

Such a Religion will lay fast hold on the hearts, and inspire the energies of all the leaders of the Race, and give a new impetus to social advancement. It will engage the practical faculties of men, and call them out in the noblest toward an end worthy to be striven after, and godlike when attained. In the hands of intelligent, spiritualized, earnest men, possessing the instrumentalities of Science, and inspired by the love of humanity, the work of social reconstruction will rapidly advance. Institutions adequate to the wants of the world, based on first principles, will speedily take the place of the meagre ones we now are cramped into, and will give new conditions for a more rapid and healthful development of mankind. The abolition of poverty will quickly follow the introduction of associated industry and equitable systems of commercial exchange; rebellions, wars, bloodshed will cease under another and truer method of government, founded on attraction and recognising the inherent individual freedom of every one; impurity will have no home in the culture; magnetic earth, and space; among her love-inhabitant beauty shall be the law of success in victory, and the day of the world peace and happiness dawn upon the new earth. Pain is not Utopian. A year ago it would have been. Now it is the practical possibility of a earnest, devoted men and women, using their brains in the application of laws discovered by science, to their hearts in the chase to which every great man is prompted, and believing thereby results in the consummating achievement of the world made feasible and to which the duties here of humanity turn expectantly.

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY J. COVENS.

This is a command, exhortation of Scripture. The necessity of its performance is continual, for it is demanded to do so. The reason for the demand is given, that we may not be led into temptation. By most of the religious community it is considered impracticable on account of the claims of material existence, and therefore is considered to have a limited significance, a relative definition, in which is attempted to be conveyed the idea that a large but not principal share of man's time should be appropriated to this duty. But if the expression means anything, it must mean precisely what it says. The possibility of compliance with it is evidenced daily in all our worldly transactions and the seeming difficulty to do so appears only on the surface, and because the mind is not directed toward it.

All nations have laws with which to govern individual and national affairs, and the purpose of these are to cause both to do certain acts productive of good, and to refrain from the commission of others productive of harm. These rules of conduct are entirely based upon the ability of the people to direct their acts.

Now, it is well known and settled, that all the movements of the body are controlled by the powers of the mind; by whatever names they may be called. Certain actions of body require certain combinations of powers, or certain ranges of thought. To produce these, the mind is controlled at the will, pleasure, humor, or caprice of the individual, showing its capacity to "watch" in worldly matters, and to produce the exact fruits of such watchfulness in courses of conduct.

Having shown the human mind is capable of, and does "watch" in the chances of life, it follows it has equal capacity to apply this watchfulness in spiritual matters, as well within.

The apparent impossibility of the requirement arises from the indisposition to make any attempt to put it in practice.

The child at school dislikes its task from the same cause. Its reflective faculties are not sufficiently developed to comprehend the utility or importance of the acquisition. But as he masters the principles one by one in the attempt, though oft discouraged by the way, he gradually acquires confidence in his abilities and powers, and at last discovers the "yoke is easy, and the burden light."

Let watchfulness be the chief plan of life, and though the progress may be slow at first, by constant practice the habit will become familiar, and success will be achieved at last. But the command is, "to pray always," as well as to "watch."

As there appears to be some misapprehension on the subject of prayer, it is well to define what it really is in this place. The general definition is, "asking for favors," and in religious worship it consists of adoration, confession, supplication and thanksgiving. Associated with these, it is considered necessary to set apart a portion of time for this duty, and to have suitable places dedicated to the object in which man can offer them, and in which it is supposed the deity particularly dwells.

One-seventh of time is usually appropriated to this purpose in public worship, and probably a much shorter period is allotted to private. The places of worship are occasionally at such inconvenient distances from the worshippers, and the obstructions in the way arising from daily cares, ill-health and storms, tend to shorten this proposed period.

From this it is seen, that the stated times of prayer are much interfered with, and fall much short of the requirement to "pray always."

But prayer really is an exertion of our powers that fit us to receive the advantages the deity has already created for us, and which do press on every side of us for admission into the soul. The solicitation of favors or of exemption from the trials of life, cannot and do not change any of the purposes of the deity, for all that can be wished or hoped for is already prepared, and waits the conditions in which it can enter the soul.

Hence, the strict object of prayer is not to change the deity, but to change ourselves. The idea of "praying always," would seem to indicate a necessity of immuring one's self within a cloister or sanctuary, away from the world, if the religious opinion of the world be true. The erection of such places in various parts of the world confirm this idea. But it is seen that but few of the general mass of mankind can avail themselves of this arrangement, and these are wholly dependent upon those whose circumstances prevent the fulfillment of the law.

The claims of the body certainly require a share of man's attention, and to attend properly to this claim is equally a religious duty as any other we can engage in. But it is contended that in the pursuit of sustenance for the body, it is practicable to "pray" as well as to "watch"—one requires no greater exertion of power than the other. To do both, it is clear man must always be engaged, at home or abroad, at night or day, in earthly temples, or in the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Wherever we be in nature's wide domain, the duty is incumbent. From the theological creed, and practice it is impossible to comply with the demand. If it can be done as the expression implies, something must be wrong in the interpretation of it and method of doing it.

Christ the Teacher has instructed us how it can be done in the plainest manner; yet it is not known why the creeds have omitted to receive so plain a statement, a statement on which hangs all of man's welfare and happiness here and in the future. He states the temple in which man should worship is within; and that the kingdom of heaven is there. Observe, from this, how many moments and years' unobtrusive gliding away, in which the soul, bowed down with grief, is denied the comfort and consolation that the practice, which this expression inculcates, affords.

Taught from infancy to believe the heaven is a locality rather than a condition, and that man is born to and must experience trouble as the sparks fly upward, what wonder is it that he tries of life? What child of humanity would not be totally unprepared for the ordinary duties of life, if his earthly parents were so rigid and exact, as to deny the spontaneous gushings of the soul, and the enjoyment of favors and happiness?

Assenting to the truth of Christ's statement, it is discovered that the ability to worship of "pray, always" is perfectly established. The church is always present, and into its portals one can enter at all times without let or hindrance.

But prayer, does not wholly consist in aspirations, in utterances, and high conceptions of duty, but also in the application of these in all our transactions of life.

To "watch," guards us from temptation, and bad habits, and to "pray," effectually prepares the soul for all its needed requirements. I say needed, for the subject of prayer is often for more than daily bread and suitable apparel. We are told by the same high authority to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all those things we need shall be added unto us.

All the fears of the world arise from the conception of the liability of poverty and want overtaking them. They place but little or no reliance upon the divine statement, and rest upon their own exertions. Finding in the combat of life other powers more vigorous and strong than their own, they are induced at times to commit errors that bring disgrace on their friends, and ruin to themselves.

But now cheering the thought and knowledge, that by watching and praying we can be certain of joy and peace here without trouble or fear, and secure in the unending future everlasting felicity.

THE WAR OF THE SPIRIT SHALL TRIUMPH.

Look up, thou that art cast down; let the smile of gladness rest upon thy brow, for the earth shall break forth in songs of joy, for thy redemption draweth nigh. Gird on thy armor, draw thy sword, go forth to battle; be valiant and bold, and the victory is yours. The hosts are marshaled for the fight, and vain are the powers that are against you, for fear has rendered them powerless to oppose you in the great battle of truth.

Come up into the hill-top, yes, come up into the towering mountain's height, and the telescope of wisdom will assist you as you look down upon the hosts that will oppose you as you march on to victory. Throw not off thy armor, day nor night, for thou wilt need it always and ever; return not thy sword to its scabbard, but keep it ever in thy right hand to slay thy foes. Fear not, if thou art old in the helmet of salvation and the breastplate of righteousness. The sword that thou shalt wield is the sword of the spirit of truth; fear not to use it whenever attacked by thy foes, for it shall hew its way through all opposition to triumph and victory. The weapons that will be used against you are deception and lies, more to be feared by those who wield them than by those against whom they are aimed.

Judging the future by the standpoint of the present, thou wilt learn there is strength in the few and weakness in the many. When opposed by the brute force of his brethren, Joseph was thrown into the pit, and subsequently sold into bondage; apparently there was victory of the strong over the weak; they being evil minded, planned and designed evil against their brother; but in the end the victory was in favor of their victim. Joseph was the conqueror, his brethren the conquered. Their intended evil exalted Joseph, and he became the saviour of his father and his brethren in their time of need.

And when the self-righteous priest stood at the altar in his sacerdotal robes, to offer up an offering for sin, he was bearing in his bosom a hatred that death alone could remove from his envious mind. For high above and far beyond the narrow limits of his creed-bound mind, stood the meek and lowly Jesus, giving to all who would partake the bread of life. And as the followers of Jesus increased, so also increased the envy of the priest, and by taking the life of Jesus of Nazareth, he supposed it would put a stop to, and eventually suppress, the spread of his doctrines. But instead of accomplishing the evil intended, he only performed what God had fore-ordained should take place for the upbuilding and advancement of the gospel of Christ. The only difference was, the evil the priest intended, God designed for good.

So it is at the present time: those who, in their own estimation, stand preeminent above their fellow men in the scale of righteousness are the most bitter against the truth of spirit-life, and its intercourse with mankind. Reason with them, tell them of its power to heal the sick, how the lame walk, and the blind receive their sight, and of those who all their lifetime have been subject to bondage through fear of death, but are now singing psalms of praise in view of a brighter life beyond the bounds of mortality, and you will see the scornful derision of the self-righteous priest as he sneeringly replies, "Delusion!"

Ask of him if the followers of Jesus were deluded, and he will reply, "Oh, they lived in the days of miracles." Ask of him if he had lived in the days of Jesus, what course he would have pursued different from what the Priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees pursued at that time, and he will tell you that he would have been a follower of Jesus. But I tell you, nay; the one denounced against them of "O, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them, how oft would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not; behold your house is left unto you desolate," would have been pronounced against such at the present day. But what they design for evil, God will overrule for good.

In their denunciations against Spiritualism, they overlook the bounds of prudence; they create a desire in the minds of many to hear, and see for themselves, and frequently, what they first see is so different from what it was represented to be, there will be a desire to see more, and the more they see, the more they will want to see, and in the end will become confirmed in the faith of spirit-life, and its intercourse with mankind, to the astonishment of those who created that desire. Thus the word of the Spirit will out-aster the bonds of deception and falsehood, and man, redeemed from darkness and error, will rejoice in the new and glorious light that sheds its brightness around him as he journeys on in life. With the mind illuminated with this light, all the finer qualities of the heart will burst forth into action, and man become a living soul in good works toward his fellow man. How pleasant it would be if all could see this light and walk therein! The dark paths of error and superstition would then become the highway to peace and holiness. The prison and the gallows would become the temple and the altar of a redeemed and happy people, whose offerings of thanksgiving would ascend to the throne of Jehovah. The chains that bound the prisoner, and the halter that strangled the victim, would be transformed into golden cords of love, to bind the hearts of the children of men in the bonds of peace and quietude. Where now discord and contention rules the minds of men, will now reign

confusion, any stalking over the land in dread array, the peaceful motions of guardian spirits, as they hover around, would quiet the upheavings of a discontented people, and peace reign throughout the land, and the songs of joy be heard from hill to hill, from shore to shore, as the race of man extends.

Fear not, for the great battle is being fought, and the redemption of humanity from the thralldom of error draweth nigh. The year of jubilee will soon be proclaimed, and the ransomed will return with songs in their mouths, and everlasting joy in their hearts. The little child will become a man, and man become exalted above his earthly nature far above and beyond the temptations of earth; he will commune with beatified spirits, and their presence will protect him from error, and guide him upward as he journeys through life, secure from the many snares that obstruct his path. And when his pilgrimage on earth shall close, the disembodied spirit will soar away in its aerial flight to brighter scenes of bliss beyond, there to join the celestial hosts of kindred spirits in their orisons of praise ever ascending to the throne of the Father of all spirits—my God and your God.

Fear not, for the light that now shines upon your vision is but the germ of that light which has lain hidden for ages beyond the clouds of darkness, and bursting forth upon the world, resplendent in its glory, lighting up the dark corners, and penetrating the gloom of earth-life with its brilliant light; attended with seraphic fire to warm the cold hearts of man with love divine, pure from the fountain-head, the throne of God. And as this light shall guide you on, the seraphic fire will burst forth in living flames to purify the gold of Nature in the crucible of Love, and man become cleansed from sinful dross, pure and holy by grace redeemed, in heaven saved, in truth, the son of God.

Freemont, N. H.

WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?

BY LORING MOODY.

I read with much interest and profit in your paper a few weeks since a number of extracts from various criticisms on Dr. Child's Book, "Whatever Is, Is Right," and was impressed with the marked difference in temper and spirit of the friends and opponents of the doctrine or sentiment in question. Some of the opponents of the doctrine seem to be animated by a spirit of bitterness bordering upon malignity, and are violent in their denunciations of what appears to them a damnable heresy; one of them especially threatens the believers in that doctrine with a "hotter hell in the next world than they ever dreamed of in this." And the same temper in a greater or less degree manifests itself in the writings of nearly all on that side; while the receivers of the doctrine manifest a spirit of tenderness, sympathy and love for the whole human race—"sinners" and "sinners" alike—in accordance with the temper of Him who was—the "friend of sinners," and who more fully understands what sin is.

Why this difference? Plain enough to those who have eyes to see. Those who are in the immature states of affection, analogous to the sour and arid states of unripe fruit, contemplating all subjects from their inward conditions, invest those subjects with the hues and colorings derived from the state of their own affections. And hence God and heaven are a great way off, and love, the highest attribute of one and the only life of the other, is contemned by them as lust, and they seem to regard it as their especial mission to hunt down, expose and condemn all sinners, but especially unpopular ones—this outward condemnation of sins and sinners arising from the inward condemnation in their own souls; while on the other hand those in whom the affections are developed toward a state of mature ripeness and mellow sweetness, find that God and heaven are very near them, in their own souls, and love the only condition of celestial life, while hell recedes, fades and vanishes away, as the perturbed goblins of darkness must before the sunlight of spiritual truth; and sin, in all its manifestations, is only a temporary and educational incident, at the beginning and outset of human existence, which is endless and infinite in its reach and relations. I have no time to explain and illustrate this subject so fully as I might. And then it might not, after all, be very profitable; for men cannot comprehend truth until they have grown to it. "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine."

Although Dr. Child has given it a fuller statement and a broader application, the doctrine in question is not new. It is as old as the Hebrew Scriptures, and crops out in the writings of several of the Prophets, of Paul, and the "Christian Fathers." Pope affirms it. Augustine, one of the Fathers of the Church, after deep interior experiences, fully embraced this faith, and calmly and sweetly resigned himself to the infinite wisdom and love of Him who "made all things good, and nothing whatsoever evil." The following extract from his Soliloquies, with the accompanying paraphrase poem by Whittier, express the feelings of eminently religious minds living in widely different periods, on this interesting subject, and may tend to calm the fears and allay the apprehensions of those who see nothing but evil in the doctrine of "Whatever Is, Is Right."

