

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

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Written for the Banner of Light.

## A TEST, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY KATH KRITH.

### CHAPTER I.

"You know Lennox, don't you, Milcom?" said Lord Lyndhurst, as he was walking one fine frosty morning in the park at Forest Hill.

"Yes, I think I do," replied his companion: "a little man, rather lame, squints dreadfully."

"Your memory is accurate," said Lyndhurst. "I never saw a man squint so in my life—did you, Louisa?"

"Never," replied his sister, smiling.

"But what of him?" inquired Milcom.

"He is ruined, poor fellow!"

"I am sorry for it, but I don't see what great consequence it can be to a man that squints."

"You seem to have forgotten your feelings, as well as everything else," remarked Lord Lyndhurst, gravely.

"Oh, no! I pity him, but I dare say he does not feel it much himself; he must look at things in such a different way from what we do. But was not his father rich?"

"He was thought so, but he died insolvent."

"That was worse than living too long. I suppose, as Carp says, the only debt he ever paid was that of nature." But Lennox has good connections, has he not?"

"To be sure, but his father made them all enemies; and you, distant relations as we are, are the only ones with whom he ever had any intercourse."

"He is coming here to-day," said Lady Louisa.

"I hope so," replied her brother. "We must be very civil to him."

"Perhaps," suggested Lord Lyndhurst, "he is even now contained in the carriage which we see approaching."

"That is certainly Mr. Lennox," said Lady Louisa, when the vehicle was within a little distance; "but who is it with him?"

"His servant, perhaps," replied Milcom. "No; as I live, it is Duddy Carp."

"So it is!" exclaimed Lyndhurst. "I did not expect him to-day; for he fixed positively to come, and values himself on his punctuality."

The carriage now stopped, and mutual salutations were given with great cordiality.

"Will you get out and walk with us?" inquired Lyndhurst. "Or shall we get in and ride with you?"

"I always choose the least of two evils," replied Mr. Doudy Carp; "so open the door if you can."

Lennox descended first from the vehicle; and as he approached Lady Louisa, the elegance of his features and the manly beauty of his person, contrasted so strongly with the confused recollection of the amazed Milcom, that she could ill suppress her laughter. Her averted face and half-pronounced welcome offended the morbid sensitiveness of Lennox; he thought her manner careless, if not contemptuous, and feeling less disposed for conversation, made an excuse for proceeding in the carriage to the house.

"So this is Mr. Lennox?" said Lord Lyndhurst.

"The very man," replied Lord Lyndhurst. "Did you observe that he squinted?"

"Quite the reverse."

"Pray what is the precise nature of that disease of vision?" inquired Mr. Carp.

"What most surprises me, is the skill with which he conceals his lameness," continued their host; "do you know how he contrives it?"

"If you wish me to answer all your questions, ask none," replied Milcom, annoyed by the evident amusement of Lady Louisa. "Carp, how did you fall in with that monster?"

"Just as I became acquainted with your lordship, by an unlucky accident. You must understand—"

"Must, indeed!" interrupted Lord Lyndhurst. "I would have you to know that Milcom and I claim freedom of choice in the exercise of our understanding."

"I suspect your power is over when it is only negative," replied Mr. Carp; "but if it please you, hear my misfortune."

"It can scarcely fail of pleasing us, so proceed."

"You know Mr. Dunbar, don't you?"

"Certainly; he is a very particular friend of mine."

swam no just cause for withholding it, she returned a sufficient answer, and over after held her peace.

Thus, having no choice left him, Lennox addressed his whole conversation to the intelligent and animated Lady Louisa; and it was not long before she found that he felt for her a species of mental magnetism, which made every subject interesting, and rendered reserve impossible. He was enchanted, and scarcely conscious of the presence of any other person, till she was summoned from his side, and odious indeed did the custom appear which caused the separation.

After her departure, Lord Lyndhurst took the seat next him, and inquired in a low voice whether he had seen the last publication of Mr. Carp. Lennox replied in the negative, and asked its title.

"Tales of Adultery," replied Lyndhurst; "it has taken greatly from its adaptation to the times."

"It is against the seventh commandment, then?"

"Not exactly; its professed object is only to show that adultery should be managed very cautiously. He is now engaged in spelling and putting together the reminiscences of a retired dancing master. Observe Milcom trying to hold a conversation with Sir John Wadleigh."

"Milcom had just muttered 'importe,' as the conclusion of his fruitless endeavor."

"Eh, what?" said the baronet; "port! I shall be glad, sir, if you'll talk English; I'm an old-fashioned man."

"You're too hard upon his lordship, sir John," said Mr. Carp. "Perhaps, too, you are not aware that we talk French and German on principle, hoping to produce emigration by the means which operated so successfully at Babel; namely, a confusion of tongues."

"Lennox was in excellent spirits, and took his part in the talk which ensued, but he halted with delight the period of retiring to the drawing-room."

"You were in excellent luck at dinner," said Mr. Carp, as they entered it together; "and you seemed to know it. There she is, teaching her little sister the moves at chess. I wonder if she knows that it looks amiable."

"I don't believe she has an idea of the sort," said Lennox.

"Nor I. Depend upon it she is amiable, for her sisters like her."

"Can you find no fault with her?"

"Oh, yes; she is too good for me; that old parson has spoiled her. Milcom, between ourselves, do not you think the parson something of a bungler?"

"On what grounds?"

"For pretending to do better than other people, and all that sort of thing."

"Better than yourself, that is to say. I don't see much in that; if he pretended to be worse, I would grant him to be the most detestable hyponrite braggart."

"Hush!" said Mr. Carp. "Miss Wadleigh is on the point of making a series of shrieks. I am not at all surprised at that girl for never talking; she has no voice."

Has Sir John said anything to you yet about Rachel, and the French plays?" inquired Milcom; "you won't escape long; he was there once several seasons ago, and can think of nothing else. Poor fellow! he knows not a syllable of French, and there he was quite by himself, sitting bolt upright, and half asleep. Here he comes."

Sir John approached and made the predicted inquiry of Mr. Carp.

"No," he replied; "the Spanish play took my fancy more."

"The Spanish play! I never heard of it."

"Few persons have; it is quite a private thing."

"I should like exceeding to go."

"If you would another year, you may expect a much higher enjoyment. Squallini is going out for the sole purpose of treating with the prima donna of the Esquimaux opera, or Koot-Koot, as they call it; it is said she can make herself heard at the distance of four miles over the ice. The only difficulty will be to supply her with a hundred weight of fresh blubber every day, and less she will not bear of."

Sir John perceived that he was the object of the jest, but did not choose to be offended, and laughed very loudly.

Meanwhile Lennox approached Lady Louisa, and was observing the progress of her lesson, when her sister rose from her chair, and pushing him into it, insisted on his playing with her pre-emptive. Then, with a childish economy of comfort, squeezing herself into the same chair with Lady Louisa, she put her arm round her neck, and prepared to observe the movements of the splendid ivory warriors.

Lennox acquiesced very willingly in the proposition, but soon grew too much interested in conversation to think at all of the game, and though he made a variety of moves, he did not trouble himself to observe the consequences or even the possibility of any one. Nor was his antagonist much more attentive; and as she generally permitted her sister to move for her, the board soon exhibited an appearance not to be met with in Philidor or Hoyle.

"Patent chess, warranted not to interrupt conversation," said Mr. Carp, approaching the table; "which has the best of the game? Why, Mr. Lennox, did you see this bishop, and this knight? Oh, I beg your pardon; I see you are check-mated yourself, but how, I have no idea. The board is in a most extraordinary position."

"Very," replied Lennox, huddling all the pieces together upon the tessellated marble.

"What have we beaten you?" exclaimed Lady Louisa.

Lennox replied that by being check-mated a person lost the game, and when the little girl proclaimed her supposed victory, every one applauded his good nature.

### CHAPTER II.

Since fate had placed an insuperable barrier before his hopes, all things seemed, as if by a general conspiracy, to enhance the merit of Lady Louisa in the eyes of Lennox. The next day was Sunday, and accident made him the companion of her walk to the neighboring church, and though in returning he was separated from her, he was destined to hear her praises from Mr. Carp.

"Lennox," he said, earnestly, "is not Lady Louisa

an angel? I have been looking at her all service—the c."

"I do not see how that should make her so," replied Lennox; "nor, to answer your question seriously, do I think her at all like the angels over the alter-piece."

"Pooh! but has she not a sweet face? and her figure is exquisite. You have no idea how she was admired last season in town; perhaps this Lord Milcom will get her, but he ought to be hanged first, as all his ancestors were."

"Pray what are you discussing so earnestly?" inquired Milcom, who, with Lyndhurst and his sister, now overtook them.

"Really," he replied; "I am rather ashamed of my subject."

"Then, beyond a doubt," said Lyndhurst, "it was something good, for to speak the truth—"

"Pray listen, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Carp. "you may not have another opportunity."

"Pie, Mr. Carp," said Lady Louisa; "you will scarcely escape my reproach."

"Your reproach!" he replied. "I would almost do wrong for the sake of incurring them."

"You must have many more powerful motives of action," said Lyndhurst; "or you would not quite do wrong so very often."

"Good," replied Mr. Carp. "And in return, I will tell you the subject of our conversation. We were discussing whether angels were not all of the female sex, and we decided in the affirmative, because we could not recollect any man of our acquaintance who could be metamorphosed into anything like an angel, without a total destruction of his personal identity, whereas we know more than one lady, who needed to undergo no change at all."

The conversation continued in the same strain of millinery, frequently approaching men nearly to rudeness than to wit, till the party reached the house. The day passed rapidly away, and Lennox, soothed by kindness, and exhilarated by gaiety, almost forgot the difficulties of his situation.

Early the next morning, a messenger arrived from Sir John Wadleigh, announcing his intention of hunting a stag, which (and he plumed himself extremely on this instance of singular humanity) he had already hunted thirteen several times.

As the frost was gone, and the weather not unfavorable, the invitation was accepted, and at the appointed hour, the whole party, some on horse, and some in carriages, set out for the piece of rendezvous. Lennox, however, was not destined to share in the amusement of the day, for scarcely had he left the house, when some trifling accident compelled him to return, and then a letter was delivered to him, containing a proposition which required an immediate answer.

