

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR.)
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Five Cents.}

NO. 7.

Literary Department.

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JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XII.

The Unveiling of the Secret.

"Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Fountains that but now in sunshine played
Is that congealing pang that seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."—MOORE.

For three days I saw nothing of Ralph, nor was I permitted to the drawing-room, or permitted to leave the house. During this time of imprisonment I had but one solace: the hated presence of Austin Catliffe was not thrust upon me. In my innermost heart I vowed never to pass my life with him, even if death were the only alternative. Miss Dean, by order of Mrs. Strong, kept almost incessant watch over me. I feared that Ralph would leave the Hall before I could say farewell and assure him of my unwavering constancy. I chafed like a caged wild bird for the out-door freedom denied to me.

Miss Dean slept in a room communicating with mine; my windows overlooked a terrace fronting the southern hills. These had been my mother's rooms, but the one she had occupied as a chamber was locked and never dwelt in; only occasionally the housekeeper went in with the maid to sweep and dust, and then I saw the place once hallowed by her loveliness and goodness; but I asked no questions, and therefore received no allusions or remarks upon the subject of her life or death.

It was a dark night, starless, and portending storm, that, unable to sleep, I heard a sound as if footsteps beneath the gravel path. A feeling that I could not define, of mingled curiosity, hope and dread, impelled me to step out upon the terrace. Throwing a dark shawl over my dress—for I had not sought my bed that night—I called out softly:

"Who is there?"

There was a sound as of some one ascending a ladder, but it was too dark to see; something moved along the edge of the parapet; a voice that thrilled my being uttered the one word:

"Jasmine!"

It was my faithful, my devoted Ralph. Alas, alas! I welcomed him with the abiding trust and joy of an innocent heart. He was my worshiped ideal still.

He drew me to his heart, enfolded me in his strong embrace, and poured forth a torrent of rapturous love and sorrowful complaint. I had no thoughts of the danger he incurred, of the impropriety of that midnight meeting. I only thought of the joy of breathing in his dear presence once again. He whispered, fondly:

"Is your dragon of a governess asleep? Will not the rays of your night-lamp discover us?"

I assured him that Miss Dean slept soundly from bed-time until dawn, that the thick curtains excluded light and sound, that I had purposely let down the crimson curtain after stepping out of the room. By the feeble glimmer of my lamp I could not discern the expression of my lover's face, I only saw the outline of his manly form.

"Oh, what have I suffered these three long days!" I cried.

"And I, Jasmine? I have been tortured beyond comparison. Your father, I hear, is determined to marry you to a fellow who keeps hovering around the neighborhood, who, it seems, watched us at Oak Grove. Your stepmother and Madame Strong will use every means in their power to rid themselves of you. Be sure of that, and Mr. Northrup is inexorable; he is the most flint-hearted parent I ever saw. My lady mother is exasperated—all the work of those two women. I strive to convince her of my love for you, of your loveliness and merits. She is insensible to reason. My sister Ellnor is worse still. I am in despair; there is but one road left to us. I cannot lose you; you love me? Let us leave Oakfast Hall together."

My heart gave one great bound of gladness! I was about to be released from tyranny and surveillance. My father had no right to compel me into a hated union; I owed no duty to the past. I would brave poverty and privation, toil and obscurity, with a cheerful spirit, in the companionship of my own chosen husband. I told him so with tears of joy. His mother, too, was despotism, his sister a fashionable, heartless girl; why should he bend beneath their harsh decrees? We would labor if need be, until fortune favored us.

"I have sufficient for our immediate wants," he replied; "and I have friends I can borrow money of if need be. You can have no scruples at leaving such an uncongenial home, and with me you will be happy?"

"No, I have nothing to regret; I had hoped to gain my father's love some day, but I have given up that hope forever. His heart is closed against me. Perhaps sometime in his old age, if ever sickness or sorrow should overcome him, he may call for Jasmine, and then I will come and fulfill a daughter's duty."

"And are you willing, quite willing to live alone for me, apart from the world, in some picturesque little cottage far away from those who have ever known us, living that poetical dream-life we have spoken of so often?"

"As your wife I can be happy anywhere. I do not need society, the whole aim of my life shall be to embellish yours."

I cannot give his reply another page; I might read into words again the death speech of my bright old hope; I cannot repeat the honey sweet and gilded phrases with which that base, designing man, so young in years, so old in the world's intrigues, strove to lead me to the sheltering fane of purity and peace! Oh, God of love! he did not seek me for the companionship of a sacred soul union, ratified before the world. He only sought me for the delectation of the passionate nature that in him

reigned paramount to all moral restraint and religious mandate. Shuddering, as with an ague fit, I withdrew from his polluting touch, from the poison-vapors of his breath, from the subtle and evil magnetism of his being. I shrank as from a deadly foe, guarded by the sacred intuitions of my awakened soul, impelled to immediate action by the sternly judging, imperative injunctions of the God-imprinted monitor within!

I fled to my chamber, snatched from my toilet table the small lamp of silver, and with it confronted the willful destroyer of my heart-rest, the invader of my sanctuary of love. I threw its full beams on his face, that disfigured by evil intentions shone forth from the black setting of the night, like that of a handsome fiend, and with a voice that betrayed not one tinge of woman's weakness I addressed him to this import:

"I may be persecuted, driven to destruction and to death, but never, never into sin! The sainted eyes of my mother are upon me; I will not do this wrong—not for you nor all the leagued myrmidons of evil! I will walk purely in the sight of God; whatever becomes of me upon this wretched earth. Her last dear mandate shall be obeyed by me. Leave me, Ralph Faulkland, and carry such designs into the world—bring them not into the seclusion of the innocent! For this that you have done to me, ensnared my young affections, robbed life of faith and trust, and the future of all joys, a curse will light upon you! The retribution of the betrayer shall fall upon you! The sorrow you have inflicted shall haunt you forever! I shall be meted out to you an hundred fold!"

I had not learned forgiveness then; from my full and outraged heart I poured upon him a whelming flood of bitter reproaches, and invoked for his redemption of Almighty God! Then I hastened within, shut and barred my window, and sat down with my nameless anguish. A misanthrope in one hour, a being standing on the flowery threshold of life, with the ashes of desolation on her head, the sackcloth of penitential grief upon her limbs, the seven swords of mortal agony transfixing the tortured heart!

I had listened to his retreating footsteps, and bade farewell to all trust in man!

I know that daylight came, and with it a tempest of wind and rain; that Miss Dean, coming into my room, was alarmed at my excessive pallor; that the good hound, Hector, stretched himself at my feet, and looked up into my face with eyes of human sympathy. My governess had the breakfast brought up to us, but I could not touch a morsel; she insisted that I was ill, and was urged to send for a physician. I told her that nothing ailed me but the doctor's art could reach. Miss Dean was discreetly silent and did not urge the point.

At twelve o'clock I was summoned to the library. I bathed my face, and as I looked into the glass to arrange my tangled curls, I uttered a loud exclamation of surprise! Could this wan, pallid face, with its dimmed eyes swollen with unshed tears, those bloodless lips and pain-pinched features belong to the blooming, youthful Jasmine of yesterday?

I went down stairs with a dull, heavy, aching at my heart, with a reckless indifference as to what might befall me. I found assembled in conference there, my father and step-mother, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Faulkland and Ellnor, and near the mantle, veiling his face with one hand and his head with the other, for a moment my heart leaped with a wildly fierce spring of hatred and indignation, of shame and defiance; then I bade it still its throbbings by the force of a relentless will. I was no longer the weak and trembling girl, arraigned as a petty culprit. I was the stern, wronged and sorrow-stricken woman, proud in her conscious innocence! I was inspired with the martyr spirit in that momentous hour of my life.

"Give me strength, oh God! Assist me, oh, my mother!" I only implored, and I felt the prayer was answered by the sudden, heartfelt leap of my pulses, by the surging of the life-tide through my veins. Since midnight, lay chains of numbness had fettered my limbs; there was a hazy mist before my eyes, torpor weighed upon my faculties; now all was clear, was felt, was understood. I knew of the sharp pangs that awaited me at the end; but I was glad to feel that my cheeks crimsoned with pride, my figure held itself erect in dignity, my eyes flashed forth its more than wondrous fire. I bowed my head to the company, and said, in a voice that faltered not in the least:

"What is your pleasure, my father?"

I thought he looked at me with astonishment; perhaps he expected to find me bumbled and melancholy from the past three days' confinement. I saw Mrs. Strong lean over to Agatha, and whisper in her ear; all faces were aglow and stern. After the first glance I did not again look toward Ralph.

"I have called for you, Jasmine," said my father, "as our guests leave us as soon as the storm clears up, in their presence to acquaint you once more with the decision I have arrived at concerning the disposal of your hand. You are very young yet, and incapable of sound judgment; as your father it behooves me to take care of your welfare. You imagine that Mr. Faulkland here has formed a serious attachment for you; you are mistaken, my child. You are too romantic and visionary, as girls of your age are sometimes; you are unsophisticated, and have mistaken a few silly compliments for evidences of an affection that was to end in marriage. Ralph had no such intentions, neither did he intend to win your love. It was a freak of girlish impudence in you to meet him as you did; it was thoughtlessness in him, of which he has repented. He has honorably declined himself to me, and I am satisfied. With this explanation, and that you may indulge in no foolish expectations, unbeknowning a daughter of mine, I have fulfilled my duty toward these friends and yourself. What passes here will not be mentioned outside the gates of Oakfast Hall."

My father took a seat. I remained standing before him.

"Thank you, sir, for the trouble you have taken on my account," I unhesitatingly replied, bowing my head in acknowledgment. "Mrs. Faulkland," and I turned toward that lady with a lofty air, and a withering smile of contempt on my lip, "need be under no apprehensions as regards my peace of mind, which her noble and most worthy son has utterly failed to disturb. Miss Ellnor!" I favored that young lady with a look that made her quail, "may rest assured that I

shall not wear the willow for her fascinating brother. I am a Northrup, and they are proud as the Faulklands! The young gentleman's pretty speeches and worn-out flatteries were received by me as the current coin of the world he deals with; although almost a country girl, I know what is due to my own dignity and position. May I now return to my room, father?"

"I am glad to hear you speak so, and I admire your spirit, Jasmine," he said, with more warmth than he had ever exhibited to me before. "Since you think so sensibly, and feel so rightly, you can return to all the privileges you have hitherto enjoyed. But I do not wish to see my daughter assume so much dignity that it savors of haughtiness in the presence of our guests. Are you satisfied, Mrs. Faulkland, Miss Ellnor?"

"Perfectly. I commended the young lady for her good sense. I had not expected this. I am much pleased," replied the proud mother.

"Miss Northrup is somewhat sarcastic in her remarks; but I agree with mama," said the unsensible Ellnor.

"I did not expect it of her! What a change!" burst forth Mrs. Strong, applying her vinaigrette to her nose.

The plastic, non-committal Agatha sat silent and expressionless as a waxen doll, in an attitude of perfect grace, faultlessly attired in a dark morning robe, with rose-colored trimmings.

"With Ralph, if you have anything to say, do so. If you wish to say farewell to Jasmine, do so now. I wish you to remain friends."

"I have nothing to say, sir," replied a muffled voice; "I wish Jasmine to be as that is useful."

I felt as if I could have struck him, had he dared to approach me with extended hands! But he did not. Some lingering remnant of shame kept him rooted to the spot. Unloving as my father was, would he not have felt him to the earth had he known of the gross insult offered to me beneath his roof? It was to be expected of the blood of the Northrups. Did not the cowering poltroon who veiled his face from me, tremble with an inward dread lest I should there and then reveal the story of his treachery, and brand him with the accusation before which even his haughty mother's cheek would blanch?

I left the room, sweeping over them all a triumphant glance, yet guarding my eye from resting on that darkened corner. With a firm tread and careless mien I walked through the long passage, ascended the wide stairs and reached my chamber, there to undergo the fearful reaction of the storm that had with such a stoical fortitude. Then I locked my door, and throwing myself upon the carpet at the foot of my home shrine, I gave way to all the grief and fury, the misery and terror, that possessed my soul. I had given my father no time to speak to me of Austin Catliffe. I could not despise him less; but henceforth life or death, persecution or restitution of my liberty, all were alike to me. I had built my temple of happiness on a foundation of sand; the waves of destiny had swept away its every vestige. I had trusted, and been most cruelly deceived. From one false heart I judged of all, and in the bitter, realising mood of the untired spirit, I walked alone, deeming my lot the darkest, my misfortunes unequalled in the annals of earth's breaking hearts.

Alas! My prayers were impious invocations of revenge; my griefs were overpowering selfishness; my tears were rebellious floods of bitterness that welled up in impotent madness against the immutable consequences of my own shortsightedness. I could see no reason why such suffering should be inflicted upon me, why such an accumulated load of trouble should rest upon my aching head and heart. What had I done to merit such punishment? I questioned. Why, when thousands were born to lives of affliction and gladness, was I destined to walk unaided over such thorny paths? This childlike petulance of interrogation I indulged in fully, demanding of the overruling Providence the reasons of its seemingly unjust decrees. Every human heart, ere it has learned the value of its life-salutes, has questioned thus, in its finite blindness, the infinite and all-pervading good.

Toward night (I had fasted all the day) Rosita came in, though I denied admittance even to her at first. She took me in her arms, and caressed me as she would a sick and suffering babe. She passed her hands, so cool and grateful, over my heated forehead and tear-swollen eyes. She could not charm away the fiery pangs that rent my heart, but she stilled the loud and frantic outbursts of my sorrow. She caused my tears to flow in a softer mood. She spoke to me for the first time of her own life's past experiences.

"I was a slave, Miss Jasmine; and you never know what that means. My mother and my grandmother before me, all my people, was slaves, and we had the love of freedom in our hearts—oh yes, Miss Jasmine, honey, just as strong as the white folks have it; but they can speak it out, and we must keep it hush, hush in our hearts, for fear of our masters. I had a husband, child; and he was taken from me, and sold off far away. That was in the beautiful land I come from, where you have never been. There the earth is dressed in summer all the year, and I God smiles in the sun-shine, but man is wicked, and buys and sells his brother man. Some of them splendid islands is free now; then, when I was young, all was slaves. I had children, my darling! I thanked God when they died, for I know they was free then. But when they was taken to be sold from my bosom, then I went mad, every time, and cried and prayed to the blessed saints and the dear Virgin to let me die. And then the master and the mistress beat me, because I had a mother's heart; and they think a colored slave have no feeling for her own, for the dear ones of her soul! Oh, darling child, you have heart trouble, Rosita knows, and your young life is very, very sad. But look at me, dear, and thank the Lord, who didn't make you a slave! In dreams the Lord, who did n't make my poor little boys and girls, and they was taken from me, and they smile in my face, and point up to heaven! It is so many years ago—I am free now; but the shadow of the past is on me, and will never—never leave. Many yet weep and groan underneath the lash of the bad master. Some times, Miss Jasmine, I seem to look into another world, and I hear voices, and they tell me to be comforted, that the day of liberty will come for all. My mother had slight like that, and heard the songs of the spirits of the good."

"Oh tell me—look into the future for me. Tell me if anywhere there is light on my dark path?" I entreated.

"No, no, Miss Jasmine. It is not right to ask of what is hidden. If it come, it is good, but it is wrong to seek the sight. God, he knows what is best; and the blessed angels will protect you. Try to sleep, my lamb; let me try to help you, poor child without a mother! I could, may-be, hold up my head, too, and tell some things—but never mind, the time will come. Hush, now, and cry no more, my darling!"

And the soft hands stroked my brow and smoothed my hair, and the deep, and eyes looked into mine with a power of peace and command. At last my head drooped on her shoulder, and I knew no more awhile of the gnawing pangs of life.

CHAPTER XIII.

Desperation and Resolve.

"What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of Mercies, here before thee swell,
As to the open sea.
All their dark waters lie
To thee revealed, in each close bosom cell!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

"The star of the unconquered will
Is rising in my breast.
Serenely, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed,"
—LONGFELLOW.

I kept no account of time in those dark days. I wandered out into the fading woods, with laggard steps and a heart overfilled with bitterness. Oh, the cruel disenchanted life! How sorely, heavily, they weigh down the spirit's energies, and crush out the aspirations of the soul! Oh dreams, dreams—exchanged for the bleak realities of being—why could I not have remained beneath that peace-spell of power so exaltingly beautiful? And since I cannot claim my happiness, why may I not forget? Oblivion's draught were sweet, though drained in the cold arms of death.

So I clamored wildly then, arraigning life and lifting up to heaven dim, accusing eyes of dry despair. The young heart suffers keenly in its first experiences of sorrow. To grief was added the humiliating pangs of shame. My pure, deep, worshipping love had been all vainly lavished on one unworthy of the gift. Had he been fickle, heartless only, I could have striven to forgive him, to forget; but he had wounded me to the soul in the insult offered to my maiden purity, my unsupplanted faith. It was because envied tongues had told him of my mother that he had dared to account me thus. Through what agonies of grief and shame, of anguished self-reproach, I passed, is known alone to him who reads aright his children's hearts.

Meanwhile the first snow came. The life at Oakfast Hall went on the same. Only Rosita spoke words of comfort, and sometimes soothed me into dreamless sleep. I avoided Mrs. Strong and Agatha. I seldom met with my father. I was not called into the drawing-room when company came. Austin Catliffe came and went, I knew; but I did not see him. I was left undisturbed to my solitude.

Thus midwinter came. The Christmas festivities had somehow been diverted of all their former joyance. A brooding cloud of misfortune encompassed my home. Rosita felt it, and deep in my present heart, half numbed by bitter sorrow, I, too, felt the solemn, stealthy approach of some overwhelming ill. In those nights I awoke from fearful visions, and cried aloud in the darkness, and an impulse was upon me to flee from my birth-place, to seek elsewhere for an atmosphere of healthy life.

One morning I was summoned to my father's presence. I knew then that the thunderbolt was about to fall, but I braced my trembling nerves with the strong effort of an unconquered will, and with a pale but composed face, entered the painfully familiar library. He was sitting in the old antique arm chair, shading his thoughtfully vexed brow with one hand. The rest of his face was impassive as over. I knew before he had spoken a word that some inflexible purpose was in his mind, that thrilled me with a vague terror, as I half guessed its import.

"Jasmine!" The firm, cold tones arrested all my attention. The command of his eye was upon me. "You have indulged long enough in melancholy and solitude. It is time for you to arouse yourself, and meet the duties of life, my daughter. You cannot live in harmony with Mrs. Northrup and her mother. It is best that a change be effected, and that speedily. You must become the wife of Austin Catliffe."

The tears I had shed, the misery I had endured, the blighting sorrow I still bore with me, had extinguished to some extent the impetuous speech and temper. I answered calmly, but with a concentrated force of resolution:

"I will never marry him!"

"Why not?" asked my father coldly.

I looked him in the face, but I dared not yet give the answer that rose to my lips. "Because I do not love him," I replied.

"That is not all," he fully resumed. "You gave another reason some months ago. You have learned what you never ought to have been told for the sake of your own peace of mind. You are foolishly prejudiced. Mr. Catliffe is worthy of your hand. No other will ever wed you; you know too well the reason why. Such secrets are never wholly kept. In this way only can you ensure your future peace and happiness."