"And I sought whence is evil: I set before the eyes of my spirit the whole creation, whatsoever we see therein, sea, earth, air, stars, trees, mortal creatures—yes, whatsoever there is we do not see, angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made he anything at all of evil, and not rather by his All-mightiness cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart overcharged with most gnawing cares. And admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it, knows Eternity. Oh, Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that thou madest all things good; and to thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. 'Woe' is me!—how high art thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! And thou never departest from us, and we scarcely return to thee."

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

"The fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afro saint;
And, at his side, we urge to-day
The immortal quest and old complaint.
No outward sign to us is given
From sea or earth comes no reply
Hushed, as the warm Numidian heaven
No vainly questioned; bends our frozen sky

No victory comes of all our strife.
From all we grasp, the meaning slips;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and gulls behind;
We pluck the way-side fruit, and eat
And dust and death beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unheeded
The sad bequest of sire to son;
The body's taint, the mind's defect—
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh, why and whither?—God knows all!
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful chernobim
A Father's face I still discern,
As Moses looked of old on him
And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For he is merciful as just;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before his will, and trust
How'er they seem, he doeth all things right;

And dare to hope that he will make
The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain,
His mercy never quite forsake,
His healing visit every realm of pain;

That suffering is not his revenge
Upon his creatures weak and frail,
Sent on a pathway new and strange,
With feet that wander and with eyes that fall;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,
Watches the tender eye of Love,
The slow transmuting of the chaff,
Whose links are from below to gold above!

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And down with our poor childish cries
The oracles of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain;
We tread upon life's broken laws
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

We turn us from the light, and find
Our speck next shape before us shown,
As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours
We set our faces to the day;
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outstriking all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A voice grows with the growing years;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears:
"The Resurrection and the Life am I!"

Oh, Love Divine! whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
In dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,
Wide as our need thy power is fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Oh, Beauty, old yet ever new,
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The old sphere-music which the Samian heard!

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life of everdawning death and sin!

Shine on us with the light which glowed
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,
Who saw the Darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting Day!

Shine, light of God!—make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope,
With heaven's compassion make our longings poor!

"Too late I loved thee, oh Beauty of ancient days, yet
ever new! And lo! thou wert within and I abroad
searching for thee. Thou wert with me; but I was not with thee."
—August, Soliloq. Book X.

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and
Death; but an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over
the Ocean of Darkness; and in that I saw the Infinite Love
of God."—George Fox's Journal.

ANIMALS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY E. O. DUNN.

I noticed an article in a past number of your paper relative to the existence of animals in spirit life, as to whether they were spirits of animals that once inhabited this plane of existence. Owing to my clairvoyant organization, I have often been privileged to behold the beauties of that beatified world, hence I positively know there are spirit animals in spirit-life, but deny their being the spirits of animals that once lived on earth. True, Mrs. Coffinbury claims to have seen the spirit of her favorite "cow," but was it in reality her spirit, or a psychological presentation? Mrs. C. is doubtless a psychological medium, controlled by immortalized psychologists, who gave her this presentation.

Now, admitting that the spirits of animals pass to spirit life, retaining their individuality, what would be done with them? There are thousands of animals dying to one human being. Now, some contend that the spirit world extends only about sixty miles outward from this earth. Then consider for a moment the enormous numbers of spiders and their procreative propensities. Each spider will produce over four hundred per month. Now, reflect upon the number in existence, and the myriads they would produce in one year; this multiplied by six thousand, (allowing the Moslem account of creation correct), and this multiplied by an eternity to come, what would you do with them all, saying nothing of tords, snakes, lizards, crocodiles, and millions of other kinds less useless in the animal kingdom? (useless, I mean, in spirit-life). Hence, my opinion is, were you to boil them all down to a solid extract, they could not be contained in that amount of space.

But the question now arises, from whence come the spirit animals of the spirit spheres, seen by clairvoyants and described by spirits? I reply they are a production of the spirit world, the same as our animals are of this. They exist by virtue of necessity. They are as much a legitimate production of the spheres as the spirit flower, plant and tree. We do not think, for a moment, that the spirit of the tree goes into the other life as an individuality. But there is a life-principle in the vegetable kingdom, and even the mineral, as well as the animal or human. Shall we infer, then, that the rock of aqueous formation will exist in spirit-life the same as in this? Certainly not. Am I now asked whence goes the spirit of the animal when decomposition takes place? Tell me what becomes of the life-principle of the flower, the tree and rock, and I will tell you what becomes of that of the animal.

The vegetable and mineral kingdoms, as well as the animal, are vast laboratories or mighty processes of refinement through which physical and spiritual

matter must pass in order to be prepared for the human. The animal is not perfect in organization, (though perfect on its plane); but there is a higher plane of perfection, and in accordance with the laws of progression, all imperfect organizations must give way or pass on to a higher gradation of perfection. It will not do to predicate of the animal what we do of the conscious progressive and inspirational man. The animal has not the higher organs of the human brain, therefore it must pass from the comparative plane to a higher; or, in other words, the keystone must be placed in the arch ere it is perfect. This keystone is the spiritual group of organs which pertain alone to the human kingdom. This may be termed the coronation, enabling the immortalized spirit to retain its individuality, and withstand the devastating tempests of a boundless eternity.

Battle Creek, Mich.

AUNT MYRA ON MARRIAGE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Thank you, stranger, for your queries put to my article on "Marriage." I think we have had the mistaken policy of marrying opposite characters about long enough, to try a few of the harmonious sort. Marry two races, white and black for instance, and the offspring is a hybrid, and must go on to one or the other race finally, or perish; for hybrids do not propagate long. I think in less extreme cases, the same is true of hybrids.

It is not true that like dispositions in both parents are followed out in children. It has long been known that eldgymen with very pious wives have the rudest and wildest children—nature seeking her own balance by poisoning the other way. Children often take the opposite extreme of both parents. How seldom the second or third generation retains the wealth that the joint efforts of husband and wife accumulated. The children of misers are usually spendthrifts.

The children of extremists, if mated on their own plane, as they should be, will fly across and back, lessening a little each time, till the true harmony is attained which is the best and only permanent condition for the race. Harmonious persons with good dispositions and uniform organizations have the best children.

Trying to improve the race by mating extremes, is a failure. We have too many cases of men of strong passions and sensual feelings seeking and marrying girls of the opposite extreme, and sending one after another to the grave, broken-hearted and broken-spirited, often leaving one or more feeble little sufferers to linger a few months behind, and then follow. Such men should marry on their own plane, and there would be little danger of the children being worse in that extreme.

All my observations go to prove that the most sensual parents have children on the other extremes, generally, as in religion. 'Tis the medium line that holds the balance in society, and some stop at it from each extreme.

But my letter which Aunt Myra referred to, was on harmonious marriages, and did not attempt to give the laws of offspring in it; yet, I am sure these will not be found to conflict with the true laws of marrying and being happy. I have seen enough of social life to be certain that in no sense can opposite characters and dispositions marry and be happy. I know there are many wild freaks of passion, and some of love, almost unaccountable; but these are only the exceptions. Desdemona and Othello may exist in real life, as well as in fiction, although most are in fiction. Whoever comes at such bait will get caught. I have heard much of virtuous girls reforming rakes and libertines, but the cases I have known were failures; perhaps one in a hundred may succeed, and even that would be sufficient to tempt many girls to run the risk and perish, or become fugitive wives.

I cannot say much in a letter for the BANNER on this subject, for I am determined to keep mine short, and wish all writers would, so we could have more of them each week; but Aunt Myra will find my say more at length in my little book, the "Fugitive Wife," to which I could add much more testimony. I do think it is time our young friends were taught the laws of sexual harmony and happy unions, so we could escape so many unhappy marriages and partings, and certainly our old system has been, and is, based on the very mistakes in theory that Aunt Myra mentions. The theory is wrong, and the results are disastrous, as we see daily.

As I write this, a fugitive wife, not a mile from me, is trying, by the aid of her parents, to protect her child from being stolen by her husband—its father. She has fled from his home in a Western State, to her paternal shelter, and he has followed, and prowls about to steal the child, and thus get her back to his "bed and board." They are said to be extremes. I never saw either, but no doubt it is like those I have seen. Oh, the misery and brutality of our system of marriage, yoking vice and innocence constantly, and both ignorant of their true harmony and the law of sexual happiness!

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT WHISPERS.

BY W. A. ENGLISH.

O brother dear! we come to thee
A joyous band of spirits free;
We're watching o'er thee from above,
And often whisper words of love.
Brother! we come to you to-night
With buds and flowers all fair and bright;
We would that you with us could see
These emblems that we bring to thee!
Our brother, dear! we hope that you
Will ever to your trust be true,
And mind the light within that's given
To guide you onward unto Heaven!
Assist the needy, cheer the sad,
And make earth's sorrowing children glad;
Then, when you meet us all above,
You'll see the bounteous fruits of Love.

COST OF THE CANONIZATION OF THE CHINESE MARTYRS.—The cost of canonizing saints is enormous. It is lucky there are so few of them. The recent canonization of the forty Japanese martyrs at Rome, cost nearly \$2,000,000, \$700,000 of which was presented by the Franciscans, and \$500,000 by the Jesuits and Carmelites. The tapers used at the church were 85,000 in number, of the purest white wax, each weighing three pounds, and alone cost \$25,000. On their being lit up, some of the tapestry took fire, and, but for the presence of mind of the man lighting up, the whole of it must have been burned.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Object and End of Government.

We are supposed to exist, at least where thought and expression are free, for our own happiness and good. The single object we have in life is to better ourselves—materially first, and spiritually afterwards. In order to accomplish this soonest, we choose to put ourselves rather under self-restraint than under the unqualified control of others. We gradually become—in the language of Paul—a "law unto ourselves"; and, as Emerson says, if a man thinks that every easy-going statute to live by, let him set out to keep its provisions conscientiously but for one day.

It is not to be forgotten that we do not belong to the government; the government belongs to us. That is the creature; we are the creators. If it is not so, it is because we have forgotten ourselves by being untrue to ourselves, and have surrendered a power which belongs to us alone. Whenever that day comes, when men cringing look up to ask what fate government is going to measure out to them, there is no longer any use in talking for freedom; we have become servile then, and sold out our first rights to the men who stood ready to trade upon them to their own personal advantage.

Each of us voluntarily—in a free government, where the broadest liberty becomes the aim sought—calculates to so far surrender his absolute rights, for the sake of the rest, as to make what yet remains just as secure as possible. We give, that we may get again. We pledge our good offices to others, expecting to receive theirs in return. In one sense, the arrangement is voluntary, for it is based upon a mutual contract: I perform for you, that you may perform for me. And at this point of view it becomes highly interesting to consider: instead of each person's yielding a silent, and perhaps a sullen, submission to the government that is placed over him, it is made a sort of joint-stock affair, set agoing with its machinery for the ulterior advantage of those who combine to give it existence.

Many carelessly suppose that about all that we construct a form of government for is, to make it look imposing to outside nations, and give them an idea of our strength and importance. They appear to consider themselves entirely subordinate and secondary in the whole plan; as if they were the mere insects composing the splendid coral reef, or the mere stones or bricks that went to make up the noble wall. They have but a limited idea, or notion, of the ends of government, at best. It may be true enough that, as foreign governments have been constructed—obtaining power by simply usurping it, and everywhere trampling on the rights of the individual in order to build up and strengthen itself—this notion of such persons is founded in fact. But this government of ours was the first example, in the history of the modern world, of a great people coming forward and voluntarily pledging themselves, in the form of a regularly established Constitution, to see that justice was mutually done all over the land. This is a government made by the people, for their own use and good; foreign governments are greater or less tyrannies, placed *non volens* upon the necks of "subjects," who, from time to time, revolt at their burdens and procure moderate alleviation by throes of passion and violence.

Which is the better? Does it not look plain enough that the popular form of government is, in the order of events, the flower and promise of all the rest? And if we suffer this to go down before the assaults of conspirators, who design to supplant it with despotic systems of their own, and mean anything but a rational enlargement of the liberties we already enjoy, where shall the waiting and watchful millions of the earth look to find another example of free government—so fair and so full of golden promise, offering its bounties so lavishly to all the nations—to encourage them? We fear they will give over all further hope in utter despair.

Still Fussing.

The credulous, through their sermons and journals, still stand out for their own party and side against all others. If one of their own number happens to be a little more liberal than the rest, straightway they alight upon him with warnings and threats, all in the spirit of the old inquisition-time. We observe that the Rector of the Church of the Covenant (Episcopal), in Philadelphia, not long since gave public notice that he would celebrate the communion service in his church on a particular Sunday, at the same time inviting all communicants in good standing in evangelical churches, now closed for the summer vacation, to participate. An Episcopal paper thereupon takes the Rector in question to task for his conduct. It says it knew that his church, which was organized by the young Dudley Tyng, was the lowest of the "low church" class of Episcopal churches, but it was "not prepared for such an invitation as this." And it then proceeds to lay on the ecclesiastical lash as severely as it thinks the case will warrant. Cannot our readers and friends see that the altered tone of public opinion, which will only regard this straight-faced proceeding with pity and contempt, is doing its silent work much more effectually and rapidly than if liberal men and women set out and organized churches and institutions expressly to combat these worn-out follies?

Garibaldi.

In the general stir up of nations the world over, we watch the movements of so active a mind as that of Garibaldi with great eagerness. Just as Napoleon is thinking of fastening himself, with the aid of iron-plated fleets and gigantic armies, upon our southwest, with the hope of having a hand in the separation of these States and the establishment of a new empire southward, the old Italian hero looms up, and warns him to vacate Rome and let Italy have what naturally belongs to her. Victor Emmanuel, the King, orders Garibaldi to desert; but the latter means war, and nothing but war. There will be war for Napoleon in Europe, no doubt, before he finds a great deal to do here.

"The Lyceum Church."

We observe that the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE of London, in its August number, publishes the Platform, or Basis, of this newly formed church of Spiritualists in Boston, prefacing the same with remarks of its own. We give them, that the readers of the BANNER may be well apprised of all the opinions and movements of Spiritualists, the world over; and especially, to let them know what are the sentiments of the leading Spiritual publication in London relative to the first regularly formed Spiritual Church in America. We do not design to express opinions on the subject, one way or the other; our creed (if we have any in particular) has always been, to insist that each shall duly seek his own, obeying the secret but irresistible laws of sympathy and conscience. But we have nevertheless continually protested against any organization, in whatever name or interest established, imposing the subscription of faith, which is but mere cramping and mechanism, upon any living soul; believing that true religion lies, not in the force or influence of numbers, but in the actual state of the individual soul.

