

BANNER LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

CHAPTER I.

The Family at Briar Grove.

"And thou too, whose's thou art, That readest this brief psalm, As one by one thy hopes depart, Be resolute and calm."

A first sorrow! Who has forgotten it? Who can not even after the lapse of years and the constant bearing down of grief through all, weep fresh tears when memory brings up again to view the sad first time that the young heart was driven to mourn over the conviction that life was not one long and pleasant dream.

And such an awakening was Flora Pemberton destined to experience, at a moment when life wore its most joyful hues.

"Wife, did it ever occur to you that our Flora ought to go to school?" asked a fine looking man of a lovely lady, who, raising her dark blue eyes in astonishment to his, exclaimed, angrily:

"Bless my heart, what can you mean?" and she glanced through the window down into the garden where her daughter was at play, unconscious of the plotting in the family sitting-room against her careless, happy life.

"Why, wife, the child has no education. I actually believe she cannot tell which hemisphere she lives on; and as to figures, if she is able to repeat the twelfth line of the multiplication table, I'll give you a cane!"

"A cane! How you talk, husband!"

"Well, then, a bonnet, wife. But do you not see our girl's deficiencies yourself?"

"I do not know, but it seems awful to have her leave us. I can't let her. What made you think of it, husband?"

"A sudden realization, as I caught a glimpse of her tall figure playing on the grass-plot, that she was scarcely a child now; and if a woman, a very ignorant one, certainly."

"Cannot we get a governess for her?" suggested the mother.

"Not a good one, if the statement of our neighbors is correct. No, wife, it will be best to send her away to school; three or four years will polish her finely."

"I do not know; it seems like cutting into my very heart to part with her. And with a sigh, Mrs. Pemberton rang a silver bell on her work-table. A bright-eyed and very light mulatto woman answered the summons.

"Venus, ask your young mistress to come to me." And Mrs. Pemberton's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"I wonder what makes mistress so sorrowful," soliloquized Venus on her way to the garden.

"Miss Flora, your mother wants you," she said, after lingering a moment to look at the young girl, whose rare beauty was heightened by the play she was enjoying with Rover.

"What a shame, when Rover and I were having such fun! Can't she wait, Venus?"

"I think not; she seems very sad about something."

"Does she?—down Rover, you must not keep me a moment! I would n't stay with you now if I could." And the anxious and the affectionate child ran swiftly toward the house, Rover bounding madly after her, and catching her dress between his teeth in the excess of his enjoyment.

"What is it, mother? Venus says you seem sad," she cried, bursting into the room, upon the floor of which Rover unceremoniously plopped her, and then set up a low growl of satisfaction at the exploit, as he danced around her.

"Here, wife, that's an argument in my favor."

"Oh, child, child, will you never be a woman?" sighed Mrs. Pemberton, forced to think her husband near sight.

"No, I hope not. Fred don't want me to be, nor Rover either, do you, my fine fellow? Would n't it be funny for you to try a game with a woman? Mammas, for instance!"

"But we are going to try to make you one," said her father, essaying a very grave look.

"You are n't! Oh, father, how awful in you!" And Flora threw herself in great despondency upon a chair, at the side of which Rover soberly stationed himself.

"Yes, my daughter, we feel that it is time for you to attend school," said Mrs. Pemberton in a faltering voice.

"Go to school! What's the use of it? Can't I read and spell, and reckon?"

"I do not know, child, I have great doubts of your doing either creditably to yourself or parents."

"Here, Fred!" cried Flora, springing from her chair, reaching out of the window, and gesturing vehemently.

"Here, here!" is just where I'm coming. What's to pay?" And a young man sprang from his horse, then the reins to an attending groom, and entered the family sitting-room, when Flora grasped his two hands, and burst into tears.

"What, all you?" asked Fred, looking almost faintly, and drawing Flora upon his knee.

"Are you a real friend to me, Fred?" she asked, gazing tearfully into his eyes.

"Of course I am. What made you ask me such a question?"

"Then prove it, by making my parents keep me at home! For oh, they are going to send me away to school!" Flora's tears flowed afresh.

"You surely are not going to do this!" demanded Fred of the criminal.

"Yes, Fred; it is necessary. She is as ignorant as a baby," teased Mr. Pemberton.

"Ignorant! Flora ignorant! Why, she's worth all the women I ever knew!" cried Fred, in astonishment.

"Still, wise as she is, according to your estimation, Fred, she must go to school," continued Mr. Pemberton more soberly. "He felt the projected separation very keenly himself, and it wounded him to see the tears of his wife and daughter flow, for what he knew to be a necessary evil. He could have wept too, and more than once passed the back of his hands over his eyes, and tried to turn his feelings off with a joke, the faltering tones in which it was given, showing the pain he was vainly attempting to hide."

Fred did not seek to hide his tears. He was astonished to find thoughts and emotions which had lain hidden in his heart, silent and unsuspected. And now, like jangled chords, driven into sound by force, they pained him by their discord. To love, and have the object of it separated, perhaps forever from him, was a suggestion (the evil one himself must have sent it,) he could not endure for a moment.

"Let her stay at home, I will teach her!" he cried, impulsively; then added, amid tears and deepening blushes: "I was called a very tolerable scholar at college."

"I know it, my dear boy, and have ever been proud of it, but my Flora must go to school," replied Mr. Pemberton, smiling inwardly at the idea of Fred and Flora as teacher and pupil.

"What makes yer so glum, Venus?" asked Dinah, Mrs. Pemberton's special servant, when the two accidentally met on the verandah that adorned the back of the mansion.

"The dear child is going way off," sobbed Venus.

"What's she gwine to do dat for?" said Dinah, ferociously.

"Because dey do n't think she knows enough to stay at home."

"She not know enough? I'd like to see the lady dat knows more!" and Dinah with this, stalked angrily off to her cabin, when, taking upon her lap a little girl of three summers, blessed God that it could stay at home with her.

From her position on the verandah, Venus could see the caresses that Dinah lavished upon the child, and bearing it till the sight grew too agonizing to her senses, she walked with heavy step, and heavier heart to her young mistress's chamber, a small ante-room leading from which was her own. After lingering a few moments in the former, and with tearful eyes, viewing tenderly every near object Flora's delicate fingers had touched, or had decorated her lovely person with, she went sobbing into her own apartment, where she gave vent to the distress she could no longer repress.

"Oh, child, child, you little know! you little know!"

"Why, Venus, are you really taking on so about my leaving home?" cried Flora, who, unable to remain below, had rushed up into her chamber, to give way to her mingled anger and grief.

"It's hard to part with you, honey," answered Venus, looking frightened and distressed.

Flora dried her tears, and smothered her own feelings to comfort Venus, yet could not avoid saying:

"How you tremble and sob! Why, you actually show more sorrow than my mamma does! Though of course she feels badly, worse than any one else can!"

"Of course, child," murmured Venus, clasping Flora to her bosom, and kissing her with frantic tenderness.

"Mercy! you'll smother me!" and as Venus exulted her, Flora added: "I do believe Fred feels, and would do just so, if he had a chance."

"He would," said Venus fervently.

"How do you know that?" laughed Flora.

"True love cannot help showing itself. I see with his eyes, perhaps! I know that you are the light of his life!"

"You do?" said Flora, then added admiringly, "Venus, how well you talk! I wonder if I shall ever talk as well. Mammas says that you are often quite poetical in your expressions."

Venus turned away to hide an impatient expression. Often thoughts that seemed to burst into her very soul rose in tormenting strength to disturb the quiet she had sought for years, to strengthen and make perfect. And now!

The few weeks preceding Flora's departure transformed her into something far different from the hoyden of old. This dreadful separation from home made her silent, thoughtful, and weighed down her spirits. She would not speak of going away, especially to Fred and Venus, both of whom seemed so distressed that it pained her to be alone with them. They, (she reasoned) perhaps, being of temperaments similar to hers, understood her feelings and sympathized with them to a degree that moved her beyond expression. Hence she avoided them. The contrast of her past bright life with her dull, monotonous future, as she in her ignorance depicted it, was very great.

One day she had wandered far into the woods to weep upon her tears. It must be remembered that she had developed rapidly in a short time. It was an hour when the Eden of her life seemed closing against her. The stern Real loomed up tormentingly before her. She could not invest it with a single phasm. She felt unhappy, friendly, and alone. Seeing at a distance a bush of wild white roses, she seated herself near them, and commenced forming from them a bouquet to carry with her, sprinkling each one with her fast falling tears.

"In two or three days they will be faded and scentless, like everything else in life, after one has once known pleasure," she said sadly to herself.

"It is cruel to make you suffer so," broke in upon her solitude. Flora started up, angry at being disturbed, yet blushing with pleasure at the voice.

"Shall I sit beside you a few moments, Flora?"

"You never asked me to let you before, Fred," she answered, with an attempt at fierceness that proved a miserable failure.

"Because you never, never were so distant before. Now I am obliged to look around for the little Flora I once knew, but I do not see her; I cannot find her. In her stead appears a serious young lady, who looks like an isolate herself, and evidently wishes to freeze me into one. But she cannot; I must be the same Fred that she always found me—"

"How silly you are growing!" pettishly interposed Flora. "But," she added, more gently, "everybody and everything keeps changing!"

"In that case, one may hope you will some time finish the round of your transformations, and turn up at last the child that—that long ago stole my heart!"

"Miss Flora, mistress wants yer to come in, to have yer new dresses fitted. De great dressmaker has arrived, that was sent for from Savannah," unwillingly interrupted Dinah at this juncture. Fred bit his lips with vexation. Flora rose with unnecessary alacrity at the summons, and was hastening away, when, as if obedient to an irresistible impulse, she turned, extended her hands to his grasp, and, with paler lips, kissed his brow. She was gone the next instant.

Fred sat where she left him. A new existence had dawned upon him. He seemed bathed in an inexpressible glory. His feelings—his happy, dashed expression and control.

"Do you really love her?" asked a deep voice, so low and searching that it thrilled Fred with something like pain.

He looked up in surprise. Venus stood before him.

"I do," he fervently replied, not once thinking of her presumption in thus addressing him.

"Will that love outlive time and change?" and Venus fell on her knees before him in a transport of anxiety and irrepressible feeling.

"It will," answered Fred, with a reverent, upward glance of his fine eyes.

"I am satisfied," she whispered softly to herself, and glided away.

CHAPTER II.

A Disappointment.

"The tongue of a contentious woman deliver me from!"

There was an unusual degree of excitement observable in the inmates of the general parlor of Elmwood Seminary. Such a show of bright, young faces—such a confusion of tongues, and such a force of curious glances as were leveled at the door every time it was opened, was a wonder and an amusement to one who did not know that a late arrival the preceding evening had caused it all.

"I long to see her! What a shame she reached Ogress Den so late last night! I tried in every possible way to stay down beyond regulation hours, but the Ogress, or some of her imps, were sure to be on the qui vive, and hustled me off to my room, in spite of sundry ingenious devices I could frame as an excuse to linger below. However, the dragon and her assistants had enough to do to get me to my room, until I had a mind to enter it, which I had n't until I had given up all hope of seeing the new comer. Do n't pity her, though! Four years in this chaste, respectable, head-drumming, heart-freezing, intellectual-polishing (!) retreat, ought to be made up by a hundred years of fun and pleasure! I'll have 'em yet!" cried Ellen Layne, a Southerner, whose constitutional hilarity, hereditary wealth, and natural disinclination to labor, either bodily or mental, caused her to be not the most easily managed pupil in the establishment.

"I suppose, as she is a Southerner, with, of course, all their peculiarities, you will become her very intimate friend," sneered a thin girl, from the depths of the ivy and muslin drapery of the bay window, and whose long neck had stretched itself sore in its vain attempts to give its inquisitive owner a glimpse of the new scholar, who had been seen to go alone to the school-grounds an hour earlier.

"I'm afraid you'll take cold, Miss Brawnish. Had n't you better close that window?" taunted Ellen Layne, in undisturbed good nature.

"I reckon you'd like to take my chance here," sneered Miss Brawnish, driving her smooth head further out of sight.

"Then, if you will endanger your health, please to remember I have got an excellent remedy for sprains, in my room. If your neck does not want your intrusions upon its elasticity, I don't know what can be its limits!"

"Now, Ellen Layne, let my neck alone. You're only making me smart, like an Yankee," retorted Miss Brawnish, ducking her face into the room for that purpose.

"Deliver me from ever experiencing your degree of that same quality! Would n't you like a new scholar from the land where 'folks' travel on shingles, and the sun never sets? Would n't you two enlighten us as to the rise and fall in 'punkies,' the price of 'taters,' and the last golden estimate of the value of wine!"

This was too much for Miss Brawnish. With a bound she sprang from her watch-tower, seized the long, silken looks of Ellen Layne, and used them as a lash about the fair face of their owner. The scholars were afraid to interfere, so stood tearful and trembling.

