

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

[\$3.00 PER YEAR,
In Advance.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

(SINGLE COPIES,
Five Cents.)

NO. 2.

Literary Department.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1863, by William Warren & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

JASMINE;

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER II.

Evening-dropping and its Results.

"Wherefore unto one alone
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore bath that spell of power,
Dark and dread,
On her soul a tenebrous dower
Thus been shed?"—MRS. HEMANS.

My father and his wife were absent many months, and all the bitter and vindictive feelings awakened in my soul, strengthened in intensity, as time sped on. It ever my human being possessed the tormented art to its fullest extent, that woman did whom I was compelled to call by the endearing name of "grandmother." The tasks I most disliked she imposed upon me. I had to stand for hours behind her chair; to sit and sew interminable seams, while the balmy air of summer called me with pleading voices into the fresh, green woods. My story books were interdicted, and hard, dry lessons subordinated at all times. Then a new mood would seize upon my pursuing evil genius, and all books would be forbidden, and I was promoted to the place of waiting-maid. I had to clear up my chamber, which was purposely strewn with piles of garments, with loose papers, and a hundred unnecessary odds and ends. I had to clean the many phials, bottles, and glasses that loaded down my table; to arrange with the utmost neatness, and in its exact appointed place, the articles of her toilet; for the old lady was endowed with that one choice attribute of womanhood—a love of order. But she perverted it to afflict me, and when the room-cleaning fit was upon her, there was no rest for my weary feet, nor cessation from her incessant demands.

Sometimes I bore it meekly, and sat diligently to work, smiling in return only servile praise and sneering acquiescence, so much harder to bear than a downright scolding. Sometimes my proud and angry spirit revolted, and I retorted fiercely, telling her "I was not a servant to be ordered about, and that she was not my own grandmother." To which she would reply with a laugh that chilled my blood, "that there was no telling what I might come to; I had better learn to be handy, as I might have to wait on folks beside herself. Pride always has a fall," remarked this curious moralizer; "and as queens have had to beg their bread, there's no saying what Jasmine Northrup may come to." These speeches always filled me with vague and terrible forebodings.

She labored hard to convince me of my own utter unworthiness, of my total lack of goodness, of my personal deficiencies, my want of affection and truthfulness. All this while my child-heart was wallowing loudly for the love denied to its unceasing prayer. She succeeded in implanting in my breast that distrust of self that has haunted me through life, causing me to hesitate and tremble even in the fulfillment of life's holiest sacrifices and duties, as a miserable interpreter of the language of conscience and intuition.

Oh, ye who have the guardian charge of young souls, refrain, I implore you from implanting in these innocent, cooing hearts, the thorns of self-distrust. Let the child go forth from the sanctuary of home, strengthened by examples of goodness, fortified in conscious rectitude against the poison teachings of the world, panting in the invincible armor of innocence and truth.

But Catharine Strong, with a deep, unholly purpose at heart, sought only to locate suspicion, craft, duplicity. The tales she told me were all of man's treachery and woman's deceit; recitals that served to engender fear and avoidance of humanity. She went beyond the limits of the blindest animosity; for in the cast of my features, the tones of my voice, my every movement, she found the ample, unfailing proofs of my utter perversity, saying:

"People with such lips never came to any good in the world; they're born liars and tricksters, and eyes that look up, as yours do, belong to a bad disposition, and a wicked heart. You'll be a good-for-nothing lazy, impudent, unlucky mortal as long as you live, Jasmine!"

And day by day this was repeated, until I half believed it, and would shed bitter and secret tears over my unworthy self. Then, again, I would feel the sweet rush of benevolent impulses, of yearning affections, of heavenward aspirations; and with conscious self pity my tears would flow less bitterly, and I would call on God for help.

I was an imaginative child, of a fervid, poetic temperament; and scenes or recitals of the beautiful and the terrible, imprinted themselves in ineffaceable characters upon my memory. Never shall I forget the cold horror and the sensation of despairing gloom that seized upon me, when, with the zest of a malignant fiend, Mrs. Strong presented to my mind's eye the vivid picture of the doom of the eternally lost!

She told me of a subterranean region, dark with everlasting night, and illumined only by the lurid glare of sulphurous streams, that, to the accompaniment of earthquake shocks and thunder-peals, seethed athwart the cavernous expanse, revealing the dread arch demon seated on his fiery throne, surrounded by his legion-emissaries in horrible and grotesque forms. Around the seething, bubbling lake of torment hung cauldrons filled with the liquid fire, and into this, at Satan's mandate, were cast the shrieking and realising souls, there doomed to a life without end. On emerging from that torture bath, they were whipped with glowing rods, held in the bands of seething and appalling fluids. The laughter of the Dread Ruler of that realm, rose high and thrilling in its sardonic mockery above the rebel, merriment of his myriads

there, and that sound forbade all thoughts and hopes of prayer, of penitence or peace; from it the angels fled aghast, and the righteous veiled their ears. No mother-love could rescue the condemned child, no expiation avail, no pardon could be gained—all, all was despair impenetrable as the night that brooded there; needing as the tortures of that realm of unappeasable woe!

Even now, after the lapse of years, that fancied imagery of terror arises before me, bringing with it somewhat of the olden fearful thrill. Then, as if in contradiction to that portrait, that woman of strong mind and reckless heart, would tell me of the heaven of the blessed. But she failed in impressing me with its charms; for as her nature tended, so was the heaven she aspired to—a magnificent kingdom, rich in material glories, sparkling with the earthly goods that deck the monarchs of the dust; its flowers and its fruit; its city, and its "many mansions," were to her mere correspondences of earthly grandeur; she could not attempt to fathom the spiritual significance of heaven's golden streets and gates of pearl. In the purely materialistic sense, she understood the revelations of that unseen and beautiful land, where the beloved and reunited dwell—where there "shall be no more night" of sorrow, doubt or separation.

Oh, heaven! to which all hearts aspire; that of the savage as well as that of the devoted Christian—oh, land of peace! to which the sorrowing and aspiring all nations look forward to as home; how from earliest childhood have I yearned with intensest longing for thy rest divine, for the promised meeting with the angels gone from earth.

Strange contradiction! Yet whenever I fell into these sweet and soothing reveries, forming my own poetic ideas of the eternal summer-land, endowing its trees with music, its flowers with gemmed lustre, its atmosphere with the love-rays of the divine benignity; gazing in spirit on its "waters of life," its Jasper-mounts, its blessed homes and portals of the morn, I failed there, amid the radiant forms and star-strewn browns, to meet with her—my mother! I could not feel her there, and an aching void was in my breast; then with a terror absorbing my every faculty, I turned to the pictured dread of that other region; but could not locate her there. It was as if a voice called to me, "Not there—not there!" and I turned away consoled and weeping. Then I prayed for her I deemed in purgatory, with a fervent, childlike faith; encouraged in this by Nurse Annette, who, relieving my fears concerning my mother, yet would give me no assurance that she was with the blessed above; telling me ever to pray for her, that God was merciful, that some had to suffer awhile in the flames of purgatory, before ascending to the heights of blessedness, and that the prayers of the young availed with all the saints and the Holy Mother. Further I dared not question her, for her face would whiten, and her lip tremble at any further allusion to my lost one. So I prayed for her through many a year, unknowing the effect of my supplications, until—

In my chamber was a little altar, decorated in summer with the choicest flowers of the garden, in winter with the holly and the evergreens of the park. On saints' days and festivals, wax candles burned there in homage, and the offerings of a sincere heart were rendered. There lay my rosary of ivory and coral; around were suspended the images of tutelary saints, and the sweet, pensive face of the Virgin, and the repentant Magdalen. A little marble fount, carefully filled with holy water, stood within reach of my hand. To that home-shrine Nurse Annette and I repaired at night and early morn. I have often noticed that to Saint Magdalen in particular, the good woman offered many a supplication, and dedicated many a vow; that she prayed to that representation of a renowned saint in heaven with tearful eyes and a deeper entreaty. I often wondered why.

Mrs. Strong was emphatic in her religion as in her speech; her prayers were loud, vehement utterances; her saints were those of the able-bodied, vigorous-minded order. She was unswerving in her denunciations of all other beliefs, and I think it afforded her a triumphant exultation to feel convinced that millions of our Father's children would be doomed to everlasting torment. She was a woman of the stamp of the Catharine de Medicis—cruel, unswerving, relentless; veiling all beneath a conventionally self-possessed exterior.

As for Agatha, she was a weak, vacillating, worldly creature; a prey to vanity and a sort of petulance that never revealed itself in my father's presence. Completely under her mother's domination, she only nominally ruled the household. Mrs. Strong it was who swayed her rod of iron over us all. It was her mother who made Agatha artificial, designing, and a plotter; left to herself, she would have been content with dress and ornaments, with the love of her husband, and the rest of her establishment. But a hand stronger than her own led her own almost blindly to the commission of great wrongs.

"But," exclaims the reader, "are we to have de denunciations of perversity characters only? Is there no redeeming trait in these unlovely ones? Are human beings all evil?"

Not so, friends, and I only portray these dispositions as I found them; as they displayed to me the evil side of their natures. In my cruel persecutions lived the germs of many noble qualities, and there existed others; but the perversion of leading traits led to the unappetizing of a life, and brought on themselves the fearful retributions of the transgressor. Mrs. Strong was inordinately ambitious, and trampled upon all obstacles that stood in the way of the attainment of her object. Her daughter was a passive instrument in the hands of her imperious will. Her weak and sinful acquiescence in all her mother planned; her want of thinking for herself formed for her a peaceful present, leading to the inevitable retribution of the future.

Two beings in that household I failed to read even with the clear intentions of childhood. One was my own father, the other Mrs. Strong's misanthropic waiting-maid. I could not fathom why, with a young and pretty wife, with wealth and friends surrounding him, he should so often appear gloomy and unhappy. Nor could I understand why the haughty Mrs. Strong, before whom all the servants trembled, should bear the occasional insolence and defiant speech of her maid, Rosetta; a middle-aged, portly and comely woman, had

come with her mistress across the seas, from the far West India island, where Agatha, despite of her sea-sickness, and golden hair, was born. Rosetta had been the Madame's slave, but freed upon English soil, was indignant, careless, and impudent as no other servant dared be; and indeed did Mrs. Strong or Agatha venture to rebuke her; for, fixing her glittering black eyes upon her mistress, she would say a few words in Spanish, before which both would shrink and pale, and give no answer. "The Madame," as she invariably called the old lady, gave her many handsome presents throughout the year.

One day, at the commencement of autumn, while the trees yet stood green in all their regal splendor, only here and there a changing leaf betokening the passing season, there came to Oakfast Hall a stranger—at least he was such to me—and inquired for the master. I was playing on the porch, when he came in, followed by two of our servants, who kept repeating that Mr. Northrup was not at home.

"I'll see for myself. I'm not to be put off this way!" said a voice, so peculiar in its tones that I looked up in astonishment, with a strange, aching wonder surely pictured in my eyes.

The voice was neither loud nor harsh, nor did it convey the idea of anger; but it had a metallic positiveness, a cool determination more repellent than the most violent outbreak.

"Master's been gone this three months or more, I assure you, sir," said one of the men. "Here is Miss Jasmine, sir; you can ask her."

"Hallo!" said the stranger, "this is the master's daughter, is it? The girl I have never seen before—a lucky chance indeed! So you are Jasmine, the little lady I've been told about, hey? Come here, my dear, and tell me the truth; has papa really gone away, and do you know when he will return? I know you will tell the truth, with those clear brown eyes of yours."

Advanced shyly, for I was unused to strangers, and timidly put out my hand. I was attracted and repelled at the same time. Yet no one but Nurse Annette and the servants had spoken to me so kindly, and I was never permitted to go into the drawing-room when company was there. I answered promptly:

"Papa is not at home, sir; our servants always tell the truth. He and—mamma have gone to London, Paris and Italy. They did not say when they would come back."

"Hem, ha, indeed!" said the gentleman, regarding me fixedly, with those strange, small, restless black eyes of his, and retaining my hand in his firm grasp. "Well, my little girl, show me into the house, and we'll have a little talk together."

Half alarmed, I knew not why, I was about to lead the way, when Mrs. Strong made her appearance, and sweeping her glance over those present, said, with her usually stately and freezing politeness:

"May I inquire your pleasure, sir?"

Something in the tone seemed to displease the stranger; he drew himself up and calmly surveyed the tall and imposing form before him with a coolness that savored of audacity. I saw the old lady's cheek and brow flush with anger and impatience.

"My business is with Mr. Herbert Northrup, madame," he replied, looking her steadily in the face.

"Your name, sir?" she demanded.

"Mark Catliffe, at your service, madame," and looking to my hand, he bowed deeply, while a smile curved the corners of his firmly chiseled mouth.

The servants, at a signal from their old mistress, proceeded to their usual avocations. I was looking intently at Mrs. Strong. I saw a puzzled look steal over her face, then a heightened flush, that paled, as if some sudden recollection had crossed her mind. Her thin lips were compressed a moment, then in a more cordial tone, she said:

"I think I have heard Mr. Northrup speak of you as—as an old friend, I believe?"

He smiled again, and bowed.

"You are welcome to the Hall, sir. Will you step into the drawing-room?" and she led the way, saying to me, in a sweetly scornful tone, "Go to your room, Jasmine, my child."

I ran to my chamber with strange, vague thoughts coursing through my brain—with a fear of the strange gentleman that was as undefined as it was oppressive. I sat down to think over his appearance, and his few kind words to me. He was tall and well-formed, quick in his movements, with a sort of nervous haste about him that contrasted strongly with the clear, metallic, commanding tones of his voice. His face was massive, his outline, with features strongly marked, high and wide forehead, singular, piercing, jet-black eyes, that bore a yellow gleam in their depths, and exerted a powerful and magnetic charm, attractive and repellent at once. I had never seen such eyes, and I absorbed as I pondered upon their expression, and in true child-like parlance, "felt afraid." The same feeling had come over me often in the presence of Rosetta, whose large, dark, luminous eyes sometimes wore a glossy fixedness, as if she were spell-bound by some unseen power. Then again she would shine with a brilliancy not her own, for the mulatto's eyes were sad most usually. I felt afraid when these moods were upon her, but I never feared her as I did this new-comer, this Catliffe—Mark. I dwelt upon the name, I could not reason wherefore, with increasing, undefined dread.

I have not finished the description of him. His hair was light, tinged with reddish tints—another contrast that and the carefully trimmed beard to the night-dark eyes and sun-burnt skin; in speaking, teeth of glittering whiteness were disclosed. His upper lip was thin and wide; the upper lip almost concealed by the long moustache. It was a contradictory face. It repelled while it unconsciously attracted. His smile was fascinating; his expression of countenance changeable; his voice shifted its tones from politely civil inquiry to tender modulations and sarcastic retort. Somehow, I half understood all this, even then. The present sense of coming evil, the mystery of antagonistic forces, was revealed to me that day and hour.

Who was he? Where did he come from? What did he want with papa? Why was Mrs. Strong so strangely affected at the mention of his name? My ten-year-old brain puzzled over these questions until it ached. Nurse Annette turned pale when I mentioned the stranger's name; and evaded all my eager inquiries. I almost cried when I heard he was to remain over night. An insatiable desire possessed me to know more of this man; to listen to his conversations with the "old

one." I was called into their presence after dinner, probably at his request, and treated very graciously by my life-tormentor, and with almost fatherly kindness by Mr. Catliffe. I heard that he had been a schoolmate of my father's, that his life had been one of change and travel since; that his wife was dead, and that he had one son. All this I remembered afterwards, in a dreamy, confused sort of a way, for I was ill for many weeks after the singular visitor left, and had retained but vague, indistinct remembrances of that which occurred at the time. But I remembered the name, and that of his son, *Austin*. The rest was brought to my dim recollection by occasional words from Mrs. Strong, and snatches of conversation I overheard between her and Rosetta. My nurse never mentioned Mark Catliffe again.

It is one of my dream-like memories, hearing the old lady say to her mulatto servant that she wished her to try her power upon the stranger; to which the woman replied, that she would not again for worlds. Rosetta had a fashion of dividing her words, which rendered her speech peculiar. She spoke also with a foreign accent and a slight lisp.

I heard something about "an enemy—knowing the past." The words "mystery and misery" seemed to ring in my ears whenever my thoughts reverted to the scene. But so many fevered visions succeeded that day, I could not separate the reality from the fantastic forms and unintelligible address of the pleasing and terrific specters that haunted my sick bed.

I thought that Rosetta grew angry, and said something to her mistress, in her quick, Spanish tongue, that paled the old lady's cheek. Then they made friends again, and Rosetta wept, and the dais called majestically from the room, and the little eaves-dropper stole to her chamber, and pondered, and determined to watch and know more. That I remember.

I believe I stole into Mrs. Strong's room that night, and concealed myself behind the ponderous bed-curtains of damask, that, even in summer, were draped around her couch. There seemed to be a solemn stillness around, and I have dreamt of the scene so often, that vague, ethereal as it appeared, it took a certain form and significance, from which I awoke oppressed and trembling. Dream or fact, I stood with throbbing heart, tightly clenched hands, eager, expectant, with strained eyes, on tiptoe, watching the stern face of Agatha's mother, the strange, corpse-like whiteness of Rosetta's countenance, from which her fixed, glassy eyes stared as if upon the revealed secrets of another world!

The large room was illumined by the soft, tempered rays of a silver lamp of ancient shape and costly workmanship; the dying embers lingered in the grate; the crimson window-folds were drawn; there were deep shadows in the corners; the massive wardrobe, the old arm chairs, the pictures of saints, the antique bed, with its dark red and black hangings, all were enveloped in a semi-gloom. The voice of Rosetta sounded afar off. Its cadence was changed; its lisping, foreign accent gone. Something she said of being the messenger of departed spirits, of warning, of fearful import—I know not what, but it thrilled my heart with terror, and I fled from my shelter with a muffled beating of that burdened heart, stifling with both hands the cry of agony that arose in my lips.

Thus in my dream; and so may have been the reality. A fever prostrated my overtaken strength the night of Mark Catliffe's stay beneath our roof. Nurse Annette and Rosetta watched by me. I could not bear the sight of Mrs. Strong, and she seldom intruded her unwelcome presence upon me. Slowly I recovered health, and Mark Catliffe, and the occurrences of that night, took on the shadow-forms of past imaginations. Other events followed, that absorbed my every thought and feeling. My father returned, stern, cold and inflexible as ever toward me. Agatha was charming and impressive, as before, indifferent, superciliously condescending, mildly sarcastic, to the step-child she loathed. Three months after her return from seeing the world she gave birth to a son, the long-hoped-for heir of Oakfast Hall.

CHAPTER III.

The Shadow of the Death Angel's Wing.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

There were great rejoicings at my home—feasting and revelry and the gay midnight dance. Never, to my recollection, had the old Hall decked its spacious saloons and chambers in such festive garb. Outside, the storm-winds of March howled, and the snowdrifts whirled. Within, all was warmth and gladness. Crimson silk curtains and cheerful fires cast their gleam upon the pearl cheek of the young and fair, heightening the natural rose hue there.

I watched those queenly ladies, in their glittering robes and sparkling gems, with a secret wonder and admiration. Children came, too, who seemed the petted of all hearts. Occasionally some loving young mother meeting me, would pat my head and kiss my brow; some kind, white-haired old gentleman would call me a "dear child;" but all this favor was as naught to the affection and caresses bestowed upon my baby brother, whom I was permitted to see once in a great while, as an especial favor; to be allowed to kiss him was the highest privilege awarded. I loved the innocent, helpless creature, but beneath the serenity of Agatha and her mother, I did not half demonstrate the sisterly love I felt.

Six months my brother Charlie lingered with us, a pale and puny, patient and feeble little sufferer; then the great house was hushed, and the cheering daylight was excluded from the sick-room, and the nights were spent in watching, and even Agatha's cheek grew pale with long vigils, and a shadow lay upon my father's erst unclouded brow. Mrs. Strong stepped softly, and forgot her own imaginary ailments, in care of the tender, fading blossom. Nurse Annette wept in silence, and there was a hush and a foreboding silence over the deserted hall. Physicians came and went with solemn looks and light tread, ominously shaking their heads. I was not permitted to see the dying babe; but one day, when a piercing wail issued from Agatha's chamber, and I saw my father hasten to his own room with blanched face and quivering lips, I knew that the little spirit had departed, and I knelt down and wept, in fresh and utter loneliness of heart.

