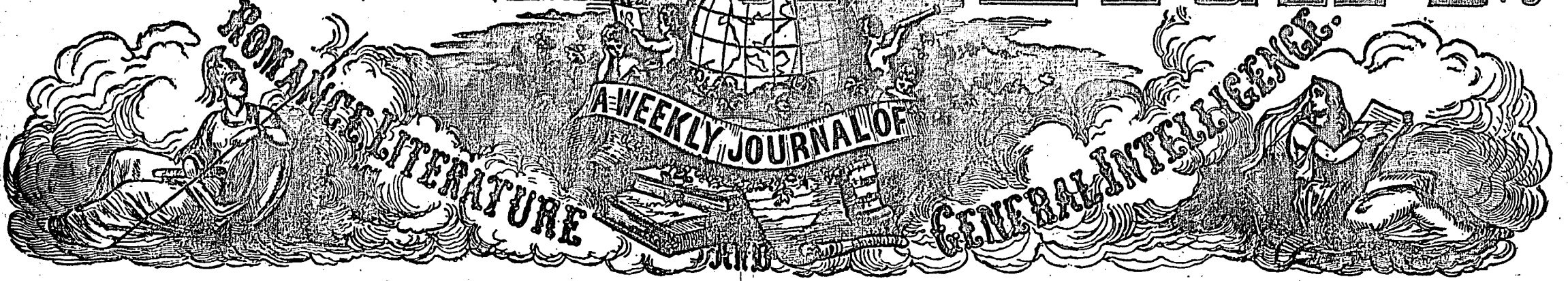


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A SPLENDID NOVELETTE,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Yet courage, soul, nor hold thy strength in vain:
In hope o'ercome the steep God set for thee;
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lies the Italy."

In the same hour, on that laughing July morning, that Edgar Lewis rode in such proud confidence to Fendale, Beatrice, lonely and dejected, was speeding far away into the peaceful country. On the preceding evening, as she sat meditating upon her strange situation, contrasting, in some bitterness of spirit, the cloudless Past with the sorrowful Present, and striving in terrible doubt and fear to gaze beyond the veil that shrouded the dark, uncertain Future, a single ray of light penetrated the gloom. She suddenly remembered a cousin of Mrs. Lascelle's, with whom, in her blithe girlhood—which now, alas! seemed very far away—she had passed many happy months.

It was a beautiful picture that arose before her mental vision. That lovely, smiling glen seemed dropped amid the encircling hills like an emerald from the hand of the Almighty. A river with its silver waters wound through the centre, hastening with glad, exultant footsteps to throw itself into the arms of the ocean. Under yonder shade-trees nestled a little brown cottage, and in the door-way, framed in by roses and woodbine, sits a child. A kindly, beaming face bends over her, and a gentle hand smooths back her clustering ebony curls. Soft west winds, with their breath of balm, come floating dreamily over the valley, pausing to snatch kisses from the red-tipped clover and the daisies so white, whispering, as they do so, of the fragrant woodlands on the upland slope. Now the day goes out in gorgeous panoply of gold and carmine, and the purple twilight flutters down over all.

Like a draught of pure cold water to the weary, thirsting traveler, came this sweet memory unto the aching heart of Beatrice, and the blessed promise of rest and quiet that it held forth was as an alluring song unto her soul. There, if anywhere, she could recover from the paralyzing effects of the blow that had fallen upon her so unexpectedly, crushing, as it seemed to her, all the bloom and freshness from out of her young life. There she could gather strength from all of the grand, vitalizing forces of Nature, and soon be ready to go forth to take her place among the great army of workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

Even while she meditated, a holy calm descended like a benediction upon her troubled spirit. Yes, she would go. How glad and thankful she was that there was one haven in whose peaceful waters she could anchor her tempest-tossed life-boat until the violence of the gale had in a measure abated.

Suddenly a painful thought stung her like a fiery dart. When she had informed Mrs. Elwood that she was not her cousin's child, would she still extend to her a cordial welcome? For one moment the question staggered her, calling up, as it did, a host of dismal recollections. Then, as if to rebuke her for her utter want of faith, the mild, sweet countenance, with its tender, loving eyes and pleasant smile, rose up again before her, causing the phantom doubt to flee away abashed.

Now that she had decided with regard to her first step, the anxious dread that had oppressed her vanished in a measure, and the morning found her almost cheerful. The plan that had been suggested, canvassed and approved in the shades of evening, seemed no less feasible when viewed by the searching, matter-of-fact sunlight, so she at once commenced her preparations for departure.

All such clothing as she thought would be requisite in her new sphere of existence she packed into a trunk, leaving the rest for Mrs. Manners to dispose of. That worthy woman would have forced some money upon her darling, but she firmly, though gratefully, declined it, assuring her that she needed no assistance in that line.

Luckily, Dr. Lascelle had given her her quarterly allowance on the morning of his death, and when she had remonstrated with regard to the unusual largeness of the sum, he had replied, with one of his odd grimaces, "There are not many young ladies, my dear, who would raise any objections on that score. Take it; you will undoubtedly contrive ways enough in which to spend it."

She recalled his words now with a sigh, and thought, "Ah, how little we either of us imagined in what manner I should be compelled to use it." An hour passed, and then she looked upon her beloved Fendale—hers no longer—with a sad farewell shining in her eyes, and taking an affectionate leave of Mrs. Manners, was whirled away to the depot.

A shrinking, nervous dread of meeting some chance acquaintance caused her to lower her veil as she passed through the ladies' room on her way to take her seat in the cars, although she smiled the next instant as she thought who among her fashionable friends would be likely to be abroad at that early hour, or would think of beholding Beatrice Lascelle there.

A restless, impatient longing to be away filled her heart, but as the train moved, and she saw the city receding from her view, her emotions almost overcame her. It seemed as if the last link that bound her to her former life was severed,

and—God pity her!—it was no hopeful face that she turned toward the future.

Her journey failed to be productive of any remarkable incidents. Once she started nervously, fancying that she heard a familiar voice in the next car; but it proved to be a false alarm, so she relapsed again into her dreaming mood.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, when, heated, dusty and weary, she arrived at the station where she was to take the stage for Edenville. Unfortunately that vehicle had not yet made its appearance, and a little ragged urchin seemed to take a malicious pleasure in informing her that it did not always come down at noon, as passengers very seldom came in that train.