"Order!" was uttered in a loud, deep, angry tone. The combatants paused; the distressed beholders of the unhappy scene turned to the door, where stood Madame Rivers, and close behind her the new arrival, whose proud face was flushed with contemptuous disappointment.

These, then, were the creatures she had been sent to mingle with—her dark eyes plainly said.

"Miss Pemberton, young ladies. I regret that she has been witness to such an unusual disturbance, yet I trust that your future decorum and unity will efface the unpleasant impression that this scene cannot help making upon her mind," said Madame Rivers.

"Miss Pemberton scarcely bowed a notice of the shame-best heads of the scholars. Some of the more easily recuperant, made shy efforts to engage her attention. They could not immediately regain their usual self-possession—it could not be expected under the circumstances. But Miss Pemberton remained haughty and silent.

Strangely enough, Ellen Layne re-collected herself first, at which the still angry Miss Brawnish looked up in stolid astonishment. But Ellen Layne was not easily annihilated.

"I fancy, Miss Pemberton, you do not often hear of women tigers South. I confess I never did. I am a Southerner."

Miss Pemberton deigned no answer to the owner of so red a face, and whom she had just seen flayed with her own looks.

"I do n't care whether she has or not. And I am n't afraid to tell her, you, and all the rest, that I will not put up with your insolence, nor anybody's," cried Miss Brawnish, angrily.

"Miss Layne and Miss Brawnish, go to your rooms. You must be brought into subjection. I forbid, under pain of my displeasure, the rest of the scholars holding any communication with you for one month," said the stern voice of Madame Rivers.

The lady had never been so disgraced. She shed tears over it when alone in her room.

"Dearest Parent—imagine your absent child dissolved in tears. What induced you to send me away from home. Such a nest of vipers as I entered the morning after my arrival! I expected to be bitten to death, but was miraculously saved, owing, I suppose, to the uncertainty of my palatable-ness for the distinction, so they contented themselves by biting each other. Do you know, dear father, Judge Layne, of Georgia? Well, one of the vipers happens to be his daughter. How delighted the man must be in such a conviction. The other—I haven't yet seen but two of the reptiles—came from that 'Way Down East' that I used innocently to think could be nothing in the world but Utopia itself. But tell Fred not to worry too much about me, I dare say I shall get along very well after all; and don't you, either; only be particular to write me just as often as you have time (inclination has nothing to do with it) and send me all the good things you can, and if I manage to survive until Christmas, do not fail to come for me to pass vacation in the dear old home I have left, and that I dream of every night."

So wrote Miss Pemberton the second evening of her stay at Elmwood Seminary. To this, her parents replied by the earliest mail.

"Dear Child—Keep aloof from the ill-bred young ladies you wrote of. Your excellent judgment will lead you to make a proper selection of acquaintances among the pupils. Be intimate with none. Your high position renders it necessary for you to be very exclusive. When you 'come out,' the 'right set' will naturally choose you as its central ornament. Fred is devoted in his attentions to us. Indeed, he seems like a son. He manages his vast possessions finely, and is a great favorite among his equals and inferiors. He was disturbed by your account of the vipers. Venus and Dinah send their love, &c."

This epistle, that was wonderfully comforting to Flora Pemberton, enclosed a note from Fred Anderson. Shall we be forgiven for subjoining copious extracts?

"Dear little Playmate—(As my dear departed mother used always to call you,) we miss you awfully at home. If possible, when you come to pass Christmas among us you shall not go back to school. I have heard of Judge Layne—though your father has not—and guess he'll do among his kind. His daughter, I judge by your description, to be a rude, uncultivated girl. You will of course remain aloof from her, Southerner though she be. For personal safety, also, you had better oblige her to retain her social inferiority, should she seem inclined to make overtures to an intimacy with you. Your father is the most indulgent of guardians. Only think! he allows me to be master of myself and possessions to the utmost of my will. Pretty well for a boy of twenty, is n't it? I mean to do great things when

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you come home for good and all. I intend to write to you every week, if you'll engage to read the letters. Your parents say I may. So, will you read all I send you? But of course I do n't feel anxious about it, for I know you will do so. I shall pore over every line you favor me with. Pete says the bounds are ready, so I must close, and rather abruptly.

"Yours, ever, FAN."

"P.S. Look out, and keep clear of the vipers. Crush 'em under your heel, if they offend you."

"P.S. 2d. Equal to a girl, are n't I, in the number of my postscripts? Be sure not fall in love with any fellow up there. I'll shoot him if you do. Adieu, my Flora."

These letters were very comforting to Flora, who had never left home before, and who could hardly live under the loss of such friends, and such a home, as she had given up for school. Her haughty exterior offended the pupils, who could not endure it, especially Miss Brawnish, who apostrophized it as "Skin-milk airs, that those weak-blooded Southerners would give themselves, but which it took a clear grit Yankee to pluck to pieces and poke fun at."

But plucking to pieces and poking fun at these airs did not advance Miss Brawnish one step in the esteem of Miss Pemberton, who could not forget her first morning at school, when it seemed as if her respect for her new companions, and hopes of happiness with them, vanished beyond recall.

"How silly in her to keep aloof from us, merely because we do not happen to be so wealthy as she is. If ever she travels, she will of course meet with scores richer than herself. I wonder how she will like to have them look down on her, as she does on us. What vanity to come out of such a beautiful head," said more than one of the pupils often.

But she was not naturally cold, vain, nor scornful. Her heart as often yearned toward them as theirs toward her. But it yearned oftener for the dear home so far away.

CHAPTER III.

Birds nest.

"We feel too strong in wealth. To need them on that road."

A backward glance through fifteen years. A tiny, yet exquisitely constructed, and lavishly adorned cottage, with its two youthful occupants, we will glance in upon.

In the depths of a leafy forest, hidden like a bird's nest in the thickest and greenest tree-top, it nestled in its refreshing seclusion. Birds warbled around, and flowering vines so lovingly mantled it, that one could hardly tell where were the means of reaching the sweet songstress, now making gloriously sentient the fragrant retreat. And a fitting temple had that wondrous voice. No wonder that the whole soul of her entranced listener was borne along by her liquid notes, until the gates of Elysium seemed open to him. For, to his excited vision, with her peerless beauty and matchless tones, she was nothing less than angelic. He had struggled with his passion in its incipient stages, for a sense of foolish differences in social distinctions, engrafted with his earliest consciousness, had made him hesitate to take in the trembling wanderer, Love, that would not be turned away. He had a feminine loveliness of character that won his way to the very centre of every home circle he cared to approach; many and many a proud young heart treasured secretly his image, but his only answer in the depths of its own unspoken joy, "Aurora Orn—Aurora Orn!"

And she? She scarcely knew when her passionate love went forth to meet his. And almost as innocent was she of conventionalisms that pained her beyond expression when at last a glimmering of their meaning darted into her mind. Oh, bells from the sojourn past, your solemn voices ring down to me in strains of deepest agony.

But Aurora had not caught the slightest strain from the discordant future, as we look in upon her for the first time, when she was beautiful as flowers that drink the dews of tender Spring. Her rich tresses of midnight blue lay in heavy folds around her face, or fell in careless waves upon her ivory shoulders. Her eyes of melting brown looked out softly and lovingly through veiling lashes, and her small mouth, full and curved, was like the early rose when it reaches up to catch the first kiss of the sun-gleam. One felt the rare loveliness of that sweet young face, even as they could not help most reverently, regarding the poetical perfection of every graceful motion of the beautiful figure. The young man was full of the realization of her rare beauty, as he revels in the harmony she is making in her solitude.

She lays aside her guitar, and takes a seat on the lounge with him, nestling close her fair young form to his.

"Aurora."

"What, love?" Her low tones drop like a sweet song into her listener's heart.

"Do you like this home?" And he takes her small hands in his, and looks earnestly into the true eyes that she does not know how, to coquettishly turn from his gaze.

"Do I like it? Ask the bird if he is dissatisfied with his fairest realm!" And her clear laugh of surprise at the question rings musically through the pleasant room.

"Is there nothing more you want?" she asks, glancing around.

"Nothing—my bliss is perfect!" Her smiles, as well as words, assure him how true is the answer.

"It seems like a dream," she murmurs, adding, "this change from the old times, it is so new."

"And yet, it is so real," he replies, "that I can feel it all the while."

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ments can hardly make myself believe that I am the same Aurora that lived so eventfully in the little brown house, with my aged grandmother, only a short year ago. You see her often, you say?"

"Oh yes."

"When is she coming to see me? I often long to see her. How happy she will be when she sees how happy I am!"

"I dare say," was the laconic reply to this outburst of delightful anticipation, and the speaker yawned. A pale glimmer from the ghost of disengaged conventionalism touched his present repose. Perhaps a fear, half regret, came up and showed him that life's golden moments are as short as bright, yet made so more by earth than fate.

But for Aurora, the pale tinge had not yet come. Happy in the present, she had no thought for the future, no fear that it would be less beautiful. Her "nature inclined to hope rather than fear," hence the bright side of life must through all be uppermost, until the density of sorrow's shadows would be too deep in its midnight gloom to have room for the interpenetration of a ray less demoralizing. Hopeful child! a very child yet, in years, hope, knowledge, all but in love—that was born of the ages past and to come.

The young man, quickly throwing off the clinging fear, resigned himself to the bliss of the present. He would not see anything less rosy and inviting. Almost handsome enough to be a mate for Aurora, yet one with any penetration could see how far beneath hers was his nature, how full of earth-easiness, where hers claimed lineage with the highest.

The moonlight fell upon them like a blessing when the hour for parting came.

"Must you go?" asked Aurora with a sigh, still holding his hand at the door, loth to have him leave.

"Yes, Court sits to-morrow. It's better for me to be on my way to-night, (we are so far out of it here), and in the morning, by the time other people are starting, I shall meet my party."

Having said this hurriedly, with a fervent embrace he left her. And she stood just there, looking at him as long as a glimpse could be seen, and then she looked, as if with worship, upon the way he had taken.

"How short time seems when he is with me," said she, slowly re-entering the cottage. "Madge!"

"Yes, missis, I'm here," and Madge presented herself so suddenly, that her mistress asked her if she had been in the room all the time.

"No'm, but I comes like lightning when I'm called," and the keen yet beautiful black eyes darted restlessly around.

"I believe you do. Now undress me, and then leave me alone. You can sleep in Alice's room to-night."

"To-morrow, I guess you mean, missis."

"It is more like that, Madge, I'll own," and Aurora sighed at this reminder of her husband's absence.

"What's this Courting business that's done took massa off?" asked Madge, unlacing her mistress's garter.

"I don't know; something special, or he would not have left," said Aurora, striving to hide her youthful tears.

"How old is you, missis?" asked Madge, with impulsive kindness, and for once setting her fickle eyes on one object.

"Not quite fifteen," came chokingly forth. Tears were having their day, in spite of brave efforts to keep them back.

"Gorra dress me! I'm sixteen! Ain't I glad I ain't such a born plesantry as missis?" soliloquized Madge, as with great celerity she folded and placed things in their proper receptacles.

And thus parted Aurora and her husband. Their first parting, too. After Madge had gone, Aurora lay wondering how many hours—not days—it would take to bring her husband back. Thus they had parted, life's hopes warm in each; the one to count the moments of separation away; the other, alas! to realize that he could live away from his beautiful companion. The latter had the satisfaction of hearing himself talked over by two of the party whom he had so selfly overtaken that his approach was unnoticed. He did not altogether like these young men, and would gladly have avoided such close proximity to them, had the road been less tangled, narrow and difficult.

"And so Orne's married?" asked one with a sneer in his voice.

"He think's so," was answered in careless contempt of tone and manner. "A great fool, too, I think."

"Wasn't there some talk of his wooing your sister, Belwyn?"

"Well—yes; not much, though. The fact is, Bess would n't have him."

"Liar!" said Orne, between his teeth.

"Would n't?" exclaimed Belmont; "when!" he added the same moment, "I did n't think it was in the sex to refuse such a chance!"

"Bess is rather out of the common range, I think," was the complacent reply.

Belmont smothered a smile at this, then asked:

"Have you seen Orne with his bride?"

"Yes," came rather testily.

"How does he seem?"

"Like any boy flushed with his first success."

Orne mused a moment over this answer. A sudden tingling of the blood through every artery, a wild exhilaration of feeling, a quick, glad rising of the wings of his spirits, as if relieved from something, hardly, nay, never thought a weight before, and a different man is Orne.

He rested in his saddle a few moments to let the speakers get ahead, then drove up as if for the first time.

"Ha, boys!"

"Orne, by all that's good!" both cried, slapping him on the shoulder with their whip handles, and welcoming him with other marks and words of noisy favor, as they moved apart for him to ride between them, which could easily be done now, as their road grew broad and handsome as it wound nearer the city.

"So you're married, Orne?" teased Belmont.

"As much as I was two years ago!" interposed Belwyn, quickly glancing momentarily at the flushed face of the questioned.

