite angry—at least you pretended to be so," added he, saucily. Poor Annie colored deeply at this reminiscence, and only observed in reply that she remembered he had always been a very troublesome boy, and that his games had been much quieter after he was gone away.

"Yes, and I dare say much duller too, if you would only have the honesty to confess it," was the young sailor's rejoinder. "But it makes us quite old to talk of these days of 'long ago'; and, after all, there is no time so agreeable as the present," added he, bowing gracefully to his young guest. Then, touching lightly the blue ribbon which floated from Annie's waist, he added, "I am glad to see, Miss Fleetwood, that you have the good taste to wear blue as your color."

Annie's spirit was somewhat roused at the thought

that he might possibly suppose she had adopted this color out of compliment to him; and, with a heightened color, she replied, "You forget, I suppose, that I am a sailor's daughter!"

"How could I forget it," was his reply, "when looking at you; for sailor's daughters are generally the prettiest girls, and," added he, in a low voice, "make the best wives in the world!"

This nautical compliment brought a still deeper blush to Annie's cheek; and yet, we cannot say that she was displeased at finding herself during the course of the evening the special object of the young sailor's attention. On the following day, too, as she sat near the open window, busied with her book and her needle, her thoughts unconsciously reverted to some of the flattering sayings which had been poured into her ear on the preceding evening, and she involuntarily started and blushed on seeing Frank Netherby gallop up to the door at that rapid pace which is usually preferred by equestrian sailors.

Day after day found Frank Netherby the companion of Annie Fleetwood. Whether in the drawing-room and the garden, or on horseback, he was ever ready to attend her steps; and Mrs. Fleetwood, who was charmed with the frank and kindly courtesy of the young sailor, placed no restriction on their intercourse. Many a prudent mother would have felt anxious at the growing intimacy between her youthful daughter and a younger son of such scanty expectations; but Mrs. Fleetwood was one of those easy-going people, who enjoy the present moment without troubling themselves about the probable result for the future. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when, at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, Frank Netherby craved her consent to his union with her daughter.

"You are not in earnest, surely, Frank?" said she. "You and Annie are both too young and too poor to think of marrying for a long time to come."

"I never was more in earnest in my life, my dear madam," replied the young lieutenant; "you forget that I am a lieutenant in her Majesty's service, and have an allowance of a hundred a year from my father to boot. Annie and I would live like princes on such an income as this."

"Foolish boy!" replied Mrs. Fleetwood, "it would scarcely buy you both bread and cheese."

"Well, we will do without the cheese, my dear madam," replied Frank; "only give your consent, and you shall see how well we will manage."

"And what does your father say to this wise scheme?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"My father! do you suppose I would insult Annie by naming the subject to any one before I knew what were *her* wishes in the matter? But now that I have your consent," added he, gaily, "I will gallop over at once; and talk over the whole affair with him."

"My consent! not quite so fast, young man. I never gave my consent to so foolish a business."

"Well, but you mean to do so, which is all the same thing. You are too kind and tender-hearted to make Annie and me unhappy by refusing."

"Really, I do not know what to say to the matter," rejoined poor Mrs. Fleetwood, in rather a doubtful tone.

"Well, then, let me settle it for you, dear Mrs. Fleetwood," replied Frank, at the same time catching the good lady's hand, and hastily pressing it to his lips in a transport of delight. Then, without giving her time to collect herself, he exclaimed, "Now, then, I am off to my father!" and, in another minute, she saw him galloping past in the direction of his home.

Frank Netherby's father was made of rather sterner materials than the lady whom we have just left. On hearing of his son's engagement, he was, at first, very much displeased. "It was quite absurd for a pair of children like them to think of marrying at a time like this," he said. "Annie Fleetwood, although a very nice girl, and a great favorite of his, was the eldest of half-a-dozen daughters, who had not, he believed, ten thousand pounds between them." Fortunately, for Frank, his mother came to his aid, and smoothed matters so far that at last her husband gave a reluctant consent to the match—warning Frank, however, that he must not think of marrying for five or six years to come, and that, meantime, some lucky turn of fortune might occur, which would enable him to support a wife. "I will call on Mrs. Fleetwood myself to-morrow," added he, "and tell her my opinion on the subject."

Frank, without attending too closely to the qualifying clauses of his father's speech, thanked him for his consent; and, remounting his horse, galloped back to Rosemount, the abode of his fair *inamorata*. On entering the drawing-room, where Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughter were seated, he tossed up his forefinger like a schoolboy, exclaiming, "Hurrah! I've gained the day!" Annie, whose cheek had been rather pallid at his entrance, "blushed rosy red," while her mother requested him to sit down quietly and tell her all about it. "All's right," said Frank. "My father says Annie is one of the nicest girls in the world; and my mother is delighted at the idea of having her for a daughter-in-law."

"Did your father offer no objection?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Oh! he spoke very wisely, as all fathers are bound to do on such occasions, and gave me a word of good advice, which of course I mean most dutifully to follow. But he intends to call on you to-morrow, and I hope you will put your heads together and fix the day of our wedding."

"Nonsense! you foolish boy, you don't know what you are talking about," rejoined Mrs. Fleetwood. "I dare say your father will agree with me in thinking it will be time enough half-a-dozen years hence to name that day."

Frank, instead of noticing this prudent insinuation, only cast an arch glance towards Annie, and merely observed, "Annie, do you know the horses are at the door; are you ready for a canter?"

We imagine that the conclusion formed by the youthful lovers during that evening ride was somewhat different from that which was arrived at by their parents on that important subject—for Frank urged most strenuously his determination never to leave England without first calling Annie his own; and however disposed Annie might be to attend to her mother's prudent advice, she found it hard to gaine the arguments of her lover.

"For post-captain, read Lieutenant, my dear father," replied the sailor; and as for the prize money, I shall be sure to get it whenever our enemies are so good as to go to war with us."

"You are an incorrigible fellow," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but I hope you will get a little common-sense some of these days."

The next few weeks sped rapidly away with our youthful lovers, as time usually does in the case of those with whom, as Shakespeare describes it, "time gallops withal;" they were happy in the present, and in full hope for the future. But a shadow came at last to fall upon this sunny period: an official despatch arrived from the Admiralty to inform Frank of his appointment to the "Hercules," then stationed at Portsmouth.

"Every one says that I am a monstrous lucky fellow to get this appointment so soon," observed Frank, when he acquainted Annie with the news. "And so would I think, too," added he, "at any other time; but now it is a terrible bore to have to go off at twenty-four hours' notice. Cheer up, however, my darling Annie," continued he, as he observed a tear to tremble in the eye of his betrothed, "the ship, I understand, is likely to be for some time on that station, so I may often contrive to run up and see you for a day or two; and remember what I have told you—I shall never leave England without calling you my bride!"

Their hurried parting was a sad one; hope, however, was buoyant in both their young hearts, and they trusted soon to meet again. Many weeks, however, passed on without Frank's being able to obtain the expected leave of absence, and the frequent, though hurried notes he contrived to write in snatches of leisure were but ill compensation to poor Annie for the loss of his daily visits.

Dreary winter was now come, and Annie was sitting one day in a musing mood looking out on the smooth green sward on which she had so often strolled with Frank during the preceding summer, when the servant entered the room and handed her an official-looking letter. On opening it, her heart was filled with apprehension by perceiving that it was a telegraph message from Portsmouth. She thought it must be some ill news from Frank, but her eye had no sooner rested on it for a moment than she perceived the tenor was far different from what she had anticipated. The message was as follows:—

"The 'Hercules,' under orders for South America—Three years' absence—One week's leave allowed me to get married—One line by telegraph to-day—Say yes, dearest Annie—if not— F. N."

Poor Annie sat with the open paper in her hands, bewildered and perplexed. Her first feeling was one of maidenly confusion at such a message having been sent to her by telegraph; then the possibility of being separated for three years, and those terrible, mysterious words—"if not!" what could they mean? Mrs. Fleetwood coming into the room and observing her daughter's agitation, asked what was the matter. Annie handed her the message.

"What a mad fellow Frank is!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood. "Of course you will at once send him word that such a thing is quite out of the question."

Annie only replied by throwing her arms around her mother's neck and bursting into tears.

"Don't be such a simpleton, my dear child," said Mrs. Fleetwood, in a half playful, half soothing tone, "three years pass away very quickly, and then he will be coming back again."

"Oh! but mamma," sobbed Annie, "he often told me it would break his heart if he had to leave England without being married." Mrs. Fleetwood felt at first inclined to ridicule her daughter's credulity on this subject, but Annie's tears fell faster and faster, and her sobs became more convulsive, so that in the course of half an hour, Mrs. Fleetwood's wise resolves had given way, and she at last yielded a reluctant consent, observing that she supposed "Frank must, as usual, have his own way in the matter."

Annie, with a trembling hand and beating heart, sat down to indite the following message:

"Mamma says 'Yes'—Come—Ever yours—Annie."

The day after these telegraphic love-letters had been written, a large Christmas party was assembled at Mr. Netherby's mansion. I happened to be one of the guests, and before the party had met for dinner, I was chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Netherby over the drawing-room fire.

"How I wish Frank was here to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Netherby, "he always so enjoys a Christmas party."

"Yes, and we should be all the merrier for his presence," observed Mr. Netherby, "young scapegrace as he is."

"And here is the young scapegrace come to answer for himself," exclaimed a merry voice at the door, which we quickly recognized in the evening dusk for that of the young lieutenant. He walked straight over to the chimney and gave his mother a hearty embrace.

"What has brought you here, my boy?" inquired his father, at the same time shaking him cordially by the hand.

"Only that I am ordered off to South America, and am come home to say good-bye to you all, and to get married before I go."

"To get married!" we all exclaimed involuntarily. "Yes, to get married," replied he. "I have been at Rosemount for the last two hours, and settled all about it with Mrs. Fleetwood."

Many were the expostulations which followed this avowal, but Frank contrived, as usual, in his playful, off-hand way, to win from the elders of the family a consent to his wishes, and before the evening was over, he had told his sisters to get their bridesmaid's dresses ready for the wedding, which was to take place in a couple of days, and which, he said, should be a very jolly affair indeed.

"Do not take out your pocket-handkerchiefs, my dear girls, as I do not wish to have any crying upon the occasion. I mean it to be a merry wedding, as I told Mrs. Fleetwood to-day."

"My wife shall dance, and I will sing!"

sang out the expectant bridegroom, in the words of an old-fashioned ballad.

Frank was as good as his word; for this *impromptu* wedding, which actually took place two days afterwards, was one of the merriest at which I ever was present. The first tears, probably, which fell on the occasion of Frank Netherby's marriage, were those bitter ones shed by his young bride, when, a week later, she took leave of him at Portsmouth, and watched the good ship "Hercules" speeding its course towards the Southern main. The disconsolate creature accompanied her mother back to her early home, where she spent the years of her husband's absence in most sedate and matronly retirement.

Many years have passed away since then, and

One of the subtleties of self-love is impatience with the faults of others. Spiritualism teaches us to bear and forbear. The business of the spiritualist is to work upon his own heart! To pull weeds out of his own garden—not to scold about the weeds that grow in a neighbor's garden. He is made conscious that his soul is as yet but very remotely connected with his brothers by love or harmony, and the cultivation of this love and harmony shall be the fruit of well directed efforts to connect our own hearts, not others, with the heart of God and His Son, Jesus Christ.

Rev. Mr. Kimball said that he fully agreed with

the remarks of Mr. Giddard. He thought spiritual teachers should abandon labored and studied sermons, and speak from emotion, trust to the influence of spirit power, though our susceptibility to this impression may be but feeble at first. Spiritualism reveals this great primal truth, that all spiritual teachings should flow from the heart, from the soul of the speaker.

Rev. Mr. Porter said that the true church, the church of Christ, could not be instituted on earth, while men held earthly treasures in self-possession.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Mrs. Henderson selected as the topic of her discourse, Sunday afternoon, "Fore-ordination, and the free agency of Man."

There is a beauty in this idea of fore-ordination, hidden beneath the old religion, that many in the present day do not see. Who shall say that man may not be destined to something beyond what his present ideas may build up for his hereafter?

God is the great first cause of all laws, and He fixes all laws for man's government. Man is a part of God—has a portion of the divine—and, therefore, cannot be destroyed. This fact of man's divine nature, alone, does away with the doctrine of unending punishment, for nothing divine can be put out of existence. God creates nothing in vain.

Man is created after the form of God spiritually, as he is after the form of his parent physically. The parent may send his child forth to the world, investing him with perfect freedom to act for himself; but the circumstances and influences under which that child is born, attend and govern it throughout its life. The parent is responsible for the traits transmitted to his offspring; and the child cannot be a free moral agent. He may decide for himself—make his own choice of pursuits and friendships—but in that he is influenced by the hereditary will; he goes forth seeking for that state which is adapted to his pre-organized condition.

The organization given to the individual says to him, it is impossible that eternal misery can be yours, for by virtue of the divinity in you, you must be drawn up towards its source.

As we see man's life, it would seem as if there were two paths before him: the broad road that leads him to the evil, and that narrow path which leads him to the source of good. Man goes forth to obey his own will, and travel his own road, but that will is governed by an immutable law.

God does not go out of his way to punish sin, but by natural law, as the effect follows the cause, so retribution follows the offence. There is no absolute evil. All that God has made is good; but evil results from misapplication of his laws by mortals. No man is free from God's laws. Influence drags man down to the seeming perdition; and that perdition is only seeming—it vanishes before the high development.