This was cheering news, certainly. The thought had never so much as occurred to her that she would be likely to meet with any difficulty here. She took a survey of the locality. There were no houses within sight. A dismal prospect, truly, if she had to remain in that desolate place until night. For a moment she almost wished that she was a child, that she might sit down and give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. The boy, meanwhile, was watching her with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, apparently enjoying her perplexity. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I say, now, what will yer gin me if I'll go home and tackle up our old grey mare, and take yer wherever yer want to go?"

Her face brightened; but before she could reply the rumble of carriage-wheels broke the stillness, and turning in the direction whence the sound proceeded, to her unspeakable delight she beheld the stage rapidly approaching. Her companion perceived it at the same time, and with a most crest-fallen air muttered:

"Gosh, David! if there aint Tom Wilson and his old rattle-box, arter all. I wish he was in Joppa, I do. Now my cake is all dough."

Beatrice laughed, and handing him a quarter of a dollar, said:

"Perhaps you can contrive to bake it with that." "Well, now, if you aint a real, true lady, I don't know where there is one," complimented the little fellow, as he graciously accepted the offering.

"Money is indeed a magic wand," soliloquized our heroine, as she seated herself in the stage-coach. "Hearts, as well as doors, open miraculously at its approach. In my present situation I shall realize this more fully than I ever did before. Never having known the want of the article, I have not appreciated its worth," and then she fell into a reverie, a not very pleasant one, as was perceptible by the bitterness in her face.

In the meantime the lumbering vehicle moved on, not believing the significant appellation that the young gentleman had bestowed upon it. Half an hour passed, and then, when the jolting had become almost insupportable, the driver stopped his horses before a large white house, guiltless of either flowers or shrubbery, and dismounting from his box, came and opened the door of the coach, saying, as he held out his hand to assist his passenger to alight:

"This is Miss Elwood's."

Beatrice gave one glance, and then drew back in dismay.

"Why no, it cannot be," she hurriedly exclaimed, "or at least this is not where I wish to go. My friend does not live in a village."

The man mused an instant, and then laughed good-humoredly.

"Ah! I see. It is the Widow Elwood that you are after, and I thought all the time that you meant this one. Her place is in the glen, half of a mile beyond here. I'll give my horses some water, and then I'll take you right there."

So saying, he was turning away, when the lady made a motion to detain him, remarking, as she did so:

"It is several years since I was in this vicinity, but if I remember correctly, this is the end of the stage route."

"Yes'm, it is; but then we generally carry passengers wherever they wish to go."

"Well, I will not trouble you to do so in my case, for I believe that I prefer to walk the remaining distance. If you would be so kind as to take charge of my trunk until I can send for it, you would oblige me greatly."

"That I will, miss; and as I have an errand in that direction, I will bring it over myself this evening."

Thanking him, she walked away.

It was a cool and shady path that she now traversed, and every step recalled some pleasant reminiscence of her happy childhood. The turf at her feet was studded with bloom; butterflies flashed their gorgeous rainbow tints before her, and the music of forest-harp and waterfall was wafted to her ear. She forgot that she was weary. The sunlight entered her heart, and smiles played once again around the rosy mouth.

At last she came within sight of the brown cottage under the shade-trees, and oh! how the glad blood leaped into her cheeks. How natural everything looked! Time had certainly forgotten to lay his blighting fingers on the dear home-nest. The roses and honeysuckles still twined in graceful luxuriance over the rustic porch; the dandelions proudly lifted their golden crowns from the velvety greenward, and the birds sailed through the slumberous, azure air, warbling their enchanting melodies, or gleefully called to each other from the fragrant shrubbery. Then, as if to make the scene still more familiar, she beheld a child sitting in the vine-draped doorway, just as she had sat in the halcyon days of yore. That was the finishing touch that made the picture perfect. Memory could add nothing more.

For a moment she paused to drink in the wondrous beauty of her surroundings, and then with a strange feeling stirring at her heart, she walked on.

The little one did not observe her until she was very near; then she looked up into her face with a pair of frank, fearless eyes that were just the shade of the violets she held in her hand.

"Is Mrs. Elwood at home?" inquired Beatrice.

"No, ma'am. She has gone up to the great house on the hill; but she told me, if any one called, to tell them that she should be back pretty soon. Won't you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. With your permission, I will sit down here until she comes. It is much more pleasant out of doors than in, on such a day as this."

The little girl laughed—a sweet, silvery laugh, like the music of the waterfall.

"I think so, too," she said. "I don't see how people can endure to be shut up in the house, when the birds, trees and flowers are calling to them to come out. It would make me sick."

"You love the fresh air and sunlight, then?" inquired our heroine, surveying the child with considerable interest at that speech.

"Oh yes. Do n't you?"

"I believe that I do," and now the great black eyes smiled down into the eager, upturned face in such a manner as to fairly win the loving little heart. Presently the wee creature crept nearer, and with a shy glance slid her small hand into one of her companion's. Beatrice kissed it lightly, and then brushing the golden brown hair from the white brow, said:

"What is your name, darling?"

"Faith," syllabled the red lips.

Her listener started. A soft voice in her soul seemed to echo the word. So, in this beautiful spot called Edenville, in the sweet, artless guise of a child, she had found—Faith. She was almost inclined to accept it as a good omen.

"Do you live with Mrs. Elwood, in this pretty cottage?" was her next question.

"Yes'm. I guess you don't know that she's my grandmother, and that I haven't any other place to go to, now. I will tell you all about it: You see, last winter when everything was so still and cold and white, my papa and mamma went to live with the angels, and as they want to quite ready for me to come to grandmother brought me home with her, and I've been here ever since. You don't think, do you?"—drawing a little nearer, and looking anxiously into her new friend's face—"that now that they are so happy up there, they will forget to send for me?"

"No, darling, not that could never be; but the time has not come for you to go; when it does, they will welcome you with joy and gladness."

"Faith," said a voice that caused them both to start, "I fear that you have not been very polite during my absence."

"I assure you that she has," replied Beatrice, rising and bowing to the person who had come upon them so unexpectedly, and in whom she recognized Mrs. Elwood, while the child, springing forward, eagerly exclaimed:

"Indeed I was, grandmother! The lady called to see you, and I invited her to walk in, but she said that she would rather sit down here with me so I have been trying to entertain her."

"And you have succeeded admirably," rejoined her late companion, with a laugh. Then turning to the new comer, who was regarding her with a puzzled look, she said, a touch of disappointment in her voice:

"Why, auntie! can it be possible that you do not remember me?"