"I will never marry Austin Catliffe, the son of my mother's enemy—never, so help me God! Sooner would I beg, or starve, or die!"

I was no longer afraid of my father, or of aught beneath the heavens.

"Consider well your words. Either you consent to receive Mr. Austin as your accepted suitor, or you are henceforth no daughter of mine!"

Again the old tenderness, the filial yearning, possessed my soul. I turned upon him pleading looks, and was about to clasp his knees. He waved me back with a stern, imperious gesture. I did not utter the imploring cry of my desolate heart, "Will you not love me, oh my father?"

It would have been as sweet to have rested on that father's breast; to have felt the clasp of his strong, protecting arms; to have felt the reconciliation upon my forehead. I should have been restored to the hope of life, to the buoyancy of youth, the joy of affection; but it was not to be.

"I want no opposition in word or deed. I want your daughterly obedience; all your life you have thwarted me, now I demand and will enforce your submission."

Could that be a father speaking to an only child? I gazed upon him through a gathering mist of tears. Once more the hand of love swept aside the intervening shadows that veiled my heart from him; once again pride and defiance were put down, and my helpless youth appealed to him for sympathy. Low at his feet I knelt, and wept and sobbed my penitence for aught of wrong inflicted by my waywardness upon him. And I besought him as he valued heaven and peace, leave to me the freedom of the dear old Hall. I even promised obedience to my tormentors, docility toward all he loved, that I might be permitted to remain and devote my days to him. I prayed with an earnestness that must have touched his heart. For I saw a slight quiver of pain convulse his heroic face; a quick flush mounted to his brow; then his lip compressed, his features hardened, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"You will do as I bid you, or be no child of mine!" And I thought of the great, bleak, unknown world into which a father's relentless hand would thrust me, and in view of poverty and toil, danger and starvation, I, the tenderly nurtured girl, shuddered where I stood. But I wavered not; deeply, shrouded in memory's tablet were the warning words of the departed. Never, never, for aught of earth would I perjure my soul and bind my breaking heart in love's chains of marriage!

So I told him, and he only smiled in derision and pointed to the door. I knew not how I regained my chamber. Bitter was the anguish added to my unspoken trial-pangs. I read again and again the last words of my beloved one, and vowed that no force or persuasion should compel me to forget her dying injunctions.

So the gloomy winter days sped on, and Mark Catliffe was a frequent guest at our house, and his son remained there for weeks at a time. I was obliged to receive him—to reply to his rapid compliments, to caduce his fulsome admiration. I answered him coldly; I repelled all his declarations; I spoke scornfully, haughtily, and I roused him high to frenzy, and then in my secret heart I exulted, and hoped he would learn to hate me. But it was not so. Some strong fascination, or hidden design urged him on. At one moment seemingly muzzled by my unrecanted aversion, he would appear overwhelmed with grief, or excited to ungovernable anger; the next, he was all smiles, all pliancy and apparent devotion.

But one day he taunted me with sorrow for the absence of Ralph Faulkland, with sneering allusions to my unrequited love. I retorted in such a manner as to make him throw off completely his mask of self-control. He was perfectly furious, then; and when he threatened, with choking speech and clenched fists, that for all this I should pay him in the future, I only laughed, and accordingly left the room.

I cannot enumerate the tortures I endured from all sides: My father's repeated commands, and Mrs. Strong's petty exultation in my silent misery; Agatha's sarcastic looks and significant smiles; I had but one friend in my own home, the faithful, humble Rosita. In quick, startled whispers, she bade me "never do that wicked thing—never marry that Catliffe of a man!"

Sorily pressed on all sides, with a heart hardened by its first mighty disappointment, I had no place of refuge; for alas, in the bitterness and intensity of my grief, I sought not God, knowing not where to find him.

Mark Catliffe and his son held a lengthy conversation one day, of which I was the subject, as I knew by their stealthy glances when I entered unexpectedly. Then both had a conference with my father, and once again I was summoned before him, and told that I was to decide at once between his blessing, allowance, and honor, or banishment from his home and thoughts. I had no fortune; abandoned of my father, I was beggar and bereft of all.

I saw the looming destiny in all its terror, but I faltered not. Mark Catliffe and his son were called in, and before them I boldly reiterated my resolve, that sooner would I welcome poverty, homelessness, even death, than live with Austin. The father's eyes shot lurid gleams of hatred upon me. He identified that only son; he could not bear to see him thwarted by that pale, unyielding girl. Austin importuned him with his entreaties, his real, or well simulated sorrow, saying he would not, and be could not live without me.

"You shall be happy, Austin, if any sacrifice on my part can ensure it," said Mark, tenderly grasping his son's hands. "Though that weak, foolish girl is unworthy of you, it is enough for me that you love her. Herbert, you are master here; let this end at once. Have the ceremony performed without the nonsense of preparation and further parley."

"But my friend, I cannot so far compel the child—give her time!"

"Time!" interrupted Mark; "she has had a sufficiency of time. I say, no more parleying and vacillating! I have your word of honor; fulfill it as becomes you. I cannot, and will not behold my son, suffering for the whims of a silly child. I want an end to this at once!"

The manner, the positiveness of tone, the instant command, all displeased my father. The angry Northrup blood mounted to his face; a gleam of haughty surprise shone from his unkindled eye.

"I have never broken my word, but I will not use actual compulsion," I will send Jasmine hence."

"To starve, to die, because this man demands it? Oh, my father, can you be so cruel?"

"You shall neither starve nor die. I will provide for your wants, but as you will not submit to your parents' desire, you must bear the penalty. Pack up your wardrobe; you leave Oakfast Hall to-morrow, and forever. I will send you to the village of Egglefield, where you shall be taken care of."

"I will go! Oh, thank you, thank you, father!" I cried, kissing his hand, and shedding tears of relief.

"Is this the fulfillment of your promise to me? Tell what for years I have waited for? Tell Northrup, I entreat upon a different course. I can tell you that which will make you alter your views. I tell you this

must not, shall not be so! Jasmine must remain, and become the wife of Austin."

His face was livid with passion; it was hideous in its distortion. Even my father was appalled by the sudden revelation of that tiger nature. The younger face reflected as in a mirror all the varying expressions of the older one. I shivered, and still held close my father's unresisting hand.

"This is too much, even from a friend!" he replied, in calm, steady tones. "In everything through life have I sought to please you, Mark. There are limits, however, to all things. While I yield to the demands of friendship, such as yours has ever proved, I cannot in this instance, bow to your will. Go to your room, now, Jasmine."

Yet still I lingered, possessed by some undefinable dread. The hands of Mark Catiffe opened and shut as if a life were in that nervous grasp. He advanced to my father, and said in a low, hoarse voice, at which cold shudders crept athwart me:

"Send the girl away! I have that to tell you which will change your plans at once. You little dream the power I hold over you and yours! Go, Austin, go, my son, and remember Mark Catiffe has never relinquished any object on which he has set his mind. Go, now."

He left the room, and, stunned, bewildered, with throbbing forebodings at my heart, I thrust aside Austin's proffered hand, and fled up stairs to my altar sanctuary.

I could not pray, and I could not weep. Some congealing terror had frozen the fountain sources of my tears. I sat upon the floor with clasped hands, listening intently with wildly exultant heart, for the sound of summoning footsteps, for the call that was to arouse me from the torpor of horror that held me bound.

I was called at last to find my father lying helpless, as if stricken with death, upon the lounge in his own room. A deathly pallor had settled on his face; the sharpened features seemed to stand forth from the cold, chiseled marble; his lips were blue; the fire of the dark, haughty eye was quenched; some terrible, quick pain was gnawing at his heart, for his trembling fingers clutched his linen as if to tear it thence; large drops of sweat stood on his brow in muted confusion, his dark, waving hair lay on the pillow.

At that sight, I forgot all selfish sorrow. I threw myself upon my knees before him, wiped the dew from his brow, and kissed the ice-cold hand. Alas, alas, when I deemed him almost won to love his desolate and persecuted child, he turned against me. On memory, with what a visage of disfiguring hatred, with curses too fearful to repeat! Oh tiger, serpent! well didst thou do thy destroying work! I fell forward on my face, groveling in the dust before the loathsome father, showering imprecations on my innocent head! My prayers, my tears, my wild entreaties, were all unheeded and unheeded in that furious gust of rage that convulsed the noble form! Amid his incoherent words I caught glimmerings of dark meanings, and I knew that he reverted to my mother, to curse and despise her anew, to trample into the lowest mire the name and fame of her I worshipped! I plead for a knowledge of the dread tidings revealed by Mark Catiffe; regardless of his insane manner, his threatening eyes, I implored him to tell me all!

He rose to his feet with a bound; he caught me in his herculean arms, and flung me from him as if I were a thing of vilest life. I was unhurt by his violence, and with firm resolve I approached him again, determined, though I perilled life itself to know the mystery that so darkened my days and life.

"Tell me all, I must know. For God's sake, tell me!"

"You would know all!—you must! You shall. Go—to her! Out of my sight!—out of my home forever! But for you, perverse, ungrateful, this had never come to light! Go to your mother, the low born wretch living with her paramour!"

I shrieked aloud, and called upon God's mercy to sustain my reason!

"She is long since in her grave—it is false! Oh, would to heaven it were true!" I cried.

"It is true! My shame, my torture, my dishonor, lives! Here is the proof," and a crumpled paper dropped upon the floor. I seized it, but could not read, for my sight was gone, and I felt myself falling—falling down some deep abyss of unconsciousness into the waters of everlasting rest beneath.

I was aroused by his grasp upon my shoulder, the cruel words he breathed in my ear that branded me, too, with a mother's shame! I would have implored for mercy, for forgiveness and pity, for me and her. His only answer was, "Out of my home!—out of my sight, forever!" and then the demon in him waxed stronger still, and on my unresisting frame descended murderously heavy, a father's maddened blows!

That night, I know not how the hours sped—there was a great commotion at Oakleaf Hall. Mrs. Strong raved and shrieked forth invectives and denunciations against the son-in-law she had pretended to honor. Agatha was in hysterics; the face of Konita was blanched to an ashy hue. Mark Catiffe had spread the poison of his communication. None seemed to heed or care for me, and like a guilty ghost, I stole forth under cover of the midnight darkness, and left my childhood's home forever. My brain was crazed with grief, my heart throbbled with fever pulsations; but more than all that bowed me to the earth was the recollection of that altered face, those savage eyes, that uplifted hand that fell upon my shrinking frame, like hammer strokes of fate! My father's hand! . . .

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Communications from the Indians in Spirit-Land.

Four years ago, while in the city of Boston, Mass., I received a spiritual communication informing me, that there would be no permanent settlement of the Indian difficulties under the Government of the United States, until the tribes which are in the spiritland were agreed as to the terms of settlement, and as to the locations and extent of country which the remnants of their race should occupy.

I received another communication in the city of Washington, August 3, 1893, through a highly-developed medium, as follows, showing that they are now agreed.

J. B.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1893.

To JOHN BROWN:

My Friend—Our great representative council consists of all various tribes of our nation, both of the present and past generations, who once inhabited the beautiful country which your people now claim or occupy as their own.

Our purpose in meeting is for the prolongation and elevation of our race, and for the reign of harmony among all the various tribes. Our spirit have bowed around our old familiar homes, and we wish no longer to see our tribes and our nation waste away. We wish commissioners sent to hold councils for their protection, elevation and harmony. Let them be held at a certain appointed day and place.

We in spirit-life wish four Grand Reserves to be especially set apart, having for their purpose the advancement and protection of our nation.

For the First Reserve—We wish the Penobscot and other Eastern Indians to be removed to Lake Superior, together with those in the vicinity of the lake and adjoining country, and located in the First Reserve in the upper portion of Wisconsin, and on the fine islands of Lake Superior.

For the Second Reserve—We wish the Southern and Middle States Indians to inhabit what is now known

as the Indian country. The climate is healthy, and the soil rich and productive. Here the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, Creeks, Ottawas, Delawares, New York Indians, and others, could live in harmony and peace.

For the Third Reserve—We wish the scattered remnants of the California Indians to be collected together for the Third Reserve, which we would have located in New Mexico. Here the Nevados, Apaches, Camanches, Pueblos, California Diggers, Schoshones, and other tribes could be collected together and live in harmony. Situate them on a navigable river, or where they can have the benefits of a railroad, for much civilization exists among some of these various tribes.

For the Fourth Reserve—We wish its situation to be in the northwestern portion of Washington Territory on the sea-coast. In it the Grand Round Indians, Black Feet, Flat Heads, and Indians living on the shell-fish and other fish, could live in harmony and peace, and the British Indians would seek protection.

Now we shall indeed be happy, and rejoice with pleasure when we see and know that the white men, our brothers, care sufficient for us to help us to prolongate the existence of our now wasting nation.

If you will but secure these four Grand Reserves for our race, we know our people will prosper, and flourish in agriculture, education, and civilization. You will find these four Grand Reserves to be the means of restoring harmony among the various tribes; and we tell you we expect to see these four Grand Reserves consolidated into one Grand General Reserve, and our people having but one language, and one religion, living in harmony and union.

We wish our race to become a powerful and united nation. For in union there is strength.

KING PHILIP,
TACUMSEH,
BILLY BOWLES,
OSCEOLA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SIR ELWYN ALURED.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY GEO. O. MEAD.

Through the gateway of the castle,
Guarded by the sturdy vassal,
Rode Sir Elwyn from the wassail—
For he was a knight of fame.
There his honor he had plighted,
Ne'er should Lady Jane be slighted,
But their hearts should be united
When he from the battle came.

Thus he left the halls of dancing,
Where the eyes of Love were glancing,
To do battle 'gainst his foes.
Oft his lance was bent in battle,
Oft his buckler loud did rattle
'Neath his angry foeman's blows.

Soon his love the lady slighted,
And forgot her promise plighted—
Quite forgot the absent knight;
For another came to woo her,
Telling tales of love unto her,
And she bent her ear with pleasure
To his tales of golden treasure.
And his faded jewels bright.

Maidens giddy and short-sighted,
Oft have broken promise plighted,
And of hopes forever blighted.
Scarcely gave a single thought—
Little recking of the sorrow
That might usher in the morrow.
Thus fair Jane, her vows unheeding,
Still'd her conscience's silent pleading.
When her hand another sought.

There was mirth within the castle,
Long and merry was the wassail.
When fair Lady Jane was wed,
Music swells along the arches,
Where the festal pageant marches;
And the merry shouts and laughter
Shook the banners on each rafter,
Hanging pendent overhead.

Joy from Sir Elwyn departed
When he learned she was false-hearted—
Seemed it like his funeral knell.
Thenceforth, when he fought in battle,
Seemed his glaive to lose its mettle;
Knights proved soon forsook him,
Like an aspen, foemen shook him.
When their blows upon him fell.

Soon, how'er, his cares were ended,
For an archer's shaft descended
All unguarded by his shield.
Scenes of Milan plate were shivered,
Deep within his heart it quivered,
Dead he fell upon the field.

Slept the robin on the willow,
Slept the lily on her pillow,
Silent was the castle all.
Woke the lady ere she awoke—
By her stood the one she slighted,
Ghastly in the vaulted hall!

From his breast the blood was streaming,
And his phantom eyes were gleaming.
With a sad, reproachful look,
And a roar like pealing thunder
Seemed to rend the roof asunder.
Whirlt again the castle shook!

Then a glare of light appeared,
Lit the hall with gleams infernal—
Such as ne'er was seen before.
And the tower was burst asunder,
Instant ceased the demon thunder—
But fair Jane was seen no more!

Years have passed, yet in those chambers
Where the blooming ivy clambars,
Roam the spirits of the train.
Sounds are heard of demon laughter,
Shaking each old oaken rafter,
As they hold their midnight revels,
With their train of ghosts and devils,
Howling through the night amain.

Travelers on their way delighted,
Turn them from the place affrighted,
At the goblin sounds they hear.
Elvish shapes in dances spinning,
Skeletal in armor grinning,
See they in this place of fear!
Milwaukee, Wis., Sept., 1893.

SHRELLING, AND NOW THE MESSIAH ARE DODGED.—A correspondent writing from Morris Island to the Christian Advocate and Journal, says:

At night we can see the path of a shell through all its journey, lighted as it is by the burning fuse. When the range is two miles, the track of a shell from a mortar describes very near half the arc of a circle. On leaving the mortar, it gracefully moves nearly or quite a mile above the earth, and then it glides along for a moment, apparently in a horizontal line; but quickly you see that the little fiery orb is on the home stretch, describing the other segment of the circle. A shell from rifled a Parrott gun is going two and a half

miles, deviating from a straight line, not quite so much as a shell from a mortar. But in passing over this space, considerable time is required. The report travels much faster than the shot. A shell from a mortar will make a distance of two miles in about thirty seconds, and from a Parrott gun in about half that time. The flash of a gun at night, and the white smoke by day, indicate the moment of the discharge, and fifteen or twenty seconds give an abundance of time to find a cover in a splinter proof, behind a trench, or something else. It is wise and soldierly to do so, but many pay no attention to those blessings, screaming, dying, in the day time, if shot from a gun, invisible devils, except to crack jokes at their expense, or occasionally one pays his life for his foolhardiness.

Original Essays.

THE BAD AND GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

[H. B. Chapman and A. B. Child propose to write for our paper a series of articles, which will take some thing of the form of a dialogue, on the "Bad and Good of Spiritualism,"

H. B. Chapman's remarks are placed under the head of H. B. C., and A. B. Child's remarks under the head of A. B. C.]

H. B. C.—I propose to show, on my part, precisely this: That Spiritualism, in its various phases of table-tipping, rapping, trance-speaking, &c., is of supernatural origin, and mainly of Satanic direction—that its tendency is to disorder, disruption, and chaos, and is not therefore friendly to the peace of the world. But terms must be defined before points are argued. I mean, then, by Spiritualism, the modern phenomena of tipping tables, rapping upon them, trance-speaking, &c., and the system, partial or complete, which has grown out of these phenomena. I mean by Satan an individualized being, of great capacity and towering ambition, who has his headquarters somewhere in the vicinity of the earth.

By supernatural, I mean events which have their causes in a world beyond us.

I have now a word preliminary, touching what I propose to do.

All thinking persons, out of the insane asylum, are observant of a conflict both within and without them. Within are passion, reason, will, disputations, and questionings as to how we shall think and act; and without are the collisions of class in society, sects in religion, cliques in politics, usurpation and war among nations. Whence and wherefore is it so?

We find within and without us, also, the elements of order, stability and harmony; also of quarrel, anarchy and revolution. Here are two sets of forces: the one conservative, the other aggressive. One coincides with the central law of existence—the other operates as a disturbing element. Now the precise point of inquiry is, whence comes this disturbing force? One of two things I think must have happened at the start; either this disturbing was organized into the human constitution, or it was superinduced upon us after our creation.

To affirm the first proposition, is to attribute our own origin to a divine cause; but God is not the author of confusion. To affirm the latter proposition puts us to the logical necessity of another and secondary cause apart from God, powerful and commensurate to the effect we see.

If, now, you say the woman in the Eastern Paradise had within her the element of discord, which could become inflamed by a kind of spontaneous combustion, you simply assert what is ridiculous; for you charge God with having blundered in her organization.

Have effects causes? Do men gather figs of thistles? Have you a self-acting power? Are you a self-acting being?

