

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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JASMINE;

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

CHAPTER VI. A Chapter of Home History.

"Oh, what some power the gentle gleam
To so serene a light as this
It was from some one's hand
And from some one's hand
And from some one's hand"

It is exciting to read of the drama portions of life? Do you feel the quick painful throbs of sympathy while perusing the heart-trials of a fellow wayfarer on the rugged paths of discipline? Do your tears flow in loving, utter abandonment, of some reminiscent sorrow of your own, in reading of the ordeal woes of another? Do you think of some early grief or bereavement equal to mine, and feel for the unknown sufferer the yearning affection of the fraternal soul?

Yet there is a beautiful use in thus retracing the darkened pathways of the past, in arousing the dormant sympathies, even the retrospective pang; for time, not because of change or distance, but in virtue of its administrative power has directed the darkest trial-day of its once impenetrable gloom. The cross is now enwreathed with flowers, the gates of experience that lined the road have opened one by one, and admitted the pilgrim into teaching realms. The mourning veil has fallen from the star-own'd brow of sorrow, and her name is revealed as Discipline, the earth-attendant of the learning soul.

It is well for me to portray the darker phases of life, to recall the past walls of wretchedness, to give to you the life-pictures of the secretly enacted tragedies, and lofty poems of this first conscious existence. It is good for you to weep, to feel the homesick sadness, the momentary grief of sympathy. All that evokes the benevolent impulses of the soul of love, elevates to a higher plane, inspires to more reformatory action, a deeper, wider, humanitarian purpose. But for a little while, I too, must rest ere I proceed with the startling events of my earlier years.

I need not tell you of the quickly succeeding occurrences of this accused rebellion; of the thorough awakening of the northern blood-spirit, dormant too long. Of the first battles, where martyr blood dyed the summer sod; of the exultation of the yet hopeful demon of Slavery when defeat overtook, and panic overspread the vast, yet untamed forces of the Union; how mother-hearts shed tears of blood over the vacant home-seats; how the widow and the orphan cast their shadows over widowed hearts; how brave commanders fell, and the desperate struggle was renewed with undiminished ardor; how treachery clothed itself in the garb of patriotism, and led our brave sons into death. All this is history now, written in the annals of men, and guarded in the archives of heaven. Thank God! he who is the life of my spirit is safe. The loving guardian immortal has shielded him amid the battle's fray. Sweet, hopeful letters, that transmit the motto of love, the fragrance of soul, the joy of reunion, the glow of patriotic ardor, come to me often: treasure-laden messages from the kindred spirit that is mine throughout all lives.

Hark! there is a furious yelping that proceeds from the impassible Ruby. Terese is talking in a somewhat loud key. I know what all this portends. I am to undergo the indignity of a visit from the widow Waltham. My dog is spiritualized enough to distinguish influences. The combative element when disappointed by him, arouses all his own dormant fierceness. I believe, too, he is sensible of the treacherous sentiments of the South Carolinian, and not even at my command, will he refrain from evincing his loyalty by sundry snarls and barks, and side attacks, conducted with considerable strategy upon the feet and trailing skirt of my visitor. Terese dislikes the widow as much as does Ruby. I know it by her elevated voice, and the subsequent uncharitable remarks:

"What she wants come here so many times, hey? How can you write me all your head mits so much gibble gabble? I think you must feel ke-er-ey (crazy) run she go. I wish de old prout, black ting stay in her own house? Goot if Ruby bite her all up; I give a dollar to see dat."

I must transcribe for you one of my many conversations with the widow. Pride takes on some fantastic shapes. She is bitterly ashamed of her poverty, of the necessity that impels her to labor. Such a downfall for a Southern lady of the first quality, of treasonable Charleston! I leave my manuscript scattered over my desk, and I retain my seat before it, hoping this may operate as a slight hint that I am busy, and would prefer a short call.

Her languid, slow, and gliding motion is inflexible. Her apparel is faultless, though cheap in material; her boots are of the Orthodox size; her dress of the fashionable tightness and street-sweeping length; her bonnet is of the prevailing shape; her shoes are stylishly worn; she drops into a seat and sighs, with an upward motion of her sparkling, piercing, black eyes, patting back her long morning veil.

"Why, Mrs. Waltham, you seem fatigued with your walk?"

"Indeed I am, Mrs. St. Leon, and you would be too, if you was cooped up all day in a third-story room, with, all the time, 'I'm most worn out; and when I think how well off I am folks are, without any merit of their own, I think Providence is partial, and I just feel like giving up and lying down to die at once! When I think of what I have been, and what I have come to!"

"But, my friend, it is necessary to conform to circumstances. Out of all trial grows a lasting, heavenly good."

"Yes, yes, it is easy for you to preach, with a home of your own, and a girl to do your work, and a woman

to come and wash and iron, and do your drudgery, with not a care in life but the charge of that snappish little animal there."

Ruby growls at this allusion.

"Do you think I have no cares? Is not my husband exposed to all the toils and dangers of a soldier's life? Have I not to think of the needy ones I can aid, and must I not plan for the comfort of those around me?"

"Oh, all that is n't anything; you have n't got to work for a living; you have n't got to fret and worry and stew about to-morrow. You have n't got to broil your face over the stove cooking your own victuals as I have to do. It's easy enough for you to talk, sitting in that comfortable stuffed chair, with a pen in your hand, or a book."

"It is not always as easy as you think, Mrs. Waltham, to hold a pen, and I do not read much for amusement, but more for instruction. If I were situated as you are, I should neither fret, stew, nor worry; but trust in God, and hope for better days."

"Yes, easy to preach. Those who wear the shoe know where it pinches! You've never known what it is to be poor, and looked down upon by a purse-proud, almsgiver, pulled up set of shoemakers and tailors, and low tradespeople, as most of the northern people are."

A slight stirring of combative feeling within, which I put down with a strong head. Ruby growls from time to time; he does not like the tones of her voice.

"There are ill in life equivalent to the sufferings of poverty," I reply; "and any profession is honorable when conducted in the right spirit."

"That's the way you look at things, Mrs. St. Leon; you've lost all your old English pride of birth and family. I can't lay mine aside, and do n't intend to, for any upstarts in this prim, drab-colored, snailly old city. My family—well, you can inquire of the Reeds, and the Minors, and the Dicksensons—they can tell you who I am, if I am a poor, despised, down-trodden, working drudge now! My father was a liberal descendant of the English Blessingtons; my mother was one of the first beauties in Charleston; her family never soiled their hands by work, as I have to do! Your millionaire shoemakers and parvenue tailors and grocers could n't get admittance to their circles—not they, with all their money. Money is everything with you at the North; we of the South look upon family as a passport. If I was back to Charleston, I should n't have to demean myself by labor."

Ruby, to whom the repetition of the words "Charleston" and the "South" seemed particularly obnoxious, now makes a furious charge at the widow, who vainly endeavors to coax and pacify him.

"What a snap-dragon he is!" she exclaims; and I go to the door and call Terese to take him away. He obeys the sound of her voice, and as I close the door, I hear her telling him in German, to eat the tormenting black thing up!

"Mrs. Waltham, it is time you imbibed somewhat of the spirit of the North, after so long a residence among us. Tailors and shoemakers, grocers and men of all trades are needed, and scores of them are gentlemen, in education and refinement, equal to the nobility of any country. Your indulgence of family pride, which, excuse my frankness, a very foolish kind of pride, subjects you to suffering and discontent. You would be much happier if you laid aside your Southern prejudices, and believed a little more in equal rights."

I strive to speak composedly and kindly.

"Equal rights! there's no such thing as getting used to lower oneself; you're just half crazy on the woman's rights and politics affairs, Mrs. St. Leon; and after all, they talk so much, don't know B from a bull's foot! Just think of the slandering fools and middle aged jinnies that had better be staying at home, and cultivating their manners, going about as doctresses, and cutting up dead folks, and making themselves as disgusting as can be! Mounting on platforms, and preaching Abolitionism and Bloomerism and such humbug! They would n't be tolerated in our good society. Mrs. St. Leon, with your good family name you ought n't to countenance such low doings."

"We differ in our views. I honor the woman who dares to brave the toll and opposition of the world to enter into the arena with man. Woman is as capable of healing the sick as is the wisest man. M. D.; she is eminently fitted for this glorious profession. I bless the female physicians of this city, and wherever they abide. They have a mission that is hushed angelic. As for the preaching, woman has as just a right to be a public advocate of universal freedom, as has her brother, man. She, too, is imbued with the fervent, holy love of liberty; let her express her sentiments by tongue and pen. As regards the Bloomer costume, would to heaven this day were come that would behold the daughters of America liberated from the shackles of fashion and unhealthy attire. Some day, when this struggle for national honor and freedom is ended, and my dear husband is restored to me, we propose moving into the country. Then, I, too, shall adopt the reform dress."

"You shook me, Mrs. St. Leon! What wear a Bloomer? You, an English lady!—why, you will be the laughing stock of all your neighbors."

"But I shall gain my own self-respect, the approval of my husband, and that of all sensible persons. I shall enjoy more freedom of motion, better health, and strength."

"Mrs. Waltham heard a plying sigh.

"The ladies where I came from are healthy enough, and they do n't ape new notions, and practice gymnastics, and make themselves ridiculous putting monkey capers in loose trousers, as you say you do every day. As for them Abolition notions, they're the rule of the country. They've brought about this horrible war, that's taken your husband, and so many other husbands and sons and brothers, to be shot at and cut to pieces! The negroes are the curse of this country—it's for them the Union is broke up."

"Yes, it is for them we have this terrible strife, but not through any fault of theirs. God's retributive justice is about to be as fully manifested that all will honorably bow in the name of the Lord of liberty. The African has been enslaved for the selfish purposes of the whites; we of the North have lost the influence of the whites to you of the South; we are the

guilty, for we live beneath the shelter of free institutions and know the value of liberty for ourselves. Therefore are we punished, and the purification of the nation is to be made through the martyr-blood of her sons. But the Republic that is to be a great and exemplary one. The Union as it was with Slavery, is to be no more. The Union as it should be, cemented on the unbreakable basis of human freedom and equal rights, shall be a beacon-light of glory to the world!"

"Yes, yes; you can outtalk me, Mrs. St. Leon. I haven't your flow of words; but isn't it outrageous the way we have to pay for things? Look how coffee and tea, and sugar and flour, and everything is going up, and cotton will be nowhere soon. I know the time I'd have scorned to put on a calico; now I only wish I could get one—they're so high! and I can hardly earn enough to buy groceries."

"All these are the inevitable necessities of a time of war; but in this there is a great good. You know I believe tea and coffee to be injurious to health; corn makes good coffee, and our country furnishes numerous medicinal herbs fit for tea. We do not need the products of China or the West Indies; all that is grown upon the native soil is far more healthful than that brought from afar."

"How you go to extreme lengths in your ideas, Mrs. St. Leon. I've drunk tea and coffee all my life, good and strong made at that, and never felt the worse for it."

"But you are excitable and nervous; easily irritated and often depressed in mind. Believe it, this is caused by the reaction of stimulants; you are better without them."

"I always thought brandy and such stuff was stimulants. I can't live without my tea, and I'd just as lief starve as eat my meals without tea or coffee. As for corn and such messes, that's a slap and not the genuine article. I can't live on an apple and a pig. You are all wrong with your vegetarianism and Graham bread; I do n't see how you live and manage to keep your flesh and color, living on grasses and berries, and such light stuff. I believe you never eat cake, or pie, even?"

"Rich cake never; pie not at all. I strive to live in accordance with the laws of Nature, and the suggestions of the spiritual philosophy."

"I do n't believe in following up Nature in everything; we would be like the savage, and I've got no time to study philosophy. We've got to work for my living, and if spirits can do so much as people pretend why do n't they help me out of my difficulties?"

The widow is a partial believer in Spiritualism; she stands upon the external plane of wonderful manifestations and miraculous interventions of the invisible world.

"Spirits come to teach us self-control, self culture, to inculcate the virtues of patience, charity and forbearance; they leave us our free range of action, and very seldom interfere in mundane affairs."

"Well, they say, spirits predicted the war. I think they might as well have predicted it. What a blessing it would have been to have shut up all the Abolitionists and prevent their mischief-making."

"Freedom cannot be muzzleed, Mrs. Waltham; it must work out its mission of emancipation to all the world. It begins here with the African, it will not end until all the white slaves of the earth are delivered."

"I'm glad to hear you make that concession, you're such a hot-headed Abolitionist! Aunt F's worse about my Dinah ever was in my mother's kitchen! Have n't I to descend to mental positions, with the feelings of a lady? Aint that slavery, Mrs. St. Leon?"

"No, it is only discipline; your pride needs humbling. God cares for you as for all his children; he sends you sorrowful experiences, that you may profit thereby and grow better."

"Aint I humbled enough? Do n't I have to associate with people I would n't have admitted to my society? Do n't I have to dress in eighteen cent goods, when I never wore anything but the best and finest material? Have n't I condescended to do things that galled my very soul?—even taken a housekeeper's situation in one of those upstart families that sprang from shoemakers and Massachusetts farmers?—and have n't I been a dish-washer, a sweeper, and a bed-maker for them all, that was n't fit to step in the dust of my shoes? What more humiliation can I endure?"

I smile at her vehement manner and sentimental tone, and tell her again all this is discipline to teach her humility; that no station in life is degrading, simply on account of the labor performed.

"I know it is hard to step from the indolent life of a fine, fashionable lady into the routine of daily labor," I say. "But you do not remedy that difficulty or remove the toll by constant complainings. You were treated as an equal, as of course you should be, by the Massachusetts family you exclaim against. Your duties were not too arduous. You quarreled with the colored girl, their cook, and left a good home."

"Do you think Mrs. St. Leon, I would submit to impudence from a great, lazy, ignorant, saucy nigger wench? I wish all that take the nigger's part, and think so much of them, would have a whole string of the sweet-smelling darkies hang round their necks when they got to heaven! I stood on my dignity, and left the home."

"You should have avoided quarrelling. It never does any good, and besides, it is not lady-like, Mrs. Waltham."

"You see, we of the South have n't got your cold, blooded Northern coolness; we flare up at an insult, and I could n't do less when that bump of a manlike looked me straight in the face and gave me a piece of her saucy tongue. I'm the biggest white slave in all this cold, snarlingly, heartless, hypocritical city, that I wish I had never set my foot in!"

She grows more and more excited. I retain my calmness, and reply as I feel:

"Thousands are more sorely tried. The poor immigrant girl, thousands of miles away from her home in Germany or Ireland, huddled her weary way to send home to feeble parents, is far more to be pitied. She works hard from early dawn till late. As our city customs are, she is regarded as a being of another mold. She is left to her own sad thoughts, her

depression, in a foreign land. Few ladies think that upon them rests the duty of elevating, cheering and rendering happy the dependents who eat their bread. The poor girl's services are bought for money, not for love and sympathy. Home is to her, too often, only a pile of boards of toll. The seamstress is a slave few think of to pity as she deserves. Her youth and health are wasted in the wearing toll of the needle. The young girls, who behind the counters of fashionable stores wait upon the petulant fine-lady customers, standing wearily for hours, bearing meekly with the haughty airs, manifold caprices and torturing whims of the spoiled daughters of fortune, are they not slaves to arbitrary customs? To stand behind a counter, exercising patience so many hours of each day, is enough to make a saint out of a woman! Our factory girls, our sick-nurses, those who, almost children themselves, have the charge of lesser ones, are they not all toll-worn, weary, suffering? I hope for the time to come when all these social evils will be remedied, when the wealthy will learn their human duties, and woman lend her powerful aid to the cause of education, when every soul shall seek to elevate its fellow, and the desire to do good shall be the motive power of all."