"It was wrong, Orne knew, yet he could not take exception at this reply. It gave him a thrill of singular feeling—a satisfaction—a sense of relief, as we have seen."

"Oh, memory bells! memory bells!"

Aurora lay dreaming of her husband, and her sweet lips often breathed gently his name.

"I am now," murmured Madge, surreptitiously, watching with almost maternal fondness the slum-

bers of her mistress. "I don't know, but I hope she's as happy as she thinks she is! Ain't I glad I'm sixteen, clear out of fifteen, and no man at my heels?" and her restless eyes danced with delight at thoughts of her superior age and freedom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original Essays.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OASIS IN LIFE.

BY SUZIE RIVERS.

There's many a bright and verdant spot
Along the desert's way.
Where flowers of smiling beauty grow
And silvery streamlets play;
And oft the traveler's sinking heart
With joy revives again.
As on his weary vision falls
The longed-for haunts of men.

And thus while passing o'er the road
Where lies our earthly life,
Amid its wasting care and gloom,
Its turmoil and its strife,
We often find some smiling spot,
Where rays of sunlight shine;
Where bright, luxuriant verdure springs,
And flowers together twine.

Perhaps some kind, refreshing word
May fall upon the ear,
Some phrase of tenderness may breathe
From tones we love to hear;
Or, it may be a single glance
From eyes that meet our own,
And read therein that hidden page
We fancied ours alone.

And should a thorn, by flowers concealed,
Wound deeper than the rest,
It may be ours, perchance, to lean
Upon some friendly breast;
Some gentle hand may dry the tears
Which from our eyelids start,
Some sympathizing smile have power
To heal the bleeding heart.

And oft in hours of fear and doubt,
Forth from the printed page,
There beams a ray of Truth divine,
Which can dispel assuage;
And lingering in communion sweet,
As with a kindred soul,
The fainting heart new vigor gains,
To press toward the goal.

It may be that some cheerful home
For us its door throws wide,
Where loved ones smile on every joy,
And weep when woes betide.
Oh, if this blessed boon be ours,
Here surely we may come,
And drink from love's pure fount a draught,
To cheer us as we roam.

And should earth's golden stores be closed
Against our outstretched hands,
While we, all vainly, seek to gain
That which our need demands,
Still, gentle Charity may bring
Her gifts of thoughtful love,
And we may thus some angel find,
Who have not soared above.

And should we sink in guilt and shame,
Till, covered with the dust,
Our spirits scarce the semblance wear
In which they moved at first,
Still, there may be some noble hearts
To lend a helping hand,
And whisper kind encouragement,
Until again we stand.

Oh, oft such spots of earth become
More precious to our sight
Than even desert oases,
Or stream of crystal light—
A holy, pure, and sacred fane,
At which our souls may bow,
And seek in each dear Saviour's name
Strength for the future blow.

Oh, then while traveling o'er life's road,
Let us such spots prepare,
And scatter with a careful hand,
Those seeds which blossoms bear;
Kind words and smiles—these little gifts,
Yet deck life's way with flowers,
And cause the verdure of the heart
To thrive like summer bowers.

Thus shall the deserts of this world,
Fair, smiling plains become,
Where fruits in rich abundance grow,
And none despairing roam;
Thus shall the life grow more like that
We seek above the skies,
And clearer light to guide us thence
Upon our path arise.

To PREVENT DROWNING.—At this season of the year when so many accidents occur from persons bathing, we think the following remarks may prevent the loss of life:

Men are drowned by raising their hands above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him liberty to breathe; and if he moves his legs as in the act of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. Persons not having learned to swim in their youth will find the above plain directions highly advantageous.

A man who has a soul worth a sixpence must have enemies. It is utterly impossible for the best man to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood, and a position taken in view of the fact, the better. Do right, though you have enemies. You cannot escape them by doing wrong, and it is little gain to barter away your honor and integrity, and direct yourself of moral courage, to gain—nothing. Better abide by the truth—frown down all opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which must inspire a free and independent man.

A good joke is told of the Botta's barbers in Potomac, Virginia. When the guest of the occasion had announced, in his usual emphatic manner, with a knowing look at the fair portion of his audience, that he was a candidate for nothing except matrimony, an old gentleman in the crowd exclaimed, so that all the ladies might hear, "Ah, well, I reckon you can be elected to that, it takes only one vote."

Nations, like children, grow more rapidly and strongly at first than afterward; and when men have arrived at a certain grade of civilization they advance but slowly; as all the stars move more rapidly when they first rise above the horizon than afterward.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

FOURTEENTH PAPER.

The Means and Agents of Its Evolution.

"The general order, since the world began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man."—Pope.

That the Age of Virtue is to be evolved through the education of mankind, and by no other means, is an obvious corollary of my last paper, as well as a constant suggestion of the whole foregoing argument. I trust this implication has been often noted, and that the unavoidable inference is already drawn in the mind of the reader. That God and Man are co-working to the same end; that the Creator is the perpetual Educator of mankind; and that, the One as Teacher and the other as learner, each is acting a distinctive part in the work of human development, is a proposition less generally understood, more in advance of the progress of our study, and therefore demanding a larger elucidation.

The common mind of Christendom is strangely prepossessed with the notion that Man is spiritually isolated from God and measurably exempt from Divine Government; that while the material Universe is immediately subject to Law and therefore exemplifies Order, human Nature is left to itself, to chance or the fickle genius of Volition; whereby the course of mankind is rendered capricious, uncertain, and probably adverse to truth and goodness. I know not how to account for this infatuating and mischievous persuasion, except through the false teaching of Old Authority, that God made Man as one of the items of his six days' labor; after which, while the Creator was resting profoundly from his unaccustomed and therefore wearisome task, the Devil got the upper hand of his Providence, and has kept it ever since. The tale is too ridiculous for literal acceptance, even by the Church; in these latter days of the Reformation; and hence the recent attempts of ineptly rational Christians to substitute geological periods for the alleged days of Creation. But who has outgrown the pernicious impression begotten by this dogmatic conceit? The mythology of Jehovah's Genesis will soon be manifest beyond the power of believers themselves to dispute; but the ugly distrust of God and Man it has generated, Experience will take time to efface. It haunts the most generous minds, taints the love of the purest hearts, and will mar the communion of earthlings for centuries to come.

When I look at God through the spectacles of Christian theology, or regard His works as caricatured by the oracles of the Church, I am disgusted with the wretched profile of His Character which these religionists profess to adore. I pity the blind worshippers of defiled prejudice; yet I am none the less shocked by their unwitting blasphemy. I still abhor the spell of their adulatory, and only repel with less indignation their impudent dogmatism. It is provoking, too, to think how disallowable it is to remind them of their error; nay, how impossible, it is so sacred. I know it is all useless to write the thought, even here, except in the spirit of lamentation; for none of those who ought to read it ever will.

Let children grow up without any religious instruction at all, except that which is suggested by the simple displays of Nature, and when they had come to the age of discretion they would generally know more of the character of God than the Church is capable of teaching. Any bright boy or girl, if religiously let alone till ten years old, will conceive a better system of theology than "D. D." implies. No child thus happily neglected would be likely to imagine that

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

or that the Creator of all things could be outwitted by a snake.

It is worthy of special notice that Jesus of Nazareth contradicted this silly cosmogony of the Jews, which to his pretentious followers is more precious than all his teachings. "My Father worketh hitherto," said he. But where is the Christian today who will admit the aphorism? Can a truth-seeker need a plainer proof that some other than Jesus is the real head of the Church?

To comprehend the full force and compass of logical meaning of which this pithy declaration is the proper vehicle, it is necessary to consider the circumstances in which it was made, to whom it was addressed, and the context of reasoning which its elliptical record implies. Jesus had recently cured a man of a chronic "infirmary" on a Saturday; and some of the most religious of his observers, according to the whimsies of Judaism, had distorted this good deed into an act of Sabbath-breaking. Thus they accused him of his face. "How so?" he answered with a question; "Is it not lawful to do well on the seventh day of the week?" "No," replied his superstitious opponents, "because God made the world in six days, and then rested from his labors. Wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." "I guess there is some mistake about that assumption," rejoined the invincible rationalist. "As I read the Book of Nature, the God of Universal Progression has never stopped working."

The natural evidence that God is still at work for the welfare of His creatures, is so plain and positive that none but such as are blinded by religious prejudices can help seeing it. How life-like is the saying of Old Tiff, one of Mrs. Stowe's characters in her story of Dred—"Pears like de Lord is creating de heaven and de earth all de time. 'Pears like you can see him doing it right afore your face." Old Tiff, though "noosopher," had studied upon "dat ar" in his garden, and inferred from "dem growling things" that God was at work among the plants as well himself. "Why," said he to Miss Nina, to whom he had just preferred the above sentiment, "look at dat ar corn, way up over your head now! All dat ar growed dis yer summer. No noise 'bout it—pears like nobody could n't see when 'twas done." And to his unsophisticated mind that example of vegetation illustrated most beautifully how the world itself was made. How much wiser was Old Tiff than most of the religionists of New England, who, farmers as they generally are, living in the midst of growing fields and forests, yet never see God except by faith and through some apparition of a meeting-house.

It is beginning to be understood by outsiders of the Church, that Christians everywhere are about as wise as Topsy, that natural child of "Old Kentock," who, when catechized by Miss Ophelia as to her

Maker, was well-assured that nobody made her—except Topsy. Now, rare and exotic as this word of illumination may seem, I have the means of knowing that nothing but a sort of religious etiquette prevents any well-bred churchman from blurring a like answer to the same questioning. As proof of my assertion I cite the rogue of expression among religious people generally in respect to "raising" corn, potatoes, pigs, poultry and children. Tell a clergyman that Thomas Paine was a son of God, and see how he will flout the idea. Christians do not believe that God has made anybody but Adam and Eve. Everybody else was "born," not created. I know they have the truth in their catechism, but not in their heads; and therefore they never teach their children that God made them, but merely perjure them to say so. This is all of religious policy—a parental ruse of the same origin as that which commonly answers the juvenile query as to the whence of a "new sprout in the family." "Why, mother, where did you get the baby?" "O, the doctor brought it." When this piece of imposition begins to be seen through, the ends of religious policy are served by a more mysterious one. The curious child is gravely asked, "Who made you?" and enjoined to answer, "God." And then great pains are taken to effect the religious impression that it is wicked to inquire any further. The result is, that every boy at ten years of age thinks he has uncovered this *pious fraud* also, and lapses thereafter into the inevitable opinion of Topsy.

In thus ignoring the natural evidence of God's present agency in the planetary motions and mineral developments of our Earth, as well as in the processes of vegetation and animalization on its surface, Christians stand on the same ground as Atheists. For if, in these "operations of Nature" so-called, there is no evidence of a supernatural Cause to-day, then there never was any. This is plain to every geologist. What does it signify that Prof. Hitchcock, as a Christian, has been compelled to subordinate and conform his biblical "Revelation" to physical science, in so far at least as the two systems collide? Why, not merely that fact is more forcible than authority—that knowledge undermines prejudice and nullifies belief, but more; it implies the important possession that the authority of the Bible is effectively impeached—is already obsolete, and that Nature is uppermost, even in matters of faith. Yet the tenacity of belief without evidence is pitifully manifest in its surrender no faster, and no further than the compass of individual investigation demands. This is why the Christian geologist does not wholly discard the cosmogony of Moses, instead of trying to make it harmonize with his unexpected convictions. A little larger investigation through the heavens as well as in the Earth, or a little more freedom and radicalism of research however subterfaneously, would teach him that Nature abhors a miracle even more than a vacuum; and this would enable him to see that Jehovah is not to be reasoned from the blunders of a week in Creation, by merely equalizing the Mosiac phraseology of time to a scientific expression, without also reconciling the story of Adam and Eve with the science of human progress in general and that of physiology in particular.

He who does not see the work of God in the phenomena of natural developments anywhere, and at all times, would not be likely to discern it as a spectator of the whole Creation. The process of terrestrial conformation is analogous to that of vegetation, and as conspicuous now as at any former epoch. Nay, it is a thousand times more manifest in the present aspect of our globe than in one of those unnumbered centuries during which "there was no man to till the ground," because there was no ground to till—nothing but naked rocks and scullen waves—a world of solitude, whose long, lone silence was broken and diversified only by the roar of waters and the fitful rage of tempests and earthquakes, which to untaught observers must have looked more like the work of a destroyer than that of the Creator.