It was an offer from a noble relative, of the secretaryship to an Eastern embassy, and the acceptance or refusal of the appointment was a matter for deep consideration. On the one hand lay immediate need, and on the other a complete abandonment of all hope regarding Lady Louisa, whose recent kindness, though it added nothing to his rank or fortune, made the idea of relinquishing her doubly painful.

Lennox felt strongly inclined to close at once with the diplomatic offer. He was indeed a little disappointed in the dignity and emolument of the appointment, for he had never considered what a host of candidates, of every degree of disqualification, presented themselves higher political offices; what a herd of Lord Charles's and Lord Henry's were to be accommodated; nor had he esteemed as highly as it deserved, the pious eagerness of their noble relatives to escape the censure of the apostle, and prove themselves not worse than infidels, by carefully providing for those of their own house.

He thought he could perceive something of sadness in the manner of Lady Louisa when she was first informed of his intended departure, and her subsequent demeanor afforded him a strong temptation to confess his love. But the impression he could not but entertain of the utter futility of such an avowal, whether approved by her or not; withheld him; and painful as the effort was, he suffered not a word or look to express any more peculiar sorrow than he might be supposed to feel at the prospect of a long and remote exile. The act of parting, as he believed former, overwhelmed him with acute sorrow, but the presence and rally of his companions supported him in his fortitude.

"Farwell!" said Mr. Carp; "commend me to all friends abroad."

"What! do you suppose Lennox is going to Dotany Bay?" inquired Lyndhurst.

"What if I did?" replied Mr. Carp; "any man might be transported at parting with you. Pray, Lennox, do not look so very grave; in a year or two we shall meet again. I dare say you are impressed with some sad idea of being absent half a dozen centuries. Then you return, and finding us all dead, you exclaim—'The friends of my youth, Lyndhurst, Milcom, where are they?' And an echo answers—'Gone to the tropics!'"

"Mr. Carp," said Lady Louisa, when Lennox had gone; "what will Mr. Lennox have to do where he is going?"

"It is a diplomatic situation," he replied; "his only business will be to tell lies."

"Then," she inquired, not fully comprehending the answer, "would not you or anybody else have done for it just as well? I wish you or Lord Milcom had gone instead."

"My Lord," said Mr. Carp, "allow me to offer you my sincere condolences."

"Oh, Louisa said so first," cried Lady Louisa, suspecting there was something wrong.

Lady Louisa blushed deeply and tried to laugh; and Mr. Carp did laugh; but Lord Milcom was deeply offended. He loved Louisa as much as was his nature; but he had, with ready jealousy, long suspected her of a preference for Lennox, which the present occurrence fully proved. His love was not, however, overcome by the conviction, but combining with other passions as strong, though less pure, it produced a stimulus of the mind which animated him to greater eagerness in the pursuit.

### CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile, Lennox entered the coach which was to convey him to the railway station, and was congratulating himself on having it wholly to himself, when a

young man, hallooing loudly, rushed from the door of the inn.

"Confound it!" he said, seating himself, and picking his teeth with a penknife; "the scoundrel won't give a man time to eat his breakfast. I've had nothing in the world, sir, but a little toast, and a roll or two, and some slices of beef and ham, and a few eggs, and tea, and coffee, and muffins. The rogues would not give me time for any more."

The appearance of the speaker proclaimed him that laughable monster, the fine gentleman of some undiscovered country town. For his silent absurdities, Lennox cared little, but he was much annoyed to find that to these horrors he added an extreme loquacity. Fortunately, however, he was free from the most execrable vice of great talkers; the excess of interest and sympathy.

Apparently conscious that his communications concerned no human being but himself, and content with an ostensible auditor, he proceeded to tell up, as he called it, stories of himself and his friends; how many sisters he had, and whom they married, or why they remain single; what nice girls there were in —, and how; by the interest of some great man, he was just appointed to a situation in a government office. All this, and much more, he told with unwearied exactitude, embellishing his ridiculous account with hideous provincialisms and absurd asseverations.

Unutterably odious as the pertinacious loquacity of Mr. Archibald Dodge was to Lennox, it was of real service to him in blunting the first acuteness of his grief, and diverting by temporary irritation the deep current of his mournful thoughts. Yet he was ungrateful for the unconscious benefit, and hailed with joy the period of his escape. Mr. Dodge shook hands with him at parting, and, considering it generous to bestow on him a little patronage, expressed a kind concern that they could not sleep in the same hotel that night, and breakfast together in the morning.

### CHAPTER IV.

Lennox was occupied for one week in making the necessary preparations for his departure; but, when he had completely deserted him, he found himself, by a sudden reverse of fortune, placed within reach of all that he desired. A distant relative, who had greatly injured his father, and therefore had ungrudgingly exhibited the most inveterate animosity toward him, died, suddenly, leaving his immense fortune to the son of his former enemy.

Lennox was totally unprepared for the bequest; but considering it as a reparation in some measure due him, and finding that none were disappointed by the arrangement but those who were very well able to bear the negative loss, he did not hesitate to acquiesce in the wisdom of it.

But the change produced in his feelings was even greater than in his fortunes. Despondency and gloom gave place to the gay creations of hope; successful love seemed waiting to crown his happiness, and he delayed only for the accomplishment of the necessary forms of business before he should lay his hopes before Lady Louisa, and commit to her the decision of his future destiny.

There was something in his impressions, strengthened perhaps by a certain degree of lurking vanity, that bade him anticipate the fulfillment of his wishes as more than possible; but, lest any neglect of his own should frustrate the kindness of fortune, he wrote immediately to Lord Erskine, acquainting him with the happy change in his circumstances occasioned by the melancholy death of his relative, and intimating a wish to receive the personal congratulations of one who had been so friendly to him in a different condition.

One morning, having completed the last necessary arrangements for his affairs, he happened to pass the police office in — street, and was not a little surprised to see Mr. Carp emerge from the spacious vehicle in which the nightly offenders were conveyed thither from their dormitory. He appeared far from satisfied, and surveyed his companions with an air of assumed gaiety, in which there was something highly ludicrous.

"Ah, Lennox," he exclaimed; "I am rejoiced to see you. I never was more amused in my life; ha, ha!"

"What has diverted you so much?"

"Why, the most amusing occurrence possible. I have been in the watch house all night."

"I'm sorry for you."

"Pooh! I might have got out easily, but one sees so much character in a place of that sort. I would not have left it for the world. I thought, too, if I sent for my friends, they might have laughed at me, and told the story all over London. My name here is Davis, and I shall think it kind if you will never mention this affair."

"Certainly not; but what is your offence?"

"The head and front of it is this: I was going home last night through Dean street, when I heard the sounds of music and dancing, and being in the cue for an adventure, I thought I would just look in and see what was going on."

"You do not seem to have been disappointed."

"Well, I rung the bell, and asked for Miss Jones. It was a moral certainty there was a Miss Jones there; but I was rather puzzled when the fellow asked which Miss Jones. However, I got over the difficulty, and was ushered into a room full of the most absurd people, hopping about like the dampers of a piano. I verily believe they were dancing by steam, for the room was full of it."

"Did you find Miss Jones?"

"The principal beast in the assembly came up, and led me to her. Of course she looked excessively foolish, and flushed deep brick, like the outside of Almack's. 'I fear,' I said, 'I have made some mistake. Isn't this Mr. Puggins's?' They all replied in the negative. 'How unfortunate!' I cried; 'I have sent my carriage away, and told my coachman to call for me in an hour.' And then I began to tell a story in point, and took an ice cream off the table; but my host did not seem at all at his ease; just then I was exceedingly amused by hearing one of the brutes say, 'he's a confounded ill-looking fellow—remarkably like a thief; and the next minute I was placed in the hands of a constable, and lo, here I am.'

"Shall I speak to your character?" asked Lennox.

"By no means; it would betray me."

The case was the first entered into. The master of

the house had already made out a strong proof, and an officer of the establishment had expressed his belief of the prisoner's being an "old un," when Sir Jehu, Mao Niaschi, who knew Mr. Carp, happened to enter the office to justify his coachman, a very valuable servant, for having driven over an old woman of no apparent value.

Not being prepared for the spectacle, he pronounced the name of his offending friend, and the consequence of the announcement was, that the charge was immediately dismissed, though the rough old magistrate could not refrain from some sarcasms on the culprit, and an admonition never in future to seek to avail himself of the hospitality of his inferiors with a view to making them the subject of ridicule with his employers.

### CHAPTER V.

As the remainder of this story relates principally to our fair heroine, we prefer our readers should learn the ensuing events from herself, and therefore give the following extracts from several letters written by Lady Louisa to her intimate friend Mrs. Graham.

#### LETTER I.

March 12.—O o o o o Surely there is not much reason to wonder at the feelings of the Jews, who thank Heaven for creating them men rather than women. What can be more unhappy than the condition of our sex, condemned to love in secret, and forbidden to court affection! If we marry, it is rarely to indulge personal inclination; and if we remain single, we are derided for want of attraction, or condemned for fastidious coquetry.

I shall weary you with my demands for sympathy; but when you first received my confidence, you must have known the danger to which you exposed yourself; and, indeed, the pleasure I derive from confiding to you emotions concealed from all beside, is so great, that your kindness would not easily deny me the gratification.

I cannot dispute the wisdom of your advice. I know not even that he loves me; my vanity may have misled me, and my narrow circumstances may have imposed no restraint upon feelings which did not exist. But he is gone in apparent sorrow indeed, but in complete silence; and whatever were his regrets, they must ever be a secret from me.

P. S.—I open my letter to communicate to you intelligence, which has affected me I cannot say how deeply. Mr. — is dead, and has left him heir to his immense fortune. He is now independent; certainly he will not go to Constantinople; and, more than all, he has written to promise us an immediate visit. What can I think? I shall live in the extremity of doubt and agitation till he comes, and then—pity me.

#### LETTER II.

March 18.—Alas, how frail is human happiness! One week has seen me raised from doubt to hope, and again thrust down to absolute despair. You can scarcely imagine the misery I experience, or the relief I find in writing to you. Perhaps, however, even you will condemn my unfeeling regard for a man who never professed to love me. But I deny his innocence. He made, indeed, no direct avowal; but if words, if looks, if attentions the most minute and the most endearing could win the affections of a woman, and implicate the honor of a man, I am excused, and he is bound beyond redemption.