Mrs. Elwood advanced a step, gave her another searching glance, and then opening her arms, exclaimed in a tone that trembled with joyful emotion,

"It certainly must be my little Beatrice!" and the next instant the girl was weeping upon her shoulder, while Faith looked on with wondering eyes.

Presently the maiden raised her drooping head, a smile, like a sunbeam, breaking through her tears, as she said, almost deprecatingly:

"I guess that you will think that I am a great baby; but, indeed, the sight of your loving, sympathetic face quite overcame me."

"I am more inclined to the opinion that you are tired and nervous, and need rest. I am sorry that I was not at home when you arrived; but come into the house now, and take off your things, and then tell me how you have been all this long time. I assure you that you have given me a most agreeable surprise; but still I can scarcely realize that I am not dreaming."

"You surely are not; but I am not certain but that you will wish that you were, when I have informed you of the nature of the circumstances that have conspired to bring me here."

"You talk in riddles, my dear; and now that I look at you more closely, I perceive a shadow in your face that this 'touching her black dress'—never had the power to throw there. Come in, darling, and tell me all your troubles, as you used to when you were a little child like Faith."

"Oh! that seems a long, long time ago," sighed Beatrice, as she followed her into the house.

Mrs. Elwood very wisely took no notice of this remark, but led her at once to her chamber, saying, as she left her:

"There, my love, I have come to the very sensible conclusion that you had better not make any revelations until that weary body of yours has been refreshed by sleep. Then, as a natural consequence, your mind will be in a better state, and the world generally will not look so dark to you as it does now."

Two hours later the traveler descended into the cool, pleasant sitting-room to find that the western hills were bathing their heated brows in soft waves of glory, while the balmy breath of the evening wind came flooding in at the open windows, whispering of peace and trust.

"Cousin Beatrice, you are feeling better, are you not?" said a gentle voice at her side, and turning, she gazed into the sweet countenance of Faith.

"Yes, darling," and bending down, she took a kiss from the tempting rose-bud lips, clasping at the same time the little dimpled hand upon her arm.

"I am very glad to hear it," was the joyous response; "and now will you please to walk out to tea? Grandmother said that I was to tell you it was ready."

When the stars flashed out in the purple abyss

of heaven, like jewels gleaming in ocean depths, Mrs. Elwood sat down by the side of her young friend and listened to the sorrowful story that the trembling lips unfolded.

"Poor thing!" she said, when the low voice had ceased to vibrate on the air, "you have suffered much, therefore I cannot find it in my heart to chide you; still, I am pained that you had not more confidence in me than to imagine for an instant that I should cast you off because the world has. If this sad recital has affected me any way, it has only deepened my love for you—if that were possible, for you were very dear to me before."

"Oh, auntie! I do not think that I really doubted you, else I should not be here. Still, I strove to prepare my mind for the worst, so if you did happen to look coldly upon me, I should not be utterly cast down."

"A wise precaution, my love, but I am happy to say, not essential in my case. Now what else, darling? You have not told me all."

"All! what more is there to tell?" But even while she spoke, the lids drooped over the great dark eyes, and a beautiful color crept into the pale cheeks.

Mrs. Elwood lifted one of the white hands that had dropped listlessly by her side, and smiling mischievously, said:

"Did not Mr. Lewis offer to keep your secret if he could call this his own?"

"The 'yes' was scarcely audible, but her friend heard it, and raising the head that had sunk in confusion upon her shoulder, she brushed back the luxuriant ringlets and kissed the pure, loyal brow almost reverently. Then with what an unspeakable tenderness her voice was clothed, as she said:

"Beatrice, I am proud of you! It is not every woman that, reared in the lap of luxury as you have been, would have laid down wealth and an honored name rather than take a lie upon lips and life."

"Oh, auntie! do not praise me, for, indeed, I do not deserve it. I had a terrible struggle, and the future looked so dark and cheerless, that at times I was almost tempted to yield."

"Tempted, darling! well, who would not have been? I am not surprised at that. Only marvel that you had the strength to trample the temptation beneath your feet. Some natures, devoid of your fine sense of honor, would have deemed no price too great that allowed them to retain their position in society. I am not certain that I should have had the courage to do as you have done. The action savors of the heroic."

"Do not, auntie; you will make me blush for myself! for I realize how very weak I was and am. Oh! why did God let this trial come to me?"

"We cannot tell, love. We only know that 'He doeth all things well.' You have drank of the sweet wine of life all your days, now take the bitter cup and drain it without a murmur, knowing that it is held to your lips for a wise purpose."

"Grandmother," said Faith, coming into the room at that moment, "there is a man at the door, who says that he has brought Miss Nulla's trunk."

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Elwood, with a mystified glance at her companion. "Do you suppose that it is yours, and the child has misunderstood the name?"

"I am very certain that it is mine," was the smiling reply, "and equally sure that there is no mistake about the name. Have you forgotten that I am Miss Nobody, now, or, to render that word more acceptable to ears polite, Miss Nulla?"

"Ah! I understand. You must excuse my dull-

ness." Weeks passed, and the spirit of Beatrice gathered unto itself new strength and power in that quiet valley home. There was one friend in the great world outside who had not deserted her, and that was the warm-hearted Thelma D'Artois. She wrote, desiring her to come and take the situation in the seminary left vacant by the resignation of Miss Austin; but the inclinations of our heroine did not tend that way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"The music of a march is sweet;
But action is sublime;
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme."

"Beatrice, I have good news for you," said Mrs. Elwood one day, late in the summer. "There is some prospect of your obtaining a situation in Philadelphia as a companion for a very wealthy lady, who is a confirmed invalid."

"Is there? Well, that, certainly, is agreeable tidings."

"I supposed that you would think so, as I have noticed that you seem to be growing very uneasy. Why can't you be contented, my dear girl, to remain with me for the rest of my days? You know that it would make me very happy."

"I presume so, auntie; and if you really needed me, nothing could induce me to leave you—as I believe I have told you many times before—but as you do not, it is my duty to go. I could not endure to be dependent upon your bounty, and pardon me if I say that you have no right to waste your substance upon one who is able to provide for herself. Remember that Faith's claims are paramount to any others."

"You are right, darling, as you always are; still, I shall be very lonely when you are gone. I can't conceive how I have lived without you all these long years."