The remarks of the editors of the Spiritual Magazine will be found exceedingly interesting, and to suggest the outlines of a philosophy, and a practice based upon it, with which no liberal and intelligent mind can find fault, even if it cannot accept and subscribe to it. They are as follows:

"Many of the gentlemen at Boston who are best known as having devoted attention to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, have recently formed themselves into a society under the above denomination. They have, moreover, stated the objects of the society, and have framed their creed, or articles of belief, the former of which we will give entire, whilst of the latter we can only find room for some extracts. We shall feel much interest in observing the results and development of this body, for it has become with us a somewhat settled idea that such organizations are not likely to succeed in any permanent form, however well they may answer for a time the immediate personal needs of those who form them. It appears to us that there is no occasion for the formation of any new sect, either religious or otherwise, founded on the phenomena of Spiritualism, any more than a new sect was needed for receiving and nursing the phenomena of gravitation or of electricity. It may be convenient to meet together to discuss the phenomena and their results, and to record those which may be well established by observation, but this is a different thing to the establishment of a Church of Spiritualists which presupposes the discovery of some new and deep religious mystery and mode of life, which is in fact a new religion. That this discovery has been made, is no doubt the leading spring of those who have founded this new church, but it is a position from which we dissent, and when we turn to the objects and articles of belief, we are unable to discover any sufficient ground of novelty to justify the step.

It has indeed one excuse in its favor, which its promoters put forward as that of the times, to wit, that it is desirable that they should by such means discover themselves from many of the irregular opinions confusedly classed as Spiritualism, but this end might have been obtained by other means equally efficacious, and more logical than the founding of a new Church, of which the chief religious article is that 'religion is life.' This is no new discovery in Christendom, and has been insisted on in all ages of the world of which any record has come down to us. It appears to us that the spiritual inquiry has been presented in America chiefly by those of a skeptical mind, who did not previously possess much acquaintance with or have any strong belief in revealed religion, and that having once opened their minds to the reception of the great facts of Spiritualism, they have been led into a state of mind, in which they have rediscovered substantially many of the old truths of all religions, and have fancied that they were entirely new because they come in rather a new dress. These truths have not come quite in the ordinary Christian form, but the soul and substance of them are independent of all forms. But though they are so true, it does not follow that they are new, or that a church must be founded to propagate them. In fact, we feel the greater interest in the subject, not because it is new, but because it is so old, and because it is the connecting link between the old Spiritualism of the Bible and the miracles; because it shows us that the soul is one, in all ages, and that it has such divine capacities and unfoldings; because it shows not only a possibility of inspiration in the old days, but also in the new, and that it enables us to see man as a whole, and to weld together all the religions of the world as one in essence though differing so greatly in their forms. An inquiry into spiritual laws has this tendency with us, and we would rather see it pursued in literature and in conversation, so as to extend its knowledge and its wisdom into all forms of thought, than that it should be used to elevate them to recognize the links by which they are all connected. It is not an exclusive truth, and those who know most of it will be the least likely to found a Church upon it, which is only another name for a sect of small thinkers in an embryo form.

It is not because most of the present forms of religious thought have overlaid and distorted the great truths of Christianity, that we are to follow in their track, or to be limited by their ignorance or their bigotry, or to accept even their own statement of what their Church teaches of truth. We have the right to judge for ourselves from the fountain-head, and to find much more in their books than they themselves can see, and to read them by a brighter light, and a higher knowledge. In this way we have much agreement with both the objects and the articles of belief of this new society, and we like them all the more because they are old, and because their main truth can be traced through the old books and the old times.

Viewed as a manifesto of opinions, the articles of belief will be found of interest to our readers, as a moderate statement of the results of the observation of well informed and truthful persons who have carefully given their experience of several years inquiry into the subject."

Can You Do It?

When a person whom you have long believed to love and respect you, loses his temper on account of a natural (or unnatural) infirmity, and speaks out to you in a way that fairly shocks your self-esteem, pride, and all the other qualities of character that you seem to hold on by, can you summon good sense and resolution to the rescue at just the right moment, and answer with an unflinching temper and in kind words? When fortune goes entirely wrong, and what you plan seems the very result which you cannot reach—can you then bid your heart be patient, and calmly confess that what you have had meted out to you is, after all, the very best that you could have asked for? Can you be patient, when things do not go to suit you?—gentle under the sting of sharp words?—hopeful in the clouds of adversity?—calm when all around you are passionate? If you can, then you may know that you are far on the road of progress and development, and that your happiness is secure.

Negligence of Government Officials.

We saw the other day at the Isles of Shoals one of Francis's Patent Life Boats, placed there by Government, for the humane purpose of rescuing mariners and others who might peradventure get wrecked in a storm on these dangerous ledges. On examination, we found it entirely useless for any purpose whatever. The cork originally on its sides are gone, the canvas coverings having become rotten from continual exposure to the weather. It lies in the open air, bottom up, the stern and bow embedded in the ground, and somewhat rotten in consequence. Who is at fault in this matter? An available life boat should be placed there forthwith, instead of this rotten concern. And it should be taken care of after it is placed there, ready for use at any moment.

Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts; you can hear them rattle as they walk.

Continuing the War.

Inasmuch as views on all sides are continually publishing in the papers relative to the conduct and continuance of this unhappy war, we should think we omitted an item of more than the usual interest if we declined furnishing the readers of the BANNER with the following remarks from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, recently returned from Europe. What he says, he says in such excellent temper, pleading for peace even while he is nowise behind the first in point of patriotism, and manifesting so truly Christian a spirit in reference to the closing up of our intestine troubles as to make a lasting impression on all who will listen, in the present din of arms. The Archbishop delivered the address of which the following extract is a part, immediately after returning home:

"I do not know what may happen in case this war should continue as it has since I left this country. The papers have rendered the condition of the country perfectly confused. It is very difficult for one even acquainted with this country to comprehend how the land lies; and so it is with foreigners. Nor is it in any one's power to say with absolute certainty what may happen if this war continues. What is the prospect of its coming to an end? I do not see any prospect. There does not appear to be an issue, and it may be that God, for some design of His own, which future generations will appreciate, has permitted this calamity to scourge the country in order to bring from these results benefit to the whole human race. These are circumstances the results of which no man can fathom, they depend upon so many conditional circumstances that there is no reason to be thought to be clear to every mind, and it is this—that if such a warfare could continue for years, it is recognized as the privilege of other nations, in the name of humanity, to try to put an end to it. The people themselves should put an end to it with as little delay as possible. It is not a scourge that has visited this nation alone. Wars have been from the beginning of the world, nations against nations, and that most terrible of all wars, civil war, in which brother is arrayed against brother.

How long is this to go on? As it goes on it is affording a pretext for all the nations to combine against us; but even then, I say their interference should not be permitted, except in the way of benevolence; but if with the sword, we should unite in setting them at defiance. But I would say if they do interfere, and interfere successfully—if the country and the government are not sustained by every sacrifice that is necessary—then our United States will become a island. Then it will be come divided into fragments; then the strife will hover on all the borders; every State will claim to be independent, and render itself an easy prey to foreign powers. Oh! let this not be so. I know little of what has occurred since I left. I have had scarcely time to look at a paper since my return; but by all accounts much has been attempted, but not much realized toward terminating this unnatural war. Volunteers have been enlisted, and they have answered the appeal; but for my own part, if I had a voice in the council of the nation, I would say, let volunteers continue and the draft be made. If three hundred thousand men be not sufficient, let three hundred thousand more be called upon, so that the army, in its fullness of strength, shall be always on hand in any emergency. This is not cruelty; this is mercy; this is humanity—anything that will put an end to this dragging of human blood across the whole surface of the country. Then every man, rich and poor, will have to take his share; and it ought not to be left to the government to plead with the people, to call upon them to come forward, and to ask if they will permit themselves to be drafted. No; but the people themselves should insist upon being drafted, and be allowed to bring this unnatural strife to a close. Other efforts will be made on the other side, and who can blame them, since they have cast their die on the issue. But, any way, this slow, lingering waste of human life should be put short.

In the meanwhile it is enough for us to keep over this calamity; it is enough for us to pray to God that it be brought to an end. It is enough for us to make a sacrifice of everything to sustain the power, and the authority, and the unity of the only government that we profess to acknowledge. But it is not necessary to hate our opponents, nor to be cruel in the battle; it is necessary to be brave, to be patriotic—to do that which the country needs, and for this God will give us his blessing as a recompense for discharging our duty without violating any just laws, divine or human."

The Editor's Tunnel.

Sectarian editors in their review of books condemn what they would not have written, if they had written the books themselves, and applaud what they would have written. This they do because they have limited perception and narrow acceptance. So an editor who condemns largely, is largely wanting—and an editor who condemns not, is not wanting in a larger perception of truth. Liberal editors, in their reviews, tell what a book is, without the spirit of condemnation. They can comprehend the reason why other men are different from themselves, in thought and expression. They have liberality to allow others the freedom of thought and expression, as well as themselves, without thinking it ungodly.

Sectarian editors, too, think that all they throw out to the public must be run through their little tunnel of thought and belief; that if a sentiment is published that is not their own, they must tell their readers that they are of a different opinion, as if it were important, in all that is printed in their papers, that their readers should know whether it met their approval or disapproval.

Liberal editors give every man a free hearing, without feeling that it is necessary to shape everything that they publish to the narrow limits of one man's belief; without thinking that it is necessary for an editor to first masticate all the food for thought he sends out to the world.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is the first paper that has published articles on all religious beliefs, without thinking it necessary to run them through an editor's tunnel before they could be made wholesome food for its readers. Whether this course merits the scorn or the approval of the people, it is true liberalism—not contrived sectarianism.

In this age of liberality in thought and sentiment, it is little consequence to the intelligent reader of a newspaper to be obliged to peruse every week what the editor thinks of everything that his multitude of correspondents say. It is fresh thoughts that the multitude want, more than the constrained dogmas of one man. And the editor that reaches out to gather the fresh thoughts of any and all beliefs, is the editor that gives his readers the freshest paper.

Humanity.

Well says the "New Republic"—"there is no authority but the present hour. It matters not how well these old forms of church, and state, and social life, served our fathers; the only question is, how well will they serve us?—how are they adapted to the wants and works of this hour?" Emerson insists, in one of his golden essays, that we are to speak the things that seem good and true to us now, as if there never had been a past and would never be a future; and if to-morrow brings a change of view and belief, then speak the truths that come to to-morrow just as stoutly. We are superstitious, if we pay too much deference to the forms and faiths that have been, or stand in doubt and awe of those which yet may be. For, our life—what is it? We do not live in yesterday, or in to-morrow; but in to-day alone. The Now is all we have or know, and all we ever shall; and all nature is focusing her influences and impressions steadily upon this single point.

Just as We See It.

Things have in them exactly what we see in them—nothing more, less, or different. We find simply ourselves repeated in what we investigate, or look into. We could not have more, if we sought for it. A musician hears music all about him, for it is upon that his awakened soul is set; a painter sees colors; a sculptor sees forms; a judicial mind is all the time hunting for those underlying elements which go to make up judgment. The truth is capable of being expressed in various ways. Mr. Beecher has hit the mark in his way, thus: "One man sees in nature merchandise. The poet comes after him, and does not see a sixpenceworth in the whole of creation; but he sees wondrous cycles and circles of beauty. He sees meaning in beauty that the mere merchant-eye never sees. One man walks in the woods; and what does he see? 'My heavens!' he says, 'what knees for a ship! If I only had them in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, I would not ask for more money than they would bring.'" He says, "When I what magnificent planks that tree would make!" And what does another man that walks behind him see? He uncovers his head, and says, "God abides here." And, beholding a noble and venerable tree, he says, "Oh, what majesty and glory! Five hundred years sit enthroned in the top of that monarch of the forest." And he feels himself all a tremble. He sees in the trees, not timber, and planks, and ship's knees, and what they will bring, but their higher relations. What a man sees, therefore, depends, not upon what is in the eye, but upon what is back of the eye—the feeling that he carries with him."

The Spiritual Free Meetings in Boston.

The Lyceum Church of Spiritualists in this city, after a vacation of eight weeks, will resume their regular meetings at Lyceum Hall on Sunday next. The services will commence at quarter to three o'clock in the afternoon, and seven and a half in the evening. Mr. H. B. SPOONER, one of the ablest inspirational speakers in our ranks, will occupy the desk on this occasion.

As the peculiar liabilities of these free meetings have devolved upon a few individuals, it is of the utmost importance that the Spiritualists of Boston come forward and sustain them, by placing whatever sums they may think proper in the hands of the Committee for this purpose. We have no doubt they will respond at once, and thus insure a permanent continuance of these meetings free to the public. Something certainly should be done to lighten the burden now resting on the shoulders of the few noble souls who have carried them on since January last, at which time Dr. Gardner relinquished his individual control, after eight years of indefatigable efforts to sustain them, in order that the Committee of the present Society might have an opportunity to try the experiment of free meetings.

We are assured that speakers, both normal and abnormal, will be engaged from time to time to elucidate our glorious, heaven-born philosophy, who are fully competent to entertain and instruct the audiences. The experiment, as far as attendance is concerned, is already a success, the large hall having been filled to overflowing nearly every Sunday.

The Ovation to General Corcoran and Fremont.

The reception of General Corcoran by the Municipal Authorities of Roxbury and Boston on Friday of last week was on a magnificent scale, and will long be remembered among the prominent incidents connected with the present rebellion. Many Irish societies were in the procession. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested at every point where he passed, showing conclusively the high respect our citizens entertain for the incorruptible Irish patriot.

The ovation to General Fremont was also of a gratifying nature. Thousands upon thousands of persons crowded Tremont Temple on Thursday evening, and all the avenues to the building, filling the Melancon, and overflowing into the street, for the purpose of seeing and hearing the General. The Temple, inside, appeared one dense mass of human beings, and in Tremont street a very large assemblage gathered to catch a glimpse of him. Before he arrived the Germania Band discoursed some of their sweetest music, being located in the south gallery of the Temple. His patriotic speech was listened to with profound attention. We regret that our space will not permit us to place his eloquent remarks before our readers.

No Show.

Speaking of recanting, one of our daily exchanges says: "After all, the work that makes no show is the main thing." It is so in all departments of life. Take a man who spends ever so much time in telling what he is doing, and you have one who, depend upon it, accomplishes but little at the most. Constant effort does the job at last. Silent perseverance accomplishes the end in view. Patient plodding is the mysterious genius that digs away the mountain. There is nothing in the world that can stand up against steady, constant, persevering work. We may plan and scheme as much as we please, if we do not fail to and determine to carry out our plans with actual labor, kept up until they are all completed, we fail utterly of our aims. It is astonishing, on going away from an industrious man and coming back to him again after a time, to see what an amount of labor he has performed. We are made to believe that there is some secret magic in his patient operations.

An Editorial Visit.