Man is not free, but free only to eternal life. Nothing can be destroyed. Taking this view, how great a responsibility man has, in the influence he sheds—whether good or evil! When you give heed to dark voices, you are drawn back from the pure development; but such obstacles must be overcome—these barriers must be hewn down by the man himself.

Whatever is, is right. If man does evil, it is because he cannot avoid it. The influences around him compel him to it—and good is born from it, in the punishment which is sure to follow a disobedience of God's law.

Man pictures bright dreams. Why may he not realize them? Because he has not thrown off the love of the external. When he breaks from this bondage, that will be a reality which before was daguerrotyped on his own soul.

Let us go forth, and when we see men opposing the new dispensation, let us know that all is well; believing that God's power is mightier than theirs. Their sphere is to oppose, and in opposing, give the truth a firmer growth.

Man is not a free agent, because he is employed by God. But go forth, guiding others and being governed by the true within. Everything is divine that we find in true nature.

At the close of her discourse, she appealed to the Spirit Divine to dwell in man forever, and keep him in the paths of truth and happiness. After which she answered the questions propounded.

Question.—From what sphere came the spirit who dictated the address we have just heard?

Answer.—We do not divide ourselves into spheres, because we cannot accommodate ourselves to mortals. If we said, from a high sphere, you would expect heavenly wisdom; if we said, from a low sphere, you would discard us as evil. Judge yourselves. If the discourse is good, receive it; if evil, reject it.

Q.—Is man responsible for any evil he commits on earth?

A.—He is in one sense. If he could control his faculties, yet does not, and surrenders to evil, he is so far responsible. Man is responsible so far as he takes a step conflicting with his ideas of right—no farther.

Q.—If such is the case, why are we told to investigate the spirits that control us, and learn what their influences be?

A.—We have not said that man is not competent to control the influences; but the world is composed of individuals, and every one has aspirations given him by the father of souls. Is it not necessary that an individual should know his own responsibility?

Q.—If man has free will, then, in a degree, may he not prefer to go down forever, rather than up?

A.—We think no man can have such a choice; but we do not know that such a man would be able to choose.

Q.—Is free-will a real thing, or a myth?

A.—Will comes from God; he is the source of all will. So far as man possesses will, he receives it from God.

Q.—Is the murderer responsible for his crime, under this law?

A.—Perhaps there are persons who may wilfully raise their hands against another's life. What gave them the power? The influences and traits they have inherited are responsible. The iniquity of the father is visited upon the children even unto the third or fourth generation. Is there is not a good, of which this is the absolute negative? Murder is always murder, when life is taken, whether by the assassin or by the constituted authority of the laws of the land.

Q.—Is not the greatest good done to the greatest number, by putting the murderer out of existence?

A.—We see no such law.

Q.—Is not self-defence right?

A.—Though the law of love is now resistance, yet God has given to man life, and man must protect himself.

Q.—Why is not capital punishment really self-defence?

A.—We do not know that murder by law defends anybody.

Q.—Had Christ any right to allow himself to be crucified?

A.—He had his mission, and came doing good to the world. But he was betrayed by a seeming friend, into the hands of enemies, and if he had attempted to escape, his chance would have been small.

Q.—Is it not the same whether you murder yourself or your fellow man?

A.—We know not why one life is preferable to another. In a broad sense, man has a right to defend himself, but only when his rights are in danger.

Let those who stand, take heed lest they fall. Men are governed by conditions. Those that have beheld the most of wisdom, best know their own ignorance.

In the evening, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Farrar and Dow, was chosen to select a subject for discourse. They presented two, from which the audience selected the following:—"Spiritual Manifestations in different Ages and distant parts of the World."

The friends must be aware that spirits have to adapt themselves to the faculties of the medium, and if the discourse given be not satisfactory, you must attribute it to the condition of the medium, rather than to general Spiritualism.

The Bible records many manifestations, and at the first they were alleged to come directly from God; but this became unpalatable, so they were compelled to admit of a medium power between God and man, and then they were said to be produced by angels.

According to natural law, all were compelled to pass through the material before they became spiritual; so the angels were mortals once.

Away back in the Mosaic dispensation, we see an eminent sphere of spirit manifestations, under the influence of the Urim and the Thummim—and through these mediums they were enabled to foretell the coming of the Messiah, and the downfall of Jerusalem.

Then false spirits came. There was a time when men were governed by false spirits—and we read frequently of devils being cast out. We see mediums to-day under the control of just such spirits; and ruled sometimes with one influence, and sometimes with another.

After the day of Christ, when reform began to spread, and his religion to be demonstrated, Martin Luther saw the Devil standing in his room, and threw his inkstand at him.

Socrates was controlled by familiar spirits, and in his public efforts a demon attended him, whispering in his ear words of great truth.

Whenever great men spring up, we think they have too much power for one man to possess. Washington was a type of this kind. In his various phases he had talent and energy enough for a nation. We must allege this to the spirit influences at work around him.

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was much annoyed by the Devil, and he once fired his pistol at the evil one. He heard sounds around him, and footsteps followed the family.

They prayed to God to protect them from the evil influences, and if any one of the family was the subject of God's displeasure, let that individual be punished, rather than send the whole family to perdition.

Old religious teachers claimed to be inspired—but in the present day there is just as much inspiration as there ever was.

In old Jewish history we are told that Saul called up the spirit of Samuel, through the mediumship of the witch of Endor, and the same style has come down to the present time.

The wise people of early ages communed with spirits, and many have become superstitious in consequence.

Stories of ghosts are firmly believed by most old people, and they who question them are considered almost infidel.

In the Catholic religion, prayers are offered to saints, who, they believe, are agents of intercession between themselves and God.

Every religion teaches it.—Methodist, Orthodox, and all. The Mohammedans and the Mormons have faith in the inspiration of their prophets.

To us, Spiritualism comes as a science—to convey a knowledge of the true God—to teach the infidel his error, to cheer the disconsolate and the broken-hearted, to teach loving kindness and charity, to replace evil influences with good. It comes bringing glad tidings of great joy. You ask, let there be light, and light is the result thereof. Man has but to search, and he will find the truth—to ask, and he will receive.

After the closed questions were asked and answered, as usual.

Q.—Can you mention any spirit manifestations in other countries?

A.—We have cited various kinds, though we cannot enter much into detail.

Q.—What were the demons cast out?

A.—Demons are spirits, whether good or bad. The name sometimes applies to spirits in man, and is sometimes used in a figurative sense.

Q.—Will those that are called devils ever become good?

A.—We see none so low that the Almighty cannot reclaim them.

Q.—Christ says, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven." What heaven did he mean?

A.—He spoke allegorically.

Q.—Somnambulists sometimes rise from their beds and perform work in the dark far surpassing their ordinary waking ingenuity, and of which they have no memory afterwards. Is this the work of spirits through them, or the work of their own faculties?

A.—There is a state of clairvoyance. The spirit never sleeps. When the body is resting, and man reposes quietly, his spirit wanders off to commune with kindred spirits, though it not always brings back to the outward memory its doings. Under this same law must the question be explained.

Q.—If this is the case, how can we understand what we are so often told by Spiritualists, that the mind cannot act without its own consciousness, and that consciousness is followed by memory?

A.—We do not believe that man is entirely divorced from the influences around him. Man's soul is as separate from his body as his body is from other things.

The body is a medium between the soul and the outward world. The spirit works continually, but your memory cannot retain it. Thoughts are not

always remembered, but it does not follow that they are dead. The memory is stamped upon the spirit, though not outwardly.

Q.—Entranced mediums attribute their speaking powers to spirits, while entranced mesmerist subjects do not, though the performances of the latter are often as surprising as those of the former. If the mediums are conscious of spirits, why are not the subjects? What proof have we that speaking mediums are not persons having their powers intensified by self magnetism?

A.—We do not understand the principles of self-magnetism. The mesmerist subject does not claim to be entranced, because it is not. But let the medium be examined, and it will be seen that there is a power over her beyond any mortal agency. You see the spirit's individuality.

Q.—In Mormonism, is polygamy a doctrine they owe to spirits?

A.—Men attract like spirits, to themselves, and the spirits of the Mormons may have taught just such things as they in their former lives practised. Orthodox spirits teach Orthodoxy. Methodist spirits teach Methodism, and those who are free from sectarianism teach accordingly. The teachings are adapted to the medium.—The sun, shining through blue glass, casts blue rays.

Q.—Who was the first to teach Mormonism?

A.—Every individual can originate thought, and thought reaches out in every direction.

Q.—Has the time ever been when those did not exist who believe in polygamy?

A.—David was called a man after God's own heart; but he would stand low in morality to-day.

Q.—Will mediums preserve their identity hereafter?

A.—Yes. When man becomes a spirit, he is in a trance state continually. He sees with the spirit-eye, and speaks with the spirit voice.

Q.—Some spirits are reported as occupying the medium's form, and faculties; others are said to stand by her side and whisper in her ear what she is to say. What is the case with those who speak to us to-night?

A.—In the form of the medium; they quicken her senses, and make use of her faculties. Mediums are as different as individuals. Many suppose that spirits can say one thing as well as another. It is not so. The medium stands between you and the spirit.

Q.—It has been said that while Mrs. Hatch was speaking in Boston, her spirit was seen and communed with at Buffalo. Will you explain this?

A.—The spirit could have represented by a telegraphic message the action of thought.

THE "INFANT DAMNATION" CASE.

The Woburn Journal learns that the Ecclesiastical Council which met at North Woburn on the 18th of December last for the ordination of Mr. Nickerson, held an adjourned meeting in Boston recently, Mr. N. came before that august body once more, to submit himself to a further examination; and the result of their deliberations was, as before, not to proceed to ordination! The authorized report of the doings of the Council are to be given to the public. Meantime Mr. Nickerson continues his former relations with the church of North Woburn, who insist on having him for their pastor. This trial and condemnation—as it were—of a very worthy clergyman, solely on the ground of his disinclination to swallow the old "infant damnation" theory of the Calvinists, creates, as it deserves, no little stir in ecclesiastical societies. We rejoice it is so. The sooner all these soulless dogmas are blotted from the book of memory, the better will it be for mankind.

LORING MOODY

Will deliver a course of lectures on the Scientific Relations of Spiritualism, in Concord, commencing on Monday evening, January 25th—and in Acton on Monday evening, February 1st—with Magic Lantern illustrations. Friends are requested to co-operate.

Late European Items.

By the arrival of the Cunard steamship America at this port, which left Liverpool Jan 2, we have three days later intelligence from Europe.

The America brought Col. Charles Burthgal, of Philadelphia, bearer of dispatches to the United States Government from Paris; Thomas Allibone and family, of Philadelphia, and the Countess of Lansfeldt (Lola Montez), who was lately married to Prince Shalkosky, of Paris, with her whole suit.

The London Times' city article says: "The year has commenced favorably in all the stock markets, and Consols have experienced a further improvement of nearly half per cent., the last price to-day being exactly the same as that on the 1st of January, 1867. At the Bank, notwithstanding the approach of the 4th, the demand for discount is very light. In open market, the rate for best bills ranges between 6 1/2 to 7 per cent. The 45,000 from Australia, by the Suffolk, has arrived in London, and is expected to be sold to the Bank. The Royal Mail Steamship Co. have received telegraphic advices of the arrival at Suez, on the 27th ult., of the City of Sidney, with a further sum of 195,000 from Australia.

The wedding of the Princess Royal is definitely fixed for January 25th.

The London Times reviews the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and endorses the policy which looks to the civilization of Indians in America.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST CANTON.—By the present time, probably, Canton has been attacked and captured. It has been determined to make the dispute entirely local. Should the Emperor answer the capture of Canton by the expulsion of the English traders from Shanghai, then, indeed, matters will grow serious. But should he determine that the Canton governor and the mob have been justly punished, it is possible that hostilities may be confined to operations which were to be commenced in the South. The British force seems to be sufficient for the purpose of making retribution at Canton. In a few days, says our correspondent, we may reasonably expect to have 700 guns and 7000 men in these waters, and of the latter we shall probably be able to land 4000. The blue-jackets were being drilled for service on land.

We learn that the French have also determined to resort to hostilities against the Chinese. It should be understood before hand that such a union is by no means analogous to the combined operations in the Crimea. There is no military convention. Baron Gros has with him a naval force, from which he can land 600 seamen. He has, therefore, resolved to join operations against Canton. Thus we shall have the singular spectacle of two nations prosecuting hostilities against the same people on different grounds, and with utterly formal contrivances of alliance. In

fact, the two expeditions may be looked upon as entirely separate. It is well understood that the Americans are to retain their position of lookers-on.—Times.

FRANCE.—The Paris Constitutionnel boldly defends the system which the French Government has adopted, of purchasing negroes on the coast of Africa and carrying them to compulsory service in the French Antilles; argues that in no other manner can prosperity be restored to them, and ridicules the opposition of English philanthropists. A despatch from Paris, however, says that there is no doubt the Emperor will not renew the contract for supplying the French colonies with negroes.

Mr. Carroll Spence, United States Minister at Constantinople, arrived in Paris on the 28th.

The French Government has recognized the Charge d'Affaires of Buenos Ayres, thereby disposing of the reports current of hostile feelings on the part of France towards Buenos Ayres.

BRUSSELS.—The Moniteur announces that M. Blondel, who was recently expelled by the Turkish Government from his position as Belgian Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, has been appointed Belgian Minister Resident at the United States, in place of M. Bosch, who goes to Constantinople.