"Well, that you have warrants the supposition that you can again," was the laughing response. "I hope that you will miss me some, for I should dislike to prove myself to be such a nonentity as that would seem to indicate if you experienced no sense of loss. But I am forgetting the question that I wished to ask: Who has been so kind as to interest themselves in my behalf? I was thinking that I should be obliged to advertise."

"You have seen Mrs. Harrison, I believe—the lady who lives in the beautiful house on the hill? Well, it seems that she went by here one evening and heard you singing to Faith, and a day or two after she called here, when you happened to

be out, and inquired particularly about you, and I gave her such information with regard to your affairs as I thought best, and then she spoke of this lady—who, it appears, is an old friend of hers—saying that she had written to her, inquiring if she knew of any one who not only possessed all the qualifications for an agreeable companion, but was patient and forbearing, and capable of enduring with equanimity the caprices and petulance of an invalid. She then went on to say, that if such a paragon could be found, she would engage her services, if they were to be had, no matter what it cost her. I knew very well to what these remarks tended, and therefore was not surprised when Mrs. Harrison informed me that she had come to the conclusion that you would suit the lady admirably, if you could be induced to make the trial! She desired that I should broach the subject to you, and then if you were inclined to look at the matter in a favorable light, she wished that you would come to her, that she might talk with you."

Beatrice mused an instant and then exclaimed, as she folded up her work:

"I am sure, I am greatly obliged to her for her good opinion; and I think that I will comply with her request at once."

In about two hours she returned with a smiling face.

"It is all settled," she said, as she came and seated herself in a low chair, by the side of Mrs. Elwood, and leaned her head against her, "or nearly so, for I left Mrs. Harrison writing to Mrs. Sutherland—the lady in question—and she assures me that the latter will be sure to engage me on her recommendation. She was very candid in all her statements, showing me the dark as well as the bright side of the picture. She said she feared that I should find her friend anything but an agreeable individual to live with, as sickness, together with trouble—she did not specify what—had changed her from a sweet, lovable girl, into a morose, irritable woman."

"But, my dear child, you certainly have not agreed to accept any such situation as that? It will be terrible for one who has been nurtured as you have been. I can't consent, darling, to your sacrificing yourself in that way."

"Oh, you absurd auntie! I have no intention of immolating myself at present, for anybody; so set your heart at rest. I can't expect, though, to go through life patted by every one, as I find it is best that I should not. I am stronger now than I was once, thanks to your kindness; still, as I have not been out into the world to encounter its tempests and hurricanes, I do not yet know of what metal I am formed. Now I believe that it is my duty to go to this place; and according to my light so must I walk, else another thunderbolt may fall crashing at my feet, driving me forth whether I am willing or not. Besides, I have taken a fancy to Mrs. Sutherland. This may seem strange to you, but it is nevertheless true. The very fact of her insisting that Mrs. Harrison should inform every one who desired to accept the situation that she was a cross, petulant person, and that whoever came into her service would be uncomfortable generally, has attracted me to her. Then, again, I pity her, for some terrible, icy hand must have clutched at her heart-strings, thus to embitter her whole nature. Perhaps it may be my privilege to pluck away some of the thorns that have been thrust into her soul. Come, smile, auntie! and say, 'God bless and aid you in the undertaking.'"

"I do, my darling, most sincerely. May you indeed be to her all that your fond fancy pictures. Heaven forbid that I should try to discourage you, for it may be that the angels are whispering unto your inner consciousness, bidding you to walk in this path."

"I believe that they are," she replied with a smile, and then the holy mantle of silence fell upon the two.

A week passed; and then came a letter accepting Miss Nulla's services, and desiring that she should proceed to Philadelphia immediately.

Having confidently expected such a summons, she was fully prepared to comply with the request. It was painful, parting with Mrs. Elwood and Faith, but she cheered them with the promise of writing frequently, and went away with a smile wreathing her lips, although her eyes were humid and heart was aching.

It was on a wet, disagreeable afternoon that Beatrice—suffering extremely from a fit commonly called the "blues"—alighted from the cars in the city of Brotherly Love.

To her great relief, she found Mrs. Sutherland's coachman in waiting, who, taking her checks, secured her baggage, and then conducted her to a plain but elegant carriage, and soon she was whirled away to her new destination.

After a ride of about two miles, through a beautiful country, which at any other time would have inspired our heroine with a profound admiration, the horses were turned into an avenue of elms, and stopped before a mansion whose architectural elaboration Beatrice had never seen equaled. The edifice was surrounded with terraces of flowers, and the whole appearance of the place seemed to indicate that it was the home of wealth and refinement.

As Miss Nulla mounted the flight of stone steps the front door was thrown open, and she was ushered into a spacious hall, where she was met by a pleasant-faced girl, who said, as she led the way to the broad and richly-carpeted stairs:

"Mrs. Sutherland's orders are, that I shall show you directly to your room, and after you have made such changes in your toilette as you desire, conduct you to her."

"Very well."

"John will bring your baggage up immediately," continued the servant, noticing that the stranger paused and looked back.

They now traversed an upper corridor, at the end of which the guide flung open a door, and Beatrice entered a large, pleasant chamber, in which her trunk had already been deposited. The maid now turned to go, saying, as she did so:

"Missus told me to tell you that everything here is at your disposal. Unless you want assistance I will leave you now, and when you are ready to descend ring the bell, and I will come for you. I should advise you to be as quick as possible, for she will be in a better humor if you do not keep her waiting long."

"Thank you! Your counsel is very good, and I will be sure to heed it."

These words were accompanied by a sweet, rare smile that sank into the girl's heart, taking it captive at once; and she went away wondering what ill fortune had sent such a beautiful young lady there to be tyrannized over by her mistress.

Beatrice soon completed her preparations, and in about fifteen minutes after her entrance into the house, was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Sutherland.

That lady was seated in a large arm-chair which was drawn into a curtained alcove. She was very pale, with dull, heavy eyes, a sharp nose, and thin lips, from which all the sweetness had departed. Her brown hair was plentifully sprinkled with silver, sewed there by trouble and sickness, perhaps, but scarcely by Time. Altogether, the face was not a very prepossessing one.

The room was large, high and luxurious in all its appointments. The floor was covered with a costly carpet of rich, warm colors, into which the feet sank without noise. Crimson draperies fell from gilded cornices, and divans, lounges and easy-chairs of the same bright hue were scattered in profusion throughout the apartment. Rare and beautiful paintings adorned the walls, interspersed by statuary upon ornamental brackets. A harp stood in one corner of the room, a piano in another, while on a handsomely inlaid table lay a guitar.