I saw the bereaved mother, pale and changed by sorrow, mourning wildly for her lost treasure, and for the first time a sentiment of blessed pity found place in my soul for her. To Mrs. Strong's vehement display of grief I turned a deaf ear; I uttered not one word of hypocritical condolence, and but once did I attempt to soothe the almost frantic wail of my father's wife. She repulsed me coldly, saying angrily:

"Get out of my sight! I wish you had died in his stead!"

From that hour the bitterness resumed its sway. Again my father took her abroad. Again the time sped on, and I accomplished the tasks imposed on me. The priest of that neighborhood, the good Father Lane, gave me religious instruction. I had a governess, chosen by Mrs. Strong, a deputy tyrant, whom I could neither love nor respect. I learned my lessons after a mechanical fashion, receiving from maternal Nature sweet and lofty teachings, far beyond the ken of the dull, dry school-books. I know now that from the all-enfolding spirit-worlds the orphaned and neglected Jasmine received impressions and was instructed in the laws of life.

Discarded by my father, repelled by coldness and indifference, with no heart responding to the affectional requirements of mine, with no superior intellect to guide the workings of my own questioning mind, I turned to Nature with a childlike faith and trust, with a love that amounted to idolatry, with a reverence that was unspoken worship. And she—best mother—benign interpreter of God—she revealed to me her beautiful realities; she unfolded to my inner sight the life-plans of the Infinite Mind, as manifested in the mission of the flowers; the aims of the mineral; the sentient aspiration of the animal; the universality of spirit in its greatest and most refined forms. Strange theories not taught in the catechism, nor transcribed in the lives of the saints, came to me unbidden, sent from some unknown source, spoken in no mortal tongue, yet indelibly impressed on my memory with the elevating impress of eternal truth, conched in poetic symbols, in unnamed garbs of speech, in untranslatable songs, in music crooned from no harp-string of this world!

I knew then that the spirit of each contemplated flower was endowed with gem-like lustre and with melodies of joy that arose in grateful response toward the parent heart of love; that the emblem colors of the rainbow and the dawn, of the sunset and the summer's glory, were the faint and far-off reflections of the spiritual realm, forebodings of things unseen, too bright for mortal eye to gaze upon! I felt the all-pervading aura of the beautiful, the attraction of the corresponding good. I loved the glittering gem, not for their world-awarded value, but for their intrinsic beauty and deep spiritual significance of life. The murmuring leaves told me each secret, the waves of the streamlet sang a home song so sweetly soothing I dreamt that I was cradled on my mother's breast, that a shower of kisses, each one a beatitude of heaven, was lavished on my tear-filled eyes. Amid the silly grandeur of my native hills, the leaping waterfall and the sweeping winds told the same story of maternal and ceaseless care, but it was in another strain, more grand, majestic, thrilling with the holy fervor of devotion, with awe and reverential thought.

Then I knew that circling hosts, unseen and powerful, were there, around, above, all Nature teeming with the ultimate of perfected change. I breathed in an atmosphere of poetry, where round was music, and thought gave birth to loveliest forms of life. There I knew and felt God, and called him Spirit-Father, Mother of all worlds, Beauty, Humbleness, Love, and Everlasting Peace! I thought that the links of being connecting the visible with the interior, the evanescent with the imperishable, the transitory with the immortal, had been confided to my ignorant keeping, to compensate me for the losses of this life. All this, in a vague and dreamy sort of consciousness, of semi-perception, of partial revelation, now known as a part of the Spiritual Philosophy, came to me, a Catholic child, the descendant of a world-honored name. Rosetta was the foster-mother of great principles.

I looked up to the starry heavens as to my future assigned abode. I seemed to walk amid the clustering Isles and planetary worlds that were peopled by a kingly race. I saw architectural fane and domes; palatial homes and gardens that excelled in gemmed flowerly splendor, the Oriental's loveliest stretch of fancy. I saw there earth's lower forms, transfigured to perfection's loveliness. I recognized the lowly dwelling of each living thing. I saw transmuting sorrow and suffering regally attired in compensating glories. I passed through heavenly nurseries and divine, feeling everywhere the presence of the Lord of All, but meeting with no embodiment of the Supreme and All-pervading God. And yet I felt drawn upward, as if golden heart-links of aspiration ever bound me to the kindred souls above, as if the inspirational draughts of love and knowledge were offered to my thirsting lip by ministering angel hands.

But in the outer world there was discord, and alas, too often, in my own inner realm. My being was divided. With Nature, I was a doer, loving, potent, and aspiring child. At home, a wretched, unforgiving, wayward creature, cherishing hatred and dark thoughts, brooding over real and fancied injuries, indulging in deep despondency—at intervals enveloped in most ecstatic hope and unexpressed joy.

Thus passed on the years, and again the old Hall resounded with the festive greetings and the welcoming joy. I saw but little of my father, he never relaxed his stately manner, the coldness of his address toward me. He journeyed abroad with his wife, over whose impulsive beauty time and even sorrow passed lightly. Two more children were born to them: the boy-angel Hugobert but a few weeks on earth, the little girl just breathed the atmosphere of a troubled world, and sped to the land of rest. In the solitude of my chamber I wept for those dear infants, so beautiful and placid in the death-repos. I thought they would have learned to love me had they lived awhile on earth.

The pleasures of the world soon chased the sorrow from the heart of Agatha, the paleness from her cheek, and the languor from her step. Her figure attained to fuller proportions as the years sped on, and a manly dignity added to the attractiveness of her presence.

She lost much of her lustrous hair. Somewhat of strength and self-reliance she gained from association with the well-cultured mind of my father. She strove to reflect his nature; though incapable of this, she improved in the effort. I felt that she hated me; that Mrs. Strong was restless and discontented. I knew that she constantly, but with great tact and prudence assailed my father to obtain his consent to some favorite project. I clearly understood.

Ever since the illness that followed upon Mark Catlin's visit, I had retained of that mysterious occurrence only a vague and confused remembrance. Of Rosita, I unconsciously felt afraid. In the presence of her misdeeds, she was indifferent, and scarcely polite toward me. But when she met me on the staircase, or in the passage or garden walks, she would invariably stroke my head, or pat my hand with those soft, well-shaped fingers of hers, saying some kindly word, such as, "poor lamb, the Lord have you in his holy keeping. The Lord save and bless you, Miss Jasmine, dear!" Although so strangely afraid of her that I almost shrank from her touch, I always felt better for the contact; a soothing charm seemed to fall upon my spirit. Violence and regret, bitterness and grief were lulled into forgetfulness. Bright thoughts, loving aspirations, poetic conceptions, flowed into my mind. The touch of that dark-skinned mental hand evoked the sweetest dreams.

What then to me was incomprehensible, is now fully understood. Much that now is hailed as reform, as physical aids to the cultivation of the spirit, was accepted by me in my loneliness. I desired to copy the beautiful freedom of Nature, and I discarded the trammels of fashion, thereby occasioning much conventional horror to the household. I would not have my growing form encased in corsets, and with the willful determination that often possessed me, I declared my resolution of never submitting to be imprisoned in whalebones and denied the right of drawing a full breath. Mrs. Strong, after vainly using divers threats, and giving vent to several evil prophecies, left me in disgust at my perversity, assuring me that I would grow up a great country, stately dowdy, not fit to mix with decent company. Agatha thanked Heaven that I was no child of hers. She could never present to the world, "such a tomboy and graceless figure." I did not envy her the wasp-like waist, the inability to jump, leap, run, and climb, that she considered such a proof of ladyhood.

Neither would I wear tight clothing, or consent to have my hair twisted and distorted from its natural way down over cheek and neck. I would not "put it up," and encounter my weary head with pins and combs and innumerable fixings. I was voted "ravage as a Hottentot," until to mingle in refined society. My father only looked at me with a curling lip, and said "the wild cult was not worth minding." Miss Dean, my governess, was subjected each day to severe attacks of fashionable and polite amazement. "Miss Jasmine behaved so like a low-lived, under-bred gawky country girl!" Miss Jasmine never, never would make a lady, she was a disgrace to the name of Northrup. Such fine ladies as all the Northrups were! So dignified, so exquisitely respectful of etiquette. Miss Jasmine was more like a wild Indian, than like the daughter of such an ancient house. I turned coldly away from all such remonstrances, knowing that in this matter of being as untrammelled as I chose with regard to dress and out-door exercise I should not be interfered with, for I heard the "old one" say to Agatha: "Let her go on, it will keep her out of our way. Let her follow her low pursuits, she will sink to her proper level."

Whenever Miss Dean released me from the monotonous routine of the school-room, I sought my favorite retreat, and read there my favorite poems. I ran, leaped, danced and sang to the accompaniment of Nature's leaf and wave-music. A bound of my father's, a noble animal, followed me on my daily excursions. I found the physical strength that has borne me safely through so many mental trials, to the exercises of my earlier years, to my familiarity with Nature, and love for her varying joys. Nurse Almille encouraged me in secret, and Rosita said to me, sometimes, "That's the way to grow strong and handsome, and useful, Miss Jasmine. Some white folks doubt how to live. You does. The Lord bless you, child!"

I know that my native land is famed for the roseate complexion and robust frames of its people. But even there, many sunk into the apathy of fashionable life, and in its giddy whirl and feverish excitement, forgot the care of that most glorious temple that enshrines the immortal soul. Agatha was imbued most thoroughly with the tropical indolence, that in no manner was visible in her stalwart mother. Not that Mrs. Strong was a lover of any form of exercise. She despised all bodily exertion, but her movements were abrupt and rapid. All her abundant vitality was expended in mental outbursts, never witnessed by my father, but attested to by every servant in the house.

I was fifteen, when my Nurse Almille sickened and approached, by slow degrees, the confines of the Better Life. She was yet in the prime of middle age when the summons came, and found the pious soul prepared for Heaven. In her humble capacity she had fulfilled a saintly mission. Never had a harsh word fallen from those loving lips. I never saw her crimson with anger, or pale with fear of aught in this world, save once, when I designed asking my father of my departed mother's life and death. Patient, meek and forbearing, her religion was a world-wide charity; her prayers were soul-entreaties for the good of others. There was no hatred, no remembrance of injuries in that placid and rounded soul. In her humble station she performed the duties of a heroine, bearing with resignation the daily recurring petty trials, the antagonisms, the burdens of care. Alas, I knew not a till I lost her, what a weight of terrible memories oppressed that faithful heart. For love of me, for a promise given to the dead, she had remained in the uncongenial home that was haunted by terrible spectres of wrong and sin, to her innocent and believing spirit.

For weeks I watched beside the bed where lay my only friend, and oh, what rebellious thoughts surged in the undisciplined heart. I prayed for her, not as she desired me, that the guardian angels and holy saints might admit her to the paradise of God, but that her life on earth might be spared to gladden my lonely path and cheer my orphaned soul. Rosita often came with looks of deepest tenderness and passed her magnetic hand over the calm sufferer's brow, charming away all weariness, and sometimes relieving her of every vestige of pain.

It was toward the close of a balmy day in June, when I deemed her strength slowly ebbing, that Rosita once more exerted her benign influence, and brought a renewal of life to my beloved friend. All day long she had been gazing at me with intent and wistful eyes, and her lips moved as if she would communicate her thought. When we were again alone in the twilight, she said in those even, motherly tones: "Miss Jasmine, dearie," this was her favorite expression, "I have something to tell you I can't put off any longer. Fortify your heart by prayer, my dear, dear child! Go to the Heavenly Father for consolation, to the blessed Virgin Mother for comfort in your grief. They will never forget the innocent, nor forsake the afflicted. Be strong and brave, Miss Jasmine! My dearie, hear up? I was here to tell you on your eighteenth birthday, but the Lord has called me home before that time. Please give me the little box you will find under my desk in the trunk, Miss Jasmine."

to the bedside. On the same night that held the large key was a lesser one. Nurse Almille opened with it the quaint looking box. There was in it a package of papers, tied with a faded blue ribbon that had been spangled with silver stars. The dear friend of my youth raised herself upon the pillows, and with tender eyes that beamed affection through a mist of tears, she handed me the package, saying with a trembling voice:

"I wish it might have come later. But God's will be done. I have something to tell you. After I have done, go to your room, my dearie, and kneel before the Blessed Mother and the Holy Magdalen, and there read your mother's letter."

"My mother's letter! My mother!" I snatched the papers from her hand, and kissed the seal, the superscription that I could scarcely read through blinding and falling tears. "To my beloved child, Jasmine Northrup." As I read and touched my lips to the characters her hand had traced, I felt a thrill of sorrowing love—a deep and overwhelming flood of grief submerged my being—an unutterable longing filled my spirit, and I fell upon my knees and cried aloud to God!

"My dearie! Oh my dearie! be comforted! Oh, don't cry so hard, my dear but lamb! She's safe in Heaven, now! Oh, don't you take my strength away, and I have so much to tell you."

The thin arms were wound around my neck, the cold lips pressed to my burning forehead, as she leaned forward, weak and emaciated as she was, to comfort me. I sat up, determined on self-control. I kissed the face and hands of my faithful nurse, and rearranging her pillows, sat down beside her, trembling with curiosity, oppressed by vague forebodings, thrilled by the filial love that was to know of no friction save beyond the dividing stream.

Assuring her that I was calm, promising that I would not interrupt her narration, praying inwardly for strength to bear and to endure, I restrained the flood of sorrow that engulfed my heart from arising to my eyes. I listened as if each word was the harbinger of a hope long fostered, or maybe the final sentence of most absolute despair.

In at the open window the sweet June breezes wafted the mingled fragrance of the honeysuckle and the rose. The meditative silence of evening encompassed the prayerful earth. The rush of the mountain waterfall, subdued by distance, reached the ear in a soothing melody. In the sunset skies yet lingered the pining glories of amethystine and opalescent, of sapphire and ruby clouds, fringed with pearl and silver. Never shall I forget the consecrated hour that opened to me my mother's heart, and revealed her trial-pangs. Never shall I forget the starry night that followed, when, before the Virgin's home-hill, I read her mother-heart's appeal, the eloquent defence of outraged innocence, of pure and God-reliant womanhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A POEM.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Sometimes here the soul is lifted,
To a height more pure and gifted
Than to mortals often cometh, in the beaten walks of life;

Losing sight of things terrestrial,
Catch a glimpse of the celestial,
And forget, in such an hour, all the scenes of earthly strife.

Then the fleeting inspiration
Gives of life new revelation,
And we see, if seeking rightly, where the path of duty lies;

Fain, then, from the discord round us,
And the chains that long have bound us,
Clothed with bright, immortal radiance, would the spirit upward rise.

Once methought this earth was dreary,
And my spirit, lone and weary,
Tossed in peril, and at fearful, on the stormy sea of life;

Then the wild waves round me dashing,
Into wrath my spirit lashing,
Were to me more dark and fearful than all elemental strife.

When the storm-lightning, earth controlling,
Never loudest thunder rolling,
Nor the lightning's flash most vivid, to my heart could terror bring;

But a draught from Sorrow's chalice,
And the cruel darts of Malice,
Made my soul, while to sorrow, joyful songs forget to sing.

Then methought all joy and gladness
Must be merged in gloom and sadness;
Those bright hopes, the life-time dwelling, one by one would soon depart;

Like a cheering, pleasing story,
Like a passing glimpse of glory,
Like a sweet and touching cadence, which with joy once thrilled the heart.

Cheerless seemed the way before me,
Clouds of midnight darkness o'er me
Shrouded all the glorious sunlight in a deep and dismal gloom;

And my saddened spirit, yearning
For a rest, to death was turning,
Thinking earthly sorrow ended in the cold, dark, silent tomb.

Friends seemed few, and hope was waning,
Joy decreasing, grief was gaining,
Sinking spirit heard with terror those dark billows' fearful roar;

Dashing waves of wild contention,
Spirit fierce of harsh dissension
All around me, made me fearful earthly bliss was mine no more.

But the cloud had "silver lining,"
Soon a ray of light came shining,
And my heart, with thrilling rapture, hailed its welcome, cheering power;

Sorrow's waves now backward rolling,
Grief and gloom no more controlling,
And the radiant sunlight shining, gladdens every passing hour.

Ever in this world of sorrow,
Joy to-day and grief to-morrow,
Transient gleams of sunshine glimmer all along the earthly way;

Thus I hope not for all brightness,
Or my spirit nought but lightness,
But my mind must rise o'er that which shrouded me in gloom before.

Ne'er again its chains shall hold me,
Nor its darkness more enfold me,
While my spirit hails the power in the realms of thought to soar;

Breathing out its adoration,
And each higher aspiration,
In a song of grateful homage to the God whom we adore.

Yes this bitter tribulation,
Wrought for me a pure salvation;
Learned my heart some higher lessons, and my soul more lofty lays;

For the wisdom which it taught me,
For the wisdom which it brought me,
I would thank thee, All-wise Father, and to thee ascribe all praise.

THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, AT ALPINE, OREGON, CO., ILL.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

On Thursday afternoon, September 24, Benjamin Todd, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, and Miss Louise Whitler, arrived in Rockford on their way to the Oregon Convention, stopping at Ivy Cottage over night. Early the next morning a carriage, provided by Mr. William Moore, of Oregon, was at the gate to convey them and the writer to Oregon, a distance of twenty-four miles.

We left Rockford at 8 o'clock, exhilarated by the clear morning air, and the expectation of the glorious social, intellectual, and spiritual feast that awaited us. The greater portion of the road we traveled lay along the shore of our beautiful Rock River—in some places so near that we could hear the rippling waves lapping at the pebbles on the shore. The scenery that borders Rock River is beautiful beyond description, being fringed on either side with various kinds of shrubbery, prettily arranged by the artistic hand of Nature. Continuing along the river, new varieties of landscape rise to view—almost perpendicular banks, clothed with the richest shades of coloring; then a quick alternation of meadow and grove, which affords fine facilities for the farmer. The groves abound in wild fruit, such as plums, crab-apples and grapes. Extending further back from the river, the land is occupied with farms, which are in a high state of cultivation, showing the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants. But the most attractive feature in the scenery, is the island green, serenely rising at the mouth of the river. Amongst this attractive and diversified scenery nestles the little town of Oregon, which we reached after a drive of four hours, alighting at the hotel kept by Mr. W. Moore, which, judging from appearances, well might be termed the home of the traveler.

On Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., we assembled in the Court House. Speakers present were Benjamin Todd, of Wisconsin; Dr. Morrison, of Henry Co., Ill.; Mrs. H. F. Brown, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Jacksonville, Wis.; Mr. Jones, of Elroy, Wisconsin Co., Ill.; Mrs. J. H. North, Rockford, Ill.; Miss Louise T. Whitler, Wis.; Dr. Brewster, Mich.; and Mrs. Col. A. M. Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.

The meeting was organized by appointing Mr. Wm. Moore, President; Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Vice President; Mrs. M. Northrup, of Rockford, Ill., and Mrs. M. Daniel, of "The Rising Tide," Secretaries.

On motion, carried, that the Convention be opened by conference, allowing each speaker fifteen minutes.

The President opened the meeting by contrasting the bondage of the orthodox churches with the freedom of our Convention.

Followed by appropriate remarks from Benjamin Todd, and P. B. Jones.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe repeated a poem.

Mrs. Mitchell said she hoped nothing would be said against the churches, for in her opinion, it was as much of a wrong as to curse the mother who had nurtured us in her bosom.

Mr. Todd remarked, that what the speaker had just said reminded him of a child who had aged and injured, and then she was asked and observed because she was her mother, at the same time she wished her dead.

Remarks by Mr. Jones and Mrs. Mitchell.

Mr. Chandler, of Independence, Iowa, said, The Church cannot be killed, for just as long as individuals live upon the earth and need a church there will be one, and they are necessary as long as individuals need them.