But I am telling you my distress, leaving you still in ignorance of its cause. Judge whether that cause is inadequate. The day he had himself fixed, he did not come, nor on that following; and on the third, a post note arrived, informing us that he was on the point of setting out for the East in the same vessel that was destined to have conveyed him thither in an official capacity. Could anything be more odd, more cruel, more unfeeling? So much for the honor, the generosity of a man! o o o o o

#### LETTER III.

March 25.—I see the inconsistencies of which you accuse me, but I am too angry and disturbed to regard your censures as I ought. Lord Milcom presses me for an answer; I have told him I do not love him, yet he perseveres. What can I say? My friends urge me to accept him, and I know of no reason to assign for a refusal.

I was asked if my affections were pre-engaged, and I denied it; you cannot condemn the falsehood too strongly, but how could I confess what I fear is already suspected, a partiality for a man who has voluntarily removed himself half the globe from me? They say Lord Milcom's character is unexceptionable, nor have I anything to object to it, but that I neither like nor respect him. I care little what becomes of me.

#### LETTER IV.

I have accepted him; he knows with what coldness and reluctance, but he engages to make it the object of his life to gain my affection, and on my part, I shall endeavor to make him happy.

#### LETTER V.

May 13.—It is now a year since the newspapers spoke of me as a lovely bride in fine blond, and announced the departure of the happy pair for his Lordship's seat in —shire! Can marriage, a connection which may embitter a whole existence, be of divine institution? Or ought I rather to blame myself, for consenting to what I could not approve? Yet I certainly thought he loved me, and little did I foresee my present misery.

He married me out of mere revenge; he has just owned it. Words cannot describe the cold, mean, cruelty of which I am the victim. He is unfaithful to me, but I suppose this is a universal failing, and I would not be all. But there are particulars in his conduct toward me, too shocking to be detailed.

#### LETTER VI.

December 12.—What can be conceived more miserable than my present condition? The six months since our separation have been scarcely less wretched than the year of our marriage. I feel myself an object of general scorn, neglected by one sex, and pitied or insulted by the other. He has all the world on his side. He complains with hypocritical pathos of my desertion, and has all but published a letter he wrote to me after our parting, full of affection and falsehood.

He is calm and gentle, and those who know not half the cause of my indignation, conclude he is greatly





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YOURSELF FIRST.

A not less wise than witty clergyman in New York commenced a discourse to his congregation, not long ago, with the following plump assertion:—"It is the first duty of every man to keep himself and his family off the town!" Now, however, sensationally merely this remark may appear to many, we undertake to say that there is no rule or principle, in morals or ethics, more plain or more profound, and that lies nearer the centre and heart of everything styling itself Christian and civilized.

We may take the idea that is wrapped up so snugly in this brief remark, or apothegm, and give it such an endless variety of applications, or hold it up in so many lights, with so many shades of meaning, that it shall appear to be the very corner-stone of all healthy social existence—the first and last condition of a man's having anything like a genuine existence at all.

It would be going out of our way, and bothering about what leads to nothing, after all, to go to work to refute the notion that such a sentiment is necessarily a selfish one—to close the mouths of all cavillers and casuists, who are quick to see notes but never behold beams; we admit that the sentiment is a selfish one—just such an one as a wise Providence has inculcated our nature with for the highest and best of purposes. If that admission is enough, we will proceed with the thoughts that huddle upon us in connection with the original idea, and express them with the plainness with which they occur to us.

The very first duty—though we have no particular liking for that canting word—a man owes to himself, to society, to anybody, is the duty that his nearest kin; and that will always be found to be the care of himself. Whether this is a selfish view or not, it is indisputable that it is at the bottom of all individual growth or social advancement. If a man habitually neglects to take care of himself, but lazily expects some one else to feed, shelter, clothe and warm him, he has no business to be in the world; nature furnishes us with lessons in plenty on this topic, and never shows partiality to any of her offspring that have not sufficient strength for self-support; and there is a well-known adage, too, that bears directly on the point, that "God helps those who help themselves." Which is strictly true; for by making the efforts necessary to help ourselves, we are insensibly giving the labor God-power a chance to work unobstructedly through us.

If a man neglects his family, he has no right to be travelling around trying to, or pretending that he can do something for some other family. His first duty lies at home. If he has not the eyes to see that, then he is as yet blind to everything worth seeing. On the strong material basis is built the whole structure. No man experiences any new and thrilling sensations of the spirit, while he is abiding from an insufficiency of clothing, or dragging about limbs that are weak for want of nourishment in the stomach. Your friend or neighbor never comes to you with his heart full of fresh experiences, and eager to the point of impatience to give them all up to you, if he has no wood in his shed, and no potatoes in the cellar, and no flour in the pantry, and what is the acutest sting of all, with children who cannot help themselves, crying for cold and want.

This every person knows and understands for himself. It need not be repeated, and hammered upon any longer. Then logically follows the law, that he who seeks, and seeks honestly, and with all his heart, genuine and permanent development, will first be careful to take care of himself and his family. After that, though the time that is left be little enough, he can give himself to the development, discipline and harmonious culture of all his intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties.

But when we look around us, what a strange medley presents itself! The human soul having received a new influx of light, and been awakened afresh to an appreciation of its own immortal powers, suddenly there is a hurrying to and fro, a wild sort of mixing up of desires and duties, and a queer and fantastic jumbling up of the natural relations in life, such as no civilized corner of the earth ever felt obliged to put on record before, and which, as a whole, simply betokens and proves the awakening to life, but sadly suggests the primary want of clear perceptions, harmonious development of character, and, too often, common sense under the most common circumstances. For one, who thinks his soul is all ablaze when he has only got a precarious hold on a rushlight, straightway flies off at a tangent to touch up everybody's torches; and another, who has for the first time found out that he is the owner of certain faculties, and found out nothing more, thinks he must needs run about at a wild scamper and tell the rest of the world what fools they are; and a third, whose uneasy tongue was for the chief impetus to the action of either heart or brain, deems himself commissioned as a special prophet, to proclaim to mankind, in his rapid way, truths as old as eternity, and to denounce all who have the native taste to dislike his combined ignorance and effrontery.

We have had our say already, we think, on the subject of professed Reformers—those extremely busy persons who know what others want so much better than they know themselves, and are mad if they are not roundly paid and well fed for imparting their information; but the character is a chronic one, and cannot be improved all at once. Of such we only wish, as a general thing, to ask two questions: can he take advice with as much equanimity as he gives it; and, is he just as willing to let his life and light shine from an obscure place as from a public one? We deem these inquiries tests; if a professed Reformer can stand these, he may be considered sound and healthy to the core.

But no man has a right to set himself up for the work of reforming others, until he has consciously felt at least the thrilling pulsations of a spiritual life of

his own. The world does not need men and women to go round peddling out to them brain bread, made of the chaff of the teachings of years ago. It makes no call to-day for merely timid orators, or constructors of eloquent prayers, or talkers who talk to order, and as the wind blows. Unless we have something to contribute, that leaps alive out of the soul in spite of repeated efforts to keep it there unknown and unfelt by others, it is our duty to be dumb. Unless we are quite happy and contented to lead silent lives, that may still be lives of perfect beauty, we have no claim to lead the lives of talkers, and wordy haranguers, and verbal gong-ringers. It is the spirit that sets the stamp and real on us all—not the profession or the outward proclamation; and if we do not dwell all the time at home with the spirit, making "bright day" there continually, we are self-condemned already when we ramble forth to impress an external and foreign life into our experience, which does not belong there at all.

There is a good deal of complaint, and deservedly, too, of the indolent individuals who pretend that their "mission" is to go about reforming the world. Too lazy to work steadily at any regular calling, they believe themselves possessed of just about enough energy to mind the business of other people, and expect a salary for their trouble besides. Their first want is, of reformation and improvement for themselves; but, instead of that, they are convinced that they were specially appointed and set apart to plow up and sow over the soil of all other natures but their own. It is astonishing how much more they can do for others than for themselves. They can preach discourses in public; but it would be the hardest task for them to free them in silent obscurity. There would, in fact, seem to be some odd contagion about this business, some moral disorder with unpleasant untoward symptoms, that sets men wild in a moment, and keeps them, like colts, racing with flowing manes all over the pasture, when they might just as well be regaling themselves on succulent grass. One starts, and another starts; and it might for a time be supposed that reform was going on after the style of a Mexican stampede.

Alas—alas! this is not the way these things are to be accomplished. Your "do, here!" and "do, there!" men perform no work, considered as such in its permanent results; grace does not come in a thunder-gust, and a pure and beautiful life is not the birth of a tempest. Why will not they who are rejoicing over the new light that has dawned from heaven upon their souls, wait patiently, prayerfully, and in silence, to see where that blessed light throws its illumination—what hieroglyphs on the darkened walls of the soul it is able to decipher—what are the sweet messages it brings to the newly stirred spirit—and in what direction it will suggest that they shall move? Why not first find out the meaning of this visitation, coming so like an inspiration, and give time for the seeds to swell and germinate in the soil in which they have just been sown? Why hurry about so like children, hocked with their wonders of gifts at the first, yet no wonders after their eyes have had time to contract from the first effect of them? We insist that such betrayals of haste and fust post spiritual, if not intellectual, shallowness, too. Because a man has managed to master a new terminology, he hurriedly supposes he has become the master of a new science, with all its vast principles. It is flame, and not heat; it is bewilderment, and not experience; it is a mere dazzling of the sight, not the clear and steady perceptions of inspiration.

Let all restless folk, needy and sordid because they will not labor for their living as others labor, and growing and morose because the world is not yet inclined to adopt their ill-digested theories—let all such, we say, take to heart the lesson that even public neglect so plainly teaches them; which is, that all reformation and reform begins at home; that he is the best and most practical reformer who sets himself about attending to his nearest duties, such as providing for the material and spiritual wants of his family; that all mere ambition in connection with this great work, if secretly avowed, is fatal to the efficiency of the reformer, and the most conclusive proof that he is not the true person for the work; and that, above all, he should be willing and happy to radiate a pure influence in whatever position he is placed, feeling the throbbings and throes of experience within him, as consciously, or even more so, when unobserved, as when held up to the gaze of sympathizing thousands.