But at length the natural history of our young world is written, and that so plainly, that he who runs on Reason's errand may read the pertinent truth. Yet in vain do we search the infallible scriptures of Nature for a phenomenon of miraculous Creation, or for any event which should mark a perceptible beginning of our globe. That it had a beginning we now know; but if we had been present at its birth, we should not have been able to determine the day, nor even the century, in which it was born. The World-Maker, if not less expert, is by far less expeditious, than many Yankee heads are inclined to approve. I once heard a popular preacher speak of the time "when God molded the planets in the hollow of his hand and tossed them into space"; but there is nothing in science to justify the notion that the Creator is half so handy in his operations. The thorough naturalist knows that the Earth was originally segregated from the solar mass by means of the comparative levity of its constituent particles; that these, by the co-action of centripetal and centrifugal forces, were aggregated into a planetary ring, which in time was detached from its parent body as a consequence of the axial inclination and elliptical orbit of the Sun; that, simultaneously with its detachment, this ring became spheroidal by the principle of gravitation; that its motion around the Sun was the mere continuation of that which it had before its separation from that body, as a part of it, in the axial rotation of the same; and that its own axial rotation was the immediate consequence of solar attraction, by which the inner side of the ellipsoidal planet was partially arrested in its orbital course, just as the lower part of a carriage-wheel is detained by the ground over which it rolls. Thus every step in the process of the Earth's development, was the seeming result of what we call natural law. The spectacle of Creation, in its largest scope is therefore no more suggestive of the Creator than should be any one of its minor phases. To me, the germination of a seed is as inexplicable as the evolution of a world. If that may be without God, so may this.

There is an omnipresent mystery in what is called Nature; and not to heed it one must be very thoughtless, or the bulk of one's thoughts must be senseless illusion, which is largely true of common minds. This mystery confronts the real thinker at every turn of his observation; but vulgar eyes look at appearances, and vulgar brains are busy with what they see. The less one knows the greater is one's pride of intelligence. Before the days of Newton there was no wonder at falling bodies, because they were known to be heavy. Now, they who mistake the gist of his discovery, emphatically think things are heavy because of gravitation. How long will scientific children be content to play with this bubble? Macintosh says matter gravitates by virtue of electricity. Does anybody know what that is?

Naturalists have accounted very fully upon some of its effects, and much more is to be expected experimenters and discoverers in its uses, but I cannot show a "thunder bolt," he would still make a profit of ignorant curiosity. The constistence of this principle glides philosophic research, as well as heat, light and all the essential forces of Nature, which are altogether too impressively termed "imponderable agents;" for that which is as unweighable in the balance of mind as in that of matter, can not, for the present, be truthfully called anything but mysterious.

A farmer in planting an acre of corn uses perhaps a peck of kernels in the Spring, and garners thirty bushels, or a hundred and twenty pecks, in Autumn. Thus the vegetative process yields more than a hundred-fold; that is, in fact, the harvest is so much grain created during the Summer months. And who is the Creator? If you say, Nature, then you make of her something more than a combination of all her constituents. These are imbedded in the soil, the rain, the sunshine and the air; all of which are inadequate to produce a food-bearing plant fit for the human stomach, without a seminal form of vegetative life. But whence the seed? From the harvest of last year in endless retrocession? Certainly not, because the primeval state of our globe was pure flame, in which corn would not keep. Therefore seed-corn must have been created, and the pertinent question is, *How, when, and by whom?* When our European fathers came to this country, they found among its natural curiosities the indigenous maize, which the aborigines had eaten and improved by cultivation through unremembered centuries. Could you ask the most ancient tribes, they would tell you that Indian corn was less palatable in their day than now; and if you will trace its history by aid of botanic science, you will learn that an ear of the pristine species was as chubby, tough and inescapable as a pitch pine cone. By a still backward investigation, that poor corn of antiquity is resolved into a transformation of stone, and thus into a condensation of igneous matter, or embers of geognostic combustion. Such is the process of corn-making, which merely scientific observers are prone to confound with the latent powers of Creation. But he is lame in knowledge, and no philosopher at all, who has not learned to distinguish the thing done from its unknown Doer; and to ask, in the spirit of Intuition, wisdom, Who made the first cornal fire—the first conceivable form of matter, and yet the most fleeting? The answer is the whole Book of Nature, to be read only in the light of Reason, one of whose very constituents is the innate conviction that no effect is possible without Cause.

Now, to Man, the mode and essence of Cause are inscrutable; and why? Simply because there is no revelation of them in Nature; for Nature is the medium of all human knowledge. So the *why* of Cause is known only as an inference from the axiom of no effect without it, and this axiom also is known only by conviction, or, as we commonly say, by intuition, which implies a fundamental assumption. But this word is a blunder in philosophy, inasmuch as it mystifies and contradicts the idea which it ought to express—the fact of a Supernatural Teacher of truths and the occult method by which Man is taught the *first principles* of intelligence. We know the existence of external things by sight, hearing, etc.; but how do we know that our eyes and ears do not deceive us? Only by this: *We cannot doubt that our senses are veracious. We are sure they will not deceive us. Why?* because they never have deceived us? No; we have no reason beyond the innate assurance. It is only in this wise that any truth is known. We say certain truths are self-evident; what do we mean? Nothing but an obtrusive sense of truth. Who made this common sense? Moreover,

"What can we reason but from what we know?" The process of demonstration in every case consists in analyzing a complex proposition, or in pointing out the special axiom, or truism, to which it is superlatively related, so as to make the former as evident as the latter, which we call self-evident only for want of power to question it. Thus all human knowledge is based upon certain instinctive assurances, which are not to be accounted for otherwise than by reference to the inscrutable Cause of all things, whose conventional name is God. So let the axiom be written, that every truth is a word of God which it is impossible to doubt, and therefore to deny His Supreme Being is absurd.

But though we know nothing, and cannot know anything, of the essence of Cause, or of the mode of God's being—what is His form and how He subsists, yet we may learn of Nature all that is practical and consoling concerning His Adorable Character; that, as the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, He is the Center of all Power, the Source of all Wisdom, and the Fountain of all conceivable Goodness. To this end it is only needful to distinguish Cause from Effect, not to confound them as juvenile thinkers are prone to do; to be aware that we see in Nature no part of God—no form of his being, but only what He is doing; yet to be sensible of His incomprehensible Presence by all that is passing before us. Of all that is learnable in this wise, of all that Nature is prompt to teach her docile children concerning the Character of God, nothing is more plainly manifest than His ceaseless activity to wise and beneficent ends. Moreover, all the natural displays of Divine Agency to seemingly various ends, are demonstrably provisional to the superlative end of educating Man. This is the crowning use of our terraqueous globe—the grand achievement in which all the seeming powers of Nature are lately manifested. Through all the ante-human ages God was creating Man, now He is educating him. In the full development of Human Nature, the use of the impudense sphere will be consummated, and the leading purpose of our world's Maker will be realized.

I trust the rationalism of my readers to substantiate these aphoristic statements; which if it do, there will be no objection to daily jogging with the Christian notion that God rules in Heaven any more than on Earth, or that the stars and planets are any more obedient to His will, or subject to His control, than mankind, for whose habitation and sustenance this world was made. Every such world is a mere vehicle of Human Progress. The harmony of these vegetable orbs, and their whirl and fall through space, indicates the vigilance and providential care of the Almighty in regard to the temporal welfare of His immortal progeny, whom He is bringing up in the heights of the most *glorious* firmament, to the sphere of His own Radiance. His care of the carriage is all for sake of the passenger. But this position affords a query in my own mind, which is not a question missed to lightly, and illustrates a case of human misadventure which I have often repeated after the manner of the following dialogue:

Why is the "Monitor" like a third-class boarding house? Because borders are uncomfortably accommodated.

The Spiritualist Post-Office.

Among the most interesting phases of mediumship, we consider the epistolary correspondence between friends on earth and friends who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," to be as satisfactory as any other. If the conditions prescribed by the spirits are observed by the investigator, certain facts are sure to challenge the attention and awaken the spirit of inquiry.

The first mystery that awakens curiosity and inquiry, is the demonstrated fact of interior sight, possessed either by the medium, or some other intelligence, by which the contents of the sealed letter, the questions asked, and the names of parties alluded to, are distinctly perceived.

I assume, of course, that any investigator is competent to seal a letter so securely, that it cannot be opened without affording positive evidence that it has been tampered with. It is a very weak device of the enemy to assert that letter-answering mediums open the letters to get at their contents. Letters with their folds pasted together, and covered over with sealing wax, and tied up with red tape even, (that most formidable obstacle in the way of illegal proceedings) the contents of which are discovered and responded to with perfect accuracy, prove the falsity of such a charge.

The investigator is next met by the assumption that the medium is only a clairvoyant, who reads the letter by the power of his own spiritual vision, and then forges an answer in the name of the spirit applied to, couched in such general terms as any one might employ who knew the questions presented. This is a specious argument, and apparently satisfactory to persons whose prejudices against Spiritualism limit their investigations, confound their reason, and blur their judgment. Many persons lean toward this conclusion who have made but one or two imperfect and unsatisfactory experiments. We cannot say that this is *never* the case; but from somewhat extended personal observation of the manner in which the answers are received, as well as the peculiar tests of identity involved in some of them, we infer that it is not often probable.

This objection assumes the dishonesty of the medium. Gifted with rare interior sight, they prostitute their spiritual powers to the base purpose of stealing from private letters the secret questionings of hearts whose holiest aspirations go forth to loved ones in the spirit-world, and thus informed, they assume the name of the beloved wife, mother, daughter, son, or friend, and with the pretence of affection, essay to deceive the yearning spirit with false pretences, base less promises, and forged sentiments of love.

This is the charge made by every person who assumes that the letters are answered by the medium. It is a serious charge, and before making it, the objector would manifest a love of justice, as well as qualify himself for the office of judge, by becoming thoroughly informed of the nature and producing causes of Clairvoyance, its limitations, whether induced by spirits, or capable of being self-induced by the subject.

He ought also to be well-informed in regard to what constitutes the conditions upon the existence of which, the ability of spirits to communicate perfectly or imperfectly depend. As yet very little is known upon this point. Why not be patient, and withhold the charge of fraud and deception on the part of the medium, until that is positively proved? Why not accept the justice of the legal maxim, and assume every medium to be honest, until he is proved guilty.

In another article I will state what the conditions are that should be observed by the investigator, and why they seem essential to the success of correspondence between mortals and spirits. Perhaps we may also be able to explain the reasons why many of the answers to correspondents are so general in their character rather than special, and therefore fail as tests of the identity of the spirit communicating.

Fraternally,

H. B. STORER.

Acid and Sugar Mixed Together.

TWO SIDES OF THE ALL RIGHT DOCTRINE.

The following are a few of the many expressions, from as many persons as we quote sentences, that we have received condemning or applauding this All Right doctrine, that has awakened so much thought. One thing is rather remarkable about this doctrine, viz: it is either denounced with bitterness, or approved with admiration. As to the merits or demerits of the doctrine, and the sincerity of its advocates and opposers, we leave our readers to judge for themselves:

"The man who teaches that a life is a truth, as Dr. Child has done, is a most consummate fool."

"The man who can see that for a life there is a cause, and that a life is a truth to the cause that produces it, has a vision that reaches deeper than the surface of things."

"He who believes and advocates the All Right doctrine, is a sequestrator."

"He who believes and advocates the All Right doctrine recognizes the handwork of an infinitely wise and good God in everything that he has made. He has a purer vision, and sees more of God. It is the pure in heart that see God in all his works."

"Could we view the world from the standpoint of Deity, all things might be right."

"I view the world from the standpoint of a poor, feeble, finite man, and to me all things are right."

"This sophism, whatever is right, is the most dangerous one that has yet arisen within or without the ranks of Spiritualism."

"Truth is never dangerous, and the most formidable and crushing truth for the destruction of religious darkness and dogmas is the lucid promulgation of the All Right doctrine."

"Dr. Child's book on the All Right doctrine strikes a heavy blow at all our institutions of morality and religion, and if the sentiment of it prevails, it will undermine them all."

"Dr. Child's book on the All Right doctrine presents our institutions of morality and religion in their true light, without one word of condemnation, and earnestly seeks for truth undisturbed, and pleads for the sufferings of the world fearlessly, without any pretensions or any ally self-exaltation. It strikes a heavy blow to level the institutions of fictitious morality and disguised religion, and if the sentiment of it prevails, it will do this work."

"I think that this All Right doctrine is for the future, not for the present."

"I think that this All Right doctrine might have been true in the beginning of the world, but it will not do for this corrupt age."

"There is no hypocrisy about me; I cannot be made a dupe of the devil, for I am a follower of Christ, and I must expose and oppose this baneful doctrine, whatever is right; I must resist the devil, and fight against evil."

"I believe that whatever is right, which doctrine, I think, leads us to keep the precepts of Christ—*not evil; forgive seventy times seven; judge not as you would be judged; and not boast about our own excellence.*"

"I pity Dr. Child, for he will fall into the deepest hell, and the millions that his book, 'Whatever is, is Right,' has influenced, will fall on top of him, to sink him deeper still."

"The writer of the book, 'Whatever is, is Right,' stands on the boundary of a new age. He holds the power of absolute victory, for he has solved the great problem of tangled truth. The sweep of his intellect is deep and positive; it is sound, above, below, inside. The multitude will be seized by the truth he has presented, and in the light be borne to happiness and peace."