Bro. Plumb, of the Herald of Progress, recently paid Boston a flying visit, and that paper of August 23d contains between two and three columns of his highly interesting "jottings." We thank him for his kindly notice of our establishment; but we regret exceedingly that we did not see him personally. He had been lucky enough to find our hotel, while wandering through our "crooked" thoroughfares, we should have endeavored to make his visit pleasant, if possible, than it was. In speaking of the wealth of Boston, he says:

"One cannot fail to be strongly impressed with a sense of the solid wealth of Boston. A visit to the business streets more recently built up, conveys an idea of solidity, permanence and strength, scarcely found in any portion of New York. Take one circle embracing Franklin street, and we believe Winthrop square, comprising blocks erected since the crash of '57, and we have a collection of massive, magnificent architectural piles, solid, capacious, and costly; surpassed, we dare say, in magnitude and real evidence of wealth, by any similar area in any city of the world."

The sensitive actor who could not stay in the same room with a tea-urn, on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

Personal.

We are pleased to learn that our worthy collaborer in the Spiritual ranks, Austin E. Simmons, of Woodstock, Vermont, has returned to the lecturing field, from which he has been absent nearly two years, on account of home affairs. Bro. E. will be cordially welcomed by his numerous friends and others who are anxious to listen to his eloquent and instructive words of wisdom and truth.

Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, of New York, who, with his family, arrived at Paris on the 14th ult., has gone to Wiesbaden, under the advice of Dr. Tronseau, whom he consulted immediately on his arrival in Paris.

Rev. J. C. Fletcher attended a meeting of the Society of National Industry, at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, July 16th, and made a speech. He urged on the members the importance of extending the cultivation of wheat and cotton, as two of the great elements of national wealth and strength.

Rev. A. L. Stone, pastor of the Park street Church, in this city, has volunteered his services as chaplain of the Cadet (46th) Regiment.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, at last dates, was in London, in good health and spirits. She had just arrived from Rome. Miss Cushman is reported as intensely patriotic, and anxious for the success of the Union cause.

Mr. C. H. Foster, in Portland.

The editor of the Portland Daily Advertiser, occupies over a column of his issue of Aug. 25th, with a graphic account of the wonderful manifestations of spirits through Mr. Foster. The editor's account of these Spiritual manifestations given at one sitting, with Mr. Foster, is enough to make stubborn scepticism falter and founder. The report seems to be without prejudice, and is fair, though the editor is professedly an anti-Spiritualist; and in it there is not a word to question the genuineness of Mr. Foster's claims. We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for men who are bold enough to tell the truth when they see it, although by so doing they may incur the censure of bigoted minds.

Of the excellent and satisfactory character of Mr. Foster's mediumship we have no manner of question. We can only wish that every one who has any doubt of the now, to us, well settled fact of Spiritualism, could once witness what we and many thousands others have witnessed, that has been given through him—for to witness these manifestations, is to know the fact that spirits do communicate.

The Mob Spirit.

The men who encourage the mob spirit are worse than the mob itself. For they, at least, can control their passions; they know how to keep cool themselves, for they are deliberate enough in instigating others to deeds of violence. But an excited mob is a thousand-headed wild beast; full of passion; frothing at its many mouths; removed from the reach of reason entirely; ready for a dash at whatever promises to yield it instant and coveted return; looking about with its thousand pairs of savage eyes for some further object on which to spend its fury. It is that unsafe, because undeveloped element, which lies moping and mewing at the very bottom of society; and suddenly, becomes uncontrollable when by the displacement of superior influences and elements it is let up. Every reflecting man ought, therefore, to consider what he does, when, by word or deed, he encourages the liberation of those base human passions which must needs be kept under, or we have no liberty worth the name.

Just as you will.

It is as you will have it. You may mope and go with a long countenance as much as you please; it is no more difficult to pull the wrinkles out of the heart and face together, and wear an expression of contentment and pleasure. We may put on cheerfulness just as easy as put it off. When we are in actual pain, we put on nothing; we think of something else than appearances; it is of no consequence how long or short our face is, and we do not feel the inclination, either, to add to the grief which is then real. This matter of the spirits is as much habit as it is anything else. It is common to find a solemn looking face, whose owner could not tell why he wore such a mournful countenance as that, if he tried. Now he can put on a cheerful one, if he will; and he would astonish himself to find what a change in his feelings would, by reaction, be wrought by the change in his face. Keep the spirits level and healthy, crucify the blue-devil, exercise the will so as to keep it in vigorous condition, and you may enjoy life almost at your pleasure.

All Nonsense.

What can be the use in being jealous? or even in being impatient and uncomfortable because your talents, abilities, goodness, or what not, are not recognized, appreciated, ventilated, and made a mountain of at once, by other people? Praise is sweet, but sincere appreciation is sweeter. The nobler the gifts, the more silently they operate. The man of genius knows the strength he possesses well enough, but he does not think it necessary to keep telling people of it, lest it may be overlooked, or forgotten. A gift of a spiritual kind is valuable chiefly, if not entirely, for the amount it produces; what its owner, or admirer, has to say about it is of no sort of consequence. Hence, why are we all so full of fever if we are underrated, or not rated at all? Let us live first for the sake of our own development; we can afford to wait for others to find us out until we have first found out what we are and what we are good for ourselves.

Vital Religion.

Rev. T. L. Caylor, of New York city, speaks of the very low state of vital religion, and the almost entire absence of converting power, and adds: "Perhaps it is not too much to say that during the last year more souls have gone into eternity, and fewer have gone into the church of Christ, than in any year our country has yet seen." This does not look well, coming from one of the "pillars of the church." What is the cause of the absence of "converting power"? Is it because there is a lack of faith in the churches of the present day that they fail to progress? We fear such is the fact. People who feel that they need vital religion, enter the ranks of Spiritualism.

Stanley and Conant's Polemorama.

This Polemorama, which has been seen by thousands of persons at the Tremont Temple, is universally regarded as the finest painting, on an enlarged scale, ever exhibited in Boston. Everybody should see it. The exhibition of these great War Paintings will probably remain in Boston a sufficient length of time to enable all our citizens to have a peep at them. But don't delay seeing them immediately on that account, as they may possibly slip away to New York before many days—and then wouldn't some people be disappointed?

Announcements

After the vacation during the hot months, in many cities and towns, the regular Spiritualist meetings will commence on Sunday next, September 13th.

H. B. Storer will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Rev. J. S. Loveland in Marblehead; Miss Lizzie Dotsen in Oshkosh; Frank L. Wadsworth in Quincy; Mr. Frank White in New Bedford; Mrs. M. B. Townsend in Lowell; Miss Nellie J. Temple in Lee; Mrs. Fannie B. Fulton in Stafford, Conn.; Miss Emma Houston in Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bangor, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Rockford; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Windsor, Vt.; Warren Chase in Rochester, Vt.

Mrs. Macomber Wood, we learn, has been very sick of late, but is convalescent, and will receive calls to lecture, as usual. Her address is West Killingly, Ct.

Dr. Jas. Cooper, who is on a lecturing tour through Indiana and Ohio, will speak at the monthly meeting of the friends of Progress in Greenboro, Ind., Sept. 6th and 7th.

Dr. L. C. Connelley and wife are also laboring zealously in the great West. They speak in Milwaukee, Wis., during the present month.

Uriah Clark labors in Michigan and Indiana during September, and may be addressed till the 15th in care of F. M. Shuey, Elkhart, Ind.

John McQueen wishes us to notify the friends of Reform in the county of Hillsdale, Mich., that he is ready to answer calls to lecture in the trance state; he will also attend funerals, when desired. His address is Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. Beach, of Lawrence, McHenry county, Ill., a good natured speaker and test medium, we are informed, and S. Clark of Beaveron, Boone county, Ill., inspirational speaker, give tests when a subject is selected by the audience. They will hold meetings in the Locust Grove, Walworth, Wisconsin, Sept. 7th; in Poplar Grove, Boone county, Ill., Sept. 14th; at Mr. Yost's, in East Delavan, Walworth county, Wisconsin, Sept. 21st.

Correspondence in Brief

M. A. Baldwin, writing from Grassville, Calumet Co., Wis., under date of August 18th, says: "Enclosed is one dollar, for which please send the BANNER for six months to Mrs. C. Coffin, Chilton, Calumet Co., Wis. I would be glad to help you to a thousand names in these phoning times, were it possible to do so. Mrs. C. has formerly been a speaking medium to us; but her health is poor, and she has not been permitted to speak for some time. Volunteering goes bravely on. A company has been raised here in one week, the quickest of any in our county. The 21st regiment was filled in a very short time, and about six hundred for another regiment in this district.

The Battle of Baton Rouge

To my many friends who read the BANNER, and know one of my sons is in Gen. Butler's division of the army, and at Baton Rouge, the following brief letter may be interesting.

WARREN CHASE.

BATON ROUGE, LA., Aug. 7, 1862.

Honored Father: I cannot write but few words now, but rumors that will reach you before this will make it interesting to you if I say I am well. We had a great, and to us, a glorious fight here on the 8th. Our regiment, (Michigan 6th), was badly out up, but they done more for the enemy than the enemy for us. I acted as field surgeon that day, and often had bullets strike near me, and had two assistants fall wounded by my side, but escaped, all but exhaustion from the labor and excitement. The boat goes directly, and I am much hurried getting the sick and wounded on board. Adieu. Your son, MILTON CHASE.

To Correspondents

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. W. L., SOUTH HARTFORD, N. Y.—Your Essay has been received and filed for publication.

We acknowledge the receipt of \$1.00 in aid of Sister Cora Wilburn, from Tiverton, Mass. We make a note of it; that the unknown donor may know the money has been received by us.

Geo. Smith, RICHFIELD.—Your letter has been filed. Your departed brother is doubtless cognizant of your desire to hear from him, and will respond through the paper if it be possible for him to do so. We repeat again, what we have many times said, that we have no control whatever over these matters. They are under the exclusive management of the invisibles who direct the circles.

A. CURTIS, M. D., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The "Test" has been received, and will appear soon.

F. J. C., MUNDYVILLE, Ky.—Such things as you speak of, when submitted to a clairvoyant, have scarcely ever proved satisfactory.

We have tried to

Without meaning to boast at all, we nevertheless take a pleasure in assuring our friends and readers that the BANNER Office has done its full duty in the matter of this war. Out of seven men who have been connected with this office, as publishers and composers, five have long since gone to the field, and are doing patriotic service. A sixth—Charles H. Crowell, Esq.—is already in camp at Readville, being a member of Jones's Battery, which has finally been accepted by the Government. Isn't this doing about as well as could be expected of a weekly paper?

PRESERVE THIS.—The following recipe for the cure of a bite of a mad dog is important to those who may be unlucky enough to be bitten by rabid canines this season or any other. We reprint it from the Toronto Leader:

"Six ounces of rue, picked from the stalk and bruised; four ounces of mithridate, and four ounces of the scrapings of pewter. Boil these ingredients over a slow fire in two quarts of strong ale, till one pint is consumed; then put in a bottle closely stoppered, and give nine spoonful to a man or woman, warm, seven successive mornings, fasting; ten or twelve for a horse or bullock, to be given cold, three or four for a sheep, hog, or dog. It must be given to them nine days after the bite. It has never been known to fail in man or beast."

The people are fully aroused to the great contest in which they are engaged. Boston was excited during the whole of last week in various ways. By patriotic speeches; by regiments passing through it for the seat of war; by a small riot; by rumors from the battle-field of retreat and advance; of successes and disasters; by rebel raids, and loss of vast amounts of public property in consequence, etc. During the present week, no doubt, events will transpire of mighty import, either for weal or woe, to the nation.

The Worcester Spy understands that the lower junction shop, near the North Railroad, at South Worcester, has been leased by the State, and will be used as barracks for the new militia regiments. Workmen have been engaged in putting the building into condition to be occupied, which will be done by the time the men are ready to go into camp.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Little Nellie" is informed that the BANNER is mailed to her address every week. If she does not receive it, "Little Nellie" is at fault—not us. Will you have the kindness to send us a couple of your photograph likenesses?

The bounties to be paid by the Government to the new volunteers, already amount to \$7,400,000. The payments are made as rapidly as possible, the Treasury expending all other payments for the time in order to expedite the work.

It is mooted that the manufacturing corporations throughout the country are to be supplied with the new "post-office currency," in advance of the public generally. Diggly thinks it may be all right, but he can't see it in that light.

Those who desire a beautiful, elaborately executed portrait of "Boy Britton," can be accommodated by ordering from us. For price see advertisement in another column.

For notices of new publications, see eighth page.

The wife of the rebel General Stonewall Jackson, is the daughter of the patriot divine, Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Philadelphia. Stonewall is a praying man, a professor of religion, and believes himself to be the Patron of the Southern Confederacy. It is needless to add, that his attitude toward his country is a source of the deepest regret to his venerable father-in-law, Dr. Junkin.

In Major Winthrop's "Life in the Open Air," published in the Atlantic Monthly, there is this opinion about trout, taken from a Maine fisherman and myologist:

"Dreadful notional critters trout be," he said, "oldest bitin' at whodder hasn't got. Oufol contrarily critters—feed like fiddle. Yeh can catch a fiddle with a feather, ef she's ter be coaxed; ef she hasn't ter be coaxed, yeh may scoop her but world dry an' yeh hasn't got her. Jess so trout."

"Why is the fourth page of the Evening Gazette like the Parker House kitchen?" Diggly asks. "Ye give it up? Because it contains a large Ro (yster).

We spend the best part of our lives in making mistakes, and the remainder in reflecting how easily we might have avoided them. When the fact is that the mistakes may have been beneficial instead of the reverse, and that we possibly could not have avoided them under any circumstances.

Tom Moore is the author of the following gushing little epigram, which has been credited to a dozen others:

"They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
The chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
They take me all by storm."

A young lady in one of our "rural districts" was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave, he remarked: "I guess I'll come and see you again next Sunday night!" "Well, Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a 'feller.'" Bill didn't go either way.

The New York Independent publishes a list, three columns in length, of the names of clergymen and clergymen's sons who are performing active service in the army as chaplains or officers. The list, says the Independent, grows long and grows glorious.

The Cincinnati papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, but recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon another exchange wickedly observes that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

The Indians in Minnesota, to the number of five thousand, have risen in rebellion against the Government, and murdered some fifty entire families, beside many other persons. If prompt measures are not taken, it is feared that all the tribes in the entire West will become hostile.

A little girl, with her mother, on her way to Hartford, stopped at the New Haven station, near evening, the darkness being intense; and seeing the conductor and brakemen hurrying around with their lanterns, and the hackmen loudly calling and beckoning at the same time for passengers, she looked up to her mother and wonderingly asked—"Is this hell?"

Why are our fashionable ladies like a certain class of the city employees? Because they may be seen by scores on a fair day sweeping the streets.

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich, in 1791. He turned round upon the steps and exclaimed: "Bless us! bless us! what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my lord!" said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged!"