"It will be a long while that, Mrs. St. Leon, before all those grand visions of yours will be realized. You can't knock over the distinctions of society, and you can't make equals of inferiors. There's that stout, staring, boobyish Dutch girl of yours; do you think you can ever make a lady of her?"

"I shall not try; but I can succeed in making her a good, useful woman. Not by scolding and fault-finding, but with perseverance and patience. She is affectionate, industrious, and willing to learn. I teach her to read and write in English; she makes slow progress, but sure."

"Well, I must be going now, I have so much work to do. Come and see me, Mrs. St. Leon. You mean well, with all your queer notions and your rabid abolitionism."

She sails majestically from the room, after lightly touching my hand. In the entry the warlike Ruby makes another attack upon her, and Terese, who is cleaning the door steps, makes a-very face, and grumbles out as my visitor departs:

"I wish she lifted in Kamatka, den she would n't come here so much and steal time. I always sick ven she come, and so glad ven she be gone!"

I give her a short lesson upon our neighborly duties, and tell her when she is done with the steps, to carry a basket of provisions to the widow, Terese smiles, and promises amendment. And thus ends this episode of daily life.

CHAPTER VII.

Sympathy and Antipathy.

"Though time her bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond her art
The wild-sweet wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart." HALLECK.

"The angels sang in heaven when she was born,"
LOKOPOLLO.

"That name recalls the mystery of the past, and brings a Renewal of life's cares, and sorrow's bitter slings."

Sweet Lillian Vase, embodiment of loftiest womanhood, impersonation of the ideal dream of the poet and the seer. Beloved teacher, commissioned of the pitying God, swiftly passing angel of my life, my heart's most fervent need of affection is poured forth for thee whosoever thou mayest be, on earth or in the spheres beyond. Thou wert a diviner one of the consecrated ones, the priestess of a higher love than is attained to by the clogging carnalities of human beings; thou wert the spiritualized affections of the purified and exalted, the serene and holy calm of a superior knowledge, the heroism of a disciplined soul. She lived in the interior life, in the begun immortality of her ransomed being, walking familiarly amid the unveiled glories of the Unseen, hand-in-hand with the wise, the pure and loving, divested of their mortal garb. Such depths of revelation as dwell in the bright, fathomless eyes, such facile smiles as lingered on those lips, dedicated to the utterance of the beautiful, the grand, the true! What vast and noble thoughts and lofty plans for the advancement of humanity blazed from the wide, high brow, untouched by time's reverential hand! What sudden illuminations of the soul within lit up the saint-like, virginal face as with a transfiguring power from on high!

Oh, you who doubt of human goodness, of the possible perfection of the spirit while sojourning here, could you have known my Lillian, you would have ceased to doubt; you would have clung to faith forevermore. She came to E— a stranger to all, a lonely woman of some thirty years, accompanied by an elderly female companion and two children of her adoption—a girl of six and a boy of ten years, orphans, whom she had taken out of the mire of great cities, out of the surroundings of poverty and crime. To live for others, to labor for the advancement of the poor and ignorant, the benighted and oppressed, was her chosen labor of life. Hers had been a life of vicissitudes, of change, of sorrow and trial; and out of it all she had emerged spiritually glorified, dowered with imperishable treasures of immortal gain.

Many and bitter had been the heart-griefs that assailed her. One by one the household links were broken, and she was left to mourn beside the desolate hearth of home. Brought up in wealth and luxury, she had descended from her high position amid the favored of the land, to eat the tear-salted bread of dependence. Her white, soft hands had labored for the daily, scanty pittance. Coldness, cruelty, neglect, had befallen upon her soul. Several times had death been nigh, and her soul had obtained clefthand glimpses of the heaven of beauty that awaited her. Meekly resigned, lovingly submissive to the Father's will, she had returned to the allotted duties of her condition, striving over each day, evading and overcoming temptation, conquering self, outliving sorrow, until all earthly pains had ceased to assail, and all things accepted in the thanksgiving spirit of a harmonized soul, there was left no power of woe that could inflict its torture, for she had passed beyond the reach of human sorrow.

All this I learnt partly from herself, in part from Mrs. Apthorp, the widow who was her friend and companion, whom in an hour of direct distress she had rescued,

from the depths of privation and unbelief. The ministry of this human angel was awarded to me when most I needed the sympathy of friendship, the aid of holy counsel.

I grieved during the past year with a brooding, gloomy grief for the loss of my nurse. In my bosom I locked the secret of my mother's revelation. Still the breach widened between my father's heart and mine. For some years I had been in the habit of preparing for him some trifle of my own workmanship, which I secretly placed within his reach on his birthday. After my nurse's death, I wrote some verses for him, which, with an offering of flowers, I left on his desk.

My heart still yearned to win his love, to speak to him of the mystery that I felt enshrouded his life, and still caused those fits of abstraction and retirement that occasionally made of him a prisoner in his own house. My tributes of affection were never acknowledged. He seemed more cold and distant as the time sped on, and that oft-repeated prayer of the forsaken and desolate uprose in beseeching agony to God, from the grief-stricken depths of my lonely spirit: "Oh, for one heart to love me on this earth!"

I was still under the charge of Miss Dean, still as ever subjected to the dislike of my step-mother, the abjectly conducted warfare of Mrs. Strong. I knew that both, by various means and arts, prejudiced my father against me. I felt their secret antagonisms, their under-plottings, their craftily veiled animosity. Only permitted to enter the drawing-room by special invitation, I was almost a stranger in some portions of my father's house. I knew that visitors were told I was "a shy, unsocial, peculiar girl." I had no companions of my own age. As a natural consequence, I was shy, almost to awkwardness, and when occasionally presented to our guests, must have left upon their minds a very unfavorable impression.

Mrs. Strong still continued to impress upon me the fact of my utter worthlessness, my ungainly appearance, my clownish ways. Still, as when she first came, she told me I was a right, that my voice was disagreeable and harsh, my laugh unlady-like, my gait was boorish, my mental deficiencies apparent; morally I was a natural deceiver, heartless, unloving and selfish to extremes. She prophesied terrible things about me: I would never have a friend in the world, and I might esteem myself fortunate if the prayers of the saints and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin prevented my eternal banishment to the hellstone region she portrayed with such a vivid relish of the horrible. "Such as you need n't expect to go to heaven," she would say with the air of one who held the keys of the celestial kingdom.

One day some months after the departure of my beloved nurse, the old lady, forgetting her usual prudence, ventured to touch upon a subject the most sacred to my feelings. She made some flippant allusion to my dead mother's low-born condition and parentage as the reason why no good could be expected of me. This aroused me to fury. I stepped before her with such a look in my eyes, such a fierce defiance in my voice, that in fear and amazement she felt back into a chair, lifting up both hands, and exclaiming in a faint voice:

"Good Lord!"

"Old Jezabel!" cried I, forgetful of all respect and all restraint, "dare once again to breathe my beloved mother's name—dare to let your lying tongue give utterance to one word against her, and see, I'll not be responsible—I'll struggle you! Yes, stare at me and jabber as you will, you shall not insult her memory! I'm not afraid of you now! I hated you always! I despise and detest you, you serpent, you venomous, crawling, slimy thing that you are! You may turn white, and tremble, and clutch your devil's Biss, you can't frighten me into submission; that day is over. I will stand everything for myself, but you shall not attack my mother!"

Mrs. Strong rose from her seat, and with a glance that told volumes of revengeful projects, left the room without another word.

Of course mine was no amiable display of temper, nor were my words those best befitting a Christian girl. I was wild and impulsive then. While my Nurse Abigail lived, she had often checked my impetuous temper and my unseasonable speech, with the look and the hand of love. A burning sense of wrong gnawed incessantly at my heart-strings, more even for my mother's wrongs than for my own.

Between Agatha and myself there was a continued skirmishing. She never elevated her voice, or spoke to me in the vehement strain that characterized her Amazonian mama; but sly, insinuating sarcasm, veiled scoldings, ironical retorts, were her weapons, cast at me when least prepared, with a smile, a gleam of the eye, or most expressive curl of the lip, or diabolical wave of the hand.

The lady grew prouder as the years passed on—proud of her position as the mistress of Oakleaf Hall, proud of the undiminished love of her handsome, stately husband, of the gorgeous robes and costly jewels at her command. Over the haughty brow and erect figure of Mrs. Grenadier Strong, old time passed lightly. Changes occurred in the household; middle-aged brows grew furrowed; hers retained its unalterable calm. Hoista pined and drooped for the home-scenes of the tropic lands. Faithfully and sadly she performed her duties, ever giving a kind word to me, when she met me alone, passing over my forehead her cool, magnetic hands, saying in accents of tenderest compassion, "The Lord bless and save you, child."

Thus life went on with me, dreamily, monotonously, in eager longings for change and love and happiness. No voices of little children gladdened the hearts of the inmates of the Hall, or awoke its slumbering echoes. Visitors came and went! I scarcely saw them. I hardly knew the names of the owners of the various estates in the neighborhood. To the adjacent town of E— I had been but twice, with my nurse.

One day, by my utter surprise, I was summoned to the drawing room, to the august presence of my father, Mrs. Strong and Agatha. Hastily arranging my disordered hair, I obeyed the summons, never stopping to change my dress, which was a mourning gingham. My father's haughty, half-compassionate glance surveyed me from head to foot as I entered. I saw a lady stranger there; and with my natural, uncorrupted impetuosity, I clasped my hands and cried out, regardless of the rest:

"How beautiful! oh dear, how beautiful!"

The sweet lady smiled, and held out her hand. A snowy, ringless hand, with tapering fingers. I trembled to touch her finger ends, while my father, with an apology for my rudeness, introduced me as his daughter to Miss Lillian Vane.

"You should have changed your dress, my dear," said Mrs. Strong, with her usual bitter-sweet expression.

"You did not expect to find a visitor here, I presume?" remarked Agatha, with a significant look at the unfortunate gingham, which bore evident traces of my encounter with the bushes. "Our Jasmine is a peculiar girl. We cannot manage her as we would desire," she continued, smiling sweetly upon the stranger.

"My daughter, I am sorry to say, is careless regarding her appearance, almost unprovided of the necessary courtesies of life; you will please excuse her, madam."

I thought there was such a bitterness of scorn in the emphasis with which he said, "My daughter."

I looked up at him beseechingly through tears. The stranger saw that glance, for when I turned from the unobscured face, I found her blue eyes moistened by the heart-dew of pity, showering benign gleams of love upon me. My heart gave one wild, exultant throb of recognition and grateful ecstasy. I could have knelt at her feet and wept. With a powerful effort I controlled the visible demonstration of my feelings, knowing that malignant, watching eyes were upon my every movement.

Oh, very beautiful was this dear Lillian Vane; not with the perfect coloring of youth, for that was past for her; nor with the statuesque regularity of feature. It was the beauty of expression that gave its fascination to the soulful face, that bore the charms of purity, gentleness and calm. The majesty of a great and nobly directed intellect beamed from the massive brow; the lip's melancholy curve was brightened by the benignant smile; the clear complexion varied; pale with quickly coursing thought one moment, it was rose flushed the next, or crimsoned by some heart-impulse of emotion. Abundant, glossy, light brown hair, with gold gleams on its surface, drooped in curls around her face and neck. But the chief beauty of that matchless face was in the eyes, so "deeply, darkly, wonderfully blue." Brilliant as the sunlit skies of June; tender, limpid, soul-revealing orbs, such as may have flashed from beneath the inspired brow of the ancient Pythones, or distinguished some heaven-favored saint in the old time of earth-communion with the unseen world. Her lithe, symmetrical figure was attired in a dark blue, simply made dress, that was fastened by silver buttons from the throat to the waist. A narrow bordering of fine white lace surrounded the shapely neck and wrists; a small pearl pin was the only ornament she wore. Yet refinement, culture, high breeding, were evident in her every act. Her plaited bonnet and shawl, of dark colors, lay beside her on the table.

I saw that Mrs. Strong and my step-mother were unusually deferential toward her. What a contrast to her speaking attractive beauty, was that of the languid, listless Agatha, with her unmeaning face, her colorless hair, conventional smile, and cold blue eyes. These two women so much alike in the hue of their complexions, fineness of texture, and coloring, how easily they differed in the expression of the indwelling soul, that shapes and modifies the outer. One was all life and energy, living faith and zealous endeavor. The other chafed in formal rules, had neglected the cultivation of those loftier powers that chisel into beauty even the homeliest face.

In stature, Lillian Vane was taller than Agatha. The sweet humility of the friend of the outcast was harmoniously blended with the regal consciousness of soul-power. She was a natural queen, and surely in the spirit realms of heart and intellect, she will wear the diadem of the empire, the scepter of a vast dominion.

Mrs. Strong, in her rustling brocade, yellow laces, and flaunting cap, Agatha, in her sky blue morning robe of silver-dotted silk, with the pearl laces encircling her infantile forehead, with her little hands covered with sparkling diamond and sapphire rings; my stern, dark, noble-looking father, myself, in my black humble dress, what a picture we formed, with the lady opposite, the sunlight from the rose-hued curtains, playing with the sunbeams in her hair.

Through the half-opened door to bounded Hector, my father's favorite hound, my faithful companion. Usually shy, or surly with strangers, he advanced straight to Lillian Vane, and, with a joyful, full-throated bark, as if in her he recognized an old acquaintance. He crouched at her feet, and as she stooped to caress him, licked her hand, and looked up wistfully into her smiling face.

"Miss Vane, you must carry a charm about you," said my father, gallantly. "Old Hector is very distant, usually. I never saw him make friends so soon before."

The musical voice, so bird-like and thrilling in its every tone, replied:

"I am very fond of dogs, and they instinctively know those who love them."

"The best would never be friends with me," said Mrs. Strong. "He won't even take a piece of meat from my hand."

"I do not like animals," said Agatha, languidly. "Dogs in particular are so belligerent and destructive."

"I find in them many of the noblest traits of humanity; faithful adherence, despite of all changes of time or circumstance; fidelity unto death, a generous forgiveness of injuries, with an unflinching remembrance and gratitude for benefits received. I have a belief of my own, that they, too, have souls, destined to an immortality of soul and joy."

The rosy flush overspread her face, the bright eyes suffused with tears that gathered, but fell not, were for a moment upraised, then cast again their searching glances upon the watching, listening sentinel at her feet. My father replied:

"It is as you say, Miss Vane. Would that all human hearts were as tenacious of fidelity as is that best friend of man. Ingratitude is essentially a human trait, and who has not felt its sting?"

The lady looked at him searchingly, pityingly awhile, then turned away her eyes.

"Yes," she responded, "every soul has felt the bitterness of ungrateful returns at some time, but I look upon every trial as a means of discipline, as upon some healthful, though bitter medicine, necessary for the cure of the soul."

"A strange idea," said my father. "Do you think all trials sent for good? Are they not too often inflicted upon us by the selfish hands and hearts of other mortals? Can good come out of evil?"