NAPLES.—Letters from Naples give graphic details of the late earthquake. Official accounts leave no doubt that several thousand perished, and some estimates reach as high as 10,000 to 20,000.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian Parliament is about to deal with the clerical interference in the late elections, and will make moral pressure, as well as physical violence, invalidating defects in candidates.

SPAIN.—A letter from Spain says it appears certain that the Spanish government will consider the mediation of England and France in the Mexican affair as broken off, if Mexico does not accept all its conditions. In consequence of this resolution, preparations are being actively made, both in Spanish ports, and in Cuba, for an expedition against Mexico.

PRUSSIA.—A Berlin letter says the American crisis caused such serious effects on the commerce of Thuringen, that the government of Weimar has thought it necessary to convoke an extraordinary session of the Diet to regulate commercial affairs. Apolda, which is the principal manufacturing town in the Grand Duchy, contains a great number of stocking weaving establishments, the productions of which are exported to the United States via Hamburg.

INDIA.—The Calcutta mail has reached London. The details of the news add little information of importance. The accounts of the relief of Lucknow are meagre. The loss of the rebels between the 13th and 17th, is estimated in one account at 7000.

CHINA.—According to advices in French papers, negotiations entered into by the English representative with the Chinese government, have failed. The persecutions by the Chinese against the Christians were increasing, and several of the latter have fallen victims. The U. S. steam-frigate Minnesota reached Hong Kong on the 6th of November. Mr. Reed landed on the 7th under a salute from the fort, and with a guard of honor. All was quiet at Hong Kong.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

MADAME GRISI.—Madame Grisi, they say, has turned "medium." She was always a medium singer, and now she proposes to not as a medium. This is a pity. Grisi is a woman of high spirits, everyone knows, but she should not let the spirits overcome her. Think of Norma, or Semiramide, or Donna Anna upsetting tables, and ringing tea-bells with her toes. Mario should interfere, and constitute himself a medium to communicate with Hume, who is "instructing" the prima donna, and expound to him the philosophy of raps.

So says the Courier. By the way, that ghostly joke with which the paragraph terminates, expresses the (un?)Christian sentiment of the organ of Harvard to a T. How fortunate it is for some writers that the people they have vented their Billingsgate classics upon, do not hold to the same Christian mode of dealing with an opponent. How many "Raps" they would have felt on their backs, and how Piercing would have been their cries.

KANSAS.—The Lavenworth Times of the 9th inst. states that reports indicate the success of the Free State ticket in Kansas, and that the vote against the Constitution will probably exceed 15,000. The Lawrence correspondent of the Missouri Democrat says, that so far as heard from, the Free State party has secured 31 out of 44 Representatives, and 14 out of 19 Senators. The vote against the Constitution is about equal to that polled at the October election. The St. Louis Republican learns that General Calhoun had returned to Leecompton under an escort of United States troops, and that he would leave Leecompton on Wednesday last for Washington, with the Leecompton Constitution.

A New York punster challenged a sick man's vote at the recent election, on the ground that he was an ill legal voter. Probably it was the same person who challenged a squint-eyed voter, because he was not natural eyed.

At Lookport, N. Y., on Friday night, about half past eleven o'clock, a slight vibration was felt, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise, resembling the rolling of wheels over a pavement. It was heard by a number of persons in different parts of the town, and woke several from their sleep.

The steamer "Philadelphia," from Havana and New Orleans, has arrived at New York. Her news is not of importance, except as it contradicts the reports of the yellow fever prevailing at Havana.

The Legislature of Alabama has instructed the Governor of that State to "call a Convention, if Congress refuses to admit Kansas into the Union under the Leecompton Constitution."

The Combined Court of British Guinea has passed resolutions to receive, under certain conditions, "for life, such members of the East India rebels as the Home Government and the authorities of British Guinea may agree on," &c.

A Jolly old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments, always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

Measures are in progress for the organization of a Clearing House for banks, at Philadelphia, differing, in some respects, from that of New York. The banks are strengthening themselves, and will resume specie payments before the time fixed by the Legislature.

Mr. Thomas H. Small, of Truro, raised on a farm of seven acres, the past season, 100 bushels of corn, 80 bushels of potatoes, 50 bushels of turnips, 10

bushels of beans, 20 bushels of rye, 200 bushels of carrots, and 1000 cabbages, which netted him \$450.50, and sold \$20 worth of squashes and pumpkins, \$125 worth of milk, \$75 worth of eggs and fowls, \$50 worth of pigs—in all \$720.50. His son, a lad of thirteen, was all the aid he had, except what labor was had for one dollar and a quarter. Mr. Holden and Mr. S. Knowles, farms were nearly as productive. Think of this for sandy Cape Cod!

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he would go where the lawyers went.

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs, and editors? Yet both are destined to be bored.

The loss of the Boston ship "Cambridge" is confirmed, and it is reported that the sailors have preferred some charges against the officers.

A letter from Omaha, Nebraska, states that the Mormons at the settlement on Loup Fork, in that Territory, were committing depredations upon the property of their neighbors, destroying their crops, and ravaging their fields. These Mormons contemplate removing to Salt Lake in the spring.

A destructive fire occurred at Clinton, Ill., on Saturday morning, property to the amount of \$50,000 being destroyed.

FROM YUCATAN.—The schooner Tallahassee, from Sisal, Yucatan, 6th inst., arrived at New Orleans the 16th. The place was blockaded, and a change in the government had taken place. Peace negotiations were progressing, and hopes were entertained that the revolution would soon end.

On Saturday afternoon, the city of New Orleans was visited by a sudden and violent storm of wind, accompanied by rain. Fifteen ships broke from their moorings, and were considerably damaged.

"The man who attempted to catch the speaker's eye with a steel trap, was ordered to take the floor by the sergeant-at-arms.

A train of thirty cars, each car containing 400 bushels of potatoes, 12,000 bushels in all, passed over the Passumpsic Railroad, on Monday evening of last week, destined for the Boston market.

Mr. Hyde, of Newton picked a full blown buttercup or crowfoot, January 15, beside a road in that town. Violets are in bloom in Hingham.

Some of the papers are describing a new counterfeit bank note as having for its vignette a female with a rake in her lap.

NOTICEABLE.—The Providence Post notices the fact that not a single murder has been committed in Rhode Island during the past year, notwithstanding capital punishment is abolished.

THE WORLD.—Horace Walpole once remarked, "The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism." His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand,—with especial reference to the Cambridge investigations.

For further information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. Jan 23 1867 T. W. Higginson, Worcester.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

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. If

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

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. Giddard. Admission free.

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

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION in aid of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonical 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.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 60 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings 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, 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Whittemore street. D. F. GIDDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

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

Miss S. A. MACOUR will lecture at East Foboro' on Sunday, January 24th. Also at Lowell, on Sunday, January 31st.

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

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
BORROW NOT, MOTHER.

BY CORONA.

Borrow not, mother, the child of thy love
Is now a bright angel, enshined above;
The tear-drops of grief, which flow from thy eyes
The child spirit sees, from its home in the skies.

When the sun-light dances, and June flowers wave,
O'er the mosses that cover the new made grave;
While the dew-drops glisten in morning's glad light,
And the song-birds carol with joyful delight.

At twilight's dim hour, when the pale moon's rays
Beom soft as the ripples of happier days,
And the mild wind sings through the casement door,
The heart that is stricken must sorrow no more.

When a spell comes o'er thee, as musing at eve,
And a breath soft as zephyr thy senses perceive;
Thy child hovers near thee, with affection as strong,
As it cherished while hearing its infant song.

Borrow not, mother, it whispering said,
Though in yonder church-yard my body is laid;
My spirit immortal from thralldom of earth,
Roves freely at last in the joys of new birth.

Borrow not, mother, I'll come to thee oft,
And fan thy pale cheek with love-kisses soft;
I bring to thee comfort, sweet mother mine—
May the life light of faith on thy pathway shine.

The mother clings close to the spirit she feels,
And the voice thrills her soul as its music-dome steals
O'er sense, tuned to harmony's keenest delight,
As the vision of faith bursts fresh on her sight.

Correspondence.

DR. ADDISON DAVIS'S REPLY

To the letter of our Salem Correspondent, published in the Banner of Jan. 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:—My attention has been called to an article in the Banner of Light, over the signature of N. O. Archer, in which that gentleman pretends to give an account of a lecture in opposition to Spiritualism, recently delivered by me in Salem, and also an account of subsequent events which happened in consequence of my having made a "pledge" to produce spiritual phenomena. It is quite unnecessary that I should deny having used the egotistical nonsense attributed to me in that article; and I doubt not that the rational portion of my audience on that occasion will feel that little reliance can be placed upon any statement of facts made by a person capable of such gross perversions of the language of another. His ability to pervert language seems fully equalled by his ability to misstate facts.

In regard to the statement that the audience expected I would put my "assertions to the proof by actually producing the manifestations," I would say, first, that the "audience" who "expected" this was only a few clamorous Spiritualists, and, secondly, that they had no right to expect any such thing. I had made no promise to that effect, not being in the habit of advertising to perform tricks of legerdemain, and those of a similar character, on Sabbath evenings. I had advertised to "deliver a lecture in opposition to Spiritualism," promising, among other things, to "give some account" of the exposures of mediums by myself and others. In fulfillment of my appointment, I had spoken uninterruptedly for nearly two hours, and was drawing my lecture to a close, when I was interrupted by the demand that I should give an exhibition of the *modus operandi* of the physical manifestations. I make no complaint that I was interrupted, as I had given liberty, at the commencement, to all who desired, to interrupt for the purpose of eliciting truth.

In vain was it demonstrated that I was under no obligation to give such exhibition. The rational part of the audience were satisfied that I had done all I had promised to do. But the Spiritualists were not satisfied. They had come there, they said, with the "expectation" and the "impression" that I would give such an exhibition, and they should be disappointed if they did not have it. Though they clearly had no reason for their "expectations" and "impressions," I concluded not to let them triumph in any seeming failure to fulfill all I had promised. Accordingly, when silence was restored, I put my fingers apparently, but not really, in contact with the top of the desk behind which I was standing, and in the same manner, and by the same means, that the most successful medium employ, made several raps, loud enough to be heard throughout the hall. A Spiritualist near by said I struck the top of the desk with my thumb. But neither my thumb, nor any part of either hand touched the table at all. No person in the hall dared question that the raps had every characteristic of the genuine ones. They were genuine—not an imitation, but the thing itself—made by the same means, and accompanied by the same deception as to the source from which they proceeded.

Mr. Archer not only fails to notice this most important item, but he states an absolute untruth when he says I declined to give any physical manifestations. The raps are certainly first in order, and about the first in importance of the "manifestations." Mr. Archer did not then deny, and will not now deny, that my success was complete in producing them.

After this exhibition, I said that all the other manifestations could easily be produced—that I could produce many of them myself, and could find persons who could do all that any medium could do. Mr. Archer wanted to know if I could exhibit any phenomena that would be exhibited by a medium he would procure. I told him I would either do it myself, or find some one who would. He then wanted to know if I would pledge myself to come to that hall and do it. I told him distinctly that I would not. I would do it in Lynn, but was too much occupied to visit Salem again for such a purpose, within a reasonable time. The gentleman who accompanied Mr. Archer to my office, recollected that I made this statement, and told Mr. Archer so in my presence. Yet he persists in the falsehood that I pledged myself to go to Salem. I gave no such pledge.

Now let us examine the declaration that I "dared not meet Mr. F. or any other medium, and honestly and fairly put to the test his [my] extravagant declarations." When Mr. Archer proposed by a note that I should meet Mr. Foster, I found, upon inquiry, that a proper sense of self-respect forbade my entering into any such arrangement, and this for reasons better known to both those gentlemen than to myself. But I distinctly declared I would meet any medium "against whom there were no personal objections."

The reply I received to this answer was a visit from Mr. Archer, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Foster and a Mr. Parsons. Their first movement was an attempt to induce me to betray the confidence of those friends who had given me such judicious advice—advice to the propriety of which, every subsequent inquiry has added new proofs. In this, of course, they were unsuccessful.

Mr. Foster then began to expatiate, in a simpering and silly manner, upon his abilities as a medium. According to his own inflated account, he was a real prodigy. He said: "I can astraddle you, Mr. Davis, that my character as a medium is unimpaired." Had there been a doubt remaining in my mind as to the propriety of my course in refusing to go to Salem to meet such a person in public, it would have been dispelled by this interview. Indeed, I suspected them, and still suspect, that Mr. Archer wanted to get up a kind of Daniel Pratt exhibition; and wished me to aid in it. At any rate, it was quite evident that the medium was but "a second Daniel."

Upon inquiry of Mr. Foster the character of his exhibition, I found they consisted of rapping out numbers, the thousand times exploded "ballot-trick," and the as often exploded trick of spirit writing in the air. I immediately prepared a table, and invited him to a sitting, promising him, if he would honestly perform any one of his tricks, that I would counter it, over my own signature, in the public papers of Salem, and thus save all necessity for

further proceedings. He declined the trial. A friend of mine, who was present, offered him a hundred dollars on the spot, if he would successfully perform one of the above-mentioned tricks. He did not dare to make the trial, even with this tempting offer to induce him. He could do all these things in Salem, he said, but would not undertake them here. My friend offered him the same reward if he would perform any one of them in Salem, and a meeting was arranged by them, of the results of which I shall speak before I close.