"The Advocate of the All Right doctrine will find a hotter hell in the other world than in this."

"How different are the claims of the All Right believers from the claims of Orthodox believers. The former, in sympathy and love for others, claim a heaven for all. The latter, in selfish right-cousness, claim enjoyment and eternal pleasure for themselves, and eternal pain and misery for others."

"I hate the doctrine taught by Dr. Child. He is influenced, I think, by the devil. Get behind me, Satan, that I may never speak it."

"I love every word written by Dr. Child on this great question of good and evil. He speaks the gospel of charity and love. This is the gospel of the millennium. God speed the day when it shall be heralded from every tongue."

"I think Dr. Child's All Right book has produced more evil in the world than any book or all books of the present age."

"There is no book of the present age so radiant with truth, so strong, magnetic and powerful for good, to my mind, as the book called 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"How short-sighted the man must be who sees no evil. I see it everywhere. How stupid that author must be who declares that whatever is, is right!"

"The present century has not produced a work that has elicited more thought and discussion from thinking minds than the book called 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"At first, I opposed the All Right doctrine, but affliction, severe affliction, has made me believe it; and now, more than I can express, I love and admire it."

"I thought that the All Right doctrine would make people worse than they now are, before I examined and understood it; but now it seems to me that no one can rise from the reading of books on this subject without being benefited instead of injured."

"This damnable doctrine, whatever is, is Right, cuts its followers loose from all religion and morality, and it will deluge the world with undisciplined crime."

"The man who can see all things as being right, must be a man of pure morals, and deeply religious. There is, perhaps, no influence that has been thrown out upon the world which tends so directly to the destruction of hypocrisy, deception and self-righteousness, as the fearless and faithful promulgation of the doctrine 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"The most formidable and dreadful battery ever leveled against human happiness from the frowning ramparts of hell itself, is the battery 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"The most formidable and acceptable battery ever leveled against human hatred, discord and darkness from the armies of the angel world, is the battery of charity and love. Whatever is, is Right, means the battery."

"The Book called *The Lesson for Ages, or Optimism*, by Benj. Blood, is for thinking minds, a masterly production. Dull perception can see no beauty in it; but let one's life be chastened by suffering, and it sparkles with truth and warmth with love that never dies."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JULY 26, 1882.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Take Particular Notice.

Whenever the numbers on your wrapper correspond with the numbers at the head of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew. It is very easy thus to tell how nearly run out your subscription is. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XL No. 18; if the figures on the wrapper read XL—18, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly.

Just Ahead.

For years, or at least since we have been proclaiming the progressive views we entertain through the columns of this paper, we have insisted to our readers that the coming years—and not far off either—were full of change for this nation and for the world. Those views are being verified just as fast as possible. How many would have regarded our words with seriousness, if we told them in '69 that a movement would be begun in '80, that would within two years later change the character of this political arrangement of ours? Who would not have sneered, and ridiculed, to be told that blood would soon flow as it has already flowed, and that the land would be shrouded in mourning? Who would not smile grimly now, to be told that it may be that pestilence is yet to follow close in the track of war—typhus in the footsteps of victory—and ravage the land with its terribly fatal breath, carrying woe and desolation to every hearthstone and family altar?

We are not to spurn these still, small voices through which Providence speaks to us. We cannot quite afford to scoff at the communion of angels. When the weightiest matters are talked about to us, we hardly give them our attention; so accustomed are we to respecting sound instead of essence, appearance instead of reality. For a long time, our friends have, from the higher spirit plane, been speaking of these latter days. They saw the gathering clouds, and heard the muttering tempest. They communicated freely their impressions of what was yet to be, always seeking to make it understood that we were at the verge of a new epoch, from which the world will take a start on the path of liberal ideas such as few presume to dream of.

We are so bound up in habits, and forms, and conventionalisms, that we do not know what stuff we are of, nor the volume of clear power that lies asleep within us; all that is demanded, is an opportunity. The world ever waits for an opportunity, going carelessly to sleep in the recurring intervals. Now all that men need is a certain something, of the character of an influence or a force, that shall break up all their old conventionalisms and habits, and enable them to rely on themselves, and see what they can accomplish by so doing. If this modern life of ours needs any one thing, it is inspiration. We want to be breathed into, every one of us, with new power. We need to have our acts informed with a higher character. We would have our men and women more thoroughly and truly men and women living grandly, with an aim, individualized in character, verging more and more toward the perfect. And no more example of others was ever likely to hasten forward so desirable a day; it must be ushered in with a revolution, an overturn, with a measure of violence, that pays no regard to that which now is, looking only to what may be expected to come out of the future.

Our friends need be astonished at nothing now; true believers in practical Spiritualism are not. The spirit-world has at length come down very near to the earth-world, and we get messages continually from those who are going up and down the airy and impalpable ladder. What we once heard afar off, or would have been rejoiced beyond expression to hear at all, we now hear daily and hourly; and the communion is so free that we think sometimes we could hardly exist

without its unspeakable access. We may well praise God that He has been so very gracious as to bestow gifts as precious as this critical time. What strength, as well as comfort, these spirit friends impart, in a period of turmoil like this, cannot well be rendered into words. They certify to us of heaven's wise and far-reaching plans; they apprise us of the great events that are in process of birth even before they are born; they tell us the meaning of what is going on, what real agencies are employed in it, and what must come afterward, according to all the laws of logic.

If the human family will consent to receive the truth only after enduring woes and sufferings uncounted, then so must it be. Experience has to be bought, let the price be dear or low. If spirit-power in healing human ills is only a topic for ridicule when men are in health, then they can blame nothing but the laws of the universe if disease and death work such a change in their hearts as will influence them to receive the truth as it is. If the healing of angels cannot be successfully inculcated, save by the prevalence of death, but is denounced and ridiculed as miserable nonsense by those who are quacks themselves, then the people will assuredly have to take the new lesson home to their hearts through suffering.

So with our politics and laws; if we will not advance fearlessly into the untrodden fields of a nobler liberalism under the old leaders, with their worn-out system, then the old leaders will have to be set aside, and their old systems exploded even with violence. The new must come in, hinder it who may. Nothing is more true than that we are stepping across a threshold we never stepped over before. The Past is at our back, with its huge volume of lessons and examples; before us is only the Future, full of promise and hope, and made attractive by the aid of the beautiful lights which the superiors are throwing down upon its surface. He who distrusts that future, distrusts himself and the unseen guides, and has to make way for another.

We need not grieve at these changes. We need to look at them in a larger light; regarding them as wrenches from old faiths which it is absolutely necessary should be made for us. We cannot afford to let the mould gather about our feet. The system of digging cellars and securing ourselves in them, as we go along, is just the system which requires, for our own good, to be broken up. The spiritual part may be stimulated in us now, and is to be henceforth; we have delved in the material till there was danger of our becoming as base as itself. Our better friends and guides know what is good for us, and will help us to walk where we should. It is useful that we take care not to turn our faces away from them when they might become illumined by the simple reflection of their glory.

Deaths of Miss A. W. Sprague.

We publish in this issue, under our obituary head, a letter from Mrs. M. S. Townsend, giving the intelligence that Sister A. W. Sprague is no more—no more in the external, sensuous form. But her blessed spirit, that has just passed beyond the confines of mortality, to expand and grow more holy in spirit-life, will, we are confident, return to us bearing many blossoms of affection, to guide and direct us in our pilgrimage here; will return with greater power than she possessed while clad in the "flesh of bondage," to reassure us in our beautiful faith, and bid us persevere unto the end.

Miss Sprague was a pioneer in teaching the Spiritual Philosophy in her native State, and through meeting the usual opposition from existing religious organizations, her influence as a public speaker was remarkable. Always deeply in earnest, elegant and forcible in her style of speaking, equally removed from extravagance on the one hand and tameness on the other, she rose not infrequently to a chaste and noble eloquence. She spoke habitually upon the highest themes, with a scope and vigor of thought and a fertility of illustration rarely equalled.

In those localities where she was best known she was prized most; and there her loss will be keenest felt. Hundreds of personal friends in New England, New York, and the West, besides the large congregations she was wont to gather in Boston, Portland, Providence, Philadelphia, Oswego, and in a multitude of other cities and towns in fifteen States of the Union, will learn with regret of the death of one whose persuasive words have often called them to the glorious emulation of a true life. In Vermont she will be sadly missed. Her influence upon that community has been deeper than that of any other mind for a long time. Multitudes who never accepted spiritual intercourse as a fact, were wont to listen to her with unaffected delight. Wherever she went, even in the most sparsely populated districts, she was sure of overflowing houses. It was common to see people at her meetings who had come eight, ten, and even fifteen miles, to hear the "preaching woman," and thought themselves well paid at that. Indeed, all who ever heard her loved her. She was eloquent to every feeling soul. She had the elements of a mother's kindness, of a child's innocence, and of a philosopher's logic, blended most happily. No one who had feeling, sympathy and love developed, could listen to her without dropping a tear of real heavenly love, for she always breathed forth the unadulterated affection of the heavenly world. May God add blessings still to her noble soul, that she may continue to shower them upon humanity.

The Secession Notion.

Here is where the Secessionists of the South are to be first met and vanquished; in their doctrine, secretly but tenaciously held, that a popular form of government is not the best thing for man, but an aristocracy rather. Dr. Bow's Review openly discusses the question, stating the Secession position in terms like these: "The right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind. There is nothing to which the South entertains so great a dislike as universal suffrage. Wherever foreigners settle together in large numbers, there universal suffrage will exist. An aristocracy is patriarchal, parental, and representative. The feudal barons of England were, next to the fathers, the most perfect representative government. The real contest of today is not simply between the North and the South; but to determine whether, for ages to come, our government shall partake more of the form of monarchies or of moral liberal forms (of liberal government)."

There we have the case they are trying to make out, at the expense of a free government, of free institutions, and of social order all over the continent; it is simply a determination to destroy the chances for popular progress, and secure them to a caste and clan, whose only claim, at best, to superiority lies in a happy combination of circumstances which we of the North seek to secure for just as many of the race as possible. A Charleston, S. C., clergyman also states the case in his way, thus: "The source of all this infidelity, vice, and natural demoralization is attributable, in a great measure, to the looseness and latitude of the Declaration of Independence, and to the existence of its natural outgrowth, the absurd doctrine of universal suffrage." Who can longer doubt what these men would have, who thus seek to put back the hand on the dial for at least a whole century? If such notions were still lurking on our soil, we may feel that they have shown their heads in form for an early and thorough eradication. How providential it is that our troubles came no later in the national life than now.

THE WAY TO MAKE PEACE.—Be at peace with all those who speak ill of others.

A Successful Physician.

We hear of remarkable cures by Dr. F. W. Urran, a physician of great healing power and skill, at present located at the Hampden House, Springfield. Dr. Urran professes to be what we think he is—a practical physician. He has recently had wonderful success in Hartford, and his list of testimonials from that quarter are very numerous and emphatic. He has likewise had wide experience professionally in this city and in Lowell, and the cases brought him in, which he displayed his healing powers most remarkably, have been of that obstinate character which few of the so-called "regular" physicians like to touch. Among them are such as Paralysis, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, Scabies, Spinal Difficulties and Diabetes. We are happy to be permitted to assist in a yet wider publication of the Doctor's skill by naming in these columns a few instances in which he has been successful beyond any hope, either of the patients or their friends: Mrs. Henry Loomis, of Southwick, Mass., who was troubled with fits and spinal weaknesses; she could hardly walk, but has been entirely restored to health by a single operation. Mrs. Wm. Jenkins, of Unionville, Conn., was afflicted for more than two years with chronic liver complaint and rheumatism, and during that whole time was not able to lie down. She was cured by one operation, and is now perfectly well. James H. Eldridge, formerly of the Hartford Police Department, and more recently on the Hartford and New Haven Railroad, was forced to give up his situation on account of a severe cough with hemorrhage; he was cured at one operation, and is now able to do a good day's work. There are as wonderful cures of Mrs. Dibble, of Granby, Conn.; Mrs. Fancher, of the same town; Ella Roberts, of Hartford; C. C. Gates, of New Haven, and others. The following letter, which first appeared in the Hartford Courant, we subjoin as satisfactory evidence of Dr. Urran's power as a healer of the diseases human flesh is heir to:

SPRINGFIELD, May 10th 1882.

Editors Hartford Courant:—Permit me to relate through the columns of your valuable paper an incident that has transpired in our town of late, which unlike many others has created a considerable furor of excitement. My wife has been an invalid for the past five years, and unable to do any work and exceedingly nervous. My little boy has been also confined to his bed and room for more than a year, by paralysis of his arms and limbs, so that he could not feed himself or put on his clothes, or even have his finger nails cut. I read the advertisement of Dr. Urran, in your paper, and was induced to try him, which trial has proved perfectly satisfactory. The Doctor came out to my house two weeks ago to-day, and in the short space of one hour he had my wife and boy both up and dressed, and able to use their hands and limbs, apparently as well as ever. My wife is now as well as she has been within the past eight years, and my little boy is as brisk as a cricket, and able to use his arms and feet as well as any boy of his age. All that seems to be wanting is a little more flesh on his withered hands, and he's "all right." Should any doubt the truth of my statement, they can see the boy, who is now stopping at the St. John Hotel in your city, who is able to speak for himself.