We forget, sometimes, that the sun shines steadily on, careless if its rays penetrate to every dark cavern in the earth or not. It asks no questions of results; it does not fret and fume because selfish men are not grateful for its light; it does not threaten to turn away its face altogether, because its rays fall thickly and in golden showers in this place, but produce no visible effect there; in fine, it is not—if such a thing were possible in fact—always looking out to see that it is either admired or appreciated; but it shines steadily on, ushering in the welcome day, and bringing about the appointed seasons, each in its time. It fulfills the whole object of its own creation, and with that is content. Just as the pure rose buds, and bursts, and dispenses its fragrance everywhere around, not asking if it is admired, or even beloved, but content and happy to perform the divinely offices of a rose that was created to blossom and decay in its own little June.

It must be so with us, too. If we seek to live healthy lives, giving out a genuine spiritual fragrance, and fulfilling the purposes with which they are divinely charged. Thus we do not become uneasy about our selves, or meddlesome for the fate or fortune of others. We may run over with sympathy, and that is what is good for us; but it is not always, by any means, that your people of quick and tender sympathy are the ones who are given to talk continually about it. The life is the social reformer, not the speech. If that radiates the true and steady light that illumines everything within its radius, then it matters little whether we are called to prophesy and to teach, or to be happy and dumb. For then we cannot be dumb, though we should look our lips with steel and iron.

Spiritualist Society at the South End.

The Ladies Spiritual Samaritan Sewing Circle held a Social Levee on Monday evening, February 6th, in a beautiful new hall at the corner of Springfield and Washington streets. A large assembly was present, numbering over three hundred active and intelligent men and women who love and respect Spiritualism. Short speeches were made by different persons. Dr. Shaw made a very unique appeal for the aid of Rev. Mr. Tirrel, which was interesting and handsomely responded to. Quartettes, duets and solos were sung, after which dancing commenced; and to conclude the pleasures of the evening, the ladies opened the doors of another hall where there was a magnificent outlay of frosted cakes, with gold rings in them, and a bountiful supply of eatables, got up as none but ladies can get them up, of which the party partook.

This is a new sewing society, belonging to a new Spiritualist society recently formed, and holding meetings on Sundays in a hall at the corner of Dover and Washington streets. The Rev. Mr. Tirrel is at the head of this society, and is highly spoken of by those who attend there. The meetings are well attended, and will supply a demand that is needed, in the way of Sunday meetings, in that part of Boston.

Mrs. Conant's Seances.

We are happy to inform our readers that Mrs. Conant is rapidly recovering from the attack of erysipelas which has confined her for sometime to her room, and will be able to resume her sittings for the BANNER, as soon as the new rooms we are fitting up are ready for the reception of our friends.

Corra L. V. Hatch. The friends of Mrs. Hatch, in New York, having secured Hope Chapel for that purpose, have tendered her the free use of the same every Sunday afternoon and evening until the first of May, and she has already commenced her regular meetings at that place with most favorable prospects.

The fact will not be disputed—and it certainly admits of no disguise—that Mrs. Hatch has carried the claims of Spiritualism home to the minds and hearts of multitudes who gave the subject no thought until they listened to the music of her speech, and were convinced of the supra-mortal origin of the ideas that took form in words, and burned on the lip only to ignite the elements of deeper feeling and higher thought in all who waited on her gentle and persuasive ministry. If this fair young preacher of a living gospel is enshrined in the memories and affections of many people, it is because that many have been made to feel that Mrs. H. and her invisible helpers have led them, gently, and by pleasant paths, toward the sources of light, and to the pure springs of a living and loving inspiration.

The lectures of Mrs. Hatch at Hope Chapel (720 Broadway) are delivered on each succeeding Sunday, at the hours of half past three and half past seven o'clock P. M. It is expected that meetings will be made to continue the meetings during the ensuing year. Persons who may wish to obtain more particular information respecting the details of the management will do well to call on Mr. Ludden, or some other member of the committee.

Mrs. Hatch may be addressed at Brooklyn, N. Y., care of William A. Ludden, Clinton Avenue, between Myrtle and Park Avenues.

Treadwell on the Preservation of the Union.

A Treadwell, of Newark, N. J., has furnished us samples of such a preparation of Glue as will serve equally well in repairing broken furniture, crockery, and a variety of other articles quite too numerous to be named in this connection. This most convenient and useful article is precisely what everybody wants to stick everything together. We are not quite sure that it would cause a rambling preacher to "stick to his text"; nor will it make the arguments of the enemies of Spiritualism hold together over night. But it cannot be denied that dilapidated tables, chairs, picture-frames, books, etc., may all be speedily restored to a normal condition. Those who apprehend that the Republic is likely to be shattered, might do well to forward an order for Treadwell's Glue in advance, and then be prepared to gather up the fragments. If the Union should not be broken at last, the Glue may be very profitably used for another purpose. Indeed, it cannot, in any event, be a bad investment; since the article will mend almost everything but broken promises and the Ten Commandments, not even excepting a fractured leg—provided the broken leg is a wooden one.

For sale by S. T. Munson at our New York office.

Mrs. Hayden in New York.

Dr. W. B. and Mrs. Hayden, formerly of Boston, have removed to New York, and are now located at No. 1 Waverly Place. Mrs. Hayden has long been regarded as one of the most interesting and reliable test mediums in the country; and she has always and everywhere commanded the respect and merited the esteem of all who have been favored with her acquaintance. Mrs. H. has done much, both in America and Europe, to commend the phenomenal department of Spiritualism to the serious attention of the public. Our spiritual friends in the immediate vicinity, and those who may visit the city, will doubtless find it pleasant and profitable to pass an hour with Mrs. Hayden and the spirits.

Spiritualist Levee.

There is to be a Social Levee at Minot Hall, corner of Washington and Springfield streets, by the Spiritualists of South End and their friends, on Wednesday evening, February 20th. A number of the best mediums will be present and speak on the occasion. Quartette and glee clubs will sing. The lower hall will be used for playing "grace-hoop," and other old-fashioned games, by those who do not dance. Dancing will commence at eight o'clock. Music by White's Quadrille Band. Tickets one dollar, for sale at the South End drug stores, Cummings House, Banner Office, and at Marsh's Bookstore.

Renew Your Subscriptions.

Our friends whose terms of subscription expire between this and the close of the volume, will oblige us by promptly renewing their subscriptions. They will certainly find that they cannot do without the BANNER when the improvements we are pledged to make go into operation. One great objection will then be removed, and this is the small type we have been compelled to use in order to meet the heavy demands upon our columns. No type smaller than that used in our leading editorials and stories will after our enlargement appear in the BANNER.

T. L. Harris.

A London correspondent writes to the North American and U. S. Gazette as follows:—

An American Minister is making quite a sensation here by his preaching. He draws very large attendances at the Music Hall in St. Peter's street, on Sundays. His name is Mr. T. L. Harris, author of the "Lyrics of the Golden Age," the "Lyrics of the Morning Land," &c. Speaking of him and of them, William Howitt says that his sermons are delivered in the very highest style of eloquence—eloquence embodying the greatest and noblest truths. "Having heard him," he continues, "I have no hesitation in pronouncing him one of the greatest sacred orators that has ever appeared." Of his poems he declares nothing but, since the days of Milton, have been produced. This is rather high praise, it will be acknowledged.

Miss Lizzie Doton at the Melodeon.

The crowded state of our "copy" drawer compels us to defer, till next week, the publication of our report of Miss Doton's lectures in Boston on the 6th. The subject, in the afternoon, was "The Spirit's View of the Late Disaster at Lawrence;" and, in the evening, "The Great Spirit"—the latter discourse purporting to be from the spirit of an Indian Chief.

The Calumet.

Mr. Beeson's new magazine has made its appearance, in a style worthy of the humane cause it is to advocate. The first number contains an excellent portrait of the venerable editor, and another of Red Jacket, the Indian. The Calumet is to be published monthly, at one dollar a year. Address John Beeson, 65 Broadway, N. Y., or John P. Jovett & Co., 20 Washington street, Boston.

Services at the Melodeon.

Miss Lizzie Doton will lecture under spiritual-influence in the Melodeon, on Sunday, February 19th, at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock P. M. Subject in the afternoon, "God and the Devil," taking for a text the thirty-first verse of the first chapter of Genesis. In the evening, her subject will be "Love and Duty," from the Gospel of Luke, sixth chapter and thirty-second verse.

Reported for the Banner of Light. THOMPSON STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 6th.

Question—"Do spirits exert evil influences upon mediums—by means of the so-called manifestations termed spiritual, from spirits or mortals?"

Dr. Wallbridge—This question covers points of philosophy of immense importance to humanity—far greater than is even known. This question of spirit relation is a touching, interesting, and a momentous question.

There is more or less spiritual influence at all times acting upon us. I assume that the quality of the spirits we attract around us is always according to the quality of our thoughts and feelings. If a man indulges in drunkenness he is subject to delirium tremens. Drunkenness produces a condition that makes the system exceedingly susceptible to spiritual influences. Any spirit in the spirit-world may use a medium when thus the connection between the body and spirit is weakened. I doubt not that there are some men living in this world who cannot be influenced by spirits to their injury. If a man is selfish in his earthly life, and dies selfish, he will be so after death; if he has given trouble to others before his death, he may do the same after.

Those who take advantage of others in trade have little or no regard for their own souls; they are selfish; they do not design to do any good, but they do do it in order to gratify selfish ends—and death does not in the least alter a man's selfishness.

It is my fullest conviction that it is the will of God that we should scarcely know whether we really live more under the influence of the spiritual or material world while in our earthly existence.

[Question—"Do spirits ever attach themselves to mortals for the purpose of enjoying pleasure?"]

I have no doubt that every glass of spirits taken beyond the first, is enjoyed by some spirit in the spirit-world. In proportion to the susceptibility of a medium do spirits do this. When a man gets angry I can forgive him more easily, knowing that the influence of the spirit-world is upon him.