What one of you would exclude God from the universe, by setting up himself in his stead? Do you say none? then there is no devil among you.

There is nothing self-acting but that which is its own author. God is the only self-reigning sovereign of the world; all else is subject.

Now where one is tempted there must be a tempter, or else my foregoing remark is not true, that there is nothing self-acting but God; for here we make temptation the author of itself.

It is evident then, from reason, that the woman was tempted by something, or some one.

If by something, what was it, animate or inanimate, within her or without?

If without, was it the splendid and beauteous world she saw, and did she wish herself its queen? Or, was it some high-wrought faculty within, impetioned and aspiring after knowledge? What then? Did the faculty set itself in motion?—or is the faculty male and female that it can, by self-action, generate new instincts, and create new passions.

It would be unfair to say that the woman acted in the matter without due provocation, for her descendants rarely go against our reason; and that she had a most arch and consummate villain to deal with will be confessed, when it is remembered how nearly he mirrored the matter in his conversation with her respecting God, and the probable consequence should she disregard his threatening.

But how did he (the Devil) get these secrets, unless he was once in friendly intercourse with angels and the dignitaries of heaven? Why not? Once in our bosoms we held the destroyer of our nation's peace, and why not some far-off and celestial heaven have held this rebel angel and his host?

If the faculties of the woman got into disorder of themselves, then by the same logic they can get out of it of themselves, and in that case each thing becomes its own redeemer, which intimates universal wreck, and universal upbuilding. But this is not the way of the divine philosophy.

Why, I am not more shocked at the Devil, than at myself. I have had thoughts that would overthrow Jehovah, and seize creation for myself; and what in me is a momentary wish, is in Satan a settled and determined will.

Who, having the advantage means to keep it still, shrewd, cunning, and sometimes devout. When that is best to bring his end about, to visit and cheer his patrons on their way.

But let it be observed again, that, if the woman's faculties were self-acting, and by that motive got out of order, and so remain in spite of medicine to cure, there was some huge defect in making them; so much as to abrogate a man from sin who puts away a woman for not liking her.

A. B. C.—I propose to show only what I know of Spiritualism, not what my ignorance presumes, or knows nothing of. Of the good of Spiritualism I know something—of the bad of Spiritualism I know nothing. In ten years experience of daily and hourly devotion to this blessed influx of heavenly love upon the earth, called Spiritualism, from the deep, earnest and honest convictions of my soul I affirm that I have not recognized anything in it that seemed to me intrinsically bad, wrong or evil. But, on the contrary, I have found in it all the good for which my soul yearned, all that my feeble developed capacities could bear, all that I have found in it a rich and exhaustless fountain of truth. In it, through the mystifying vapors of opinion and philosophy that are everywhere around us, I have seen the comely form of common sense. By it, through the foam caused by bubbles of self-righteousness breaking, I have seen the level sea of human beings, and I have seen the narrow significance of a single creed, and the broader significance of all creeds. In Spiritualism I have seen human feet walk over the narrow confines of

olden interest and selfish love, and bear signal evidence of sympathy and compassion for the pains, pleasures and sorrows of others. In Spiritualism I have seen some of the signs that Christ has said shall follow those who believe on him, viz., speaking with new tongues, calling out devils, laying hands upon and healing the sick. And I have seen, too, men and women by it baptized in tears, virtually in the name of a Christ stoned, spit upon and crowned with thorns by the thoughtless world, and also take up what popular clamor figuratively called "serpents," and drink what the world virtually called "deadly things," and not be hurt thereby. In Spiritualism I have seen a devotion to the things of the spiritual world that sets at naught the things of this world that so soon dissolve and die. By Spiritualism I have seen the affections set on things above, more than on things below. In Spiritualism I have seen more faith in God, that is spirit, and less faith in matter, that is only the production of spirit. In Spiritualism I have seen charity that goes farther than the outward pretences of righteousness—charity that covers the wide circle of all human beings, whether their badness be covered by goodness or their goodness by badness—charity that makes no resistance to evil, that forgiveth always, that believeth all things and vaunteth not itself. In Spiritualism I have seen the dawning of the millennial age—the second advent of the spirit of Christ, but not without the beginning destruction of earthly things on which men's affections are set. I have seen the earthly images to which men kneel in devotion, by it broken. By it I have seen riches scattered on the winds of the earth, and the conviction of self-greatness and superiority leveled, even in degraded littleness and apparent inferiority. By Spiritualism I have seen that the religions, the usages and customs of the world in the present and past, are welshed and found wanting, or are found to be of little real significance—that written laws, both religious and moral, are attributes of matter, not spirit; good and bad morals and religions are material, not spiritual; that argument is always superficial, and contention and combat are more superficial still; that creeds and beliefs are only lawful effects, not spiritual causes; that the actions of men are necessities to men's conditions; that the affections of men that make the acts of men are not subservient to human volition; that human philosophy is subservient to human affection; that affection is in the seat of physical life, philosophy in the highest physical extremity; that philosophy guides us to the grave, affection bears us to heaven; that morals and religions are helps to the physical being, but not to the soul, for they are only effects of the soul; that soul is not guided or influenced by the beliefs and deeds it produces, so more than the engine is influenced or guided by the smoke it sends off. Spiritualism opens a view to the perfect form, power, and certainty of the immortality of every human soul.

To those who see and feel the blessed realities of Spiritualism, it is good in the highest sense of goodness, and lovely in the deepest, truest meaning of loveliness.

What sensuous, surface perception calls Spiritualism is not Spiritualism; it is only materialism that Spiritualism causes to fall from the beautiful soul. And to those whose affections are yet only set on these falling things of earth, Spiritualism appears a terrific evil, because it breaks, damages and deforms what they only dearly love.

Table tipping, raps, trances, etc., are not Spiritualism, they are only effects of Spiritualism. These are only sensuous effects of a deep and holy power that lies behind, which the poor, frail philosophy of man cannot quite yet understand the wisdom of. So, like as a baby cries in pain, philosophy man cries in want of knowing wisdom's ways, and calls these wise workings of the spirit world of satanic direction, tending to disorder, disruption chaos. And it is right that he should do so, for it is natural and incident to the condition of earthly love which all have, or will pass through. In the condition of earthly love, who, with out depression and condemnation, can bear to see the fondest idols of their affection broken and destroyed? It is the tendency of Spiritualism to break in pieces the idols of earth that men worship, so that the affections of men and women may be set on something better. Those only who yet have a deep love for the things of earth, talk against and qualify Spiritualism with evil adjectives. These things of earth that fighting men so fondly love and count almost eternal, and even think them chariots for heaven's immortality, are only earthly idols that Spiritualism is breaking. Wealth, pretending morality, superior religion, excellent reputation, honor, fame, greatness and the salvation of self, all these are only idols that men selfishly worship in the deep affection of earthly love. Spiritualism will break them all, and for doing it will get many curses, but there shall follow in its trail spirit's all blessings.

I would not charge God with any blunder, nor can I deny, if Ere was inharmonious, that she had the elements of inharmonious created in her. Ere, I suppose, died as other women die—a natural, physical death, and in her physical being, as do all other physical beings. And I would not call God a God of "confusion" because he so created her.

Effects have causes, as well as causes have effects. Causes produce effects, and the producer is always superior to the product.

I never saw grapes gathered from thistles, but have seen men try.

If man is a self-acting being, his action is very limited. All Nature is self-acting, and Nature is its own author. Nature is all power, all wisdom, all presence. These three attributes of Nature we may call God. It takes everything that has existence to constitute Nature. The attributes that make our God are infinite, so there is no power outside the infinite power of God; hence the power that tempts is God's power, and the power that surrenders to temptation is God's power, too.

It matters little whether we say God's power acts within or without us, whether we call it devilish or angelic. All power is God's power.

If it be unfair to say that any act is produced without a due provocation, the earth is loaded with unfairness. I do not hesitate to say that every action of every man has due provocation, has a lawful and unavoidable cause that lies in the all-wise and all-directing power of God. Nor would I call any part or fraction of the unseen wisdom and power that directs the world consummately villainous, for all of God is good.

A devil outside of man, a personal being with a tail and one split foot, that has his headquarters somewhere in the air or down in the earth, that influences all men and all women, that makes all kneel and bow to him with but little, if any, rebellion to him, even in secret, is only a grotesque symbol, an absurd figure of the real power that damages and dissolves earthly things, the final end of which is physical death, and which physical death is as lawful as physical birth, and is meant to be so by the wisdom that rules.

If this fictitious kingdom of the devil is immortal, as is claimed by the Church, if it reaches beyond the dominion of earthly love, as is preached, by ye sure that every child of earth is a subject of the devil's kingdom forever, for all are his subjects here.

Every man must die physically, and what is called the devil, or evil, is alone the proximate cause of man's physical death. This physical death to the senses of the soul is a great blessing, while to the senses of this world it is a great curse. So the senses of the soul do not curse evil, but call it good—while the senses of this world curse it, not knowing the good that will come of it. The devil and evil, as claimed, are virtually tantamount, and are tantamount in matter, consequently physical death is inevitable.

I would here say to the friends who have invited us to speak in their vicinities on the subject of death, that I prefer to not make engagements far ahead, but will endeavor to respond to their calls as soon as possible.

I intend to spend the remaining part of the fall and the winter in Wisconsin and Illinois. My address will be the first of January will be Fox Lake, Dodge Co., after that Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.

Patch says he never could see that Canada was much better to England; for all the Mother country ever got from those provinces was war, and again and rows—except the Canadian boat race, and even that commences—"Row, brothers, row."

When does a man appear most ridiculous? When he finds fault, ridicules, and is contentious with people, and knows nothing about it.—Dr. J. C. Kelly.

INSANE MEDIUMS—NO. 1.

BY O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D.

Not long ago we were summoned by the friends of a medium in a distant city to hasten to see him. He was in good physical health, and his mediumship had always been orderly. He was usually a pattern of cheerfulness, but now he was pronounced insane by different physicians. He continually uttered expressions of frantic despair.

Mustard was powerless to relieve. Blisters would wound, but not counteract. Anodynes would not assuage the excited brain; "he must go to the asylum," was all that could be said by good medical counsel. Even those who knew he was a medium and did not believe that such phenomena could be caused by spirits, could only say, "He has been influenced too much." "His brain has been too much taxed," and thus account for "insanity."

When I entered the room, his expressions of despair brought tears to my eyes. He seemed to be in the most terrible fright. He feared that I was coming to destroy him, and conducted like a child expecting to be beaten by an enraged father.

Taking advantage of this expression of his feelings, I ordered him to sit up, in tones of authority, and made vigorous passes from the head downward for a moment, and then commanded him to stand. He trembled as if being led to execution.

To my mind the fear was the emotion of a spirit who had entire control. I placed my hands on his head and passed rapidly to the floor a few times, when taking him by the shoulder, I wheeled him suddenly round, saying, "Now you are entirely well." In an instant, he looked me fair in the face, and with the most cheerful expression said, "Doctor, how do you do?"

He was well and natural, conversed playfully as usual, and the whole time occupied was not half as long as it has taken me to pen the above. He could now be influenced in an orderly manner as before, and attend to his business, and I have not known any symptoms of another attack. That night he was to have been sent to the asylum with a temperamental easily controlled, and of course he would be subject to any insane or inharmonious influence that might choose to fasten upon him.

Moreover, all the anodynes and anesthetics used to subdue him would increase his susceptibility, and disturb the harmony of his physical system more and more.

At the present moment I have two patients in my family, who have been mediums for years. One has been under influence so disorderly, that she cut off one of her own fingers when entranced by a spirit, and otherwise injured herself and others. She has been with us now for months, is often under influence, and never but once controlled in a disorderly manner. We could not have a friend more orderly or more agreeable.

The other has been confined a year in an asylum, because inharmonious spirits could influence her as well as those that were orderly and harmonious, and Spiritualism charged with "causing her insanity." Since she has been with us there has been no influence that could be pronounced insane or disorderly by the most prejudiced observer, except certain effects confined entirely to the physical. I shall have something to say in future of the power of spirits to disturb the physical, and inflit or cause pain.

Every week—yes, almost daily—we hear of similar cases. Some at home, suffering unutterable horrors, but not so troublesome as to compel the friends to remove them; others sent to asylums to be drugged, caged, and fettered, because their friends refuse to believe, or have never thought that there can be disorderly as well as orderly influence.

Many of these can be relieved in a week or a day by those who know the causes and methods of inharmonious and disorderly influence. In heaven's name, shall we not save them?

Hilton Hill Remedial Institute.

THE TWO SAVIOURS.

BY LOUISE T. WHITTIER.

History informs us that more than eighteen hundred years ago, on a distant Eastern mount, was crucified one who had borne thither his own cross, and though like every suffering soul, he cried, "If possible, let this cup pass by," yet it was of no avail, for upon this human sacrifice depended the spiritual salvation of the world. Though many, no doubt, believe that to this brutal sacrifice of life they owe their all of future happiness—and I once belonged to the fast decreasing class—yet from the depths of suffering and degradation human souls are now asking for the crucifixion of another Saviour, to atone for the sins of physical life. But however graciously God may deal with the heart, all our experiences prove that He never pardons stomach, muscle, lungs or brain. These must expiate their crimes unmercifully. Nay, there are numerous and obvious cases of violated physical laws, where Nature, with all her diligence and severity, seems unable to scourge the offender enough during his life time, and so she goes on playing her scourge upon his children and his children's children after him, even to the third and fourth generation. All the sons and all the daughters are made inheritors, not in aliquot parts, but by kind of malignant multiplication in the distemper, each inherits the whole.

Since it is useless to expect to go on transgressing the health-law of our constitutions without paying the utmost penalty of such violated law, is it not that we begin to inquire what we shall do to be saved from this living death? And does it not devote us, as Spiritual Reformers, to think, write and talk upon the subject of health, and practice what we preach, and thus prove to the world the possible existence of sound mind in a sound body? Though we ignore the idea of a spiritual saviour, yet by our looks and actions we are praying for one upon whom we can cast the burden of our physical sins. We talk eloquently of a beautiful angel-world, where harmony, peace and happiness, like the gentle zephyrs of a summer evening, fan lightly the brow and cheek of earth's once suffering children, while at the same time we are living in manner to perpetuate this suffering, and people the spirit-world with half-developed, inharmonious human beings. My heart rejoiced while reading the resolutions offered by Bro. Tooley at the Potsdam, N. Y., Convention, for truly "physical health should be elevated as the basis of spiritual growth." Then let us clip the wings of fancy, and deal awhile with the realities of earth-life, and become our physical, as well as spiritual saviours.

I would here say to the friends who have invited us to speak in their vicinities on the subject of health, that I prefer to not make engagements far ahead, but will endeavor to respond to their calls as soon as possible.

I intend to spend the remaining part of the fall and the winter in Wisconsin and Illinois. My address will be the first of January will be Fox Lake, Dodge Co., after that Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.

Patch says he never could see that Canada was much better to England; for all the Mother country ever got from those provinces was war, and again and rows—except the Canadian boat race, and even that commences—"Row, brothers, row."

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

If there are any classes of effective workers in the field of human progress, that are abused, misused, villified and crucified, and who deserve the sympathy and charity of the good, it is first, mediums; next, lecturers on spirit-intercourse, who are not mediums. The latter are less sensitive, and more able to meet the blasts of scorn, ridicule, contempt, and slander, from the self-righteous and self-constituted leaders of society and respectability than the former.

I have been in the field from the early dawn of Spiritualism, and borne the heat and burden of the day, and have seen the rise and fall of many bright and promising mediums and speakers, and have seen more fall from the uncharitable attacks of selfish, personal foes within the lines of Spiritualism, than from the open attacks of enemies without.

Spiritualism has been managed by self-constituted leaders, very much as the National Army has, in which some of the best, most promising, and most popular officers have been relieved from duty, to gratify the ambition, prejudice, or selfishness of others. Some, I know, of our once most promising advocates, have been lured out of the field by matrimonial retirement, often crowded by slanderous tongues of the jealous and envious, and by rivals for public and private honors. These I leave to bear their own testimony in proper time to their success and satisfaction in escaping the evils and finding the joys of existence; but scores of those to whom the people looked for light from the spheres above, and as instruments in the hands of spirits for opening the windows of heaven to the groping and freezing souls in this world, have been driven from the field by the harsh and cruel treatment of hard-hearted and envious persons in the same faith with them.

It is curious to see how few of the early pioneers of Spiritualism in this country are still in the field, and yet how few of them are over the river and on the happy shore of the "summer-land." Yet they have not gone back to the flesh pots of Egypt, with very few exceptions; but they are sequestered by the self-constituted leaders, and self-righteous guardians of the respectability and morality of the age.

It is a notorious fact, that there are some persons among us, who, if they could have their way, would remove all the popular mediums and speakers, but a few combined partisans and sycophants, and serve the rest as some of our best officers have been served, as they have already done with some, who bear it like the military martyrs, patiently waiting a day of justice and an "age of virtue."

Where is Britain, Tiffany, Newton, Hewitt, Spear, Dr. Daxton, Ambler, Gibson, Smith, Emma Jay, Charlotte Hebe, Fanny Green, and a host of others, less known, who took part early in opening this subject to the public, who are still in this sphere, and not in the churches or the ranks of our enemies?

Where is that second graduating class that came a few years later, and worked as efficiently and faithfully as the first? Where is T. G. Forster, G. E. Lockwood, J. B. Loveland, R. P. Wilson, L. B. Everett, Dr. Mayhew, L. B. Brown, Mattie Hulett, Rev. Mr. Ferguson, the New Hampshire Professor, (whose name I cannot catch,) and a host of others of this class and age, and many who have even come and gone since?

Has justice been done these pioneers at all times? Have they been treated by Spiritualists with that charity which we profess to have, greater than our Christian neighbors? Have they been rewarded with that penny that belongs even to the eleventh hour laborers? Have they been forgiven with that forgiveness which forgives "seventy times seven," by those in the faith with them? Have they been treated as brothers and sisters by those who profess to be such to all the race, black and white, good and bad, pure and vile? Have they been even decently rewarded for good services rendered? Have not many of them received directly the opposite treatment, until their sensitive souls have hid themselves from public abuse by retirement?

T. G. Forster, whose eloquence and philosophy held spell bound his numerous audiences, and whose words and mediumship quickened many a soul into new life, attacked by hearts colder than the icebergs of Greenland, shrank from the contact, and retired from the field, for a time, at least.

G. E. Lockwood, whose eloquence blazed all over northern Ohio, and other parts of the West, and who made hundreds of friends and thousands of admirers in a few months—was silenced by a single shot from a mounted battery, and hid where friends and foes have alike failed to find him for years, yet his name and memory are still sacred in the hearts of hundreds, and they even inquire affectionately after him of other speakers. But he is gone, and the enemies of the cause rejoice, and his personal enemies are glad.

Dr. Dexter drops suddenly out of New York, and his pen, which had made many strokes of light for the watchers, scratches no more for the cause, that we know of.

That old iron war-horse, Tiffany, that made Orthodox tremble wherever its sounds were heard, switched off, and runs no more.

The silvery tones of Bro. Newton are silent as the broken flute.

I am sure there is injustice somewhere. Is it not inside of our ranks? Had we not better search the ranks and see if there is not a cancer-worm of pride, ambition, respectability, self-righteousness, aristocracy, or some other gnawing character within the folds of the garment that covers Spiritualism?