Mr. Moore sympathized with the sister in favor of letting the churches alone.

Mr. Bisset, said he had been brought up in the Church of England; was taught morally by his mother, who said it was no disgrace to be poor, if he was only honest. The good man showed conclusively the effect of the mother's influence, and not the Church's.

Mr. Jones said, He was born in old Connecticut; was brought up an old school Presbyterian; He related his experience from Presbyterianism to Spiritualism, which was very interesting.

Mrs. Froebel, of Mt. Carmel, Ill., remarked that she should not look for evil in the churches, but good.

Miss Whitler said, To breathe freely we must have pure air to breathe.

The remainder of the afternoon was to be taken up with a lecture by Benj. Todd. He repeated a poem, and said, Before giving the subject of his lecture he would reply in a few words to the sisters who had spoken at the Conference, with the kindest feelings. Said, as he continued, with the kindest feelings. While making his remarks he had not intended to throw a firebrand, but was glad now that he had; for it had given the churches a pretty good airing.

By request of the audience, he gave his religious experience. With his largely developed mental powers and energetic nature, his life must have been a continuous warfare between Superstition and Truth.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe repeated a poem, entitled, "The Web of Life." The Conference adjourned until 5:15 o'clock.

Evening Conference.—Mrs. H. F. Brown said, The great fault with Spiritualists is, they make so many apologies; it takes up too much time, so that at the end of fifteen minutes they have not said what they wanted to. Said, I ask no apology for myself. I have a thought, and it is my own. I wish to speak it. I set the ball in motion that it may reverberate through all time, until every particle of matter is vitalized. I am only responsible for the thoughts I utter. I am a mouth-piece for no one.

There is a spiritual affinity throughout all Nature. The spirit world has its attractions. Our business here is to search for the best mode of happiness.

Benj. Todd spoke next on the "All-Right" question. He was opposed to organization except for financial purposes; in the place of organization, centralization or individualization; let organization be swept away and men and women come out free and noble.

Mr. Jones said, We need organization to solemnize marriages.

Mr. Brown said, Spiritualists had organized for that purpose. She read a certificate granting her the right as minister of the Gospel to solemnize marriages.

Dr. Morrison thought it was better to do something toward harmonizing marriages instead of solemnizing them. Organization is the legitimate offering of devotion. It is impossible to organize this compact here to-night, at it is to be. We have to individualize ourselves, and learn to have charity; give others the same liberty we would wish to have ourselves. Why are there so many unhappy marriages? Why are families so much divided up? Because each one has not learned to individualize self.

Meeting adjourned until 8 o'clock on the following morning.

Saturday morning.—Meeting called to order by the President.

The following gentlemen were appointed Committee of Arrangements for speaking: J. W. Stewart, Winthrop W. Chandler and John Lord.

Morning Conference opened by remarks from Mr. Peters, (lawyer), of Princeton, Ill., on Progression, calling out some very spirited remarks from B. Todd, Mrs. Mitchell, and others.

Mrs. Brown spoke upon the Condition of Woman. Dr. Morrison, on the Good resulting out of their Wrongs.

Mr. Brewster spoke on various subjects. Mr. Jones thought it not right to lie, even if a glorious result was produced.

Miss Whitler said she was happy to think all was right; therefore it was right for her to speak, and that she would reform. She once believed all diseases of the physical form came by the hand of the maker of this beautiful world. The first step to reform in this particular, is the present style of dress, food, etc.; said woman was not prepared to fill her proper sphere in the present style of dress. And so long as woman was obliged to obey her husband, would there be war in the family, neighborhood and country.

Mr. Chandler said that individuals are not responsible for acts when their organizations are such as to cause them to perform those acts.

Afternoon Conference.—By Dr. Morrison. Subject, "Organization and Disorganization." The reporter could not be present during this lecture, therefore did not get a synopsis of his remarks, but was informed that his lecture was full of sound, logical reasoning, and fully appreciated by the audience.

Mrs. H. F. Brown. Subject, "Spirit Teachings." She said: No question is so frequently asked as "What do spirits teach?" Spirits, like mortals, have like opinions upon fundamental principles, and, like us, differ widely upon minor points. Spirits teach me the universal love and protecting care of God. They teach me that Jesus was divine only as humanity is divine, a child of God in the sense that we are all the Father's children. He lived a blameless life, lived the truth, as he understood truth, and died the martyr's death, for the sake of what he regarded the right. Spirits deny the doctrine of the fall of man, because it conflicts with the law of progression. Man is, and has been, good, in the sense that the universe fur, and the wild beast are good. Time will ripen the truth, and the tiger will go down to dust and come up in a higher form; so man will progress to a higher and diviner life. Spirits teach us that sin is the transgression of natural laws, and there is no forgiveness of sin; the transgression brings its punishment.

Adjourned until evening.

Evening Conference.—Poem by Mrs. C. M. Stowe, entitled, "Leona."

Mr. Chandler and Dr. Lee spoke upon the subject of woman's rights.

Benj. Todd spoke fifteen minutes on the same. It was the unanimous expression of the audience that he should speak out; he occupied the stand fifteen minutes more. His able and spirited defence of woman gave rise to a warm discussion between Mrs. Froebel, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Peters, Dr. Morrison, and Rev. Mr. Word, of Oregon. The latter gentleman's remarks were founded upon data several hundred years back of the age of common sense.

Adjourned till eight o'clock the following morning.

Sunday morning ushered in a bright sun and cloudless sky, and as the Court House was not commodious enough for the many hundreds that were to be there present, they met on the Fair Ground, half a mile distant from the town. Many persons had come a distance of from two to three hundred miles, some of the way by stage. The audience on Sunday numbered from fifteen to eighteen hundred persons. A commodious platform was erected for the convenience of speakers, and seats enough to accommodate a great number of the audience.

Sunday morning exercises.—Conference opened by prayer from Mrs. Mitchell.

Remarks on oral prayer, by Mrs. Stowe.

Benj. Todd on the same. Did not believe in praying to a personal God; he said every wish was prayer, every aspiration of the human heart, etc.

Mrs. Mitchell spoke again, in a great state of excitement. I think she did not fully understand the meaning of God's remarks.

Dr. Morrison expressed his views also.

There seemed to be a general misunderstanding of words. I think all realized within themselves what the nature of true prayer is.

Mrs. Julia Brown, of Prophetstown, Ill., gave a short but interesting address upon prayer, the Sabbath, and the harmony throughout Nature. Her remarks were very appropriate for the occasion, and had a quickening and harmonious effect upon the audience.

Mr. Brown was in the cause, but bids fair to become a very efficient co-laborer in the vineyard.

Miss Whitler said she was disappointed by the Methodist Church, and believed in the one kind of prayer, but now believed in a practical life.

Mr. A. B. Pickard (Reformed Methodist) said he was once a preacher, but had changed his views because he had found a better way, for he that never changes never corrects his faults. Said the soul could not be unhappy, else God would be unhappy, as the soul is a part of God.

Morning lecture by Mrs. H. F. Brown. Subject—"Man and his Relations." She said, Man is a dual being; he lives in two worlds, the physical and spiritual. He physically and spiritually represents earth and things in heaven, earth, and hell. The gold and the granite, the sky and the sea, the springing grass, the blooming flower, the winter frost, light and darkness, the soaring eagle, the swine, the serpent, are all represented by man. He may ignore his kinship to the serpent and swine, but in his words and deeds he is careful to tell you who are his kindred. The nearest kinship is that of the soul. Spirit to spirit speaks, and soul to soul replies, though hills and years and seas divide them. Go into the street a stranger, and you will meet and recognize there the hearts nearest akin to yours. You meet them in the railroad cars, in church, and the home circle. And you are quite as likely to meet those of very remote kindred. You may call it attraction and repulsion, but call it the near and distant relationship of souls. Speaking of prayer, she said, "All prayer comes better through gentle deeds."

Mrs. Stowe repeated a poem, "Alone by the grave of a loved one."

Miss Louise Whitler spoke on "Man's physical condition."

Mrs. Stowe repeated a poem, "A Dream of Heaven."

Dr. Morrison made some remarks in reference to the sanitary department. Meeting adj. to 1 o'clock.

Afternoon Conference. Mr. Brewster, Mr. M. Chamberlain, of Watertown, and Miss Whitler took part in the exercises, after which the Conference closed.

Afternoon lectures by Mrs. C. M. Stowe and Mrs. Emma Frances Jay Bullene.

Mrs. Stowe repeated a poem, "Rock me to Sleep."

After an invocation, she said, Authority craves out the aspirations of the human soul, but truth is the lever that moves the world. The spirit-world is bending with its wealth of souls, and the mission of spirits to be accomplished, will be no longer subject to authority, but will come out free, as

Benjamin Todd repeated a poem, and then spoke upon "The natural evidence of the spirit's immortality as drawn from himself." Bro. Todd's discourse was sound and logical. He threw all the power and energy of his nature into his theme, and the effect was felt and appreciated by his audience, although some found fault with his sarcasm and sharpshootings, yet all that are acquainted with his experience, must know that it is in the force of circumstances that has in a measure destroyed the dignity of expression. I consider Brother Todd one of the best class of speakers, and as such can recommend him to any community who may not have been fortunate in having listened to his inspirational discourses.

Mrs. Bullene, after an invocation, spoke upon the "Supremacy of Truth over Error." There is not room to give any of this gifted lady's remarks. All have known Miss Emma Frances Jay in the past. She has been for many years filling the sphere of a devoted wife and mother, and has now for a time resumed her public life, and is now the mother of two children, one a beautiful boy, and the other a cherub girl, now blooming in the beautiful summer land.

Adjourned till half past five o'clock to meet in the Court House.

Evening Session.—Conference.—Mr. Chandler spoke on "Prayer."

Dr. Morrison said, Spiritualism to him was like a beautiful rose, though he had looked upon it each day, it was as fresh to him as when he first beheld a rose. He would drop that glistered among its petals, was a gem of truth.

There were some fine ideas on prayer. He said that the two extremes of some of the former speakers, were the two extremes of the present speakers. We see it in the vegetable kingdom as it exists forth to the sunlight to catch its gentle rays. Also in the animal kingdom we see the same ascending to a higher condition, but still the man who out of his abundance does not take to the starving widow a loaf of bread, or clothes to the orphan, has not uttered a prayer.

Evening lecture by Mrs. Bullene. She said: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed. That trembles in the breast."

The speaker requested the audience to either select a subject, or propound questions which the spirit would answer. The questions I will here give, but the answers I cannot record for want of space, neither can I do justice to the speaker, by giving a part of them. The questions were as follows:

Will it be in the most perfect locomotion in the spirit-world? Do spirits in the spirit-world manifest the appearance of old age? How does the spirit get possession so as to control the mediums? Are the spirits of animals individualized in the spirit-world? Will the spirit give us his experience during his passage from this to the spirit-world, or the Philosophy of Death?

Closing exercises, invocation, and chant, improvised and sung by Mrs. Bullene.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the President for his efficiency and fidelity in discharging the duties of his office.

Resolved, That the citizens of Oregon are entitled to the thanks of this meeting for their hospitality toward the strangers attending this Convention.

The two Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. William Fay, were present during the Convention, holding sessions each evening to large audiences, giving many wonderful tests of spirit power.

Mr. G. H. Lacey, who is traveling with them, gives a short lecture previous to calling the attention of the audience to the manifestations that are to take place in the cabinet. His remarks are very interesting and instructive to those who have not informed themselves upon the phenomenal manifestations. He explains them according to scientific principles as well as upon Bible grounds, selecting therefrom many like unto them, such as rolling stones from the sepulchre, opening the prison doors, etc.

Thus ended one of the most interesting and talented meetings of the kind it has been the writer's privilege to attend. Many there met as strangers, but as friends parted, knowing that the time will come when there will be a glad reunion of kindred souls, when the "good by" will never need to fall sadly upon the heart. All can enjoy one eternal evening. No discordant notes will strike the ear. All will fill the sphere for which they are created, and a great chain of harmony will link together every soul in the universe of God.

July Cottage, Rockford, Ill., Sept., 1893.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Two Days' Meeting at Alpine, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12th and 13th.

Saturday afternoon the meeting was held in the School House, owing to the wet, cool weather. Mr. Samuel Marvin was chosen Chairman of the meeting.

W. F. Jamieson, Secretary. Speakers were made by the Chairman and the Secretary, Mrs. Heath, Mr. French and Mr. Boyd. Adjourned to meet next day at 9 o'clock for conference meeting.

At the forenoon hour the meeting assembled in the grove. Horace McNett, Chairman.

Mrs. Graves said when she was an Orthodox member she used to relate her experience. She would relate her experience now. She never knew what happiness really was until she became a Spiritualist.

Mrs. Kutz, of Freeport, Me., related a story to feel that the evidences of the glorious future life could not fall, when duly appreciated, to inspire to a noble life on earth.

Mrs. Heath then gave the first regular discourse of the day. She was glad that so many were there to worship in God's Temple on that beautiful, sunny day. The angelic inspirations would fill their bosoms with holy love for each other. Spiritualism would bless their lives, would make of them better men and women.

W. F. Jamieson seemed to entertain a "grudge" against the Orthodox devil, total depravity, infant damnation, and several other sacred subjects. He thought the "salute" would dwell in the greatest insecurity within the heavenly abode, inasmuch as so pure a being as the devil is represented to have been lost his foothold there.

Mr. Porter said, That Solomon advised that a child should be brought up as the way he should go, and when he was old he would not depart from the way. The Devil had heavenly influences; was trained in the way he should go; was of a good family; but turned out a great rascal.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE:

A FAMILIAR LETTER ADDRESSED TO A CRYSTAL BY A SPIRITUALIST.

MY DEAR SIR—I desire to present to you in a somewhat methodical manner—more so than the limited space of conversational discourse would admit, and in a manner that would be the necessary condition attending that mode of presentation—an argument based upon principles and incontrovertible facts, to demonstrate, in a measure, to your mind, the "evidences" of spirit intercourse with men.

From what you have already affirmed as pre-judgment of this whole matter, and with due regard to the Bible standpoint of your objections to the admissibility of these evidences, and to the adoption of the religious philosophy that must inevitably follow their acceptance in every thinking mind, I cannot hope that my feeble efforts will prove scarcely an entering wedge to the diversion of your favor toward this dreadfully tabooed subject. But remembering that I have many a time encountered the bitterest opposition and denunciation in controversy of this same matter, and having full assurance to believe that my humble defence has often proved "seed sown in good season," which has sprung up and borne fruits many fold more than my most sanguine expectations would have justified me to anticipate; and, moreover, having the satisfaction of knowing that my present antagonism entertains a positive and devoted love for Truth, wherever it may be found; stimulated by a profound and unflinching conviction of the truthfulness of the Spiritual Philosophy, the ardor of my enthusiasm urges me on to undertake to elucidate the grounds of its revelation. And I am firmly persuaded that he who would receive its sublime teachings, and would strive to exemplify its sublimity and spiritualizing influences, would part with words sooner than be deprived of them.

I should not feel so strongly impelled to a similar undertaking with every one—for I must not travel out of my present calling to its neglect—and I indulge myself in the present effort from having a due sense of the important influence of the position you occupy, with regard to the many minds you have power to affect, one way or the other, by prejudicing them against an investigation of the "spiritual phenomena"—the genuineness of which you now repudiate—or by inducing them to examine for themselves what is espoused by very many noble, brave and intelligent men and women, as a new Word of God which has been revealed to wayward men out of the very heavens, should it ever become your wish to "try the spirits."

I think it will hardly be necessary to allude to the Bible at all, in considering the evidences of spirit communication with the world; although if I felt the need of any extraneous proofs, or corroboratory testimony, I need scarcely say to you that I should find an abundance of analogies and parallel cases of "manifestations" recorded in that book, which would simply serve to show, by comparison, how the present age is repeating, on a grander scale—immeasurably transcending, in some remarkable features—many of the "miraculous" events and supernatural influences therein delineated with so great simplicity and such matter of course narration.

I shall not feel under any obligations to the old "Christian Fathers" even for the multitudinous evidences of spirit intercourse with which their curious writings teem; nor to the many ancient and erudite Spiritualists, whose works have survived to us, and which now, in our vernacular, so freely and familiarly discuss the science of spiritual possibilities that attach to mundane and supermundane souls; but I shall feel fully satisfied to rest on such tangible developments as have and are constantly presenting themselves to the commonest observation in our very midst—which appeal to the senses in most palpable manner—to the ear, to the eye, to the feeling; to the understanding, to the reason, and to the highest spiritual faculties and sympathies of the soul in their boldest exercises.

And now at the outset, I cannot consistently refrain from a brief animadversion on the extreme shallowness of the knowledge of spiritual as well as psychical "things" in common acceptance. Little seems to be "dreamed of in our philosophy." Concerning real spiritual entities. Much is known of material things, and "sciences" in this direction abound, although (to my mind) the most valuable and comprehensive of *this sort*, even in their germinal stage still—like lifeless infants in their cradles, their plaintive wallings, prophetic of physical regeneration, all truthed but by an earnest and devoted minority of untroubled seekers on the "progressive" plane of study—who are almost banished from the pale of civilization, because they dare to believe and teach "above what is written." Men repeat as a formula, "there is a natural body and a spiritual body," &c., without seeming to have the slightest perception of the real nature of a spiritual body, or of the significance of "raised an incorruptible body." The ideas of the keenest minds in our day upon these questions are ambiguous, vague and utterly unsatisfactory. And yet I affirm, that the ideas of a spiritual body and its resurrection can become as clear and well-defined to our conceptions as the physics of a tin-plate-iron.

So likewise of Life—about which one word such volumes of speculation have stood for substantial knowledge, as in themselves have formed an impenetrable cloud of darkness to hide its essential elements, and to obscure the real principles of its activity. What ideas are conveyed by such beguiling the question definitions—for philosophers to give—as "Principle of Life," "Vital Mediator," "Nervous formations," and similar high-sounding but unmeaning terms, which are only different names to designate what is no more defined than ever! Thus far has bright-eyed science gone.

Again I affirm, and on the strength of thorough experimental analysis, that the principle of life is as demonstrable, as tangible, almost, as heat and cold; and their methods and peculiarities of action, in health and disease, can be mapped out in a clear and well-defined chart of general or specific conditions.

Still the "learned world" wags on, undisturbed, in the old familiar pathway, with the nasal organ of a contemptuous pity elevated in dignified disapprobation of the presumptuous interlopers who would dare produce to furnish an alphabet of principles—which would enlighten the whole ponderous mass of physical science, accumulated through labor centuries of trial and research, by supplying the long sought key to unlock the "mystery of life."

Call Magnetism and Electricity principles; for, though strictly speaking they should be regarded as elements or agents, yet are they of that primal character to meet all our requirements in the solution of the problems of living motion; and back of these, in Nature, the mind need not seek to penetrate for the next step beyond, so far as we now know, attains the sources of all life and intelligence.

Magnetism and electricity have become, in a degree, recognized as principles in the government of animal life; though their basic importance has not been universally allowed and built upon in the construction of Theories of Life. In the solution of the mysteries of physical phenomena, also, they do not yet occupy their proper rank, and receive superior consideration; but are rather regarded as the elements of accidental, curious mental manifestations, and not as coordinate with, and principles of life itself.

And yet bodies and limbs, in health and disease, are treated with strict regard to these elements as governing principles; and so far as experiment and analysis have been prosecuted, with a view to systematic adjustment of their laws, they have exhibited such uniformity of method in their working, and such exact

ability of being managed and controlled, even as terrestrial Magnetism and Electricity, as well warrants their ultimate unfolding into a wonderful science, that shall entirely cast in the shade all hitherto speculations on the life of the body, or of the spirit, in this world or the next.