Mrs. Strong said aside to Agatha, as my father took his seat nearer the lady:

"That's a queer notion about animals going to heaven, what it, Agatha?"

To which the daughter replied, with a pretty shrug of the shoulders:

"Of course, that's nonsense, mother."

Attending to them, I lost the first portion of the stranger's reply. Listening intently, determined to concentrate my attention upon her, I withdrew to the window-seat, and partly concealed by the curtain, could hear, almost without being seen. The waves of melody flowed from her lips in calm, earnest words, spoken with a depth of feeling that evinced her faith and truth.

"Selfishness is almost always the result of ignorance. The majority of human beings believe that happiness consists of complete self-gratification, and in its pursuit they deal ungenerously with others. What all need is enlightenment of the understand-

ing, brought about most speedily by purification of the heart. From earliest childhood we must inculcate self-denial, and teach the Divine principle of self-sacrificing love into the growing mind. At the world is advantage is taken of each other's weaknesses; we play upon the discord of the human nature, not upon the harp-strings of the soul. Hence the mistakes, the errors, miseries and crimes that afflict humanity. In willful and deliberate, as well as in ignorant perpetration of wrongs, we seal the wretchedness of others, and bring remorse, disenchantment and sorrow to our lives. But God, in his overruling Wisdom, unravels the tangled skein of human experiences, and from it brings to light and order the ministry of usefulness and good."

"But, madam, how can we distinguish between the wrongs that are committed in ignorance, and those that are willfully perpetrated? And then you say, selfishness is almost always the result of ignorance."

My father's voice had eagerness in its tones.

"For the credit of God's children, for the faith we have in the indwelling spark of divinity, let us believe that nearly all forms of selfishness arise from the darkened condition of the intellect, the torpor of the better faculties. How can the oppressed masses, the down-trodden poor, be taught but what they are, cramped in mind while adduced by dire necessities in heart? How can they cultivate that love of refinement and beauty that is monopolized by those able to enjoy and purchase leisure? How can the untalented children of the needy be taught but selfish animals? Is not the culture of the spirit virtually forbidden to them? Are they not excluded from the exalting influences of life? Banished from the area of useful knowledge and laudable competitions? Have we not seen in our own land? Is not the slavery of labor outspread over the world? Labor, that should be a blessing, a pastime, a source of enjoyment for mind and body, has not man perverted it to a curse? Have not the powerful ones laid its heaviest burdens upon the weak and defenceless, withholding from them even a tithe of the blessings and privileges they so abundantly possess? What constitutes them lords of the soil and rulers of the destitute of others? Not their own innate, kingly worth of soul. Sometimes they hold the masses by the force of an indomitable will and ice-cold but dazzling intellect, oftener by brute force and the sovereign power of wealth. The unjust human distribution of property, that gives millions to a few, and starvation portions to thousands, makes tyrants of those in power, and slaves of those who are compelled to submission. The tyranny is the same all the world over. Even in that new free world, the Republic of America. There, too, capital is the omnipotent Lord, labor the oppressed. Those who in possession of intellect, of the knowledge that confers strength, yet dare for love of power and display, to wrong their fellows, to take advantage of their necessities, to bend them to their unholly, mercenary, worldly ends; these are the deliberately selfish, the willful transgressors of God's most sacred laws of love. The poor, untalented child of poverty, reared amid privations, we shoulder to bear or read of, surrounded by depressing, vitiating influences all his life, what does he know of vice and virtue, of honor or dishonesty? Of the mercy of God, when the human kindness is all withdrawn? What knows he of right or wrong? Can such as he be held accountable?"

Never had I listened to such language. My whole being, aroused to a new train of reflection, thrilled in response to the utterances of that brave woman's soul! From that day and hour there arose within me deepest longings to alleviate the suffering condition of the toiling millions. A thousand wild and improbable plans have I formed since then, and now I am content with my allotted portion of this world's favors, to lessen the physical privations of the poor; to deny myself many of the luxuries the spirit craves for, so that the common bread of life may be awarded to a suffering few.

The bell that called to luncheon interrupted this to me, most interesting conversation. The dear lady gliding past me, gently touched my shoulder, as she said:

"Do you not come with us, Miss Jasmine?"

"My daughter does not take her meals with us," replied my father, in his cold and decided manner, before I could say a word. Miss Vane sighed and gave me a kind and encouraging look. All passed from the room—I was left alone with a tempest of newly awakened thought.

The lovely lady was our guest for three days. She came to my chamber and sat and talked with me long. Once I went upon her bosom for the mother I remembered not, but not even to her did I tell the story of that mother's wrongs. I might have done so, had the genial intercourse continued. She had rented a house in E—, and when I was told that I would be permitted to visit her, my joy knew no bounds. The second day of her stay with us, her companion came to be with her. I was strongly attracted to the pale, good, outspoken widow, who adored her benefactress, and to my great delight, shocked with her abrupt replies and common sense sallies, the domineering Mrs. Strong and my fastidious step-mother. From my father's marble face I could gather no sign of his thoughts or index to his feelings.

I was summoned to the drawing-room when she was there. Never before had my feet so often intruded on its forbidden ground. To please Miss Vane I took more pains with my hair, and arranged my dress more carefully. I was rewarded by her sweet smile and loving kiss; but in secret, I paid dearly for those blessed privileges. Mrs. Strong and Agatha renewed their pinpoint cruelties on every conceivable occasion. My father never unbent from his austere and coldly distant manner toward me.

One afternoon, the day succeeding that of my new friend's departure for E—, I heard Mrs. Strong give her orders to my governess in a loud voice, for "that scoundrel of a Jasmine to dress herself decently in her best and go down to the library at four o'clock, as her papa wanted her there."

I trembled when I heard the message, and again when Miss Dean repeated it to me. I shivered from head to foot. My best dress was a plain black silk—for I persisted in wearing mourning for my nurse, though more than a year had expired since I lost her cheerful presence. Miss Dean nervously assisted me, and when the clock struck four, with a beating heart and trembling limbs, flushed face and foreboding spirit, I entered the library and stood before my proud and dreaded father.

Was he at last going to speak to me of my mother? Had the time come when I could vindicate her memory and melt his iron heart? I looked up; he was not alone. A young gentleman whom I had never seen before, but whose countenance seemed strangely familiar, stood beside him.

"Jasmine, this is Mr. Austin Catliffe, the son of an old friend of mine. Shake hands with him, my daughter."

I stood rooted to the spot. Unspeaking aversion, terror, surprise, overwhelming memories, submerged my every faculty. Mark Catliffe! The bold, bad man of whom my dying mother warned me! And this was surely the son I dimly recollected he had spoken of.

"Jasmine," said my father, and there was a stern command in the tone.

I advanced, shrinking, and velling my tear-filled eyes. He took my reluctant hand, pressed it a moment, and led me to a seat. To all his inquiries I answered in monosyllables; I was bewildered. Overcome by an attack of emotion, had by strange forebodings of evil. I watched one quick glance at the

face that bore the name of Catliffe, that hated name! It was a handsome face, but there was something sinister in its expression. The black eyes shot forth red-dish gleams; there was a hard line upon his thin, wavy hair; the mouth was curled with a cold, cruel termination; the brow was mysterious; and the voice—oh, how intolerable to me was its metallic gleam! Again he pressed my hand at parting, and my father saw him to the hall-door, leaving me in the large, gloomy library. When he returned, he said to me briefly:

"You may go now, Jasmine, and whenever Mr. Austin calls, endeavor to make yourself more agreeable."

I wished to reply, to ask some questions. He impatiently waved his hand, and I ran weeping to my own room.

When I had somewhat recovered my composure, I wrote down in my diary the date and hour of my first meeting with the son of my mother's foe. As closely as my retentive memory served, I also noted in my journal the conversations I had with Lillian Vane, and those I chanced to listen to between her and the rest of the family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUSIN LUCY.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO LOVED HER.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Near the green and sloping hillside,
Facing the bright eastern sky,
Where the elm trees' waving branches
Waft the summer breezes by,
Far away from strife and turmoil,
From the haunts of busy pride,
Mid the murmuring of sweet waters,
Is the home where Lucy died.

One year since she came to meet me,
With a smile almost divine,
While her eyes spoke sweet welcome,
As she pressed her lips to mine.
Then she told me how she loved her,
Of his kindness to his bride—
Now in vain I watch her coming,
In the home where Lucy died.

Now in vain the skylark waiteth,
First to hear her morning lay,
Ere he plumes his shining pinions,
Warbling like her on his way.
Vainly do the roses blossom,
And the meek-eyed violets hide—
She no more will search for flowers,
Near the home where Lucy died.

There a father's watchful kindness,
And a mother's loving tone,
Bless alike each child remaining,
Though they sigh for dear ones gone;
But their eyes grow dim with weeping,
Sorely have their hearts been tried,
For two places now are vacant
In the home where Lucy died.

Gentle sisters, three in number,
And a brother fond and true,
Breathe her name with hushed voices,
Hide their tear-drops from our view;
If they ever once in anger
To her gentle tones replied,
Deeply do they crave forgiveness,
When they think how Lucy died.

In a home so full of treasures,
Is there ever one to spare?
And who ever one is taken,
Name we not that one most fair?
Memory wreathes a bright halo
Round the one thus glorified,
Death has plucked the brightest blossom
In the home where Lucy died.

One there is, who, pale and silent,
Wanders listlessly alone,
Missing something every footstep,
Loving deed, or look, or tone.
Ever in his heart's fond altar
There's a place unoccupied;
For his life's sun set in darkness,
In the home where Lucy died.

With her babe's form on her bosom,
Cold, but beautiful as sleep,
Lay his idol where he fondly held—
Oh, if he could only weep!
"Father, give me back my treasures!"
Thus in anguish deep he cried;
All the world seems dark forever,
But the home where Lucy died.

But we know the dark grave holdeth
Only that which fades away,
While the angels, smiling, bear her
To the realms of endless day,
Clad in snowy robes immortal,
Radiant and beauteous,
Her bright spirit ever hovers
Round the home where Lucy died.

Tolerance Called For.

Since knowing, as we do, to our cost, what reliance may be placed on the professions of Great Britain, especially those made in the interest of progress and morals, one could hardly look for an example of very extended charity from her rulers on such a matter as permitting an Indian prince to be buried according to the customs of his native country, if he happened to die on English soil. A case of this character has occurred recently. An Indian prince, widow of the late chief of the Shikhs, died not long ago, near London, where she had been living with her son in enforced exile. The son professes to be a Christian, and has settled down to the life of an English gentleman. The deceased princess kept to her old faith down to the time of her death, and carried out her rule of caste, as is customary in India, with extreme rigidity; so much so that she kept up a separate establishment altogether, table and all included. It was from her the English took the magnificent Kohinoor diamond. Immediately after her death, her attendants petitioned the British Government for permission to burn her body, instead of burying it, according to their sacred custom, and carry the ashes to the Ganges. But the son, being a Christian, demanded that his mother should be buried in the Christian way. Between the two, the Government decided (of course) for the son. The servants and body attendants of the deceased princess argue the question in the following sensible way:

"According to our rules, the body ought to be burnt and the ashes given to the Ganges. The thing is simple enough in itself, and as it infringes no moral or physical law, we certainly cannot believe the wisdom and intelligence of the land would oppose our acting as our religion directs. Besides, the belief of all religions is that no funeral is hallowed unless a priest, or, in his absence, a layman of the religion of the deceased, officiates at his obsequies. Now, it is not competent to a Christian minister to afford the rites of burial to her 'highness,' and we, on our part, cannot render any assistance if the remains are to be buried. It is hard, then, her highness should be deprived of the office she so much craved and receive throughout the Christian world, that she should be refused the consolation of burying her in the land dewy for our mistress that is in the right of all, and that is not in the power of his highness the Maharajah, or any other Christian to pay."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH.]

A few weeks since I became acquainted with a gentleman of about fifty years of age, who in the course of conversation, related his experience as a man of the world, a Christian, and an Atheist. I give its substance as follows, in order that some of your spiritual friends may furnish some explanation of it:

"I was educated," he said, "by religious parents, and believed in the truth of their instructions. At an early age I went to sea, and like those with whom I was brought in contact, lived a careless, happy-go-lucky life, neither better nor worse than most young fellows of my age. One Sunday morning, while lying at the head of the Gulf of California, a notion took possession of my mind that I must die. Accordingly I took my pillow from below, and lay down on the ship's topgallant forecastle, expecting every moment to pass away, but becoming restless, I changed my place to under the heel of the bowsprit, that I might be out of sight from the men. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'I shall die easily; but hardly had I given utterance to this thought, when I was seized with all the horrors of hell. No words can describe my mental agony. I prayed to God to spare my life, and promised if my prayers were answered, that I would therefore lead a pure and holy life. I felt almost immediate relief; that which before had seemed dark and cheerless, became gloriously bright. I experienced a joy altogether new, growing out of a hope that dazzled with its brightness. In this condition, however, I only remained a short time. When the ship went to sea, I relapsed into my old habits of indifference, yet there still remained within a consciousness that I had violated my promise to God."

When the ship arrived at New York, a gentleman came to the house in which I boarded, and asked if there was any person present who wished to come to God? Prompted by some internal power, I responded, 'Yes,' and accompanied him to a prayer-meeting, where, as usual, an invitation was extended to those who desired to be prayed for, to come forward. I accepted the invitation; but hardly had I knelt, before I was prostrated by some invisible agency; I fell back, utterly powerless, but was far from insensible; on the contrary, the whole of my past life was revealed to me in most terrific colors; I groined in agony, oh, such agony! My blood almost freezes, even at this day, while I contemplate its scintillating horrors. It seemed to me as if I hung suspended at the steeples of the Han over street church, unable to hold on a second longer, while my Saviour was as far distant as Bunker Hill Monument. What could I do? To hold on was impossible; to let go was instant death, as a prelude to everlasting flames. I screamed in despair; my grasp was relaxing; the fatal moment was at hand; my fingers one by one were paralyzed; in another second I would be in hell! 'Oh, my Saviour,' I exclaimed, 'receive me!' and I let go.

Gracious God! how can I describe the change? Instead of being dashed in pieces, I was raised gently from the floor, a flood of glory filled the place, everything and every person present bore the impress of immortality. I was in heaven; I shouted in raptures; praised God with my whole soul; I was converted, and went home the happiest of mortals."

But the next morning I felt quite depressed; the ecstatic joys of the previous day had fled; the world looked even more sombre than usual, and I told my religious friends so when they called to see me. This was my first experience. I went to sea, and soon fell into my old habits, but still retained the desire to be religious. I had tasted the joys of religion, and longed to live in them perpetually.

I afterwards married, and was blessed with one of the best of women for a wife. I joined the Bennett street church, and soon became one of its most zealous members, growing in grace, and enjoying that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away. I aimed high. I wanted to be holy as God was holy. I discharged every known duty to the best of my ability, gave liberally to the poor, and to do good was my highest delight. By ardent and sincere prayer my inner sight was opened, and I saw my own interior clean and white; but I noticed, when through any error of ignorance or inattention, I transgressed the law of God, a black speck was left on the clean surface. This annoyed me much, and I prayed and labored until the blemish was removed. In this condition I remained several years, the happiest man alive. Everything prospered with me, and every time I prayed I felt my soul blessed."