We are strong enough, if we were only charitable enough to sustain mediums and speakers, and to reform and correct and improve all who need it, and still retain their usefulness. If we turn the cold shoulder to our own brothers and sisters in belief, at every variation from our individual standards of right and wrong, what better are we than Christians or heathen? What can outsiders expect to gain by joining us?

Oct. 10, 1863.

ONE OF THE LOST SHEEP.—A Methodist minister was traveling through the settlements of Wisconsin, doing good where he might. He tarried for the night at one of the pioneer's cabins. The old woman, while preparing supper, entered into a conversation with the visitor, and the following colloquy took place:

"Stranger, where must you be from?"
"Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky."
"Well, stranger, hope no offense, but what must you be doing?"
"Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

"John, John!" shouted the old lady, "come right here this minute, here's a stranger all the way from Shelby County, Kentucky, hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life that tangled-haired old man that's been in our lot for the last week is one of his'n!"

"A rebel prisoner was asked by a Federal soldier what he was fighting for. He replied, 'This rich man's negroes.'"

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

BY G. L. BURNHIDE (MEDIUM).

I still will be prophetic, for I saw
In visions of the deep, entranced at night.
The still accumulating evidence
Of human change to more beatitude.
I moved among my fellows somewhat mad,
Because the evidence was not so strong.
As my o'er-anguine wishes called for. Yet
The day is not far distant when the sight
Of all the good and fair will be more clear:
When the low-toned and monotonous din
Of all the nations of the earth has come:
A man to show the laws of God are just,
And not to be repealed by priest or king,
To suit the whims of titled anarchy.
A man to show the laws of Nature still
Are but the laws of God. To give no feigned
Nur forced attention to the big est truth:
THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD, AND GOD IS ALL.

Answer me, winds of midnight! Answer me,
Ye stars that round the planet seem to roll!
Have ye no voice to tell that God is there?
Are there no laws to bind ye to the day,
And sink ye in the abyss of deepest night?
Are ye but wandering meteors of the night,
Astray upon the fields of azure? Light!
Have ye no voice to tell from whence you came?
And are you thrown chaotic from the sphere?
Men call the sun, not knowing what they say?
Are you in passing radiance brilliantly
Illuminated for a festal night?
Then doomed to go in utter darkness out?
And where is all your law that called you forth,
And set a sign and token in the sky?
Is the sign there, and that it signifies
Gone on a journey to symposium feasts,
In some far realm of all his bright domain?
Answer me, mighty atmosphere that rolls
Through the abyss of all the ether world!
Have you no life to bud the coming year?
Or is the blank a chemist, calling forth
Trees, flowers and fruitage, by his alchemy?

I answer for myself: and now declare
There is a God, of whom I am a part;
And dare the world to combat with my love
That I have learned when in the upper realm
Of ether where I floated from the earth,
Enamoured and enraptured.

Oh, how well
The ancient magic of the teeming earth
Comes in eternal phases from the south;
And with the eternal of the years
Crowns the expecting servant of her breath.

Stem your unwieldy currents, mighty earth!
And then the mind will set its onward course
To that unfused and much desired bourne
Whence travelers will not desire to return—
The haven of their wishful dreams of years,
Eucheried with the glow of youthful hope;
The bright and glorious future of the soul.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE "REVUE SPIRITE."

The teachings of French Spiritualism differ somewhat from ours and our English cousins, the result, probably, of their former materialistic philosophy and Catholicism. It is not quite like the composite immortality of Fourier, but resembling that of Dr. Edward Beecher, that having slipped or failed in our former protection, (or at our own request,) we return to earth again for a new experience in another incarnation; and the testimonies they obtain from their departed, seem to corroborate their ideas, one of the most interesting of which is the following, translated from the March number of the "Revue Spirite," given by a physician of Paris. He says:

In a family of laborers, my neighbors, in the country, was a young girl named Clara Rivier, of ten years, who had been completely blind ever since her fourth year. During her whole life she was never known to utter a single complaint, or make an impatient sign, and although deprived of instruction, she consoled her afflicted family, conversing with them of the future life and the happiness she should there find. She died in September, 1862, after four days of tortures and convulsions, during which she never ceased to pray to God. "I fear not death," said she, "since a life of happiness will then be mine." She said to her weeping father, "Be consoled; I shall return to visit you. My hour is approaching. I shall be forewarned of its coming." And when the fatal moment drew near, she called her relatives to her, saying, "I have but five minutes to live; give me your hands," and she expired as she had announced.

Since then a rapping spirit has visited the house of Mr. Rivier, which overturns everything, striking the table as if with a club, shaking the curtains and draperies removing the table utensils, playing with the bells in the garret. This spirit has appeared under the form of Clara to her father, who is but five years old. To this child her sister has often spoken, and that which excludes all doubt upon this point, is that the apparition utters cries of joy, or of lamentation if her desires are not complied with—that is, that the fire and lights should be extinguished in the room where the vision takes place, during which the child continually says, "Only see! How beautiful she is!" The father desired to know what Clara wished, and she demanded that they should restore her hair, which, according to the custom of the country, had been cut off; but although the parents have complied by placing her hair upon her tomb, the spirit has still continued its visits and noise, of which I have myself been witness, with other neighbors. During an absence of ten days that I was obliged to make, the obsessions took a more violent character. Mr. Rivier receiving sudden blows upon his body, and sometimes thrown down. Fright seized them, and they went to consult a medium, who advised them to give a general alms to the poor of the country during two days.

In the meantime this conversation was held with the spirit. Clara Rivier evoked, responded, "I am near you, disposed to answer inquiries."
"How was it that you, so young and without instruction, could express such elevated ideas upon the future life before your death?"

"From the little time that I had passed upon your globe, and at my preceding incarnation. I was a medium when I quitted the earth, and when I returned amongst you. This was a predestination; I felt and saw all that I said."
"How was it that a child of your age never uttered a complaint, through four years of suffering?"

"Because physical suffering was conquered by a higher power, that of my guardian angel, whom I saw always near me. He knew all that I felt, and rendered my will stronger than the pain."

"How comes it that animated with love for your parents you came to torment them by making these noises around them?"

"I have without doubt a proof, or rather a mission to accomplish. This noise, this trouble, this wrestling, is a notification of our presence. I am aided by other spirits whose turbulence has a bound and desire. Pardon us, many convulsions will spring from it. M."

parents had a proof; it will soon cease, but not till conviction has been carried to many minds."
"The general charity which has been counseled, will it cause these obsessions to cease?"

"The obsessions will cease when the time for it arrives, but believe it, prayer and faith are powerful to subdue it. The alms is in itself a prayer; it goes to console, and aided by us, will carry conviction to many hearts. It will also draw attention to these manifestations."

"Why, so young, were you afflicted with so many infirmities?"
"I had anterior faults to expiate. I had misused the health and the brilliant position that I enjoyed in my preceding incarnation. Then God said to me: 'Thou hast greatly enjoyed, measurably thou shalt suffer; thou wast haughty, thou shalt be humbled; in place of vanity, thou shalt force thyself to acquire charity and goodness.' I did according to the will of God, and my guardian angel aided me."

Another "terrestrial expedition" is given in the July No. called "Max, the Mendicant." An old man, who, lame and infirm, wandered about selling alms, wicks and small notions, subsisting mostly by charity. He received the soubriquet of "Count Max." But no one knew anything of his origin, yet his physiognomy and manners contrasted strongly with his rags. Several years after his death, he appeared in a vision to the daughter of one who had formerly been kind to him. He said:

"Thank you, for remembering poor Max, the beggar, in your prayers. You desire to know who I am, and I will satisfy you, while it will be instructive to many others. About a century and a half ago, I was a rich, powerful Lord, but vain, proud, and inflated. My immense fortune served only my own pleasures. My vassals, I believed, created for my use like the animals on my lands, were pressed and maltreated to subserve my prodigalities. I died before middle age, exhausted from excesses, but without having experienced any real trouble. The world smiled on me, and called me one of its happiest. My rank gave me a sumptuous funeral, but not a tear was shed upon my tomb, not a prayer ascended for my soul, and my memory was cursed by all whose misery I had occasioned. And oh, that is terrible, the maledictions of those you have injured! It ceased not to resound in my ears during the long years that appeared an eternity. And at the death of each of my victims, there was a new figure, which, threatening or ironical, continually followed me. Not a friendly look. My old companions in debauchery fled from me, seeming to say with disdain, 'Thou canst pay for our pleasures no more.' At length, overwhelmed with fatigue, like a weary traveler who sees no termination to his route, I exclaimed, 'Oh my God, have pity upon me. Oh when will end this terrible torture?' Then a voice, the first I had heard since I left the earth, said:

"What wouldst thou do?"
"What can I do, great God? I submit to all."
"Repent, humble thyself before those thou hast humiliated. Pray them to intercede for thee, for the prayer of the forgiving is agreeable to the Saviour."

I humbled myself, I prayed my vassals, my servants, who were there, and whose faces looked kindly on me as they disappeared. Then commenced a new life. Hope took the place of despair, and I thanked God with all the strength of my soul. Then the voice said: "Pardon!" And I replied:

"There is here no prince, but only the God all powerful, who humbles the haughty. I adore me, oh Saviour, for I am guilty, and let me serve my servants if I be they will."

"Some years later I was again born into a family of poor laborers. My parents dying when I was yet a child, I remained alone in the world; I obtained my living as I could, by toiling, by working on a farm, but always honestly, for now I feared God. At the age of forty a malady seized my limbs, so that I could no longer work, and for fifty years I was a wandering beggar over the lands I had once been master, too happy sometimes to obtain shelter in the stable of the chateau of which I had been lord. In my dreams I often seemed to be in possession of my ancient fortune; this often awoke a sentiment of bitterness and regret, but never a complaint escaped my lips; and when it pleased God to recall me, I found myself blessed indeed, for having had courage to submit without murmuring to this long and painful trial."

In the "Revue" for this month, there are remarks made upon this subject, and questions as to the difference between *expiation* and *trial*. They observe that the true *expiation* of Max seemed to be during his stay in the *spirit-world*; that the position he occupied during his last incarnation was only a trial that he chose or was imposed on him; yet, during that second life, he being ignorant of his anterior position, it could not profit as an *expiation*.

The editor, in his answer, says enough other things. Every effect having a cause, human miseries are effects which should have a cause. If this cause cannot be found in actual life here, it must be in the anterior life. Moreover, in admitting the justice of God, these effects ought to have a relation more or less intimate with the preceding acts, of which they are both a chastisement for the past, and a proof or trial for the future. Spiritualism, by the revelation of the great law of plurality of existence, completely raises the veil upon this question. We learn that if the fault has not been committed in this life, it has been in another. As to the question of *forgetfulness*, which, according to our correspondent, takes from the sufferings of life the character of *expiation*, we have shown elsewhere that the precise remembrance of these faults would be extremely inconvenient; they would trouble us, humiliate us in our own eyes and those of our relatives; would disturb our social conditions and fetter our free will. And forgetfulness is not so absolute as one supposes; it has place only in this external life. The spirit in its sojourn in the spiritual life, and in moments of emancipation from the external, remembers perfectly, and this remembrance leaves an intuition which translates itself by the voice of conscience. Spiritualism gives, besides the means to man to re-ascend into the past, to judge more or less of the general character of his former acts. From the tribulations he endures, expiations or trials, he ought to conclude he has been guilty. From the nature of these tribulations, aided by the study of his instinctive tendencies, and supporting it by the principle that the punishment must just in that which is the consequence of the fault, he can deduce his past morals; his bad tendencies teaching him that which remain to be corrected. There is then nothing irrational in admitting that a spirit in "penitence," (as he calls the sojourn in the spirit-life,) should choose or solicit another terrestrial existence where he may repair his past errors. Miseries here, then, are expiations in their material, affective life, and proofs or trials in their moral consequences."

So much for M. Kardec's explanations. It seems to us, on the contrary, that the Revelations of Spiritualism teach there is no necessity for these immigrations. If in the spiritual life there is such a view of the past as to bring repentance and amendment, the good of the chastisement is accomplished, and opportunities for showing the new principles of action are not wanting. We may serve and help there, and the intimate connection between the two worlds, the repentant spirit may still labor and expiate here without a bodily incarnation. If it chooses; so our friends beyond the tomb and our reason teach us. What say you, Mr. Editor?

E. M.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELLEN.

BY A. B. BRADY.

When I slept, the shadows gathered and seemed to
throng my room;
Upon my spirit rested a weight of fear and gloom—
Before my troubled vision arose a lonely tomb.

The sorrows that are past, and the sorrows yet to be,
In waking hours are brightened by hope and memory;
And by the light of dreams strange fountains did I see.

But as the shadows darkened, there came an angel-
form;
Her holy presence radiant, as a rainbow o'er the
storm;

And the shadows fled like mists in sunlight, bright
and warm.

Though the years are long and sad, since the days of
long ago.

When she passed away to Eden, and left me here be-
low—
In daylight or in darkness, her smiling face I know.

Through the pearly gates of Dream-land, she led me
gently on,
Beyond Earth's jarring discord, beyond the earthly
sun;

And kept my hand in hers till the shadows all were
gone.

Correspondence.

Prejudice Prostrated.

ADORABLE ILLUMINATION AGAIN! NATIONAL FOURTH
OF JULY VICTORIES! EDITORS "BOSTON JOURNAL"
AND "SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN" PLEASE A NOTICE.

Readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and others may have discerned ere this that I have various methods of putting prejudice and other ex-human elements *hors d' combat*. My operations in this line are sometimes compact and instantaneous, and sometimes embrace quite a period of time, and a well-digested plan; and I am working in the light and by the force of *regulating principles*, even when I seem to be doing little, or exhibit what surface observers would consider something "angular."

Due mention may be hereafter made of various circumstances and occasions of this kind, but the following, special to most recent and interesting events, will suffice for the present time:

For several seasons I have more lately, in lectures, communications to the press, and in numerous private epistles and conversations, said much of the *auroral theory*, to which I some little time ago made allusion in the BANNER. The splendid Triumphal Arch of Light in the New England evening heavens of April 9th, ult., to which I made particular reference in the aforesaid BANNER article, had also been the subject of remark between me and my Athol neighbors. They sneered and jeered very largely at my idea that this splendid auroral display had reference to events in hand, was a celestial celebration of Copperhead defeat in Connecticut—a sign of undivided New England Unity, with a sprinkling of victory on the south-eastern coast. And I let them jeer.

Pretty soon (April 28th, ult.) came that splendid mid-day illumination, in which the western horizon was kindled up by "long lines of light," having—as the Springfield Republican said—"the appearance of Northern Lights," and occurring in the full blaze of noon. This wonderful exhibition I at once assured my laughing neighbors, was indicative of western triumphs—and, indeed, true to all such extraordinary intimations, it came in direct connection with the latter series of successes under Banks and Grant.

But I was not satisfied with affirming the direction or significance of these splendid outbursts of heavenly glory. I have bent my intentions equally as much toward determining the *reliable points* of "mediumship," and selecting from among the mass of A. J. Davis's varied predictions what I considered one or two *sure points*. I assured my merry townsmen that the foretold appearance of the aforesaid glories of the heavens, they would have, in the region indicated, two *Fourth of July* on the approaching anniversary. The joyful Fourth in Pennsylvania opened their eyes a little, but when news came of the surrender of Vicksburg, on the Fourth, they gave in; and pointing out the heartiest sneerer to a true blue Orthodox man, I said, "I have got him down." Said the Orthodox friend, "I should think you had, and a good way down, too;" and the sneering friend, "owned up."

They have since been very desirous of knowing what remained but I have not vouchsafed them much beyond the general assurance that they must now settle up the rebellion the best way they can, and repeat of their disposition to beat back from wise and available progress, or prepare for worse. There is, however, a political circular which has been recently distributed in this and other sections—a "Copperhead" document and "political alphabet," in which "A stands for Old Abe;" "B for John Brown, Beecher," &c.; "S for Sumner," &c.—all of them "malignants," etc. The letter Y is a flicking straw of flattery for the "young men;" but as there was no particular party or person specified for Y, a particular friend of mine, Snibblesneeze by name, has finished up the concern with the following additional verse, to which I would call the attention of all who cling to the long time perverted ideas of nationality, which underlie our present national crisis:

Y stands for Zany, a huge Copperhead,
By whom our "young men" will refuse to be led;
They forgot to put him into the last verse of this,
So Snibblesneeze thinks the idea not amiss.
D. J. MANDELL.

Athol Depot, Mass., 1863.

Rambles in Northern New York.

At Middle Granville, as you are aware, we were engaged to speak at the Spiritual Quarterly Meeting, to hold two days, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12th and 13th. We found a delightful home with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ball. Mrs. Ball is a very excellent speaking and healing medium, and is doing much service in the cause of redemption in that vicinity. Close by we had the pleasure of meeting many of the friends at the open house of Mrs. Blossom, than whom there is no more genial soul to be found, as many of our Boston friends well know. There we made the acquaintance of the very agreeable and social companion of Dr. Main, the very successful healing medium of Boston.

I supposed you would have had a synopsis of the proceedings of the Quarterly Meeting by Bro. Middleton, of Vermont, as I saw him taking notes.

The sessions commenced on Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, with a small audience, by the regular Methodist minister of the place. I forget his name. He first read the 12th and 13th chapters of 1st Corinthians, concerning spiritual gifts and charity. After a brief prayer he gave an excellent discourse of about thirty minutes' duration, on the words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Much of the time in the morning and afternoon sessions was occupied with the discussion of the question, "Can we love our neighbor as ourselves?"

On Sunday the meetings were largely attended, and a very deep interest was manifested throughout. There were several speakers present from Vermont, the more prominent of whom were Bros. Thomas Middleton, of Woodstock, and W. W. Russell, of Rutland.

By direction of our guides, we next visited Saratoga Springs. Through the exertion of Bros. Dr. A. B. Newton, Thatcher and Thompson, Metropolitan Hall was obtained, and we gave lecture Monday, Sept. 20th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to rather small, but very attentive audiences. We met many kind friends at Saratoga, and none more active than the justly celebrated healing medium of "College Home." I saw many certificates of remarkable cures, by the "laying on of hands." He informed me that he had closed a most active season of success, and was preparing to commence his winter campaign against disease at No. 64 Great Jones street, New York.

We also had the pleasure of meeting with W. B. Mills and family. Bro. Mills is another wonderful medium, and is doing much in healing, principally by the use of medicines. He is strongly magnetic to metals, all kinds of which are discovered by him from the influence produced upon him whenever he passes their location. He has lately purchased a farm, shown to him in a vision some years since, on which he has already obtained considerable gold. The farm is about eight miles northwest of the Springs.

The fashionable season at the Springs had just closed when we arrived there. No former season had equaled this for visitors. It was no uncommon thing for ten thousand visitors to be there daily! Many were compelled to go to Troy nightly, to obtain lodgings. The daily receipts of each of the four most noted hotels (the Union, Congress, United States, and Clerendons) averaged, for a considerable time, three thousand dollars. Each house daily consumed about five hundred chickens. The Union is said to have used eighteen barrels of soft soap, each week, to put the dirt out of sight. With such pleasure and expenditure, is it possible we are in such a terrible desolating war?
L. K. COONLEY.