"Laugh and grow fat" is a very significant adage. Genuine laughter—we mean that which moves us as if we were a jelly—is a sign of moral and physical health. There is no fun in knaves or knavery. Villains are sad dogs. If they smile, it is all simulation—a mechanical movement of the features merely. The soul, in its tragic cavern, shares not in the hypocritical transaction. Why, villainy is a gloomy business throughout. It is depravity—nature inverted. The heart can't laugh when under the darkling spell of crime.

Nature's laws imperatively require labor, sufficient in amount each day to induce a degree of fatigue, in all young persons, until their full physical development is secured, if they would have health and good physical constitutions.—Dr. O. S. Lewis.

In a communication to the War Department, the Adjutant General of Illinois reports that 45,000 men have been enlisted—10,000 more than the quota of the State under both calls. Who will say hereafter that Illinois isn't one of the most patriotic States in the Union? There are more Spiritualists in this State than any other.

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMP.—The attention of those who have already commenced demanding a premium on the new postage stamp currency, is directed to section 195 of the Acts of Congress, passed March 3, 1865, which reads as follows:

"It shall not be lawful for any postmaster or other person to sell any postage stamp for any larger sum than that indicated upon the face; and any person who shall violate this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction therefor, shall be fined in any sum not more than five hundred dollars."

EVANING THOUGHT.

What hast thou done that's worth the doing?
And what pursued that's worth pursuing?
What sought, thou knowest thou shouldst shun?
What done, thou shouldst have left undone?

A PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—A preventive against these summer predators on woolen clothing, and also an agreeable perfume for all kinds of clothing, may be made of equal parts of cloves, nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, all ground and mixed thoroughly, and sprinkled over the garments when packed away.

Henry Luther, a shoemaker of Boston, claims to be a lineal descendant of Martin Luther, the great German reformer. He has in his possession a family record where his pedigree may be traced.

What stings follow they must be in New York! exclaimed a fine country girl. "Our Balle says the driver could get a bus without paying 'dys' cents for it."

Old-Fashioned Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts and their friends are invited to attend a Picnic at the celebrated Dunoon Rock, or Private' Cove, Lynn, on Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1892. This will afford an excellent opportunity for the curious to examine this far famed locality, and witness the progress that has been made toward exhuming the pirates' treasures, supposed to have been buried there by a great earthquake several centuries since. Mr. Hiram Marble has been engaged for the last ten years in endeavoring to work his way into the Cave, by blasting the solid rock, under the spirit direction, as he asserts, of the original occupants of the Cave. He anticipates that he is near the fruition of his hopes, and that a short season of labor will admit him to the cavern, and give to the world overwhelming evidence of spirit-intercourse.

Good speakers will be in attendance. Also Bond's Quadrille Band for dancing.

As there are no conveniences on the grounds for furnishing large parties with refreshments, all those who can do so, are requested to carry their own provisions. No intoxicating liquors allowed on the grounds for sale.

A Special Train of cars will leave the Eastern Railroad Depot, Causeway street, Boston, at 8.45 o'clock A. M., stopping at Prison Point and Somerville for passengers for Lynn Common and Regular Trains will leave at 10.30 and 12.15 o'clock, for West Lynn. Fare to the above points, and return, 40 cents for adults; children, 25 cents.

On the arrival of the Special Train at Lynn Common, a procession will be formed, headed by Bond's Cornet Band, and march to the Grove. Those wishing to ride, will be conveyed to the Grove for ten cents, each person, from both the Special and the Regular Trains.

Tickets for sale at the Eastern Railroad Depot Ticket Office. Purchasers of tickets must come prepared to make their own change.

N. B.—In case the weather should prove unfavorable, the Picnic will be postponed until Thursday, Sept. 24th, at the same hour.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

DR. H. T. HALLOCK, ELECTRIC AND HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—No. 19 EAST FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK. Magnesium and Electricity used when indicated, and clairvoyant examinations, either personal or by letter, made when desired. A few patients can be accommodated with rooms and board, and receive treatment from him or any physician whom they may prefer.

N. B. Our Spiritualist friends who would prefer a private residence, where they may enjoy the social advantages of a common faith, to a public house, when they visit New York, may find their wishes gratified in this respect by calling as above.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED, in a series of lectures. By ROBERT COCHRAN. Just published at the INVESTIGATOR OFFICE, 105 COURT STREET. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER.

KNOW THYSELF.

In delineating Character we present the entire traits of the person, together with their peculiar fitness or adaptation to various pursuits of life.

N. B. Persons sending, with autograph, for a delineation of character, shall, by request, receive a clairvoyant examination of disease, free. Terms, One Dollar.

Address, R. P. WILSON, & Co., Station D, New York City.

FAMILY DYE COLORS

LIST OF COLORS.

Black	Dark Brown	Dark Green	Dark Purple
Light Brown	Light Blue	Light Green	Light Purple
Light Yellow	Light Red	Light Orange	Light Pink
Light Gray	Light White	Light Blue	Light Green
Light Brown	Light Yellow	Light Red	Light Orange
Light Gray	Light White	Light Blue	Light Green
Light Brown	Light Yellow	Light Red	Light Orange
Light Gray	Light White	Light Blue	Light Green

For dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel, with perfect fast colors.

A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, are thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages. For twenty-five cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. The process is simple, and any one can use the Dyes with perfect success. Directions in English and French.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 233 Broadway, Boston.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

April 23.

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH

OF SPIRITUALISTS,

WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION,

Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted, as Truths by Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Speakers—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership—Designation of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very neatly printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It is a document which will interest Spiritualists all over the country.

For sale at this office. Price 5 cents; by mail 6 cents.

June 28.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DR. L. J. FARNWORTH, Writing Medium Street, Boston.

Persons desiring sealed letters, and 3 three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 2 to 8 P. M.

Aug. 25.

\$150 NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS

in rosewood case, with names, and over-string bases for \$150; do, with moldings, \$160; do, with carved legs and inlaid name-board, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do, with pearl keys, \$225, \$250, and \$300; new 6 1/2-octave, \$185. The above Pianos are the greatest bargains in the city. Second-hand Pianos at \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, and \$150. New MELODIONS at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos and Melodions to L. E. at \$2 and upward per month; rent allowed; if purchased; monthly payments received for the same. Foreign sheet MUSIC at 4 cents per page. All kinds of Musical Merchandise at war prices. A pianist in attendance to try new music. ROBERT WATERS, Agent, No. 421 Broadway, New York. 150mos. Aug. 16.

A BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING

OF

S. B. BRITTON, JR.

THE OBITUARY OF W. D. FORTER, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the taking of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, is now ready for sale.

New Books.

NOW READY.

THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK,

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,

DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—is issued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

June 28.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS 'EARTH,'" ETC.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book, besides being a valuable treatise, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston.

A PLEA FOR

FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicality of Farming Corporations, or Cooperatives. It gives an account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Huston, who is now residing at Kidder, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions.

Sent post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cents.

April 28.

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES!

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price 5 cents; postage 1 cent.

May 17.

BULWER'S

STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES,

Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

(Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage.

Address, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington Street, Boston.

April 28.

TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM THE SPIRIT OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, MEDIUM,

TO

JOSEPH BIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lafayette, Malancthon, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium.

It is a large octavo volume, of 429 pages, printed in large, clear type, on stout paper, and substantially bound. It is perhaps, the most elaborate work Modern Spiritualism has called out.

Price, cloth, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2. Sent by mail, postage 50c.

Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston.

Feb. 22.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED

BY

Moral and Religious Stories,

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

CONTENTS.—The Little Peacemaker. Child's Prayer. The Desire to be Good. Little Mary's Harry Marshall. Wilkes. The Golden Rule. Let me hear the Gentle Voice. Faith Duty. Unkind Flowers. The Dream. Evening Hymn.

For sale at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington st. Price 10c. Postage 4c.

March 6.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Omnipotencies that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Joshua, Currier, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c., given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits."

Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents is addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, on subjects highly important to the human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others, given through a lady.

Price 50 cents—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Deceased, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harbors, Mediums, Love, Marriage, &c., &c., given by Lawrence Dow and others, through a lady. Price 50 cents, paper.

The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady. Price 5 cents.

The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Oct 5.

IMPROVEMENT

Agents wanted in every county to sell the best Sewing Machine ever invented to the public. Liberal salary or commission allowed, cash or express. Circular sent, by addressing, with stamp, ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., NEWBURYPORT, MASS. August 1892.

New Books.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED

BY THE AUTHOR.

Contents:

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was sent by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion 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 expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Notice.—Our regular circles will be resumed on Monday afternoon, September 1st.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications announced under this heading: Thursday, July 24.—Invocation; Apostrophe to America; Questions and Answers; Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John B. Choate, 222 Reg. Co. A.; Walter L. Cheswell to his sister in Baltimore; Caleb McCallister of Montgomery, Ala.

Invocation.

Spirit of Infinite Wisdom, we will love, adore and trust thee forever. Into the great balance of thine eternal being we will cast our every thought and desire, feeling assured that they will be returned to us with mighty lessons of prayer. Our Father, we will send up a new song of thanksgiving, notwithstanding there is darkness and death brooding around us, for we know that thou wilt disperse the darkness which hangs like a funeral pall over our nation, in thine own good time. Oh, Infinite Spirit, we know thou art all power, all goodness, all justice. We will not murmur, but will bless thee for all thou hast given us in the past, and for all thou art ready to give us in the future. Oh, Holy Spirit of the Universe, we declare our infinite trust in thee. Amen. July 21.

The Evils of Society a Necessity.

"Are the evils with which society is cursed a necessity?" This is the question proposed for this afternoon's consideration.

Surely there are a necessity to the producing cause, but it is our duty to pause and consider what that cause is. You have been told it is God; but we declare that God is the soul of harmony, and therefore cannot be the cause of anything that is not good and harmonious. Now, then, according to our belief, the so-called evils of society are a necessity to the producing cause, and although the legitimate and lawful children of that cause, yet they are not of God, and, therefore, ought not to exist.

It were impossible to enumerate the number of sins or evils floating upon the surface of society, and which are born of ignorance. Now, then, it is your duty to sweep away all of darkness—mental, physical, moral and religious—that dwells with you on the earth.

You have been told that all that exists with you is right—perfectly right. We beg leave to differ from you, for whatever is not born of God cannot be right; and these evils which float upon society and curse your every hour, are but the results of artificial life, engendered by your own inharmonious conditions. There is not a law among you which is not at variance with God. You fall to perceive this, because you have lived so long in the material world that your eyes are blinded to the ways of the true God. You continue to live at variance with God's laws not because it was foreordained that you should enter heaven through hell, but because of your blindness and ignorance.

The evils with which society is cursed, are they a necessity?

We would say in reply to this question: to God, never; to your ultimate good, never; to your existing, present, never. They come simply because your artificial and surface kind of life has engendered and fostered their growth among the children of earth. You have been living in the material instead of the spiritual world, and could not be expected to live loyal subjects to both God and Mammon. The evils of life—they are not of God, and whoever declares they are, does so through ignorance. God is a being of infinite goodness and purity, and the radiations from his divine spirit are in perfect harmony; they give you only peace, infinite wisdom and happiness.

Strive, then, to rid society of its evils; sweep them off the course of time and life, and commence with a reform at home—within your own beings. See to it that the lives you lead are free from all excesses; but if they are not, oh, in the name of God, seek only to bring about a reformation at home. In this way only you are to enter heaven and receive the reward of labor well performed while on earth.

Oh ye Spiritualists of modern times, do you know how much God expects of you as a class? Do you know, oh ye children of light, that the angels expect much of you? Oh, if you do, you will set an example to others less wise than yourselves, which shall be worthy their imitation. Oh, live such lives while here upon earth, that you may not be ashamed to enter the presence of your God in the world above.

Oh our questioner, who hath begged us to return from the land of shadows we would beseech you, in the name of Jesus—whose God you pretend to worship—to commence the work of self-purification at once, and do what you can toward washing out the stains, that your mantle may be acceptable unto Divinity. July 21.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Is it a law of spirit-life that if our work is not all performed while in the body, we must return after death and finish that which was left undone on earth?

Ans.—It is, most certainly.

Q.—How shall this work be accomplished?

A.—Through a vast variety of ways and means. Each individual has his or her own mission to fulfill. According to his or her own capacity this mission is fulfilled. If you as an individual are capable of giving light to the down-trodden upon the planes of earth, assuredly you must exercise that power in obedience to God's will—and he permits no denial. It matters not whether you transgress through ignorance, or a disinclination to perform your duty, the penalty will be the same.

Q.—May not that work be accomplished in spirit-life?

A.—Most certainly it may. When we speak of the life after death, we do not mean to limit that life to any one place. Many work out their mission in the spirit-land, while others are obliged to return to earth to accomplish the same purpose.

Q.—You say the evils of our earthly life are the result of our ignorance. How do you reconcile that in an epidemic like cholera?

A.—If you were possessed of a knowledge of the elements, no epidemic would rule among you. You would have power over all the elements. There is no limit to the soul of man. He may gather unto himself the soul of Jehovah. He is so conditioned as to become in the future only inferior to God in knowledge and wisdom. The time will come when you shall control the elements of evil and make them your servants. They now master and control you. If you are not possessed of a knowledge of these elements, then you have no control over them; but were you possessed of that knowledge, you might control them, instead of their settling upon you and making you their slaves. A Franklin, years ago, made the subtle element—lightning—his servant; and there is no element in existence but what may be turned to your good. Again we say, all the evils that are known to man—and many are not known to man even in the present age—are not children of God, but of ignorance, and come only from inharmonious. When that is done away evil will disappear.

Q.—Would the spirits who frequent this room aid others in coming here?

A.—Most certainly they would. Any and all who seek admission and aid, are added to the utmost of our ability. July 21.

Charles Gordon.

I don't want to end, but I feel satisfied when you see you might have been saved and been of more service to your country and your friends.

I was wounded and taken to Richmond a prisoner. If I had been properly attended to by the surgeon I should not have lost my life; but I can tell you of thousands who have been sacrificed in the same way, and it's a most damnable oversight upon the part of Government. [There are ladies here.] I know. I beg your pardon. It's only telling the truth in little too strong language. I'm not the only one who can testify to this—I'm not the only one who believes in the inefficiency of our Government surgeons.

How was it with General McCall? I saw him in Richmond. He was taken prisoner simply through the surgeons' neglect, and so it was with thousands of our best men. They die upon the field for want of proper care and medical treatment. Instead of sending the best surgeons to war, Government provides for the poor soldiers a corps of insignificant, untalented boys, who do not know how to take care of the sick and wounded any more than I do, nor one-half as well, for I'll be blent if I don't believe I could do better than many of them who profess to have studied medicine, to say nothing of surgery. I tell you it's the greatest mistake the Government ever made in allowing men to be sacrificed through the inexperience and neglect of army surgeons. I care about the salvation of the Union, but I'm very certain it won't be accomplished if things are allowed to go on in this loose way.