I would say that while in our town he operated on some fifteen cases, and many were cured beside those above mentioned, and all more or less benefited. Truly yours, MORRIS E. BR. JOHN.

New Publications.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Second Part.—COLETTE. By Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Such as have read FANTINE, the first part of the great French author's story, will need no urging to read Colette. The title of this second part of the story of Hugo is derived from the little daughter of Fantine, whose death, as described in the first part, smote every reader's heart with grief and sympathy. This part of the story opens with a graphic and powerful description of the battle of Waterloo—a description that has already earned the spiteful criticism of the English periodical critics and reviewers, and is pronounced by many as likely to remain hereafter as the standard popular story, told by a Frenchman, of the great struggle that cost Napoleon his empire, throne, and liberty. Jean Valjean takes good care of little Colette, as he promised Fantine he would. His after-life is a most exciting record of terrible trials, hair-breadth escapes, dangers and perils without name or number, and will absorb the attention of every reader who has a fondness for excitement. We cannot, in this place, detail to the reader the many fine points of the story above announced; it is not at all improbable that every reader of "Fantine" will bring at least one other reader to "Colette," and perhaps two or more. We feel ourselves as if we could hardly wait for the remaining three parts of the great novel to make their appearance.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August is a capital number. Its illustrations are superb—in the highest style of the engravers' art. Its monthly record of current events is well worth the price of the book. How the publishers can afford it at the low price for which it is sold, when we consider its elegant typography and fine paper and large amount of reading matter, is a question we are unable to decide.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

PARSON BROWNLOW's book, says the New York Independent, is one of the remarkable successes of literature. Mr. Childs in this week printing thirty thousand additional copies, which will make the whole number, thus far, one hundred thousand, and the book has not yet appeared at all in the "regular trade." Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, ordered forty thousand copies at once, which is supposed to be the largest single order in the history of the trade.

A Striking Figure.

Victor Hugo, describing a battle between two armies, says that "two armies upon a field of battle are two wrestlers. Their arms are locked; each seeks to throw the other. They grasp at every aid; a thicket is a point of support; a corner of a wall is a brace for the shoulder; for lack of a few sheds to lean upon, a regiment loses its footing; a depression in the plain, a movement of the soil, a convenient cross path, a wood, a ravine, may catch the heel of the colossus which is called an army, and prevent him from falling. He who leaves the field is beaten. Hence, for the responsible chief, the necessity of examining the smallest tufts of trees, and appreciating the slightest details of contour."

The President.

Our President is up with the age in all respects. He falls back on his inherent, not his artificial, dignity. When he wishes to know more clearly and thoroughly about the state of affairs, he goes and looks into them for himself. That is the way he did at Fort Monroe, and now in McClellan's camp. Think of President Lincoln's going off to attend to the capture of Richmond in person! He is wide awake! If none of the rest are, he is perfectly conscious of the vast weight of his responsibilities. A more conscientious man could not have been selected for his position in such critical and confused times.

The Meetings at Lyceum Hall.

During the July and August vacation of the regular free meetings of the Spiritualists of this city, in the above hall, a Conference will be held every Sunday afternoon, at which it is intended to have an opening address, of not over thirty minutes in length, by some one selected for that purpose, to be followed by remarks from those who may feel that they have been particularly instructive to others. Next Sunday, Dr. Childs will speak on the subject of *Physical Organization*.

A Handsome Face.

It is not often that we find one; but when we do, we always fear we are becoming rude in consequence of the very adoration we pay it. The secret of it is not hidden under any particular style of feature, we judge of complexion; not at all. But we find our handsomest faces, not unbecomingly, where the features refuse to obey any of the laid-down laws of beauty, but inspire command and express a beauty of their own. One of the handsomest faces we ever saw belonged to an open handed teamster, who drove his four-in-hand three times a week from our mills to the place where manufactured goods were supplied with steam transportation. He was not intellectual; nor affectionate, exactly; nor noble, altogether; but manly, good, frank, above deceit. We have seen a blacksmith lift his cap to tuck away the curls from his snuffy forehead, and declared in our heart that we envied him the face he owned.

So with the other sex. She who is, in society (so called) labelled handsome, may be as destitute of expression of any sort; as grindstones are of humor and smiles to match; while another, whose soul has been years at work, chiseling out an expression of sweetness, and firmness, and faith, and high resignation upon her features, does not fail to betray what she is whenever she throws you a look, or furnishes play for a smile, or lights up with the natural vivaciousness of her own sweet thoughts, or becomes inspired with the silent earnestness that sleeps in the depths of her being. There, then, is where you are to look for any special beauty in the human face—in what it expresses, in its story. The whole nature blazes there, and will out. There the feeble soul shows feeble, and the illumined soul glorious. There all that is beautiful in the nature looks beautiful; all that is base looks base; all that is inert and dead, just as it really is. Cosmetics cannot make out a case; nor any particular cut of hair; nor any other fortuitous circumstance or application. The whole beauty resides in the expression; and that comes from nothing but the life that is beneath.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. K. FISHERVILLE, CONN.—We cannot give you any encouragement in regard to publishing your book. The times are such that it would not be wise to risk the expense at present. Wait patiently, and if what you have had given to you should be made public, rest assured that a way will be provided to accomplish that end.

B. C. DAYTON, O.—You will find the obituary you refer to in our last number.

J. H. H. NEW YORK.—Essay received and placed on file for publication. Will answer the other matter by letter. Did not receive the book.

A. H. J., COLUMBIA, CAL.—John M. Spear's address is Boston, we believe.

R. S. H., BRAR GROVE, IOWA.—We have not the power to procure a message for you from your spirit-friends. All spirits have full liberty to use our medium and paper in order to reach their earth-friends. We are used only as instruments in the hands of a higher power to aid those who desire to return. When the desire is strong enough for such spirits to come to our circle, they manifest through our medium, not otherwise. About eight thousand have thus manifested up to this time.

EMMA, you are right. Your advice is good. Nearly two-thirds of our best writers think they display genius—a la Byron—by making "potholes," and so forth. The printers send you their regards.

Mrs. J. T. Bickford.

This excellent medium, formerly known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, we understand recently took her exit from her physical form in the city of New York. The cause of her death was typhoid fever. Mrs. Bickford has won considerable repute since her medium developments, as author of the book called "Scandal," and also as a contributor of N. P. Willis's *Home Journal*. Her medium powers were known by many in private circles to be peculiar and wonderful. Her life has been tinted with romance, and her cup has been filled (as it is the case with all mighty soul-developments) with suffering. Her beautiful spirit is now out free from its earthly moorings, to travel at its own sweet pleasure, from sphere to sphere, in the limitless world of God's creation.

Announcements.

L. Judd Pardee will lecture at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday morning, July 27, at 10:12 o'clock. Admission free.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Chicopee next Sunday; in Oswego, N. Y., during August, (address care of J. L. Poole, Oswego, N. Y.); in Boston the first two Sundays of October; and in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Letters will be forwarded.

For lectures by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch along the line of Southern Michigan; Lake Shore, New York Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroads, address E. T. Scott, at Lake Mills, Wisconsin; during the month of August.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in New Bedford next Sunday; in Marlboro, August 3d, 10th, and 17th, and in Plymouth August 23d and 30th.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Lowell next Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Portland Felton will address the Spiritualists of Portland next Sunday.

Country Counting.

The place to fall in love—to our thinking—is the country; and the time, the Summer time, of course. Who could, for instance, ask for more magnificent moons than we have just been having for such a purpose? And now, too, the scent of the hay is ravishing; and the sounds of all Nature are pitched on the right key; and woods are grateful with their network of shadows, and life lends out down rather than in down. We do not believe that city sparkling begins to amount, in pleasure and after satisfaction, to what the same air does in the rural neighborhood. The low voice of the fair one at your side, as you ride over the narrow and silent roads just at sunset, is just as soft and low as the other sweet influences of Nature that creep into the heart. Hark!—that is a pretty confession for a bachelor like ourselves, with gray hairs by the handful!

Kicks and Coppers.

The New York Herald appears to think a kick is a good deal better than a copper, any day; especially in these rag-currency days. It suggests that it is every man's duty to vigorously kick any person who is discovered to be guilty of hoarding silver, or selling it to brokers; and if this duty is rightly performed, we shall have no further trouble about a scarcity of specie. But, in our opinion, we should soon find a scarcity of specie holders. Very few men like to hang about merely waiting for their turn to be "vigorously kicked," as they deserve to be. Has the Herald ever noticed that it is on "When found, make a note on it," Mr. Editor, that the rag-currency days are passing?

Rev. Dr. Chapin left for Europe on Saturday, 14th instant, in the City of Baltimore from New York. Before leaving he was welcomed by a large number of his friends, and presented with a large number of addresses and all manner of tokens. Dr. Chapin is a man of great ability and high character, and his departure is a great loss to our community. He is expected to return in the autumn, and will then be able to resume his duties in the ministry.

Office, No. 128 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
1 Oct. 8

**REVISION AND CORRECTION OF THE
RUNE TESTAMENT BY THE SPIRITS;**
For sale wholesale and retail by Leonard Thorpe,
No. 45 Robinson street, N. Y.; Circular Tunnery, No. 181 Main
street, N. Y. and BELLA MARSH, No. 18 Elm street,
Boston, Mass. Also at all the Spiritual Rocketers, through-
out the United States. W June 21.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowan, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BARNES or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 8, (up stairs), every MONDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Sunday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Rachel T. Collins, to Dr. Alexander Curran, of Portsmouth, N. H.; John M. Foy, of New Orleans; Robert James, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Nelson Merrill, of Hartford, Conn.; to John M. Foy.

Thursday, July 3.—Invocation: Soliloquy upon the approaching Fourth of July; Questions and answers; Ben McCulloch, the Rebel General; Oliver Spencer to her mother in Princeton, New Jersey; Capt. William Madison, of Boston.

Monday, July 7.—Questions and Answers; George Bailey of Boston; Harriet M. Grant, of New York; Patrick Duffy, of Co. B, 5th N. Y. Regiment, to his wife.

Tuesday, July 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Nancy T. Brown, mother of Gov. Brown of Georgia; Louis Kestell to Carl Somers of New Orleans; Walter B. James, Richmond, Va., to his father Robert Jameson; Roxana Bruce.

Thursday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Patrick Shaw, late of Cass's Regiment; James King; Louisa Bond, to her step-mother, Williamburg, N. Y.; Willie Gloria to his parents in Buffalo, N. Y.; Sarah Lathrop to her son in Providence, R. I.

Monday, July 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Garrett, to his sons, in Mobile, Ala.; Cecil Buck, to her father, Wm. Buck, of Boychaville, Ala.

Tuesday, July 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala.; James Sheehan, of Company C, 5th N. Y. Reg., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents in Newton, Mass.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who alone art infinite in goodness, thou who art our loving Father and our tender Mother, we again turn our faces unto thee in prayer and supplication. As the flowers turn their faces to the sun to receive its earliest rays, so do we, thy children, oh Father, turn our faces unto thee in prayer at this time. Our Father, do we ask thee for those things thou hast commanded us to pray for, it is because thou hast implanted prayer within our hearts, and we feel, oh Father, that inasmuch as thy beloved son Jesus Christ, drew nearer unto thee through prayer, so may we, thy children of the earth, feel thy presence continually, even as the inspired Nazarene did. Our Father, what though darkness and death be around us, yet will we not falter or despair, for we know that thou art fashioning for us a home beyond mortality. Oh Lord our God, we thank thee at this time for the infinite past; we thank thee for the mighty present with its hopes and fears, its shadows and sunbeams, we thank thee, oh Lord, for the future—that which lies stretched far beyond us. Oh, our God, for that we thank thee! Oh Lord our God, in behalf of the whole earth, we bless thee now and forever. Amen.

June 26.

Right and Wrong.

"How may we poor mortals know when we are right and when we are wrong?"

The question given us for this afternoon's consideration is one that hath been asked from the beginning of civilized life. Humanity hath been continually asking this question for more than two thousand years, and at the present day is still drifting upon an uncertain sea, without compass or rudder. But why do they drift upon an uncertain sea, since there is a God to set them right and lead them safely into port? you would ask.

There is a reason why humanity is thus sadly situated. "How may we poor mortals know when we are right and when we are wrong?" When we glance at the peculiar sphere or locality of thought from whence our question issues, we can but stand and wonder; we can but ask of our questioner, how is it that you are thus cast upon an uncertain sea, without pilot or guide to lead you safely to shore? Like Noah's dove, you seem to have nowhere to rest upon. "How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" It is impossible for the individual to be governed by any common or general law, inasmuch as there are no two created alike, therefore no two can think alike, no two can believe alike, no two can worship alike, or bow down at any one shrine or standard of right.