Finding the Salem gentlemen clamorous for a public meeting, and being determined that Spiritualism should reap no advantage from any seeming fault of mine, I told them I would waive all personal objections to their medium, and meet him either publicly or privately, as he might prefer; but as I was the challenged party, I should claim my prerogative to name the place of meeting. Mr. Archer insisted that I had pledged myself to go to Salem. In this he was contradicted by his friend Parsons, who candidly admitted that I had made no such pledge, but had distinctly avowed the contrary. In the course of the conversation which followed, I joyously remarked that I had once, at considerable trouble and expense, been to Salem to enlighten them on this subject, and thought it their duty in turn to come to Lynn. This remark Mr. Archer perverts, and gives the impression that I am actuated by mercenary motives. Where is the bound to spiritual misrepresentation?

Now let it be particularly noted, that I accepted Mr. Foster's challenge, and proposed a trial at once upon the spot, which he declined; and that I then accepted his challenge for a public trial, which he also declined, upon the pretext that he did not like the place assigned by me for the trial. It will thus be seen that it is Mr. Foster, and not myself, who has declined to "honestly and fairly put to the test his extravagant declarations." And, since the matter has gone so far, I say now to Mr. Archer, that, if his medium does not accept the terms which I am willing to consider still binding, it will show plainly enough that "one of the best test mediums in the country" is afraid to have his pretensions examined in the manner proposed by me.

But this "test medium" has already been examined, and found utterly wanting in ability to do even the shallow tricks by which others succeed so well. The gentleman who offered the hundred dollars, as above stated, called upon him at his room in Salem, and had a seance with him. He detected him in making the raps by a simple trick, with which he was perfectly familiar. He then, by his manner of calling the alphabet, deceived him into rapping out a name purporting to be that of a deceased relative; but the gentleman had no such relative in the spirit land. He then made him rap out a name composed of consonants only, which, to use the gentleman's expression, would probably break a Russian's jaw to pronounce. The medium then proposed that he should hold a piece of paper under the table, to have the spirits write upon it; but by a close examination of the piece handed him, by the medium, he found it already written upon by a sharp pointed instrument. The spirits about this time concluded to take themselves off, which they did after informing the gentleman that "when his motives were pure, his wishes would be gratified," and expressing a doubt if the spirits would ever talk with him again. It is hardly necessary to remark that the medium did not attain possession of the one hundred dollars.

A few days since, another person, a Spiritualist, called at the rooms of the wonderful "test medium," and, finding him absent, wrote something in his own private cipher, and left it upon the table. Returning soon after, he found him in. Taking up this cipher, he asked the medium what it was. He replied, not suspecting that the gentleman himself had written it, that it was a medical prescription he had received from the spirits, and proceeded to read it as though it were really such. The gentleman confessed to my informant, that this circumstance had completely opened his eyes in regard to the character of Mr. Foster's mediumship. Thus vanish the pretensions of this "one of the best mediums in the country."

In conclusion I would say that the Spiritualists are welcome to any advantage they have obtained in this affair, from the beginning until now. If exaggeration and falsehood are to be taken for simple truth, they doubtless have an advantage. But the better portion of community are generally supposed to prefer fact to fiction, and such being the case, nothing will be gained in the end, to their cause, by the misstatements of its friends. I will only add, that it would be unreasonable to expect a correct statement of facts from persons whose imaginations are so disordered that they think they see tables and chairs floating in the air, without human contact or contrivance, though the tables and chairs themselves, obedient to the laws of nature, remain quietly in their places.

ADDISON DAVIS.

Lynn, Jan. 7, 1858.

REJOINDER TO DR. DAVIS.

Since the above was put in type, we have received the following reply to the Reply of Dr. Davis, published in the Courier, and copied above, at his request:—

Salem, Jan. 14, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—In the Boston Courier of the 8th instant I find a communication from that indefatigable professor of legerdemain, Dr. Addison Davis, who still insists upon spreading the broad eagle of his favorite science over all the "physical manifestations," whether they be regarded by vulgar mortals as spiritual or mundane, idyllic or diabolic. As the columns of the Courier are not open to the presentation of any other views of Spiritualism than those advanced by this class of minds, I will avail myself of your paper to say a few words suggested by the aforesaid communication.

I would here premise, that in thus noticing Dr. D's efforts to overthrow Spiritualism, I am not actuated by any apprehension of his immediate success in that direction, but, on the contrary, consider him as filling precisely his proper sphere—although a low one—and doing more for the growth of Spiritualism than he could possibly do by becoming its advocate. Opposition is certainly more favorable to progress than indifference, though it is not very pleasant to the mediums to be classed with knaves and impostors. Yet truth will appear all the brighter for the ordeal, though there is danger that such immaculate philosophers as the Courier contributors, may, in the end, find the knavery nearer home, and, like the two Harvard Professors in the Cambridge investigation, who were groping about the darkened room in search of knaves, seized upon each other! I am happy to notice that Dr. D. finds but little fault with my report of his lecture, and that the only point at issue between us is in regard to his "pledge to perform any physical manifestations which he could see performed through any medium." He says he refused to accept the proposition to come to Salem for this purpose.

I have since seen at least twenty of the audience who say otherwise, and substantially confirm all that I had stated in the Banner. It was not until after he returned to Lynn, and received the "judicious advice" of his friends not to meet Mr. Foster, that he refused to come to Salem to perform his vain and Quixotic boast. He thinks I should have given him credit for having produced the raps during the evening of his lecture. This rapping on the table with his hands or feet, is what any simpleton might have done, and unaccompanied with any test, and the positive refusal to produce one—for the very good reason that he could not—was possible in the extreme.

The fact is notorious that Dr. D. advertised to ex-

pose Spiritualism on that occasion, and to make an exposé of the trickery and knavery of the mediums, and when called upon to demonstrate the truth of his assertions, by showing how the tricks were performed, he begged off; and when pressed by the audience, stepped up to the desk, leaned his arms upon it, and made what he called the raps, which was apparent to all were produced by his hands or feet, and when called upon to produce some tangible or intelligent manifestation, he crawled out of the dilemma, by pledging himself to perform the tricks of any medium whom we might hereafter produce; and when we procured the medium, and offered to guarantee a full house to witness the exhibition, and to secure him from any pecuniary loss, he makes another crab movement, by denying flatly that he had so pledged himself! I would not have the public think that we were much surprised or disappointed, as was the Irishman who put his fingers on the sea, for we were assured by those best acquainted with Dr. D. that our efforts to bring him to the proof, would result precisely as they have. One thing however resulting from this, if true, is much to be deprecated.

It is reported that Dr. D. has suddenly become disgusted with lecturing in public against Spiritualism, and that "Othello's occupation's gone." This is much to be regretted, for since the knee and toe joint theorists have vanished from the field, Spiritualism has not met a more redoubtable champion among that class of opponents. I hope, however, that he will continue his valuable contributions to the Boston Courier; and though he cannot hope to obtain the distinction acquired by a certain Greek Professor, who is the Don Quixote of anti-spiritualism, he can safely claim the honor of being its Sancho Panza. The Doctor is incorrect in supposing that I intended to characterize his lecture as "egotistical nonsense." I had no idea of criticising his style, but since he has called attention to it, I cannot forbear remarking, for the sake of the once respectable, and conservative Boston Courier, that a change in this respect would be desirable, the "egotistical" being altogether too prominent an element in Dr. D's effusions. A friend of mine, who is more of a connoisseur than myself in the "curiosities of literature," discovered in about one third of a column of his last communication, that the pronoun I, with its co-relatives, occurred no less than eighty times. This, however, is of secondary importance, though it makes manifest the fact that however much the Doctor may become involved in the fog of his own reasoning—in the labyrinth and metamorphoses of his legerdemain theory—or in the dust which he raises in the eyes of the public, he never, for one moment, loses sight of himself.

N. O. ARCHER.

Salem, Jan. 14, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—Having seen in the Boston Courier a statement from Dr. Davis, in reply to Mr. Archer's account, published in your paper, of Dr. D's lecture here against Spiritualism, and also of an interview held with him by Mr. Archer, Mr. Foster and myself, I feel compelled to say—although not a Spiritualist—that Mr. A's account is substantially correct; and I would also say that the remarks imputed by Dr. Davis to Mr. Foster on that occasion, were grossly misrepresented.

Geo. W. PARSONS.

Written for the Banner of Light.
GOD WATERS OVER ALL.

BY LILLA M. CUSHMAN.

Oh! lonely heart—despair not,
God heareth every moan;
How dark thy pathway,
Thou art not all alone.

Oh! trust Him—He will lead thee
Where the still waters flow;
Then lonely heart, despair not,
But onward trusting go.

He marks each throb of anguish;
He sees each falling tear;
And ne'er a sigh unheeded
Shall fall upon His ear.

Then trust Him, and His mercy,
Through waters o'er thee flow—
Oh! lonely heart, despair not,
But onward trusting go.

East Boston, Mass.

LOVE.

Love, as the exalted dwellers of the better worlds explain, as the spiritually elevated of earth receive it, is the surest revelation of Immortality; the persuasive messenger of God unto the aspiring souls of men, that with holiest invocation and angel watchword opens wide the Elysian portals and admits the transeced soul to the celestial dwellings. With majestic tread, yet with all an angel's humility, the white-robed, rose-garlanded seraph walks the earth, unharmed amid a thousand wiles; untouched by the arrows of malice and detraction; smiling serenely in the consciousness of indwelling purity, trampling under foot the manifold, crouching forms of selfishness, that shrink from his eagle glance of power! There is beauty in the angel's hallowing touch; a poetic radiance lingers around his footsteps; a kindling glory decks the upspringing flowers, beams from the promising sky, dwells in the sunshine's fervid ray, and soothes benignantly from the moonlit heavens.

Alas! that the white wings ever fluttering with a prescient heart's unrest, ever plumed for the heavenly flight, should droop beneath the worldly breath of discouragement and falsehood; that the glowing heart's deep thoughts should be doomed to silence, the clear eye's radiance dimmed by bitter earthly tears!

They have erected altars, whereon gleams hideously a golden image of colossal form; and mortal worshippers throng its unholy shrine with life-sacrifices, with offerings of broken hearts and ruined intellects; forsaking the flowery, sunlit shrine of Nature, with its heavenly incense and overarching summer skies of beauty, for the hollow worship of a base belief.

Upon the glorified brow of heaven's brightest angel, they have placed a bandage, darkening those clear-seeing eyes; they have misrepresented that seraphic form of beauty and holiness, and trembling mortals shrink from his healing touch, as from some dread tyrant's approach.

What were life, immortality itself, without thee, guiding angel of humanity! presiding spirit of the Beautiful! The artist's life-drafts are borrowed from the flashing splendor of thy visible glories. From the perennial spring that lavas thy ever youthful form, the poet-heart imbibes its life-draught of inspiration, the glowing utterance is drawn from the choice fragrance of thy divinely flowers, from the soul-awakening whispers of thy spirit voice, from the celestial life-beams of thine eye.

Thy spirit imbues the ocean shell with its plaintive home-yearning music; it sighs in the twilight

breezes, gushes in the free warbler's song, and attunes the minstrel's soul to power and ecstasy.

They who deny a God, and turn pitilessly from a brother's wrongs and a sister's tears—They have never felt thy ennobling influence, thy divine assurances, thy revelations of unending joy! They have drawn the barriers of selfishness, the mists of worldliness before their soul's visions, and have denied admittance to the seraph guest, that would have beautified their lives, and exalted their every aspiration. And now, as the new Era dawns, the light of Brotherhood and Peace advances, thou, angel messenger, art the prophetic leader in the onward and upward march of heart and intellect; thy unacknowledged influence leads the aspiring soul of thousands into a knowledge of immortal life and destiny. Led by thy benignant hand, the exalted dwellers of Elysium revisit the homes of earth, and whisper holiest consolation to bereaved hearts. Where thou art, there is Heaven, and while wealth showers in vain its golden treasures, and Fairies trumpet voices give no joy, thy smile, thy magic touch, thy heavenly utterance brings life and joy and peace, alike to the stateliest hall and lowliest hovel, and through the mists of toil and care and many trials, thou, guiding angel! leadest the soul unto its God.

C. W.

From the Ann Arbor, Mich., Local News.

EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL DOINGS IN ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me, without holding you or your readers responsible, to refer to the extraordinary spiritual doings at the Court House in Ann Arbor last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Mr. and Mrs. U. Clark, editors of the Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y., lectured to large audiences on the alleged facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, Mr. Clark closing each evening with illustrations of clairvoyant, psychometric or spiritual delineations of the leading traits of the life, character and disease of persons present, selected by the audience. All the persons selected were entire strangers to Mr. Clark. He was not permitted to make any external examination of them, but closed his eyes, took their hand, and then gave the description.

The first person the audience selected was Mr. Sabin Felch, and every detail was given with striking accuracy. The next person was Judge E. Lawrence, though when the Judge was called out he was called Mr. Lawrence, so that Mr. Clark might have no clue to his profession. Mr. Clark began by making motions indicative of handling paper, arranging them and deliberating as though in the act of summing up, motions precisely similar to those the Judge is in the habit of making, and they were made by Mr. Clark over that part of the identical table in the Court House where Judge Lawrence has frequently sat.