You may ask, what has this to do with spirit intercourse with the world? I answer, everything; for I am deeply sensible that no one will be prepared to understandingly examine and appreciate the phenomena called "spiritism," without carrying with him, into their investigation, the guiding chart of the magnet-electric principles. And I would earnestly recommend every one, before allowing himself to witness the singular exhibitions attending upon the séances of "mediums," to first make a careful study of the science of Animal Magnetism—so far as it has attained that dignity—and, in its phenomenal aspects, trace it upward, in a natural order of progression, from the simple condition of mere "sleep" and "dependent clairvoyance," to that beautiful unfolding of the spiritual perceptions, when the inner senses of the soul are opened in rapport with the essential, spiritual elements of things, and realize the actual workings of the living forces of Nature, in vegetable and animal creation; mount to the very "stars," in the exaltation of untroubled vision, to penetrate their spheres, and bring back to earth tidings of a peopled universe.

Would it appear strange to one who had arrived thus far in his researches of psychological developments—who could look back upon the pathway of his study, and feel never to doubt that he had been informing himself of possible, real and oft-repeated conditions of the human body and soul—had witnessed for himself, indeed, and tested, in all sensible ways, the genuineness of those wonderful unfoldings of the spirit, that had stepped almost on the threshold of the new life, where but a single link in the chain that binds to earth remained unbroken—would it appear marvellous, I say, that this expanded vision in its subtlety should "discern spirit"—in the body or out?

What think you, when a man—a healthy, intelligent and good man says, I will watch by the bedside of my brother or sister when the expected hour of death draws nigh, and behold the "mystery" of the dissolution of soul and body; and in a self-conscious state of mind actually does observe the deeply affecting process of the spiritual body—perfect type of the natural, though of highly refined and subtle essence—born again, resurrected by degrees (sometimes minutes, often hours) and standing forth a new being, palpable to the new sense of the observer as any object of matter to normal vision, and the living representative of the person, whose body lies inanimate and has fulfilled its mission. [And this new birth simulates the birth of the infant to its first stage of existence, even to the representation of the "umbilical cord," which is reproduced in a band of amylid or electric light which connects the two bodies, and when the reformation of the spirit body becomes complete, returns to the natural body as a needed portion of the life-principle to preserve this body from immediate decay.]

Do you believe this, you are ready to inquire of me, and yourself not the observer? It is not of *vital* moment whether I believe it or not; but when many sane, intelligent and truth-loving men and women corroborate each other's testimony on such a matter as this, and all feel satisfied that there was no deception, illusion, fantasy, or any other condition or contingency, that might cast a doubt on the reality of their experience, I feel, in all rational duty bound to accept the statements from their own lips as worthy of credibility; and I should feel compelled to admit, that, were my own vision made *clairvoyant*—as may not be impossible—my experience and satisfaction would be as complete, and my convictions as strong as theirs. The baseless fabric of our dream of life, still, what we call our experience and our consciousness are quite as substantial to us as though the idealist philosophers never wrote, to cast the doubt of metaphysical vagaries upon their validity.

The phenomena of Clairvoyance, and of its highest form of development, *spiritual ecstasy*, are so well attested, and have been so systematically observed by careful and able experimenters, who have been untiring in their efforts to analyze and bring within the scope of scientific exactness these newly discovered capabilities of the human mind, that it needs no defence of mine to support their claims to be regarded among the fixed facts of Nature, and amenable to her definite laws. The wonderful successes following the application of clairvoyant faculties to the diagnosis and treatment of disease—however much of falsity may have attached to the search for undugged baillings, employed as "subjects," or howmuchsoever of charlatanism may have taken cover under the inviting canopy of this wide open, democratic shrine of the temple of Nature, where degrees and titles can be so easily earned and confidently assumed—these successes, I say, are sufficient credentials to establish the vast importance to the world of the new system of "remedial agents," and ought to make the heart of science expand to cordially embrace the angel of promise, that comes "with the living in his wings," the harbinger of physical regeneration to man.

To perceive the interior workings of the functions of the body, in all their beautiful activities; to sense, at a glance, as it were, the silent, voiceless inharmonies of the diseased system; to surely know, by actual sight and sympathetic feeling also, where the equilibrium of the life-principles has been disturbed or broken, and to how great an extent they have been impaired—and all without a word of enlightenment from the mouth of the "patient"; to describe, in the language of science, each form and stage of disorganization; and, finally, to instinctively prescribe, in the nomenclature of *material-medica*, remedies, which shall prove so nearly infallible—truly such powers and capabilities as so completely all this should be hailed by an admiring and delighted world, and devout thanksgiving and gratitude should be rendered for every heart to the Creator, who had endowed man so bountifully with "spiritual gifts."

These modern revelations of transcendental soul powers, so long unrecognized, I am happy to know, shake the faith of men in time-honored systems of pseudo-philosophies, and give an impetus to human inquiry, such as, I trust, under God, will serve to vastly expand our limited horizon, and eventually sweep every cloud of error from our intellectual firmament.

The brave spirit that dares to rise from off the prostrate bed whereon he has been afflicted to lie at ease, under the uncompromising mandate of dogmatic authority—"thus far shalt thou go and no further;" where he has folded his arms to repose under the soporific influence of a facile belief, that is grounded on the postulate of "nothing is impossible with God," and always casts upon him the onus of its incongruities; and when new developments of the prolific energies of Nature flit athwart his vision, to disturb the listlessness of his slumbers, send in his ignorance, he is ever ready to exclaim "mystery!" It is not for me to search into such mysteries—"It is sacrilege to attempt to pry into the secret counsels and purposes of the Almighty," which He has seen fit to withhold from us—"such a brave spirit," I repeat, having once shaken off the cloud of a servile superstition, that bids him be "accursed" who shall add to, or subtract from a previous revelation, "which already embraces all that he has a right or need to know," will "find himself mounting upward as on eagles' wings," whose vision the brightness of the very *Sun of Truth* shall not dazzle, and whose steps shall feel free to wander anywhere in the sublime fields of God's universe, to bring from thence precious treasures of knowledge and wisdom, which

which to build up, beautify and adorn the "living temple" fit for the "image of God" to dwell in.

Has not the Creator set before us human knowledge? Ay, even so. But who will say he has reached the limits of human inquiry? or be so presumptuous as dare to define them? Are not the aspirations of the soul unbounded, showing that the divinity is imbedded in us, in degree; and that, though He be infinite and comprehend all things, yet are we forever to progress toward infinity; and therefore there can be no possible measure assigned for the fullness or capacity of our knowledge, except that it shall not be infinite?

Then let us not allow ourselves to repulse, in any manner, the god-like spirit within us, but, on the contrary, let us keep wide open the portals of our souls for the influx of new truths—diviner light—and maintain the tribunal of our sacred Reason a supreme court of judicature, ever ready to dispense righteous judgment to every claimant. Say not unto such as come unto you with new and strange doctrines, "Ye are of the Devil;" for in bidding welcome to such guests you may find yourself entertaining angels unawares.

I will now hasten to the consideration of the paramount question of spirit intercourse with the world, although I confess, with great diffidence of my ability to do half justice to the strength of my own convictions, by undertaking to set forth in order the "law and testimony" to another, which, through many years have been gradually unfolding to my acceptance. However well I may succeed in my small expectations, I bow myself will not judge of the merits of the claims of "Spiritualism" by such defense only as I may be able to make, nor conclude that the subject has, by any means, been exhausted in its capabilities to display a most formidable antagonism against the learning and logical skill of its ablest adversaries.

The world recognizes and accepts as unquestionable only three sources of rational intelligence—God, man, and the spirits of human beings, who have departed from this earth. That fabulous individual, the Devil, has, in past ages, been very highly honored among men, and has viciously borne our iniquities, till the burden of the human soul which have been cast upon his unrelenting shoulders, has finally weighed him down so deeply in the "infernal abyss," that I think I may safely conclude the nineteenth century regards him as finally having fallen through the bottom of the "pit," never to experience a personal resurrection among the children of men; and that the enlightened portion of mankind have come, by pretty general consent, to consign him to his original birth-place and only legitimate sphere—the human heart! So there will be no need of embarrassing the subject with the possibility of any agency attributable to this source, by which to solve any mystery of intelligence that may seem unaccountable.

Now allow me to suppose myself sitting down comparatively with a "medium," all called—or rather, imagine yourself alone, and so incoherent of any latent faculty or susceptibility to evolve any extraordinary phenomenon. Your attention (as has been that of thousands), is attracted to certain sounds, resembling the droppings of water, on the table, or a rubbing of furniture, on the walls of the room, on the floor—sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. There appears to be a persistence in these sounds to be heard of you, and you are finally induced to bestow upon them your special notice. Suppose the happy suspicion enters your mind that these sounds may be the result of intelligent action on the part of somebody, and that, without much seriousness, you interrogate them: "Is anybody making this noise?" Rap, rap, rap! "What's all this?" And a succession of raps seems to respond to your interested feelings. You pursue the experiment, until you find yourself having manifested a communication with an unseen something, which manifests decided features of intelligence. You soon form a telegraph of signals, by which you are able to converse. By using the alphabet and pointing out the letters, three distinct and quite audible sounds may indicate the particular one you shall select—once, or more, as you may agree in your code of signals. Are you at fault, for a moment having mistaken the letter intended, a single sound may answer, No. Now you go on—say three "raps" signifying Yes, and one, No—to your selections from the alphabet, and find yourself in possession of an intelligible combination of letters, arranged to form words, which embody ideas, and entirely foreign to your own thoughts. You have experienced the "Rochester Knockings" in their primary simplicity.

Continuing this process from day to day, for any length of time, the conviction forces itself upon you irresistibly, that you have established a free, intelligent intercourse with unseen beings; for the communications you receive, responsive to your own inquiries or made independently of your own consciousness, appear to be *ad hoc*, and only referable in their very matter, even to an agency entirely foreign to yourself.

But this intelligence—whence cometh it? Who is its author? It answers for itself, upon your supplying the conditions, and sets up claims as coming from those "who have gone to that bourne from whence" (it has been so often affirmed and believed) "no traveler returns;" given you most striking examples of an intimate knowledge of the life-history of persons who have passed into the "silent valley"—such as none other but themselves in *propria persona*, could rationally be supposed to possess the means of producing. And, in multitudes of individual cases, after piling up proofs, as Peller on Ossa, to exhaust every feature of testimony that could be exacted of unseen intelligences to establish personal identity, you are importuned to betake yourself to your sober and candid reflections, to discover, if possible, any other source, or any other agency of the "mysterious phenomena," than those which, *prima facie*, commend themselves to the plainest understanding of such as have become "Spiritualists."

Now suppose that hitherto, only your curiosity has been engaged, and that no prejudice of education has been allowed to bias your mind against an impartial scrutiny of any problematical phenomena which these intangible intelligences may evolve from the great arcana of Nature; that you are unwilling to stultify your good sense by the *ex parte* investigation and pusillanimous judgment of that tragicalomic incubator of learned "Doctors," who so ignorantly enshroud the Rochester "egg!" You do not permit your conclusion of the whole matter to culminate in the *reduco ad absurdum* of "Too odd!" and "knee-joint articulation of speech, et id omne genus, cum quibusdam aliis." You resolve upon a thorough observation and most critical inquiry; invite and encourage a familiar manifestation of the "spiritual" powers; take counsel of others, who have had similar and greater experiences; institute comparisons between different "mediums," and adopt the instructions for further investigations, furnished from the very sources itself, which is the object of your research: thus deriving internal evidence that shall become a double test in authenticating the genuineness of the celestial origin.

What are some of the "manifestations" you will encounter to repay your labor and to challenge your admiration? Such as these: Solid substances taken up in mid-air, apparently independently of the law of gravitation; musical instruments played by invisible hands, or breathing tones from unseen lips in familiar strains; closed pianofortes—whose keys are swept by unseen fingers, and whose chords vibrate unwritten beauties of melody, such as are most exquisite and rarely vouchsafed to human hearing. Most elaborate and beautiful drawings of flowers unknown to our botany; magical paintings of rarest landscape scenery, and portraits of most perfect resemblance to the per-

sons of the "dead," who have left behind no memorials from which to create a "counterfeit presentment" of them—all executed through the purest mechanical agency of human hands, often totally unskilled in art—works of which any artist might be proud—and produced in such incredibly short spaces of time as to mock the swiftest excursions of human artistic talent. Remarkable specimens of calligraphy by and without the agency of human hands; *fac simile* autographs of those who have lived upon the earth; Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Persian, Chinese (or whatever else) languages written with great freedom and perfection, without in the least affecting the minds of the writers, who act as merest machines; solid things carried and brought across the ocean by swift-winged messengers, who seem to nearly annihilate time in the transmission, &c., &c.

And of a different and still higher character—volumes of treatises upon subjects higher than the usual language of the sciences, thrown off with an ease and rapidly truly amazing, and by such as are altogether innocent of the learning which they so lavishly display; burning words of eloquence on matters of deepest moral and spiritual import, flowing, as the waters of mighty rivers in freedom, from lips least familiar with "golden freedom oratory;" poems of artistic excellence improvised as by suddenest inspiration, whose measured cadences fall upon the listeners' ears simultaneously with their first echoes in the mind of the deliverer; glowing appeals, full of most ardent love for the human race, to the noblest qualities of the soul, in its most devout and holy exercises, to awaken out of the slumber of condition of spiritual lethargy, and gird on the armor of truth and righteousness, with which to enter the "good fight" in the battle of life; affectionate warnings to secure a spiritual unfolding of character in this world, that will entitle the laborer to the unimagined glories of the Heaven of the Spirit-Land.

Add to all this, and much more, that living embodied spirit of those who have dwelt in the flesh are openly seen of men, and as free and natural communion is held with them, as between man and man—and what machination of learned skepticism shall avail against such testimony, that a great highway has been opened between the spirit-world and ours? Surely a new and wonderful field has been disclosed to man in the domain of Nature. Assurances of the richest harvests in every department of knowledge have already been afforded, and such large promise of the fruits of a more enlightened spiritual wisdom has been vouchsafed, in the imperfect glimpses that have yet gratified the human vision, that it needs no prophet to foretell the possible dawning of an early millennial day upon the earth.

I have asserted three sources of rational intelligence, as embracing all we have reason to know, or believe, to have a real and permanent existence. As to that Evil Intelligence—whose reality only depends upon the necessities which Heaven, barbarous religions involve, on the "good Lord," and "good Devil" principle of worship, it is sufficient refutation of its legitimacy in creation to affirm—that what can be but an unexceptionable axiom—that God is the author of all principles, and these only good. An evil principle, in all creation, is an anomaly. There can be no perpetual legacy of evil entailed, by any possibility of divine law, upon any being, not even be that majestic conception of infernal attributes embodied in the Biblical Satan. Infernal beings all powerful for evil, arrayed in eternal opposition to a being all-powerful for good, involves such a monstrous absurdity, detracts so utterly the all from the mightiness of the Infinite God, and leaves him but an ever-warring power against another, that it is not equal, still a never-quarreling adversary, that it is most manifest blasphemy to hold faith in his existence.

The opponent of the spiritual theory will have no occasion to differ from the advocate in not attributing to God, directly, the origin of the spiritually-claimed "manifestations." It only remains, then, to discover and distinguish these phenomena, as belonging to the wonderful caprices of mundane intelligences—human powers acting without will or effort, and with a blind spontaneity rivaling the chemical elective affinities of Nature's laboratory; or as the glorious evidences of newly developed intercourse, between the spirits who once dwelt among us in the flesh, and their beloved earth.

A vessel cannot contain twice the measure of its contents at the same time; no more can the human mind give out that which was never consciously possessed by it. Even furnish it with any amount of data in form of facts—statistical, personal reminiscences of different individuals' lives; and without culture, without discipline—the refinements and polish of all that is understood by education, mind cannot handle it as matter to rival the style and method of the best literary abilities. And yet we witness the rudest specimens of uncultured persons—young children even—writing and speaking in high vein of philosophy and science, executing mortifications of art, skillfully manipulating instruments of music, and rehearsing the most difficult musical compositions, with all the familiarity and grace of ripe scholars and superior artists.

They do these things manifestly not of themselves; it is absurd to suppose they do. Who, then, are the real actors? Can it be imagined that it is any other, than those who themselves claim to be the actors? At least, can it be any other beings—for some it must be—than the denizens of the spirit-world, who alone can be present in a manner impalpable to human senses, in their normal state, to intelligently influence such as are susceptible to their subtle forces?

What magic power has thus suddenly come upon plain, uncultivated men and women, by which they are enabled to "lay hands" upon the diseased human organism, and with an almost unerring precision—as with newly-awakened energies to the location and very heart of disease, and expel it with the same "miraculous" suddenness as ever characterized the "treatment" of the Physician, Jesus Christ? The blind eyes receive their sight, the withered limbs regain their native elasticity and strength; and every curable bodily infirmity—though seemingly incurable to common judgment—is made to yield its wasting, decaying, and inert vitality to the revivification of healthful activity. What but the keen ability of spirit vision can thus clairvoyantly behold the spiritual organism of the human body, and make application of its intelligence to hidden conditions of life, which baffle the scrutiny of the wisest trained practitioners.

It may be answered, that the highly-developed magnetic clairvoyant accomplishes all this. To no considerable extent, it is true, he does. But a well-defined distinction may readily be perceived between the spirit-infused healing medium and the independent clairvoyant physician. The latter obeys the exalted instincts—so to say—whilst his own expanded spiritual organism has attained; with the former, with a like development of the spiritual faculties, becomes deeply sensible of the controlling influence of a superior personality, feels himself only the agent of another, and that other a freed spirit, with whom he holds often and visible intercourse.

When sane men and women, in full possession of their normal senses, know that they behold the unmis-takable forms of their spirit friends; hear their voices in song or familiar converse; hearken to their instructions about the conduct of earthly matters in which they had special interest when on earth; receive and record their prophecies, which are eventually fulfilled; and daily feel themselves growing in spiritual knowledge

and grace, from obedience to the elevating ministrations of the heavenly messengers; the opponents of the spiritual theory only subject themselves to the gravest charges of gross culpability, when they willfully and maliciously, as is quite often the case, denounce, without investigation, the cloud of witnesses and the reality of their experience, which so manifestly testify of the rending of the veil between the abode of the so-called "dead" and the dwellers on the earth.

When the abundant credulity of the wisest during all time, upon matters least susceptible to rational demonstration, rattle in all history; and the present generation is ever convicting those that have passed of the ridiculous absurdities of many cherished beliefs and infidelities, it is astonishing how difficult it becomes at this late day of enlightenment, to induce the current of prevailing and controlling thought into any new channels. So difficult is it to break through dogmatic, philosophical and religious prejudices, to establish a conviction of the genuineness of a fact, the grandest in all human experience. And the wonder is all the more amazing, in this instance, since it has ever been acknowledged in the professed *chief* of the churches, and most devoutly desired to be so by all, that spirits are constantly around and among the inhabitants of the earth, and in some mysterious manner ever influencing for evil or good their former fellow mortals. But just as soon as this great truth becomes matter of clearest demonstration, and the best minds, upon fearless investigation, yield to the overwhelming conviction, and submit the proofs, the very ones of all others who most stoutly and devoutly believed before, are the most obstinate to assent, and the most persistent in their denunciation—they make no decent attempt to *disprove*—the entire array of testimony which is involved in the demonstration.

All these exhibitions of hitherto latent powers and capabilities of matter, mind and spirit, are patent to the readiest observation; and when the new "spiritual" light shall have broken through the gross darkness and rank materialism of human philosophies, creeds and superstitions, the scales that now cover the blinded eyes of passive vision, will fall off and every one seeing for himself what manner of man he is—being admonished from the higher spheres—and to a degree having the spiritual senses unfolded to penetrate the veil of obscurity within which the god-like faculties have been shrouded, as in a living tomb, "will arise and shine, his light having come, and the glory of (the true) God being risen upon him."

You object to "call back" your departed friend and brother. He has passed through "the valley of the shadow of death," and you feel it a sacrilege to disturb the repose of his freed spirit—even if it be possible—by attempting to renew his connection, to any extent, with a life of pain and sorrow. You feel religiously bound to grant him the largest liberty to enjoy the happiness which attaches to the new life, unalloyed by any sympathy with the vale of tears from which he has escaped? I will ask, has God created us such changeable beings, that the death of the body, even, shall very materially alter our real human characters? Have we been by slow degrees, a life-long, working out individual characters, to so suddenly lose all their features which serve to identify us? Or can you conceive it possible to part with your interest in the highest welfare of the race, through all the means employed on the earth to secure it, simply because you have gone out of the earthly body?