I belonged to the 22d Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and was a member of Company A. My name was Charles Gordon. You may question the truth of my assertions; but the testimony of others will sooner or later prove that what I have said here to-day is correct. [How old were you when you died?] Twenty-three years. I do not expect to be promoted by my story, but I do hope that by my coming I shall at least open the eyes of people to an evil which has been in existence ever since the war commenced.

Instead of sending surgeons to war that don't know anything, send men who have had experience, and that do not get going about the battle-field as if they did not know which way to turn, or what to put their hands on first. They're perfectly crazy, and do not know their place at all; and even in the hospitals they do not know their duty, and if they do, don't do it, on account of the lack of numbers. What's three surgeons where five or six hundred are frantic with their wounds, and calling for help? or even three times three surgeons? [In what battle were you wounded?] Before Richmond. I suppose you call it White Oak Swamp. What can you do toward remedying this evil? [Can print your remarks upon the subject in the BANNER OF LIGHT?] Well, I wish I had lived to have been of more use to my country, and I might if I had been properly attended to by the surgeons. I can tell old Abe that unless he reforms matters in this respect he'll never gain the day. You've lost the services of many of your best men in this way. Now, McCall was slightly wounded; I know that myself. If the surgeon had properly cared for him, he could have sustained himself, and would not have been taken prisoner by the rebels. He was not cared for at all; his wounds were not dressed at all, nor was mine. [Is General McCall dead?] No, but he might as well be, for he's about the same as dead to you.

I knew nothing about this coming back while on earth, and its mighty new me. [Were you from Salem?] No; from Boston. [How long have you been dead?] Since the fifth day of July, I was wounded in the arm. [How long did you live after receiving your wound?] Three days I lived, I think. There was no need of my dying at all, any more than there was of you who are sitting in that chair. I tell the truth; and it's so with thousands. Well, good by; God speed your cause; but he won't if you don't care for it yourselves, for God trusts a good deal to you. All day to you! July 21.

Daniel Williams.

I can testify to the truth of his statement, though I was recently well cared for, yet I know there are thousands who get no care, and die, positively, from the want of medical attention.

I have only been here a week. I'm from the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, Company G. I died of what is called camp fever and inflammation of the bowels, in Washington. I'm not so well able to talk as he was. [Referring to the spirit of Charles Gordon.] I don't know why. [You were probably very weak when you left.] I was weak.

Well, say I'm comfortably well off, and happy as I expected to be, and will do all I can to make my friends happy, both on earth and in the world above. They tell us we can progress continually—as long as eternity lasts.

I resided in Boston. [Have you a father and mother living?] No. [Have you any relatives living?] Yes; none near. [Would you like to speak with them?] Yes, if they're not afraid of. [Will you mention any particular person or persons with whom you desire to speak?] Well, I can't—there's no one more than another. I'd like to get a little better off in the first place. I don't know why I'm here to-day; I can't tell. I seemed impelled to come here. When I saw what was going on, I asked what I should understand by their saying that I might return to earth under favorable conditions, and was told that it meant simply, if I could. My name is Daniel Williams. I was thirty-two years old at the time of my death. Well, good by. [Come again.] I'll try to, but I hope I'll feel better. I'm not down-hearted at all, I want you to understand. I'm not unhappy. I don't want to leave that impression. I only feel as I did when I died. [The following words were written out on paper, by the spirit, who was doubtless too weak for further speech.] "Was wounded at the siege of Roanoke. Ever ensued in consequence." July 21.

Sophia Dhalton.

I come to tell William Heineman, of Baltimore, that his son is dead. I myself have been a spirit only three weeks. I find it difficult to control with sufficient power, but I wish to give him this intelligence, that he may cease to expect and begin to believe there is a home beyond the tomb, from which the spirit may return. William Heineman is my uncle. I am his niece, Sophia Dhalton. [Was your cousin on the Confederate or Federal army?] He was on the Federal side, but was taken prisoner, and instead of being in good health as his father has been informed, he is dead, and will return to him no more in body.

It is probable that he will receive information from a material source soon, how soon, I cannot tell. [Would you like to have us publish your communication in advance of others of this date?] We are told that he who supervises this circle will attend to all messages having need to be published before their turn. [Very well.]

I had some knowledge of this glorious philosophy before death, and sent word to my Atheistic uncle that if I found this grand philosophy to be true, I would return and give him unmistakable evidence of its truth, and have tried to do so. I died in Baltimore, Maryland, three weeks ago, of consumption, and was twenty-one years old. I will here give a few lines that I wrote in a short letter to him a few weeks before my death:

"Dear Uncle—If the beautiful garden of the spirit-land is not a myth, but a reality, I will return after I've crossed the river, and bear you evidence of its tangibility." Farewell, sir. July 21.

An elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the dexterity with which the dentist described them, asked him:

"Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear madam, satisfaction can be performed with them with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself," responded the dentist.

"Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S STRUGGLES.

BY ESTHER MARLOWE.

"When thou art prepared for Heaven, Thou shalt find thy Heaven here."

Ah, gentle preacher, is it so, in truth? Think'st thou those suffering, conquering ones, from Earth redeemed, in that bright home—familiar—[Yet from whence light on us is now down shining. As those mysterious curtains slowly unfold And the deep, dusky haze of our earth's atmosphere is penetrated by those shining beams.] Think'st thou they thus would answer thee? Methinks the soft, sweet voice of one, who bravely, like a God-child, bore her cross below, whispers "No, oh no!" The dear love of Heaven with its Pure faith entered within my soul and gave me Strength to strive almost alone 'gainst sin And sorrow, and nerved me to endure 'e'en To the parting hour—yet felt I to have conquered Above—and felt indeed that "Heaven's kingdom is Within you." So he from whose pure lips Came forth those gentle words, Heaven within Him; And as he spoke he stirred the Hell without, 'till It His crucifixion compassed. So, too, those Hopeful, striving ones who first received his teachings, Breathing forth love and peace, until their zealous lips Were sealed with martyrdom. Not that they sowed In vain those seeds of holiest life, which blood has ever Nourished in earth's deep soil of selfishness, for Yet they shall spring stronger and strike deeper than That noxious weed tree—and so its leaves shall be "The healing of the nations." They conquered Heaven And found it—in that pure realm alone where "We see as we are seen, and know as we are known," In that felt Presence where is Love forevermore.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—DEAR SIR: Thinking that some of your readers may perhaps feel some interest in knowing how the cause of truth progresses in this far off land, California, I have concluded to give you such idea of matters and things here, as can be conveyed within the limits of a short letter.

I need not say to you that the "BANNER" is highly prized in this section of the country; the number of copies required has probably notified you of this fact before. But do you know the eager enthusiasm with which we watch for its arrival; how carefully its contents are noted, and how its influence for good is silently extending from house to house, and from town to town?

I frequently hear remarks like this: "If I could afford to have but one paper, that one should be the BANNER."

The interest in Spiritualism in this place seems to be rather increasing than otherwise. By this I mean not so much in physical manifestations, as in the spiritual truths presented for consideration. Many of our best minds are investigating earnestly, but quietly, these sacred truths; and some who have been unbelievers in the immortality of the soul, now declare themselves believers; and not only that, but they also believe the immortality of the soul capable of demonstration by natural and philosophic laws, which will, ere long, be made plain to all. In this I most firmly believe, and look forward with much interest to the result of those deep studies and investigations, which some have already entered upon with so much zeal, and which I believe will yet prove the problem of immortality as capable of solution by direct scientific rule, as any problem in mathematics.

The "Progressive Friends" have recently taken a hall—the first time that they have made any effort toward the regular holding of public meetings. So far they have been well attended, and exceedingly harmonious, and the interest seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise. Col. L. W. Ransom is president of the society.

We have sometimes felt the need of good test mediums, but the recent arrival of Mr. J. V. Mansfield (who, perhaps, has no superior in this line), has supplied this want, and the eager crowds which throng around him, and the packages of letters upon his table, show how anxious people are to communicate with their loved and lost ones.

I recently saw a "Test," which was given through this medium, and as it has been a source of much consolation to the bereaved mother, as well as gratification to myself, I take the liberty of transcribing it for your columns, hoping that it may also rekindle the light of hope in other sorrowing hearts.

The following letter was sent by the mother in a sealed package, a distance of about two hundred miles, to Mr. M., who was entirely ignorant of the facts of the case. And the "Test" consists in the mention of names, places, and facts, to which no allusion was made in the letter, and which all prove to be correct. Here is the letter, word for word:

My Dear Willie: Where are you, and what are you doing? Tell your mother, my dear son, where she can find you, and what place; how far from home? Your affectionate mother, MARGARET M. BOOTH.

[COMMUNICATION.]

Precious darling, darling mother, can it be you have thought to call me, your dear Willie, to you, from his spirit-home? O mother, how has your heart ached since that fatal Thursday at Duran Crossing!

Dear mother, I thought of you as I was in the water, and made a desperate struggle, knowing it would near take your life if I was drowned; and, though I came so near the shore, my mouth filled with water; I could not breathe; my strength gave out, and down I sank.

Soon I was a spirit, and the first I saw was a crowd, seeming to gather about some one who appeared to have fainted. I looked, and who should it be but Henry, my dear playmate. He had not yet realized his spirit change. But soon I heard him say, "Willie, is it you? Where are we? Where is my dear father and mother?" He was told to be quiet, and soon the crowd would tell him all. "Willie," says he again, "where are we?" To this I answered, in heaven, I hope.

Well, my dear ones, I have much to tell you by and by—but at this time my earthly life is limited. I am assisted by my guide, who has charge over me and Henry. Do not look for my body—let it pass. Could you see it in its fragility, you would

forever forget my former boyish looks. I followed the parades that went down the river, but I could not distinguish one from the other.

Mother, you ask me what I am doing. Well, mother, I am not doing much, I am being taught the way of spirit life, and so is Henry. By and by we will both come and tell you and Henry's dear anxious ones of our beautiful home.

Henry is not here now; was he, he would send word to his dear ones.

Mother, did you not see me in a vision?—you called it a dream. Excuse me now; come for me often, do.

Mother, we shall meet again—love to dear father.

Your son, WILLIE BOOTH.

I have, my dear sir, written a longer letter than I at first designed to. Should you see fit to publish it, I will construe it into a willingness to hear from me again, and will write you at some future time, when I have something of interest to communicate. Till then I remain very truly yours, HENRISSO.

San Francisco, June 20, 1862.

VISIONS OF THE WAR.

A soldier belonging to the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment writes to us as follows:

I had a distinct vision of the Baltimore riot six months before it took place. In October, 1860, I was traveling among the mountains of Virginia on business. I retired one night greatly depressed, on account of the probable secession of the Southern States and its effect upon my country and my business. In my sleep an attendant came to me and said: "You would know the future. Come with me." I went with him to the streets of a large city. We were rushing to arms; a large mob had collected; among a small band of soldiers I saw myself, armed and equipped; men were shot at the side; dead, wounded and bleeding men lay upon the street; the soldiers charged upon the mob and dispersed them, and I saw myself safely through the city. "Where is this?" said I to my attendant. I was answered, "Baltimore." I awoke, and thought it a remarkable dream. April 19th, 1861, it was fulfilled in all its details.

This was the beginning. I have also seen the end, and it is near. Some months since, my attendant again appeared. We visited a large army encamped before a large city. They were fighting on all sides, but the management seemed to me to be bad. I desired cannon to be planted at different points. I found fault with the generals. In the meantime a terrific thunder storm was raging. I sought shelter beneath an oak. Says my attendant, "Be patient—God will arrange this; even now his hosts are marching." I looked again, and from the North came division after division, marching in quick succession from another point directly into the city. Their blows fell in quick succession; I could hear them distinctly. I looked on, wondering at all this. Presently from the other side of the city came men on horseback, men on crutches, men with one arm gone, one leg gone, &c., and they proceeded leisurely North. Says my attendant: "It is over."

We then started for the North. I looked back, and it was desolate; but as we proceeded North we came to a large fortress. Beautiful fields surrounded it. Over it floated in proud glory the stars and stripes. I never saw the flag look so beautiful: its stars glittered like diamonds. We entered; in an upper room I saw the wounded and bleeding patriots cared for; in a lower room all were engaged in various departments of industry. Says my attendant: "God smiles upon the industrious; industry is necessary to the development of mind and the happiness of man."

I awoke, and I believe it was not all a dream. The city I saw was Richmond; the battle McClellan's battles; the divisions the reinforcements being sent him; the end of the fall of Richmond; the impregnable fortress the principles of the North; the flag our glorious Banner, after the war; the desolation, the condition of the South.

I believe I have become what is termed an 'impressive medium.' I am known to but few Spiritualists, but my visions of national events, as well as personal, prove singularly truthful. I have had several important ones, in which, having a part to act myself, I do not disclose them; but they will be left on record, and when the stars and stripes march onward toward the North Star, carrying Freedom, Liberty and Progress with them, the world shall have the record, and Spiritualists will find it valuable. Not desiring to let my light remain under a bushel, you may publish this if you like; but desiring to avoid notoriety, I withhold my name; you can have my name, however, and those of witnesses confirming my statements, if you wish them.

TRUTH.

BABY ROSE.

See! the night is drawing on,
Evening's purple car
Slowly driveth up the East,
Lo! the sunset star!
Twilight sings her lullaby:
Daylight's curtains close;
Twilight gathers on thy face,
Little Baby Rose!

All the little playful wiles
Half imprisoned lie,
Playing to-bee round the mouth,
In the half-closed eye.
Bring the lights, stir up the fire;
While it cheerful glows,
We must dress thee for thy bed,
Little Baby Rose!

See the little outstretched hands,
The tiny dimpled feet,
Fashioned by Almighty skill,
Perfect and complete.
Ah! the warm, the living form!
How all art must close;
Man could never fashion thee,
Little Baby Rose!

Ah! what art thou gazing at
With those open eyes?
Art thou reading in the flames
Of life's mysteries?
Solemn problems, flickering joys,
Wavering into woes?
Time enough for thoughts like these,
Little Baby Rose!

Time enough; yet this we know,
Thine the common lot
To joy and suffer—earth hath none
Sorrow findeth not.
He who ruleth earth and Heaven,
All thy pathway knoweth,
He must mark it out for thee,
Little Baby Rose!

Lullaby, sweet lullaby—
He who never sleeps
Guards the children of His love,
Israel ever keeps.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby—
Soft the eyelids close;
God be with thee—bless my child—
Little Baby Rose!

The Montreal Gazette states that the provincial government are now engaged in organizing an active volunteer militia force of 30,000 men, to be paid, armed, and clothed, by the local authorities; also that it is their intention, when this is completed, to endeavor to organize another force of 30,000 volunteers, to be armed and clothed only—John Bull to pay the men.