But I wanted more light, although I felt when I prayed that God was only separated from me by a very thin veil, which was becoming more and more transparent. At last all was like a dark cave, not because I had changed my line of life, for I was ever pressing onward for higher and purer joys. I regarded this change as a means to try my faith—accepted it as such, and continued, if possible, more earnest in prayer and good works. At last I saw a little bright star, and oh! how glad I was. I felt that God had not forsaken me. My gladness soon increased to raptures, for the star enlarged in brightness, and soon filled the universe with its transcendent glory. I was in heaven! I had nothing more to desire; my cup of happiness was running over. All this time I was diligent in business, fulfilling every material obligation with all my heart. I mention this to show you that these were not the dreams of a man of leisure, but the experiences of a man who had to labor hard with his hands."

A new experience dawned upon me. One day while very happy in prayer, I saw a bright cloud, large as the dome of the State House, floating over my head, and as I warmed in my adorations it descended, and almost touched my head. This wonderful appearance continued several months, until at last the cloud completely covered me, and I was changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. 'My whole being was converted into an eye!' In other words, I was all eye and all Nature was revealed to my gaze. I was omniscient; I saw Nature in all her developments—the laws which governed her ceaseless operations—the atoms of which matter in its organized forms were composed—every species of vegetable and animal life, from the blade of grass, to the monarchs of the forest; from the smallest insect up to man. I saw everything but God! The veil of the Temple was rent, and all its mysteries seemed before me; the superstitious of ages were explained to my sight; I looked for God. I desired to see Him; but in all Nature He was not to be found. How long I continued in this abnormal state, I know not; but when restored to the use of my natural senses, I began to reason, and the more I reasoned the more I felt convinced that my religious experiences had been all downright hallucination. I became an Atheist, and have been so for sixteen years. I now reject everything the nature of which I cannot grasp with my senses. I acknowledge I am not so happy, but I prefer to believe that which seems to me true, to the happiness of hallucination."

The foregoing is only a very brief outline of his experience. He relies upon the arguments of Hume, and other writers of his way of thinking, to sustain his materialistic views. Incidentally he said, that he had once seen a spirit, which had been sent to punish him for a sin which he committed. The spirit in question seemed a blood to bell like motionless, and he was repented, and as he changed, and the spirit of the spirit ceased. It first was a bright, and then a terrible in aspect; but as he felt more and more the spirit became beautiful and glorious, and he was loving and gentle, that he was sent to him to embrace it, and finally fell out of bed in the effort."

Understanding this description, and many other similar phenomena which he had witnessed, and which he cannot explain, he rejected all ideas of the immortality of the soul. He concluded that when man dies, that is the last of him as a conscious being.

IS THERE A GOD?

BY L. D. HEAVES.

In reply to those kind contributors upon the subject I put at issue, I shall be brief.

The inquiring title I have put at the head of my articles, does not correctly imply the point I put forward for discussion. I have not denied the existence of a God, and asked others to prove the existence of such a being. My position was, that if such a being did exist, the churches had failed to give a reasonable definition of him—for whereas the churches have taught that he possessed certain attributes, among which are omnipresence and omnipotence, the evidences of science, philosophy and enlightened reason teach that he has no such attributes, but that he is limited within the domain of matter, and beyond which he has no power.

The belief that I had formed was this. That though mind and matter were coexisting elements, and constituted Nature in all her animate and inanimate, organic and inorganic manifestations, yet they were limited and subject to the controlling laws of existence; that God and Nature were limited, even though starry systems and beneficent contrivances reached far out into the distant realms of space beyond the explorations of the telescope, or the imagination.

As that belief to me was a new one, I suggested it in the columns of the BANNER, where I knew inquiring minds would see it, and asked to be met right if I had formed an erroneous belief; but if I was correct, let others share whatever thought might be brought forth from such a discussion.

I have been disappointed at the articles published in reply, because the writers have not confined themselves to the distinctive question at issue. Yet I have been pleased at reading the nice thoughts given in defence of the existence of that all-embracing parent.

"Whom we call God, but know no more."

While I notice several points in the final reply of "J. C.," which I hold subject to criticism, and also in friend "Pearce's" article, yet I will pass them for the present, as an examination of them would not throw any light on the question at issue.

That there is a parent power, a beneficent principle, pervading and permeating all material space, I have no manner of doubt; but that material space, and that beneficent principle do have an actual and philosophical limit. There is a point away from the great central sun beyond which there is no God—no starry vastness to light up the dreary waste. Then God is not omnipotent nor omnipresent, for his power and his presence are limited within the domain of matter. Yet the truth of his limitation does not rob us of an endless inheritance above. Now if the green earth, with all its beauties and philosophies, its associations and its recollections, furnishes ample room for the aspiring mortal, how much greater is the field above for the immortal. The telescope, with its feeble powers, has already revealed a fatherland that reaches far out among the stars, wherein the progressing will find ample room to satisfy all desires in the long life to come.

If there be those who do not adopt my belief upon the limitation of God, I should be pleased to hear from them.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A PETITION.

THE L.

We wait some word from the angel-band,
Some message bright from "Spirit-land,"
Our weary hearts with light to cheer,
Who dwell in gloom and darkness here.

We've sought it long, but could not find
A resting-place for the troubled mind;
Which, tolling, struggling, vainly tries
Above earth's sordid scenes to rise.

The world around is cold and stern,
Harsh words oppose where'er we turn;
True friendship here is seldom found,
And sin and misery abound.

We seek for Truth, we ask its light
To guide us through this life aright;
So dense the cloud, so dark the sky,
Our fettered spirits often cry.

"Oh, for a better life than this,
More pure and perfect happiness;
A mind more exalted thought,
A heart less sin and sorrow-fringed."

Come, then, bright messengers of love,
From homes of light in worlds above;
Oh, come, transmit one glimmering ray,
To shine across our darkened way.

If it be true, we fain would know
That mortals wandering here below
Are blest with words of loving cheer,
From friends in spirit-life so dear.

We would believe and doubt no more,
While standing on the earthly shore;
We "ill only cross the river's tide,
To meet again the other side.

No parting there, no doubt, no fear
No choking sigh, no bitter tear;
Ne'er broken is the "spirit-band,"
Who dwell in that bright "summer-land."

Mr. Greeley on Mr. Sumner.

In an article in the Independent, for which Mr. Greeley writes each week, he undertakes a rapid review of the late speech of Senator Sumner, bestowing upon it more or less criticism. He is not of the same mind with the maker of the speech, in the matter of method—the latter repelling everything of the sort, while Mr. Greeley still holds to the hope that something may be done by such an instrumentality. But, was it perhaps stronger than all, Mr. Sumner is taken in and we hardly expected this from Mr. Greeley, and still what he says on the subject is so weak and suggestive. We cannot refrain from quoting a single paragraph:

"You do not deny," then your own case by being demonstration—a demonstration of the justice. On the contrary, you are thousands who would have accepted Mr. Sumner's initial summing up against with England as unanswerable, had he stopped with that which will be repelled by his antislavery sentiment, and inclined to reject or ignore his views. And then how naturally will come the inquiry, Sumner, amidst Palmerston's war of slavery distributive, place it in front of the world, and let it treat it as the whole case, based on Mr. Sumner's summation, saying, 'It may be true, as Mr. Sumner thinks, that we ought to treat the Confederates as slaves of the human race, because they happen to be slaves; but the states, the intercourse of nations are not slaves; they have been conducted upon that basis in the United States have not desired that they should be, and we decline to adopt so harsh a rule to our own country.' Admit that the world would be a fairer one if Mr. Sumner's argument, it is well, and natural and obvious one, and I think it would have been wise to precede it by presenting the general demonstration against the legitimacy of slavery, and that based on their peculiar relation to slavery."

Correspondence.

September.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." September is taking her leave of us as she departs for the "summer land." She has clothed the earth in its most gorgeous attire. The hill-sides and vales are spotted with all the shades of the rainbow. The oak and the maple, the birch and the alder, and even the vines and the grass, add variety and beauty to the scene. The winds are soft and the sun is bright; the balmy air and the music of birds and insects—the one gathering for a journey South, and other for a journey North—all add interest, and make this the most delightful season of the whole year round.

I often think how delightful it would be to die in Autumn, and sometimes wish I could go over when the leaves fall, and the hum of insects stops, and the carol of birds is heard no more.

I am sitting in a beautiful cottage, at a farmer's house in Wisconsin, in a grove of many varieties of trees and shrubs, both wild and cultivated, and the varied and variegated scenery fills my soul to overflow with thoughts of the "here and the hereafter," and I long to go with the Autumn, for it was ever my favorite season, and never more lovely than here and now. Why cannot we as quietly and gently lay off our bodies as the tree its ripened leaf, or fruit, as the grass lies down to die? Are we not more sure of a new and higher life in a brighter land and happier home? If not, then we have not filled our mission here as Nature designed. But I turn from myself and silence this yearning soul, and compel its longing to go back to the scene around me. The flowering current is tapping its red leaves against the latticed window, calling my attention from the desk and paper. The grape vine has faded its sails for a colder storm; the locust and poplar are casting off their summer clothing, to stand with bare poles anchored in the winter blast; the oak is more stubborn, but he, too, must yield; but the pine and the fir, the cedar, and the hemlock, seem greener and brighter than ever in the surrounding decay and death.

Leaving the trees, birds and the beautiful surroundings of a decaying season with beauty in death, and death in beauty, I note my ramblings for the month. I came to Wisconsin on business, but instead of accomplishing the business, I have attended two Conventions, lectured six times in Fond du Lac, twice in Milwaukee, twice in Brookfield, and once in Janesville. Met old friends and many new ones, and several new speakers and mediums, by which I know the cause is highly prosperous in this western State.

As the old speakers are retiring from the field, wearied and worn, both in body and garments, a new and more vigorous class are coming to sustain the cause, and become the instruments and co-laborers with the spirits to bring about the time so long waited for by the yearning souls of prophets and seers. Where, oh, where—when, oh, when is the good time coming, when man and woman shall be free and equal independent sovereign souls, yet bound in the strongest cords of the soul's deepest love, each to each for the good of all. Is it coming here, or only to the spirit-land, and must we go to it? Or is it coming here and to us?

A still and silent voice comes, "Wait, oh, wait a little longer." Let the Autumn pass, and the Winter come, for a Spring shall return with its birds and its flowers, and those not here to enjoy them shall find them in "the region above." WARREN CHASE, Green County, Wis., Sept. 30, 1893.

B. P. Leland's Proceedings.

Our quiet city has lately been thrown into quite a state of excitement by the advent of B. P. Leland, who has been here "exposing Spiritualism," to the entire satisfaction of the ignorant and intolerant of a large part of his audience, who knew nothing of its philosophy or phenomena, except what he told them.

The whole course of lectures (consisting of six) was made up of misrepresentations, evasions and low pot-hogging, without one single redeeming trait. He attempted but two experiments, of which I will speak briefly. I do not intend to follow him through his six evenings of flux of words. My object is to expose his tricks, and call out responses from those who are involved in the question, as well as yourself, Mr. Editor. His first lecture was given free, the balance an admission of ten cents was charged at the door. On the second evening, he said he would be "tied by a committee, and then untie himself, after the manner of Fay and the Davenport Boys." A committee was chosen to tie him (I being one of the committee). His hands were tied behind him, and his arms were well tied, with the knot behind his neck. He then said he must have darkness to untie himself with, as the Davenport Boys did. He accordingly went into an ante-room on one end of the rostrum, and in from one to three minutes came out with a rope in his hand, which he exhibited to the audience and committee. I stepped up to him to examine his person, which he refused to let me do. He immediately told the audience that "to-morrow night he would tell them how it was done," etc., and wanted to have them "get together early," and then dismissed them. I told them I wished to say a word, but the audience were moving to get out, so I was not heard.

Here let me say that his plan seems to be to talk until the audience are tired out, before he commences to talk about the experiments, which takes a long time to get the preliminaries settled.

On the next evening, he talked so long that I thought there would be no committee, and I arose and told the audience that I was on the committee the night before, and had made a discovery, and wished to make a statement, (which was immediately called for all over the house.) I stated to the audience that while he was being tied, I felt a rope around his body, and called the attention of other members of the committee to the fact. I then told them that he had a little instrument made on purpose, in shape like an old-fashioned sickle, or half moon, with the handle drawn to a point, with beads on, with which he cut the rope. Before his hands are tied he puts this little instrument into his mouth, and then crowds it into a gimlet-hole which he previously makes in the partition convenient for his purpose, by which he cuts the rope. He then takes off the duplicate which he has around his person, (concealing the cut one about him,) and then exhibits it as the one with which he was tied. In confirmation of what I stated, and for which I was indebted for the exposure, I read a copy of a letter received from a member of his committee at Melbury, in this State. This committee were sworn to keep it secret for thirty days, but the time expired the day this letter was written. If the readers of the Banner will remember this where he goes to lecture and attempt the untieing, they can detect and expose him on the spot.

His next experiment was the last evening, that of being tied and then taking off the coat without being untied. Suffice it to say, that the committee said the coat he exhibited after it was off was not the coat he had on when he was tied. Furthermore, they saw the man that was with him taking it off, thus showing that his experiments were a complete failure.

Now for some of his statements: He told us that there was no such thing as trance speaking; that the most of the trancespeakers had told him that they were never entranced, and never spoke in the entranced state; that the shouting of the spirit, etc., was all done for effect, and to deceive. He was asked for names, and said Mrs. C. M. Stone, P. L. Wadsworth, Fairchild, and several others whose names

I do not remember, had told him so. In reply to the letter published in the Banner of March 21st, from his brother, he said he had a letter from his brother dated July 1st, saying that he was misinformed in regard to him, and that he had written to the Banner of June stating the facts, and taking back what he then wrote, and the editor of the Banner refused to publish it. My communication is now ready too long, and yet I have only told you a little, but enough, I trust, to put people on their guard. We in this region, Mr. Editor, would like to know if there is any truth in these statements of B. P. Leland, so far as you are concerned. Others can speak for themselves.

Yours truly, I. H. THOMPSON, Aurora, Ill., Sept. 28, 1893.

[In reply to our correspondent's request, we have only to say that there is not a particle of truth in Mr. Leland's statement above alluded to. We received but one letter from Mr. L.'s brother, and that letter was published in the Banner.]—Ed. B. of L.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEPTEMBER MUSINGS.

BY CORA WILSON.

A change is o'er the earth, a sudden gleam Foreboding change and fulfillment of a dream; A sombre stillness that of death does seem.

A waning of all summer sounds of glee, Withdrawal of the forest's minstrelsy, Winds fraught with plaintive music from the sea.

Faint sighs and moans, as of departing life; Clouds aullen, looming, fraught with inner strife; A breathless hush of expectation, rife.

With Nature's protest; lingering yet the flowers Of latest summer; green the leafy bowers, With changing hues the steep bluff's summit towers.

Afar the solemn voices of the deep, The surging of the pines; while east winds sweep Over chilled mother Earth's autumnal sleep.

But prairie-winds pipe loudly, threateningly, Over this western soil of liberty, Attuning anthems for the brave and free.

Leaves rustle in my pathway, tempests shake; The rule of force its giant course doth take— The dreaming hearts from summer visions wake.

And retrospection glides the hazy past; With longings from regretful sorrow cast; The dim uncertain future looms so vast!