You do believe that the human affections for the dear ones of earth are not impaired in the spiritual man; for you would feel very unhappy to know that your sympathies for mankind perished with the dissolution of soul and body. Then would n't you come back, if you could, to be near to those for whom you had lived and suffered? Would it not be hard to entertain the thought of a possible law of spiritual repulsion, preventing your active sympathies with the beloved? Rather would you really go away far from earth and the scenes of your life, if you could remain to actively watch the objects of your affections, though you could do no more? I throw not.

Have you the least conception derived from any other source than the creative imagination, where the spirits of the dead go? "Not at all," you will answer. Then what would prevent you from harboring the very natural belief—in the absence of positive knowledge—that the realm of the spirit-life may begin from the earth, gradually leaving it and mounting upward to meet the spirit's progression, as the earth attachments and attractions become by degrees diminished?

The idea which commonly obtains, that the spirit, upon its departure, must go away off—to heaven or to hell—nowhere, is certainly the merest rope of sand to hang a hope upon, or to sustain the weight of a cloud of an argument against the probability of the closest continuity of the "spirit land" with our earth. It would be the most natural inference possible, that the spiritual part of man should, after the death of the body, enjoy and inhabit the spiritual part of the earth. As in the body, the material world was all sufficient for existence, sustenance, and as the spiritual part of the earth—the aetherial, imperishable part, or its emanations—could not have been made in vain, or rather could not have been created without its positive usefulness for the spirit of man; it would be quite safe, as well as rational, to suppose that a man's little lifetime on the earth, did not exhaust the capabilities of that sphere, to furnish to another gradation of being a path of local habitation.

No one need feel himself under any obligation to defend the so-called "spiritual" phenomena of the present day, because of the skepticism of such as refuse to examine their merits and test their validity. For the laws of Nature and their possible products, the Creator alone is responsible; and He doeth all things well. It is our province to read aright, if we can, his revelations from out the great arcana; and to use our powers to study and analyze the fragmentary developments of new phases, as by slow and irregular progress they come to manifest their significance to our dull apprehension; and finally, to combine into illuminated science the seeming mysteries and incongruities, which always, of necessity, attend the early stages of every department of our knowledge. No apology is needed for the many "contradictions" that have thus far resulted to the experience of investigators; but explanations are pertinent, and much light can be shed upon the antithetical "revelations" emanating from the "spiritual spheres," and much order can thus be brought out of the seeming confusion of elements, and apparently conflicting testimony harmonized.

So remarkable antagonisms of opinion, even in regard to matters of fact, prevail upon the earth, and the contending advocates of different systems, throughout the whole realm of knowledge, hold so tenaciously to the standard superiority of their own doctrines, that it would not seem at all inconsistent with the earthly education and development of spirits, that they should behold the spirit-land, their own condition and that of others, through the medium of their own creating, viz., their entire individual human characters. It would indeed appear very unnatural and irreconcilable with our ideas of "progressive development," not to receive just as confounding and contradictory accounts of the new sphere of existence, as the faiths and real characters of the spirits were different in this life.

The change of perception is no doubt great, even to the incipient condition of the spirit; but as we hold no vast moral changes suddenly occurring among men, to measurably affect national or individual identity, it would be a rational and consistent inference that the

ladder of spiritual progression must have its gradual rounds of advancement—that, step by step must be attained the imperfect and oft-times very uncertain and erroneous teachings in the school of this life, before the new powers of the soul can really be appreciated the higher creation into which it has been ushered.

The fact that such imperfect and objectionable specimens of men and women are sought and made use of as "mediums," militates not at all against the validity or character of the "communications." Moral character has no more to do, logically, with capacity for unimpaired mediumship, than it has to do with a lightning-rod, which is made a medium between the clouds and the earth for the passage of the electric element. The ordinary "spiritual" medium is simply used mechanically, through physical character only, for the transmission of thought, and the evolution of powers from the unseen world; and as these phenomena cannot be produced without the intervention of human bodies, to whose life principles alone the spirit forces are affixed; and as all human organisms do not possess the requisite magnetic conditions, (which are rarely found in development in the individual,) only such are chosen as have the fullest physical capacity to receive impressions of the spiritual elements.

1. For one, might wish—for the readers' credulity of spirit-intercourse by the better class of minds—that only the pure and intelligent became mediums; for then Spiritualism would commend itself to freer acceptance—or investigation at least, being clear of the animus that is charged against it, from the oft-times disreputable moral character of such as become mediums. Perhaps, in like manner, a greater "respectability" might have attached to the mission of Christ, in his day, had he not been with publicans and sinners, had he not selected the ignorant, *non cullos* fishermen of Galilee to be his mediums and interpreters.

Truth may seem impaired when unbelieved lips give it utterance. A diamond is precious still, though embedded in the filthiest slough. Were not the disciples of Christ made better and wiser men by becoming in his hands, the instruments to work out the democratic principles of his doctrine? Many, I know, who have become mediums, are greatly changed in their moral character from their former thoughtlessness and indifference to matters of a spiritual nature. The teachings which unwittingly they have become the means of imparting, have effected a regeneration in their own lives; and to very many, for the first time, has this unbelieved revelation proved a Gospel of glad tidings and great joy.

In the general category of "Spiritualists" are to be found every variety and shade of opinion, and religious or irreligious character; for Spiritualism to the world at large, who profess to be persuaded of the genuineness of its commonest claims to acceptance—the phenomenal aspects—is yet a very crude and ill-defined display of heterogeneous wonders. But the subject has its homogeneous features as well; for many a true-loving, critical and intelligent mind, actuated by a genuine philanthropy, and imbued with elevated religious principles, have striven to redeem Spiritualism from the vulgar exposition which embraces only external "manifestations," and have bestowed their best efforts in an impartial examination and discussion of facts and philosophy, to discover its uses, and the dangers to be avoided in intercourse with unseen beings; and though they, with becoming modesty, confess that they have but entered the vestibule of the new temple, they have experienced the most profound and heart-cheering convictions, that the living God dwells within, more gloriously manifest than in any temples built by human hands; whose inspiration of a loftier wisdom and holier affection in the religious soul in vito to spiritual worship, such as the world has never known.

It is often flippantly asked—"Suppose spirits can and do communicate with men, what is the good of it all?" I will content myself with answering briefly in the very language of a spirit, given through a writing medium, among several hundred pages of pertinent matter, in my presence.

"Notwithstanding the perfect confidence which many tell you they feel in the existence and power of God, but few of the thousands who are daily seared into eternity, approach their death beds without feelings of fear and horror. They look forward into the vista of the future, and fear that, perchance, they may be mistaken in reference to their immortality, and hence cling to life with the utmost tenacity. Doubts lurk in their minds, and they cannot go to the grave

"Like him who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,

And lies down to pleasant dreams,"

but fearfully, reluctantly approach it as the grand finale of all life and pleasure." "This fear of death arises from the doubts that people entertain in reference to God and the immortality of the soul. To alleviate the dread of this phase of life, spirits came from their happy homes to show their earthly friends that there is in store for all an immortal existence; but men in their boastfulness reject them, and say they never had a doubt as to their immortality. And yet it is a fact, that but few have perfect faith in an immortal existence. Faith is not knowledge. People, who will take the trouble, can learn from the fact of immortality, and hence have every doubt removed. How many a one, since we first began to make our demonstrations, who has refused to receive our visits—when laid low upon the bed of death, have wished that they had examined our claims. They find that they need more than faith to sustain them in that trying hour—they wish for knowledge. And how many there now are, who are rejecting us and our advocates, who, under the same circumstances, will repent in sackcloth and ashes, that they did not investigate the matter."

And again:

"I will briefly sum up the objects in our communication with you, and then pass to my subject: First, to teach men the fact of the soul's immortality. Secondly, to show them the soul's future condition, and what is necessary to be done to secure happiness therefor in the spirit-land. Thirdly, to remove all error, and plant truth in its stead. If no benefit will accrue from all this, then am I incapable of judging of benefits—then perhaps our visits are useless and need not be made. But we are inclined to believe that there is benefit to be derived from our visits in these respects; hence we shall continue to make them, until the world is changed in its moral and mental character—until religion is based upon true principles, and society harmonized."

I may appear to you to have been indulging in the language of mere rhapsody; but I declare, from the bottom of my soul, that no epoch in the history of the race was so fraught with broader or higher spiritual interests. And I cannot but feel that it is the imperative duty of every spiritual teacher, or any other, to cast aside all prejudices, and duly recognize the indisputable facts, which form the basis of Modern Spiritualism; to treat with the utmost liberality and candor the honest and self-respecting faith of a class of men and women, the sincerity of whose convictions, and the integrity of whose principles have led them to brave the scorn and indignation of the whole hierarchy of *non cullos* orthodoxy."

Best assured that truth-loving, law-abiding, intelligent and spiritually-minded men are not, in this practical age, warning against their own present social interests in the community, for any sectarian purpose, or for future self-aggrandizement; but being undeniably persuaded of the merits of a cause that concerns the spiritual welfare of mankind, are bound to steadfastly abide in the new faith—not indifferent to the

skepticism and opposition of the community, but—reckless of the favor of individuals, or synods, which would remotely imply any terms of repudiation or compromise.

Now, if public teachers would only meet the issue manfully, they must studiously refrain from all animus, and not enter into the contest against Spiritualism, as though they were fulfilling a divinely appointed mission to exorcise the Devil for just so soon as they adopt such a course, and as often as they attempt to impose the hypothetical dogmas of exclusive faiths, in proscription of facts and principles, which at the outset are ignored from a flat refusal to examine their claims and merits—just so soon, and ever after, are they amenable to the clearest charge of bigotry; and although they may well succeed in closing the eyes and stopping the ears of their customary hearers from sight and sound of the evidences of strange doctrines, or may impress upon their passive receptivity an unchallenging acquiescence in the belief that the Devil is, in very truth, herein manifest as an "Angel of Light"—it will be at the expense of the virtuous indignation and hearty disgust of all genuine Spiritualists.

Let the learned religious class join hands with the better portion of Spiritualists, to wrest this "mysterious" matter of Spirit Interference from out the hands of all charlatans and empirics, and give it the freest ventilation; and allow the brightest sunlight of human reason to be shed fully upon it, that the world may not go stumbling on in ignorance of the subtle powers that are able to dispense both evil and good to man, when he, in his blindness, shall not know to prefer the one or the other. Let it not be forgotten—as has been so often exemplified, that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers."

Boston, Mass.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

OFFICE, 188 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of man kind";

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

His eyes must be shut who says he can see no further progress in the great Spiritualistic Movement that overlook the world some fifteen years ago. The time is gone by when a man can say there is no progress, just because it does not agree with his prejudices to believe it. Happy is he who can observe, even though it goes against his notions, and is not afraid to report the facts he sees.

On looking over the field, we do not know whether to be more astonished or gratified at the remarkable changes which have been brought about by the instrumentality of Spiritualism. Men and women whom the creeds could not reach, but who were rather hardened by having didactic phrases sited at them, year in and year out, and who have been set down by others as infidels from time immemorial, are, like the flinty rock, suddenly smitten by the wand of spiritual truth, and their natures gush forth living waters. Persons become interested in their interior life and exaltation who never cared to know ought about themselves before. The talk on the soul, and its engrossing demands on the life of man, has usurped a good share of the hours of business, and may now be heard at any time freely indulged in the streets, in the cars, in hotels, and in all public places. The public discourses are inspired with very different purposes from those which animated them years ago. There is more fraternity among churches, and the religious professions within them are possessed of a profounder vitality. The very atmosphere of society is filled with the spirit of the new era which has dawned, and the effects are becoming rapidly perceptible on every side.

Perhaps the most satisfactory proof of the spread of Spiritualism in this country is furnished by the very fact that it is now taking place so quickly everywhere. Mediums are to be found in many and many a family where taunters little dream such facts exist. The power resides just where it is placed, and cannot be talked or laughed out of its lodgment. Circles of minds are consequently interested and enlightened, which had lain in the dark before, or groped blindly about on their way. The spirit of inquiry has spread among all classes, and reached high and low alike. Like a spring food, it has effectually baptized the level lands of life, and enriched them for the work of the future. Not many places but have been thus reached and fertilized. The clergy have been obliged to recognize its presence and influence in their congregations, and of course deter more or less to it in their discourses. They feel that in the hearing of men and women who have a faith in the presence of disembodied spirits, they must needs measure their phrases and qualify their denunciations of such as used to be thundered at as heretics.

All ranks and classes of social life know and feel the blessed influence of this new and reviving belief. Where the old faiths proved dead, and were making little better than dead men of those who subscribed to them, another life seemed all at once to spring up and glorify everything around. Charity began to abound. Benevolent sentiments multiplied. Sympathy grew common. Heart was moved to heart, and the law of attraction developed itself as one of the most potent of all. Not that this spirit of love and fraternity has become universal, or anything like it; but it has become awakened, and is to-day working with a power which a little while ago would not have been conceded to it. All this, to be sure, cannot be spoken of as anything actually accomplished; but it is a largeness of promise, from which the greatest results are yet to be secured.

Those who would in any proper degree realize the spread of our beautiful and soul-elevating faith, should peruse the thousands of letters from all parts of the nation, of which we are yearly in receipt, and study the workings of the hearts whose secrets are so freely poured out on their pages. It matters not if they come from the educated or the ignorant—God's truth is, by general confession, blessing all alike. The call is constantly for light—more light. The hunger grows greater even by what it feeds upon. A common aspiration reaches up and out from the popular masses; and a common sympathy runs through the length and breadth of the land.

Not is this spread of spiritual faith confined to our own country. It has long since effected a foothold in Europe, and made its way over the continent. In London, there is published the Spiritual Magazine—a monthly production of some of the most advanced minds and enlarged spirits of the age. It is a powerful token of the hold which Spiritualism has upon the general mind of the kingdom. When men like Howitt and Bulwer subscribe to its truth, and Faraday invites the savans of science to keep abreast with the progress of discovery, and poets and painters, lawyers and statesmen unite in acknowledging themselves daily influenced by their belief in the presence and power of invisible spirits—we may be sure that such facts cannot go long without their influence on the popular mind and heart of the realm. There is likewise a spiritual organ in Paris—the *Revue Spirite*, which exercises a wide influence by the monthly presentations it makes of the truths of the new and better Gospel. The subject also moves the German mind now, diverting the thinkers and overhauling students of that land from their cold rationalism, and giving new life to their chilled hearts. Letters from leading men in Germany are constantly reaching us, from which we derive assurances of the most gratifying nature in this respect.

While such is the bright record which the cause is able to make at this juncture in the world's affairs, the BANNER has aimed and striven to be now a leader in spreading and sustaining it throughout our own land. From the beginning, it has been upheld by superior powers, whose promises on its behalf they have never failed to redeem. But the friends on earth are expected to hold up our hands while we labor with all possible faithfulness for them, else the invisibles would work in vain. They can effect their purposes only through human instrumentalities. Our tasks multiply and grow great, as we look over the field which is to be cared for; and unless we are sustained by true friends of the cause, peculiarly as well as by silent sympathy, our labors will but come to naught. In the future, the BANNER OF LIGHT is to take a position it has never yet attained, and by reason of the rapid spread of our blessed faith over the land. We have abundant assurances from our spirit friends, and we only ask for the practical cooperation of those who believe in the exaltation of our common race.

Lessons of the War.

Ask an individual who has passed through trouble and sorrow if he would consent to forego his inward joy and sense of relief by never having tasted his sufferings, and, if he understands himself, he will tell you that he would prefer to have the exaltation that followed after, even at the cost of a much greater suffering. Such are the divine compensations in life. None of us would have chosen the sorrow and grief beforehand, yet none but would have had the subsequent enlargement and elevation of soul at any cost.

Who of us all could have actually foreseen the events through which we have as a people been hurried for the past three years, even after its outlines were mapped before our sight by the friendly invisibles? Had we been permitted to compass all the details with our vision, we should have shrunk from their very contemplation with horror; we should have said, "Let but this cup pass from our lips, though we drank bitter draughts afterward in return for the mercy." So little are we competent to realize what is for our highest interest, and to know what mean the experiences which are sent us oftentimes as mercies in disguise.

Man is thrown upon the world, and then expected to make his way. He receives a certain number of suggestions, and a certain number of obstacles; and they are pretty evenly proportioned each to the other. There are just enough of the latter to thwart us in our plans, and just enough of the other to keep our faculties excited to the point where it is expected that the obstacles will be eventually overcome. If we could have our desires for the mere act of wishing, there would be an end of our desires. If we never knew what it is to labor for an object, to struggle resolutely under the stimulus of hope, it would be a very stagnant and level life indeed that we lead, and would really be worth hardly the trouble of asking.

The War was visited upon us for a distinct purpose. Through its agency, powerful and searching beyond all others that could be devised, influences are made to reach us all which could be set in operation in no other so effective a way. Its cruel plowshare drives its iron through the heart of many thousands of families. Very few but know the agony and bloody sweat of a spiritual suffering never before thought of as possible to their natures. So it seems best to the Divine Author that human souls shall be made willing recipients of the higher truths. All the avenues to their hearts were before closed up by success; as soon as disappointments come, they turn to other aids than those looked to before, and open their natures to timely suggestions which would not have been welcome visitors in the past. Such efficient work does suffering perform, preparatory to the reception of higher influences. So much rough breaking up must needs be done before the soil is ready for the sowing of the seed. Then the result will show how necessary was the previous preparation.

Who can sit down with himself and say that this war has worked out its ends in the way originally hoped for? How strangely has not everything turned from the course it was expected to follow? The object set before us all was plain enough, but we have been led to it by different routes than those which our personal preferences had selected. This fact teaches us that there are powers that rule above our heads, and that it would be far better for us to heed them, and work with them, than to oppose and resist them. They command us at last, whether we will or no.

The war, as it has been prolonged, teaches us patience under difficulties, and even under the burden of sufferings. We needed to learn that, above all things. Such an ill-restrained, impulsive, impetuous people it was not easy to find on the face of the earth. But now we have obstacles of so gigantic a character thrown across our path, it has compelled us to wait while we work, and not expect that we can accomplish our plans, no matter how excellent they may be, in a single day.

But, above all, faith is enlarged, and more enduringly established in every heart that loves the country of its birth. We needed more faith, long before we were smitten with our present troubles. We could not have gone on, and been a prosperous nation, a moral people, or in any true sense great, unless this element in the national character had by some means been strengthened and elevated. This will make us a profounder religion than we have hitherto acknowledged. This will bring us to a position where we shall be better prepared to do the work of the spiritual powers that interest themselves in the general welfare and happiness of the human race. With our faith increased, there need be little fear lest we may not in time be made whole. And that is to be the most important work which present trouble is to accomplish upon us as a people.

Mrs. Laura M'Alpine Cuppy coming to Boston.

We understand this eloquent and able lecturer in the spiritual ranks is about to visit Boston, and other portions of New England, on a lecturing tour. Mrs. Cuppy enjoys an enviable popularity at the West, where she has earnestly labored for the last four or five years, and we doubt not she will meet with a cordial greeting in the East.

Park street are generally ugly people. Mark that.

Napoleon.

The French Emperor appears now in a new light, and one not near so satisfactory as that in which has been exhibited of late to the gaze of astonished Europe. Just when he thought he had got matters all arranged at home, so that he could push forward another step his plans on this continent, and when he thought he had deferred the Polish matter so as not to interfere with his designs in America, Austria invites a diet of the great Germanic Confederacy, and, by proposing such changes and modifications in the Constitution, as well as the spirit and need of the several principalities, manages to place herself at the head of the great German power, and suddenly sets Napoleon to thinking. Instead of silencing Austria, as he had hoped, by taking the Emperor's brother for his newly bolted Mexican throne, he wakes up only to find that Austria has stolen a long march upon him, and put herself in the front of one of the greatest powers—as at present reconstructed—in Europe. Instead of being left to pursue his original plans unmolested, therefore, he finds his path to universal empire blocked by the neighbor whom he certainly thought he had lulled asleep.