Dr. Curtis—Brandy and unscrupulously I declare that I know nothing of the existence of evil spirits anywhere in God's creation. All spirits are good, because immortal. A soul, though buried in the densest darkness of human woe, has God within; has in its nature seeds of eternal life; of infinite progression; of angelic beauty; of celestial holiness. A soul may be called "evil" because it is not born a man? A soul may be called "evil" because it begins low in the state of human progress, and necessarily in darkness trends upon the lower rounds of the ladder of eternal progress first, as God has wisely ordered?

Do not fear "evil" spirits, my friends. I tell you, as a truth of God, that cannot be disproved by man, that no spirit will, or can come to us, to influence us, that is beneath ourselves; that is "wicked" than we are. We may as well, and better, be afraid of ourselves.

We have already seen enough of spirit, to know that attraction is the governing power of spiritual existence. Like seeks like in the great spiritual universe of God forever.

Would we drive an "evil" spirit away that ruffles the waters of our external life? We may as well attempt to banish the deepest longings of our souls from our existence.

The "evil" that we see in things around us, in spirits, is but the reflection of ourselves in the mirror of creation. We are always pretty good ourselves—or think we are. Antagonism, enmity, evil intents and purposes we see manifested in so-called spirits, is but the shadow of ourselves. If we have not learned this fact, we shall surely find it in a future lesson of our spiritual education. And when this fact becomes a part of our intelligence, we may bid farewell to all the fears we have of evil spirits.

We have so much confidence in our own goodness, that when we learn that the evil in the world is but the real character of ourselves, reflected, we shall cease to believe in its existence. A very susceptible clairvoyant said to me, a few months since:—

"I see an innumerable host of devils around you. Why, they frighten me! As far as my spirit eyes can reach, through ponder interminable oceans, filled in perfect order, I see hosts on hosts, legions on legions of devils, of evil spirits. Every one of them has an eye fixed on you. Why, what are they going to do with you? They will surely destroy you if they do not see your intentions. They all look kindly and pleasantly upon you. I can now read their hearts. Every one is your friend. They only wait your bidding. They will do for you anything you ask them to do. They are kind to you, and ever will be, because you are not opposed to them, and never can be. I cannot see existing in your soul an effort to resist one of them. How mighty for good, and this kindness overcomes what at first seemed to me evil in them; and in their natures I can see an unmeasured willingness, and a power, too, for the accomplishment of the noblest purposes for human good. I cannot now see an evil design or desire in one of them. How mighty for good, shall the almost infinite host of beings be! As I now see them, they are good—they are all beautiful!"

The medium who gave the above vision was at that time, a perfect stranger to me. I felt that the vision was a spiritual reality—was true.

I must confess that I have just as much confidence in those spirits, who appear as they are, as I have in the spirits who make loud proclamations about being very high up in the spheres. I have known spirits who belonged to the "seventh sphere," get very angry when their "highness was doubted. They are the dignity of any high spirit, (I mean professedly high) in the form or out of it—goes the spirit loses his temporary highness. I have seen many spirits in the spheres, so-called (doubtful if you please—this matters not) and if there be such a thing as high in spiritual things, the highest is the humblest—the highest is the lowest; and I am forced to the conclusion that the words, "the high," and "the low," "the evil," and "the good," as applied to infant human souls on earth, and to their guardian spirits, are the exact phantoms of spiritual infancy, that must fade away in the light of mature spiritual growth.

There is a great deal of common sense in those obscuring "devils," as they are called. They have dropped the airs of self-righteousness themselves, and are making others do the same. They are tector educated in spiritual things than the man who feels holy himself, and says, "In the issue of God, I command you devils to depart."

According to my experience with men, I have been able to draw ten times as much real benevolence, real kindness, and real goodness from the practical lives of men who were "devilish bad," as I have from men who believed that they were almost as good as Christ. But I doubt not that one day as good as the other. I fail to find in practical, every-day life, men in one balanced by demerit in another good in one balanced by bad in another. All are good; the spirits that guard and influence men are always like the men they influence.

Evil is a phantom always to be rendered in the first person and singular number, but always is rendered, by spirit-infants, in the second or third person, and plural number.

What you call evil spirits, all men know to be and swear they do not. It is evil spirits, according to your definition of evil spirits, that move the world and hold humanity. Lucifer says:—

"Have I not all the honor of the earth?"

Would you touch a spring to advance human progress, speak, a friend, in soul, to the army of a legion of devils, as you please to call them, utter the mandates with feelings of respect with the love that emanated from the soul of Christ, and simultaneous with the going forth of the mandate the work is done. Lucifer has proposed the following plan of salvation:—

"Wait till some angel comes and stir your stagnant souls. Then plunge into yourselves and rise redeemed!"

Dr. Garrison—Agrees with Dr. Child in most that he has said. I believe that no power on earth, in hell or heaven, can induce me to do an act unless I have a germ in my own nature that attracts the influence acting. All powers combined cannot make a man commit murder unless the nature of the person attract that power.

When I hear men or women uttering denunciations of mediums, and charging them with being immoral, heathen, and untruthful, I at once conclude that the wrong charged upon the susceptible medium is the outgrowth of the undeveloped, licentious and immoral nature of the denouncer, or, in other words, if we are pure ourselves, we do not readily suspect others of impurity. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." All the influence of persons in the vicinity around, centres upon persons most susceptible to mediums.

In regard to insanity—particularly mania-a-potu—I have had large experience in treating it. Patients with this disease have always exhibited the action of other intelligences beside their own, and I now cannot but conclude that they were manifestations, almost entirely, of disembodied spirits.

Dr. Conant—This is to be a momentous question; but every one must answer it from his own heart; no one can answer for another. No one here has anything to fear from a friend beyond the vale, for no friend goes to the spirit-world would counsel evil to a mortal intentionally. I believe the purpose of all spirits is to do good, to themselves or others.

higher plane? Surely the old tests will not tolerate us again unless we discover our burden, or at least keep silence and another our convictions. On the same day that this lecture was given, I was informed that a Catholic priest said to his congregation, "Brethren, next Sunday I shall take up a collection. The object of it shall not tell you. Suffice it to say, it is a benevolent one, and as you have confidence in my judgment, so you will come prepared to contribute." Such is the bondage that Judge Edmonds would seem to recommend, for how can we be Spiritualists, much less how can we make progress in Spiritualism, and be able or be allowed even to worship in such organizations? Our communion with them must be at the price of stultifying silence, and backward progress. New York, Jan. 30, 1880. W. H. B.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE BANNER: ROOM FOR ALL!

In order to make room for all our friends who have long desired to be heard relative to their own experiences in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to furnish a still greater variety of reading matter for our tens of thousands of subscribers in all quarters of the country, we have determined, on the 1st of March, and with the commencement of the NEW VOLUME, to

ENLARGE OUR PAPER

by Two Columns on each page! We shall add one column to its width, and lengthen the whole page three inches, thus giving TWO NEW COLUMNS TO EACH PAGE, or, in all SIXTEEN COLUMNS MORE!

We shall, by this arrangement, be freed from the necessity of using the small type which has troubled so many of our readers, and hence

No More Small Type

will be used on the Banner.

This enlargement we have had in view for some time, and we make it in order to meet

THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE,

and that the "BANNER OF LIGHT" may be

Still More Worthy of that generous support it has received in all parts of the country hitherto.

LEADING FEATURES

will remain as now. We shall employ the BEST CONTRIBUTORS

to our hand, and No Means will be spared

to continue the Banner in the path of

RATIONAL PROGRESS.

In which it first set out on its prosperous journey. Our paper will never fall away one iota in its

BEAUTIFUL MECHANICAL APPEARANCE

but it will be our aim to make

Still New Improvements,

as fast as our friends demand them, in all respects the Banner means to keep itself fully

ABREAST WITH THE AGE WE LIVE IN,

thus commending itself to the favorable attention of the Liberal Minded, and the

Friends of Progress Everywhere!

Our contemplated improvements of course involve

LARGE OUTLAYS OF MONEY,

but we shall look to

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS

in EVERY STATE OF THE UNION

to assure us, by their liberal subscriptions, that our efforts on their behalf have fully

MEET THEIR APPROVAL.

With the New Volume we shall commence

A FRESH STORY

by that popular authoress,

CORA WILBURN,

"COSELLA WAYNE;"

OR

WILL AND DESTINY."

By HERRY, COLBY & CO.,

31-2 Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

To Investigators of Spiritualism.

We have long desired to give the honest sceptic a satisfactory mode of investigating the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, but have not had the opportunity of doing so to our satisfaction until now. We take great pleasure, therefore, in announcing to our friends, and the public generally, that we have made arrangements with

ADA L. COAN,

who is known to be the best test-medium in the country at present available to the public, to meet this demand in a manner which cannot fail to promote the cause we have at heart. Her manifestations are by rappings and writing.

The second story of the building No. 31-2 Brattle street, occupied by the

Banner of Light,

Dr. Westcott—This influence of spirits goes not only to the insane and to the drunken, but to the sane...

There are spirits in the spirit-world that desire to commit murder; to influence mortals to do them injury.

Mr. Westcott—Spirits are a body that make noise in the air, and do everything I can't make do. The spirits influence us to do what we desire not to do.

Mr. Westcott—Do spirits come back and influence men for good or evil?

THE OLD WOMAN.

An old woman sat at her cottage door, Busy turning her spinning wheel— She slowly thought on the times of yore...

Book Notice.

The Spirit Life of Capt. John Brown, by James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his childhood and youth.

There are many who, though not Spiritualists, will long remember the rich intellectual treat they enjoyed, and the Spiritualists enjoyed it still more, understanding the source from whence it came.

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A Test at a Sitting with Mrs. A. L. Conn. A gentleman having some papers of persons yet in the form, written on blank pieces of paper, folded up, he laid them before the medium...

Notices to Correspondents. H. M. Fay—The communication sent us is very good, but is undoubtedly more adapted to your circle than to the public.

Lecturers. N. B. Greenleaf, of Lowell, will speak at Randolph, Mass., February 19th; at Northampton, N. H., March 18th, and April 1st.