"How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" Nature or her God hath placed within the soul of each of her children a monitor, which, if carefully listened to, will always teach them the right and warn them of the wrong. It is true the way to heaven is exceedingly narrow and straight; so straight and narrow that only one can walk in it at a time. But the very moment you step outside that holy way, that moment you are lost; you then wander from yourself, which is to wander from your God.

"How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" You know that there is a satisfaction of soul when you do right; you know it is better to give than to receive; you know it is better to worship that which is dictated from within, or from the highest standpoint of your knowledge, than to bow before the shrine of another. When the individual loses his way, or wanders from the right, then he begins to worship at the altar of a somebody he knows nothing about. He loses his responsibility. He has no home, no abiding place, no God, no hope, no nothing upon which to settle his faith and fasten his honest convictions of soul. Yet, there is no excuse for any one's mistaking the way which God has marked out for each of his children, and nothing is more true than that the ancient way-faring man says of man—though he be a fool, he need not wander from the right.

These failures upon the part of humanity have all sprung from one cause. You have not obeyed the God of your internal. There has been no response from within, and the cry of your soul has been continually, "Oh show me the right and I will abide by it." Oh, in the name of God do not be governed by another's opinion of right and wrong, but consult that monitor, the great I AM, which dwells in the soul of each human being, and you will never be misled from the right path.

How shall you know when you do wrong? This same monitor which hath pointed out to you the right, will also tell you when you do wrong as well. If you judge unrighteously, which is to judge any beside yourself, you will soon be made aware of the wrong you have committed, because you are not at ease with your own soul, and like Noah's dove, you can find no rest.

The Chinese Philosopher hath given you a most glorious standard of right and wrong, and one that is within the reach of every human soul; even the poorest of you may follow its divine teachings—do ye unto others as ye would they should do unto you. In this golden rule there is embodied all the attributes of Deity: Simple, grand, glorious and sublime is the way marked out for each individual; oh, let no one of you consult the God of another, but turn within your own soul, and believe us, you will find heaven. You shall not mistake the way, and there is no stumbling-block in the path which leadeth to eternal life.

"Oh, may God in his Divine Mercy—the God of our questioner—so enlighten and revivify his spiritual nature, that he come not again to the outside world; but that he turn within and ask of his own God which way he shall go to find heaven." June 26.

C. C. Felton.

My friends, the English language fails to give me words to express myself upon this occasion. I can

only say, as did the Apostle, "whereas I was blind, now I see." It hath pleased Almighty God to so unfold my spirit during its short sojourn in the spirit land, as to enable me to see at a glance the wisdom of many things that were once considered extremely foolish to me when upon the earth. And again I am taught that God, out of the mouths of babes, doth give forth infinite wisdom; and I now find that I knew but very little of God and his wondrous ways while upon earth.

We measure God too often by our own material capacities. I did so. I judged others by myself. I felt that I am almost unworthy to be the recipient of such favors as are this day bestowed upon me. I feel that I am not worthy to be called into the field of spiritual communion to labor. But oh, I would ask of all human life forgiveness; and as I have received it already from God, I may reasonably expect it from his children. I fought against your noble philosophy while on earth, but I did it unconsciously, and should not, therefore, be censured too severely in that respect. But oh, what were my feeble efforts, when used against your sublime theories and divine truths? Oh, mine were nothing. Standing here, as I do to-day, divested of my mortality, I can but wonder at the glory and majesty of Almighty God.

In reply to those friends who are expecting to hear from me as a spirit—if the spiritual phenomena be true—I would say, I am all unfit to bestow upon you those blessings your souls long for. I am not endowed with the power requisite to the performance of such a task at this time. I come here to-day because I feel it my duty so to do, and when I shall, at some future time, feel it my duty to return and bestow upon my friends what they so much need, I shall do so without hesitation. And though the whole earth be against you, and the tide of public opinion be so strong as to tempt you to embark upon its uncertain waters, I beseech you to return to the shore of your own individual reason ere it be too late. I sailed upon it while on the earth, but oh, thanks be to God, I shall no longer do so, but henceforth I intend to sail only upon the sea of righteousness.

C. C. Felton.

[This name was written by the controlling influence at the close of the communication.] June 26.

Alexander Curran.

I feel like one who has returned after a long voyage to find his friends all dead, and the whole face of home changed. You'll excuse me, sir, if I ask you a few questions about this mode of return. [Certainly, I shall be most happy to answer any questions you may propose.] I am almost entirely unacquainted with this business. I had very little time to make myself acquainted even with the method of speech generally used upon occasions like this before coming here to-day. I would like to ask how far you allow us to go, and what you expect of us? [We allow you to say just what you like, and only expect you to give such facts as will prove your identity to your friends upon earth.] Precisely so. I comprehend you perfectly, sir.

I wish to reach some of my friends at home in Maine, and some in South Carolina. Now, allow me to ask if you think it possible for me to reach my friends in both places by mail. [We shall print your communication in our paper, and I think without doubt that your friends in Maine will receive it, but at present there is some uncertainty about our paper's reaching Charleston.] I thought you simply took down what we dictated, and then sent it in the shape of a letter to our friends. [No; we print all the messages we receive in this way, and they generally reach the parties for whom they are intended.] I was about to say I should be at a loss how to tell you to direct my letters, as I've been away since '47. Well, then, you want my name, age, manner of death, time of death, &c., I suppose? [Yes.] My name was Alexander Curran, and my birth-place was Castine, Maine. I was chief mate of the ship Taskin, which sailed from New York, and was owned in New York. I'm not positive that I've given you the right spelling of the ship, but I suppose that if I've made any mistake, you'll allow me to come back some time and correct it. [Certainly.] I died in February, 1847. I was twenty-nine, and in my thirtieth year. I was drowned on the ship's passage to Havre, and as far as physical ills are concerned, I return here perfectly free from them, for I was in excellent health at the time of my death, and was always blessed with very good health.

I resided in Charleston between four or five years before my death, and I have many friends there with whom I would like to communicate, but I feel it extremely doubtful about my being able to reach them, for I understand you're having a little trouble in that quarter. [Yes; South Carolina seceded from the Union, but the Federal Government will soon re-possess themselves of it.] Well, I'm not surprised to hear of this war, for I rather expected it, though not in my day, for I know there has ever been a feeling of animosity upon the part of the Southerners toward you, on account of their favorite institution, which, by the way, I, as an individual, care but very little about.

Now that civil war is with you, how is it? Is communication open between here and South Carolina? [Not at present, but it soon will be, I think, for the Federal forces will probably ere long have possession of Charleston.] Well, I can hope, at all events, that my friends in Maine will get my communication. I desire to say many things to them that I don't care to throw out upon an uncertainty. How about this communion? Is it well established? Is it generally received by religious people? [No, not by Christians of the old school.] Well, I am in a bad fix, then, for the most of my friends lean rather upon the religious side. Well, the friends I have in South Carolina are mostly those that were connected with me in business during my residence in Charleston, and I wish to know whether you think it best for me to give their names. [You must exercise your own judgment in regard to that matter.] Well, my judgment is not to give them.

I've been told—excuse me, sir—that your doctrine is not generally believed by religious people. [That is true.] Well, then, perhaps these friends of mine might not like to see their names connected with this spiritual unfolding. It's new to me. Excuse me, sir, I don't understand it myself, and if I find that it's absolutely necessary for me to give the names of my friends, in order to reach them, I'll come back and do so, if you'll allow me the privilege. [Certainly.]

Well, good friend, what's your fee? [Nothing; this is free to you.] You see, sir, it's very difficult to commune with people who are strangers to you. [Perhaps so.] It would be far easier to speak with those who know and understand you, and from whom inquiries of your own would elicit truthful answers. Now if you and I were acquainted, you'd say, "Here, Alex, how is it about this or that thing?" to which queries I should, of course, frankly and unhesitatingly reply. But having no direct means of communicating with my friends, I'm therefore obliged to stand on a raft, and throw out this chip and that chip, and if any of them chance to reach the shore I'm lucky, that's all.

In my father and mother living in Maine? I had a dear, good mother and father living in Castine, but I can't say where they are now. It may be that they've gone to the spirit world, but I've not seen them as yet.

Now, I would be happy to open communication with any of my friends, that is, if they'll meet me at any fixed time and place. [Some one of them will probably call you, if this message reaches relatives or friends of yours now living.] Well, give me a good sailing vessel, and if I do it call her straight into port it won't be my fault. But if they give me a bad craft, why then I shall be in a dilemma again. My time has expired. Good-day, sir. June 26.

Invocation.

Oh, Mighty God, our Heavenly Father, out of the midst of human woes, we send forth our petitions unto thee, knowing that thou wilt, gladly accept the offerings of these, thine earthly children. Oh Lord, our God, we feel that death is all around us. Oh, Father, we feel that we are in the midst of hell; for

what is hell, our Father, but human suffering and woe? Oh Lord, our God, out of the midst of hell we send forth our petitions unto thee, for we know that though we wander in hell we shall surely find thee there, for thou art omnipresent. We feel that thou art with us continually, in our hours of sorrow as well as in those of joy. Our Father, ere the hour with us has rolled into the past, many shall have been called upon to mourn the loss of kindred, and many a spirit shall have been cast into eternity without the slightest knowledge of the conditions of the life so suddenly opened to their view. Oh Lord, our God, for them we pray. Do thou send around them thy holy messengers, that they may minister to their spiritual necessities and put upon their nakedness the garments of truth and knowledge. Oh Lord, our God, draw near, in thy especial mercy, to their souls; who are this hour standing, as it were, between two worlds, an inhabitant of neither. Oh, our Father, may it be our divine mission to lead them safely unto thee; may we be enabled, oh God, to carry magnetic life from this little assembly, that shall be as healing balm unto their sore and troubled spirits. Our Father, receive our thanks for the past, as also for the dark present. Oh, Most Holy One, for the glorious future—for that which, with clairvoyant eye, we behold—we thank thee, and in behalf of the multitude who know thee not we would praise thee, now and forever. Amen.

June 30.

Questions and Answers.

Have the friends present any questions to propose? If so, we are ready to answer them.

A gentleman present asked:—**Ques.**—What is my object in coming here to-day? **Ans.**—In order to ascertain that we should be obliged first to come into physical rapport with you. Second, to come into spiritual rapport with you, and third, be able to read the page of the mind clearly. As we have not time to attend to these various departments, we shall be under the necessity of waiting your question.

Q.—Is there any spirit near me who has any particular interest in my welfare at this time?

A.—There are. None are without their attendant spirits, at no time in life; therefore you have your guardian spirits as well as others. It may be well here to say that I see three standing near you, from whose appearance I should judge there was an intimate relationship, at one time, existing between you and them.

June 30.

Can the spirit of the medium leave her body temporarily?

The question which we are about to briefly consider, is one which comes to us from the Old World, and is this:—

"Does the spirit of your medium ever wander from the body of the medium to any other place? And if so, is it capable of communing with friends or with any one while apart from the body?"

We have been informed that the spirit of our medium recently left her own body, during its possession by another spirit at this place, and journeyed to London, England, to a place where a party of friends were convened together for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, when the hand of one of their number was suddenly influenced to write the name of our medium, Mrs. J. H. Conant. The question was then asked, "Is that medium's spirit present?" To which question the answer "Yes" was given on paper. The interrogator then said, "Will she please state her object in coming here at this time?" To which the spirit then replied: "Having nothing to do for the moment, I occupy myself in trying the hand of this medium, which I hope to control longer at some future time. At present, farewell! I am called."

Subsequently, those friends learned that the person of our medium was in human form, and was not dead; but at the time the communication was made, was living in America, and in the enjoyment of apparent good health.

The result of this disclosure was of course rather disastrous to the faith of those friends, who said: "Since we came together, in all honesty and good will for the purpose of learning the truth concerning the spiritual phenomena, why were we thus early met with a lie? Now we are to suppose that the balance of Spiritualism is nothing more nor less than a fraud or deception." A person suggested that they send over some one to America and inquire if the spirit of the medium ever wanders from its own body to other places, and is capable of communing with friends while apart from its body.

Thus we received the question, at present under consideration, from the Old World.

Now, in answer, we would say it is not only possible, but is even probable, that our medium—as do all mediums sometimes—finds her own spirit absent from her body during its temporary possession by other spirits. We were unable to state what particular point of attraction operated at that time in London, England; but the attraction was there, and the spirit of our medium gravitated to it. And then, using her own individual spirit-power, aside from the circle convened here in Boston, she influenced the hand of the medium in England to write not only her own name, but the brief communication which followed it.

"Is it possible for the spirit of the medium to commune with friends when apart from her own body?"

It is possible. Notwithstanding there is a sympathy kept up between spirit and body, yet the spirit itself is free to go wherever it will; free, if it finds conditions adapted to its use, to employ them at any time or place, however distant.