Scotland, according to her last census, contains a population of 3,002,294. This includes all the natives who are in the military, navy, and merchant service, and the increase in ten years has been only six per cent.

If we look the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, misfortunes will readily do it for us.

What is more likely to become a woman than any description of dress? A little girl.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

Thinking a few notes by the wayside might be acceptable to the numerous readers of the BANNER, I note a few facts as they have lately transpired in my life-experiences.

This is the county town of Lake County, Indiana. It numbers but few progressive minds; but they are of the right stamp—earnest, active laborers in the great field of human needs. They have long battled for the right, and will continue to do so, regardless of what Mother Grundy may think or say; and gradually but surely will they see reward from their co-laborers with the watching angels.

The great mass of the people here are surrounded by a wall of bigotry and ignorance of genuine Christianity, more impervious to the light of inspiration or revelation than the famed walls of Jericho, that tumbled down after the rams' horns had been blown seven times around about the city.

Last Sabbath we were called upon to address the people here, on the occasion of the translation (a short time since) to the spirit-land, of a young and promising sister of about sixteen summers, whose last connected utterances were, "I am going home to my father and mother." She had been the leader of the choir, and well did she fill that place, whenever the Friends of Progress held their meetings. And when her services were not needed there, she had been in the habit of playing the melodeon, and aiding, with her angel voice, the Methodists in their worship, and also in taking charge of a class in their Sabbath school. She was, from her ability and loveliness, a general favorite. Her father, Dr. Farrington, and also her mother, had gone, some years since, to the flower-decked shores of the Better Land.

On the occasion of her mother's second birth, Brother J. H. Luther—whose wife is her sister—by special request of the mother adopted and received her into his own family, giving her the same advantages of educational unfoldment as his own children—she being about twelve years of age at the time. And in all respects toward her, did he and his amiable wife act the part of the friends of humanity—the true Christians.

It not being convenient at the time of Adella's departure to the home of her spirit parents, to get a speaker of their faith, the funeral was postponed until last Sabbath. But at the time of the burial, Brother Luther—that they should not be esteemed as bigots—courteously extended to the Methodist minister here the privilege, "if he felt it a privilege," to make a prayer, and requested their choir to sing some appropriate hymns. As friends passed around the corpse, dropping flowers on the mortal casket, from which the beautiful immortal spirit had taken its flight, the scene was both beautiful and affecting, causing tears to course down the cheeks of many. I would that I might stop here, but cannot and be a faithful chronicler of facts as they transpired.

Brother Luther, who is auditor of Lake Co., said to these Methodists, (I will not say Christians), if they could consistently with their profession, grant the use of their house of worship for the funeral, and if their choir would sing for the occasion, it would be received as an act of courtesy and good feeling toward them as citizens.

One would have supposed, after having had the services of the departed, and when in the form had expressed much regard for her, that they would, for her memory's sake, if not for that of her very respectable relatives, granted their house, &c.

But no. "Our house belongs to our God, and you Spiritualists cannot enter therein. We are a Methodist choir, and sing the praises of the Methodist God. We cannot sing for the Spiritualists."

But thanks to a few noble minds that stood outside of their creed-bound ranks, who volunteered to aid in singing, we were well supplied for the occasion. And the Court House furnished a comfortable place, which was well filled, notwithstanding it was a rainy morning, which prevented friends coming from a distance. Fraternally thine, ABRAM SMITH.

Crown Point, Ind. 1862.

Letter from London, Canada West.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your publication of the 21st ultimo, you ratified the friends of progress with a notice of the position of Spiritualism in this once obscure locality. By the demonstrations lately exhibited by the presence first of Mrs. S. M. Thompson, of Toledo, then by A. R. Whiting, Mr. Blade, and lastly Mr. Fay, the Orthodox theory of the condition of the spirit-world is put fairly upon the defensive, and a hopeless defence it is. At frequent private circles, intelligences of a high order do often communicate, by brief lectures, admonitions, and answering of questions.

At a circle held on Sunday evening, the 29th of June, the phenomenon of a spirit giving its name, "Martha Smith, of Water street, Rochester, N. Y.," announced its presence, and said, through the speaking medium: "I left my body this evening, upon a sofa while reading a book, and was conducted here by a spirit to show the fact that, under suitable conditions, spirits may temporarily quit their bodies, and after manifestations in distant places, resume their bodies again." This would seem to explain the case of Paul, as modestly presented by him II Cor. chap. xii, v. 2. The conducting spirit said that such transient visitors from the earth-life are distinctly known by spirits by some expressive peculiarity.

Will some Spiritualist in Rochester take the trouble and find out whether such a person as Martha Smith resides in Water street, Rochester, and whether reading or slumbering on a sofa on Sunday evening, the 29th of June, 1862?

Being Secretary of the Spiritualists' Harmonical Association, of London, Canada West, I am instructed by the Association to send you for publication in the BANNER the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Harmonical Association of London, Canada West, are due to Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Toledo, for her various and arduous labors in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism in our city; and that we hereby tender to her the same as a mark of our regard for her as a lady, a public speaker, a test and healing medium, in all of which capacities she has signally commanded our respect and admiration; and that this Association do cordially recommend her to the favorable notice of the public generally, and to our brother and sister Spiritualists in particular, in whatever part of the world she may be called to labor, and that it be the sincere wish of this Association that she may be, ere long, again permitted to visit us, and teach us more of that beautiful philosophy of which she has just given us such a delightful foretaste.

Witness the signatures of the Association, this 29th of June, 1862.

Pearls.

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

THERE'S A SOUND THAT I LOVE.

There's a sound that I love, all others above,
Whose music shall never decline;
Much dearer to me than the pearls of the sea,
Or the gold that enriches the mine—
And purer by far, than the beam of a star,
That to love's fair bow ever stole,
Is the voice from the heart as the fond lips part,
In a tone that responds to the soul.

'Tis the sound that I love all others above,
Whose music shall never decline—
And dearer to me than the pearls of the sea,
Or the gem that lies deep in the mine:
More welcome by far than the bright golden star
That gleams from her throne in the West—
Than the crystalline star whose dawnings afar,
Illumined the Isles of the Blest.

—[Elias A. Pittsinger.]

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions;
The little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile,
A kind look, a heart-felt compliment, and the countless
infinitesimals of pleasurable thoughts and genial feel-
ing.—[Coleridge.]

LORD GOD DELIVER US.

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature—
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing.
Save, oh, save!

From doubt where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where joy turns to sorrow;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things sound like cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half distrust.
Hungry, and barren, sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free!—[Matthew Arnold.]

Many men mistake the love for the practice of vir-
tue, and are not so much good men as they are the
friends of goodness.

FREEDOM VIGILANT.

Twine round these threads of steel, like thread on thread
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains congealed in chaplets. O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor say by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.—[Byron.]

Death, to a good man, is the coming of the heart to
its blossoming-time. Do we call it dying when the
bud bursts into flower?

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN PRI-
VATE LIFE.

BY E. B. STORRS.

The New Testament of the spiritual world, bring-
ing life and immortality to light, is a revelation
adapted to meet the actual needs of those to whom
it is given. Its methods are adapted to reach and
affect all classes of humanity, the wise and the ig-
norant, the learned and the unlearned, the virtuous
and the vicious. If it consecrates any to the work
of public ministrations, and bids them go forth into
all the world, preaching the Gospel to every creature
—it also visits the fireside, and establishes a family
altar in the sanctuary of home, where the flames of
love burn brightly evermore, and around which the
embodied and disembodied gather to mingle their as-
pirations, and to feel the presence of the Comforter.
It consecrates the closest of individual retirement,
and brings the solitary into sweet communion with
invisible friends. Its sacred places are wherever
man can be served, and its holy seasons whenever
man's attention can be gained. Its ministrations are
the adapted instrumentalities through which its
truths can be communicated. Its law is the law of
love.

The witnesses of this testament of the new dis-
pensation are found both in high places and in low,
in public and in private stations. But chiefly, we
think, are its most beautiful testimonies found in
the social relations of life—in the private experiences
of individuals—in the homes of the people. The
most convincing tests of spirit identity, and the
most beautiful messages of affection are seldom pub-
lished to the world; but when you visit the people
at their homes, and listen to the narratives of what
has been experienced there, you realize, as never be-
fore, why it is that Spiritualists are numbered by
millions, and what the foundation is upon which
their faith is based. Books and lectures have done
comparatively little to establish this conviction of
spiritual intercourse in the minds of the people; but
private tests, in home circles, through mediums
spontaneously developed, have accomplished the
work. Spiritualists are not generally a credulous,
wonder-seeking people; the great majority of them
have not gone out into the wilderness to see "a reed
shaken by the wind," but the wind that "bloweth
where it listeth," has breathed upon them where it
found them, and they have been "born of the spirit."
They did not go after the manifestations, but the
manifestations came to them. Neither have the
people been forward to "rush into print" with the
marvels which they have witnessed. Indeed, I
have felt sometimes as though there was too much
reluctance in making known the important test
facts which are constantly transpiring in private
life. During the past ten years, I have communi-
cated many facts that have come to my own knowl-
edge, and have incited others to communicate their
experiences, and I am still of the opinion that well
authenticated facts would be as useful, and more in-
teresting to the readers of our spiritual journals,
than much of the matter which now finds a place.

At my request, Mrs. Eunice S. Chapin, the kind,
motherly nurse, whose healing hand and soothing
presence has assisted in the restoration of "many
of them that were sick" at New Bedford and else-
where; has given a chapter of her experience in
spiritual things, as follows:

MRS. CHAPIN'S STORY.

It is facts that you wish, dear brother. Well,
here they are. I never sought for tests, but dili-

gently sought for the truth, and it has gradually
dawned upon my mind. In the year 1852, when re-
siding at Nantucket, the presence of angels was first
realized by myself and several friends. We met for
the purpose of investigating, in an upper chamber,
like the disciples of olden times. We formed a circle
around my mother's heavy cherry table, not
dreaming that there was such an article as a me-
dium on the island, much less in our room. Much
to our surprise, one of the circle proved to be a test
medium, and on our asking if there was a spirit
present, responses were made by raps upon the
table. We asked many questions, and among them
if any spirit would communicate with mother. The
answer came very quickly: "Always around thee,
Phebe—Love and Sally Mitchell."

My mother was overwhelmed with astonishment.
She said to us, "Children, now I will tell you what
I never told before to any one but my mother. When
I was about sixteen years of age I had two friends,
Sally and Love Mitchell, who were like sisters to me.
We three were inseparable. In conversation upon
the subject of ghosts and goblins one day, we agreed
that whoever of the party died first should appear,
as we termed it, to the others. Well, time passed
on, and with it came sickness that prostrated my
two friends, and both fell victims, and in one short
week were both laid away in the grave. My grief
knew no bounds, but I never thought of the contract
we had made. Some months afterward I retired one
night quite early. I was not thinking just then of
my friends, but feeling quiet and passive, my atten-
tion was called by the appearance of three forms.
Distinctly I could see, but did not recognize them,
when I heard a voice saying—"Phebe, I am Sally;
this is Love, and this is cousin John Ballen. We
have come according to contract." I understood it.
I remembered the contract. I felt frightened, and
called to my mother, telling her what had transpired.
She tried to soothe and quiet me, and bade me not
to say anything about it, as the family might hear
of it, and folks would think me crazy. So I did as
she desired me, but I have recalled it thousands of
times, and have oft-times felt their presence, though
I did not understand it. But now I see the whole,
although forty years have elapsed. Oh, that I could
have known that my loved friends were so near!
What a light of love would have cheered me on my
journey." We listened, and we felt joy and peace in
believing. Here was the birthplace of Spiritualism
in Nantucket. We had frequent sittings, and our
little company of five held sweet converse with our
spirit-friends. We lived years in a few short
months. My mother's mind especially, seemed to
be detached from earth, and she often expressed a
desire to realize the joy of meeting with the loved
ones who had passed on to a higher life.

In the month of August, 1861, the spirits com-
municated to several members of the family that our
dear mother was about done with the earth-life, and
that she would soon be called to labor in a higher
sphere. Her age was but sixty-two, and to all ap-
pearances she was enjoying good health. She re-
quested us to put the communication by, and say
nothing about it, as it might frighten some, although
it did not alarm her. "The spirits know," said she,
"that I have not lived so many years, and just found
out that I must pass through the change called
death." Her health continued good until the fol-
lowing March, when she was suddenly attacked
with bilious congestion. On my arrival a few hours
after her attack, she said:

"Do just what you think best, but I am going
home to meet those dear friends. Now, do sing.
When conditions will permit, I will tell you who I
meet with when I enter the spirit-world. My sig-
nal shall be four raps, and you must sing."

I asked what I should sing. She said:
"This languishing head is at rest," which was
a favorite hymn with her, sung to the tune called
"Winter." "Go to the Camp-meeting, and tell them
that I go, happy, to see Brother Lindsey, (a favorite
preacher, who had passed to the spirit-world); for
I see him now."

Her sickness was from Saturday evening to Wed-
nesday, when just as the sun was sinking behind
the hills, her spirit passed from its earthly tenement,
and took upon itself a more glorious form.

About three months after her transition, I was
sitting with our friend, the medium before alluded
to, when we were startled by raps. Thinking some
one was at the door, I opened it, but saw no one
there. We then took our seats at the table. I re-
marked, I should like to know who rapped; let me
call the alphabet and see. It was spelled out:

"E, I should think you would know. Now sing,
not 'Winter,' but 'Spring.'"
With joy we recognized my mother. The tunes
were her favorites, and I used to sing them to her
often. To "Spring," I sang the words:

"Hark, how the feathered warblers sing."
In the tune called "Winter," I then sang:
"This languishing head is at rest,
Its aching and thinking are o'er;"

She spelled out:
"It is wrong."
I then said:
"What, Mr. Wesley wrong?"

She spelled:
"You are both wrong; the words you sang were
composed by Mr. Whitefield, instead of Wesley. The
sentiment is wrong. Spirits continue to think, and
are more capable of thinking when freed from the
body."

She gave us an account of her first meeting with her
spirit-friends, giving names that the medium knew
nothing of, thus fulfilling the promise she had made
us. She is what I consider a test spirit.

Mrs. Chapin also added to her narrative some
satisfactory tests given through Dr. Farnsworth and
others, but they would lengthen this article unduly,
and therefore are not appended. To Mrs. Chapin's
interior perceptions, her mother's presence with her
is as real as before she entered the spirit-world.

Charcoal dust proves to be even a greater disinfect-
ant and preservative than had been supposed. Rev. Dr.
Osgood has exhibited to the editors of the Spring-
field (Mass.) Republican an outlet taken from a ham
which had been kept eight years completely imbedded
in that preparation, and which seemed as sweet as
it had been cured only a single season.

A newspaper writer contends that a man ought to
show as much courtesy to his own wife as to his
neighbor. That's what superficial people think.
Are not a man and his wife one? and would it be
absurd to have a man forever bowing and scraping to
himself?