A Message Verified. Messrs. Emerson—Gentlemen, will you permit your humble correspondent to detail for the especial edification of this small class of persons who still affect to sneer at the spiritual manifestations of today...

Well said triumphantly has Gavit redeemed his promise, for before the paper containing his communication had left your office, or had, in fact, been printed, this important man gave such convincing proofs of his continued existence beyond the veil...

Well said triumphantly has Gavit redeemed his promise, for before the paper containing his communication had left your office, or had, in fact, been printed, this important man gave such convincing proofs of his continued existence beyond the veil...

Letter from New Orleans. Dear Banner—Since my last, the Spiritualists here have had quite a jubilee. During December, Miss Harding delivered some fourteen or fifteen lectures to large and, I believe, appreciative audiences.

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Letter from Providence. ERRONEOUS HARRIS—Our anticipations in relation to Miss Harris were not well realized, and we found that, though it had spoken well for her, had not enlarged upon the facts of the case...

Upon January 20th, the Rev. John Pierpont addressed us in the afternoon, upon the question, "Shall man believe upon authority or evidence?"

Mr. William Parker Bow, who is already known in connection with Arctic matters, is getting up an Arctic expedition, and subscriptions are already flowing in to aid him in his object.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. The fifth paper of "Ancient Glimpses" will be printed next week. It will meet other interesting matter, has been unavailably "crowded out" this week.

There are fields in the grossest nature, that wait but the hand of culture to yield blossoms of love and joy.

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"THE FARMER'S FAITH."—We have received the first number of a paper bearing this title. It is published by George W. Briggs & Co., No. 10 Water Street.

A gentleman walked into a store in Cincinnati, a few days since, and began to examine a handsome shawl, displayed on what he thought to be the shoulders of a show-figure.

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TWENTY DISCOURSES BY CORA L. V. HATCH, ON Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD GUIDE says: "LIFE ILLUSTRATED is the paragon of periodicals." A quarter gives it to you 3 months.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by a spirit who has been in communication with the spirits of the departed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of the earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the error of those who think that they are more than spirits.

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would be no use to us, we have decided to publish the answers of letters in this department.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 112 Broadway, New York, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

- Saturday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunkard after Death?" Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Ferris, Boston.
Sunday, Dec. 18.—"Why are you to know when you serve God?" To Katharine, Anne Maria Foster, Buffalo; Jenny Wilson; Horace Atwood.
Monday, Dec. 19.—"Evil Spirits;" William Cooper; Prayers; Nathaniel Morton.
Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"Why are evil spirits permitted to torment?" Edward Perkins, East Boston; Louisa Herbert, Taunton; Daniel to John S. Collins.
Wednesday, Dec. 21.—"Is not modern Spiritualism ancient witchcraft revived and rechristened?" Silas Brown, Boston; John Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Sophy Lindsay, Braintree, N. H.
Thursday, Dec. 22.—"Did Jesus attain the highest possible state of perfection?" William Raymond, New Bedford; Samuel Billing, Boston; Hannah Eldridge, Bangor.
Friday, Dec. 23.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; My Mother, to her son John.
Saturday, Dec. 24.—"The Bible;" Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Eulight; Clara Percival.
Sunday, Dec. 25.—"Is it Magicianism?" Lucy Lee, Boston; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.
Monday, Dec. 26.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" Mary Gay, Boston; Robert Sanderson, Philadelphia; To E. C. Gardner.
Tuesday, Dec. 27.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" E. C. Coppie, Corvallis.

Faith.

"Faith—what is faith, and how shall man receive aid by abiding in faith?"

This is the subject which has been given us for consideration this afternoon.

Faith, when coupled with good works, is a virtue rare and beautiful; a chain connected with life, strong and unyielding—yes, its strength is founded upon Jehovah; it leads in him, existeth by his law, and is a part of himself. But the faith that is without works is like salt which has lost its savoring power.

The ruler of the elements in ancient times spoke thus unto one who was walking by his side—standing upon the element water. He said, "Oh, you of little faith!" He might have said, "Oh, you who are standing upon faith not coupled with works! You fear, you tremble, you have not that implicit reliance in Jehovah that is needful in your case, and thus you have no faith."

And again the holy one of ancient time said to the few who were gathered about him, "Behold the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Now the question that follows close to this paragraph in Scripture may be this. True the Divine One spoke unto the few of his day, but did he speak to those of this time? According to our understanding he did not. He spoke to the few gathered about him. The spiritual food given for their sustenance was not given for you. You live in another atmosphere; you are sustained by the same power, but the light is stronger, the atmosphere is more clear, and the angel of intelligence is constantly in your mind, shedding light all about you. In those days the king of darkness was strong. Intellect scarce lived, in reality.

"What is faith?" asks our questioner.

If man, the creature, would ever abide in faith such as cometh from God the Father, he must not fold his arms, close his eyes, and expect a creature to perform that which is his duty alone as a creature. God, by his law, creates and effects certain things. He has endowed himself with power so that he can in no wise violate his law—no, not to give you works which are not works of yours. The act must come from you. God the Father says you shall work to-day and while you work send forth the emanation from your spirit which shall be faith. It dwelleth upon yourself to perfect your work, for God to vindicate it.

Now, as man and God are bound to each other by a law indissoluble, they cannot be separated for a moment; yet, as the Creator is continually marching forth, bringing into life new germs of intelligence, upon each atom he hath written Progress. The body, which seems to be inactive without the spirit, has progress within it. Progress is action, and that power is never idle, but always at work, ultimating now beauties.

Faith, the nothing, sits down quietly, saying the stone is too heavy, we cannot roll it away—it belongs to God to do it. Faith, the reality, says, "Let us try," and behold the stone is rolled away. This is genuine faith which bringeth to the beholder all he asks for.

Oh man, it is not for you to call upon God to perform your duty; he cannot do it. We repeat it, he cannot. He must be loyal to his own law, else he could not be God. This is that which sustains him. So, then, cease to beckon him from his throne, for he comes not at your call. He attendeth to his judgment and mercy. He heareth the call, but all that he knows is cometh from darkness and ignorance; and when you shall know the faith which belongs to the celestial city, you shall cease to call upon God to do that which belongs to you to do. The Christian is sometimes found sitting like a log outside the camp, calling upon God to come down and effect some work. He rises not, but the sun rises and blesses him with his beams, and sets again; and behold it rises in the morning again and he works not, nor are his prayers answered. He may as well expect old Ocean to come to the town and lave his brow, instead of going to meet her embrace. God saith to all nature, obey my law, and he procures obedience by never violating it in any case.

Look abroad on the vast field of nature, and see all his gems gathered into her vast storehouse. All was created by law—law governs all. The Creator, by virtue of his own law, holds them all in control, and should he violate one part in the law, behold what confusion, what confusion! Life here and there clashing with life all around. Behold what desolation!

Oh man, seek to understand true faith. There are two kinds of faith—our reliance and no not. One is without works, the other is joined with works.

We will ask you a simple question: Will your God do that which belongs to you to do? Will he find clothes and sustain you without any act on your part? You tell us you have had faith in God, and he has deserted you. That which you have folded to your bosom for so many years is not faith. We care not how many years you have stood before the people preaching the gospel, you have not faith—you never had it. You never understood your God.

Work, oh our questioner, work, both in spirit and the form. God hath given you certain talents, and he expects you to use them for your own good and his glory. If you use them for his glory, you use them for the good of the multitude, and the license rises to him.

When the beggar comes to your door for assistance, do not consult the faith you have depended upon so many years. Do not say I have faith that God will take care of that child. God hath sent him to you for assistance. Have you faith that God will sustain that child when he hath sent him to you?

What would your faith be good for in crossing the river death? You have tried to have faith in God. You have

tried to sit still, and vainly you have done so, expecting God, by virtue of your license, to work for you. Oh, awake at once, if you would not be left in midnight darkness when the angelic death comes to your temple. Hous at once and seek to understand yourself and God. You have the privilege of standing between the two worlds and communing with the inhabitants of the other world. They will whisper to you of true faith. Cast that from you which is a burden to you. Light is wanting, and you are starving for it to sustain your spirit.

When nature, like a busy handmaid, calls forth the beautiful flower, the green leaf, the grass, in spring time—when she calls these forth, does she not require man's aid in beautifying that she hath called into existence? Verily she does. And how was the Creator, how far-seeing to endow man with an intellect which shall encompass all things in this sphere and all others! Man hath been endowed with intellect equal to God's, and it only needs faith, coupled with good works, to call it forth.

Come down from the mountain of preconceived opinion, our questioner; work with thy hands, thy feet, and all thy God hath given thee, and faith will be faith, and thou shalt be rewarded both here and hereafter. Dec. 16.

Thomas Bell.

I think I'm mistaken here somehow. I was expecting to see somebody I might know, but I do not. My name used to be, but isn't now, Thomas Bell. I was eighty-two years old. I died in Boston. I was born in the State of Vermont. I was a white-washer by trade—a mason—as I sometimes did other branches of the business, but white-washing was my trade.

Yes, I did stammer. I thought I should get rid of it here, but when I thought of it, it came upon me. I didn't have it till I had the shaking palsy, and that was five years before I died.

I suppose I've got two sons and a daughter somewhere near here. I thought I was blessed to speak with one or both of them, but it seems I have not got the blessing yet. Can't I call the attention of some of my folks to my letter, and ask them when they read it to let me speak somewhere to them?

I died pretty suddenly. I expect it was palsy, but I do not know, sir—paralysis, I expect. I got numb pretty bad two or three days before I died, and I did not stay long after that. No, I did not know what I was controlling. I know nothing about it. I expect some of my folks have called for me, for my son Thomas, who is here and was here a good time before I came, my oldest son, told me I was wanted here. I've got a good many things I would like to say, but I cannot think of having them published, no way. I could give a deal of light on some things.

I died in the year 1848. My sons' names are George and William. George was a young man going to learn trading—keeping store. William was telling me he was going to sea, but I hear he is in some kind of trade. I have not been here to know certainly what they are doing; I expected to see them here, and was wondering if I should know them.