We are told to say to the friends in England that the spirit who had control of our medium at the time spoken of, was obliged to hold control longer than he desired on account of the absence of the medium's spirit, and also that the transient spirit could return by the power of his individual will only.

Now, we would like to have those friends who what seemed to them a falsity, for a foundation to their faith in this spiritual phenomena, for it will give them power, nothing else can give to them; it will invest them with a power by which they can unfasten the worlds now unknown to them.

June 30.

Sarah Ann Stiles.

I wish to commune, if I can, with my mother and sister. I have been away from them two years in October, and was nineteen years and a little over three months old when I died.

I was born in Chester, New Hampshire, and died in Manchester, New Hampshire. My name you want, I suppose? [If you please.] Sarah Ann Stiles. My mother's, Sarah; my sister's, Olive. They say I died of consumption. I was out of health over a year, but I never was told that I was in consumption until I asked my friends in the spirit world how I came here, and they said, "To your question directly, you died of consumption." Is your mother and sister at present living in Manchester? I expect they are, sir.

I was a factory operative, and I cannot boast the advantages that many can in regard to education. I believe I attended school at intervals until I was nine years of age; after that time I was obliged to do something to support myself and help my mother and sister. But I have been told, since coming here, that I took cold in consequence of staying for a long time in an over heated room; and then going out into the cold air. And I am told that thousands come to the spirit world yearly, from different parts of the manufacturing world, from this same cause.

I wish to do something now to help my mother and sister; they say we can if we try. I would wish first to say to my mother, "If it is possible for you to keep my sister out of the mills, do so, and you'll never be sorry for it." I think I might have been on earth with my body now, if I had taken a different course in life.

My father went to California in 1851; after 1852 I believe my mother heard no more from him. If she will give me the chance to talk with her, I can tell her all about my father, and I will do it. She need not fear to talk with me because I am dead, for I am just the same as I was before I died. I've only lost my body; and I feel just as much anxiety about

those I love as I ever did, and only wish I had it in my power to do more for them. You may say, also, that I would like to speak with my father, Aaron Stiles. I shall not reprove him for the course he saw fit to take. Perhaps I can advise him for his good. They say there are mediums where he is, and if there are, I ask him to give me the use of one for a few minutes, and I will promise he shall not be sorry for it. Can I go, sir? [If you wish.] June 30.

Lieut. Morley.

So you who were kind enough to rob me of my own body are kind enough to furnish me with another. Much obliged to you for the favor. [You are welcome.] Can I ask you a few questions? [Certainly.] What do you propose to do with what I may give here? [Publish it in our paper.] Well, I suppose you require my name, and whatever else I may be able to give toward proving my individuality or personality? [Yes.]

I'm not used to this way of talking with my friends. I have talked with them by telegraph, letter, and all the various ways known to you on earth, but I assure you this is new to me. I know that I have not had much time to learn about this new method of communion since coming here. [Nevertheless, you wish to speak with your friends.] True, I have friends I desire to commune with, but if I was going to have my choice, I'd like to commune with them directly, without the assistance of a second or third party. That is one of the impossibilities, I suppose you would say. [For the present.] Is there any possible chance of my finding a way open, to commune directly with my friends in Charleston, South Carolina? [I think not, just now, but there may be at some future time.] Well, will you say to my friends in Charleston that Lieut. Morley, of Charleston, South Carolina, desires to commune with his friends? [Certainly.]

I was killed on the 17th of April by the explosion of a shell, I was told, at Sewall's Point. I was told the shell was thrown from the Rip Rap.

I suppose you are all Yankees here, and enemies to me? [We are called such by Southerners.] I suppose you'll consider me as bearing a flag of truce, then, and treat me honorably. [Do not fear discourtesy from us here.] What communication I may choose to give to my friends—as you've been kind enough to tell me you make public what is said here—I prefer to give to them directly. [Perhaps your coming here may give you some light on this method of return, and enable you to reach your friends privately at some future time.] We all need light, that is certain, and if I get any by coming here to-day, it won't come amiss. Well, I believe you understand my errand, do you? [Yes.] Good day.

June 30.

John Salter.

Hey, Captain, what's the course? [You want to steer toward home, don't you?] Ah! true, Captain, but I'm under false colors! [Alluding to the female apparel of our colors.] [You think so?] I do, Captain; I do; too much sail, Captain, too much. [I guess you'll bear up under it.] Yes, if I do not happen to encounter a rough sea; if I do, Captain, I'm afraid I'll get swamped. Captain, I feel queer here. [You are not dressed in your usual costume?] No, not by a long bit. [Well, never mind the clothes; no one here can see you.] I see, Captain, but it does not make me feel right by seeing. I'll get over it in a bit. Well, I don't want to waste any more time than I can help in getting ready for sea.

My name was John Salter, and I was from London, England. I died on the Indian Ocean, sir. I was killed by a whale that I had harpooned, but he afterwards dragged me down with him. Perhaps you do not understand this whaling business. The way we do is to put off from the ship—three to six of us fellows—in a small boat, for the purpose of harpooning the whale. We should use care not to get our lines entangled around ourselves, in throwing the harpoon, for the whale generally goes down two or three times after being wounded, and will try hard to drag the boat's crew down with him. Well, I, like a fool, threw my harpoon before I had disengaged my rope from the boat, and of course it was impossible for me to do that afterwards.

I sailed in the American Ship, Cowper, from New Bedford, Massachusetts. [How long have you been dead?] Since the first of February, 1847. [You are sure that you are right in that respect?] Yes, Captain, I'd stake my month's advance on that. I wouldn't tell you a lie on any account. [Have you any friends in this country?] No friends to speak of, and no relatives; I've plenty of shipmates in America. My friends at home, Captain, are two brothers and three sisters. Their names are Oliver, Samuel, Mary, Ellen and Louise. [Is your mother and father alive at the present time?] My father was when I left, but since then he's gone up aloft; but he's not with me. My mother went away before my father died, and before I left home for America.

I've a wife living, and it's her I want to talk with. [Where is she now—in London?] I expect so. I left her living just in the turn of Benton's Alley, just off of Conway Square. I want to speak with her if I can. [Would it not be well to direct your letter to one of your brothers?] Yes, to my brother Samuel. [Can you give her place of residence?] I can't. One of my sisters was with my wife when I left England. [I've lost that that's necessary to make myself known to my friends, namely, my own body. I can't do a d—d thing till I get it, Captain. [Remember that you are in the company of ladies.] I beg your pardon, not yours, Captain, but the ladies. [I'll send you a letter to your London friends, any way.] I hope you will. I should like very much to speak with them. [They have mediums in London, through whom you can speak to them privately.] What! these kind of oracles? How happens it then that I didn't make for there instead of coming here? [This may have been the first place for you to start from.] But, Captain, it's a long way from port. You just informed me that I was dealing with material conditions here, and my folks I want to reach, have material bodies. [You can be with them spiritually, if not in body.] I can? Very well. [Can you not identify yourself more particularly to your friends?] I had lost the second finger on my right hand down to the second joint before I left, and I had the British Crown printed on my left arm. [Did you correspond with your friends in London, after coming to America?] Oh yes, and they knew my whereabouts.

I've been told that my wife is married again. I don't care anything about it, for that's nothing to me now; but everything was all right between us when I left London; there was nothing unpleasant, and I wrote to her after coming to America, as often as the mail went. I didn't come here and take a vessel because I had had trouble at home, but because I thought I could do better here. [One thing more. Did your shipmates recover your body?] No, if they did, I've had no account of it. Well, Captain, what shall I do to you, for your favors to me? [Do something for others.] That's cheap. Well, Captain, next time I come, give me a little different craft—I mean outside, will you? [Perhaps I can give you a gentleman medium next time.] Well, a fair wind to you when you come over. June 30.

Don't write there. Don't write there. I said one to a lad who was writing, with a diamond pen, on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel; "Why not?" was the reply. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the friction of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a kind and many a heart there are sad impressions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the mirror of life.

TO MRS. A. A. CURRIER.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND ADMIRATION, FROM THE GRATEFUL HEART OF HER FAITHFUL, CORA WILKINSON.

I thank thee, Teacher, for thy words of love
Of eloquence and power; thy gentle voice
For the bright promise of the soul's immortal
Love-best, immortal dowry; and thy words
For woman's inspiration fraught with truth
With gems of Truth and pearls of Thought.
I bless thee for the holy words
The vindication brave
Of true love's inmost sacredness
And life beyond the grave;
For guidance to the seraph ships
Of deathless love and faith divine.
I thank thee, exponent of Truth,
For the dear counsel rife
With Wisdom from the fadless source
Of God's creative life;
For the stern protest of the soul
Against Mammon and the world's control;
I love thee for thy thrilling words,
Thy womanhood's deep away
That for the trembling feet of Love
Still upward leads the way
Unto the compensating gain
Love grants for grief in God's domain.
Once more I bless thee, Angels grant
Thy own true heart may be
A shelter for the spirit guest
Of Love eternally;
Shed o'er our souls forevermore
Thy treasures of celestial lore!
Teach us, uplifted from the dust,
Released from thrall of sense and sin
To worship at the holy shrine
Of Love's omnipotence—
To bow the heart and bend the knee
Within Life's angel sanctuary.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1862.

"VISIONS."

BY EMMA HARDING.

No phase of spiritual impress on humanity presents more interesting points of analysis, or affords more fruitful pages of illustration than what is vaguely called "Visions," and yet none seems so easy to so small a share of our attention, respect or admiration.

Both as to its mode of production and result, the presentation of those pictorial images called "visions," involves the agency of intelligent and sometimes prescient beings. Spiritual they must be, because they only appeal to our spiritual senses, and never seem to originate from, or connect themselves with, material substances. Even when they represent living or objective forms, they are impermanent in their manner of representation and appreciable only by the impermanent nature of the seer. However vaguely defined their connection may be to form or succession of images, they are nothing, unless correspondent with actual scenes or events of human interest in past, present or future, and the fact that they are so, proves them not only worthy of investigation, but the work of intelligent agents, whose sphere of information transcends our own. Without attempting to deny some reality, and perhaps a spiritual, but certainly an adequate cause for all visionary representations, whatever, I am writing simply of those which prove their origin as intelligent, by their correspondence to existing realities, or what is generally termed in spiritual communion, their test facts. For the rest, without here entering upon analysis of the words "dyspepsia," "hallucination," "self-praisology," &c., I merely desire to limit my suggestions to the proven facts relative to the subject of visions.

By way of illustration, I will refer to one or two cases of visions that so thickly strewn my own pathway that I could supply a volume of similar experiences. About four years ago I lectured, for the first time, in Montreal, Canada. On the last morning of my stay in that city, just at the first dawn of a cold winter's morning, and before rising, I saw, or thought I saw, through the sun-blind that shaded my window, an unusual light in the gray sky. It seemed as if all the feeble light of early morning was accumulating in one portion of the sky opposite to where I lay. This growing brighter and brighter, at last shaped itself into the likeness of a gigantic sword; the blade was composed of square sections, in each of which were gorgeously enameled flowers, the whole representing a mosaic work of shining, prismatic colors, the intensely lustrous hue of which informed me of a power and depth in coloring with which my human sight had never before been illumined. The handle was a cross, and was simply light gray—a sunshine inconspicuous. The size of this sword seemed (though narrowed to the focus of my eyes) to measure the length between the furthest north of Canada and the remotest south of the United States; but the splendid giant had obviously absorbed all the light of the sky. Nature (in the New World, at least, I felt sure) was entirely illumined from this sword, and as if the planet Continent, at least, its shadow across the Atlantic could come within the radius of my vision; I saw that the glorious light of this mighty sun-sword was seen and reflected in Europe.

With the love of impartation, so inevitable in mortals, I sprang out of bed and actually called to any that might be within hearing. "Come, come and see the sword—come quickly!" and I pointed to the sword. The cold of the room and the action of drawing up the blind to facilitate the view of others, disturbed my condition, whatever it might have been. I saw the real landscape without, and with it the unreal sword gradually melting, until the glory was gone, and the leaden winter sky resumed its gray hue. No doubt the midst of my readers will say I was merely dreaming. Perhaps I was, but the curious part of my state was that before the vision I was so fully awake that I had just looked at my watch to see if it was not time to dress. And as the brilliant monster faded before my open eyes, my regret was not the awakening from a scene of such splendor did vision, but that no one was with me to witness it; but myself; and as I neither fashioned myself nor am responsible for my own deficiencies of common sense, neither do I feel ashamed to own, that instead of realizing sight of unreality in the vision; I eagerly inquired during breakfast, and of many of my morning visitors, if such a phenomenon had not really been seen, or at least some report of it been heard. When actually assured that my eyes alone had been thus favored, I was surprised to subside into the belief that a dream, or vision, must be the solution to what I had seen, and now for the result. From some of the believers amongst my visitors, I endeavored to view some other pretensions of