The next and only thing left him to do, was to make friends with Russia at any price. He lost no time in going on his knees to Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister, who had already offered him a direct line in his correspondence on behalf of the Czar relative to Poland; swallowing all that had been written to him, if only Russia would make up and be friendly. This is the present attitude of the once mighty Emperor of France. His case offers nothing but an opportunity for ridicule to the intelligence of all Europe. He is meekly willing to forget Poland and all he once said and offered to do for it. If he could but secure himself from the misfortune of Russia's ill-will. The tactics of the Austrian Emperor wrought all this, and compelled the French royal brother to eat humble pie for the sake of saving himself and his throne from another of those European coalitions which were the dread of his uncle, and properly so of himself. His power has departed, however, with the throw of his last comersault. We question, if even Jefferson Davis will not in his heart despise him.

Written for the Banner of Light.
REST.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

I.
The weary traveler clambering o'er the steep,
As twilight shadows o'er the mountains creep,
Sees in the distance, as he onward tramps,
The first faint glimmering of the evening lamps.
How calm the humble cottage homes appear,
And as the weary footsteps venture near,
The latch-string's loosed, wide open thrown the door,
The pack released and tot upon the floor;
While in good homely accents, angel-blest,
The honest yeoman says, "Here take your rest."

II.
Rest! what a host of blessings in its train
Come gliding o'er the calm and peaceful plain.
Sweet dreams of home to soldiers' war-worn souls:
Of sunny skies where stormy ocean rolls.
And the tired seaman calmly rests to find
The dear loved friends he left far, far behind.
The sick forgets his ills, his pains take flight,
And Rest, the blessed angel, rules his night.
Whether an outcast, or by friends cared,
Welcome to all the words, "Here take your rest."

III.
And thus when we, who joyous walk to day
With footstep light o'er life's attractive way,
Shall reach its mountain steep and slowly tread,
Weary and worn, the paths through which we're led;
Will we see afar the lights, as we climb,
Shining in homes beyond the bounds of Time.
Brighter they'll beam, until, surpassing all
The lights of earth, we feel our burdens fall,
And mingling with the loved and with the best,
To us the angels sing, "Here take your rest."

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, of New York, is to speak before the Spiritualists of this city next Sunday, afternoon and evening. Of Mrs. C. our readers are somewhat familiar. She is highly prized in the State of New York as a very able and eloquent lecturer. One of our correspondents, alluding to her engagement here, says, "She is one of God's chosen, and no one can come into her sphere without being elevated and blessed. You will be delighted with her lectures. Give her a good harmonious home, for much depends upon the conditions that surround her, and when no antagonistic elements mar her usual serenity, she will utter the most beautiful sentiments and soul-stirring thoughts ever heard from any one."

Our friends in the neighboring towns, who wish to engage her to speak to them before she returns to New York, can address her at this office after the last of October.

Illness of W. K. Ripley.

We are requested by Bro. Ripley to withdraw his name from the list of lecturers on account of his inability to fulfill his engagements, being afflicted with frequent attacks of hemorrhage from the throat. We regret to learn that Bro. Ripley is thus obliged to retire entirely from the lecturing field for the present, for he has been a most efficient and earnest laborer in the spiritual vineyard, and will be missed by those who have been accustomed to listen to his eloquent inspirational addresses; but he assures us his heart and soul are still in the cause of human progress and spiritual unfoldment. Our friends in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where he had made engagements to lecture, will be disappointed, for he cannot meet those engagements. He is at his home, in Snow's Falls, Maine.

Prosperity and Generosity.

Boston and Maine Railroad stock is over twenty five cents above par. Much credit is due the well-tried Superintendent of this road, William Merritt, Esq., under whose judicious management the shares have increased nearly one fourth their original value. Mr. Merritt is affable, just and generous to his employees and to his patrons, wherein lies the main secret of prosperity. Let the people and the nation become more affable, more just, more generous, and they will become more prosperous and happy. The day has gone by, if it ever was, when success shall follow success and be crowned with prosperity, under the silly, assumed aim that feeble-minded men take to themselves because they are elected to the rule of others. The most potent ruler is the most democratic. A. B. C.

Poetic Readings.

Miss M. A. Caffron announces to the citizens of Boston and vicinity, a series of poetic readings at the Reading-Room of the Mercantile Library, No. 28 Summer street, on the evenings of Sept. 28th, Oct. 1st and 5th. Her selections are from the writings of some of the most popular authors—living and dead—such as Longfellow, Macaulay, Bryant, Tennyson, Poe, Hood, Bourcass, Coleridge, etc. Tickets for the series, \$1.00; single tickets, 50 cents.

GP. We call the especial attention of our readers to a very interesting and well-written paper in the *Illustrated Transcript*, which will be found on our third page. It is a familiar letter addressed to a neighbor, and we think will well repay perusal.

Chattanooga.

There is always some one to find fault with after the horse is gone and it is useless to look the stable-door. Gen. Rosecrans had a greater combination against him than he was prepared to resist with any hope of success, and his defeat was the consequence. It is a disaster that should have been provided against, and might easily have been. Where the fault lay that it was not, is not for us to decide, or even to discuss. Yet even with this temporary success, the rebel cause is by no means saved; it is not even bolstered up; its breath may be a little extended, but only to make it die harder in the end. Much as we can but desire speedy and decisive victories for our country in the field, we are not the least certain that the protracted struggles through which we have to go in order to reach them are of the first value in giving discipline to our characters and adding breadth to the new national character. Through trials and sorrows alone can we expect at length to enter into the better state which has been promised us as a nation. Our very reverses are sent but as blessings in disguise.

A Warning Word.

The London Star, perhaps the most widely circulated journal of the great metropolis, confesses, in a late article, that it looks with dismay at the prospect of a war with the United States, whatever the cause or controversy which may draw the sword from its sheath. But—it adds—"to risk such a calamity, in order that mercenary ship-builders may get rich upon the spoils of the slave, or because paltry legal quibbles assumed a greater importance in the eyes of our rulers than the vaster issues of war, we should regard as the consummation of wickedness and folly." These sensible and decidedly humane remarks are prefaced to an expression of the writer's undisguised joy at the thought that Government is at last about to stop the mischievous business of fitting out vessels of war, which were notoriously preparing to make a descent on American commerce, and for whose exit from English ports there could be no sign of an apology. It is well that the government of Great Britain has put in its veto on these arrangements as soon as it has.

Enlisting Slaves.

The black man is edging in to this controversy of ours as fast as he safely can. As his future is as much involved as our own, it is but in obedience to the laws of Providence and the designs of His creation. Whether the negro is destined always to live here among us, or it is in his future to be transferred to the land whence he sprung, it is certain that the education he is to obtain from the present trials through which we are all passing, will be of the first importance to his character. The black man has a destiny, of course, or he never would have had an existence; and he has been thrown temporarily upon the care and tuition of the white race, as much for the good of the latter as for his own. It only demonstrates the close connection that exists between the most widely distinct portions of nature. The enlistment of slaves into the great Union Army is calculated to cherish their self-respect, and give force and energy to their too yielding and compliant nature. They are being slowly taught what individual liberty means, what it is worth, and at what cost and pains it is to be maintained.

Rosecrans and his Trial.

The usual tactics of Davis and his War Department have been again been called out, in the concentration of their forces against Rosecrans before Chattanooga. He is not a man to be bowed by any ordinary opposition, having been sufficiently tested in the service of his country before this. While he held Chattanooga, and threatened northern Georgia and the whole line of rebel communication, it was necessary for the rebel President to make the grand movement in opposition, and beat him back forthwith or surrender his Confederacy. By doing so, he of course uncovered Richmond, and offered the Union commander in Virginia an advantage of which they should have been hasty to avail themselves. This same stronghold in Tennessee has been called the heart of the Confederacy, as indeed it must be; and there it was to be expected that a great struggle should take place, to decide the fate of that part of the rebel concern. Hereafter, Chattanooga is to be set among the names which have been made memorable in the history of this war.

A Stocking Supporter.

At last something serviceable, convenient, and easy to wear, has made its appearance, to take the place of the elastic, or garter, which has been in vogue so long, for the want of something better, and which has so severely done more injury to the system, by stopping the free circulation of the blood, than most people are willing to believe. This new invention does away entirely with that objection and all the other inconveniences arising from the use of the ancient garter. It commands itself at once to the attention of the ladies; and mothers especially will find it just the thing they have so long desired for their children.

The inventor of this article had the idea given to her in a dream or vision. She saw the whole arrangement made and put together, "while she was asleep," and on the following day she endeavored to reproduce it, but failed to do so in one particular; but on the following night she was again shown in her sleep how to make it, and the part which she had forgotten the night previous was particularly made plain to her, at which she cried out, to the astonishment of her mother who was sleeping with her, "I have got it!" and then awoke.

Our readers will find an advertisement in another column of "Putnam's Patent Stocking Supporter," which will give them more particulars. Ladies, just examine the article, which you can find at the trimming stores generally.

Correction.

In our last issue was published an item stating that the delay in the transportation of packages of the BANNER and other Boston papers to New York city, was occasioned by the procrastination of the agents of an Express Company. This was a mistake. The Expresses are always prompt, and we have no desire to curtail their usefulness. The packages are sent by the Railroad freight trains. The delay was occasioned by not getting at our packages until nearly all the freight was delivered to other parties. Our friends south of New York, who have notified us of the non-receipt of their papers at the proper time, of late, will receive them in due season hereafter, as satisfactory arrangements have been made for the prompt delivery of our New York packages.

Mr. Foster, the Test Medium.

This excellent test medium has just arrived in town and taken rooms at No. 11 Suffolk Place, (leading from Washington street), where he will be happy to meet his friends and the public generally for a limited time. Some remarkable tests of spirit-presence have been given through his instrumentality of late, and we have been informed by several reliable gentlemen who had sittings at his rooms in a neighboring city.

Last Picnic of the Season.

Dr. Gardner announces a picnic at Jaland, Mass., Abington, for Tuesday, Sept. 29th, providing the weather is suitable. Otherwise, it will take place on the following day. A grand time may be expected on either occasion. If the Superintendent of the weather will only allow the sun to shine, we think he will.

New Publications.

HISTORY OF ALL CHRISTIAN SECTS AND DENOMINATIONS: Their Origin, Peculiar Tenets and Present Condition. With an Introductory Account of Atheism, Deism, Jewry, Mahomedanism, Paganism, &c. By John Evans, LL.D. From the Fiftieth London Edition. Revised and enlarged, with the addition of the most recent Statistics relative to Religious Societies in the United States, by the American Editor, Third American Edition. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 284. Boston: J. P. Maynard.

In this volume, there is a complete account of the various religions into which the human family is divided, prepared with rigid impartiality, and presented with great accuracy. Their history, their doctrines, their numbers, and their present condition; in short, all that relates to the position of all sects, can here be had, for the reader's instruction. It is seldom that so much matter of solid value is got together in a volume of moderate size, as is here to be found; and that it is so, speaks in the most striking manner for the author's powers of condensation, a fact that secures special mention in an age of diffuse writing. The candor and charity that characterize it are worthy of all commendation, and might serve as examples to most writers on religion, whose tone is apt to be wrathful when treating of what should be the most peaceful of themes. Mr. Evans avows that in writing the work, his design was to enlighten and enlarge the understanding, by imparting accurate views of the tenets characterizing the several departments of Christendom, and he may justly congratulate himself in having at least partially succeeded, absolute success in such an undertaking being quite impossible. That the work should have gone through five editions in England, where readers are not so numerous as in America, shows the estimation in which it is held in that country of conservative ideas, where it seldom happens that a book on religious subjects is popular, unless it possess real worth. The additions made by the American editor enhance its value, and leave nothing to be asked for by those who take an intelligent interest in the subjects to the illustration of which it is devoted.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM: or, Emancipation from Mental and Physical Bondage. By Charles S. Woodruff, M.D., author of "Legalized Prejudice," etc. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 118. New York: Sinclair, Towsley.

Dr. Woodruff has produced an eloquent essay on that theme which now occupies the minds of millions of men, namely, the liberation of humanity from the thralldom of ideas that have long amounted to chains that have impeded its progress. He was against all slavery, whether it proceeds from superstition or whether it binds the limbs of the members of that race of which it has been said that it was born for bondage. He holds that the time is fast coming when men will be freed from the trammels of antique error, and that "the Emancipation Proclamation of the Almighty is issued." The boldness, energy, and vivacity with which he speaks, will win for him an extensive audience at a time when nations are seething with mental life, as it were, and when every contribution to the cause of free inquiry is welcomed by masses of men, all interested in the issue of the combat that is perpetually going on between truth and falsehood.

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK: By Walter Barrett, Clerk, Second Series. New York: Cateator, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The first series of these chatty biographical sketches of the Old Merchants of New York appeared about a year ago, and had a great run of popular favor. It was a happy thought to have struck out in literary labor. Every one will be interested to know what sort of men were those of the past generation, who gave the industry and energy of their lives to the building up of a great metropolis like New York City. These sketches gather up a variety of the pleasantest reminiscences of the men of past days, gossiping even of their eccentricities, their peculiar ways of doing business, their habits of life, their friendships, and their characters. Perhaps it might be arranged, so far as the stringing along of the narrative is concerned, in a more attractive way; but that might not have suited so well with the rambling disposition of the author, who has written his book from a full knowledge of all that has taken place in the lives of these men, and who has set down to write about them. There are many persons who will find their old associations revived in this volume and its predecessor. They will again recall old streets long since rubbed out of existence; old firms, whose works even, in the line of fortunes, are long since dissipated; and personal anecdotes which will warm them with the memories they awaken. The book is published in an attractive form, and will be widely, if not permanently popular.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October presents a fresh and unusually attractive appearance, as we turn its clean pages. Emerson has a poem in it, and Watson an article in review of Carlyle and his recent American visit, which all will be sure to read. We also meet with a beautiful little poem by Mrs. Whitney, entitled "Equinoctial." The character of the entire table of contents is strong. None but the most vigorous pens are employed upon the magazine. Hawthorne and Agassiz have just published each a book, the product of their contributions to its pages.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for October contains an article each from Hon. Robert J. Walker, and Hon. F. P. Stanton, on topics of the first interest to the whole country. Mr. Walker makes a highly interesting and important contribution of what he knows respecting Jefferson Davis and his repudiating schemes, as well as of his part in the conspiracy for secession. The other articles are from the pens of more or less practiced male and female writers. The political element of the Continental seems to be strong. As a whole, we think this number of the Continental an improvement on some of its predecessors.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October opens with a finely illustrated narrative of the first cruise of the "Monitor," Passaic, giving life-like scenes of the Passaic at Sea, the Ship's on Fire, In Tow, Montank's coming in, A Narrow Escape, The Leak, Bailing all Night, Men Exhausted, Off Hatters, Inhabitants of Beaufort, Towing round Frying-Pan Shoals, Light Ship off Port Royal Harbor, in a Fog, Head on to Sea, Quite a Blow, Tenants, Arrival of the Mail, Lost in a Swamp, The cool Gunner, Workmen at Port Royal, Map of Charleston Harbor, Workshop at Port Royal. The magazine also contains its usually excellent variety of stories and other choice reading matter, thus keeping up the great reputation of that popular monthly.

Miss Nutt, the Youthful Medium.
I noticed, Mr. Editor, in the lecturer's column, in the last BANNER, that Miss Sarah A. Nutt, of Claremont, N. H., has advertised to answer calls as a public speaker. As I am personally acquainted with her, I can cheerfully recommend her to the public as a very able lecturer. She was first developed as a speaking medium at the age of thirteen, and spoke in public at fourteen; she is not seventeen years of age yet. She is a profound thinker, and an easy and eloquent speaker. I bespeak for her a glorious future, and I hope the friends of reform in every section she may visit will avail themselves of her services, and aid and encourage her all they can. For I can assure them she is earnest, capable, and worthy, and is actuated by the desire to do good. Very respectfully,
GEO. H. CHERRY.

Lithuan, N. H., Sept. 13, 1893.
Half a cranberry baked on a corn will soon fill it.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A fine tale entitled "DRAFTED: A Story of the War," written for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Mrs. J. S. Adams, will be published next week.

We have received a long and interesting report of the Three Days' Progressive Convention, which convened in the Town Hall, in Potsdam, N. Y., on the 11th of September, the first two days of which we shall print in our next issue—the balance the week following.

The Spiritualists of our neighboring city, Charlestown, recommence their meetings on Sunday next, Oct. 4th.

THE HOLLOW CROONER.—Toombs has "caved in," on the rebel finances. Says it's no use to plaster 'em up, when they haven't any backbone. The poet Watts spoke prophetically when he said:
"Hark! from the Toombs a doleful sound!"

Some of our best scholars pronounce *Homer's History of the Supernatural*, a work of much merit. Spiritualists should possess this sterling production.

A NEW RECIPE TO MAKE FOLKS HAPPY.—Circulate the BANNER OF LIGHT.

He that would lay up treasures in the summer land, should prepare to aid the poor as the cold winter approaches. Some people, it is said, die of an "enlargement of the heart;" but when it is enlarged in the right direction, they never die. The purely selfish are those who die daily. Remember the poor.

Colchester, the test medium, recently invited Mr. Plumb, of the Herald of Progress to a séance at the former's rooms; but after waiting one hour for the appearance of Mr. C., friend Plumb left, somewhat out of humor, reflecting on the "uncertainty of human affairs." Colchester served us a similar trick, and made a similar apology to that alluded in the Herald, for not keeping his word.

The inflexibility of "red tape" is really astonishing. It is told that in one of the hospitals a wounded soldier was likely to die of hemorrhage; the surgeon ordered ice applied, and the nurse went to the hospital steward for it. He declined to open the chest at that time. It was the rule, he said, to open it only at stated hours of the day, and it lacked an hour and a half of the time. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was appealed to. He sustained the steward in adhering to the rule. The hour for opening the ice chest came; after the lapse of slow minutes, the lid was lifted. Meanwhile the man died.—It is said that the late fire in the Navy-Yard, Philadelphia, would not have been half as disastrous as it was, had it not been for the extreme length of "red tape."—Members of the 4th Mass. Vols. were obliged to wait five weeks for their infernal red tape! Those who belonged in other States were forced to remain here until they got their final discharge, without pay, and the consequence was, when they were paid, their expenses ate up their dues. All owing to "red tape."

Evil thoughts and evil associations are worse enemies than lions or tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts will follow us everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room to enter, and you may be sure that bad deeds will not result.

A Report of the Third Annual Convention of Spiritualists at Oregon, Illinois, may be found on our second page. Also, a Report of a Two Days' Meeting at Alpine, Michigan.

God shakes men as he does trees, to make them stronger.

The *World's Crisis* appears enlarged, and, with its "new suit" of types, looks as beautiful as a young bride. But when it looks it contains more reading matter for the price than any other paper with which it is acquainted. We beg to differ with it in opinion. The BANNER columns could absorb the whole of the *Crisis* matter, and then have several columns to spare. No matter. It is a good looking sheet, and shows its prosperity in the face of it—which is "all right."

Bro. Uriah Clark, as will be seen by a letter from him on our sixth page, is wide awake. He is doing good service in the spiritual field.

For Lecturers' Appointments see sixth page.

S. J. Finney has been lecturing of late before the Spiritualists of New York, to general acceptance. The audience at Doremouth Hall, says the Herald of Progress, are large and increasing. So are they at Lyceum Hall, Boston. It is gratifying to us to know, in fact, that our cause is prospering everywhere. In speaking of Mr. Finney as a lecturer, the Herald says: "He treats every subject he handles with a vigor, originality and power which at once stamp him a man of genius, as well as eloquence. Materialists and theologians meet with a powerful opponent when they cross words with Selden J. Finney. In his hands, the Spiritual Philosophy gathers new beauty and strength. His arguments are logically sound and rhetorically able."

The subject of Psychometry was discussed by one of the invisible intelligences at our séance of Sept. 10th. A report may be found on our sixth page.