A distinguished physician of Paris, Dr. Robert De
Lambelle, announces that a shock of electricity given
to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, imme-
diately counteracts its influence and restores the suf-
ferer to life.

New Publications.

THE HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCIAL AND POLI-
TICAL, showing the cause and cure of Artificial
Poverty and Dearth of Employment, and Dullness
of Trade. In two Parts. New York: Printed for
the Author.

We have had this remarkable little book—that
costs but half a dollar, but contains truths that can-
not be measured for their value by millions of dol-
lars—sometime in hand, and its advertisements
have been standing several weeks in the columns of
the BANNER. It would have been noticed before, but
for our being at a loss to know where to begin upon
it, or what to say of it so as to convey to the readers
something more than a fragmentary view of its
character and value.

It is written by a man who has made the Cur-
rency and Government his life-time study; and a
more rapid, yet philosophic generalizer of truths,
half-truths, fictions, sophistries, and shams, it has
not been our pleasure to read in a long time. "Paine
touched the question of a revolt of thirteen Colonies
alone in his political writings; this author dis-
cusses the question that relates to the very life of a
nation long since deemed independent, but suddenly
finding itself decayed and crippled, though quite un-
willing to acknowledge its weakness."

He divides his little work into two general parts,
and groups his several essays about each; the first
part is devoted to the consideration of Paper Money
and Speculation, Usury and Increase; the second
part contains a discussion of the Theory of a Perfect
Currency and a Perfect Government. Now many
persons would say at the outset, on reading thus
far in our remarks—"Oh, all this does not concern
me at all. What do I know or care, either, about
currency, paper money, usury, and those abstruse
and complicated matters?" But not so fast, good
sir, or good madam. You do care about these mat-
ters; or, if you do not, you will very soon be
obliged to care, for rapidly hurrying events are
bringing about a social and political condition that
will make it absolutely incumbent on you to know
what is best for you to do, and how it is best for you
to do it. Oh, if the people only understood the anat-
omy of their present social and political and indus-
trial system! How soon they would bring about their
own permanent relief. They are kept where they
are, chiefly by their own ignorance; and they are
ignorant simply because they are unwilling to
learn. Will they learn their lessons when the sting
of poverty is thrust in between the joints, and the
gaunt wolf is at their doors?

In this little volume, if perused with care and
thoughtfulness—and it should be studied, rather
than read—any man or woman of ordinary intelli-
gence can see how it is the world has been whirling
along on such a road of apparent prosperity, and
why it is certain that the end of all these appear-
ances and the coming of the solid realities is at
hand. He will be astonished to find—as he will—
that all this ingenuity and invention of modern
times, which keeps the world awake with sheer
wonder and admiration, is but the fruit of this contin-
uous struggle of Labor with Capital, and a token of
suffering quite as much as it is a proof of any tri-
umph over the forces of nature. He will be startled
to reflect—as he will be forced to—how short a
course this system of taking usury has had to run,
and how certainly its effect has been to so heap up
capital in few hands, that it now threatens speed-
ily to reduce people and governments—all things, in
fact, to practical bondage.

The religious observations interspersed through-
out the last half of the book, and those deductions es-
pecially, which are comprised in the author's clear
and pitiful treatment of the question of Govern-
ment, will be welcome above all things to every lib-
eral mind. For that reason, we sincerely think that
every family into which the BANNER goes should
have a copy of this "Honest Man's Book," to go
along with it. Such grasping and pregnant gen-
eralizations are like electric shocks to the mind that
has been content to plod along in the mean ruts
which cunning men have determined the mass of
people should travel in. We promise our readers to
quote hereafter from this portion of the book liber-
ally; it is the sum of the whole matter. If any
man does not see clearly what all this shaking and
toppling and crumbling means, nor what it can pos-
sibly result in, nor why these troubles should be
visited upon us when we were going along so pleas-
antly and "making money" as fast as reasonable
men could desire—that being considered to be about
the "chief end of man"—he can have the scales
completely removed from his eyes by giving this vol-
ume a thoughtful perusal, once, twice, even many
times.

We do not expect that such a book is going to make
a sensation in the reading world, especially at this
particular time, like a novel describing life such
as never was nor ever will be; but we feel very sure
that it is going to take strong hold of the great
minds, the penetrating minds, first—and its course
and influence afterwards will be plain. We do not
hesitate, on perusal, to pronounce it the book of the
day; for these very times, nay, for all times. It
tells plain truths, and spares nothing. There is no
passion or heat in it, even when opposing existing
practices with the greatest energy of its relentless
logic; it is not catbopny, or superficial, or parti-
zan; it comes as the "still small voice" in this day
of revolutions, and holds up the lamp by which we
may see our way out of this vast labyrinth of sys-
tems and theories.

It is for sale at this office. Retail price fifty cents.

A strange pamphlet has just made its appearance,
entitled "Fremont and McClellan," instituting a
question of military ability between these two prom-
inent men, and doing it, too, in a style and with the
support of facts that actually wake up one's ideas to
the subject which he would rather defer for a little.
It may be not time to open a discussion of this sort;
yet, as hero-worship has gone so far already, perhaps
this pamphlet is exactly the thing to cure the ail. As
our citizens have so recently seen and heard Frem-
ont, they do not have a more definite impression
respecting his general ability; and to read what
this writer says may be the means either of strength-
ening or weakening their impressions.

Have we underrated Fremont—and have we over-
rated McClellan? This pamphlet, written by Van
Buren Denslow, declares, and attempts to show dis-
tinctly that we have done both. The case is argued
with a great deal of skill, and the writer has his
facts all ready at his hand to turn them as rapidly
as he chooses. It is at least worth reading, even by
those who do not think as the author does. We
should be glad to be told of our own weaknesses of
judgment, let the aim of the teller be what it may.

We will not take sides, in a matter of this sort;
but we like to know, as loving fair play, what can
be said on both sides. The writer insists that
McClellan has done nothing, yet, and has everything
to do with; while Fremont has had nothing of con-
sequence to do with, yet has accomplished won-
derful things. How he proceeds to argue his case
we have not room to repeat; but he shows power,
skill, and the energy of a determined debater. As
between these two men, of whom so much has been
said, we should really be glad to see at last where
each is likely to be placed in the popular estimation.
This pamphlet originally appeared in the *Yonkers*
New York Clarion, and formed the third of a series
of "Crisis Papers"—to be furnished by some of the
leading writers and statesmen of the time. The
Clarion is a paper fully alive to the wants of the
age.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September has been re-
ceived by A. Williams & Co. It contains fine ar-
ticles; one on Iron Clad Vessels, illustrated, and very
timely; one entitled "In the Buffalo Country,"
whose letter-press and illustrations are of a very
fine quality; a paper on Benjamin Silliman, the
Professor of Chemistry in Yale College; Miss Mu-
lock's "Mistress and Maid"; Thackeray's "Phil-
lip"; Trollope's "Orley Farm"; the continuation of
a story by the author of "Adam Bede," besides
the usual amount of interesting and valuable
matter, in the Editorial Department, including
"Chair" and "Drawer." We recommend the first
article of this number to universal perusal; for
everybody will now want to know how iron-clad
ships can be prepared for actual service, and by
what particular magic they are "got up." Harper
is not a whit the less valuable in consequence of the
war; indeed, we rather believe he is stronger, more
popular, and more necessary, than ever.

We have received from the AGRICULTURAL DEPART-
MENT of the Patent Office, the last year's Report,
printed at the Government Printing Office, in the
form of a stout quarto volume, for all which we are
indebted to Richard McCormick, acting Commissioner
of the Agricultural Department of the United States.
There are many most valuable contributions within
its pages, from the pens of some of our most ad-
vanced agriculturalists. It forms a library of inter-
esting and reliable information on the various sub-
jects on which it treats, and will challenge very gen-
eral information. Among the contributions are ar-
ticles on Pear Orchards, Strawberries, Cattle, Sheep
and Wool, Manures, Dairy Farming, Poultry, and
other kindred topics to which we can only make al-
lusion. The Paper on the History, Industry, and
Commerce of Flax, is well worth a study; it ex-
hausts an always interesting and important topic.

REMARKABLE LAKES IN PORTUGAL.—On the top of
a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla,
are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially
one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What
is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm
when the sea is so, and rough when it is stormy. It
is, therefore, probable that they have a subterranean
communication with the ocean; and this seems to
be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up,
though almost forty miles from sea. There is another
extraordinary lake in that country, which, before a
storm, is said to make a frightful, rumbling noise,
that may be heard a distance of several miles. And
we are also told of a pool or fountain, called Fervencia,
about twenty-four miles from Coimbra, that ab-
sorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown
into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, &c., which sink
to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we
may add a remarkable spring near Estremes, which
petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of
stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is,
that in summer it throws up water enough to turn
several mills, and in winter is perfectly dry.

Obituary Notices.

Still another from the circle of my personal friends
has given his life for his country. CHARLES PAINE,
a native and citizen of Hardwick, Vt., soldier in Com-
pany I, Vermont, 6th Regt. Infantry, after spending
nearly a year in the army under McClellan, and being
one of the hardest and most severe engagements
near Richmond, was at last overcome by exhaustion,
and seized by fever, which terminated his life Aug. 31,
on board a transport, while being moved from the hos-
pital at Harrison's Landing to Philadelphia. His
body was left and buried at Fortress Monroe; and I
said such words of consolation as I could to the friends
and relatives at the Town Hall in Hardwick, Aug.
3, in which I could assure them he was gone to a
better world, where he had at last overcome the most
peaceful progress of the soul. Charles had
lived 21 years here and been a good boy, esteemed and
beloved by all who knew him, and is deeply lamented
by his relatives here, among whom was a mother and
several sisters who depended on him for "love, guid-
ance and relief." But we all have the consciousness
of knowing he did his whole duty to friends and coun-
try, and we know that "Blessed are the dead that
died in such a cause."
WARREN CHASE,
South Hardwick, Vt., Aug. 20, 1862.

Passed to a higher life, August 19th, CART. ADAM
WOODBURN, of Brunswick, Me., aged 40 years.
He was a firm practical believer in the spiritual
faith. His life on earth was pure and upright; his
passage to spirit-life peaceful and happy. Although
for many months he had been wasting away and at
times his physical suffering had been severe, his
spirit was cheerful to the last. He was a kind hus-
band, a dear brother, and a true friend, yet I trust
they look beyond the grave for him now. Weep not,
dear sister, for thy loved one, he is not lost but gone
before. Our Father doth all things well; may you
feel his gentle presence about you to guide and cheer
on your way through life, and when your work on
earth is done, he will be first to greet you in his bright
celestial home, never more to part. May my last
hours be like his.
Brunswick, Me., August 23, 1862.
M. F. DAY.

Miss LUCY F. BURNHAM, aged 18 years and 7
months, passed to spirit-life on the 10th of July, after
the long and lingering sickness of fourteen months,
most of which she was confined to her bed. She was
bright and esteemed by a large circle of friends,
and during the time of her sickness was never known
to utter a complaint. "I shall not get well, it is the
dawning course of consumption, and I must go to
join my father and sister in our spirit home, but will
often be with you all, as those dear friends are with
me." She was a firm believer in the glorious faith of
Spiritualism, and spoke of the change with perfect
trust in the knowledge of communing with those left
behind.
Essex, August 21, 1862.
ABBY H. LOWY.

Died in Nevada City, California, June 27th 1862,
HAROLD B. MATTHESON, aged 40 years.

Conventions in Vermont.
The Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists is
to be held at Rockingham Centre, Vermont, on the
5th, 6th and 7th of September next. A town hall
can be had that will seat one thousand persons or
more. All speakers that can make it convenient are
invited to be present; also our friends, one and all,
are expected to meet each other there and enjoy a
heavenly feast with the angel-world.
Bridgewater, Vt., July 24, 1862.

Conventions of Spiritualists.
Ashtabula County Yearly Convention of Spiritualists
will be held at Mount Carmel, Ohio, on the 6th and
7th of September next. B. J. FLETCHER, Secy. L. V.
Hatch are expected. Other speakers are cordially
invited to attend. Friends who may come from a dis-
tance will be kindly welcomed and hospitably en-
tertained. Come one, come all. A good time is expected.
By order of committee: B. J. FLETCHER.

First Quarterly Meeting of the "Association
of Spiritualist Teachers."
The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" will
hold their first Quarterly Meeting at Marsh's Hall, 14
Broadfield street, Boston, Mass., commencing on Tues-
day, September 30, 1862, (change of time from the
original appointment,) at 10 o'clock, A. M., continu-
ing through Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2d of
October.

The members of this Association cordially invite all
reform lecturers or teachers to meet and cooperate
with them. Says Secretary of the "Statement of
Principles and Aims," "An aim of the Association is
to hold every thought, its happiness, in the word 'Spiritualism,' to enhance
the association of every earnest thinker and capable work-
er in the cause of humanity." To fraternize and
unite is one of the leading objects of the meetings.
It is proposed, in connection with the above ap-
pointed meetings of the Association, to hold public
meetings at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday and Thurs-
day evenings, 1st and 2d, of which more specific no-
tice will be given.
F. L. WADSWORTH,
Cor. Secy. of Assoc. of S. T.

P. S. Lecturers visiting Boston to attend the meet-
ings of the Association, will find pleasant rooms and
board at Hattie S. Denham's, 75 Beach street.
F. L. W.

Public Meeting.
Mr. Editor.—We are to have a *Sinner's* Progressive
Grove or Hall Meeting the first Friday, Saturday
and Sunday in September. Everybody is invited to
attend, especially all those who are in political or sec-
tarian bondage, &c.
Beloit, Wis., June 28, 1862.
J. M. RAYMOND.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—Meetings are held every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2
P. M. The regular course of lectures will recommence on
Sunday, Sept. 7th. Admission free. Lecturers engaged—
H. B. Storrs, Sept. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept.
21 and 28; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma
Houston, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9;
Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 23 and 30; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and
14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

ORLEANS.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall
at 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall,
Speakers engaged—J. S. Loveland, Sept. 7 and 14; H. B.
Storrs, Sept. 21 and 28; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 19 and
26; Miss Lizzie Doten, three Sundays in November, N. Frank
White, Dec. 7 and 14.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sab-
bath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-
gaged—N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Town-
send, Oct. 5 and 12; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 19, 26 and
30; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall,
Speakers engaged—H. B. Storrs, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Town-
send, Sept. 7 and 14; Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, during
October.

ORANGE, MASS.—Musical Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and eve-
ning. Speakers engaged—J. S. Loveland, Sept. 7 and 14; F. L. Wadsworth, during
October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Musical Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference Meetings held Sunday morning and
evening, speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers
engaged—N. Frank White, Sept. 7 and 14; Miss Emma Houston,
Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Bond's (T. T. Bond's) Hall, in the
forenoon, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the
forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 7 and 9
o'clock.

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And many other writers of note.

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