All this Beatrice took in at a glance, as she passed along and stood before her employer. That person did not look up at first; but the girl felt certain, by the twitching of her mouth, that she was aware of her approach. At last she raised her eyes, and leisurely surveyed the graceful figure at her side.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, after she had continued her rigid scrutiny for the space of five minutes, "beauty is but skin deep! Remember that, will you?"

"I will try," was the demure reply. "Sit down!" and the lady motioned her to a chair opposite. "It makes me nervous to see you standing there like a post."

Beatrice obeyed, and another interval of silence succeeded.

Then Mrs. Sutherland exclaimed: "I should really like to know what possesses you to wear black."

"It has been the most in accordance with my feelings for the past few months. If you dislike it very much, however, I will change to colors."

"Dislike it? Ugh! I should not be surprised if I did. It has an unpleasant way of reminding me of grave-stones and the sheeted dead."

"I am extremely sorry, then, that I have intruded upon you in this garb. I will lay it aside immediately, if it is your wish."

"No; you may remain as you are for the rest of the day. I am accustomed to such annoyances. Do you always wear your hair falling over your shoulders in that style?"

"Yes. It seems to be the way that Nature intended that it should be worn."

"Humph! I suppose so. It is unfortunate, isn't it, that there won't be any young men here to admire it?"

Beatrice laughed a merry, ringing laugh, that startled the shadows that were creeping over the room, and even wooed a timid smile to the lips of the stern, cold woman opposite. It was a sound that had not floated upon the air in her presence for many a long year.

They were both quiet after that for several minutes, and then Mrs. Sutherland said:

"What induced you to come and live with me?"

"I had several reasons. Necessity demanded that I should do something, and this seemed to be the best opportunity that offered itself."

"Did Mrs. Harrison inform you that I was cross and peevish, and very hard to please?"

"Yes, m."

"And you did not believe it, hey?"

"Of course I did, as I didn't suppose that you would malign yourself."

"Then you think I spoke the truth, do you?"

"I haven't seen any occasion to doubt your word, as yet."

The lady laughed inwardly.

"She'll do," she thought; "there isn't a particle of the sycophant about her. If she had answered that question as Miss Podger did, I'd have turned her off this very night."

"You perceive that I have three musical instruments," she said, after a pause. "Which do you prefer?"

"I admire them all; but if I had my will, I would never finger the guitar, except by moonlight."

"Ah! you are sentimental, I see. I suppose that you play divinely," and there was a covert sneer in her tone.

"I have always been told that I was a very good performer, but nothing remarkable," replied Beatrice quietly; "and as I supposed that a correct judgment, I never cared to dispute the matter."

"Well, I must say that this long conversation has been excessively fatiguing," was the next exclamation. "My head aches severely. Bathe my temples, can't you? You will find water and a bowl in yonder recess."

Her companion departed, and presently returned with the basin in her hand; but no sooner had she laid her wet fingers upon the lady's brow than she started from beneath her touch, exclaiming:

"Bless my heart! if you haven't got tea-cold water. I should really like to know if you intend to freeze me to death. If you haven't any desire to, perhaps you had better turn the other faucet, just enough to take the chill off."

Beatrice complied with her request, and for a few minutes everything worked admirably, and then she was informed that she knew no more about bathing a person's head than a baby.

"I know that I am rather awkward," she replied, with a laugh; "but I presume that I shall learn in time."

"Yes; after you have killed me, I suppose. Now if you can ring the bell and order tea, without making a mistake, I should be exceedingly happy to have you do it."

The evening witnessed the same continual fault-finding, and when the poor girl retired to her room, she seriously questioned whether she had not overrated her patience and forbearance.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Be still, and heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

LONGFELLOW.

It was a gloriously beautiful morning that blossomed out of that wildly fearful night, and the first laughing sunbeam that penetrated into the

chamber of Beatrice, seemed to her like a messenger of glad tidings, infusing, as it did, new hope and courage into her shrinking, doubting heart, and enabling her to enter Mrs. Sutherland's presence with a smiling face, and a step that was almost elastic.

That lady, however, had not seemed to have derived any benefit from the joyful hymn that Nature was chanting so melodiously, for she returned the young girl's cheerful greeting in a dry, snapping tone, and then remarked:

"Is it possible that you have really got along? I began to think that you were never coming. I have been up such a great while, that I am almost starved. I will trouble you now to ring the bell, and order breakfast."

Her companion silently obeyed; and presently a servant entered, set the table, and brought in the repast; but this she did not accomplish without several sharp reprimands from her mistress, which she received with apparent indifference.

Beatrice secretly hoped that the food would be sufficient to stop the lady's tongue for a while, at least; but in this she was disappointed. Nothing suited her; therefore the unruly member was scarcely silent for a moment. The steak was burnt; the eggs were either boiled too much or too little; the biscuits were dough, and the coffee dish-water; but, nevertheless, she contrived to make a very substantial meal.

"Now, Miss Nulla, I should be pleased to have you read to me for a short time," exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, after the breakfast things had been removed. "I thought last evening that your elocution was extremely defective, but concluded that perhaps you did not do yourself justice, as you seemed to be very weary. I can judge better, however, this morning, and most earnestly hope that I shall find that that part of your education has not been neglected. Here is Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' a poem which I very much admire; you may try your powers on that."

Beatrice took the book, but after listening to such remarks as those, and conscious, too, that her hearer would overlook whatever of beauty was embodied in the lines, in her anxiety to detect mistakes, it is not surprising that her attempt proved a signal failure, and after plunging desperately through several pages, she paused in very disgust.

That the lady enjoyed her confusion was apparent by the gleam that shot into her dull, grey eyes, and the smile that strove to play about her cold, thin lips.

"I am glad that you were sensible enough to stop of yourself," she said. "Dear me! my nerves are all of a quiver! Poor Wordsworth! I do not think that he was over-murdered to such a degree before. How Mrs. Harrison happened to call you a good reader, is past my comprehension. Why, a child of ten would have succeeded better than that. You may order the carriage now; I believe that I will ride out. Return as quickly as possible, for I wish you to assist me to dress, and then you may prepare to accompany me."

Beatrice hastily left the room. She was too thoroughly vexed with herself to be annoyed at the comments of her employer.