DURABILITY OF TIMBER.—The piles sustaining London bridge have been driven five hundred years. In 1845 they were critically examined and found to have been decayed but little; the piles are principally of elm. Old Savoy Palace, in the city of London, is sustained on piles driven six hundred and fifty years ago; they consist of oak, elm, beech and chestnut, and are perfectly sound. The bridge built by the Emperor Trajan, over the Danube affords a striking example of the durability of timber in the wet state. One of these piles was taken up and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch, and the rest of the wood had undergone no change, though it had been driven sixteen hundred years.

Passed to Spirit Life.

The germ of immortality within the form of Myra Snell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Snell, of West Bridgewater, Mass.

Diphtheria fastened itself upon the frame, and lingering, ate the roses of her cheek away, and at the early age of 13 years and 10 months, on the morning of Oct. 15th, her earth eyes closed in slumber, and she awoke in the land where sorrow, pain, disease can never mar her happiness.

Her funeral was attended by the writer, Oct. 17th, and the blending of nobly beautiful sympathy, with the grief of her remaining parents, brother and sister, was hallowed to her memory. My angel fingers touch lightly the brows of the loved one left, and while time shall wait them toward shore eternal, Myra shall speak to them of home and heaven.

Oct. 23d, Stillman De Forest, aged 5 years, youngest child of Mrs. Sarah S. Aggett, of New Haven, Conn. This last the mother's just passed to the care of those who will ever guard the precious pearl of the spirit with unceasing love. The devotion of the angels we rely on, and while in this hour of trial, the heart may throb with pain, the mother, viewing with spiritual eye the change, can say, "I thank thee father, that my child is safe."

Blessed, thrice blessed, the power of immortal life, which brings light from the darkest places, and peace from the deepest woe.

Sept. 25th, the soul of Eddie Theodore, aged 2 1/2 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Harris, of New Haven, Conn.

Eddie was a bright and beautiful lad on life's fair tree. Many the blessings showered on his youthful head, and many the smiles he scattered like sunbeams thrown over the hearts of all. Beautiful in life and death; still more beautiful in the land of immortality.

"T is ours, all ours," the mother said,
As she fondly bent o'er the cradle bed
Where her infant child lay sleeping;
"Ours to love," and "ours to lead."
"Ours with the bread of truth to feed."
And her joy gave vent in weeping.

Ah! deep and holy the precious love
Which the mother gave to her angel dove.
While she toiled to gain it blessing;
But her eye alone was watching the child,
For an angel one, with influence mild,
Came near with soft comforting.

In the hour of midnight's still calm,
While on his wings lay a beaming halo,
(Which should soothe the mother's sorrow)
He fulfilled the lambkin's love to his breast,
And whispered, "Thou innocent, take thy rest,
Nor wake to the coming morrow."

"T is ours, all ours," the angels sing,
As gently and carefully folding their wings
Around the unconscious sleeper,
They bear him into the realms of light,
Where never can come a shadowy blight,
But the mother in grief—God keep her!

M. L. BRUCE-WITT.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 21, 1863.

One more worn and weary soul has escaped the cold atmosphere of earth, and gone out of the reach of those who envy or hate the Spiritualist and progressive minds of the age.

Mrs. Martha M. Fletcher left her body in Ripon, Wisconsin, about 11 o'clock on the early dawn of October, as the leaves began to fall, and joined her companion and father in the summerland. The former had been there several years, and the latter, one of the best of men in his sphere of life, went over little over a year since, and I noticed his exit in the BANNER as Mr. N. G. Beward.

Mrs. F. has left a little boy without father, mother, brother, or sister, or property, in this cold world—to such tender mercies as I was early left to meet. He has long been her only earthly tie, as she assured me a few weeks before her exit, and now she is his guardian angel-mother, as mine was, for many years to be.

She was in the prime of life, but since the sudden decease of Mr. Fletcher, she has faded, and lingered, and waited, and longed to join him over the river, for she knew he was living there, and when her father went, she could not be contented longer here.
Oct. 19, 1863.

WARREN CHASE.

From Fort Albany, Va., the immortal part of John H. Melvin, of C. K. First Mass, R. A., aged 23 years. Kind and generous to a fault, obliging to his comrades, of fine social qualities, an affectionate son and brother, and a good soldier, yet he was called in youth to bid adieu to fond hopes of the future, and the gem was taken from the basket of clay, and now hovers around his friends in the flesh, the spirit is free to roam with unbounded liberty in the spirit-world, and though nothing but the form was left to his mourning friends, yet how pleasant it is to know that he is being dead, yet speaketh."

Oct. 22, Randall D. Bowmer, aged 13 years 2 months. He has left his dear mother and only brother to join his blessed father (who left one year ago) in the spirit world. His suffering was very great, the disease being diphtheria; he bore it without a murmur. Being partially a medium, he had perfect faith in the blessed truths of Spiritualism. He promised to return and comfort his afflicted mother, who firmly believes that he will. Oh! that all could have faith like a little child!

In Bedford, of diphtheria. Sept. 22, Little M., only daughter of Thomas B. and Hannah Bloomer, 12 years and 3 months.

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

Bedford, Oct. 20, 1863.

"Gospel of Charity."

Under the above name, some of the Spiritualists in this city have formed a Society for the purpose of setting forth in the rules of action given below. The Society meet every Monday evening, in Fraternity Hall, Bromfield, corner of Province street. On Monday evening, Oct. 26th, there were present over one hundred persons of both sexes. The exercises were varied by brief speeches from both ladies and gentlemen, music, and conversation.

In order to give the reader an idea of the objects and aims of the Society, we give the speech of Dr. A. B. Child, as it appears to cover the whole ground. After a few preliminary remarks, he said:

The subject of social meetings during the coming winter has been considered, and arrangements have been made for these meetings to be held at this hall every Monday evening. It is designed to have them mostly of a social and conversational character; to be occasionally enlivened by speaking, singing, reading, spiritual manifestations, or whatever may be fresh, interesting and agreeable to the members. Those who have kindred desires and congenial tastes—those who love Spiritualism and feel a deep and earnest interest in the realities of the invisible world, are invited to become members.

The meetings will be subject to the management of a board of seven directors. This board is external and constituted only to keep order and decorum, which is all that savors of government or organization in the society.

It is the experience of every Spiritualist, and of many who are not called Spiritualists, that social satisfaction and comfort is not found in the circles of society that mainly talk the gossips and fashions of the day. There are unsatisfied desires in the bosom of every thinking and truly devoted person, that the forms and ceremonies of past social relations do not meet. It is the object of these meetings to do something to meet this want.

There may not be a better nucleus around which to draw a social circle of Spiritualists than a few well-chosen precepts.

To this end the following rules of action are presented—not as a creed—not for a promise to make and break, but for a pledge to an effort to try and keep. Signifying the following rules with a desire to make an effort and try to keep them, will constitute membership.

These rules of action have been named the *Gospel of Charity*, and the members of this Society will be considered the friends of this gospel.

GOSPEL OF CHARITY.

We, accepting the Gospel of Charity which believeth all things, endureth all things, sincerely pledge ourselves and our lives, to try, earnestly, daily, and hourly to keep and live by the following precepts—viz:

1. To do by others as we would have others do by us, in all our words and in all our actions.
2. To resist no evil, but to overcome evil by doing good.
3. To be peacemakers, in private, social and public life.
4. To never condemn the faults of men, but to ever appreciate their virtues.
5. To forgive rather than punish the offences of others.
6. To appeal to the nobler faculties of man, rather than to his baser nature.
7. To return kindness for unkindness.
8. To suffer rather than cause suffering.
9. To make ourselves happy by making others happy.
10. To deal justly and generously with all.
11. To be faithful and diligent in the performance of all our duties and all our labors.
12. To accept all things as created for use and ultimate goodness by a wisdom we cannot comprehend.
13. To study the providences of life as to obtain a calm and mild frame of mind toward ourselves, our associates, and our Creator.
14. To recognize the spiritual as the real world, and seek direct communion with it.
15. To pray for the guardianship of the angels of love, truth, and wisdom, and make their precepts the guide of our lives.
16. To recognize all human beings as children of one Father in the pursuit of happiness, possessing a diversity of developments, differing in manifestations, and the final unfoldment of all to perfect peace in heaven.
17. To have faith that the Infinite Power and Wisdom which made the world, gave us birth, and sustains our lives, will hold us in His keeping for our own good, and for the noble purposes of creation.
18. To oppose no belief or creed, but to recognize and accept every belief and creed as true and lawful to the condition of the believer.
19. To write our career in our daily walks by deeds of goodness and generosity.
20. To register our FAITH in the acceptance of all things, without condemnation.
21. To set our affections on spiritual things, and look for the kingdom of heaven within.

These precepts are virtually the precepts of Christ. They are also the deep and true expressions of what Spiritualism is. Spiritualism will sooner or later draw all its followers to not only the acceptance, but to the practice of these precepts—though, it may be, that many shall be drawn to them through rough and thorny ways—ways of their own devices. If the precepts that Christ gave are riddles, unsolved to the past, they shall not be to the future.

Spiritualism opens new and broader conceptions of Christ and his teachings, and in a way unlooked for by the world, is leading men to the heretofore unpractised gospel of Christ's charity—to the government of forgiveness. To-day the world is governed by vindictive justice, and under this government men go in sorrow and in suffering. Our nation bleeds and weeps under a code of laws that resist evil. The precepts of Christ ask men to govern themselves by forgiveness, by the non-resistance of evil, whereby sorrow and suffering, blood and tears shall be uncalled for, and all may walk in paths of pleasantness and peace.

This society makes an aim and an effort to look in the direction of a practical acceptance of the precepts of Christ—and also the holy ordinance of Spiritualism that does not and cannot in any wise reject or cast out one single enactment of the new and yet unaccepted statute book that Christ offered the world. Can there be any harm in trying to be good, generous and forgiving toward one another?

For this end those who may desire to do so will sign their names to these rules of action, which is only a pledge to an effort in goodness. And for this end these social meetings are called, are dedicated, are consecrated.

Correspondence in Brief.

After a season of rest I am now about to resume my labors for humanity. This will be my tenth season in the lecturing field—six in the Western and four in the Eastern States.

I purpose spending this entire season in the State of Iowa, and to commence my labors in McGregor, on Dec. 1st, remaining there throughout the week.

I shall be happy while staying there to receive invitations from all parts of the State, and will endeavor to arrange a route which will meet all their wishes.

Yours for truth and humanity,

JOHN MATHEW, M. D.

St Paul, Oct. 19, 1863.

PSYCHOMETRY.—I can speak in the highest terms of the psychometric powers and ability of Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Whitewater, Wis., whose advertisement appeared in your paper, for I have received a delineation of character of myself from her, which is remarkably correct, and which, in my opinion, demonstrates the psychometric science—as I can account for the result in no other way.

O. E. SARGENT, Philadelphia.

It is destiny—phrase of the weak human heart! It is destiny—dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny. On earth, golden Consciousness—in heaven, watches God. And destiny is but the phantom we invoke to allude the one—to de-throne the other.—*Bulwer.*

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 5, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLEY, EDITOR.

The Tunn.
"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!"

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

Reflections on the Country.

The late elections are full of meaning for such as choose to regard them in their true light. Not especially in the line of party politics, for with such things we have nothing to do; and, in fact, we do not believe the people had a great deal to do in throwing their ballots. In Ohio, there was a contest which was too significant in its character, and far too important in its results to be passed by without serious thought, by the man who would properly read the secret meaning of events and their close bearing upon the growth and development of national character.

In the first place, then, it is an anomaly in the history of all States, whether constitutionally Free States or otherwise, to find a spirited contest going forward respecting the very existence of a political community, and in the heart of that community, while a civil war is raging about the very questions which were suffered to be introduced into the canvas. Not every people would have patiently tolerated the introduction of such living questions into their midst at such a critical time; they would have been apt to say, "We are testing this very matter with arms in the field, and it cannot be taken from that place of arbitration and brought into our midst now." But no; there was a spirit of confirmed toleration in the very atmosphere—a broad and catholic resolve that, even in the wild chaos of revolution, the voice of reason should not be hushed, and that the case should be reviewed, and reviewed again, until all men's minds should be thoroughly satisfied.

With this fact, quite as much as with its final and decisive result, we are gratified beyond expression; for it demonstrates to a fixed certainty that men have not yet lost the use of their calmer faculties, and that, even in the allotments of a woe the like of which this people have never before known, the resolution to rely upon rational methods and to abide by the results of reason alone is unalterable. With such a guide, we are in a fair way to reach a goal beyond the farthest which we have set before us. So long as we consent to lie open to the reception of the higher influences, we may account ourselves safe from any real lapse into the regions of superstition and spiritual death. It is the presence and the agency of this perfect faith in higher influences, as was duly displayed in the Ohio election by the people who participated in it, that holds out to us the pledge of far better days than have ever yet been enjoyed by this nation. Not many years ago, our inflamed passions would not have tolerated the discussion of such a question while the life of the nation was in peril; it argues well for the chastening influences of our present troubles and conflict, that we will permit what we would have refused but yesterday to hear spoken of, and that we rely, after all, on rational and spiritual methods rather than on the impulses of passion and the impatience of strong-headed force.

We think the people generally are satisfied with the result of the late ballottings, both of one party and another. So far as it was a reaffirmation of their solemn resolve not to let their country be torn in pieces by the wild beasts within it, any more than by the dogs from without, it was acceptable in the highest sense to all men and citizens. We must have a country first, in order to be possessed of anything else. No intelligent man, either, need be told that it was by the vilification of disaffected public men in one section that we were brought to the verge of national ruin on which we have stood trembling so long. It is a causeless rebellion, in the political and material sense, though it is a very natural and necessary one in every other. Out of the strife will come profit to us all. Of course we should none of us have chosen this sort of trial, or selected just such methods of acquiring the riches of that experience which we so much need. We are the actors, too, while we likewise seem to be the authors. We are the creatures of the very events over which we vainly believe ourselves masters. It is this perpetual conflict in faith and fact which brings out the results on which we finally congratulate ourselves.

The power of popular idolatry is broken; and with the fall of image-worship have gone down many popular delusions also. We can bear to hear of the removal of favorite Generals now, when, but a little time ago, we should all have been thrown into fevers and spasms at the very thought of the thing. It shows how much we needed sobering, and how much we have actually been sobered. It proves plainly enough that we have finally come to our senses; that we have become balanced; that our disciplinary course has not been of no effect; that we are so bruised in respect of our vanities and conceits that we are willing at length to receive the suggestions of sober truth, and to open our nature to the ingress of higher than merely material influences. After having passed successfully through such an experience, we may believe that we are in a fit condition for an advance.

This revolution which is going on in the minds of the people affects their religious, no less than their political and social condition. If they are thus reformed in the morals of State, not less are they in relation to the principles of vital religion. The old walls are crumbling down, so that the divisions do not separate men as rigidly as once. The old motives and bounds with which the teachers firmly believed they had staked out and limited all truth, are at length torn up and removed. What men used to call the landmarks no longer serve their former purpose. They are effaced, so far as their efficacy as limitations are concerned. The influences of the time are finding their way into the Church as fast as they did into the State. There is nothing too sacred for their reach and touch. There is no class of men who may claim to be absolved from their approach.

The spirit of resistance which is exalted in the churches, is as good proof of the presence of this reconstructive and reforming influence as is that other spirit which merely betrays itself by restlessness. Dissatisfaction prevails in all quarters; it has become a contagion, spread from the starting-point of inquiry and investigation. There may be protests against such a spirit of unrest, as tending to make people unsettled in their views; but this, again, argues that

they are awake, that they are inquiring and thinking, and that there is no danger of death from moral stagnation. We happen to know of a great deal of inquiry now going on in the churches, of which pastors do not dream. Men and women are throwing themselves, unconsciously as it were, into this great movement of the age, and the result betrays itself wherever there are men and women to be moved.

Amid all the time-serving, the scramble for gains, the selfishness, and the corruption which come to the surface and shock honest minds, we still believe that there are but too many distinct proofs of the seething action which is going on in the heart of the community. We would much rather see this than see no movement or motion. It is out of this conflict of experiences and thoughts that the common mind is to be disciplined, chastened, purified, and exalted. We do not find any reason to lose hope, because appearances are not always fair. What forces are working beneath, and what powers are operating upon them from above, this is known to none but the eyes of those who see in secret, and who are the efficient ministers of the will which controls the universe.

"Shoddy" in the Park.

They make great complaint in New York, because that newly-blown element of society known as "shoddy" has just been making such a commotion in the Central Park. The Park is a great place for the assemblage of all sorts of turnouts, this season, especially in the horse and carriage line. In consequence, whoever can succeed in making a sensation considers himself a lucky fellow. All the contract patriots of the war have come out in the Park in full force. So great has been the crowd and crush, they have got their carriages tangled up in the general melee, and some of them have fallen to curling and swearing. The New York Herald takes up the matter seriously, and says—"Now this will not do. We cannot allow a continuance of such a state of things; and, further, we shall state what measures we have taken to 'reform it altogether.' We make at the Park as great a display of wealth as may be seen either in London, Paris or Vienna; but in those cities the people are well-behaved, orderly, dignified. Here the shoddies—the great mushroom growth of the past two years—imitate the show, the pomp, the glitter of European society. But its politeness, its refinement, its extreme decorum, our new-born great people have no conception of; and this is not to be wondered at. See that unusually fine carriage, with horses covered almost from sight with rich trappings, the servants attired in bright, too bright, liveries. Who is the lady occupant of that splendid turnout? Mrs. X., whose husband was a nobody last year, but who obtained a contract since then. Now he is a millionaire; and so on through the great array of carriages at the Park. Shoddy, shoddy, shoddy. The French call such people parvenus; the English, upstarts. We, with our usual originality, have coined our own term, and have added to our vocabulary the word shoddy."

A Cheap Government.

It has recently been reckoned up by a thoughtful journalist, that no government on the face of the globe, distinctly styling itself such, was ever got up and operated for the same length of time, at so little cost to itself and so large a cost to others, as that of the Confederacy. It had no arms and munitions to begin with, and so helped itself from the forts and arsenals of the United States. It had no navy, and therefore supplied itself with one, in the shape of swift-sailing armed steamers, which were built in the dock-yards of Great Britain. It wanted seamen, and British sailors came forward to the relief of the want. It needed coaling-piers, and ports for repairs, and Southampton, Cherbourg, and Brest, with sundry other convenient "neutral" places, were all ready to answer to its call. There were no open ports into which the necessities of life could be brought in large quantities by the vessels which it had already impressed into its service; and at once the Bermudas offered convenient stations for all sorts of goods, which could be run across into Confederate ports whenever the opportunity offered. The rebel concern had no money, so it opened a loan in Europe, basing it upon cotton for security; and still it went forward with the deliberate burning of that same cotton, on a strange plea of "military necessity." This has been about the way in which the Confederacy has got along. So long as it can "run the machine" in this way, it will be likely to lead some sort of an existence.

The Indians.