Their mother has got something to say to them, too. She is not with me all of the time. Her maiden name was Clara Winchester—that was a long time ago. She died before I did. I lived at the North End. Yes, I was a bricklayer, but I mostly do white-washing, the latter part of the time. I feel just about as I did before I died. I am cold, and a little shaky; will this body die when I go? I feared it might—did not know. I've seen a good deal since I've been here, but I've not been here before to-day. Good-by, sir. Dec. 15.

George James Harwich.

I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you, but finding no other way to serve my purpose as well, I am obliged to do this. I expected to have an opportunity of communing with my people at home, but I am disappointed. I promised to be at a certain number in Borkley Square, London, last night. I was disappointed—I cannot go. I said I promised to be there. I was promised; my friend said I would be there, and that I expected to do. They told me I was unwillingly unwilling to comply with the laws that govern this thing, and thus I was separated, rather than brought into rapport with them. I was announced to meet certain parties, but I did not—could not.

I am very sorry to trouble you; I suppose your meetings here are designed for people of your own country. I am at a loss to know what to say, except that I could not be there, and cannot tell the reason.

My name was George James Harwich. I was twenty-four years of age. My residence, when here, was at the number 11, speak of which I do not see fit to give, for motives good. I died in Paris the 24th of last May, disease said to be cancer of the stomach, but ascertained to be an abnormal growth of some kind which my physician pronounced to be fibrous tumor, which filled my stomach, causing death.

Alas! my good friend, I had no occupation—nothing in which I can safely stand here. I might say I was this, and speak truth—or that, and tell the truth; but in order to save inharmony, I will keep silence upon this point.

I will further say when I find out what law I am called on to obey, to commune with my friends; I will obey it, and commune with them at that number; but, until such time, with their permission and yours, I will hold communion with them by coming here. In justice to myself, I will say I am wholly unacquainted with the manner of spirits controlling mortals. I find it very difficult to control here to-day, yet I succeed beyond my expectations. Dec. 15.

Charlotte Maria Foster.

I do not know what to say to you. Most I tell you my name? I suppose I must. It used to be Charlotte Maria Foster, but it is not now. I was cut all up in the cars. I was going home to New York, where mother is. She told me to come here. She don't believe I can come, and my father don't believe, too. My uncle helps me here. I was eight years old, most. It was on the Norwich road, eight years ago. My uncle says it is between seven and eight. I wasn't called Maria, nor Charlotte, but Lotty. I think I'll say I was talking to my mother I could talk better; but all the folks keep looking at you. And there's a man here tells you when to come and when to go, and I'm afraid of him.

Tell my mother I do come here, and do speak, and I do love her as much as ever, and not to mind what my father says to her. I don't want her, and you see I know. Here I'm happy; and I see my little sister here, sometimes, and my grandmother, and my mother's brother, what went away a long time ago. She said he might come back, and give me a great many things; but he won't—he's dead—Charles, I mean. My little sister's name was Louisa.

I lived in Ferry street. He corrects me again—says it's Ferry street. I think I have my mother will say I exhibit the same self-will I used to. He's died since I have. I would not mind him, because he was always telling my mother or something about me.

Tell my mother my uncle says I'm just the same self-willed little thing I ever was; and tell her I say I ain't. And tell my father when he comes here where I am I'll rec'd him. Yes, I will too; my uncle says so.

Didn't I love them boots nice? 'cause I wouldn't have them before I went away; and my father said I shouldn't have them a week, and I didn't. Something else lost the things—I didn't. Didn't hurt me any.

Go way—I don't want you to help me! I can go myself when I want to. My uncle wants me to go, and I'll go when I get ready. He's dead—died of consumption, and I did n't. Didn't hurt me to die, and it did him. My uncle says no, it would help me gain. I don't care—I'll help myself. He thinks he can rule me just as he used to, but he can't. Well, my mother will my uncle is here, so I can't say all to both of them. He keeps talking to me, so I can't say all to him. He helped me to come, and I, I thought he was going away. What is his name? There, he told me to ask, and I did. When will you print this? He says I mustn't complain about time—must think myself well off to get it printed any time. He gets me so cross I can't talk. I'll never come with him again.

I will tell his name, too; my father's name is Henry. My uncle tells me not to tell it. I won't go 'cause he wants me so. Now I'll go. Dec. 15.

Can Man know God?

Is it possible for man in the mortal to possess a clear conception of his God, while in the mortal?

The Infinite and All-wise Creator hath fashioned man to wisdom; he hath given him life and all the forms pertaining to life. He giveth him to dwell for a time in a degree of life, and again he claimeth him for another, and another. And behold, the great links in the chain of man's existence cannot be numbered, and yet the Creator dwelleth alike in the more obscure atoms of his creation. He manifests here, in hell and in heaven. Everywhere his wisdom shines, and his power is manifest. And why may not man possess a clear knowledge of that Creator?

God hath given the people of this sphere many beautiful manifestations of his power. His name he hath written everywhere, his image in all things. The storm speaks forth his praise, his power, his goodness and his wisdom. All nature is singing anthems of him. And shall man, the grand apex of all his creation, not be able to know his God? Surely God calleth unto him yesterday, to-day and forever. He speaketh to man from everything beneath and above him.

And to hath placed a mirror within the interior temple of each individual, and that mirror reflects God. Yes, God is seen there in all perfection. His face is radiant with wisdom and glory, and man has only to become acquainted with himself to know his God.

Nature, if thou from the inmost of thy domain dost understand thy God, teach, oh, teach man in mortal to better understand his Creator, that he may be drawn higher to him by knowledge.

The theological world are vainly seeking to obtain a perfect knowledge of God through the record called the Bible. That is their foundation; upon it they build all their hopes, all their expectations of God. If we would be just to him who hath questioned us, we must say it is already lingering beneath their feet. The Bible, as it has been understood by the people of the past, will furnish little or no proof that a God exists anywhere.

Who denies this? Thousands, we answer, will do so—and will curse us for our words. But truth is with us, and never deserts its creations. That work of the Creator, that so-called work of the creature, was the Creator. That so-called word of God was simply the word of man. We need not go down the steep slope of time to prove that the Bible gives no proof of a God. The little flower in the garden speaks louder of its Creator than does the whole Record. A God is manifest there, all goodness and love—of perfect wisdom, and infinite power.

What speaks that little flower into existence? Nature, you answer. What is Nature? God, we answer. Behold intelligence, wisdom, grand and sublime, is manifested throughout nature. Who in mortal could create the flower—who give it its beautiful hue, its fragrant smell? None but a God who fashioned man in intelligence? A God, we answer—a principle of divine wisdom—a law of love and power ever enduring. Man is sustained by God, and why may he not understand him in the morning of life as well as in the evening of a second existence?

Men will not find any more wonderful manifestations of God in the higher life than they find here. If men and women cannot comprehend their God who dwelleth here, how can they expect to know their God in the higher life? Man must understand God in this imperfect state of life. Every step of the ladder man's feet must press; and God has given the creature the faculty of understanding every manifestation of his love.

To those who style themselves Christians, we can prove our words by the record. Jesus of eighteen hundred years ago said to his followers, "Do ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Did he say, wait till you go to a higher degree of life? No, but he acquainted with him now. The present is yours—use it for your own good and the glory of your God.

In all the lower departments of nature we find perfect obedience to nature, to God. The flower, the tree, all they God the stalk put forth its buds, its leaves, its blossoms, in spring, for God commands it. It sheds them in autumn, for God commands it. It breathes its perfume upon the air, for God commands that. When once the law is perverted, there comes a deformity, a mere lost, drooping flower, a dead stalk; but wherever there is harmony there is perfection, wisdom, power and strength.

Man, the wisest, the best, the grandest of God's creations, stands by his own will, further from God than any other manifestation of his power. This is true. By his own will we say; and why is this? Because he wanders in the desert, seeking his God, while the Eden, fresh and blooming, is at his right hand. Instead of communing with himself, and seeking his God while in his own soul, he wanders up and down the earth, bowing to other Gods, that other men have raised up, not seeking for God whom he is to be found, all around him, but more especially within himself.

God has given a lesson to man to-day, and he can understand it. The fault is with him if he does not. The mass is trying to worship another God—a theological God—one who commanded armies years ago to go forth to battle, clad for the sacrifices of life; a cruel, revengeful, unnatural God men are bowing down to, and explain they do not understand him.

Oh, wander not from home to find a being worthy of worship. That life which sustains you and all in nature hath given you a lesson—turn within and profit thereby. Go not forth to fall down before idols inscribed to the unknown God, for you seek in vain.

Again we say, if all the wise and beautiful lessons your good Father hath given you, in mortal life, go for naught, you will be poor indeed when you pass on to the higher life.

Once again we beseech you to seek the true God. Enter into the temple of your own soul, and seek to commune with the God within. Climb not over the walls of an unknown temple to worship another God, but see God in your own nature and worship him there.

It is possible for man in the mortal to possess a clear understanding of his God while in the mortal?

Yes, we answer, possible, and yes, echoes all nature. There is a God—seek him here, not elsewhere; and seek to know him now. If you fall to understand the lessons of to-day, of this life, depend upon it, so much the harder will it be for you to understand those of the next.

Almighty and Divine Father, who dwelleth constantly of thy wisdom and love to all thy children, and all thy creations, we beseech thee to look in mercy, in thy tender compassion, upon thy wandering children, and they who seek to find thee everywhere, but where they should seek for thee. Do thou so inspire them with that holy zeal that shall give them to know they need not wander in the desert to find thee, but that thou art in the bosom of every soul.

So inspire the questioner with a knowledge of himself that he shall no longer cry out that he knows not thee. Endow him with a power sufficient to comprehend himself. Unseal his vision, and cause him to see the light in his own soul, for by that light he may walk abroad, and find thee everywhere, and worship thee everywhere. Dec. 15.

William Pope.

Many years have passed since I spoke through my own body. I am called for, and by whom I do not know. I draw you favor me with that knowledge? For what am I drawn to earth? Whom shall I serve? My near kindred are with me.

In 1798 I lived as you live, but for what am I called here? Who says come here? Who? My name was William Pope. I lived in the place you know as Salem. I am here, but know not for what I am called, nor by whom. Let them speak again, and I will be their servant in answering. Dec. 15.

Jack Seward.

Excuse me, but I am taken a little by surprise. I'm a green 'un at this business; don't think strange if I ask you a few questions.