On the second evening, the first individual selected was our well known German citizen, Mr. C. Krapp. Among other things said of Mr. Krapp, was that he was a very courageous man in the midst of danger; and Mr. Clark stated that in the past he saw a scene of fire or flood, in which Mr. K. had rushed in at his own peril and had saved the lives of others. Mr. K., at the close, stated to the audience, that many years ago, in Germany, he did pass through a perilous adventure like that described, and saved the life of a child from an overflowing floor. Mr. Clark then went on to describe the Mr. Krapp as a remarkable healing medium. At this moment Mr. K. began to shake and tremble all over, as though under some strange and powerful invisible influence. Mr. Clark here said that he felt some rheumatic pain on his left side, and said it belonged to some in the audience. He requested the individual to come forward, and said that the spirits through Mr. Krapp would relieve the pain at once. Thereupon Judge Bedell arose, who it seems was the afflicted person to whom Mr. Clark alluded, although it is quite certain that the latter had no external knowledge of Mr. Bedell's case. Mr. B. took the platform before Mr. Krapp, but Mr. K., in a state of bewilderment, told Mr. Clark he did not know how to proceed. Mr. C. requested him simply to follow his own impressions, and let the invisibles control him just as they pleased.

Immediately Mr. K. began to shake violently from head to foot, and his right arm was controlled to shake and pass rapidly from the back of Judge Bedell's neck down over the left arm of the Judge. The movements of Mr. K. were exceedingly powerful and eccentric, and of such a character as to baffle imitation by any man not under the control of extraordinary influences. The audience became exceedingly interested, and the suspense to know the result was deep and intense. After a few moments, Mr. Clark announced the operation over. Judge Bedell was then called upon to state the result. He arose and declared to the audience that for three months he had not been able to raise his left arm from the shoulder. He then stretched out his arm at full length, and demonstrated to the assembly that he could raise it with ease, and said it felt nearly as well as it ever had been, although there was some lingering sensation of pain and weakness. His physician and several persons in the house testified as to the previous condition of the Judge, and it was remarked that the Judge's own word was evidence enough. Now when it is remembered that Mr. Krapp and Judge Bedell were total strangers to Mr. Clark, and that Mr. Krapp himself knew nothing of the Judge's affliction, and that this whole performance was entirely impromptu, it must be confessed that the phenomena are well worthy the investigation of all honest and liberal minds. If these are the fruits of Spiritualism, let us know it. If not, what are they? The people wait for an explanation.

WONDERFUL CURE.

Marcus Burr, living at the toll-gate on the Kinsman street plank road, has called upon us to make note of the wonderful relief afforded him by the "Spiritual" physician, Dr. John Scott. He has, at times, in various parts of his body, been afflicted with scrofulous sores, and a year since one made its appearance on his left wrist, which soon paralyzed his arm so that he lost its use entirely, and could not lift his hand nor bear any weight in it. Physicians of various kinds had exhausted their powers, and as a last resort he called on Dr. Scott. His first visit was on Saturday. He has called each day since, and he now has the use of his arm. His fingers, which before were numb, are now sensitive, and he is gaining strength through the entire limb. The sore is also healing. No medicine has been

used, but simply the innate, magnetic, mesmeristic, clairvoyant, or spiritual power, as one may choose to call it, possessed in so eminent a degree by Dr. Scott. It is a strange and unaccountable thing, but nevertheless a fact.

For further information relative to Dr. Scott, and his measures for the relief of the sick, we refer the reader to his advertisement in another column.—*Cleveland Daily Review.*

STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, TAUNTON.

From the Superintendent's Annual Report, we quote the following paragraph:—

"It is an old delusion under a new name, affording food for a class of credulous marvel-seekers, who formerly were fed with the mysteries of animal magnetism, mesmerism, witchcraft and fortune-telling; and who, after this delusion has faded away, will find some new form of wonder. But its influence in the production of mental disease has probably been much exaggerated. Anything operating strongly upon the mind, and fixing its attention for a long time to the exclusion of other objects, may produce insanity, whether it be religion, love, sorrow, or the excitement of any of the sentiments or passions."

In its first sentence we probably have the honest opinion of a man who is ignorant of the subject on which he speaks. Probably he has never investigated "Spiritualism" as a man should who essays to write upon so important a subject.

We can afford to publish the fling at Spiritualists for the sake of availing ourselves of the truth Dr. C. states in the concluding half of his paragraph. This disarms our opponents of one of their most powerful arguments against Spiritualism, and although it has been frankly stated by them hundreds of times, and is no new truth, yet coming from the Superintendent of a State Lunatic Asylum, it will probably be received with more favor.

Farther on in his report, Dr. C. states that of two hundred and seventy-one patients in the institution, one case only is ascribed to Spiritualism.

DOES THE WORLD IMPROVE?

The oldest English Catechism, of which we have any account, was called the "Master of Oxford's Catechism." Copies of it still exist.

The following extract of questions and answers will give some notion of its character, and the condition of religious thought in the people by whom it was used:—

Q.—Say we now, where was God when He made heaven and earth?
A.—I say in the further end of the wind.
Q.—Whereof was formed the name of Adam?
A.—Of four stars; this be their names—Aroar, Derr, Aroetolym, and Memfumbres.
Q.—Of what state was Adam when he was made?
A.—A man of XXX winters of age.
Q.—Of what length was Adam?
A.—Of four score and seven inches.
Q.—How long lived Adam in this world?
A.—Nine hundred and thirty winters; and afterwards in hell, until the passion of our Lord God.
Q.—What is the best herbs that God loved?
A.—The Rose and the Lily.
Q.—Wherefore is the Sun red at even?
A.—For he goeth toward hell.

This Catechism was in use in the time of Henry V. Could it now be used there or here? Have we any College Professor who could write and publish such a Catechism? No. It is too far below the present condition of religious thought. Yet theologians who encouraged the use of such books, felt vastly wise. They had quite as powerful a consciousness of infallibility, and quite as keen and fierce a zeal for heresy, as the most famous theologians of our time. They, too, were sturdy watchmen of the present, who mourned a little for the past. They, too, forbade men to preach or believe anything different from the established notions of religion, and they had faggots and fire to enforce their prohibition. So it is—and let the theological Mrs. Partingtons stare, scold, lift up their hands with holy horror, and do battle till their breath is gone, if they will—progress in thought is possible, and the world does move.—*Independent Press.*

From the Vanguard, Richmond, Ind.—
TESTS.

While at Mr. P.'s house, in Winchester, I saw several spirits. On Sunday evening I described one which was identified as Mr. P.'s father. He was then asked if any of Mrs. P.'s relatives were present; instead of answering in words, he pointed to his right. I turned in the direction indicated, and saw four spirits. One, a young man, with blue eyes, calm in expression, prominent forehead, and light brown hair, thick and bushy, medium size, and dressed in farmer's clothes. Mrs. P. was satisfied from these and other particulars, that it was her brother. I then told her he was leaning against a tree. The last time she saw him, he was leaning against a tree, near her father's home. He was going out West—went, and died there.

A CHILD MEDIUM.—In Winchester I met with a girl of about ten years of age, who was an excellent clairvoyant medium. She is a sweet-looking, intellectual child; her lungs are weak, but after she has been in the clairvoyant state, generally feels better. Her mother is in the spirit world. She lives with her aunt. While I was present she saw several spirits. She whispered to her aunt that her mother was behind her chair. Not hearing this, I described a lady whom I saw in that position, and she was recognized by my description as the mother of the child.

She frequently describes spirits so that they can be identified.

INFLUENCE OF A HOLY LIFE.

There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own example. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to transform the world and bring in everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. Let us do more to spread religion in the world, than all that has ever been preached or written.—*Chalmers.*

Communications.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

No. V.

LOVED ONE OF EARTH.—I come at your call; the desire of your spirit echoes unto mine, and with joy I respond. Some time has sped on since we have enjoyed this channel of communion, but often have our spirits drank from the same fount of inspired thought, and unitedly have we breathed forth our aspirations of gratitude, to the Great Source of all blessedness, yearning after more and more of the divine light of holiness and truth. Thanks be unto our God for the eternal unity of spirit worship! It is the magnetic tie that binds all earth and heaven to His most glorious presence! Those who worship the Father, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Worship is the great door of reception, opened for the regeneration and salvation of Man. There are desires, inborn and inherent, implanted within the deepest fibres of existence, which nothing earthly or material can satisfy. They call for communion and reunion with the Great Parent Source of all being, for of Him and to Him they ever tend. They grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength; for it is the decree of His providence that no other worship can elevate or purify. Look at the various forms and imaginings of devotion, matured by the very want of the soul in its strivings after rest. They have each the glimmerings of truth; but how far they fall below its own aspirations! The spirit has ever struggled upward and onward towards God, and it will rest only in the bosom of the great Jehovah.

The day is dawning, when the mists of error and ignorance shall fade away before the true light of the Sun of righteousness, who shall arise with healing in His wings. Spirits and mortals shall together walk the New Jerusalem of promise, gathering divine fruit in the vineyard of truth, and gleaming a rich harvest for the suffering and needy. The veil of the heart shall be rent, even as was that in the temple, and spirits will mingle with mortals, bearing the bread of life and the water of salvation, saying to every one that thirsteth, "Come ye to the waters and drink." And man, feeling this illumination of spirit sympathy, and love, will gladly hear their voices, look up and beyond the narrow limits of self-interest, and expand himself in the divine glow of benevolent, true thought and action.

Think me not enthusiastic or visionary. Trace in your own true heart the effect of this spirit communion. Descend deep into its silent chambers; leave the opinions of science and education, and let the voice of God within you utter its own sentence! Comes there not up a holy thrill of joy, unknown before?—a strength of purpose, an energy of will, in all the higher attributes of your soul, claiming kindred with immortality?—a holiness and peace that responds only at our call?

Has there not before, in hours of sacred communion, the shadow of the fatal hand fallen on your spirit as it traced its "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharain," upon the walls of your faith? Did the outpourings of the soul unto God return with their response, satisfying to the fullness of desire? Has not the truth of heavenly love been more distinct and individual, since it has reverberated through the heretofore silent tomb? Has not devotion been more like the natural instincts of spirit worship, bounding forth in its own life, to seek and to adore the Great Parent Source of all life? Has not life on earth had a charmed and holy significance, since its pages of memory were the hallowed tributary of your own and others joys and sorrows, to be re-read amid the chants of the angels in their immortal courts? The links of affection are now brightened by the tears of separation, and the sighs of bereaved love are messengers to the spirit world, bringing therefrom the dew of grace and consolation. Death has laid down his sceptre of terror as he comes to bear the spirit from earth to heaven, from mortal to immortal scenes, from time to eternity! Eternity now resounds with the songs of affection, and the promise of hope. Does not A stand forth there before thee, with all truth and gentleness, not to glorify herself, or gratify him she loves, but because her God and your God hath given the power to show His unsearchable riches to the sons of men, and, individually, that your soul might become a fountain of truth and salvation, through which might ever flow the waters of divine grace?

Every heart, illuminated with this grace, is a shrine of prayer and praise, on whose altar is lighted the flame of faith and hope, where incense goes forth continually, purifying the life-current of humanity. Hope and faith are not only individual experiences, but their hallowed influence is ever flowing in and through the hearts and homes of earth, forming an open channel through which his messengers can teach of truth and righteousness. We leave our homes burdened with love and promises of God's mercy to the children of earth; we need a reciprocal faith and affection on their part, that we may leave our rich gifts in appreciative soil. We need that our presence should be felt and acknowledged, that our efforts may be understood and appreciated. Love is best; affection purified; heaven more beautiful; and, may I not say, earth is made more happy for this blessed privilege of communion; but, oh, my dear one, the goodness and glory of God our Father, is supreme over all, through all and in all—to Him be all the praise!

We are all children traveling to the home of His love; let us become like little children, that we may receive the bounty of that home. As a Father, he is ever sending us rays of light and love, that we may reach the divine rest of His presence. His Son, our Saviour, taught of Him, and brought Him high unto the hearts of men. In the spirit of his mission we come, that mortals may partake with him the richness of his Father's kingdom. The same spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, which he exemplified, must we accept, to labor in his vineyard. To teach his precepts acceptably, we must practice and prove them, even as the spirit itself with you must overcome, to understand the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. The same law that elevates mind with you, is an eternal law with us. You have greater obstacles to overcome; we, higher incentives, holier aims, more true peace and rest in our nearer approach to the Perfect Ruler of life. Everything about us inspires, originates and demands an increased exercise of the highest faculties. We ever see the beauties of the spiritual, and hear the harmonies of the celestial, and taste of the river of life, as it flows full and free around.

Thus, in the strength our God gives, we come to you, bearing for a time the body of your infirmities, that, when cast aside, we may draw some thorns, leaving immortal blossoms in their stead. Let the

memento of friendship be no longer a broken shaft—whose ragged and torn surface is bleeding with disappointed hopes—but let its pure shaft tower up and on till it shall pierce the skies. By faith, let the earthly traveler ascend his proud summit, and then amid the green wreaths of immortal hopes and undying affections, gather strength for the unfaded chord of earthly love—giving praise to God for all his bounties—saying, He is above, we beneath—but the tendrils of His care encircle all. In His name we are one evermore!

In this friendship and love,
Ever thine,
A.

A COMMUNICATION ADDRESSED TO AN UNCLE.

J. D. S. UNCLE.

DEAR UNCLE.—It has been my happy privilege to assist in welcoming one hundred and twenty-five spirits to my bowers of happiness to-day. Many hundreds beside have passed from the earth life to the spirit, departing to their various spheres of existence, for which they were fitted, according to their interior development. The above mentioned one hundred were prepared to enter the circle.