At the great Spiritualist mass meeting in Oshkosh, Mich., June 20th and 21st, 1893, it was said in one of their prominent speeches: "Spiritualism, with its thousands of mediums and its millions of believers, stands forth to-day as the religion of the world." We believe the saying to be true in a much broader sense than most people are ready to admit, who have not yet endorsed this new religion. But few are aware of the rapid spread of the principles embodied in the system of theology taught by the spirits and Spiritualists. Like weeds they are springing up all over the world, and having a most luxuriant growth, with very little hindrance; so that it is becoming "the religion of the world" in its extent.—*World's Crisis*.

The Herald of Progress says a heated church and a dull sermon are almost sure to induce sleep. True, the best sharpshooters at Charleston are said to be negroes. Five of them recently captured were splendidly armed.—*Ex*.

And yet the Boston Post and other papers of that ilk are continually harping on the dangerous tendency of putting arms into the negro's hands. Why, the South are doing it themselves! These "sharpshooters" may pick off a few of our men to-day; but by-and-by they will pick off the Southerner more rapidly than they ever picked his cotton. The negro has proved to be a good soldier, and in the grand finishing up of the rebellion, the despised colored man will play a conspicuous part. God's edict has gone forth that universal freedom shall bleed the soil of America, and the whole world in arms against us could not prevent it.

An edition of Senator Sumner's recent speech on "Our Foreign Relations" is preparing for transmission to Europe. Its typography and mechanical getting up, it will compare favorably with any similar publication ever sent from America. Other editions will be issued for gratuitous distribution and for sale in a few days.

Part of the expedition to Texas has proved a failure. It seems our gunboats could not pass Sabine Pass, and that two of them fell into the enemy's hands trying the experiment.

The new organ for the Maple Hall, Boston, is 47 feet wide, 13 deep, and 10 high; contains 6,000 pipes, 60 through stops, and has four manuals; it weighs between 65 and 70 tons, and it will cost completely about \$50,000.

Last Grove Meeting of Spiritualists this Season.

There will be a Picnic at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1893. All friends of Human Progress are invited to attend. Eminent speakers will be present.

A good band will furnish music for dancing. No refreshment stands or exhibitions of any kind allowed upon the grounds, except such as are furnished by the Proprietors of the Grove, and of these there will be an abundant supply.

A Special Train of cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and 11.30 A.M. Returning, leave the Grove for Boston, at 4.30 P.M.

From all the Way Stations upon the Old Colony and Fall River Railroads, between Boston and South Braintree, Plymouth and Hanson, Fall River and Bridgewater, the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at half the usual fare by the Regular trains.

Fare from the Boston to the Grove and return, by Special Train, Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depots.

If the weather should be stormy, the Picnic will be postponed until Wednesday, the 30th.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1893.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A large amount of private correspondence has accumulated on our hands of late, which it is impossible, owing to other urgent duties, to so promptly reply to as we would wish. Do not think we intentionally slight you, friends, for such is not the case. You will all hear from us soon.

W. C. RYON, Wis.—\$3.75 received. Bro. B. did know about the circulation, as he was informed of it by us. Also, from Fond du Lac, \$3.50.

A. G. F. WADSWORTH, Ind.—We have no club subscriptions. If you wish for the number of copies you have designated, send to Sinclair Towsley, New York, our Wholesale Agent.

A. W. MARSHALL, Ohio.—If you will take the trouble to refer to our advertising columns, you will at once ascertain the locality of Dr. Newton. He is the proper person to address in regard to the subject to which you allude in your note.

S. M. FORT ALBANY, Va.—Write on only one side of the sheet.

W. W.—Where is your present post-office address?

THE FALL HOLIDAYS.—In spite of the war, the farmers have their favorite holidays in the autumn. The seasons come and go, whether the rebels fight or yield. Nature brings around her sure results once in so many years, let man mix matters up as heterogeneous as he will. It is a mild pleasure now to pay a visit to the many festivals which are holding throughout the rural districts.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

L. W. Blake, Pepperell Centre, Mass., \$3.50; a friend, Charles Green, Pa., 1.00; A. Bates, Homer, N. Y., 50c.; S. N. Claremont, N. H., 50c.; Miss Lucinda French, Washington, D. C., 50c.; Geo. Hardcastle, Quincy, Ill., 50c.; Mr. Libby, Boston, Mass., 1.00; C. M. Chelmsford, U. S., 1.12; a friend, Belknap Falls, Vt., 50c.; Mrs. A. B. Conant, U. S., 50c.; Mordecai Larkin, Downingtown, Pa., 50c.; Moses Trumbull, Cold Spring, Ind., 50c.; Joseph Marchant, Mornington, N. S. W., 1.50; a friend, Albany, N. Y., 1.00; Miss E. Chapman, Lacrosse, N. H., 1.00; H. Betts, Burr Oak, Mich., 35c.; lady friends at Circle Room, 25c., 1.00, 25c., 25c., 50c.; J. J. Burnham, Essex, Mass., 50c.; from a Mass. captain in the army at New Orleans, 5.00.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as mediums are addressed to the imperfect control of the medium, and do so well as can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 168 Washington street, Boston.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONIA HALL, TRISTON ST., (opposite head of dumbell street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 1.30 and 7.45 P.M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. F. M. Conant, Oct. 4 and 11; H. B. Storer, Oct. 18; Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, Oct. 23.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing Sept. 27th. Every subject of the hour made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Free admission.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Wells Hall. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon—J. B. Finney, during October; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Nov. 1, 8, 15 and 22; Miss Maria L. Lock with during Dec.; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. G. F. Works last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March.

ONTARIO, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening, commencing Oct. 10th. Every subject of the hour made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Free admission.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in the forenoon at 10.15, and in the afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall, Speaker engaged: Mrs. M. B. Mead, Oct. 10 and 17; Miss Maria L. Lock with during Dec.; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. G. F. Works last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March.

BARNES.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Sunday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and open to all of our kindred persons. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25; Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 1, 8, 15 and 22.

NEW YORK.—Doremouth Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10.15 and 7.15 o'clock. The meetings are free.

READERS OF THE BANNER will bear in mind that ONE DOLLAR sent to J. P. Snow, 63 Cedar street, N. Y., will get by return mail more good *Star* than you can get any other way. We have used them. U. J. 87.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

A NEW INVENTION

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Putnam's Patent Stocking Supporter!
An invention designed to promote the comfort of Ladies and Children, by doing away with the old method of supporting the stockings by the use of an elastic band, and thereby avoiding the injury of which every lady must be fully satisfied. This new "STOCKING SUPPORTER" is entirely free, and allows the blood full circulation; besides being much more easily adjusted and ready superior to any other in use. He peculiar adaptation of children's use will commend it at once to all mothers, who will know how difficult and vexatious is the task of keeping the stockings in place on children; and its simplicity, and the ease with which it can be adjusted, will find favor with the ladies. It is sold by B. B. Snow & Co., Groceries & Books, John J. Stevens, Whitely & Co., and at the Trimming Store generally. 17

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK.

THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION

Demonstrated on Natural Principles!

BY ANDREW STONE, M. D.

Inventor of the Pulmonary, or Tonic of the Vital Capacity; Author of the Thermal or Cool System of Medicated Inhalation; and Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

In this work of over 200 large pages, the Doctor has given to the public a large amount of most valuable information in regard to the preservation of health, the causes of disease, and how it can be cured—especially, that fatal destroyer, CONSUMPTION. He deals with the "ills that flesh is heir to" in a clear, comprehensive and common sense manner. He gives the cause and cure of from forty to fifty of the most permanent diseases which afflict humanity. The Doctor most earnestly believes that it was never designed that man's existence should be consumed in premature decay, and that with conviction fully impressed on his soul, he has endeavored to give the world something which will benefit the human race.

The work has many illustrations in it, which explain the nature and effects of disease on the system.

Every one, whether sick or well, can find something in this book which will be of great value to them if heeded in season.

For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Retail price, \$1.50. Postage free. Oct. 5.

PROFESSOR LINTNER, Aurologer and Botanic Physician, 25 Lowell St. Brief oral, 50 cents; or a few questions answered by mail for 50 cents, in writing. A written reply for three years to come, \$1; all through life, ladies, \$3; gent., \$2. 5m Oct. 5.

CHARLES EDWARD BENNETT, Nephrologist. Greek, Roman, English and American Coins bought and sold. No. 164 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. U Oct. 5.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,

Recently published from the advance English sheets, is meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

D. D. HOME,

THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM,

ENTITLED,

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,

With an Introduction by

JUDGE EDWARDS, OF NEW YORK.

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Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America.
Chapter 4.—In England.
Chapter 5.—At Rio de Janeiro, Naples, Rome, and Paris.
Chapter 6.—In America. The Prearranged.
Chapter 7.—1857-4—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage.
Chapter 8.—Russia, Poland, and England.
Chapter 9.—The "Corral" and other Narratives.
Chapter 10.—Miscellaneous Preservation. France and England.
Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter.
Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Hume, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with personages distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, we have made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25.

Address, BANNER OF LIGHT.

Aug. 15. Boston, Mass.

PROF. DENTON'S NEW WORK!

THE

SOUL OF THINGS:

OR,

PSYCHOMETRIC

RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

"Enter into the soul of things."—Wordsworth.

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CHAPTER 2.—Pictures on Surrounding Objects. Distant Pictures; Pictures taken in the Dark; Pictures taken on all Bodies continually, and enduring as those Bodies; All past History thus Recorded.
CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry. Dr. Buchanan's Experiments; Effects of Mediums upon Persons when held in the Hand; Characters described in the Medium Letters.
CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Archaeological, and Metallic specimens.
CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Hysterical Apoplexy; Visions; Visions of the Future.
CHAPTER 6.—Utility of Psychometry. Utility of Psychometry to the Geologist, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astronomer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist; its employment in the cure of Diseases; its benefit to the Artist and the Historian; Radiant Forces passing from Human Beings and Influencing Others; Influence of People on the Country in which they live; Influence of a Country on the People; Woman more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Man; Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.
CHAPTER 7.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling; Dreams; Relics and Amulets; Hallucinations.
CHAPTER 8.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul; As the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger; Evidence of our Future Existence.

PART II.—Questions, Considerations, and Suggestions. How Objects are seen Psychometrically; Seen best in Darkness and with closed eyes; Why called Sight; Astronomic Light not needed to induce the necessary Soul-ness; Where the gaze is Directed; Why the Psychometer is unable to see some Objects; The Nature of the Light by which Objects are Seen; How the Psychometer Travels, or appears to Travel; How account for the Hearing of Sounds; Going backward in Time; Continued Effects of Influences; Departed Spirits; Predominant Influences; Conclusion.
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Chirenia will be certainly given, upon application by mail or otherwise, containing the names of many cured during my residence at Syracuse, New York, Oswego, and Watkinson, N. Y. 3rd Sept. 12.

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A T the earnest solicitation of many prominent citizens of A Hartford Conn. will be certainly given, there on September 8th, Dr. Newton cures all curable diseases in a few minutes, without giving pain, using no medicines and performing no surgical operations. He will relieve pain, cure hemorrhoids and permanently from whatever cause. Dr. Newton invites and desires that all who are afflicted pay to come and be healed—Without money and without pain. 15 Aug. 23.

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"THE roots are employed internally in hemorrhoids or blood affections, and externally in gonorrhea, menstrual derangements, blood-poison, scabies, furuncles, etc."

terrestrial couch, profluvia, etc., either in powder or in infusion. In female complaints, such as leucorrhoea, menorrhoeas, and dyspareunia, they act as good anæsthetics—the Indians have used them in the treatment of gonorrhoea, and it is also to relieve their palliatives for Consumption. Externally they are very beneficial, not a certain cure for Inflamed carbuncles and Bores—after a pouge. It is said, they obtain or produce a certain and the need of cutting off mortified limbs. Even the leaves are useful applied to tumours. —*Medical Author.*

—The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them: and he hath given man knowledge of them, that he may not be afraid of the serpent, nor be terrified of his sting: with such doth he beat man, and labors under his pain. —*Ecclesiasticus, in Apoc. chap. xxviii.*

By the structure and shape of the roots, Nature seems to have indicated it as her peculiar remedy for a certain class of diseases. The roots of the *Asclepias tuberosa* and the *Salicis tuberosa*—hence the name *Asclepias tuberosa*—are the most powerful in the prevention and arrest of putrid and other feedings, and the cure of the complaints mentioned in the extract above.

For the female, this medicine is a preventive, and extremely profitable in the treatment of the various diseases of the female sex (see the Committee). I have prepared it with the most accurate regard to the laws of the maternal medicine, in its uses and applications.

It has relieved my cough, healed my cold throat, assuaged my hemorrhages, and restored me to health. It saved my life and I cannot speak of it too highly. Quantities sufficient for cure or relief, with advice and directions, sent per post.

may of express, subject to freight, on receiving the
 124 W. 21st street, New York. Aug. 6.
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A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.
 Dr. H. J. JARVIS, a Retired Physician of great eminence discovered while in the East India, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and Gravel, and it is now ready to be made known to you when his wife's daughter, was stricken down. His wife was cured, and is at home, and well. Desires of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this

It does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, pushtiveness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, diminished expectations, sleep patens in the lungs, some throbbing, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, tension of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

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 Washington street, entrance on Common street.
 Boston, Mass. May 22.

Figure 6

Pearls.

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

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Youth dwells where blossoms hang upon each bough,
Where flowers are strewn on every pathway trod;
Fair expectation sits upon his brow,
The world is heaven to him, and man a god.

A vernal zephyr fragrant roses strews
With its light fingers in his curling hair;
Around his head fair singing birds he views,
Whose songs preserve him from corroding care.

Be still, be still! I tell you each cheerful guest
Fright from the happy youth; for you must know
Our first young dreams are ever still the best
Of what God grants his children here below.

But stern reality comes on apace,
To scare away the golden dreams of youth;
And he must be prepared to run his race
With manly effort, constancy and truth.

We never walk so straight to the grave of a friend
As we are forever walking to our own.

LOVE.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss—
Above, the stars in shrouded beauty shine—
Around, the air and flowers flowery margins kiss;
And if there's a heaven on earth that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is Love! the steadfast and the true—
The immortal glory which hath never set—
The best, the brightest boon the heart ever knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Oh, who but can recall the ere when first they met,
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow?

While summer flowers with twilight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

Humanity toward a subdued foe is as noble as the
valor displayed in encountering him.

THE PHYSICIAN.

You have a noble work to do—a holy work of love—
To soothe, to cheer,
The comforter of sorrow, the erring back, to make the
truth more dear;
Go live for love, humanity, and God, work on with
all your might,
The good will see your light, the great be near—go
battle for the right!

The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the
court, the cabinet, or the camp.

ORIGIN OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beauties of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul,
They will bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While endless ages roll.

It is folly to destroy our present happiness by the
painful foreboding of future evil.

The Lecture Room.

THE SUPREME AUTHORITY OF
DIVINE PRINCIPLES.

A Lecture by Rev. Adin Ballou, before the
Lycæum Society of Spiritualists, in
Lycæum Hall, Boston, Sun-
day, Sept. 20, 1888.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The subject of Mr. Ballou's discourse in the after-
noon was, "The Influence of Institutions on Man-
kind," and was treated in his usual superior style.
In the evening the theme was, "The Supreme Au-
thority of Divine Principles."

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot
hear them now. However, when he the Spirit of truth is
come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16: 12-13.

After reading the above text, Mr. B. said:

This Spirit of truth is undoubtedly the spiritual
word and voice of God, that has been speaking forth
divine love and wisdom to receptive souls from eter-
nity. It is "the true light that lighteth [in some de-
gree] every man that cometh into the world." It is
the eternal Christ-Spirit, whose preeminent influx and
anointing rendered Jesus of Nazareth the Christ of
our race. It spoke through him sublimiter truths than
ever through human lips before, but not all things in
their completeness, because his disciples were not yet
mature enough to digest them. Hence it testified
through him of more explanatory inspirations in the
future—nothing contrary to, or radically different
from the rudiments already developed, but a more
thorough exposition and application of those rud-
iments. This Divine Christ-Spirit has, ever since,
been leading Christ-like souls into truth. I trust that
it has led even me into a profounder apprehension and
understanding of fundamental truths. I think it has
led me to see the supreme authority of divine principles.
This is the theme which I propose to expound in the
present discourse.

What, then, do I mean by divine principles? A
principle is the beginning, or seed, or root, or chief
cause from which a series of consequences proceed,
and on which they all depend. Thus we have prin-
ciples in physics, and in metaphysics, principles in all
departments of Nature—material and spiritual. But
there are many so-called principles which are more
sub-principles, or fictitious, or falsely assumed, or frac-
tional stages of principles. I distinguish divine prin-
ciples from all these. I call that a divine principle
which is inherent in, or coexists with the all-perfect,
self-existent Divine Spirit, God himself—which is an
original essential constituent of his nature, or at least
a primal motive of his activity and conservative con-
trol as the Supreme Mind. We cannot know or under-
stand the nature, character and government of God
except as we know or understand divine principles;
for these constitute God, determine his character, and
authorize the laws of his government. He can be no-
thing, will nothing, do nothing contrary to essential
divine principles. When we have arrived at the just
conception of what I call a divine principle, we can
go no further. It is the primal cause and chief reason
of all that proceeds from it in its own generic line of
consequences. We cannot go behind it, nor rise above
it, to find a prior cause, or beginning, or vital seed or
germ. We cannot reason beyond it. It is therefore of
final, absolute and supreme authority in its own line
of causality and effect.

What do I mean by supreme authority? That which
authorizes, justifies and warrants conclusively, beyond
appeal, any law, order, judgment or process of action
among its subjects or subordinates. It is the final and
conclusive reason why this is or should be so, and why
that is or should be otherwise; why this is right, and
that is wrong; why this is orthodox, and that heterodox.

Now we all must and do look back on some assumed
supreme authority, which is our final and conclusive
reason for every article of faith, and every course of
practice. When a man says he holds this to be true in
theory or doctrine, and that to be right in practice or
conduct, and we demand why, or on what authority,
he generally gives what he deems conclusive. One's
supreme authority is the Bible, or some other sacred
book, from which he quotes texts. Another's is the
Church, whose decisions in council he cites. Another's
is the general concurrence of wise and good men.
Another's is his own experience, or his own received

revelation, his own reason, or his own intuitions.
Another's is the known laws of Nature. And so on,
according to the subject, or matter in question. My
ground is, that on all questions divine principles only
are the final and supreme authority.

In order to demonstrate this, it is necessary to give a
clear view of divine principles, as distinguishable from
things which are assumed to be fundamental prin-
ciples, or which are confounded with divine principles
by busy minds.

There are divine principles in every department of
Nature and of science. These are of supreme author-
ity on all questions arising in their own generic line of
cause and effect. But I shall confine myself, at this
time, to the department of religion. Religion includes
theology, piety and morality, or ethics. Hence we
have divine principles of theological truth, of personal
righteousness, and of social order. A divine principle
of theological truth is some grand, primary truth
concerning God—his attributes, character and gov-
ernment, or concerning his rational creation. Here
the speaker elaborated his points, and proved the ex-
istence of one all-perfect, infinite God, and the immor-
tality of the human soul. He dwelt upon the moral
agency and obligation of mankind, the perfect and
divine retribution, and the divine principles of theologi-
cal truth, according to his faith, and then proceeded to
show that reverence for the divine and spiritual, self-
denial for righteousness' sake, justice to all beings,
truth in all manifestations of mind, love in all spiri-
tual relations, purity in all things, patience in all right-
sufferings and pursuits, are divine principles of personal
righteousness; and that the supreme fatherhood of
God, the universal brotherhood of man, the perfect
love of God to man, the required perfect love of man
to God, the required perfect love of man to man, are
divine principles of social order.

These and all divine principles are distinguishable
1. From any words, phrases or form of human lan-
guage in which they are stated, or propositionally as-
serted. Why? Because the principles themselves
are spiritual truths, so interior, abstract and sublime,
that perfect ideas can hardly be formed of them by hu-
man minds in the flesh; because human language is at
best but an imperfect signifier of ideas; because the
same words do not express the same meaning to differ-
ently developed minds; and because the meaning of
words and phrases is continually changing. Neverthe-
less, human language is a necessary, and we must make
the best of it, never forgetting that the best is not the
very thing itself signified or described, but only a
shadow of the substance.