My name is Jack Seward. I formerly lived in New York. I was requested to come here, but don't know what for. Most I answer what my occupation was? Suppose I tell you I kept a club house. At one time I kept 301 E. Broadway. After that I kept a little place—temporary sort of an establishment—on Perry street, and after that I kept near the Bowery. After that I kept at No. 4 Park Place with my brother Charles.

It's a devil of a fine country up where I am. I bog pardon, but I must be myself. I don't know as I am going down hill, or getting up fast; but what in the name of all good and great, bad and evil, what is the object in calling for me? Please inform them on the start that I did n't shake so bad that I shook myself out of existence entirely.

Who, in the name of heaven, would have supposed I should come back in this shape though? Why was I not transformed into a good-sized Newfoundland dog? By the way, where is my dog? Have you ever seen him? I am pretty happy. I believe everybody carries his own peculiar features everywhere. Happy here, happy aloft. I've been travelling around looking at the curiosities. There is such a great variety that I might tell of this, that, and the other, and you be as far off when I got through as when I began.

Memory troubles me now; you have got to draw me a pretty clear picture of any past scene, in order to have me remember it.

The old idea of religion is all a bubble; but it is about as well for a man to do as well as he can. I think I should travel a little different road if I were here again. The stop- ping place here corresponds with the road traveled on earth. Every dark spot on earth creates a dark day here, and you have got to buy oil, if you want to light up the picture.

Well, I suppose I must travel. Whoever he or she is who has called on this gentleman, dressed up in woman's clothes, who has called for me, if they will just call again a little louder and clearer, I'll come again, as soon as I can. Here I

am, transformed into an angel. This is a fine country, you see you can be transformed into anything you choose. Well, good-by to you. Dec. 15.

Ellen Traylor.

Oh, what mockery is this to bring me here. They say you are to be judged. When, and where? Oh, why not let me go home? Is there a wish to speak—not here. Oh God, I've got no name—no name. Let me go home. My name was Ellen Traylor. I was born in Georgetown, D. C. I died, oh God where did I die? Yes that is the question. I was tired of life. I died because I was tired of it. Say to my people? What would I say? Take it home to my mother; that is all.

That child was born in San Francisco, August, 1851. Tell him to send it home to my mother, and I'll rest. He sleeps quiet. I cannot tell then.

Oh, if all the fires of hell were around me, my case would be better than now. Hell! The Christian talks of hell, and he knows nothing of it. I lived in misery two years before death, and I died to get out of it. I had better stayed here and faced the stern winds of adversity, than to have gone with so many regrets. Oh, it is so hard to do what you should have done!

Oh, shall I ask for my mother's forgiveness? Oh no; if it comes, it must come to me. I'll suffer in hell—yes, I will; but my child must not live there. She is with her father—with him and his. Tell him, for the love of heaven, tell him to send her to my mother. If he will unlock the gates of hell for me, send her to my mother. My curses, my everlasting curses, shall rest with him if he does not. The curses that make hell, my mother; oh my mother! the condition of my child I must learn—must find peace if I ever find it. Tell her so. Dec. 15.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

BY J. BOLLEN M. SQUIRE.

Upon Loucanda's towering height, Which overlooked the wave and dell, Sadly the mournful Sappho stood; In glorious streams of softened light The sunbeams o'er her tresses fell; And tinged with gold the rippling foam; While lingering on his burning throne, To bid her memorized lute adieu, Slowly the day-god entered through The West, and hid his lurid zone.

The words which words can ne'er portray She eighed unto the restless sea, Which gave them back again to air; But seated aloft and sunshiny gay Soothed not where passion's agony Had maddened love to dark despair. And unto Venus, sad and low She sang that ardent hymn, which long Shall crown her Lesbian's queen of song, When men recall the long ago.

She thought of Oen's famous queen, The bravest at Salamis' fight, The last to face the Grecian ships, When Xerxes' host to quail was seen; Who robbed Darius of his sight, And then, with pale and trembling lips, Fighting regret at every breath, Came to Loucanda's promontory, And to Apollo breathed her story, And hurried herself, for love, to death.

She wept not, not a single tear Had dimmed the lustre of her eye, But there she stood in that despair Which sorrowing souls need most to fear, With blinds in voiceless misery The heart enslaved by wanton care.

'Tis true, when Hope's last rays depart, When those for whom we've on world die, Are lost to all our love for aye—That tears come not to ease the heart.

And she was beautiful as when At first God's inspiration fell And made an opal of her years, Herself the soul of song—and then It seemed as if some magic spell, With all the radiance of the spheres, Had touched her cheek and brow of snow, While the power of a deathless soul, Great beyond the world's control, Shone through her gaze with deeper glow.

What cared she for her beauty now, For raven lock, or blooming cheek, Since Phæon loved not these, or her? Grief's dust enthroned upon her brow, And Hope, grown hopeless, ceased to speak While anguish ruled the conqueror.

Yet was she still fair to behold, Nor prate of the Delphic shrine, Had more of majesty sublime, Than lived within her mortal mould.

And ever mid the shades that sweep, Across her brow so fast and wrong, There gleamed a hope which never slept— A singly done, prophetic thought, Which long had lived in her belief. The proud instinct that future fate, Whatever fate should o'er her ride, Would erud round her deathless name.

One look toward Lesbos' isle she cast, The cradle of her love and song. Her aching and her stern resolve— One frenzied look, it was her last— For why should she care its hours prolong? Or love, existing, pain or wrong?

"All joy for Phæon!" Sappho cried— Above the gifted one's repose, Who living loved, and loving died.

And from that hour the zephyrs bore Her plaintive hymn, far lands to fill, And bid the anguish of her years; And madous on the Lesbian shore At Sappho's burning song shall thrill, And think of her with sighs and tears— Too late my Venus' self accuse The art which gave to Phæon's hour A beauty of such fatal power. To seal the fate of such a muse. London, Jan. 20th, 1860.

"Something Now," or "Electro Phronopathy."

Messrs. BROTHERS—Notice in the BANNER of Jan. 28th, an article from Dr. Bendorian, claiming that the science of "Electro Phronopathy" is borrowed from his work on "Pathology." This cannot be true, as Mrs. Rollins, author and discoverer of Electro Phronopathy, has never seen a work on "Pathology." The term, "Electro Phronopathy," she compounded from three Greek words, "Electron," "Phron," and "Pathos," and was not aware that the word Phronopathy had ever before been used. The science is certainly new in the aspect which she presents it to the public. She claims that each one of the vital organs is connected in nervous action with a definite portion of the brain, and not only regulates thither its healthy or diseased condition, but actually registers the record thereon. The state of the mental faculties depends entirely upon the condition of the vital organs, with which they are connected; different faculties of the mind governing different vital organs.

Mrs. R.'s examinations are satisfactory to all. The test in my own case I know to be absolutely correct, and do not see how it could be otherwise, as the examinations are accompanied by proof that cannot fail to convince the most skeptical, that Mrs. R. has indeed made a most valuable discovery in Nervous Physiology which enables her to give a true diagnosis of disease, and also teach the cause and cure. Mrs. R. asks no fee to contribute means for establishing a school where this new science of Electro Phronopathy is to be taught; but simply proposes from her own resources to build an Institute, where the sick can be restored to health, and cure of Anger, Jealousy, Fear, Despondency, and other kindred painful emotions.

"Galvanism" forms no part of the system she teaches, nor has she ever claimed the "samaritanism of Electro Magnetism with the vital force," or had sought to do with "excitement of the phrenological organs by electricity." As Mrs. R. has been generously offered to remunerate any

intelligent person for their time and trouble in investigating her theory, provided they do not become convinced of its truth, it is no more than reasonable to request Dr. B. to investigate Electro Phronopathy, as taught by Mrs. R., before attempting to explain it to the public; and if he would attend to and follow the instructions given daily to invalids, and others, by Mrs. R., at her rooms in Tremont Temple, he would doubtless be greatly improved in health of mind and body. I am fully convinced that Mrs. R.'s system is destined to come into universal application. Neither Dr. B., nor any other man, could intentionally, and with a true knowledge of Mrs. R.'s plans and operations, oppose any obstacle to the success of a person who bids fair to be hereafter considered a great benefactor to mankind.

Physicians, of every mode of practice, and earnest students, from every profession, have investigated this new science, and are satisfied that Mrs. R.'s demonstrations fully establish the originality and truthfulness of her theory. I offer this in justice to all concerned. M.

LETTER OF DR. CHARLES MAIN TO SPIRIT-MEDIUMS.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS LADIES—After being in the field so long, if not longer, than most spirit-mediums, it seems to me I may claim the right to speak to you of the duties and responsibilities we incur by placing ourselves before the public as advocates and exponents of this new system of religion. The word "theology" is a misnomer. We do not intend to talk about God, but teach how we may better obey him. We have all got to learn—that we must not be mere hearers and talkers about our duties, but doers, constantly teaching by example rather than precept. The world has been flooded, for the last eighteen centuries, with hard cold theologians; they have argued and mystified all of life their religion ever contained, into everlasting Arcadia regions, where perpetual torments of logical cat keep them in an everlasting state of preservation.

But Spiritualism is destined to conquer by the same element of love that Christ used to melt the multitude who followed in his footsteps. It is as potent now, as when he first proclaimed that love was the fulfilling of the law. This must be our watchword, our rallying-cry from one end of the land to the other, if we would have this cause, so dear to us, stand the wear and test of worldly influences. This is the soul that must save the whole body; and if this is cast out, nothing can preserve it; wholly will be cast upon it, and we shall become a reproach and a by-word for future generations. Then how carefully should we consider the great responsibility we are taking upon ourselves! Subject, as we constitutionally are, to that great susceptibility of temperament which feels the most delicate influences, how can we be so happy individually which can be positive to all individuals in general, both from the material and spiritual world, and negative to such impressions as shall prove themselves to come from the true spirit, and form in ourselves such characters as shall stand before the world as exponents and practical representatives of the great truths we are called upon to teach?

For one, I feel, and have long been conscious of the necessity of acting upon it, that our own reasoning powers were given to guide us in this, as in every other matter, and we can so discipline ourselves as to discriminate between such influences as would be injurious or otherwise.