Why I make mention of this circumstance, is, for two reasons: first, to show the number of immortal souls who are daily passing from the earth form into the glories of the Celestial existence; second, the various degrees of happiness and glory they must enjoy from their different grades of development. To present this in a vivid light to your mind, I will chronicle two instances of individuals who left the earth life to-day.

One was a hard-hearted tyrant,—a man in whose breast scarcely ever glowed the beautiful power of love; one whose heart seemed steeled against every generous impulse of human nature, cankered by avarice, fraud, licentiousness, and almost every species of villany in the category of crime, even by murder itself. The other was his slave, as he termed her,—a beautiful girl of some sixteen years of age; beautiful in body and soul, as beautiful as it is possible for one in her enslaved condition to be. She was the victim of the tyrant's lust, subjected to the coarsest brutality of his lecherous passions, made to endure sufferings almost insupportable. At last the shorn spirit could endure her martyrdom no longer. Feeling that there was a land where her soul could roam through everlasting fields of freedom, decorated with every beauty pleasing to spirit's vision, she resolved to free herself from her captivity, and go where the Star of Universal Liberty beams smilingly on all.

The indurated tyrant was so exasperated at the loss of his beautiful but crushed victim, that his anger knew no bounds. With horrid brutality, indulging in oaths too shocking to imagine or relate, he kicked and mutilated the poor spirit-freed body, and committed other indignities too degrading to narrate. But that cold, lifeless clay was insensible to his foul abuse, for its youthful tenant had departed, and had entered on a life of unalloyed happiness and freedom. So violent was his passion, that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and bled to death in two hours.

The victim of his lust was borne to a circle of glory far beyond his, to be educated for even higher spheres of blessedness, to dwell with those exalted minds, who made their study, even on earth, to benefit and instruct humanity. Her soul, pure and undefiled in itself, the home of noble and elevated virtues, was not accountable for the indignities committed against it. Possessing an innate love of purity and nobleness, which not even the tyrant could blight, or smother, in its immaculate state, it was borne to a more exalted and beautiful condition, where, far away from the atmosphere of slavery, it will breathe in there pure and blissful harmonies, which will lead it on higher and higher in the walks of moral and intellectual being.

But how is it with the opposite character, the tyrant and libertine? Does he still pursue his victim in her new life? Can his power still reach her, to persecute and to bind down? Ah, no! The heart, which hardly contained a single virtue, cannot throb amid the purity and bliss of her region of being. Blackened by crime and lust, he stands forth revealed to the gaze of the spirit world in his true light; from which nothing can be hid. He sees himself as others now see him,—a being shrouded in darkness, and caloused by a long series of sins and iniquities. Enjoying the favors of the so-called respectable of earth, he thought himself eminently superior to his victim, and as possessing the right to tyrannize and to oppress. But the crushed and heart-broken girl rises to a condition above him, and he realizes that, whatever it may be on earth, in heaven there is no respecter of persons.

This, dear Uncle, is but one among the many cases which come under the supervision of angelic eyes. I related it, thinking it might interest you, and to depict one among the many missions which occupy the attention of "rapt celestials." Hoping that it will interest and instruct you,

I remain your affectionate
and immortal niece,
HANNAH LINCOLN HUMPHREY.

HERALD OF LIGHT FOR JANUARY.

The January number of this monthly, edited by T. L. Harris, and published by the New Church Publishing Association, N. Y., has been received. It contains articles with the following titles: "Conversation with Angels;" "The Mysteries of Sleep;" "The Arcana of Christianity" (notice of a new volume by the editor); "The Pine-tree and the Zephyr;" "New York in 1858" (poetry); "Song of the Guardian Spirit" (poetry); "The Preaching that saves Souls, and the Preaching that wrecks them;" "Who and what is Jesus Christ?" "Hymns of Spiritual Devotion."

The articles are entertaining and instructive, and as representing one of the phases of Spiritualism, are worthy of attention.

STARTLING SPIRIT LIGHTS IN ADRIAN, MICHIGAN.

New spiritual phenomena are continually being unfolded in various sections of the land. Reliable witnesses recently related an extraordinary manifestation of spirit light in Adrian. A small company was convened. The medium was a young lady of undoubted character. The room was partially darkened. After the company had waited some time without any manifestations, one of the number proposed that they should have light. Instantly there arose upon each corner of the table a brilliant light, and the whole room was in a dazzling glow, which continued some minutes, and gradually disappeared.

RODGERS, THE PAINTING MEDIUM.

Mr. E. Rodgers, the painting medium, who resides in Cardington, Ohio, is now employed in tailoring. Let those who never pay mediums take note of the fact that if they are not sustained in one way, they must be in another, or their families are beggared. Among the mediums in the same place are Miss C. Guise, healing, and M. Gray and J. Watson, healing and lecturing.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COMANT, 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 any thing but *finis* beings, liable to err like ourselves.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—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.

Ruth—No 1.

I died at the poor house in Worcester. Once people respected me and they loved me—once I was happy. Poverty brings unhappiness with it always. I have been in the poor house for a long time in Worcester. I am not there now—I'm dead, have been dead a week. I come to day on purpose to let the friends know I died very easy, was happy and knew I was going to die. I did not poison myself. I never took a thing; some thought I did. I knew about Spiritualism before I died, and I thought if I lived in heaven I'd come to a medium. I have come and shall be happier for it. I have been in the poor house a long time, dependent upon others. I once had plenty; now those old times have come to me again and I am happy. I do not mean to say they treated me ill at the poor house, for they did well by me; but the dependence, and the name of being there, made me unhappy. I am most fifty years old and have a husband in the spirit land; and he was very glad when I came here.

People on earth should not worship money, but they do, and will, as long as there is money, I think. They do now, and people respect the man who has money, no matter how bad he is.

I know an old man in Worcester who is rich, and people respect him, but he has got as black a heart as any man on earth. People respect him and bow to him, but I did not, and I told him I never would, for I knew his heart.

I have but just left my body—this is the first place I came to after I saw it buried all right. I did not know where I was coming, but I thought I would go to the best medium I could, and if I could talk right I would stay, and if not, would wait till I could. The doctors here (spirits) say I died of paralysis of the brain. I never felt bad there, never was crazy, but they say people are sometimes taken very suddenly with it. I have no recollection of being sick only about an hour before I died. I was all alone—that is I had plenty of angels about me, and could hear them and talk to them. I am very happy now, and I want my friends to know it. I want them all to do right, so that they may be happy. I am glad I was poor, for I am rich now, and poor folks may be glad they are poor, for they will be rich here, while rich people are apt to be poor here.

My name is Ruth, and I died at the poor house in Worcester. Write to the overseer of the Worcester poor house and see if I am not right. Everybody knows me by that name, so I want give you my address. I died the last week in November. Will you write? Well, I know how long it takes to go to Worcester, and I shall watch it. They will be very prompt to answer it, I know. You'll write, will you? Then good bye.

We wrote, but after waiting some days, received no answer, when this message came from the same spirit.

No 2.

How do you do? I was here the other day, and told you I was coming again. My name is Ruth. I come to tell you a little about it. They think it is mysterious, and don't know but I've got some rich relations outside. They don't know what to think about it. I did not think it would take them so. They will answer the letter, but I don't like to wait so long. If you have any friend you can write to, and let him go to the poor house and ask for me, I wish you would. They think I have some rich relation who will say something about my being there, as I was put there under singular circumstances, in part.

They will answer you, I think, more like this—asking you questions than answering yours. You see if I am not correct.

We then received a letter from a party connected with the Institution, stating that no such person was there, or had been there, and had a faint idea that we had been duped by the spirit. But we did not like to give up the inquiry there, and thinking that human testimony might not be reliable, we sent to Worcester by a friend, and by him ascertained that a woman known as Aunt Ruth, got up in her sleep and walked out of the window and was killed. It was said she had been insane for a year prior to this. Now it seems the spirit denies this, but it does not follow that she is entirely sane at the time she gives this, for on returning to a physical form, that of the medium, she might throw upon the brain a part of her earth difficulty, and give a confused story of her life. In time this will wear away, if it really does exist, and she will be able to control without bringing any traces of her mental disease.

William Sayles.

All is strange now to me. I desired to come, therefore I am here. Yet you are strangers, every one of you. I wish to communicate to my friends. Have you any objections, or any rules which shall aid me? This is my first coming. I was one of the unfortunate ones on board of the Lexington. My name was William Sayles. I belong in England, and have a wife, who is now in America. Once she was going as stewardess with Captain Howard. I am not so far from earth but that I can see in part what is going on. My wife was saved. I was lost to mortal sight, but it seems I am here, lost or not lost, an unexpected guest, I take it. I was second steward—seeing as you asked, me I tell you. How are you to know who I am? No one knows me here. I can give you reference in Liverpool; but you can go to Enoch Train, and he will tell you about my wife and Captain Howard, for my wife went with him for about two years, I think.

I want my wife to conduct herself so that she may not dishonor her own connections, and mine. My wife is a medium, therefore I can tell of her whereabouts. I cannot write or speak through her, but I can give physical manifestations. I do not give anything about my wife from former prejudices, for I had none of her. I am a hard, rough customer, but I give you truth. I suppose you don't care if it is written on marble. I almost wish the connection between the two worlds was not so close, for then I should not see much that displeases me on earth. I have stood still almost ever since I left earth—that is, I have grown no wiser or better, to speak of, though I am going to try to do both.

I was told months ago I might come here and manifest, but I thought I would see how it was done, and I have been at your circle ever since, watching the operation of other spirits, and have now made up my mind that I can come properly, though it is harder work than I thought for.

Do you know Captain William Howard? Well, if you do not find him now, you can ask Train's agent at the present time if he knows me or my wife.

I belong to a decent family in England, so does my wife. My wife understands something about Spiritualism, but she was once told some things which did not suit her very well, and she dropped it. I come back, not from malice, but to make some people wiser and happier. You'll find me as true as any spirit that ever manifested to you. As regards time, I am not very positive, though if you give me time I will give you dates of these transactions within two hours. I am coming again when I get a chance, to see how this pebble-stone has struck, and perhaps to throw another—for the time has now come when secret things shall be made manifest.

We have not been able to ascertain much about this, as Capt. H. is in the spirit life, having been lost at sea. It seems the spirit did not know of this. We do not feel either like endorsing this for truth or pronouncing it error, but print it, as we have others we have had doubts upon, most of which have proved true.

Rev. Thomas Naylor.

The following communication was received in February, 1857. A friend accompanied us who had been relating to us a very vivid dream he had a few nights previous, and which had so much the semblance of reality, that it was deeply impressed upon his mind.

How true it is, and yet how strange, and yet how simple! Your old men shall see visions, your maidens shall prophesy, and your young men shall dream dreams—everything in time, and that seems to be the present time.

Not a ruffle upon the surface! nothing to mar the beautiful calm! Those waters are emblematical of death. You have looked upon that as a grim messenger, heretofore—now it comes to you as pure and clear waters, and if you have faith, you shall walk upon its surface, and safely land upon the other side. Death is but the end of heaven! 'Tis only the knife that cuts the cord which binds the soul to the mortal casket, and if you have faith, you will suffer no death.

So come, be of good cheer, and when you stand upon the brink of that beautiful stream, calmly step upon it, and quietly sail to the opposite shore; and then return to your earth friends, bringing good cheer to man. If prepared to do this, it matters not how quick you go, so long as you 'bide God's time, and are called by Him from earth to the life beyond.

I have been called here this morning, and am assisted by one who seems to have been wound into the circle of your affections. When I crossed the Jordan of death, it was dark, and the shore beyond was to me dreary. Yet I lived a life of charity, I believe, yet I could not tell where or how. Now I return with what I gathered from the land whither I went.

Christians, when you shall feel love to all men, without proscription for opinion's sake, when you shall follow his footsteps, and be guided by his teaching, who said, "Love one another," then shall discord cease; then shall the age of murder be changed to one universal reign of peace.

How true it is, that mankind is always looking forward to something. Since the days of his creation it has been so, and shall it now cease to be? No! only strive to live so that men looking at you may become perfect—so that strife and discord may cease—that the lion and the lamb may lie down together, and the kingdom of Christ, which is love, shall be ushered in.

My name, on earth, was Rev. Thomas Naylor, but as titles are not recognised in heaven, call me a Spirit of Peace.

I came from New Hampshire. I passed away many years ago at a place which I do not retain in my memory.

Rev. Charles Torrey.

Verily I say unto you, ye must be born again; you must put off the old man, and put on the new; clothe yourselves in the garments of righteousness, and put off the filthy rags of sin. Slaves to sin, how guilty and terrible is your path—every footprint is marked with blood!

My friend, I sought to liberate the Southern slave—now I wish to God I had sought to liberate the Northern slaves. Slaves! Ah, yes, to poverty and crime; and they bow not only the knee, but the neck, and become the humble servants of wickedness.

Death seems to have marked its victims, but false education is daily branding the brow of new subjects. Infamy and shame stalk abroad in your land, and the lovely female becomes a slave, to what? Had that lovely form the wherewith to sustain itself, she would not fall—it is the lack of that which causes her to put on the yoke of sin. Was it born there, or did it spring into life in the cradle, or was it poverty that planted the rank weed there? Ah, yes; and it found the soil genial, and it grew there.

Pity the Southern slave, but pity the Northern slave first. Release them from all that binds the soul to sin.