All that has been was so sweet and dear— Cease vain regrets—fall not, thou starting tear! All life and love is but probation here.

The shadows of vicissitude o'erhang Our path of discipline; the bird that sang, The silver joy-bells that so sweetly rang.

The friend that called us, and the hand that lead; The voice that words of love in music said, The benediction showered o'er low-bowed head—

All, all were subject to the law of change; Amid earth's mountain-passes, valleys' range, We pause and wonder—all is dream-like, strange!

But we arouse to wisdom and to power, Finding the golden gain of trial-hour; The glory of a treasured, kindly power.

No more with sight external then we gaze Over the changing landscape, in the days So mellowed with gold September haze.

We feel prophetic stirrings of the spring, Of life eternal, where the birds shall sing For endless love; and summer fragrance fling

Around its honey-sweet; when skies shall wear Cerulean mantles of symbolic prayer, The love-blessed and a regal vestment bear.

Prophetic glimpses of the life to be— Bright, transient gleams of immortality, Come with earth's wailing autumn winds to me.

I see no death, dear Father, in the land! Safe guided by thy Omnipresent hand, Amid the changes of this life I stand.

Unmoved, serene, confiding in thy love, Waiting the message of thy spirit-dove, The glory of fulfillment from above!

Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 29, 1893.

A DREAM.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!"

I dreamed last night of an Isle of Light, Far off in a waveless sea, And never in fancy's wildest flight Came there such dreams to me.

I sailed in a boat like a pearl shell, With never a sail nor oar— A vision so bright nor e'er crossed the sight Of mortal man before.

And at times I thought that I faintly caught The snatches of a murmured song, And a strange deep sound encompassed me round, Like the tread of a mighty throng.

Then a hand to my forehead broke my sight, And my dazzled eyes grew dim, And the sound of ten thousand harps I heard, And the tones of a wondrous hymn.

And, oh! among the countless throng That moved on the shining shore, I saw the face of one whom I thought Had vanished for evermore.

Then I called again that sacred name That has not left my breath Since I knelt by the side of an upturned face, In the frozen beauty of Death.

Then all was hushed, and my mad brain rushed Back to this earth again, And I woke with a lingering pain in my ears, That pierced through the gloom of darkening years.

And soothed my heart's wild pain, But oh! when shall I see that waveless sea, And stand on that shining shore, And feel the touch of that vanished hand, And look in those eyes once more?

Passed to Spirit Life.

J. Bennett Smith, of Holderness, N. H., left the old careworn form in the hospital near Nicholasville, Ky., August 30, aged 23 years 8 months.

The parents and two sisters and the aged grandparents feel they have met with a great loss, as he was an only son and brother. He enlisted in Co. A, 5th Regiment N. H. V., telling his dear parents that he thought it the duty of young men like himself to rally to the defense of their country, for it was better for them to fall, if they must, than to waste with families. The friends were comforted with a discourse given through your humble correspondent.

Mrs. A. P. Brown.

Miss Clara E. Foy passed from earth's sphere at the residence of her brother-in-law, J. W. Wise, in Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 27th; aged 23 years, with a lingering illness of consumption.

Sister Clara was kind, amiable in her disposition, had won the respect of all that knew her noble and benevolent heart; beloved the most by those who knew her best. Though her sufferings were great, not a murmur escaped her lips. Calm and submissive, patiently waiting, longing for that brighter home. Strong in the faith that gave light and hope in health, joy and peace in the last moments of her earthly existence, until her bright spirit arose triumphantly to that bright world, where she is crowned with a laurel wreath by angel hands.

M. A. Wood.

From Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 2d, Mrs. Rebecca Ward, aged 58 years 7 months.

She was quiet, mild and unobtrusive, possessing in an eminent degree, many of the noblest qualities of heart and mind.

"None knew her but to love her, None named her but to praise."

PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION.

AN INTERESTING SESSION OF THREE DAYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

THIRD DAY.

The morning session was principally occupied by the narration of facts in spiritual science, by members of the Convention.

The afternoon session commenced at 1 1/2 o'clock, with singing by Mr. Farley and Miss Chappell.

Mrs. Brown, entranced, made an invocation to the All-Father. She then spoke of God as the permeating power of the universe. To come into nearest relation to God, we must study, and must love the world, the rocks, the plants, the various orders of animals, and man.

Mr. Miller spoke from the text, "All ye well that end well," showing from the world of matter and the world of mind, through the law of progression, that "evil is good-making," and closed by affirming

"Man's imperfections 'tis that make All things imperfect seem; And when we think we're not awake, Perfection we must dream."

After which, Mr. Tooley said that he wished to let God abide the issue of his own creation—to leave these great problems until man is educated out of infancy, and to take up the other, the practical side of life. He presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, Poverty, physical, mental and spiritual, are the natural consequences of the limited education of the race, and the necessary effects of the natural childhood of the globe; therefore,

Resolved, That experience is the natural and necessary teacher, notwithstanding it comes far short, for the sake of the inspiration of the mind and the wisdom of nature.

And Whereas, Health is the normal expression of all things that live in the economy of universal life, whose essence and forces are laboring always to organize the true, the beautiful, and the good, making them the faithful educators of the mind; therefore,

Resolved, That ignorance springs from poverty of the intellect, and should be destroyed by the spread of knowledge, the culture of the mind, and the conclusions of science.

Resolved, That physical health is fundamental to every blessing of life, and should be cultivated as the basis of spiritual progress.

Resolved, That the splendor of manhood, the beauty of womanhood, and the rights of childhood, demand that physical education become common, that it may become the power of salvation to both sexes.

Resolved, That we will recommend the study of the sciences, in the family, neighborhood and town; and, as far as possible, conform to the wisdom they teach.

Resolved, That Spiritualism is the result of natural facts and scientific methods, and should be considered as the necessary and progressive culmination of all positive knowledge.

Resolved, That humanity is one; and that the experiences of all families, tribes and kindreds of men have been to teach and demonstrate that slavery, in any and all its phases, is at war with the best aspirations of the mind, the genius of civilization, and the philosophy of social reform.

Resolved, Therefore, that Spiritualists thinkers should be practical reformers, scientific builders and harmonious expositors of the gospel of Nature.

Mr. Tooley said, As we live under the rule of Positive Law, there was no getting rid of consequences. Health and happiness were opposed to sickness and suffering, but both were educational in their uses. If we fail to learn this here, we will have to go to school and learn it in the spirit-land; for Dr. Spurzheim was still teaching the ignorant and the erring the equity of law and the wisdom of intellectual obedience.

Knowledge thus became eyes to the blind, and gave to them the faculty and function of seeing—as the people learned to grapple with the obstacles of life, and subordinated the need of struggling for existence.

He forcibly illustrated this statement by contrasting city and country life, the latter to correct the ignorant folly that asserts that the devil made the former; the latter, God.

The proof was ample, that farmers, their wives and help, were far from being healthy—much less ideal men and women. Personal observation had demonstrated the reports of many of our insane asylums.

He quoted from the Fourth Annual Report of the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum for the year 1888, showing, in the language of the report, a greater proportion of farmers among the male patients, admitted the past year, than any of all other occupations.

The whole number of males admitted since the opening of the institution was 228, of which number 114 were farmers. Also from the Twentieth Annual Report of the New York State Lunatic Asylum for the year 1892, as follows:

Farmers,	40
Farmer Laborers,	27
Laborers,	16
House Keepers,	82
House Workers,	30

Of forty-two remaining occupations, the highest number was eight, and the average not above two.

Ohio being largely agricultural in its interests, we should naturally expect a corresponding number in the reports of the sick and infirm of the State; but finding mental and physical derangement associated with farm life in the State of New York, we must find an explanation in the cause, rather than in the population tables. What is that explanation? Int. Poverty; 2d, Hard Work; 3d, Isolation. The consequences of these conditions to the minds and bodies of men and women are serious, as the melancholy facts quoted demonstrate.

This want of association develops social and physical weakness, prevents mental expansion, and ends in insanity. Among the incidental evils attending these phases of life, is the growth of superstition, and is shared in common by all persons working hard and prevented from general and social intercourse.

Among this class, sailors, miners and farmers are found prominent—and last, but not least, the wives, daughters and female help of the farmer. Women, in particular, seems to be the sufferer from the social and ethical barrenness of farming life. She, by nature, is at once the disciple and evangel of the beautiful, and needs the stimulations of agreeable intercourse, refined manners, mirth, music and art. In conclusion, he recommended physiological study to the Spiritualists, as fundamental to all healthy and natural progress.

This was natural, at first, but afterward spiritual, in the language of Paul, and could not fail of developing the most blissful results. As physical and mental culture would be no longer antagonistic, city and country life would become continuous and unfolding pages in the science of living.

During singing, adjournment.

During session, The Rev. Mr. Francis called the meeting to order, and after singing, introduced Mr. Tooley, on "The Good of Spiritualism." He said: In answering all questions of good, we must keep in mind the characteristics of the person and the age addressed. Test issues change as we pass from person to person and age to age. To the mere utilitarian,

"A primrose by the river's brim Is a primrose, nothing more, to him."

while to the man of poetic mold and artistic culture it is a symbol of the wisdom of the Divine. To the Esquimaux, the snow is destitute of significance, but to the educated citizen, it contains the seeds of mighty forests, whose growth and developments chronicle the march of time, and give to after ages the means for building towns, cities, navies, and empires. Genius and skill translate the problem of use, and transform the monarch of the wood into the humble offices of daily use. Even man himself needs the aid of education to understand his value, his place in nature, and his destiny. To-day, even after ages of civilizing effort, too many consider man

"Like a plant fixed to some particular spot, To extract nutriment, propagate, and rot."

To aid in correcting these mistaken conceptions, Spiritualism comes in an age rich in the fruits of commerce and science. It takes the loving fellowship of the people of the world, the mission of the Greek, and the practical moralism of the Roman. It acknowledges the necessity for historical development, and accepts the conservative forces of the Church, and the radical issues of the State. It claims as its own, the good in the Catholic Church, and the wisdom of the Protestant reform. Thus qualified, it commences its work of love by demonstrating what intuition had ages ago asserted—the immortality of the soul. Fact, not theory, is its foundation, and demonstration, not assertion, is the animus of its teaching. By virtue of this, it explodes the dogmas of the churches, but accepts the divine utterances that gather around the religious acknowledgment of all ages and nations.

By virtue of its natural and real socialism, it teaches the Bible anew, understands the character and mission of Jesus, and the necessity of Mahomet and the solemn splendor that gathers around the martyr for truth. It comes into practical life, to reconcile the sexes, by making woman the entranced exponent of truth, and the herald of a diviner civilization. It lifts the ideal of our being from the materialism of practical success to the idealism and perfection of the summer-land. It makes piety, natural health and

peace of mind possible, and opens the pearly gates of harmony for brotherly association. It vindicates the rights of man, and believes in the purity of woman. It subordinates law to justice, and insists upon integrity as the basis of character. Spiritualism thus becomes the conservator of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and as such is fast becoming the guardian angel of civilization and progress.

After singing "The Beautiful Hills," by Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, Leo Miller spoke eloquently and cogently in answer to the following series of questions headed him by an auditor:

1st Question, Mr. Miller, acknowledging that the mysterious manifestations related by yourself on Saturday evening actually occurred as related, by what right of either argument or direct proof do you attribute them to the spirits of the departed?

Answer.—In the discussion of any question something must be admitted before we can proceed; some common ground must be conceded on both sides. In trial by law the suspected party is presumed to be innocent till proved guilty. A witness is supposed to tell the truth till he is convicted of falsehood and his testimony impeached. Now, admitting the justice of this rule, our conclusions regarding the manifestations of Spiritualism are formed from the testimony and evidence in the case.

First, the agents employed in the production of the various phenomena, assume invariably to be spirits of departed human beings. Remember, we have not assumed it; rather every conceivable thing has been assumed by most of us, till we were forced to yield to the persistent claim of the Invisibles. From the first we have interrogated the agents with the inquiry, "Is it 't' electricity? Animal magnetism? Od-force—or, the Devil?" Whatever the cause may be, it has maintained a consistent and uniform reply.

"No, we are spirits; we once inhabited the mortal form and walked your earth," has been the reply. Now is it right to assume that the testimony false till it is impeached?—or the agents false till they are convicted? Such a course would not only be very uncourteous, but it would be an outrage on common sense, and the plainest principle of "Common Law."

Besides, such a decision involves us in a humiliating dilemma, from which it is impossible to extricate ourselves. By this unwarrantable impeachment of testimony and evidence, we impeach ourselves. If they don't tell the truth, we certainly tell a lie. My interrogator, in the next question, asks if the manifestations "may not be accounted for by referring them to animal magnetism or other forces of the living?" This is the only alternative. Spirits produce them, or in some unaccountable way we do. If we are the agents, voluntary or involuntary, then poor human nature is too weak to "own up," or too wicked to tell the truth even once in ten million times during the past fifteen years in which it has been questioned concerning manifestations through itself. Such a conclusion is no flattering compliment to human nature; and why people should labor so hard to prove themselves the most consummate liars in the universe, is to one who respects the integrity of human nature and his own soul, inexplicable. Again, I repeat, if the agents employed in these manifestations do not tell the truth, human nature tells a lie, and persists in the falsehood without any evident symptoms of repentance.

In reply to the inquiry concerning the direct proof that the agents are spirits, I would say, that they are identified by their own hand-writing, sometimes through children, who, of themselves, cannot form a letter; identified by impermanences of character through earthly mediums; by speaking in their own language, Italian, German, etc., when the medium knows no language but English; by correct portraiture painted through persons who never saw them while in the body; and especially by the fact that thousands who are able to "discern spirits," see them "face to face," and talk with them, as men talk with his brother, in proof of confirmation, as strong as holy writ," is found in Bible history, running over a period of four thousand years in human history, and I see nothing to marvel at in the fact that an unchangeable Being has not changed this order of things.

2d, Q.—Instead of attributing the manifestations to spirits, can they not be accounted for just as satisfactorily by referring them to animal magnetism or other forces of the living?

A.—What "can" be done in the future I will not pretend to say; but, certainly, as yet, no "satisfactory" explanation has been given; not even to the inquiry, "What is it?" The "Proof of the Spirit," "What is it?" is as pertinent a question to-day as it was fifteen years ago, except with those who take the straight-forward way, "We are spirits." To the joint, electricity, od-force, and his worship, the Devil, have all failed to "lay the spirits." The principal point in this question, however, was answered under the first question, in which it was shown that no satisfactory explanation could be found, unless a person is ambitious to impeach the integrity of human nature, and prove himself so totally depraved, that there is no chance even for the truth to leak out of him once in a million times.

3d, Q.—Because disbelievers are unable to account for those phenomena, does it logically follow that spirits are the causes?

A.—No, not "because" they can't account for them, but because the spirits establish their identity in their intercourse with those who give the subject a thorough investigation.

4th, Q.—Ought you not to give direct or argumentative proof of this fact before you can fairly claim the assent of mankind to your novel and momentous doctrines, which, if true, unsettle the faith of the organizations of the greater part of the religious world?

A.—We claim that such direct and argumentative proof has been given; that there is before the world to-day a thousand times more evidence of spirit-intercourse and revelation from the supernatural world, than mankind ever before possessed. Still, no one is expected to receive a truth till they first perceive it. In relation to Spiritualism unsettling the faith of the religious world, I would merely remark that, if true, it will unsettle nothing which is true. And while it will unsettle many man-made dogmas, and much creed theology, it re-affirms and harmonizes with the spirit and teachings of practical Christianity.