The Governor of Colorado has concluded a treaty with the Tabeguache band of Indians located in that territory, although he has failed to secure a settlement in a reservation. The lands ceded, the Governor says, are probably the most valuable ever purchased by the Government from a single Indian tribe, including, as they do, nearly all of the mining lands yet discovered in Colorado, and, in addition, a large amount of agricultural and grazing lands. Thus it is. Our Government secures the lands belonging to the Indians, but fails to secure a settlement for them in a reservation. Steal the Indians' lands, and nearly starve them to death, and then wonder that they are "savages" toward the whites. We hear already that information has been received at the Omaha Superintendency, stating that Ponca and Winnebago Indians had arrived there begging for food; that the Indians from the Northern Superintendency, sent to the upper country, are making their way down the Missouri river; and it is added that "unless some action be taken, they will be scattered all along that river, greatly to the injury and annoyance of the whites."

How long will it be before ample justice is meted out to our red brethren? In God's name we hope it may not be long. It should be the prayer of every earnest soul that Government appoint good and true men to the Indian agencies. Then we shall hear less of Indian hostilities to the whites—less of Indian massacres.

The London Times.

This levitation among journals does but follow the popular whims, feelings and passions. It never leads and controls. Its highest aim is to get upon the strongest side and be strong there. As long ago as forty years since, the Edinburgh Review said of it that "it is pompous, dogmatic, and full of predictions. It takes up no falling causes, fights no uphill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no obscure or oppressed individual. It is ever strong, upon the stronger side. Its style is magnificent; its spirit is not magnanimous. It is radical, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turns round, with the whip and wind, the Times, the renegade, inconsistent Times, turns with them! Let the mob shout, and the city roar, and the voice of the Times is heard above them all with outrageous, deafening clamor; but let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper, no echo of it is ever heard of, in the Times." It is surprising how devotedly the paper has followed out the idea upon which it was established. The Russian policy has not been more religiously followed out for generations of the Czsars.

The Soul of Things.

F. L. H. WILLIS delivered a lecture at Dodworth's Hall, in New York, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, on the above subject, which will be found on our eighth page. It is an exceedingly interesting subject, treated in a masterly manner, and we hope our readers will give it a careful perusal.

Bishop Hopkins of Vermont.

The Bishop of Vermont has recently come out in a tart letter, replying to a protest which the Pennsylvania Bishop saw fit to make to a pamphlet which he had written and permitted to be published on Slavery. It is in every respect unworthy of a man of his years and position. It betrays the fact that he has simply lived to no purpose; for he confesses that he has passed forty long and precious years in merely defending the Creed of his Church, instead of seeking to liberate and exalt human souls, and that he is as set as a flint against the free spirit of investigation and inquiry, even in matters of science, denouncing everything of the sort as "infidel rationalism," "anti-slavery fanaticism," and so forth. In the list of the grand sins of the age upon which his prelatic vengeance falls, he names Universalism, Unitarianism, and Spiritualism. What has been, is sufficient for the Bishop of Vermont; he considers that truth has all been discovered and staked out, and that beyond it man cannot go without perpetrating moral death. It is fortunate that the authority of such dogmatic minds is so circumscribed as it is; that even with all the affection and respect, many men feel for a teacher like the Bishop, his influence over them has so feeble a hold, after all.

Beecher in England.

Henry Ward Beecher delivered a speech on America, at Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, Oct. 16th, before a densely crowded audience. There were a large number of ecclesiastics present, who undertook to break up the meeting, but their intentions were frustrated, as they were greatly in the minority. On the whole Mr. Beecher's reception, from first to last, was very enthusiastic. He showed by forcible arguments, how much England was interested in the triumph of the North. He asserted that slavery was the root and the branch of the trouble, and maintained that the North fought for the Union, because it believed the Union would ultimately secure emancipation. He believed that under the influence of Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie, and the seizure of the suspected rams in the Mersey, the hostility of the North to England would disappear. He concluded by pointing out that in view of the threatening aspect of affairs throughout the world, kindred nations like England and America should not be estranged, for united, they would be a match for the world.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Beecher was carried amidst great cheering and some hissing.

Wholesome Neglect.

There is no doubt that the little ones are over-disciplined, at many points, and particularly where they should be left alone. Jean Paul's little book on education, *Leonce*, which has recently been translated by an American scholar and published by a Boston house, touches up this abuse in a most delicate, yet caustic manner, which is worth reproducing by the press. The German says:—"Even a grown-up man whom some one should follow all day long with movable pulpit and stool of confession, from which to hurl sermons and anathemas, could never attain any real activity and moral freedom; how much less, then, a weak child, who at every step in life must be entangled in a 'stop-run-be-gone'—do that!" It is the same fault as that filling and cramming of the day with mere lessons; under which rain-spoil of instruction princely children especially suffer, as if to make up by that loss of teaching for the future loss of learning. And what else, in fact, is this but unconsciously to sow one field full of weed upon seed? A dead corn granary may possibly come out of it, but no living harvest-field. Or, in another simile, your watch stops while you wind it up, and you everlastingly wind up children and never let them go."

A Pertinent Suggestion.

The editor of the Davenport, Iowa, Daily Democrat and News, of Oct. 23d, in speaking of an exhibition of physical manifestations, by the Davenport Boys, says:—"The spirits made another good draw at the Le Clair Hall, last evening. They dispensed some very fine music, and showed their hands to the outer world through the diamond orifice. A good many of our people who have never been believers in 'spirit-manifestations' before, are now thoroughly confirmed in the belief that no human agency could have accomplished what they have seen and experienced. After all, does it require any great stretch of the imagination to believe that there were spirits among the ancient Jews? Holy Writ records many things done by spirits in olden time, why may not things equally impossible to human ken be done in these days; and if seeing was believing, then why should it not be now? Argument is useless in the case and eyes of facts. The fact that we cannot account for, and satisfactorily explain, as we see, is no argument that we see nothing, or that what we see is unworthy of attention."

An Ecclesiastical Bull.

A difficulty having arisen in the First Congregational Church of Fall River, a Council convened a short time since, to consider the matter, and in assenting to the dismissal of the pastor, made some sharp hits at the congregation and Church, in the formal statement of their decision. It will apply well to a great many other societies. They said:

"The ministry of this pastor has fallen among a people, some of whom indulge great fastidiousness of ear and taste, and are consequently and sharply critical in all the qualities of literary composition, and with a few others with whom acceptableness is not so much the possession of the spirit of the Master, the determination to preach the truth of his gospel, boldly, simply and directly, and an unstained record of personal purity of life, and earnestness of pastoral labor, as the ability to prepare and preach brilliant and scholarly discourses that shall charm the intellect, conciliate criticism and build up a reputation for learning and ability."

Mexico.

The attempt to impose a monarchical form of government upon the Mexican people, is pronounced by the London Examiner, a species of *garroting*, which Louis Napoleon and his advisers and abettors will become heartily ashamed of in the coming time. This is exactly the opinion of all thinking minds. Already the Mexican Provinces not under French bayonets, are arming for the contest. Lower California is sending men and munitions of war. So if young "Max" should soon land on Mexican soil, he will undoubtedly meet with a "warm reception"—at the point of the bayonet. When the American rebellion is subdued—and it is on its last leg now—a million of Yankee soldiers will join the Mexican army.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy in Boston.

On Sunday next this lady is to speak in Lyceum Hall. She enjoys too favorable a popularity at the Southwest, to need any further commendation by us. We trust our friends will go and hear her lectures, and judge for themselves.

One of the lecture committees received a letter from her last week, dated at the Richmond, Indiana, Convention of Spiritualists, then in session, at which she was engaged to speak, saying that she would "be in Boston in season to fill all her engagements there, and in other places in New England, if she lived." So our friends need not look for a disappointment on that score. We doubt not all will be well repaid for their attendance.

Our Cause in the West.

The Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, have just finished and furnished a new Hall, for the purpose of holding their meetings, and have engaged that earnest and zealous worker for humanity and reform, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, to speak for them for the present. Spiritualism is making rapid strides in the West.

Pauperism in England.

Pauperism is largely on the increase in England, statistics showing an amount of poverty in the whole country 18.61 per cent. greater than in 1861, in some parts of the Kingdom it reaches 30.23 per cent. Immense immigration is increasing rapidly. In the first eight months of the present year 98,000 emigrants left the country, of whom the greater part were for the United States. It is easy to trace the cause to such princely extravagance as is set forth in the following paragraph:

The Prince of Wales is tolerably comfortable for a young man just commencing the world. One million dollars of the accumulation of his Cornwall estate in Norfolk; two millions and a half remain as a balance with his banker, and he has besides an income of \$125,000 a year from his landed property, with \$500,000 voted by Parliament while his mother lived, but \$250,000 paid money for his bride. A young gentleman, with no present family, may manage to keep himself very comfortably on this amount, and not deny himself any of the usual comforts of a household.

Mrs. Smith's Lectures.

The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, listened to two of the best lectures ever delivered in this city by Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith. The Hall was full both afternoon and evening, and the audiences were very attentive and evidently well satisfied. We were pleased to learn from Mrs. Smith, that she is at present in the enjoyment of better health than at any previous time for many years, and that she intends to resume her labors in the lecturing field. This decision will be hailed with pleasure by her numerous friends.

Newspapers.

Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid in its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely possible to fill a sheet without putting in it something that is worth the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

Dr. Mayhew in the Lecturing Field.

It will be seen by a letter in this week's paper under the head of "Correspondence in Brief," that this able and zealous laborer in the field of Spiritual Reform for the last ten years, proposes to enter upon the work of aiding humanity in the Western country, for the next year. Success attend his labors.

Announcements.

Prof. James M. Allen, having completed a course of twelve lectures, patriotic, scientific, religious and reformatory, written under the inspiration of John Quincy Adams, solicits calls for the delivery of the same in any part of the country. Permanent address, East Bridgewater, Mass. He speaks in that place on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 3d and 10th.

Mrs. E. C. Clark, speaks in Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 8th.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is to speak in Springfield, the 8th and 15th of this month.

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.—Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on diseases of the brain, says in a late lecture to medical students, on that frightful and formidable malady—softening of the brain:

"I would caution you, as students, from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain diseases, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."—*Dublin Medical Press.*

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for November contains an excellent variety of ably written articles. Here is a list of its contents: The Defense and Evacuation of Winchester. The Two Southern Mothers. Diary of Frances Krasinska; November; The Asiles of Jerusalem; Letters to Professor S. F. B. Morse; Buckle, Draper and the Law of Human Development; Treasure Trove; Matter and Spirit; Extraterritoriality in China; Reason, Rhyme and Rhythm; The Lions of Scotland; We Two; Patriotism and Provincialism; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

A BOOK AND NEWSPAPER STAND FOR SALE.—Our old friend, Samuel Barry, who has for a long time transacted a good business in the sale of books, periodicals, newspapers, &c., at the southwest corner of 4th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, advertises in another column, his stand for sale. Nothing but old age and its infirmities induces him to take this step. It is a good opportunity for a studious young man to enter upon a paying business. The old gentleman rather prefers to have a Spiritualist succeed him in the business, for he feels sure he would succeed well.

LORD LYNDBURST.—The late English papers announce the death of one of the most eminent statesmen of their country, and in whose history Americans have long felt a deep interest, as by birth he was their countryman—Lord Lyndhurst. He was in his 94th year, having lived to a greater age than any other Englishman of similar standing. He was born in Boston on the 21st of May, 1773, and was the son of Mr. John Singleton Copley, the famous American painter, who took the side of the crown in that controversy which ended in the separation of the thirteen Colonies from England.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.—Our French translator furnishes an interesting article from the "Revue Spirite," giving the French phase of Spiritualism. It will be found on our third page.

Lizzie Doten delivered a poem at the close of her lecture on Sunday evening, Oct. 25th, in Philadelphia, which was reported by Dr. H. T. Child, and will probably be published in next week's BANNER.

AGORISTIC.

Banner, each week as by folds are unfurled,
And thy bright stars enlighten the gloom of the world.
News on thy pages from Summer Land bearing,
Nerving tried souls that are sad and despairing.
Everywhere thou art received as a light,
Revealing new truths to our wondering sight.
Oh, long mayst thou live to gladden the land,
Freedom thy watchword, and Love thy bright wand.
Love to the outcast, the poor, the oppressed,
In eloquent measure through thee is expressed;
Great is thy mission: to thee it is given
Healing to bring to hearts weary and risen;
Healing to thy promise—"A sweet rest in heaven."
—*Editha, Ind.*

LIFT ME HIGHER.—A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said:—"Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she finally said:—"No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, where her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are carved:

"JANE B., AGED THIRTEEN.

LIFTED HIGHER.

It is beautiful, when about to depart for the unseen land to have a view of its glories, and to realize the presence of dear ones who have gone before, waiting to receive us with angelic rejoicings.

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the BANNER was chosen by the Editor, and is published as it bears, through the instrumentality of the Editor.

These messages are intended to carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spiritists in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence, therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude, will please address: BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

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Q—Are the designs of Nature ever thwarted?
A.—We believe to a certain extent they are; but it is always temporary. For instance, yonder is a tree, a young tree, growing up straight and perfect in form. The husbandman wishes to deform it. He bends over the branches and fashions them, so that Nature is compelled to grow according to perverted law. She must unfold herself according to that perverted law, if at all; and yet in another and higher sense, the law is not perverted, for man, by every false step or mistake he makes, learns a lesson. He becomes more and more soul unfolded, takes less false steps in Nature, goes higher, and has more wisdom. You can never make a single mistake that does not teach you a mighty lesson that will not be a lasting benefit. Therefore the mistakes of Nature in one sense are not mistakes, for they bring you great truths, great lessons that you could gain in no other way. Sept. 29.

Colonel Tom Alton.

What do you propose to do for strangers? [Do whatever we can for them. What do you want us to do?] I rather expected to see some one here I was acquainted with, but I do not. I am at a loss to know just what course to pursue. [Had you any reasons for expecting to meet friends here?] I do not know. I heard of folks coming here and speaking to their friends, and was told I could come. [They can do so only in a public way.] I don't understand you. [Spiritists who manifest here give whatever they desire. We then publish the same in a paper, and send it to their friends.] That puts a different light on the subject. That puts a different light on the subject entirely.

I suppose it is necessary, if you're standing behind a wall, to let your friends know who you are. They can't see me, I suppose? [Not well.] Do you? I suppose you're somewhat as the Yankees would say, posted in military affairs, are you not? [Not very well.] Well, you have nothing to do, I suppose, with what we were. [Not anything. Don't have any hesitation about speaking in that account.] I suppose you Yankees if you knew my—knew the position I occupied when here, would say, that's one of Mosby's gang. Would that make any difference? [None at all.] And if I don't pretend to profess much friendship for Yankees, what then? [You will have more friendship for us after leaving here, we think.] Very likely; I don't have much when I was here. But I feel very kindly toward all of you—feel under great obligations to you, and if at any future time I see that I can render you any service, I shan't forget to do it.

Now I have two little daughters in Georgia. My main purpose in coming back this way is, to open communication with them. I thought perhaps I might meet some acquaintance here who would take my thoughts to them and open, or help me open a way to speak with them. Their mother is dead—no, not dead, but according to your style here she's dead, I suppose. She died at their birth. They're old enough to understand these things—thirteen years. They've never been religiousized to any great extent, so I think I shall have pretty fair ground to work upon. What think you? Well, suppose I address a few thoughts to the person who has charge of them—who is sort of guardian over them during my absence? [You are aware, I presume, of the difficulty we have in transmitting letters South.] I know about it; but I know, too, there's a good deal of news manages to get through the rebel lines, nevertheless.

Well, then, in the first place, I want to ask Nathan Benton to meet me, if he can, at one of these places where we talk. If he can't, and has any faith in my coming back, I want him to dispose of all my effects there, take the children, come further North, and be sure to give them as much information as I've given him about my coming back, and I'll trust to their—what some of the folks call—intuition to lead them to seek me out. How 'll that do? [Nicely.]

You transmit no military intelligence, I suppose, providing it is of a disloyal nature? [You cannot expect us to do that and remain loyal.] No, I should not; I won't ask for it. However, if I was elsewhere I should be very glad to make clear a few points. I only hope I may be able to reach my children. Now say that these thoughts, imperfect as they are, come from Colonel Tom Alton. I shall be under many obligations to you if you will. [He kind enough to give us the location of this friend, will you?] Yes, near Belmont, Georgia; that is, I suppose him to be there, and the girls, too. My manner of death, I suppose, is known to them. There's no use in my rehearsing that, for it's something I care nothing about now. Good-day. Sept. 29.

John E. Graves.

I should like to read a letter to my mother and sisters, if I could. They live in New Haven, Conn. I suppose they've heard of my death; I don't know. I've been dead most five weeks. I was sick; I guess it was about three or four weeks before I died. First I had what the doctors called pneumonia. It seemed to me like lung fever. I had it once before. But that's what they called it. I thought much about trying to write after I knew I could not live, but was not strong enough to do so.

Now I should like to have my mother know that I was very well taken care of. Suppose I lived my appointed time. I've no fault to find; everything is better than I expected to find it in the spirit-world, only very different.

I was nineteen years old. I belonged to the 10th Connecticut, was private. I don't know much about this talking. It's kind of hard work. Tell my mother I've got as good looking a grave-stone as most any of the boys have got. It's a good wide stone, with my name marked on it—John E. Graves. She needn't think anything about taking my body home, 'cause it's well taken care of where it is.

I should like to have her get one of these mediums and let me talk at home. They say this hard work will wear off—I don't know much about it though. [What is your mother's name?] Abigail. [Do you want us to send a paper to her containing your message?] Yes, if you've a mind to. I've kind of suffered coming here. Sept. 29.

Agnes Somers.

I've a brother in New York, who says, if there is any truth in this light, let some of his friends come and speak to him. He has said, if I should come and tell my name, where I was born, and where I died, he should believe.

I was known here as Agnes Somers. I was born in Heidelberg, Germany. My brother was born there, too. I was twenty-two years old. He is twenty-six, Frederick is his name. He's not seen anything of this spirit coming back, but he likes to see it. We were brought by our uncle here, after the death of our mother. But I stopped here one year only. I took sick and died. I can tell him much, if he will let me speak there, not here. I shall tell them about our father. He went away, and died. We did not know where. I shall tell him about it, when I can speak to him. Sept. 29.

Philip Ropes.

Be so kind as to inform my friends, Apollon Mason and Thomas Kennedy, of New Orleans, that I find myself very well off here; that I'm very comfortably situated, contented, and, in every respect, ready to return and commune. They will understand what I mean by what I say. The world called my body Philip Ropes. What I

am now, I cannot tell as yet, having had no name given me. That was what my name was, I was a sporting man by profession. There are some, I know, who are prejudiced against this class of folks, but I'm not one who cares very much for what people think. It was said by some of my friends that I committed suicide. That's not so, I know what caused my death; but it's enough that I know it. I was no suicide, and I want my friends to distinctly understand that I was not coward enough to take the life of my physical body because I lost four thousand dollars, or all I had. If any one has anything to say about the manner of my death, tell them I've got no regrets about it, and tell them to cherish none. [We'll endeavor to have your communication reach your friends.] Many thanks, sir; maybe I'll serve you some day!

It's only nine days since I cut the ropes on your side. [A speedy return.] Oh, some return sooner than that, they tell me. [What constitutes your contentment in the spirit-world?] Well, a good many things, sir. I have all I want; that's enough, sir, to make most people contented. What more would you ask for? Contentment naturally follows, if you have all your wants satisfied, don't it? [We oftentimes want something more, even then.] If we really want it, we can't be contented. Very well; that proves the truth of my theory.