"How foolish I was to be so completely disconcerted by her words," she soliloquized; "but it is the last time. She never shall have another opportunity to triumph over me in this style!"

She did not enjoy their drive much, for Mrs. Sutherland was continually in trouble. Sometimes the horses went too fast, causing her head to whirl; again, the motion was so slow that it made her nervous. If the carriage windows were closed, she was in imminent danger of suffocation; if open, she was equally fearful of freezing. Never, within the scope of her remembrance, had the roads been in such a villainous condition, or John so extremely careless. When the coachman was bidden to return to "The Elms," Beatrice drew a sigh of relief, which did not escape Mrs. Sutherland's observation, and accordingly, with a grim smile, she immediately countermanded that order. It was wonderful how many places of interest the lady was suddenly possessed with a desire to visit, so that it was long past noon ere they turned into the avenue that led to the house.

The remainder of the day was diversified by music, reading and complaints, together with an occasional game of backgammon.

A week slipped by before Beatrice found an opportunity to redeem her promise to Mrs. Elwood. Then she wrote a long and cheerful letter, giving that dear friend no sign of the utter weariness that was pressing upon her heart and life.

Those were dark, dreary days that followed; but bravely she struggled on, meekly bending to receive her cross, and striving to teach her soul patience. If her lips were not always wreathed with smiles, at least no harsh or fretful word ever passed their portals.

October came, sprinkling the forests with its gorgeous fires, and wrapping the hills in splendor. But soon the glowing embers smoldered low, and then died out in grey ashes; and November, wan and pale, laid her cold hand on the shivering earth.

"Miss Nulla, I should really like to know what you have been thinking of for the past fifteen minutes," exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, one afternoon, as she sat watching Beatrice, who was gazing abstractedly from the window.

The latter started, colored, and then replied: "Nothing worth repeating, I assure you. I beg your pardon for being so impolite as to fall into a reverie in your presence. Shall I finish that book that I was reading to you yesterday?"

The lady's brow darkened.

"No," she pettishly rejoined; "I have heard as much of that stuff as I desire. If you are not disposed to gratify my curiosity, do not, for pity's sake, attempt to force anything else upon my attention."

The girl looked annoyed, but remained silent. Her companion watched her stealthily for a moment, and then renewed the charge:

"You admit that your thoughts were not very important; then I do not understand why you should be so terribly averse to revealing them."

"Oh! indeed, I am not. I only hesitated because I did not suppose that they would be of sufficient interest to repay you for listening to them."

"I certainly ought to be the best judge of that."

"Well, then, I was merely wondering whether I should live to be old."

Mrs. Sutherland looked as though she hardly believed her, but said, half-smilingly:

"Did you come to the conclusion that it would be desirable?"

"No; I could ever retain the spirit of youth. If age is to bring me nothing but unhappiness, I should pray to die now."

"But suppose that heaven is deaf to your pleadings, and that you are obliged to live on after all that makes life sweet and pleasant is taken from you?"

Her tone of indescribable bitterness fell like a dagger-stroke upon the sympathetic heart of Beatrice. Involuntarily she knelt by her side, and, looking up into her face, replied, with sweet earnestness:

"Then I would gather together the blessings

that are still left—tiny buds they might be—and cherish them until they burst into flowers, filling my spirit with fragrance, and lifting me above all trouble and sorrow."

"But if nothing, nothing remains—what then?"

"That cannot be, and God reign. Do we not have his blessed assurance that he will not leave us wholly comfortless?"

No sooner had the girl given utterance to these words than she sank back, startled and frightened at her own audacity, while Mrs. Sutherland, rising, paced the floor with her hands clasped, and her head bowed, murmuring:

"Can it be that I, and none other, have been making myself miserable all these long years? Have I willfully shut my eyes to the golden sunlight, declaring that there was no brightness for me, and falsely attributing all my unhappiness to the mysterious decrees of Providence?"

So much of her soliloquy Beatrice overheard, and then feeling that she had no right to sit there a listener to her self-communings, she glided from the room. An hour passed, and yet another, and then Mrs. Sutherland's bell rang violently. To the excited maiden, its peal seemed to speak of rage and impatience. Rising quickly, she went down the stairs and through the hall to answer the summons. At the parlor door she paused an instant to lay her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then turned the handle and entered the room, fully expecting to receive her wages and an abrupt dismissal.

Had she realized how necessary she had become to her employer's peace and comfort, that thought would hardly have had the power to trouble her. She found the lady reclining upon a lounge before the fire. At her approach she turned her head, and holding out her hand, drew her to her, saying, in the old commanding way, although her tone was very kind:

"I want that you should sing to me, Beatrice; my head aches."

"Shall I not bathe your temples?" she inquired, almost timidly.

"No; I believe that I am still able to make known my desires. When I am not, I will listen to your suggestions, but at present they are useless."

Now however much Mrs. Sutherland delighted to sneer and laugh at her companion's reading and playing, she never ridiculed her singing. That seemed to have peculiar charms for her, affording her an enjoyment of which she never wearied; and once she had graciously informed the girl that she possessed a fortune in her sweet, wonderful voice.

On this occasion the effect that it produced was even greater than usual, for the low, plaintive melody which Beatrice sang with such tender pathos, swept the heart-strings of that proud, selfish woman, until they softly vibrated of the "long ago," thrilling her soul with a nameless yearning. Then large, peaty tears goggled the long, dark lashes, and rolled silently down the pale cheeks. Still the sweet voice warbled on, until it seemed to float into the Elysian fields of glory, and then returned like a messenger of peace, laden with love and tenderness.

"You can walk out now, if you wish," said Mrs. Sutherland, when the gentle tones had melted on the air; "as for me, I believe that I will try to sleep until tea-time. I was unusually wakeful last night."

The girl glided from the room with a sigh in her heart, and upon her lips. Poor child! although she knew that she had cast her bread upon the waters, she did not realize that it was returning to her again after many days.

A month passed. One morning Beatrice sat sewing upon a dress for Mrs. Sutherland, while the latter, contrary to her usual custom, was glancing over the contents of a weekly paper. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of surprise. Her companion looked up.

"Were you ever acquainted with Algernon Sawyer's family?" inquired the lady.

"Not very much, although I went to school with one of the daughters."

"There is something, then, that perhaps may interest you," and she passed the paper, with her finger resting upon a paragraph.