When in the earth form I erred, for I passed by the Northern slave to reach the Southern slave; but too easily the cry of the Southern slave reached me. Teach mankind to read the human face at home; and if they find sorrow there, wipe it out with a kind word and a ninepence—for money must liberate the slave to poverty.

Let those who have wherewith to give, give freely; and let those who have it not go to those who have, and ask of them means to knock off the chains of poverty which bind your own slaves, and to alleviate human sufferings. Those who have gold, and have wrapped themselves up in it, must remember that there is a power that can penetrate that wall, and see the black soul beneath. Thank God! I had not riches; but oh, had I worked at home!

I am again in a form of flesh, defending the slave—the slave of the North. Those of the South may need kind words, but they are much more needed at home. Oh, reach not forth the hand to Southern slaves, till you have liberated all you have at home.

Manly Abbot.

I wish to give a communication to be published in the Banner of Light, so that my friends in Augusta, Maine, may know I am *yet alive*, and can speak to them. Some of my relatives and friends are believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism, some are mediums; but others, who are near and dear, are bound up in the creeds of earthly religion, and cannot understand, or rather will not. To those last I come more especially, to say a few words—to tell them that when the mook ceremony with my body was being performed, I was in a better and happier state than they knew of. Tell one who went in sable weeds for me, that she had better have arrayed herself in her brightest apparel, and decked herself with flowers, in commemoration of my advent into a life that knows no sorrow, but is all happiness. I would tell her to believe in what I say, in what Spiritualism teaches, and it will make her happy—it will bring a calmness to her soul, such as nothing else can give—it will enable her to pass through all trials with sublimity, and come out bright at last, when her duties shall have ended in the earth life. And not only to her would I speak, but to her family, to all who are unbelievers, and they will be spared the misery my unbelief brought unto me. I was an infidel, or nearly so; I could not reconcile myself to any of the dogmas and creeds of earth; they did not come up to my standard of right and justice; I knew nothing of Spiritualism, and I about came to the conclusion that there was no hereafter, yet, at the same time, fearing if there was, there was a hell, and I was in danger of falling into it. What could I do? I could not find the religion my heart yearned for, and I felt unsafe; but I tried to do as near right as I could, to treat all as I should, and to be honorable. When I awoke in the spirit land, I was frightened almost out of my senses. I knew that I had died, but I did not know where I was, and my greatest fear was of going to hell. I will not describe to you my dreadful mis-

ery; but I come to warn you in time, to learn, and be saved from any of my trials. I am very happy. Oh, I can see now how foolish I was in many things. When I found my health delicate, why did I not go out doors, and stay there—have plenty of fresh air and good exercises—instead of confining myself in an office, studying day after day, bending over, when my chest was growing weaker all the time? Foolish man that I was. May my experience be a warning to others. Let the lesson sink deep into their hearts—then shall they grow wiser, and commit no more self-murder, in ignorance of Nature's laws; then shall there be happiness and long life to all—and earth will be a beautiful garden, and her inhabitants wise and good servants—just to themselves and their Creator.

The friend of Truth,
MANLY ABBOT.

Laura E. Trask to her friend W.—n.

Laura would say a few words to you—Laura, who is your friend still, and ever will be, for the good she sees within your heart, though that good lie dormant and be not brought forth. She knows that her words are not in vain, for they sink deeply into the heart that wants sympathy, which, perchance, no mortal gives. She knows that soothing words, like balm to a wound, have the best effect, and when all else fails, love alone will call the wanderer home, and throwing aside all selfishness, he will live for those who wept and prayed for his return, and so be a man. Self never should be first—it should be second. A truly noble man thinks of the happiness of others before himself, and in their happiness makes himself so. When you have noble and pure thoughts, you make one step towards good; when you have dark and evil ones, you descend one step back, from which the return is hard. Think how essential it is to be pure of heart and holy of purpose; let not temptation, with her fascinations, lure you from what your conscience tells you is right, for I tell you truly, as you well know, that every pleasure has a thousand pangs. The soul retains all impressions—one wrong committed will live long after repentance comes—will cast a shadow over your happiness for ages—and do whatever good you may, that wrong is not forgotten. Though the good may lessen its pain, the brightness of pure worth will in time dissipate the shadows of evil. But all this you know—I am not talking to a child in intellect, though to one in progression; I am talking to a man in years, a man in knowledge. I would tell him that it were better to know little and practice it, than much and abuse it, for according to the gifts received will the improvement be required. Laura comes not to blame you—others *are* and *will* do that; but she comes to soothe you. She must speak plain, though it may give you pain, for in order to heal the wound effectually, it must first be probed to know the extent of the injury.

Augusta Kendall to Sena C. W.—g.

I come at the call of friendship, and am glad to tell you that the grave is no barrier to our meeting. Death is not annihilating, but the passing into a more beautiful and purified state of existence. I had always a sort of feeling that there was a better life beyond the grave, where all would be happy who desired it, and I was right. It is not such a horrible thing to die, my friend, especially when one has had the opportunities of knowing about Spiritualism as you have. The pain of dying is more of the mind than body; it is the uncertainty of the fate afterwards; the bodily pain is mere nothing, for as you grow weak the consciousness of feeling is lost, and the passing away generally quiet and pleasant. Therefore fear not to die. You may suffer more in the drawing of a tooth, than you would at the severing of the soul from the body, for the silken cord which binds these together is very slight, and the angel of death severs it quickly.

I am very happy here; I enjoy all those pleasures I delighted in on earth, and have no fear of doing wrong. I am learning much. I found myself very deficient in everything. Ah, how much must the soul learn—it is beyond comprehension—but we go on progressing forever. I am glad to meet you, and will give more at another time. We shall meet again in a world where no friendship is lost.

From a Spirit Sister to her Friends in the Earth Sphere.

When the storms of earth assail you, be not fearful, for no harm can befall you; no outward trial need move or affect you, if your heart is strong in faith and love—faith that God will never forsake you, and love to your brother man. Were it not for trials, we should be like children; it is those that strengthen and develop the spirit, causing it to expand and grow. Our noblest men are those who have faced danger and adversity, who have been tried in the furnace of affliction, and not been found wanting, whose virtues, like gold, have been purified of the dross of earth, and shine forth in all their native beauty. How few who have the luxuries of life, at their disposal, can throw them aside as worthless, and labor for the cultivation of mind and spirit! They must be driven forth by adversity, which a hard master worketh for the future good of his pupil, at the expense of all else; whose clear, penetrating vision, is fixed on the prize to be won, and will not relax any efforts to obtain it. Then murmur not at the hardships of earth. Rather bless them as they come, for they teach you to know yourself, and draw forth qualities you never dreamed of possessing.

Ludwig Wigers.

Music! sweet essence of all that is glorious and lovely, whence comest thou, and where dost thou go? Come unto us more closely—let us embrace and clasp thee to our hearts, that thy divine influence may ever be with us. Can we not charm thee—can we not hold thee—wilt thou not stay? Must ever be roving, be seeking new victories, to bow at thy shrine? Will not one heart satisfy thee? Or art thou like an ambitious monarch, ruling all nations, yet not content? Can we not learn to understand thee—can a life entirely devoted to thee, win thy smiles and favors? Or art thou coquetish, and must have the adoration of all? Let this be as it may, still we must love thee—still bow to thee and adore—thankful for the most fleeting smile, the most trifling of thy gifts.

Ah! thou art too grand and mighty for our comprehension. We cannot understand thee; we may study forever, and yet learn of thee. Our small minds expand under thy care, and yet we cannot grasp thee. We grow mad—we are nothing, and wake to find ourselves but men—never at rest, never perfect.

Oh, God! from whence cometh all things! We bow in adoration, in wonder, when we at our distance behold Thy gifts. Music cometh to us like Thyself—we cannot see it, neither grasp it, yet we feel it in our hearts; we know we have it there, who are filled with overflowing love to Thee, who has spoken through this to us. Callous indeed must be the heart, to whom Thy voice in music cannot enter. But Thou, whose we all are, to whom we belong, can in time open all hearts to Thy divine blessings.

To Mediums.

Ye favored of mortals—chosen of God, a channel through which His inspiration may flow unto His children—I would speak to you a few words; would advise you that you may so deport yourselves in your mission, as to be an honor to the work assigned you. I would have you live pure and stainless, like the unadorned snow; I would not there should be a spot or blemish at which men could point the finger of scorn; I would that you should live up to the principles instilled through your instrumentality. The more pure you are, the higher will be the teachings through you. But of one thing beware. It is this: take no pride unto yourselves for what you receive, for it is nothing of your own, and you should receive it in meekness and humility. Look up to Christ for example. The more closely you follow him, the higher will be your gifts. Improve these to the utmost; hide not your light under a bushel, but let it so shine that all men shall see the light thereof, and glorify the Father which is in Heaven.

CHANNING.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched fore finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Though swiftly Time, with rapid wings,
Has borne us from old scenes we know,
Yet memory of the picture brings
In glowing colors back to view;
Thus early friends remember when
They first as schoolboys met in play,
And yet, though years have passed since then,
It only seems "the other day."

Those friends appear no more the same
That shared our mirth and dried our tears,
Or taught us childhood's favorite game—
The dear old friends of early years;
But when we ask if they forget
Those memories of the past, they say—
"Though time has wrought some changes, yet
It only seems 'the other day.'"

He, who, awakened to the inward exercise of thought, de-
lights to build up an inner world in his own spirit, fills the
wide horizon of the open sea with the sublime idea of the
infinite.

Under an oak, long years ago,
Watching the sparkle on the stream,
Listening the music of its flow,
We sat in love's delicious dream.
Under the oak I stand alone,
And hear the moaning wind go by,
The sparkle of the stream are gone—
Its music hushed, its fountain dry.

The beauty of the soul is dependent solely upon the good
affections. It is this fact which opens such visions of love-
liness when we contemplate the forms of the blessed in the
future life.

Sometimes God's strength its presence round us furia,
Bearing us and our sorrows far apart,
And soft-winged silence drops her holy pearls
Down deep into the dim well of the past;
Silence, that soul-sustaining in its might,
Brooding above the spirit's burning bars,
Would lay its finger on the lip of night,
And hush the holy hymning of the stars.

The cultivation of a right spirit removes all deformities
from the interior person.

O holy night! from thee I learn to hear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.
Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer:
Descend with swift-winged flight;
The welcome! the thrice prayed for! the most fair!
The best beloved night!

If you would not have affliction visit you often, listen at
once to what it teaches.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE DREAM VOYAGE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Into the flower-decked, lightly-swaying bark of
dreams, stepped the loving and exploring spirit of a
maiden, prompted by a pure desire for the knowledge
that is revealed in sleep. As she seated herself be-
neath the gauzy drapery that, filled with Heaven's
delicious breath, served the fairy bark for sails, a
sweet and plaintive strain of melody arose from the
blue sea's bosom, and Minna's blue eyes were up-
raised to the glorious moon-lit sky, in trust and faith.
Amid the holy stillness, all unbroken save by the dips
of the sea-bird's wing, the bark sped swiftly on; and
to the heart of the silent voyager came a flood of ten-
der recollections, of holy aspirations, and bowed that
heart in prayer.

And as she prayed—not with her lips, but with
the spirit's intensest fervor—her upraised eyes re-
flected the supernal glory of the far-off star-worlds;
a descending flood of inspiration laved her seeking
soul, and the inmost spirit of the beautiful revealed
itself to her comprehension, and sang aloud for ex-
ultant joy!

From the blue, ceaseless ocean arose intelligible
melody, that to the balmy wind's accompaniment
sang, "God is love!" From the receding shore—
from mount and forest—arose the same worshipping
strain, proclaimed in joyous triumph, and from the
distant waterfall and dripping fountain—from the
beating of the surges on the shore to the distant mu-
sic of the chiming planet worlds—from air, and sea,
and land, arose the hymning glory—"God is love!"

And preludes to strange, heart-stirring songs—
songs that would arouse the dormant faculties of the
God-endowed—were proclaimed across the blue ex-
panse; chords of delicious melody lingered on the
midnight air, and beautiful, consoling promises of
the future, were confided to that holy hour.

The heart of Minna expanded with emotion—with
a sense of power—with the consciousness of the
spirit's lofty, unfolding destiny; and voices, musical-
ly low and sweet, chanted in her ear, "Thou must
be strong for this, thy mission and ours; thou must
be bold, and brave, and true, as down-trodden women
seldom dare be. Thou must cast off the shackles of
tyranny, fashion, of heartless conventionalities. But
thy heart is pure. We will this night lead thee to
the realms of the unseen, thou dost vainly yearn for."

A dark cloud obscured the gloriously-studded dome
of night. A wailing wind swept by, and for a moment
the angry waves dashed against the frail bark's
side. Then a looming and barren shore appeared,
and frowning upon the dark, sluggish waters, a
proud castle reared its many turrets, and a broad
flag waved from its battlements. The boat touched
the shore, and fearlessly Minna stepped upon the un-
known ground, and passed up the dark grey stairs
leading to the gloomy portal.