The President, in making the closing address, said: Ladies and gentlemen: While listening to the questions and answers just presented to you, I have been reviewing in thought the spirit and teachings of the last three days' meetings. My mind has returned to the conflict of ages, and the sharp and angry controversy which has so often attended the development of new and unpopular ideas, and have learned by comparison to appreciate the respectful attention that has attended on the deliberations of this Convention.

I know it is no easy matter to control at all times the partialities that belong to our characters, and therefore set a corresponding value upon the good feelings and friendships that have grown out of our association. And you will do the same when you realize that for three days this large hall has been filled by persons, the majority of whose sentiments differed much with the expressed opinions of the speakers; particularly if you realize with what apprehension and dread the many will hear, for the first time, what seems to them to be irrelevant denunciation of respected names and revered dogmas. At least, your speaker is very sensible of this as a person said to me soon after my arrival, that he trembled for the success of the enterprise when he heard a Convention had been called at Potomac. The result, however, is far other than he anticipated, as I can testify who have been the comrades of the gathering. As a breaker of images, I have desired to expose the defective, destroy the injurious, and remove the errors of learned ignorance. In doing this, I may have seemed unnecessarily severe, but those who are able to receive the truth will give it a different reception. And to all I would say, who cherish the associations that gather around the offices and duties of sectarian religion, stay in the church unless you long as the church does you good. When your organizations change your position and give to free thought and humanity the benefit of your growth and emancipation.

In conclusion, friends, we have this thought in common, and oh, it is so sweet; we are immortal! Educated, ignorant or degraded, we are passing onward to a better future and a higher life.

And now, friends, as presiding officer, I return the thanks of the speakers to those whose earnestness has sustained this Convention, and to the kind friends who have so warmly welcomed and entertained them.

Mr. Douglas presented a resolution in appreciation of the genius of Mr. J. Grand B. Cushman, tendering the thanks of the Convention to him and his associates for the music with which they had enlivened its sessions. The audience responded heartily to the resolution.

On motion of Mr. S. C. Crane, it was unanimously voted that the Convention adjourn to meet on Friday, the 12th day of September, 1894; also, that the speakers present are invited to attend that meeting, and that the thanks of the audience are tendered to them for their valuable services in this.

By request of the audience, Mrs. Chappell, her daughter, and Mr. Farley, each sang a favorite song. After which the Convention adjourned.

A. B. PARSONS, Secretary.

B. M. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

"FEMINOLOGY."—A queer gathering of statisticians has made the discovery that the stouter a lady is, the more she rolls her eyes up while waiting. The smaller a lady is, so much the more does she affect awkward rosettes, enormous boucles, and extra-sized ornaments. Diminutive ladies invariably admire giant-like gentlemen—and vice versa. Sensible, amiable and conscientious young ladies of gentle disposition, are invariably fond of reading newspapers. This sort make the best wives. Ladies who are greatly admired by their own sex are very seldom viewed in the same light by gentlemen. Some of our ladies speak of "ladies' beauties," and "gentlemen's beauties." If you walk up the street with a bouquet in your hand, nice women out of ten will look attentively at it, while not one man in twenty will notice its existence. It is a curious fact that those women who have made the most acquaintance during a long course of years, have by far the best memory for faces and persons. Although women are supposed to be the talkative sex, it is not less true that in learning a foreign tongue men acquire more readily the facility in speaking it, while ladies understand it better and sooner when spoken to.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lectures. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the Banner of Light.]

B. B. BROWN, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Lycoming Hall, Boston, Oct. 18. Address No. 4 Warren street, Boston.

Mrs. FANNY DAVIS BROWN will lecture in Lycoming Hall, Boston, Oct. 25. Address, Milford, N. H.

Miss LIZZIE DORR will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 11, 18 and 19; in Boston, Nov. 22 and 23. Address Pavilion, 61 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND will speak in Providence, R. I., during Oct. in Milford, Mass., Nov. 1 and 2; in Troy, N. Y., December; Philadelphia, in Jan. Address as above, or Bridgeport, Vermont.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Portland, Dec. 6 and 15. Address, New York City.

Mrs. ANNETTA A. GUNNING will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., November; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., Jan. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA DEFOES OGDON will speak in Springfield, Mass., in October. Address as above or box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. HOBBS will speak in Huntington, Vt., Oct. 18; in Lowell, Oct. 25; in Bridgeport, Nov. 1; in Reading, Nov. 8; in Lowell, Mass., during March. Address, Brandon, Vt.

Miss EMMA HOBBS will lecture in Portland, Me., during Oct. in Williamstown, Conn., Nov.; in Taunton, Mass., and Dunsmuir, Ct., during Dec. Would be happy to make engagements for the remainder of the winter and spring as early as possible. Address,

PROGRESSIVE SABBATH SCHOOL AND PICTIO.

The great zeal expended in all departments of the progressive fold of labor is truly laudable, and is strictly characteristic of the spirit of truth which actuates to a strenuous and persevering effort. Among the greatest efforts to reform and the harmonious development of the human mind, is the Sabbath School. The rapid advancement in every department of the mind, and the general reform of the world, depend upon the teachings and influences surrounding children. It is an old and true saying, that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A hard saying for total depravity doctrine, because if totally depraved, it could not be bent any more in a wrong direction. The churches say, "The Sabbath School is the nursery of the Church." If the present condition of the churches, their increase and general prosperity, was any evidence, we would infer at least that the Church was a dry nurse, and the food dry still. There is but little food in the common system of conducting Sabbath Schools. But progress, in any department of Church systems and rules, is repudiated. The systems of a hundred years ago must be adhered to, because established by the fathers of the churches. But a new light and a brighter one, a better system has shed its rays and dawned upon the darkness of the present systems. Progressionists have established and are actively laboring to establish Progressive Lyceums, which are conducted upon entirely different principles than have been exercised.

The Spiritualists of Biorgia, Mich., have been instrumental in establishing a large school of one hundred and twenty scholars upon the progressive plan. The writer attended this school on September 15th, and made a brief report of the day's proceedings:

We would here insert that they started their school with but one dozen scholars, but a few months ago, and that this was the first festival they had held. The children, teachers and friends, met at the Free Church at nine o'clock A. M., and assembled in their place under their various banners. The school is arranged in groups instead of classes, and a leader has charge of each group.

The countenance of the children beamed with radiant smiles, and joy was written on every face in happy anticipation of the pleasures of the day.

After a few remarks from the Superintendent, or conductor, the groups arose from their seats and marched around the church, each group following their respective banner and leader. After making one or two evolutions around the church, they marched out, led by the St. Joseph Brass Band, whose music made the heart glad.

Each banner was inscribed by an appropriate name and motto, or inscription.

The first group was Excelsior Group, led by Mrs. Parker, with this beautiful motto inscribed upon their banner:

"Holy angels hover near us,
Guard our footsteps when we stray."

The next in order was Stream Group, led by Mrs. Gray, with the motto, "Teach us to be dutiful, happy, and beautiful."

Next followed River Group, led by Mrs. Walt, with the motto:

"A little word in kindness spoken,
Has often healed the heart that's broken."

The next was Lake Group, led by Miss Kelly, with the beautiful motto:

"May angels guard and defend us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us."

Next followed Sea Group, led by Miss Baker, with the motto, "May our minds ever be expanding like the tide of the sea."

Next, Ocean Group, led by Mrs. Stowe, with the motto: "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good."

Shore Group, led by Mrs. Church, the motto:

"The good is growing,
The truth is flowing on forever."

Beacon Group, led by Mrs. Packard. Inscription:

"Let our thoughts and labor be,
To God and humanity."

Banner Group, led by Mrs. Peck. Inscription:

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

Star Group—Mrs. Baker. Inscription: "True Religion is Universal Justice."

Excelsior Group—Mrs. Smith. Inscription: "Order is heaven's first law."

Liberty Group—Mrs. Kelly. Inscription: "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty."

Twelve groups in all.

The reader will observe the appropriateness of the names of groups.

First, fountain, forming stream, forming river, forming lake, &c.

After marching around twice, groups arranged in single file and sang a psalm song, led by Mr. Hutchinson, musical director. It was truly a happy band, making the air resound with pleasure sweet. Song, "Away to the fields, away." Teams were arranged in order, and the groups took their seats, and then a nice ride of three miles brought them to a beautiful grove, where preparations had been made for all kinds of children's pleasures. Swings were fixed in the branches of the tall oaks, and a general enjoyment of Nature's brightness was attained. A bounteous dinner was spread out to refresh the physical nature, and all enjoyed the substantial and delicate with sharpened appetites, caused by the exercises and exhilarating country air. The refreshments were served to the children assembled in circles, sitting on the green grass, under their respective banners. It was beautiful, those twelve groups of happy children, each living in the happiness of all, partaking of the refreshments with such natural relief.

After the children had been served, the friends assembled around the table, and in a short time retired to the shade of the trees. The children were then called together and marched, performing various movements of the hands and feet in perfect order and precision. Then came the time of the day, commencing with Fountain Group, as follows:

"That all the children composing these groups be as harmoniously united in all their future relations of life as they have been to-day."

Stream Group—"May God and the angels guide and protect these groups through this world, and the world that is to come."

Lake Group—"As the fountain, stream and river is to the lake, so may God and the angels be to this group."

Sea Group—"May God bless our Superintendent"—given by a little boy.

Ocean Group—"As the fountain supplies the waters, and the Stream and River bear it on to the ocean, so may our lives, springing from Nature's reservoir, not gather of the dark stains of sin, but flow on pure to the great ocean of Eternity."

Shore Group—"As the Shore surrounds the Ocean, so may God's love surround us all."

Beacon Group—"May our Beacon be the light of Truth that guides to everlasting life."

Banner Group—"Let us march on forever under the wide-sweeping banner of Truth."

Excelsior Group—"May we excel in the duties of life, and attain to the highest homes in the angelic world."

Liberty Group—"Liberty is our motto: May it ever be our watchword, until the Union is restored and freedom proclaimed to all mankind."

After the exercises were finished, and the children had sung a beautiful song, short speeches were made by J. T. House, J. C. Corey, J. McQueen, and H. T. Fairfield, various amusements were enjoyed by the children and older folks, after which they again embarked in their wagons, and all went back to town, highly pleased with the day's excursion. All was harmonious and orderly.

The Lyceum have reason to be proud of their Superintendent, Mr. Jacobs, a young man of rare abilities and great zeal. By his great love of order, everything was conducted upon the strictest principles of harmony.

J. C. COREY.

A Jewess.—There is an over-brilliant and all-arounding light in every individuality of nature called man and woman, and that inherent jewel—the human soul—is destined to an immortal endurance and a luminous expansion through the unending centuries of the future; and when all spirits are gathered to higher and truer worlds, that one, that self—that earth germ of infinite age past, will live high above in its own individuality with delicate tendencies.

"A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgotten what it was to die."

Reverence for the living present and earnest labor for a nobler future must be substituted for a blind and superstitious reverence for, and devotion to, the dead past.—Emily C. Wright.

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

Banner of Light

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LOTHEN COLBY, EDITOR.

"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 mercy on mankind;
But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my eyes. It may be but a vision, but I still believe 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 reform for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Truth-Telling.

From a morbid fear of the displeasure of friends, the further enmity of opponents, many of us refrain from the prompted utterance of truth, thereby feeling ashamed within our own inmost souls for our lack of moral courage, and leaving undone one of the boldest duties of life. We are not to rebuke in anger; with haughty speech and words that inflict a sting. But kindly, firmly, gently, we are to reprove the friend, or foe, or stranger bent on some destructive path. We are not to calculate consequences while fulfilling the Reformer's duty. If we lose the over-sensitive friend, because we have told him a wholesome and timely truth, let us submit, nor bewail the loss. Time will prove to him the love that urged the utterance, and the necessity that prompted it. Some day he will think of our intervention with gratitude, and feel remorse for his tardy acceptance.

We should speak and act the truth in all the concerns of life. We ennoble our own souls thereby, and become fitting examples unto others. Never should we let us to our homes the persons for whom we feel a shrinking antipathy; nor lavish on them the same cordial smiles and handclaps we bestow upon our warmly-loved friends. They, and all the world, are entitled to courtesy, human kindness, and when needed, fraternal aid, at our hands; but there is no necessity for hypocritical procedure. Never say you are glad to see an individual, when you wish him at the antipodes. Truth is a far more precious observance than conventional forms. Better to be plain, reserved, even to the verge of rudeness, (for some persons are so obtuse, that common reserve and inward shrinking will not avail you,) than to smile and talk with one repellent to all your finer sensibilities. What if you do make enemies? You revere your self-respect; and you go to bed with a clear conscience for compulsion. What if you are misunderstood? You are conscious of your own best motives.

If you are a Reformer, you are bound, in as far as your abilities and powers extend, to redress every form of wrong. You must put self and disagreeable consequences out of sight; your business is to do your duty; to have nothing whatever to do with compromise. Therefore, when you find yourself called upon to take the part of the oppressed against the oppressor, do so, fearlessly; even when that dominant tyrant is some strong passion, or petty sin, glorified by self-blindness into the goodness of a virtue. Rend away the flimsy veil, and reveal the image there enshrined. Tell the good, well intentioned wife, whose morbid conscientiousness, combined with extreme sensitiveness, has made of her a constant Niobe, that she is on the wrong path to hold or to regain the conjugal affection she deems slipping away as time passes on. She deems herself lacking in all the essential attributes of womanly power. She does not accuse or retort, or act the martyr; but, alas! she walks the house with a funeral step, and is always crumbling back the tears; her lip wears a settled melancholy; her brow a perpetual cloud. Now men as well as women love sunshine, and gay enatches of song, and bloom, and the fragrance of soul-flowers around the domestic hearthstone. You are the friend of the self-made unhappy woman?—(We speak of a case wherein imaginary wrongs alone exist.) Speak to her as a brother or a sister should. Show to her the selfishness of indulgence in selfish sorrows, while the thousand miseries of the world wait loudly for the saving hand and potent voice. Prove to her that by abandonment to imaginary grief, she still further alienates the heart she would bind to hers; that perfect confidence, and continued cheerfulness are the two great talismans that keep over fresh and blooming the roses of youth and married life.

Do you find a high-tempered mother inflicting unreflected and bodily chastisement on her children? Speak to her, and show her a better way of reproof and government. Infuse the magnetic calm of your life into the turbulent streams of other lives; heed not their ingratitude; that is the offspring of ignorance; do your duty; tell them the truth. The good seed sown broadcast, sometime will eventuate in a harvest of usefulness and beauty.

Be not appalled by any panoply of State or power; speak the straight-forward truth to the so-called highest and mightiest in the land. Fear no retaliation of the base in injuries; they cannot touch your soul, nor afflict it long. For the armor of Truth is invincible, and no host of opposing forces can suffice to pull down its heavenly standard. Be a true, moral hero and brave conqueror. Behave sensually in its gross and in its conventionally refined forms; oppose sophistry however veiled and garlanded with the semblance of virtue and freedom. Advocate all reform, social, political, moral; all that tends to harmonize, to spiritualize the race. Do not submit to sacred that which is only time-honored; do not follow the tide when it leads to the commission of law and church-sanctioned wrongs. Rather buffet against wind and tide alone. Even your feeble voice will be heard, your efforts appreciated by the noble minority. Tell and act the truth under all circumstances, and do not follow the world's fashion of deprecating yourself and your efforts with a show of false humility; that is in itself an outright. We need not be concealed, or evince a self-righteous satisfaction in speaking of ourselves; but we should tell the simple truth.