Beatrice took it, glancing at the designated column with careless indifference; but that air passed quickly away, and her cheeks flushed hotly as her eye fell upon the following announcement:

"Married, on Tuesday morning, in the Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. L., Edgar Lewis, Esq., to Miss Louise, youngest daughter of Algernon Sawyer, of this city."

The girl quietly folded the paper, and then leaning her head upon her hand, looked out at the falling rain with strange, dreaming eyes.

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing as her being mistress of dear, beautiful Ferndale," she said, half aloud.

Suddenly she became conscious that she was not alone, and turning quickly, she met Mrs. Sutherland's keen, searching gaze.

"That marriage seems to interest you greatly," remarked the lady, still scanning her face.

If she had hoped to detect anything by the manner of Beatrice, her simple, "Yes, it does," effectually baffled her. After that, silence fell upon the two.

That evening Mrs. Sutherland said:

"Miss Nulla, I should really like to know your history. Have you any objections to relating it to me?"

"If you desire it very much, I will gratify you," was the evasive reply.

Then, as briefly as possible, she sketched her life. When she had finished, to her surprise, the lady pressed her lips to her brow, saying, in a voice choked with emotion:

"Beatrice, you make me blush for myself. Leave me now, dear."

She sat very quietly after the door closed. Suddenly she raised her head and glanced around the room, a strange light shining in her face:

"Yes, I will do it," she said, emphatically. "I never shall find one more worthy, if I search the whole world over. It will atone, too, in part, for my treatment of her since she has been here. Tomorrow I will send for my lawyer, and have a will drawn up, making her sole heiress of my wealth. Then, Beatrice Nulla, you shall resume your rightful place in society."

Alas for human resolutions! That night pale, anxious faces flitted from room to room, and medical aid was summoned in hot haste; but science was at fault, and so, reclining on her luxurious couch, with her head pillowed upon the bosom of her faithful companion, Mrs. Sutherland yielded up her breath to the Destroyer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A suffering but godly man was once asked if he could see any reason for the dispensation which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reason."—Spring.

There is a young man somewhere so modest that he will not embrace an opportunity. He must be related to the young lady who fainted when she heard of the naked truth.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IS IN THE WORLD.

BY BELLE DUBIL.

Mother, angel mother!

Come, and watch beside my bed;

Let me feel the gentle presence

Of thy hand upon my head!

Come, and fold thy arms about me,

As in the days of old;

For my heart is sad and fearful,

And the world is dark and cold.

Mother, angel mother!

Come, and soothe me till I sleep;

Let me feel your love about me,

And my heart will cease to weep!

Come, and sing the songs you taught me

In the happy days of yore—

With the lullabies you chanted—

Sing them all to me once more.

'Tis long since we were parted,

And I've wandered far and wide,

Ever pining for thy presence,

And thy loving hand to guide.

Mother, angel mother!

In the fading sunset gleams

Come, and whisper to me softly,

Through the golden gate of dreams.

I am weary, oh how weary!

And my spirit yearns for rest,

Come, and fold thy arms about me,

Let me sleep upon thy breast.

Come, and kiss me ere I slumber,

Oh, dearest mother, come!

And wake once more the vision

Of my childhood's happy home.

Ah! well do I remember

That soft and sunny nest,

The cottage in the valley,

Where I slept upon thy breast.

Ah, well there is no palace,

Or stately mansion old,

That was ever half so pleasant

As "the cottage by the world."

There I frolicked with my brothers,

With my little sister played,

Till the angels called her from us—

Then I wondered where she stayed;

For I had not learned the lesson

That later years unfurled,

Like a sable banner o'er me,

"That Death is in the world."

For life was all about me,

And love, the deep and strong,

Held me fast in his embraces,

And charmed me with his song.

In the summer-time I wandered

Through the meadows, by the floods,

And in the hazy autumn

Went a-muttering in the woods.

Thus my childhood years flowed onward,

Boating time to joy and mirth,

Whose music waked no echo,

Save the harmonies of earth.

'Till one day a sable banner

O'er our cottage was unfurled,

And I learned the mournful lesson,

"That Death was in the world."

For I saw thee borne, dear mother,

In stillness from our door,

And heard it said, in sadness,

"She will come to us no more."

Then a great grief shook my spirit,

As winds the mountain pine,

And I murmured, in my anguish,

Oh! would thy grave were mine!

Since then in grief I've wandered

O'er the fair and lovely earth,

Ever sighing for thy presence,

And the music tones of mirth.

Mother, angel mother!

While the fading sunset gleams

Come, and whisper to me softly,

Through the golden gate of dreams.

Thus prayed a lonely orphan,

'Mid the stillness of the night—

When lo! a blissful vision

Dawned in beauty on her sight.

Through the open portals gliding,

Came a soft and silvery light,

And 'mid the wavering

rules a kingdom. But in the universe of spirit we find that Fatherhood expressing itself in the love of heaven. There comes to us the power of love, and we know that its law exists in the individual spirits that are dear to us. We feel the bright chains that unite us to heaven, and we know that our beloved ones there are not only as near to us as our earthly friends, but closer than we can dream of who are still in the form. If we can make plain this truth to the world, it will be the resurrection and the life unto it, because we know that the sharpest sorrow and pain of a separation by death will thus be taken away.

But tell me, will this idea alone lift the world from its greater sorrow—the sorrow of sin? No! We must feel that the divine law of sympathy is binding us to every other soul, and that another's degradation is our humiliation; thus our grand spiritual law is the law of love. We want it operative in our hearts, before we can understand the meaning of Spiritualism. By the term understand, I do not mean intellectually comprehend, for we can intellectually take in and comprehend many laws of the universe, but we cannot understand them in ourselves until we feel them. When we feel ourselves spiritual beings, bound to the spirit-world and to earth in the great bonds of brotherhood, then we can first call ourselves Spiritualists.

I agree that no knowledge is superfluous. I would urge investigation and research. I would earnestly the unfold the power of the beautiful gifts that can reveal all we must know of the spirit; but, in philosophy on the broad plane of facts and spiritual progress.

If I understand rightly the failures of all the philosophies of the past to satisfy the human spirit, it has been in the lack of this broad cornerstone of truth—the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man. If I understand rightly the Brotherly love, the Christian philosophy, it has been progress, relation of love. The heart of man for this faith, and its revelation opened the floodgates of feeling, and the light shone therein.