I was not a sportsman because I really loved it, but I got into it, and before I was aware of it, found it was a fixed profession for me—found I was good in gambling, and would have to stick to my profession, or be forced to become a beggar. I was forced out into the world under hard circumstances, and hardly knew what to take up with. I did try three different branches, I think, but they all failed, and then I said, 'I'll take care of myself by my wits.'

[What is your present intention, as regards your future course?] I intend to do just as well as I can. If any one needs a helping hand there, I'll give it to them, as I always did here. No one can say, I believe, that I ever turned a deaf ear to their wants when I was here. My money came generally pretty easy, and I spent it about as easy. [What is your idea in regard to making progress in wisdom?] Well, I think if we all do as well as we know how, we shall progress fast enough. We can't progress in any other way. [You realize the contrast in your condition, don't you?] Oh yes; a great many temptations are out off. So you see we have a more rapid chance to progress—no body to take care of here, no hotel bill to pay. Good-day, sir. Sept. 29.

Invocation.

Father, Mother, Life, with child like reverence we kneel in thy temple, asking thy blessing. We find thine own immortal name traced upon the title-page of our being. Therefore we know we are immortal, therefore it is that we are able to read our destiny, and to link that destiny with thine. Oh, wondrous power by which we have ever been surrounded, as we come into thy holy temple asking to know more of thee: asking for wisdom that we may read more correctly the Book of Life, we beseech thee to draw near unto us in spirit. Oh, teach us by thy mighty messengers from the higher courts, that lesson of life that is so necessary to our well-being. Oh, as thou art unfolded to our spiritual senses day by day, may we feel thy presence more sensibly. And as the heart of man is gladdened by yonder sunlight, that hour after hour pours down its rays of warmth and light upon the earth, so, oh Father, may the souls of these, thy children, be lighted up with the knowledge of thine infinite love. Oh spirit of this nineteenth century, we adore thee because we have been conceived in love, and are creatures of praise. We worship thee, because we are thy children, because we do not fear thee, because love is an element in our being that no sin can wash out, no crime can ever annihilate. Though we wander through the dark places of earth, yet the sunlight of thy love will warm us into faith, thy guiding hand lead us into Wisdom's Kingdom, and there we shall know thee as thou knowest us. Oct. 5.

Progress in the Spirit-World.

What subject have the friends to present for our consideration on this occasion?
Will not the recollection of our sins retard our progress in the spirit-world?—and if so, how shall the spirit throw off that recollection?

We believe that memory is an element that is eternal with the human soul. It may seem to forget the scenes through which it has passed, while in reality it does not forget, for the page of life is large enough to hold the record of each scene through which you passed in earth-life, and we know of no custom, or condition of being, that is able to erase any event of your earth life. Whatever has once been written upon our destiny, is forever there. We may seem to outlive it, to have passed entirely beyond it, but we have the power, when once we know how to use it, to recall every event of life.

Now if we are endowed with this power, we are to suppose it was given us for good. If memory is an element of the human soul, it is for good, for use, for the perfection of that soul. Inasmuch as we have it, we are to suppose we have it for good. Nothing is made in vain. The Great Master of Life knows well how to do his work; therefore we should find no fault with him or any of his creations, but apply to the highest use the powers with which he has endowed his children.

Will not those dark and deformed images that are pictured upon our beings, make us unhappy in the spirit-land? Yes, the remembrance of our earthly mistakes will cause us to drink from the cup of sorrow, even in the spirit kingdom. But all the hard experiences of life, whether they are given us here in our earth sphere, or when you have passed beyond that sphere, it matters not, they are all for your highest welfare. If you sorrow because of your sins, you will by reason of that very sorrow be less likely to err in the future; for you will be able to avoid the quicksands of those sins by which you once were wrecked.

How shall you throw them off? You may cease to live in their atmosphere by passing beyond them, or rising above them, by making them what God designed they should be—the mighty landmarks pointing the way to heaven. You have been told that those who would enter heaven, or the sphere of peace, must do so by journeying through the hard experiences of mortal life. This is true. Even the infant who passes from your earth life the tongue has learned to leap the holy name of mother, must return to this earth again, there to be schooled in the hard experiences of earthly life. True, they are exempt from that sorrow which is the result of sin, but as they are heirs to mortality, if they would become heirs of immortality and would become heirs of heaven, they must learn somewhat of hell.

This is the order of life, one of the decrees of the Infinite. You can no more escape it than you can death. But whoever commits suicide errs, and will, sooner or later, learn it, will read in the Book of Life that they have made a great mistake, for instead of ridding themselves of the sorrows of mortality, they have only gained additional ones, have but divorced themselves from the machine, the physical machine God gave them to outwork mortal life with, and they are compelled to experience the conditions of mortality under still harder influences.

Again we remark, we know of no better way to throw off the remembrance of our sins in spirit life than to rise above them, to continue in the way of kindness and love, ministering to the weak and fallen ones of earth, and never withholding the hand of mercy and heart of love from any one. For as God is life, or the element of harmony is the product of divine love, if you live and love at all, shall you love only certain

persons and things? Barely not, but everything and everybody in a natural and divine sense. You must all learn this lesson, and all will sooner or later. You will learn by love alone—which is the highest element of heaven—you will learn to rise above your sins. And yet whenever it becomes necessary for you to scan the picture of the past, you will be obliged to do so, for there is no power that is able to wash it out; the picture is there, life-like and eternal.

Oh, then, take heed, and build you no deformed mansions here in earth-life, but carve your images with wisdom, and paint your pictures with that knowledge that comes from internal life. Let your deeds be such as will receive the blessing of the Infinite God within yourselves, morning, noon and night. Ask the God of your own being if he is satisfied with your course. If he is, no other God will find fault with you. Oct. 5.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By application of an oilment composed of dulcamara, stramonium, hyoscyamus and opium, very singular illusions are produced on different persons. Some will fancy that they see spirits, and believe themselves accompanied by demons, and some will imagine that they converse with evil spirits, and also with good spirits. Will the intelligence please to explain why this is so?

Ans.—This combination quickens the spiritual senses of the individual. There is no such thing as fancy. You talk of fancying this and that, but there is no such thing as fancy. All these conditions that are termed fancies of the human brain, are not such. They are just as natural and legitimate as other conditions that are pronounced legitimate by society. Sometimes persons are spiritually illumined, if we may so speak, or the inner chamber of their being is thrown open to angel visitors, by the use of certain narcotics. Some, when under the influence of opium, are able to talk with the dead. They prophesy, speak in unknown tongues, live the past over again, and enter the spirit-world. Now all this is legitimate, and is overruled and controlled by a law perfectly natural. The compound of which you speak may have this effect upon susceptible persons. But when you speak of their fancying that they see, hear or converse with spirits, either good or evil, you are mistaken, for there is no fancy; all is real. Life is real; every manifestation in real and legitimate, just as much so as all these conditions of life that you call real and substantial.

Q.—I presumed they were substantial. I laid no stress upon the word fancy.

A.—But only used it for want of a better one. It is sometimes declared by certain persons that the use of opium and like narcotics, will produce certain phases of mediumship. Now this is wrong. The element of mediumship cannot be produced or created by any such way. It only becomes a means by which the power may be unfolded or brought into external use. Oct. 5.

Charlotte Ann Sudley.

I wish to communicate with friends in London. I was Charlotte Ann Sudley, and was nineteen years old. When six years old my mother died. About eighteen months after that, my father died, and left me with between thirty and forty thousand dollars, to the care of his half-brother.

That half-brother was then unmarried, but when I was twelve years old he married, and so great was his companion's influence over him, he sometimes forgot to do right. She made him believe it would be perfectly right for him to use that which my father left me, for himself and her, and her friends, as well as for myself.

I was too young to know anything about it, too young to find fault with it. I was treated like a servant, and compelled to do a servant's duty. So hard were my labors, that when I was seventeen years of age, I was afflicted with a spinal difficulty, which rendered me unfit for any further hard work.

Then I saw many dark hours. No one seemed to care for me, and I was not allowed to employ a physician, except once, and then a friend of my mother came to see me, and insisted upon calling one. He said it was too late, for consumption had settled upon me and I must die. I was very glad when I learned that I could not live long on the earth; very glad when I learned that I was to be moved from the presence of my uncle's wife—for I was moved from her presence, and I never saw her after that.

I do not return here because I would be revenged upon those who did wrong by me, but because I feel that I have power to aid them, and that I can do them no better service than by returning and letting them know that there are angel eyes continually watching them. They had better set about building a mansion for themselves in the spirit-land. They've no house to live in there, and when they come to the spirit-land, they'll be desolate wanderers; for they have taken no pains to build them a house in the spirit-land, though they have here. They have a fine place on earth, but they've no residence in the spirit-land, and I should be ashamed to own them conditioned as they will be, unless they build for themselves a suitable house in the spirit-land.

My uncle met about five weeks since with a gentleman who spoke to him concerning this New Light. He said to him, "I have had some wonderful manifestations from the spirit-world, lately, and of such a nature as to convince me that they are genuine, and what they purport to be."

My uncle replied, "If I really thought that spirits could come back and commune as they say they do, I really believe I should be the most wretched man living." The gentleman asked him why? "Oh," he said, "because I should then be obliged to give up all my ideas of God, religion, and Heaven; and then I think if these old ideas were taken away from me, I should not care to embrace new ones." That is the answer he gave him, but it was not a correct one, for I stood by him, and he was thinking of me, my father and my mother.

We do not censure, we pity, we love; we are ready to give him the hand to help him. He need not fear to go to that gentleman's house; need not fear to learn of this New Light, for he had better make his peace with those he's wronged on your earth, before he comes on this side, and is a homeless and a homeless vagrant in the spirit-land. He has the privilege now of building it, and decorating it as he may please. He has time enough to do it, and I hope he'll not forget to use the time God has given him.

[Will you give your uncle's name?] No ma'am, beg your pardon, I'll not give it. I will ask the gentleman with whom he was talking, who is a reader of your glorious BANNER to forward him my letter, as soon as it shall be published. Oct. 5.

Holden T. Gamage.

I'm a stranger to this new way of sending letters. May I ask how you proceed? What is your manner of procedure? I don't know much about it. [You tell your own story, and we publish it in our paper.] Ah, you publish? Yes, yes, well, that will do, then. I understand I am to identify myself by giving what facts I am able to. [Yes.]

Well, my name then, first, you want. I suppose that comes first, don't it? [Yes.] Holden T. Gamage, of Hamilton, Lower Canada. I have been in this spirit-land a little better than five months. I lived on the earth altogether forty-six years; not me, but my body, six years, one month, eleven days. [Not me, but my body.] I was born in England; that is to say, that is my native place; London, the place where this last body came from, you understand. My occupation? [If

you please.] I was a trader, dealt in tea, and what you style West India Goods, until some months before death.

Now I have a family, a wife, son and daughter. They know nothing of this new way of talking with dead folks. You have no special way of making them acquainted with it I suppose? [None, except by sending them your letter.] Well, I was told before I came here, something like this: "There was a way provided for the transmission of messages given here to our friends in earth-life." I did not inquire what that way was, supposing you would know here. [Then I understood right, I've something more to do than simply coming here. [Yes.]

Well, are we permitted to speak with reference to any worldly affairs? [Certainly.] I noticed the lady who preceded me spoke of worldly matters, and supposed I might do the same. There was—well, in my will I made no provision for a certain member of my family who was somewhat dependent upon me for support.

Now at the time I made my will, I felt rather tired of doing for him, and thought that some one else might take him after I was gone. I was willing to do for him when here, but after I had done what I could for him, I was willing to leave him to others.

Now since I have come to the spirit-land, I find I have made a great mistake; for the friends I will most of my property to, had enough to make them well off in the world—quite enough before I gave them mine. And this poor individual is dependent upon the charity of friends and relatives, and I see he fares rather hard, and it makes me feel sad to see it.

Now if there is anything I can do to break that will I want to do so. I made it, and now I want to break it. Is that fair? [We do not know how you can do it.] I don't, except through the sympathies of my friends. Now I want to get into communion with my family. I want them to know that I am communing with them, and after they are called upon that point, may I not hope for a very good chance of success? [A very good chance.] I think so. I am distressed in consequence of that will, for I have the picture of that man taken constantly before me, and I am told that it is because he thinks so intently of me, and says, "when he was here, I was not treated so; if he were here now, I should not fare this way." You see he keeps me constantly in his mind, and draws me to him by the force of attraction, and keeps the picture of my mistakes before me. [Turning toward a certain gentleman present.]—Now you see my good friend, the practical use of the recollection of the evil events of our life on the earth. If I did not see his condition, I should not have any desire to improve it, and I want to rise above my mistake. I shall never forget it to say, I want to rise above it. I want to get into a place that will have a favorable influence upon me.

Well, they say there are subjects like those in Canada. I do not know about this thing. I heard of it, but know nothing about it. [Yes, there are mediums there.] Well, now, I earnestly desire my wife to seek out one of these subjects. I know nothing about this, so can't help them. Some one says, "seek out a Mrs. Spear, in Toronto; no doubt their intelligence is reliable. Very well. I wish my family to seek out that lady, and I will do all I can toward making my favorable presence known to them. Good-day, sir. Many thanks for your kindness. Oct. 5.

Charlie A. Hedgeman.

My father is at Port Hudson. My mother said, if a spirit could come back, who would I would come and tell her where my father was, whether he was dead or alive, sick or well.

He's sick at Port Hudson. By the time my letter gets published he'll get one—before that time. My father got mad with my mother, and went away, and enlisted, and she don't know anything about where he is.

His name was Alonzo Hed

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels from the
Sparkle forever."

AT A DEATH.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"—LUX.
Heed well what the Angel
To mourners said;
And write that evangel
Above the dead.

Why come with your grieving
To this low bed?
Why seek ye the living
Among the dead?
To memory's high places
My heart is led,
Beyond earthly spaces—
There walk my dead.

Deep, deep in affection
Unlimited
Still, still in connection,
Repose my dead.

The ground is no holder
Of one dear dead,
They never can moulder;
Why call them dead?

The souls of God's giving
To God have fled;
Why seek ye the living
Among the dead?
[Monthly Religious Magazine.

The most precious metal often lies embedded amid
the hardest and most unyielding mixture.

THE SPIRIT HAD DEPARTED.
A sorrowful woman said to me:
"Come in and look on our child!"
I saw an angel at that day,
And it never spoke—it smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets,
I dream of it when I rest—
The violet eyes, the waxen hands,
And the one white rose on the breast!
[T. B. Aldrich.

Holy desires that have never been embodied in act,
may still be deeds in the sight of God. "Thou didst
will because it was in thine heart," was said to one
of olden times.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH.
I was glad that day;
The June was in me. With its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split
I felt so young, so sure of God!
[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to
be deceived by him.

A LIVING LOVE.
Thou must endure, yet loving all the while;
Above, yet never separate from thy kind;
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.
[M. Miles.

The spendthrift and the miser despise each other,
but not a particle too much.

The Lecture Room.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.
A Lecture Delivered in Dodworth's
Hall, New York City, Sunday
Evening, Oct. 25th, 1863, by
Fred. L. H. Willis.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

A remarkable work has recently appeared bearing
the title "The Soul of Things." The personal of this
book thrilled and awed me, and suggested the theme
of this discourse. It is from the realm of Science and
presents to the world from the thought of a scientific
man the startling idea that all things bear the impress
of surrounding conditions. For instance, a pebble, a
bit of marble, a particle of lava, has distinctly received
an impress of the scenes by which it has been sur-
rounded. Just as the plate prepared for the taking
of a picture by means of the camera receives the
impress of what is before it, so all minerals, perhaps
all substances, receive a perfect representation of sur-
rounding scenes and conditions.

Thus the pebble by the wayside has a history in-
scribed upon its particles—a history dating back be-
fore the flood, and reaching through all the periods of
the world's history; and moreover it may yield up that
history and its written tablets be read as one reads pic-
tures hung upon the walls of an artist's studio.

This statement is made not as a theory, but as an
established fact confirmed by experiment.

We have heard men of thought say, "Everything is
affected by all that surrounds it, and the simplest move-
ment tells on worlds;" but, like many other sayings,
it seemed a general statement. To have it verified
and brought directly before one, is like bringing in-
stantly before the judgment seat; is like beholding the
fabled Judgment book opened.

Is it possible that all things that have been, are
thus stamped upon all things that now are? Is every
secret made known upon this negative plate of the
universe? It would seem from facts that the remotest
time, even chaos itself has stamped pictures that are
ineffaceable on the minerals and deposits of the ages.

I remember once saying to a student of Nature,
"What a pity that we cannot know that we cannot
be sure of what has been." He replied, "The earth
holds all knowledge of itself; it has footprints of every-
thing that has existed on its surface, and a record of
all its conditions." I pondered the grand assertion,
and fancied how future revelations could come by
means of discoveries found on minerals and in depo-
sits; but I never dreamed of the great truth, that a
pictured chamber lay hidden in every fossil shell,
wherein could be read the wonderful stories of pro-
gressive forms, and on which was written the signs
that made the grand panorama of the ages, when crea-
tion was only foreboded in the infowing life that was
destined to speak the word of awakening, and call
forms out of chaos, and begin the mighty work yet un-
finished, which is to make a world.

Grand as the thought is, yet it is terribly grand. It
comes into the experience of each individual; for in
its law it holds the objects that surround every one.

The pebble on our streets has the history of our own
days, as well as the fossil that of the past. The very
walls of our rooms tell of all that we have lived. The
piece of coin in our pocket has the life of our thought
within it. We are in fact recorded everywhere that
we have ever been, and all that we have ever looked
upon has taken our image.

Whether the science of this universal daguerrotyp-
ing is ever to be made so practical and certain that
he who runs can read the story of all the past and the
present, I cannot even guess, but enough has been re-
vealed to us in this book of Mr. Denton's to make us
pause and ask to read our own record.

Here am I a living force in this living world; an ar-
tist in this universal gallery. I have been inscribing
pictures innumerable on countless objects. I am written
all over the streets of cities that I have visited; all
over the rooms that I have inhabited. I can be found
in all circumstances and in all conditions; for it is
not my form and picture merely that is given, but
myself, so that my very condition is written out.

Now I do not suppose that any man can be right-

oned into real goodness. All goodness is spontaneous
and not restrained evil. Therefore, I do not suppose
that the idea of the certain and sure record of all acts
and purposes will be sufficient to redeem the world.
Oh, no! Man has had the terror of a judgment seat
before him as an idea for a long time, and yet very
few ever think that every secret thing is to be made
known when they wish to cover up some evil. They
go to work deliberately, as if the idea had never been
presented to the world, and preached as a restraining
doctrine. But I am sure the knowledge of such evi-
dence of the really present past must make us rejoice
in the great law of life. It shows us truly what life
is. It reveals to us the wonderful power of all that
exists. It shows us what a universe we are living in.
It reveals our own power. It makes us understand
what we are capable of; for this law is not included
in matter alone. No; the spirit is a mirror that takes
all objects into itself, and holds them there.

The brain keeps the pictures it has received just as
easily as the pebble; but as memories merely to be
brought up at will, but as realities, as actual records of
all that has been presented to it.