We must be true to ourselves, we are we are qualified to teach to others. We must be strictly just to ourselves, permitting no undue encroachments upon our time, allowing no imposition upon our worldly affairs or spiritual domain of thought and feeling. We are to be truthful in admitting kindred souls to interior communion; in warning off discords and antipathies. We are to entertain angels, when we know them as such; to give of human sympathy unto all, but of friendship to the proven true; of love to the purely chosen only. As a placid stream reflects the heavens, so will our truth-calm souls reflect celestial glories, and invite the world unto its purity by the light of peace and beauty refulgent there. Let each one build within his soul the sacred shrine of Truth inviolate. The incense offered there shall purify humanity, and ascend a grateful offering unto God.

The Widow's Mite.

There have been Widow's Mites cast in since the days of Jesus, and they have none of them been overlooked by the spiritual eyes which take faithful cognizance of such things. As Emerson somewhere says—because St. Paul was virtuous he did not therefore exhaust all virtue; and we may conclude, too, that widows may give and receive, even now, with as many attendant blessings as in the days which are called sacred, because so far off in the past.

All this suggests to us to relate, in a somewhat condensed strain, a simple little story to our readers, which likewise furnishes as beautiful and effective a test of the practical value of spirit messages as could be asked.—Many weeks ago, the spirit who controls the circle of spirits which regularly communicate through the Message Department of this paper, threw out a hint, before a private circle in the BARNUM rooms, that in a couple of weeks, or about a time, a very interesting case would certainly be presented for the consideration of those present. With such a promise, it was natural that the presentation of the case itself should be looked and waited for with careful attention. None could tell what it was to be, only that it would appeal to their sympathies. The reason then given by the controlling spirit for the delay was, that he was trying to bring forward another spirit who could more properly present the whole matter.

In this effort, however, he was not successful; and rather than defer action to a matter where promptness would insure such desirable results, he chose to come forward himself and give the story. We were told, then, that by going to No. 647 Washington street, in this city, a poor woman would be found, who really needed the assistance of those who were in the habit of dispensing charity; that her name was Mrs. Scandival, and her husband was in the spirit-world. This, be it remembered, was hinted at least two weeks before the controlling spirit of the circle chose to tell the story openly. We knew no more of the facts, or the person involved in them, after hearing the real story, than we did when it was only hinted at, two weeks before; nor did any other person present know more of the matter than we did. It was a perfect mystery, until it could be looked into.

Immediately steps were taken to ascertain the practical meaning and merit of the message thus received. On proceeding to the house designated by the spirits, it was found that such a woman lived there as was described in the message, and the messenger left our note and money for her. She was not in when he first called, but on his return from dinner he again called, and was informed that the letter had been received by the person designated. The whole transaction was based on faith alone. And we pray from the depths of our soul that we may be the means of aiding others in a similar manner who may need such aid.

Now here is a case that must certainly convince skeptics and scoffers of two important facts:—1st, that the invisible spirits do keep watch and ward over mortals, aiding and comforting them in their distresses and sorrows;—2d, that spiritualism is really and truly of practical service to mortals, and not merely a theory or a dream. These two points it is all important to establish, especially as they are perhaps kept more steadily in dispute than any other. We are thus assured that spirits do watch over and care for us, and actually communicate with us; and that they have it in their power to render practical assistance when they think fit for our highest good.

We will but add to this narrative the fact that a "Widow's Mite Box" is kept at this office, in which all who choose may at any time deposit their smallest offerings; and they are duly appropriated for the relief of just such deserving cases as the one already alluded to. Out of this box fly no evils abroad over the world, as from the fabled Box of Pandora, but blessings and kindnesses only. We merely venture to express the hope that the poor woman whose case we have above presented may have cause to remember that through such an instrumentally help reached and blessed her.

Emma Hardinge.

Our readers heard directly from this noble worker in the cause of Truth, some few weeks ago, in an article which appeared in the BANNER over her own signature. She therein made known to them her intention to proceed to a new field of labor in the far-off State of California, and gave her own good and sufficient reasons for suffering the great scheme which absorbs the energies and sympathies of her heart to rest for a time. Never, for a single moment, has she thought of abandoning that. Her nature must have undergone a thorough change to permit her to lose sight of a plan by whose accomplishment she sets such store. While the times and the force of combined circumstances compel her to hold this in abeyance, like the faithful and devoted worker she is, she loses no time in waiting, but again takes up her burden and travels off to a land where her eloquent messages to famishing souls will be received with an eager gladness.

Her mission to California, undertaken as it is at the urgent solicitation of the noble men and women of that noble State, cannot be other than timely and successful. Such hearts as hers are wanted in the midst of just such a people, to draw all other hearts to her, and to the truth she espouses, by the power and pathos of her words. We do not permit a shadow of a question to arise in our minds, but that she will prove an evangel of the blessed truth indeed, to those who come within the sound of her messages of truth and love. All her many friends on this side the Rocky Mountains will cordially join in wishing her a safe and pleasant voyage into the new country whither she is bound, and the widest success in her angelic ministrations. And those wishes and prayers will cooperate to sustain her in her mission, as is their natural effect. She will labor faithfully while there, and the harvest will be great. Our sincere prayer is, that all good angels may watch over her on land and sea, and help her in the performance of the duty to which she has so nobly consecrated her life.

Miss Hardinge went out on the steamer which left New York on the 2d inst.

Gen. Lee and his Pennsylvania Campaign.

The great rebel General has, at last sent in his report of the last Pennsylvania invasion, and it is the most unsatisfactory and inconsequential affair possible to imagine. He does not exactly say what he went after, nor yet what compelled him to come back. He left the front of Hooker in order to draw him out of his unsatisfactory position; having done that, he went up the Shenandoah and Virginia Valleys, to threaten Washington, to call off Hooker, and get him at an advantage, to capture cities and towns in Pennsylvania, to threaten Harrisburg, and at length to seize Washington. He does not, to be sure, say just so much, but he means that, if he means anything. Of course, having failed in his object, it would not become him as a strategist, and an enemy, to show the Federal leaders opposed to him just how he did it; for in that case, his whole system would inevitably become exposed to those who seek only to defeat him. Of nothing have we become so well persuaded, however, as of the fact that Lee undertook a piece of work in which he met with a signal failure. Never did the rebel army suffer from a more disastrous and thorough defeat.

An Address by Mrs. Hatch.

We print on our eighth page another inspirational lecture by Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch, on the subject of The National Struggle, and its effects upon the principles of truth and progress throughout the world, delivered in Lyceum Hall in this city. Our readers will find it worthy of their close attention.

The Struggle for Chattanooga.

We have recently seen only the first act of the bloody drama in Northern Georgia. The Richmond Examiner assures the world that Gettysburg did not destroy the southern armies, and that Chattanooga is but the prelude of the great struggle which is still in progress for the possession of Tennessee. And that struggle is to be a notable one, on which, perhaps, the fate of this entire question, now in dispute, is to rest. The Tennessee River, including its longest branch, the Holston, on which Knoxville is situated, is eleven hundred miles in length. It is navigable above the Muscle Shoals (in Alabama) for five hundred miles to Knoxville. All that is now required is, that Gen. Rosecrans shall hold his present position until armed steamboats can be provided in sufficient numbers to control the navigation of the river. Then it is claimed that the Federal advantages will surpass even those which were gained by the opening of the Mississippi. If the latter stream divides the Confederacy in halves, the Tennessee again divides its larger and more formidable half, and our hold of it threatens every important point of the rebel kingdom.

Burning River Steamers.

The last form of the Southern conspiracy which has come to light reveals a baseness fully worthy of the original plan of those who set it on foot. It is no less than a bold scheme to fire the Western steamboats at St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans, or wherever they may happen to be found, in order to prevent the Government, for a long time at least, from enjoying the practical fruits of the recent opening of the Mississippi river. To accomplish this end, men were regularly hired by the Davis power to enlist as firemen or engineers on board these river boats, and light the incendiary torch whenever a chance offered. In obedience to the engagement, three valuable steamers were recently burned to the water's edge in St. Louis, and sundry others have been destroyed in the same way on the waters tributary to the Mississippi. There must, of course, come an end to all this at some day; and we care not how soon. The resort to such a mode of warfare tells, as plainly as anything can, how low the rebel leaders are reduced for means to carry on the war on which hangs their proposed independence.

The New Mania.

The latest rage among the American people is for speculating in stocks. Not a circle, however small or select, but holds its regular talk about the price of gold, or the worth of free-will. Many of the most expert money operators of New York have funds continually thrust upon their hands, which they are not willing to use, with all the responsibilities added thereto; and therefore they have made announcement of the establishment in their hands, of what goes by the name in Paris, of the Credit Mobilier. According to the terms on which these eager outsiders subscribe, their money is left implicitly in the hands of the broker, or manager, they to know nothing of what use he puts it to, and he to render a quarterly account of all gains which may become there. It is said that several of these individual Credit Mobiliers, have been set up in New York, and the fact that large sums of money are daily deposited on these conditions, tells the exact story of the prevailing mania for stock speculation. There will come an end to it, however, one of these days. There have been such things before.

The President's Thanksgiving.

The nation certainly has enough to be thankful for, in the midst of all its woes; and the President has properly invited us all to celebrate a general Thanksgiving, in the stead of our former local ones, on the last Thursday in November. We suppose that this request from the Chief Magistrate of the Union will be set down against the tendency to "centralization," and all that; yet we rejoice that the opportunity has been offered for making the old time honored festival a common observance, on a common day, throughout the States. When the nation as a whole shall unite in celebrating this good old day, we shall have another holiday added to our now too scanty list—a thing which should have been done, long ago. Let us all join, then, with one heart and mind in rendering thanks this year for the many benefits which we have received as a people from the hands of the All Father through his angels and messengers. There is a peculiar fitness in fixing this anniversary at this time of the year, when all things are ripe and perfected.

Pulling Teeth.

The late dental Convention at Philadelphia passed a resolution in favor of mending, rather than extracting teeth. We are glad to see a much needed reform started in this direction. It may prove profitable to the profession, and it may not; they themselves know best; but it is certain that it is a moral force of treating misfortune, in comparison with the jerk-and-pull method which has disgraced so many otherwise pleasant countenances, caused so much dread, and produced such an amount of pain. The Convention resolved that, in its deliberate judgment, the "surgical and indiscriminate extraction of teeth, for trifling, temporary, and sometimes wholly unnecessary causes, which has so long and so extensively prevailed, should not only be held perfectly inexcusable, but should be severely censured." We rejoice to see the change of opinion on this matter. Why something has not been said before about such an abuse, we are at a loss to understand.

Adventists and Spiritualists.

The Rev. J. V. Himes, of Boston, in making a tour of the West, and recently, accompanied by Rev. D. B. Mansfield and wife, of Jonesville, Michigan, (all Second Adventists,) visited Chicago, Illinois, where they delivered several addresses. The Tribune, of that city, in a lengthy review of their labors, closes with the following paragraph in allusion to Mrs. Mansfield:

"Thursday evening her subject was 'Modern Spiritualism,' whom she handled without gloves, and upset their theories as fast as she considered them. We understand the meetings have not been as well attended as at some other localities; nor can we state whether there are any Second Adventists in the city."

To which the Jonesville Weekly Independent makes the following reply:

"If Mrs. M. can upset the theories of 'Modern Spiritualism' so readily, why did she not do so at this place, where she has labored so much? It might be well for her to return here and attend to this matter, for 'delusion' is taking strong root in the minds of many of our best people."

A Liberal Bookstore in Vermont.

Messrs. S. & O. N. Scott, of Eden Mills, Vermont, have opened a bookstore in that town, for the sale of Reform and Spiritual Works, as well as all other desirable books, pamphlets and magazines. At their store can be procured any of the works advertised in the BANNER OF LIGHT. We hope our friends in that part of the country will see that these enterprising and liberal-minded men are well patronized, for an establishment like theirs is a blessing to any community.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt.

This young lecturer, from New Hampshire, occupied the desk in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Sunday, Oct. 4th. Mrs. Chappell was to have spoken on that occasion, but ill health prevented. There was a very large audience present. Miss Nutt is a young lady and inexperienced, but possesses the qualities of a good lecturer, which is being improved, and by and by she will probably take rank with the ablest lecturers in the field of reform.

"Infant Damnation."

The old ferocious belief in this absurd doctrine is gradually losing its hold on the minds of the people, especially on all thinking minds; but yet there are those who still hold on to it with the tenacity of a drowning man. A late number of the Presbyterian contains a letter of inquiry from a correspondent in relation to the belief of the Old School Presbyterian Church, on the question of infant salvation, and in reply the editor of that paper admits that they "have heard some (Presbyterian clergymen) say, that where the Scriptures were by no means explicit, it did not become any more positively to affirm the universal salvation of infants."

Removal.

Mr. Charles H. Foster, the test medium, who has been located for a brief time at No. 11 Suffolk place, has removed to more spacious apartments at No. 6 Suffolk place. We have been assured by several gentlemen who have witnessed the manifestations through him since his arrival here, that they were fully satisfied of their genuineness; that it was not among the possibilities for him to give the facts he did, without spirit aid, etc. We paid a brief visit to Mr. F.'s rooms on Friday, and became fully satisfied of the reliability of his mediumship.

New Music.

From Oliver Ditson, 217 Washington street, we have received the following pieces of musical composition: "Hopes and Fears," a song by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy; "I'm lonely since my mother died," song and chorus, and a negro song, entitled "High times, or, 'I see 'gwine to be a gen'ral'" are both compositions of H. S. Thompson, author of "Lilly Dale." "Annie Little," &c.; O. Mackay's song, "Up amid the rigging," music by W. H. Wells; "Carl Faust's Alexander March," arranged for the piano.

Third Course of Union Societies.

This course commences at Lyceum Hall on the 25th inst, and will continue every Tuesday evening during the season. These assemblies in past seasons have been very popular. In consequence of superior management, and we have every assurance that there will be no falling off in this respect. Dancing is one of the healthiest recreations we wot of, when properly conducted, and here an opportunity often to "trip the light fantastic toe," to the fine music of Holloway & Edmunds's Band, at a very moderate expense. For particulars we refer to the notice in another column.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mr. H. B. Storrs, who is considered by those who have listened to his eloquent inspirational discourses, one of the most able lecturers of the day, will speak in the above hall, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Mr. S. is a sound, logical reasoner, and his lectures are full of instruction, and firmly stand the test of criticism.

Mrs. A. P. Brown in New Hampshire.

We learn that this zealous worker in the field of Spiritualism and reform has been laboring with good success in New Hampshire for the last six months, and that the interest in Spiritualism is largely on the increase in that State. The harvest is ripe, but the reapers are few.

Announcements.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt, who spoke in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Sunday, Oct. 4th, is to speak in City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday.