It was a spacious building, with many halls and
corridors, and luxurious chambers, all extravagantly
decorated, supplied with all the appurtenances of
wealth and ease. Rich pictures graced the walls,
but they were representations of kingly festival or
courtly games, scenes from the lives of earth's pow-
erful and noted ones—her kings, and queens, and
blood-stained warriors; portraits of mailed knights
and scornfully smiling aristocratic dames. No peasant
maiden's girlish and innocent beauty smiled
from the golden frame; no lowly child of God seated
there the nobility of Nature's loveliness; no sun-
ny infant head shone there, garlanded with the offer-
ings of maternal love; no wildwood scene or rural
festival there delighted the eye; no exquisite group-
ing of flowers, no artist's lofty inspiration; no
beauty, but a cold, lifeless, and unlovely scene, illu-
minated by the gas of the electric light; there all
was in accordance with the dictates of a selfish na-

ture, all bent to the heartless sway of custom. All
was in keeping—the downy cushions, the yielding
velvet lounges, the elaborate gilding, the costly, showy
vases, filled with rare exotics, the lace and damask
hangings, the gleaming marble, the mirrors that
were reflected on every side. And along the arching
corridors passed a jostling, hurrying throng, eager
for display, and for the search of pleasure. On
downy sofas reposed youthful forms, frittering away
the precious moments of existence in indolent ap-
athy, indifferent to the weal or woe of others. Around
their luxurious repose Minna beheld fantastic shapes
of Error, huge and distorted, hovering. She beheld
the promptings of idleness—the whispering furies of
premeditated wrong, twining around unguarded
hearts—around souls unwatched by prayerful effort.
The brains of beautiful young girls were marked by
the signet of falsehood; they smiled false smiles, and
restrained their holy tears. Nature's holiest gifts
had been perverted to unholy uses; at the shrine of
fashion, beneath the crushing despotism of custom,
they had offered up their unpurged feelings—their
womanly emotions, their loftiest, tenderest aspira-
tions! Artificial aid had supplanted the natural
roses, chased from their pallid cheeks by nightly
feast and unseasonable revelry. At the holy name
of Love they thrilled not with the spirit's conscious-
ness; they sought earth's holiest tie with him who
owned the broadest lands and the largest retinue.

Gazing on these faces, so decked with hollow smiles,
Minna's spirit shuddered; an icy chill pervaded it,
even amid the dazzling light and perfumed air of the
festive hall. She heard the tones of discord stealing
amid the whispered flatteries, the ardent declarations,
the seeming affection; and the triumphant music
seemed to ring with a mocking echo to the feigned
laughter of breaking hearts! For she saw mothers,
perverting their sacred ministry, instilling pride and
vanity into innocent, receptive hearts. Matrons and
grey-haired men were there, teaching their sons and
daughters that wealth and fashionable display were
the only good attainable; that worldly distinction
was earthly happiness, and was to be pursued as
life's chief aim. And young men turned from the
ideal of God within their souls, to worship the famed
and toasted beauty of the worldly belle; and with re-
pelling scorn they turned from the modest, winning
loveliness of the lowly maiden, or gazed upon her
angel face with the evil eye of lust. With the soul-
reading eye of the spirit, Minna beheld how the pure
nature of woman, can be led astray by the constraints
of artificial life; how she exchanges the love of home
and true beauty, for the excitement of fashion and
frivolity—the melodies of nature and truth for the
soft voice of adulation. And she saw the withered
hearts that lived in outward semblance of the world's
standard of happiness, beneath this tyrannical rod.
She beheld affianced lovers, sitting hand in hand,
while the maiden's heart beat loud and indignantly
in protest of the infidelity toward that bound her to
an uncongenial mate; but her lips smiled falsely, and
his eyes resting her face, saw naught but its beauty,
unconscious of that soul's deception.

On, amid the gay, laughing throng, the dream-
wanderer beheld sweet smiles beaming approval on
fulsome flattery and coarse witicism, the maiden's
eye wearing no rebuke as the bold gaze that true love
never wears rested in open admiration on her face
and form. She saw husband and wife studiously
polite to each other in society, while she read their
thoughts, and knew them harsh, cold and cruel, in
the retirement of home. Children trembled at a ty-
rant father's approach. In society, the wealthy
gamester and inebriate were courted—no one re-
proached them, and the spirit eyes of the departed
wife reached not their souls. Mothers turned away
their appealing infants, to the courtly flatterers be-
side them; and when pure young girls smiled on
wealthy libertines, mothers nodded approval, and
stiffed the accusing voice within.

In one deserted chamber, Minna found a wretched,
feeble, haggard old woman, bent with age, and clad
in rags. Her youth had been passed in fashionable
gayety—in devotion to the world. Now that age had
come, coupled with poverty, she was deserted by the
very society that once had knelt in servile homage to
her wealth and beauty. And this pitiable, aged,
deserted being, lone and tottering on the verge of
transition, begged alms of those that now scornfully
repulsed her!

Minna wept and passed on; pondering over the
holy gifts perverted, the pure aspirations crushed;
the desecrated love, the broken vows, the ruin of
peace, the bleeding hearts; and she wept to think
that in pursuit of a false happiness, God's children
darkened their souls, and extinguished the bea-
con-lights of heaven.

As she passed the gloomy portals, she saw that
the land around was waste and arid. No flowers
could bloom in that heartless soil; no trees give
shade; no purring streamlets wind. But miserable
huts were erected there, that shook with every mean-
ing blast; and within them dwelt wretched, despair-
ing creatures; children of the same God that formed
those careless revellers. But the miserable de-
pendents of the heartlessly rich, were not admitted to
the great castle's gatherings. Their doom was to
toll and wear out life in the service of their fellows;
to weave and spin, and sew, and wait, and beg; that
the favored ones of fortune might rest on downy
cushions, and eat from golden plates. In those
creaking, tottering huts, dwelt wretched mothers,
hugging skeleton babies to their wasted breasts; and
men, whose energies had been extinguished by bitter
adversity, whose household joys and comforts had
forever gone, whose faith had fled, to whom love and
sympathy seemed a bitter mockery; to whom anni-
hilation were happiness.

And the tall steeple of a fashionable church loomed
heavenward; and the dainty congregation sat in
velvet-covered pews, and the atmosphere was re-
lent of perfume, and satins rustled, plumes and
jewels gleamed; while in those sunless dwellings of
the poor, prayers gave place to curses, and the once
imploping hand was upraised in impious menace and
defiance.

The dreamer saw and shuddered, as she beheld the
curse of selfishness darkening the homes and hearts
of earth. She beheld labor, that boon of heaven,
perverted and made a heavy burden. She saw strong
men staggering beneath its accumulated load, and
frail women bending wearily beneath the dread in-
flection, while the aristocratic drones, the privileged
idlers, lived upon their life-blood, and clothed them-
selves with vestments that were stained with tears
and anguished suffering; vestments over which dy-
ing eyelids closed, and death-cold fingers loosened.
They dwelt in palatial mansions, erected by fraud
and force, by the withholding of earth's universal,
boundless gifts, by the few from the many.

The dreamer wept, and said, "What that earth's
curse was selfishness, that it shut out the view of

heaven from the soul, and doomed millions to slavery,
to untold wrong, to premature death.

She wandered on, guided and upheld by unseen
powers. She saw the miser clutching his gold,
and exulting in the happiness it gave, and she read
his soul, and saw there remorse, and fear, and
anxiety, and she knew that human sympathy had
been withheld, and stern disappointments had warped
the affections, and made him the selfish, unhuman
thing he was. And Minna sighed and pitied him.

She passed through darkened, loveless homes, and
saw the false smiles hiding a breaking heart, and
she knew that the mistaken search for happiness had
brought the sorrow.

She beheld the holiest relations of life perverted,
and law and custom sanction wrong and wretched-
ness. She heard the true God vilified by profane,
unworthy lips, calling themselves His exponents;
and in sacerdotal robes she beheld bigotry enshrined,
unrebuked, giving forth its mandates of oppression.

She beheld the white ensign of religion waving
above the graves of the early dead, of the youthful
martyrs to fanaticism and cruel superstition. She
saw the barriers of a mocking belief, upraised be-
tween loving, devoted hearts; and in blazing letters
of fire, the denunciations of fallible men given unto
their brethren! The wandering, seeking spirit, wept
in pain, and the voice of her soul called aloud to God
for redress, for light, and truth, and love, to illumi-
nate the earth! And the Father's mighty spirit
answered with prophetic tone, and heralded the
dawn of light!

From the darkness, and the surrounding sorrow
the spirit of Minna emerged, and a brighter land-
scape lay before her. Large forests stretched along
the sea-bound shore, and ascending pathways led to
opening vistas of beauty and delight. There were
vine-encircled cottages along the path, and carefully
tended gardens told of cultivated taste and beauty-
seeking eyes. Little children sported in the fields,
and by the glassy brooks; mothers, young and
beautiful, held angel-babes within their arms. Old
age was vigorous, and manhood's brow unwrinkled
by the disfiguring hand of care; the maiden's eye
was bright with inward joy, the living rose of health
bloomed on her cheek; the young man's face wore
no degrading impress; for the reign of purity had
commenced on earth, and the laws of being were un-
derstood. Beside God's altar stood true, plighted
hearts; no perjured vows were ever uttered there.
Pain and disease were banished; the transition hour
was one of quiet and holy joy. From other spheres
and planets, angels came, and communed with men;
and God was truly worshipped "in spirit and in truth."

How the heart of the dreamer expanded beneath
the paradisaic skies and scenes of the regenerated
earth! How throbbled her heart with holy thank-
fulness, as she beheld the vain distinctions of creed
and station swept into deserved oblivion, and the
brotherhood of man established; as she beheld the
newly founded cities of the world basking in super-
natural light, and found that intelligence, love and good-
ness was to all awarded.

"Come, come up yet higher!" whispered a strain
of melody, and from earth's highest summit, the
happy dreamer looked, and fell in worship to the
ground!

There, where the rosy, golden, and azure clouds
formed a veil of glory, the waiting angels stood, with
smiling, extended hands, with brows flashing super-
natural lustre, with the white robes of immortality, the
palm branch, and the consecrated crown! And the
veil was withdrawn that hid that inner glory, and
when, her dazzled vision restored, the dreamer look-
ed, she knew she was in heaven!

There—oh! the breezes were melodious; it was
the hymn to which the earth-sons were the pre-
lude—that angelic voices sang; and from a silver-
gleaming temple in the distance delicious music
rolled, and joy-bells chimed. The golden light,
streaming from heavens yet above and remote, il-
luminated the interlacing bowers, where the spirit of
poesy brooded, beside the crystal founts of inspira-
tion, that reflected the jeweled flowers of that land
of joy. Afar the ocean stretched in blue, majestic
beauty, and white birds skimmed athwart the daz-
zling sky, proclaiming the Great Creator's praise in
ecstatic floods of melody. And the homes—the vales,
the gardens! mortal pen may not portray, language
fails to give their divine, undreamt-of beauty. Gaze
upon the painter's highest conception of ideal realms
of blessedness; blend all the gorgeousness of India's
clime; and all the fabled treasures of the Eastern
lands pour forth; give expression to the most ex-
alted vision of the poet and the seer; take the
splendor of earth's assembled royalty, the wealth of
all nations; the conceptions of beauty and sublimity
of all past ages—and fall to convey to earthly under-
standing the supernal beauties of that divine abode;
the angel glory of its blest inhabitants!

The angel throng surrounded the enrapt and al-
ient dreamer, their hands blessed her for the initia-
tion, began, and their counsel thrilled and nerved
her woman's soul. "Return to earth," their chant-
ing voices said; "be thou one of the pioneers of the
new light about to be shed on the world. Faint not
nor falter, though many storms shall assail thee,
and many arrows pierce thy side. Thy home awaits
thee, here. Go, now, fulfill thy mission; let thy fee-
ble voice be heard in defence of God's laws, in de-
fence of truth and purity. A few years of earth
wandering, of painful effort, and the crown shall be
thine, the angel's call!"

The rosy and golden veil was spread before her
longing gaze, and the delicious music ceased.
Through mist and clouds the trembling dreamer
passed to where the light shif was moored on the
sanded, barren shore, over which the castle darkly
frowned. Silently she entered and unlocked the
sails, and the dream-bark drifted slowly o'er the
murmuring ocean, whose melody was tame to her
who had listened to the hymning of celestial choirs.
The moonbeams were pale to one who had basked in
the sunrises of the spirit land; but with white hands
meekly folded across her breast, Minna vowed obe-
dience; vowed to live for Heaven, for the fulfillment of
her glorious mission.

The flower-decked, lightly-swaying dream-bark
stayed its course. On the shores of the actual life it
rested; the day of labor and effort awaited the
sleeper; but Minna's soul guarded the revelations
of night—the ideal which is the true.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7, 1855.

We know a very worthy wife who was recently
half-frightened out of her senses by an ominous sen-
tence in a letter from her husband. He said, "There
is no telegraph office in this village, but, if I do not
write to you to-morrow from Pittsburgh, I shall
despatch you."

Among the "Notices to Correspondents" in a jour-
nal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there
appeared the following: "Duncan came too late to
have a place in our paper this week." Another
paper make an apology to its readers for postponing
"births and deaths until next week."

Written for the Banner of Light.
ENIGMA—NO. 3.
I am composed of 12 letters.
My 9, 11, 8, 9, 11 is a vegetable.
My 12, 10, 11 is a weapon.
My 4, 3, 1 is the sail of a vessel.
My 5, 6, 7 is a kind of cured meat.
My 1, 2, 3, 12 is a sailing vessel.
My whole has cost the United States a vast deal of
expense and trouble.
Answer to No. 2.—Hon. Charles Sumner.
AMY LEE.

Amusements.

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Manager; J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager. Parquette,
Ballet, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,
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Manager; J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager. Doors open
at 6:15 o'clock; to commence at 7. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit,
15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

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urday Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

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Letters containing hair to indicate disease will be answered,
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