On that child's spirit is written every tender care,
every harsh look, every sweet thought and every im-
patient word that from its cradle upward made a part
of its life. Holy pictures such a Michael could not por-
tray lie in the precincts of every home. Unuttered
love palates itself without forms, but in substance.
That which cannot be expressed in words, may be re-
vealed in a look.

Who would not feel the happier for knowing that
safely upon his brain was written the fair history of
his mother's love; that photographs of all the tender
carresses—reminiscences of all the fond looks were placed
where nothing could dim or tarnish them?

And shall we not look tenderly on the man who
bears about with him all this wealth, even though he
seems to be now only a wicked, depraved man—though
we know him scarred all over with crime, and that his
very breath is tainted with the evils that we dare not
think upon?

You doubtless have seen the touching story of the
two locks of hair as related in the newspapers of the day.
On the field of battle at Gettysburg, was picked up a
piece of paper which contained two separate locks of
hair. Below one was written, in a beautiful hand,
"Fanny Wellerford;" below the other,
"Richard Wellerford;" below them both, "Our Dar-
lings." The paper was addressed to a Mr. Wellerford,
of Louisiana.

What a picture rises before us all. A fond, tender
father, and mother, a dear home, two loving children
with locks of fair hair. We hear the sweet prattle;
we hear the longing call to the loved one away; we
forget all animosity, all ill-will; we know no more our
enemies; we remember only that there are tender, lov-
ing hearts, fond affections, all that is dearest and best
to us, in every place on God's earth, South as well as
North. We feel a gentle mantle of charity creeping
over the horrors of war; we feel a prayer of tender pity
rising in our hearts; and all this because that one
sweet memento has borne its testimony to us.

So if in the chambers of memory, within that sin-
stained, despoiled man or woman whom the world casts
off and no one will speak well of or care for—if we
could within its secret chambers behold one of its
memories of the past; one picture of the mother
bending over with looks of love—one glance at the
eyes of tenderness, should we not behold God even
there, and feel our hearts glow with a tender pity, and
our hope spring up and call itself forth, till we behold
that poor soul embosomed in the love of an infinite
Father and claiming our love, our care, our pity? Oh,
sweet memories that lie enshrined in every human
soul! Who knows but they are yet to be salvation
and redemption unto it?

I suppose there are but few persons who do not at
times feel that their lives do not pay; that there is a
vast expenditure of care, toil, strength, and the
amount saved will not balance. Taking into account
enjoyment merely, I presume most feel so; and those
who do not look at pleasure merely, but are reckoning
the use of life, those who are counting the real service
they may be to the world—not as selfish beings, but as
real philanthropists at heart, cherishing the wish to
serve the best interests of all who need to be served—
these often leading quiet, unobtrusive lives, are pained
with the thought that they can do so little.

Let us look at their lives in the light of this soul
science. They pass along their daily track, and no
great deeds mark the path; they leave no deep foot-
prints behind them; they tread softly and calmly, bear-
ing only a great thought of desire, a prayer to serve
truth, beauty and goodness. These thoughts, desires,
aims, flow out and enter everything. The very pebbles
in the street catch them. They are enshrined in every
spot the foot has trod upon. They are stamped upon
the chair that has been rested in. They are engraven
upon the familiar objects of home. They enter the
garments of those brushed by. They infuse the com-
monest, most trivial things. They reveal the whole of
that quiet, aspiring life, and become so many living
forces in the world.

Does this seem all romance to you—a wonderful tale
but lacking a basis of fact? Let me quote from the
one hundred experiments tried faithfully by this most
faithful investigator to ascertain the truth of this new
revelation of science.

A small piece of pavement dug up at Cleora's villa
at Tusculum, and carried to England in 1760, after-
wards brought to America, revealed in its picture gal-
lery the English costumes of the age when it reached
England, and also the building occupied by Cleora,
the military concourse assembled there, the character-
istics of the leader, the dress of the people, &c. I
need not say that every precaution was taken by the
experimenters to keep all previous knowledge out of
the experiment, and to take specimens known to any
one at the time.

A piece of horn-stone from the Mount of Olives re-
vealed the surrounding country; the city of Jerusa-
lem, the people, the houses, the streams of water, the
flocks upon the hills—all laid pictured in that little bit
of stone—just as they would have been by an artist,
through all the ages.

If these pictures took in only forms, they would not
so much concern us. They take in character, also.

A piece of red damask that hung over the speaker's
chair in the House of Representatives, Washington,
when that city was taken by the British in 1814, had
histories woven in its silken threads that no historian
could write. Not only the room with its desks, its
seats, its moving panorama, but the characters of those
who moved therein, were revealed. There the hypoc-
rite wrote his shame now uncovered; there the patriot
inscribed his zeal; there the indifferent his carelessness.

I mention to you a few experiments; the results
of the investigation of this science you must study
elsewhere. I only hope you may be induced to exam-
ine this book, more fascinating to me than any ro-
mance.

The great moral lessons taught by all new discov-
eries are what concern us. How do they affect the moral
nature? With our intellects we may wonder and be-
lieve, but in our hearts we must be touched with the
feeling that proceeds from belief, and we must read
the great lessons inscribed on all living truths.

I take it for granted that each one desires to present
a fair and agreeable picture of his life to others, and
also to himself. I think we may safely assert that all
men desire this, because of their efforts to conceal the
evil and obtrude the good. If we could behold these
character-pictures of ourselves, these soul-writings of
our own on all things that surround us, I doubt not
we should wish to obliterate some portions. The old doc-
trine of eternal punishment is not so far removed from

truth, is it, in view of these facts? The innumerable
record is written. The very moods of our minds lie
enshrined in many a look that time does not touch.

But let us see if spiritual revelation cannot give us
some light on this subject. Are we to know only that
all our past is written—that all the events of our lives
have inscribed themselves upon a universe—that all
our deeds, good and bad, are carved in wood and stone
—that all our thoughts and feelings have set an inde-
lible seal on all things that have come near us? This
is not enough to know. Let us learn if there be no
further law that shall enable us to make life beautiful
even through its seeming fearfulness.

It is not merely the form that paints itself: it is the
interior life. Hence it is the spiritual nature that has
set its seal on all things. It is the life itself that has
flowed out and become the revealer. As all scenes
form pictures on all things, just as certainly as the
plate of the artist takes an impression of all that is
before it, so does spirit set its condition on all that re-
ceives of it. Then forever after, that object or thing
or person carries within itself some part of our life.
That part is connected with us in the same manner
that the infinite life is connected with matter. Just as
God is connected with a universe through his life, so
we by his law resident within us, are connected with
all that has received of our life, and forever after our
life must flow back unto all that has received of it.

There is a link more ethereal than air, more subtle
than all that is yet measured or tested, that binds our
life to all that universe we have become a part of.
Flowing back through this chain of life forever is the
redemptive power of our spiritual nature, as it becomes
purified and ennobled. Each day that finds us further
toward the true and beautiful, each hour that knows
us better, wiser, happier, carries its influence to all the
world we have ever known.

Do you not know many facts that prove this? Do
you not know how a mother's prayer reaches her dis-
tant son, until her image rises before him and gives a
tender thought that restrains him from all evil and in-
spires him to do and dare the right? You have felt
how a beloved one, perhaps, in the spirit-life has in-
fused you with a sense of presence so holy, so calm
and restful, that the weariness of care and toil have
vanished, and you knew only that it was noble to live
and fulfill life's best. It is by this subtle link to life
that spiritual beings touch us with fire from heaven.

The electric flow of the beautiful and true is not an
imaginary nothing: it is real, it is a substance so re-
fined that the ordinary vision cannot see it, but clear
to the finer senses of the soul. The grace from on high
so prayed for, the influence of the holy spirit so dear
to the earnest believer, the love of Christ so comfort-
ing to the sincere worshiper—all these are not imagin-
ary. No, they are the recognition of this law, this
flowing life of spirit. It is a life of sympathy that
enables it flow to all who seek it, proceeding, as it does,
from myriads of loving souls in the spirit realm. And
it also obeys this law of union with whatever it comes
in contact. Thus the world is surely being blessed,
whether it will or not. It is worth much to even tread
in the path of a good man, and the house we occupy
may have redemptive power that will bless us more
than if we possessed the costliest edifice or the most
magnificent furniture.

How grand life becomes; how rich seem even its
commonest events, in view of this truth. Perhaps to-
day, seemingly so unimportant in its events, we may
be giving out a power that shall enable us to work for
ages to come for the noblest cause. Perhaps we may
this day tread upon the track of some grand soul, that
shall be an inspiration to us through life. Perhaps we
may in some unlooked-for moment feel the thrill from
some mighty soul that shall change the hopes and ex-
pectations of a whole life.

In view of this science and this philosophy, no life
is common or trivial. Every man and woman is doing
continually a great work. Sublime lessons are flowing
from every thought of love that thrills our being.
Fearful lessons of woe are resulting from every feeling
of impurity or evil.

The all-seeing eye of God has been presented as a
terror to evil doers; but is not the inspiration of this
truth mightier than all fears? I do not doubt that
every human soul has often longings to achieve some-
thing worthy of life. I know that every one must at
times feel depressed by the thought of how little pro-
gress has been made for himself or others. Let the
anxious be content. There is a field through which
the humblest path leads, that is broad as the universe.
Every act becomes a great historical lesson. Every
thought becomes a pictured fact. Oh, how weary does
the sensitive heart become, as it looks over the world
of suffering and want. What can be done? sighs the
philanthropist. I would purchase with my blood the
world's redemption, echoes the martyr spirit through
all the ages.

This perpetual longing to behold the world assum-
ing its higher and better condition, is the spontaneous
recognition of the progressive tendency of man; and
may it not arise also from the influence of the Soul of
Things?

As we feel the witness speaking from every inani-
mate object, telling of the ages that have been, and the
conditions of all time, we must feel also the truth
that nothing is without its continual change. Even
the massive boulders within their unchanging exter-
nal forms have changing life. What can inspire the
earnest heart like this thought. Here, in this world,
so full of bitter experiences; here, where the passions
of man rage and give us sights of woe; where it is pos-
sible for men to forget their humanity, and kill, burn,
and plunder, even in this, the enlightened centre of
Western civilization; here is Humanity itself receiving
its continued influence, and giving its continued power,
and within it lies embosomed forever the Soul of
God.

The beautiful dream of Arcadia, that long ago en-
fected the heart with hope, must be lived in each soul
before it can live nobly and well; that is, before we
can do anything rightly and well, we must have faith;
faith in the good and true—in the all-conquering good
and true. Faith in God means but this—faith in *that*
good, faith in the onward, upward tendency of all
things.

To learn that the life of Infinity is no mere phrase,
but is a fact to be recognized, and scientifically de-
monstrated, must do much to inspire us with this faith.
For if no tiniest pebble lacks its power, lacks its
life, its hidden being, how can we doubt our own power,
our own life, our own being, as in and of God, and
working in the grand circumstances of life to produce
the glory and goodness of the Divine.

We walk somewhat tremulously at times in our lives.
An indescribable fear of the coming time; an uncer-
tainty of what is to be depresses us, and we would
know, be sure, have faith, so that our steps may be
firmer, our path lie open before us. But in view of
Nature's grand progress; in view of her repeated testimo-
ny of good; of her inbreathed life, we can walk our
way serenely and hopefully. Perpetual life surrounds
us. Perpetual influence proceeds from us. Perpetual
good may flow from every moment of our existence.

What if we go through no golden streets, no flower
paths? What, though our track lie through a wild
and desolate region, or up a mountain ascent? Is
there not forever around us the life of the Infinite?
Even in the most unlovely paths, and have we not
forever a power to inscribe on everything about us?
Lovely sights, holy records, sublime lessons?

The grand and poetic thought springing from this
Science of Nature's life, may be written in one word—
God. God everywhere, because life is everywhere.
Suppose we could have beheld walking the streets
of New York on one of those red days of riot, when
men's hearts quaked with fear, an impersonation of

Divine love, so that every man who entered the pre-
sence of that Divine power, should have felt its beauty
and divinity; so that the impress of goodness could
have been written on all hearts, just as the impress of
the sublime was on all forms. Would there not have
been a sublime change from hate to love—from rage to
alience—from disorder to order?

And yet every man has a measure of this power
within himself, or else Science is fast deceiving us.
Each one of us, as he treads his daily path, meets the
same elements that may be turned to contention and
disorder, or to order and peace. And each one has
his influence thereon. He writes some word on every
soul. Oh my friends, is it a Living Word, full of the
truths of a universe, and the love of the Infinite, that
we are thus recording?

And, as we are giving, so are we also receiving.
Oh beautiful law of Infinity! We are, perhaps, even
now, taking in the pictures of Heaven upon our souls;
for, as I have said, the spirit-world has the same law
of impression that the natural world has.

I remember once seeing in vision the representation
of that influence. I desired earnestly to know how
the images from the spiritual world came to me; how
the impress of objects could be presented, of persons,
given with such clearness and accuracy; for I could
not suppose that all these scenes and objects were pre-
sent with me at all times, or I with them. My earnest
desire became a prayer, and the promise "Beck, and
you shall find," was fulfilled. I saw a glorious light
descending in flowing currents, gleaming and radiant,
and diffusing from sunlight in this; it seemed to pro-
ceed from something, and to have motion; it had op-
posite currents, ascending and descending. The de-
scending currents seemed like a shaft of glory. The
ascending currents seemed to give a shadow bright-
ness to that glory. I saw that the flowing light came
to me from a sphere of love, and that loving ones
concentrated it as if by thought. I saw also that the
upgoing current was from my own upspringing desires
and affections, concentrated by my wishes. In this
light, I saw imaged various objects, just as the soft
flowing stream images the shore. I saw it was possi-
ble to make any thought distinct as life in that light.
It imaged the beautiful form of one I loved; it held
impressed beautiful flowers; it seemed to be even ca-
pable of expressing goodness and love by a divine
glow. Therein I could behold beautiful scenes and
read the impress of holy desires. It seemed to me
like the mirror of every holy and beautiful thing of
which I could have desired to know. As the light
reached me, the image, too, seemed a part of myself,
like an image that becomes a part of the camera; it
was impressed as a picture on my spirit.

Now whether this shaft of glorious light was a real
existence, or merely a representation, or symbol, mat-
ters not. I believe it to have been a true representa-
tion of the influence of spiritual things upon us all.
We become by our aspirations a part of the great
chain of life, that unites us to the spiritual world, and
that chain bears to us the holy influences of a heaven
of love.

Hence, we may daily, by lives of close sympathy
with the high and holy, have beautiful lessons in-
scribed on our spirits, which shall bear fruit in
thoughts of love and wisdom, and revelations of truth.

Our daily lives may thus be glorified. No matter
where we are, no condition, except that of our spirit,
can shut out this light. Do we toil in humble ways?
Yet our hearts can be united to the loving and beauti-
ful. Are we full of anxious cares and troubles? Yet
there are moments for aspiration when a flood of as-
surance may flow unto us. Have we little world sym-
pathy, few to love and care for us here? Yet the
beautiful and loving are ever near, and we can want no
good spiritual thing.

Thus is an infinite universe just fitted to the waste
of those who have needs. Thus does Divine Love
continually express to us the perfection of that uni-
verse. "All things shall work together for good to
them that love God," said the voice of inspiration.
All things become great experiences and lessons of
wisdom to all who desire to gain thereby. If the heart
is right, everything else is right. The grand harmo-
nious symphony of worlds is—*All things dwell in in-
finite good. All things tend to infinite perfection.*

"Starve, Steal or Beg."
I have just received, Mr. Editor, the following let-
ter, with two dollars enclosed, from a faithful friend
of Spiritualism, who lives and acts its precepts. I
send the two dollars to you, to be deposited in the fund
for the suffering poor, which fund, I am glad to say, is
under the direction of that noble spirit, Dr. Kittredge,
who controls the Message Department of the BANNER.
A. B. C.

DR. A. B. CHILD: Friend and Brother—Enclosed
find two dollars, which please forward or hand in per-
son to the woman who, a few weeks since, proposed in
one of your Spiritual Conferences, the question wheth-
er, taking into consideration the circumstances, she
had better starve, steal or beg. This, with her, was a
question of vital importance. Although her spiritual
wants were being administered unto, yet the fact that
her unaided efforts were insufficient to provide for her-
self and dependent children, outweighed and seemed
to be of secondary importance to the calls and demands
that Nature ever asserts for a timely provision and due
allowance for the sustenance and protection of the
house and home of the spirit while confined to this
mundane sphere.

But little progress can be made in trying to spirit-
ualize those needy, and too often neglected ones, who are
famishing for bread, and the good Master seems never
to have been unkindly of this fact during his
ministrations on earth, as the feeling of the hungry
multitudes who followed him fully attests. But I think
we are apt, as well as Christendom at large, to be more
generous with our spiritual gifts than with the tempo-
ral. The rich (in earthly goods), bigoted, self-right-
eous Christian, who at the family altar earnestly prayed
that the poor, destitute and friendless female whom he
had but just tarred unrelieved away, might be the es-
pecial object and care of the one to whom his mockery
of a prayer was directed, is but a sample of a class of
professing Christians, of which it is painful and humi-
liating to know there are so many. It is an easy
matter to say, "Be ye warmed and clothed," but quite
another thing to take hold in a practical manner and
relieve the destitution that exists about us.

Prayer, or rather a mockery of prayer, is profuse in
their behalf, because it doesn't cost anything; and the
Lord is often importuned to do those very things that
he has made absolutely through his own hands, and has
taught us to perform. And yet the fact is constantly
ignored, while we selfishly cling to all that he has thus
bestowed upon us, and pass by on the other side, leav-
ing uncared for famishing widows and orphans, who,
through circumstances over which they had no control,
are brought to destitution and want.

Surely it is that those thus unkindly of duty will
ever long have the hell of a perverted conscience to up-
braid them, and bring to mind the saying, "Inasmuch
as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren,
ye have done it unto me."

There is, it is true, now and then a good Samaritan
who interests himself in behalf of these needy ones,
and who finds it a pleasure to administer to their wants
and follow the example not by the Master, whose pleas-
ure and mission was to do good and relieve the poor
ones that were being passed by uncared for, by priest
and layman.

He chafes from among the poorer and neglected class-
es his disciples and associates, and labored with an
unselfish interest and cheerfulness to raise up the poor
widow's son, as he did to heal and aid those in af-
flict circumstances and high in authority. But is such
the principle by which the masses in Christendom are
actuated in the bestowment of favors and attentions?
In theory it may be so; but who does not know that
practically the facts are the reverse of this? We com-
mend his teachings and good examples, but how few
practically adopt them? How few, not letting the
left hand know what the right hand doeth, give for
benevolent purposes because they feel moved to do so
by high and unselfish motives? The method adopted
by many of the Orthodox churches, of requesting the
contributors for benevolent purposes, to write their
names and the amount they are disposed to give, or

sign of paper, instead of giving them the opportunity
as formerly, of depositing their three cent pieces un-
der the contribution box, is a sad commentary
on the motive power that actuates them to give.

But it becomes us, who believe that to render ac-
ceptable service to him upon whose bounty we all de-
pend, to aid the lowly ones of earth whom we may
meet by the wayside, or elsewhere, ever remembering
that we, too, by adverse circumstances are liable to
need this succorance from others.

Faithfully yours,
Wm. W. White, Jr., Secy. B. L.

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