U. Clark lectures in the Court House, Penn Yan, N. Y., Wednesday evening, Oct. 14th; Holden's Hall, Elmira, Sunday evening, 18th, and at Webb's Mills, 1 P. M. Sunday the 25th. Address, Elmira, N. Y., till the 20th.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will lecture in Keene, N. H., on Wednesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, Oct. 14th.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will be at the Yearly Meeting, at Richmond, Ind., with a good supply of books, including the latest publications, and he will take subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT, as usual.

J. M. Peabody is advertised to lecture before the Winnebago Co., (Ill.), Teachers' Institute, Oct. 20th.

The Patrick Welsh Message.

MR. EDITOR.—In your issue of Sept. 19th, there appeared a communication from a Patrick Welsh, who stated that he lived here, had a wife and three children who were needy; that he lost his life in behalf of the country, &c. Turn to your files, and you will see his story. But you could not look at that poor widow, now fast passing hence to the region where her patriot husband lives, without weeping. She is dying with consumption. I and Mr. Smith, of the Forty St. Police Station, found her casually as Patrick stated herself and three children in a famishing condition. Great God! Christians! If you could have entered with us into the bowels, corner of Franklin and Russell streets, and beheld that picture, you'd say no more against spirit communications, but help them on.

The spirit husband, Patrick Welsh, desired me to aid them. If I found his wife and the three little ones, to whom he so feelingly alluded, I am confident I went there with us; and when he and I met each other face to face, we can talk the matter over with pleasant remembrances.

When we went in, I asked Mrs. Welsh if she had three small children, and was the wife of Patrick Welsh, who went to Louisiana in Col. Bryan's 10th Regt., Cochrane's Brigade. She said "Yes sir, I am." Just then three heavy sobs were heard on the widow's couch. I said to friend Smith, "What is that?" "It may be the children," said he. But no children were near. No doubt it was Patrick Welsh, himself; at least, I have no doubt of it. Thus I have written out a true statement of this case. Patrick Welsh was well known here, the fact of his enlistment, &c. He has brothers here. In my view of it, the proof of identity is clearly made out.

With fraternal regard,

Albany, N. Y., 1863.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We published some time since a message from a spirit, who said that when in the form he was a prisoner in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., and gave us information in regard to the ill treatment of Union prisoners there. How they were kept half starved, etc. Federal prisoners lately paroled by the rebel authorities at Richmond, who have reached this city, corroborate every word of the account given by the invisible.

Bro. H. B. Emory, writing from Bradley, Me., says: "I think the number of subscribers for the BANNER might be doubled, if the friends would make some little exertion." Yes, brother, that is true, and your allusion, that the old subscribers should not let their subscriptions run out before renewing, is a timely suggestion.

CONVENTION.—In the report of the Vermont Convention, which recently appeared in the BANNER, the name of the President of the Convention, Daniel P. Wilder, was misprinted Widen.

To medium-seekers generally we can give no information in regard to mediums, outside of our columns. We give this notice in consequence of the great number of calls we have from strangers who visit our city seeking spiritual light. Consequently those mediums who wish to be reached, should advertise, either in this paper or some other.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—No. 12 of the series will appear in our next issue.

The Parker Fraternity Lectures (sixth series) will commence at Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening, 27th inst. Opening address, by Hon. George Boutwell. To be followed on successive Tuesday evenings by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Benj. F. Butler, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edw. H. Chapin, Octavius B. Frothingham, George Wm. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Jacob M. Manning. Tickets (admitting the bearer and lady) \$2.00 each.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, we learn by a letter from our poetic friend, Miss Eliza A. Pottinger, is doing much to advance the cause of Spiritualism in California. It came too late for this number of the BANNER. It will appear in our next.

The Investigator has "faded" at last. Well, there is some hope for it. Go ahead!

Those oranges are doing well.

George Sumner, brother to Senator Sumner, died in this city last week, after a long and severe illness. He will be greatly missed by the world of letters.

The result of the monarchical consultation in Germany is substantially to make Austria the most influential German nation, and to organize an improved garb of kings to keep down the people of Germany. Prussia will have nothing to do with the plan, being a rival of Austria for the "head of the class."

The daily papers are filled with advertisements of "fall goods," but *Digby* is at a loss to find any of the articles described lower than they have been for some time past. Why do n't they "come down?"

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician in Boston, one day casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of her patients, at which she instantly exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears too much like carrying home his work!"

It is said that the Government has information that Vallandigham gave Morgan directions how to make his raid through Ohio.

"Can a man see without eyes?" asked a professor. "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "Prey, sir, how do you make that out?" cried the astonished professor. "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth—and the whole school shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

Mr. Cassius M. Clay, United States Minister in Russia, writes to a friend in Washington: "They have granted me a telegraph line charter, the line to run from the mouth of the Amoor river to America. It will unite all continents, and be the great work of the age. It will illustrate my mission to this country."

New York city, with its population of nearly one million, has a valuation this year of \$394,000,000, while Boston, with a population of less than two hundred thousand, has a valuation of more than one-half that of New York.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has published a statement of the Federal vessels destroyed or bonded by Confederate cruisers, in all 150, measuring 61,429 tons, and valued at \$11,000,000. This does not include the late seizures by the Alabama at the Cape of Good Hope.

Connecticut has \$40,000,000 invested in manufacturing, giving employment to sixty thousand persons.

The telegraph line between this city and the forts in the harbor has just been completed. The headquarters of the line is at the State House, but a sub-office has been opened at the Merchant's Exchange Reading Room. It is said that the cable works satisfactorily.

A letter from Nashville says there can be no doubt but that a terrible battle—perhaps the most sanguinary of the war—is in preparation at Chattanooga.

When our army entered Jackson, Miss., last June, two daughters of the late Rev. J. H. Ingraham, the author, were found dressed in clothing of the meanest description, and subsisting upon corn bread and molasses. The destination of the rebels in Mississippi was so general, that, although they had many friends none were able to help them.

Everybody sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all.

Smith, the razor-strop man, now in the 140th New York Regiment, was badly wounded in the leg at Gettysburg. But he has "just one more left."

Gen. Fremont, it is stated, has succeeded in adjusting all the difficulties heretofore surrounding the Mariposa grant, and has settled all of his California business, which leaves him over a million and a half dollars worth of property.

The area of the new State of West Virginia is two thousand square miles, which is greater than that of New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, or any of the Eastern States, except Maine.

"See what I am!" not "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent Arabic saying.

James O. Watson, of Michigan, claims to have discovered a new planet on the 15th. Its brilliancy was like a star of the tenth magnitude, and its motion indicated that it belonged between Mars and Jupiter.

The Governor and Council of this Commonwealth have appointed Thursday, November 26th, as a day of Thanksgiving.

There is small safety in death-bed repentance. It is too late now to do through fear of the Devil, what we omitted to do through zeal for the Church.—*Buckner*.

It is really laughable for one editor to call another editor low in his expressions, and in his very next number use epithets against a contemporary ten times worse.

A. J. H. Duganne, the poet, is reported to be held as a prisoner of war in Texas.

A MILITARY JOKE.—A lieutenant whom Col. Serrell ordered into the marsh where Gen. Gillmore was going to plant the "swamp angel" whose message was so conspicuously into Charleston, said that he "could not do it—the mud was too deep." Col. Serrell ordered him to try. He did so, and the lieutenant returned with his men covered with mud, and said: "Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads; I can't do it." The Colonel insisted, and told the lieutenant to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage of the swamp. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing, and on the spot. It was as follows: "I want twenty men, eighteen feet long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."

WOOD'S "SEASON."
Summer's gone and over!
Fog is falling down;
And with sunset tinges
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rife
By the gusty thiefs,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they fit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notice to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the month that follows
Sure will pluck us worse.

We have no prejudice to indulge adverse to Spiritualism. On the contrary, we have tested it in various ways for the last twelve years, and have never been tested, in public or in private, to state the grounds of our belief in it as furnishing the only satisfactory solution of the wonderful phenomena which everywhere abound on both sides of the Atlantic.—*William Lloyd Garrison*.

All the hotels and private boarding-houses in Boston are overflowing, and there are more applications for board and lodging than can be met. When shall we have a new hotel with all the modern improvements at the South End? asks the Post.

It is proposed to dedicate the Cemetery at Gettysburg, which is to be a National Burying Ground for the fallen heroes of every State, some time this month, and we hear that Hon. Edward Everett has been requested to deliver the address on the occasion.

Nebraska contains some of the richest salt fields in the world. In Saline and Lancaster counties, fifty miles from the Missouri river, are about 20,000 acres in three several basins.

ABOUT "STUCK UP" FOLKS.—"I don't like those people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we heard the other day. What are "stuck up" people? thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any. Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning against the post, twirling a shabby walking stick, now and then coaxing the hair on his lip and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they are observing him? He belongs to the "stuck up" folks. What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father and a foolish mother, who has taught him that he is n't "common folks," and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become "stuck up." He does n't take pains to learn anything, for he does not feel the need of knowing any more; he does not work, for he has never required it, and he is so exclusively "stuck up" that he has n't the least idea that he will ever come down; that he does n't know, however.—*Favorite*.

Correspondence in Brief.

After a sojourn of two months in York State, I find myself again with Eastern friends. I arrived in August at Gloucester, found myself cared for by the hospitable kindness of Bro. J. H. Smith, also Bro. Nickerson and lady. As I was the first transatlantic that had ever lectured in that place, quite an excitement prevailed. Clergymen were much disturbed, and threatened to reply to the lectures, when the lady had left the city.

The fatal disease, diphtheria, removed several loved children, casting gloom over many a household, thus awakening the spiritual desire of many mourning hearts, and the bereaved, unable to find the response to their souls' need, in the cold, stereotyped consolations of the clergy, gladly listened to the evidence of Spiritualism. Many were comforted.

As I was about to leave for Johnston, Mr. Uriah Clark arrived from the East, to speak to the people. I was previously invited to stop with Mr. Johnson's family, (proprietor of Johnson Hotel), where trance and normal speakers will always be kindly welcomed. They are the only family interested in Spiritualism in the town. Sectarian principles predominate, yet they are somewhat prone to investigate. They require physical manifestation at present. Musical mediums would do well in those towns.

Did not find many families interested in the cases in Ponds, yet some were glad to listen to the glorious truth. Found several firm believers in Amsterdam. Was quite ill while there, but received kind care at the pleasant home of Mr. Cornelia. Found several cases of mediumistic powers in the town. Found very little interest in Schenectady. Ill health prevented my going further in the State. On my return East, stopped in Troy; found the cause progressing.

These were the work of one. I am now recruiting under the medical treatment of Dr. R. C. Coburn, who is one of the best "healing physicians." I have ever met in my travels. He has been settled in practice here nine years, has an extensive business, and meets with great success.

Yours for truth,
MRS. FRANKS, T. YOUNG.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 30, 1863.

Mr. Editor.—Having been a constant reader of the BANNER, I will take the liberty to state, in its behalf, that for the past year in camp, throughout the long and hazardous campaign which ended in the opening of the Mississippi, it was to me, as well as others now in the Interior Land, a great source of comfort. Often in the BANNER inquired for on the arrival of every mail, and eagerly read, where other papers were laid aside. And as a somewhat singular fact, I will state that those very comrades most eager to learn from its pages the truth of spirit existence and a life beyond the tomb, were those who have laid down their lives at Jackson, Miss., Champion Hill and Vicksburg. And as one who has passed safely through the fiery ordeal of battle and carnage, I wish to say to the friends of the BANNER OF LIGHT, strive to extend its circulation on all occasions, and think not that it will be labor lost. Purchase copies of the BANNER, and send to friends in the army and elsewhere, and good work will be accomplished, though unknown at the time.

Often go I meet with the BANNER in the hands of those I would least expect to read it, were it handed to them. Among the Germans of St. Louis, it is well known and read. It is purchased of the news dealers, and one can have no difficulty in getting it near any of the principal cities.

Hoping the BANNER may long be sustained, and furnish abundance of light to those who sit in darkness, I remain, Yours truly, HENRY STROBE, 1st Battalion Invalid Corps, formerly of Co. H. 93d Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

St. Louis, Oct. 5, 1863.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. K. D., NORTH POTSDAM, N. Y.—Money received. Remit as you have done heretofore. Please accept our thanks for the interest you take in the circulation of the BANNER.

A. B., DELAVAN, Wis.—We are of the opinion that the book you refer to was never republished in this country.

W. C., BROADWAY, Wis.—\$1.25 received; also \$5.00 from Chicago, Ill.

N. J. T., JACKSONVILLE, Va.—We charge \$1.25 for the BANNER six months. Ordinary notice received. Will appear in our next.

MRS. A. J. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Colchester is located in New York, or was, recently.

Proclamation by the President.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3, 1863.
The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fraternal fields and brotherly skies. To these blessings, which are so constantly enjoyed by us, we are prone to forget the source from which they come. Others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful Providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggression of foreign states, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere, except in the theatre of military conflict, while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union. The needful diversion of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the National defense, have not arrested the plow, the shuttle or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore.

Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made by the camp, the siege, and the battlefield, and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged, as with one heart and voice, by the whole American people.

I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart the LAST THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father, who dwelleth in the heavens, and I recommend, too, that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity and union.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this third day of October, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Three, and of the Independence of the United States the Eighty-Eighth.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
By the President: W. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYNN HALL, TREMONT ST. (opposite head of Second street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 12:15 and 7:15 p.m. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mr. B. Storor, October 18; Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, Oct. 25; Mrs. Laura M. Alpine Cury Nov. 6 and 15; Miss Anna Deane, Nov. 22 and 29; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, two Sundays in March.

CONFERENCES HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Miss Sarah A. Nott, Oct. 18; Mrs. Laura Cuddy, Nov. 22 and 29.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Wells Hall. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon:—R. J. Finney, during October; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Nov. 1, 3, 15 and 22; Miss Martha L. Beckwith during Dec.; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. G. F. Byrne last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during March.

CONCORD, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Oct. 18 and 25; Miss Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 1, 3, 15, 22 and 29.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, during the forenoon at 10:15, and in the afternoon at 8:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Nott, Oct. 18; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Oct. 18 and 25; Mrs. X. A. Bliss, Nov. 1, 3, 15 and 22.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged: Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Oct. 18.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Cass streets. Sunday school and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Emma Houston, month of Oct.; R. J. Finney, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 6 and 13; Isaac F. Greenleaf, Dec. 20 and 27.

BARRE, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Oct. 18 and 25; Charles A. Haydon, Nov. 1, 3, 15 and 22.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester 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. STOW, 83 Cedar Street, N. Y. will get by return mail more good Steel Pens than you can get any other way. We have cited them. If you do.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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STAND FOR SALE.
BRING advanced to years, and the infirmities of age sensibly felt, advertisements to dispose of my Stand for the sale of Spiritual Books, Papers, and other Periodicals; and being desirous that a Spiritualist of good business habits should succeed me in business, I therefore, through the columns of the Banner, present this notice.

SAMUEL BARRY,
S. W. corner of 4th and Chestnut Sts.,
Oct. 17. Philadelphia.

UNION SOCIABLES!

THE third course of the Union Sociables at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, 1863, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Music by Holloway and Edman's Quadrille Band. 5m Oct. 20

D. W. WOOD, Counsellor at Law, 87 Court street Boston, will attend to every description of Law Business, on reasonable terms. Refers by permission to Dr. A. B. Child. 5m

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