2. Divine principles are distinguishable from all di-
vine and spiritual communications which purport to
declare, reveal or expound them. Why? For the
same reasons as before. All such communications
have to be adapted to the imperfect conceptual ideas
of man, and then to be expressed in his imperfect lan-
guage. Hence the mere letter, text and phraseology
of no sacred book, scripture or spiritual communica-
tion, is to be received without due regard to the spiri-
tual truth thereby signified, and which is but imperfectly
signified at best. This is true of the Bible, and of
all sacred books. We must get what help we can from
their letter, but never rest content without going down
into absolute principles.

3. Divine principles are distinguishable from all par-
ticular commandments, precepts, rules, and laws.
These are all more or less particular and limited in
their application, whereas all properly called divine
principles are universal, i. e., of universal application,
at least in their own generic line. Take the Decal-
ogue, or ten commandments, for example. They grow
out, and are applications of certain underlying
divine principles, but are particular, partial and lim-
ited in their literal formulas. So of the golden rule,
and all the sublime Christian precepts. We have to
analyze them, and find the divine principles which un-
derlie and authorize them.

4. Divine principles are distinguishable from all
written, unwritten and even natural laws. Because
all laws, of whatever nature, must have divine prin-
ciples as their bases and final justifying reason, or they
have no absolute authority. Laws are only modes of
action. But principles, especially divine principles,
are the primal springs and final reasons of action.
Hence enlightened minds will not stop at the external
fact, the Constitution ordains it, the law requires it,
the Bible teaches it, the natural instincts dictate it,
Nature prompts to it, but will go to the bottom, and
find out whether essential divine principles necessi-
tate, or justify it.

5. Divine principles, in respect to their absolute au-
thority, are distinguishable from all men's personality.
Nothing is true or right solely because any person
wills, or commands, or teaches it. No man nor body
of men, no spirit nor circle of spirits, no angel nor
heaven of angels, no prophet or Christ, not even the
infinite God himself, can create truth or right out of
nothing, or make that truth which is falsehood, or
that right which is wrong. Divine principles, exist-
ing in the immensity of God and universal nature, deter-
mine what is true and what is absolutely right. God
is the conscious personality of these principles. They
together constitute him God, but he does not consti-
tute them principles. He makes nothing true or right
by arbitrary fiat, but from the eternal instincts of these
divine principles in his self-existent nature, he knows,
loves, wills, declares and requires the true and the right.
It is not true or right because he knows, loves, wills,
proclaims and commands it, but being all-perfect, he
knows, loves, wills, declares and requires it, because in
principle it is true and right. So we must say of
Christ, angels, prophets, spirits and men who are
really wise, good and Godlike. Thus the final supreme
authority inheres in divine principles, not in mere
persons. For God himself acts from motives and rea-
sons, and these are found in divine principles. If so,
then the all-important inquiry arises, How shall we
ascertain and obtain a sufficient knowledge of divine
principles? This is indeed the highest work given us,
as rational souls, to perform. It is a vast and glo-
rious labor, which may outlast all our present concep-
tions of progress. It is a work indispensable to our
happiness, and that of the universe. We can only com-
mence and slowly approximate its consummation in
the present sphere. Yet we can make some noble en-
deavors. But how?

1. By considering soberly and frequently the fact
that it is our work—that in truth the authority of di-
vine principles is supreme. Mankind generally know
little as yet of principles, and care little.
2. By exercising, as well as we can, all the faculties
of our moral and rational nature, so as to penetrate
through the phenomenal superficies and externalism of
things to their innermost—causes—principles. Our reli-
gious sentiments and reason must cooperate harmo-
niously.
3. By humbly and thankfully using as helps all the
divine and spiritual revelations, inspirations, intu-
itions, instructions and guidances available, together
with all the discoveries, teachings, examples and sug-
gestions of the wisest and best of our race. We must
not be self-conceited.
4. By being persistently faithful to our highest light
—to the best convictions we can at any time reach,
rising above slavish obsequiousness to more assump-
tive, arbitrary authority. This is prone to forbid the
honest exercise of reason in finding out primary causes
and reasons.
5. By bearing always in mind the distinctive charac-
teristics of every real divine principle, which are these:
First, that we can find nothing behind it as a prior cause
or reason for it; 2d, that it is of universal application
and intrinsic authority; 3d, that it is adequate any book
or writing which purports to reveal, record or expound
it; 4th, that it never contradicts any other divine prin-
ciple; 5th, that it accords with and promotes the
absolute good of all moral intelligences, the ultimate
highest rectitude and happiness of each and all; 6th,
that it is in no wise derogatory to the honor and glory
of the all-perfect infinite Father Spirit, as the absolute
personification of faithless love and wisdom.

6. By writing out, acknowledging, and frequently
revising what we deem divine principles—endeavoring
to state them in their natural order and in the best
terms, till we are satisfied. Also, by comparison of
our results with those of others.
7. By sincerely and earnestly endeavoring to con-
form our relationships and conduct in life, for the time
being, to our acknowledged divine principles.

Thus shall we gradually discover, recommend, pro-
mote and ultimately enter into that divine order which
divine principles dictate, wherein is fullness of joy and
pure bliss forevermore.

My Indo-Medicamentum.

Some of the readers of the BANNER will remember
that not long since, August 29, I sketched an account
of my sickness and self-cure, giving due credit to the
spirits for their kind help in the premises, and showing
that I have the assurance of their continued aid in
the cure of others. For evidence of how great was
my cure and how surprising my restoration to com-
pactive health, I need only to appeal to the recollec-
tions of those who saw my skeleton form—heard my
sepulchral cough—and witnessed my appalling mem-
orages. My pallid face and emaciated frame, attracted
the gaze of the passers-by, and their manner but too
plainly manifested the nature of their apprehensions.

In that sketch of my case, I copied from a medical
writer, a statement of some of the virtues and medi-
cinal qualities of the roots and leaves of a certain
plant indigenous to this continent, and of some of the
diseases and ailments for which they were an infallible
remedy, showing it to be the great specific of the Indians
in many of their maladies. I stated in the same and also
in my medical advertisement published simultaneously in
these columns, and which may now be seen under
the caption of INDIAN REMEDY, that the shape of the
roots of the plant indicated it to have been provided
by Nature to meet the exigencies of the female consti-
tution and diseases. I showed also its agency in my
cure, and awarded to it the chief place among the in-
strumentalities used. In consequence of my announce-
ment of its great value, a goodly number of inquiries
from East, West, North and South, have responded to
my publication, and by this time the Indian Remedy
has reached some sufferers, and I trust, has demon-
strated its power to heal, or at least, to relieve them.
The responses have been satisfactory except in the matter of
remittances of money, nearly all who have applied for
help being in the condition of the famished woman,
beset by the Great Physician, who "had suffered many
things of many physicians, and had spent all that she
had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse!"

I fancy that an advertiser and the sower who went
out to sow, as reported in the Gospels, are in the same
category as complainants. The parable of the sower
illustrates not more aptly the dissemination of
truth among men—its lodgment in their minds and
hearts—and the varying results in their lives, than it
shows how some statements which I made concerning
the medicine which healed my infirmities, in the ad-
vertisement seen in another part of this paper, are re-
ceived by the multitude, and to what extent credence
is given by the reader to things of the utmost impor-
tance. "Some fell by the wayside; and some fell on
a rock; and some fell among thorns; and some fell on
good ground." Poor encouragement to advertise hon-
estly, and to give to the public, notice of a real, sub-
stantial and useful remedy, as the extract I now give,
taken from a letter received calling for the medicine,
will abundantly demonstrate!

A benevolent, kind-hearted and philanthropic lady,
bed-ridden, and obliged to be bolstered up, in order
to write me, sent for some medicine for a friend, on
the strength of what she saw in my communication of
August 29. I forwarded a package and referred her,
for terms of payment, to the advertisement in the BAN-
NER. In her second letter, among other things, she
says: "I received your medicine, by last night's mail.
On referring to the BANNER, I find your advertisement
which had before escaped my notice. I seldom read
advertisements, as I have but little confidence in the
ten thousand nostrums advertised to cure all the ills
flesh is heir to. The article referred to in my last, at-
tracted my attention, and it was your signature that
drew forth the request in behalf of my suffering friend
and her distressed family. You may ask what I know
of you. I answer, nothing except what I have gleaned
by my reason and intuition, from the products of your
pen." The words of kindness and of praise follow.
"It becomes me to omit. I am aware there is too
much reason for the lady's neglect to read an adver-
tisement of medicine. In my notice it will be seen
that I only propose to practice in a more extended ter-
ritory than that available by means of horse and sulky,
and to confine myself in such extended circuit, to a
specialty."

Who does not pause to read the swelling words
used in the oratorical literature of the vendors of Plantation
Bitters, with the capital letters and numerous signifi-
cant of some house power, or cabalistic creation—the old
Dr. Townsend's Bitters—Dr. Townsend's Sars-
aparilla, and some gross, which fill the papers? Take
out of these preparations, the alcohol which is used,
and which is the bait to entrap the customer, and how
large would be the sales? No wonder people pass
over advertisements of medical remedies, nor strange
that so many of the medical profession take occasion
to scout all preparations found outside the Pharmacop-
oeia. My father-in-law, in his earth-life, justly used
to discourage the use of all the drunkard-making com-
pounds under the guise of medicines. He would make
up for the nonce, to illustrate his dislikes, a sort
of fitting language for a label to such impostures,
thus: "Dr. Boniface's Liquid Extract of Ring-dangle-
top, and Elecam-fondle-root—an infallible cure for all
ailments of the stomach." &c.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles—notwithstanding
nobody may read the notice of the Indian Remedy, so
valued by me as my Life-Preserver, I intend to oper-
ate, in some way, a broad-cast knowledge of its medi-
cinal virtues, and to heal all in my power with or
without adequate remuneration according to the abili-
ty of the patient. For encouragement in this direc-
tion, I recently received from the spirit-world, through
the hand of Mrs. Staats, No. 83 Amity street, in this
city, the following from my Patron Saint, the Prince
of Physicians, and Archibuteo to a Roman Emperor of
the Second Century:

"I come from a circle which has long controlled your
destinies, and as time works wonders, you will find
that you will slip into the groove they have cut for
you, and you will do good in the earth. Your reme-
dies are for this age and day, and your healing in-
fluences are steadily improving. Do not fear what
man shall do or say. You have begun aright—con-
tinue so to do."

HONORUS DABESSA.
New York, Sept. 21, 1888.

Married.

In Ellery, Ill., Sept. 17th, by Rev. H. F. M. Brown,
Mr. Solomon Raser to Miss Mary Denban.

In this city, Sept. 8th, by Rev. Mr. Tenner, Mr.
William L. Gordon of Haverhill to Miss J. Inez Dear-
born of Boston.

By J. M. Peebles, at the residence of the bride's
father, Sept. 16th, Mr. T. O. Sougall (brother of Miss
Selle Sougall) to Miss Annie Goughy, all of Rock-
ford.

Letter from Washington.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, 1888.
It is a long time, dear BANNER, since I have felt
like attempting to write for your columns the impres-
sions and the matters appertaining to our cause in this
city, probably from the fact that very little of interest
to our friends has taken place here. Washington is
but a nest of war-birds. The Dove of Peace can hardly
find a resting-place within the boundary of our whole
country; but the Capital is the grand centre from
which radiate all war matters, and to which all war
interests centre. Yet amid all the bustle and turmoil,
and the preparations for the deadly strife, the seeds of
Spiritualism are germinating. Many are inquiring the
way of life; and those of us who are so fortunate as to
have traveled a portion of the journey of life in the
right train and the right car, are being questioned by the
least favored in relation to the road. The world
would be astonished could it see the interest felt by
the parent, the wife, the child, the friend, for tidings
from the spirit-world. It has been my happy fortune
in many instances to act as a guide post to show these
friends the way to the Depot of Communication.

Circles are being held in this city for investigation,
and the interest felt by the friends I think augurs
well for the coming lecture season. Washington has
within its limits some of the ablest of our defenders,
among whom I may name Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, Hon.
Robert Dale Owen, Rev. John Pierpont, Thos. Gales
Forster, and others, who, although at present engaged
with the Government in its efforts to preserve the
Union, are none the less earnest in advocating the
cause of truth.

Dr. A. D. Buggles, formerly of Philadelphia, and
student of Prof. Bore, after having served laboriously
in the Army as a Surgeon, was obliged, on account of
his precarious health to resign, is now practicing in
the line of his profession, both medical and surgical,
with great success. He was one of the finest surgeons
of the Army.

I was greatly surprised a few days ago, to under-
stand that Mr. Pierpont, the lifelong advocate of
Freedom, the man whom few can equal as truly a
friend of equal rights, one who has been persecuted,
who has suffered, who has been called for years to
make great personal sacrifices for the cause when in
his infancy, which now has become popular, holds but
a first class clerkship, the salary of which can barely
maintain himself and wife. I say I was surprised, and
so must be his friends. At this stage of life, after hav-
ing done so much for Freedom, he should not be
obliged to labor at all, much less at so small a salary.
He should be placed beyond the need of daily labor.
In any other country one who had done so much,
would be honored and rewarded. Bro. Pierpont is one
of the few pioneers left, and should be more honored
by all the liberal-minded of this day.

An interesting winter session of Congress is anti-
cipated, and already leaders are adding to their ranks
and board. Visitors are numerous, among whom are
many who come to visit wounded friends in the hospi-
tals. It would do all good to witness the more than
kind attentions paid to every soldier within their
walls. Nothing that money or human sympathy can
supply, is wanting, and the most favored patient in
hospitals does not receive greater attention than is
given to any and every soldier here. This of itself is a
grand monument for the Administration.

Another great object of interest which calls visitors
here, are the fortifications around the city, which are
on a magnificent scale. None visit them without be-
ing surprised at the wonderful display of warlike pre-
parations to prevent the possibility of a surprise on
the Capital. In after years, when the war is over and
Peace is again proclaimed, the supremacy of the Gov-
ernment established, then will pilgrimages be made to
Washington, to view the forts, ride pits, embank-
ments and other means of defence. We now do not
comprehend the vastness, the immensity of the scenes
through which we are passing. We cannot conceive
of the more than hellish acts of the conspirators
against the best of all Governments. But thanks to
the wisdom of our President, the light so long seen in
the distance gradually increases, and soon it will
spread over the whole country, and Peace will once
more bless the land.

Yearly Meeting.

The Indiana Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Pro-
gress will be held at Richmond on the 23d, 24th, and
25th of October.

All the friends of humanity are invited to come and
participate. Speakers coming this way will be wel-
comed. Arrangements are made to have a good time.
On behalf of the Committee,
SAMUEL MAXWELL.

Richmond, Ind.

Meeting of the Friends of Progress.
The Spiritualists of McHenry, McHenry County, Ill.,
and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting, on Fri-
day, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2d, 3d and 4th, 1888.
Eminent speakers are expected to address us. The
platform will be free, and a general invitation is ex-
tended to all. Ample provision will be made to enter-
tain those from a distance.
By request of Committee,
S. BROOKER, Secretary.

A New Work of Great Interest.

JUST PUBLISHED,
PRE-ADAMITE MAN:
THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE,
From 35,000 to 100,000 Years Ago!
BY GRIFFIN LEE, OF TEXAS.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Adam not the first man! Men built cities in Asia thirty-
five thousand years ago; Luke Burke and the credibility
of History; The First of Genes; The New York Tribune and
Leonard Foster on Egyptian Papyrus; How long have we
known that the Egyptians made Pottery 7,500 years before
Adam's date; The Archaic Wall paintings of the French Egyp-
tologists in the Egyptian Delta; Discovery of the colossal
statue of Rameses II, and what followed it; Syncretism
and the Chaldean Clericalism; Striking back 98,000 years;
Chinese Kings 18,000 years ago; Pre-Adamic, the original
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(Mizraim) not the grandson of Noah; Rabbinical Forgery
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and credibility; The first man, according to the Egyptians;
Bunson's Deduction that civilized man inhabited the Nile
lands over 80,000 years ago; Persian Chronology—Mahabod,
Jy Affand, God and the First Man; A Heathen's Philosophy;
Why built Ham and the Pyramids; Did God or the gods
create Adam? Some curious suggestions; Precarious foun-
dation of Adam and the Adamic theory.

CHAPTER II.—Cain, Cain's wife, Lamoch's wives—where
did they get them? The answer; Pre-Adamic nations east
of Eden; Job—who was he?—certainly not a descendant of
Adam; Numerous Scriptural authorities establishing the ex-
istence of men not of Adam's race; Continued in other
chapters.

CHAPTER III.—On the banks of the Nile; What an India:
Chief thoughts of the Shem, Ham and Japhet tradition;
Bunson, Riel and Gass 4,800 years ago; Are Joyce, Jerusa-
lem, Jerusalem, and Jerusalem? Philological Observations;
Specimens of two New Languages now growing.

CHAPTER 4.—The Nile and Tull, the Nile and Flow of Ka-
phor; America, Chaldean, Egypt; Bunson's Adamic theory;
CHAPTER 5.—The stone structures of Egypt; their
styles indicate two distinct nations of antiquity; the
each other on the same spot, with a vast interval between.
CHAPTER 6.—The Pyramids of Chios; Andalus and
Medieval; The Artificial and Mythical characters of the
Principal Spokes of Roman History, Regal, Republican and
Imperial.

CHAPTER 7.—Ten thousand years of Italian Tradition; The
Errors and Adjustments of the Roman Year and Calendar;
from Romulus to Pope Gregory.

CHAPTER 8.—Bible and Ignorance of the Clerical; The
error relative to the most important and curious facts of
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CHAPTER 10.—The Gortina vs. Man; Is the latter but a de-
veloped form of the Humana? or is he the initial type of
a new range of animal existence? A new class and
kingdom of Nature? If the latter, what a future he holds
him!

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years at least; Mr. Kobb and his first arrow-heads from the
"Elphanta" Human remains found in a Rocky Mountain gold
mine.

CHAPTER 3.—John Elliott, in the "Geologist" on Fossil Man,
and remains found in Durham; The Heathen-Born Disor-
der; Prof. Huxley, F. R. S., on the celebrated "Mushroom
Skull"; The Trent Skull and its dimensions; Human re-
mains from Neanderthal; The Belgian Skull, found with
the bones of bears, hyenas and elephants; The Meant and
Meant Skulls; Dr. Schaufhausen on the "Flint
Skeleton"; The Neolithic Skull; The Sennen Cranium;
The Montrose and Neolithic human skulls; The Eocene
Skull and its measurement; Skull of a Gorilla, compared
with that of Man; Skulls from Burma, and their dimen-
sions; Human bones from Switzerland; Copenhagen fossil
skulls compared with that of an African Negro; Professor
Owen on Ancient Crania; The Eocene Skull; "The oldest
man on earth"; The Dolichocephalic Crania; A
man, Chimpanzee, Negroes; Table of the oldest human
relics found with fossil mammals; Tables of the Earliest
Evidence of the Human Race.

CHAPTER 4.—Fossil Man; various Geological Societies,
and discoveries of fossil man by their members; "Flint
of the Drift"; Liverpool, Glasgow, three skulls; Prof. Burt
O. Blake, and S. I. Mackie on "Human Fossils"; John
Frederick, Esq., on "Fossil Man"; The human remains re-
ferred to three geological periods of this present
Kewenau, Paris, Flint Implements; Oriel, Flint Implements; Broom
Clermont, Human remains and Fossil Elephants, Rhinoceros,
Oxen and Cats found five hundred and forty feet above
high water mark; English Human Fossils; O. Blake on
the last life in South Africa; The Eocene Skull; A
large as Man; Professor King on Natural Selection; Dar-
win's Theory; Dr. Buckner on the Monkey-origin of the
Negro and other Men; A host of names in favor of the
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March 88

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