As we have stated, this revelation is not spiritualism; it includes the facts and philosophy of spiritualism. When it came, it came through mediumistic minds; and where it needed another revelation, it had no other channels, and so in our day we have a fresh testimony of the life, the love, the power of heaven. But what is this revelation to us? It is the triumph of life. We know now that what we call death, is fullness of life. The heavens have been opened to us, and what have we beheld? Not the golden streets—not the asphodels—not the king crowned and his subjects prostrate in lowly adoration before him. No; we have seen eyes of love; we have heard tender voices of appeal; we have looked upon beautiful scenes, and into our hearts has come the blessed assurance that what we most love is ours by laws as eternal as God; that the universe knows no such word as loss. As we have seen this, has it done nothing for us? Has it not quickened our love? Has it not stimulated our noblest desires? Has it not been an inspiration, a nobility, a power, a revelation of truth, oh! better by far than had never come to us. If we should all answer me nay, yet can I not credit you. It must be, it is true that as one revelation of truth comes to our spirits, its entrance gives passage to still higher, still sublimer truths. And so this revelation of spirit-intercourse, springing, as it does, from the great laws of life, has brought to many a soul beautiful revelations of love, that link themselves unto heaven. We do not need to go back and say how the old dogmas dissolved, and how, one by one, the superstitions of the past leave us free and untrammelled to search for great principles, and to aspire after divine truths. They leave us—these errors—naturally, and the benign inspirations of heaven take their place. We no longer stand divorced from the Paternity of God—we dwell in it. And now our hearts open themselves and express the sympathy and oneness with the true, the pure, and the good.

And now with this sense of the redeeming power of the spiritual religion, it is strange that we should desire to proclaim it to the world? Is it strange that we should seek to unfold its truths, and present its beauties to those who yet fold about themselves the wrappings of bigotry and of ignorance? No; it seems a necessity to our spirits to let their light shine forth, even as the sun and star-glow in the sky. I do not doubt the sincere desire of all who have been blessed with this faith to declare it unto others. But it cannot be done by words; it will not be expressed by external signs. We have but one way, thank God, to express truth—we must live it. Glorious utterances will come, noble inspirations will be given forth; but these proceed from true and noble hearts, glowing in sympathy with the divine life of heaven.

Oh, could I draw back the curtain that sometimes loving hands draw back for me, and show you the beauties of the spirit's home—show you how fathers, mothers, the strong and tender ones—how little children, the beloved and pure—how wise and noble ones, the world's heroes—some of the past, draw near the hearts of every one of us, and seek to bless and strengthen us, and inspire us, while in their own beautiful homes, they busy themselves to make a mansion for us eternal in the home that could I make plain to you, as it sometimes is to me, how natural and beautiful and perfectly fitted to the spirit within us is the beautiful spirit-home, so that we can never be defrauded, but must know the great law of spiritual compensation—I say, could I do this for you, or for the world, yet would I rather kindle one noble aspiration, yet would I rather give courage to one fainting spirit, yet would I choose to stimulate the weak purpose and strengthen the lagging will, and lead one soul from the darkness of wrong and the misery of evil, into the paths of purity, peace and noble action. And I believe, friends, this is what our beloved ones in the spirit-world are striving to do. Not merely to show us the beauties of their own life, and the delights that may surround them, but to inspire us with noble sentiments, and to stimulate us to nobler action. To do this they sometimes open before us the radiant beauty of heaven, that we may perhaps catch a reflex of its glory, and press forward to it with courage and with faith. But nearer than over to us do they come when they breathe into our hearts with the still, small voice that comes to us amid no controversy, amid no jar of earthly ambition, but whispers to us sweet words of assurance over every victory won, over passion, over every wrong made right, over every evil purpose folded, over every triumph of love. Oh, let them not speak in vain, these still, small voices! We can be angels, indeed, if we will do the work of angels.

Oh, friends, brothers, sisters, in the light of all that has been, and all that is, with this glorious revelation from the past, and this living testimony, present, what have we to do for God's humanity? With solemn and yet joyful earnestness heaven waits to work with us. What will thou have me to do, oh truth of God? We should ask; and to him who asks, the answer surely cometh, even into his spirit, leading him forth into a life of noble action, to the ministry of love, and to the exemplification of the sublime spiritual philosophy that the world has ever longed to have, and most joyful that ever enlightened the human powers. Let us not be driven from it by any weakness, by any indifference, by any failures or shortcomings on the part of those who profess to receive it, by any apparent signs of defeat or failure. All these may and do occur, but they are not signs of weakness, but rather of strength, and should have the effect to inspire us to greater efforts, for the soul of man is destined forever to rise toward the stature of perfect, divine manhood, at which the heaven of stars shines, as they silently wait the time when they shall crown him king; it must rise to a beauty that shall find angels and archangels, heroes and martyrs, the great and sublime of all ages, transcendent and glorified in spirit-life, its compass, inspirers and collaborators.

Now inventions are the order of the day. The last is in the clock or watch line. Imagine a simple addition of two enameled disks to the two hands of a watch or clock, with the name of some hundred cities inscribed on each, and you have an aid of a contrivance by Prof. A. W. Hall, of St. Louis, by which every watch or clock may be made universal time-keepers. When the Pacific Railroad is built, a man can travel from seaboard to seaboard, and without altering his watch, carry the correct time at every important station; and this, no matter how long he may tarry in a strange place. Such an instrument has its value for commercial travelers, for lecturers, and the like; for observers of natural phenomena in mind for the public at large. So says the Independent.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RAIN.

BY S. J. KEACIE.

Thick and fast the raindrops fall—
Fast the clouds are flying,
O'er the earth a misty pall
Hide the day that's dying.

Counting moments as they fly,
Rolling hours that perish,
Sends the clock as mournfully
Fades the hopes we cherish.

I remember, I remember,
As a spell comes o'er me,
Scenes, that times I cannot number,
Fancy brings before me.

In a twilight hour like this,
One I loved lay dying;
Spirits from the land of bliss
To her bed were flying.

While the clock the moments beating,
And the raindrops falling,
Mingled with low sounds of greeting
To our lost one calling.

Those who gathered round her bed,
Heard the earnest voices;
But they knew not what they said,
Mourning for their losses.

One whose tears fell fast like rain,
From the window gazing
Through the drops upon the pane,
At the candles blazing.

Lighting many a peaceful home
O'er the distant river;
Must he lay her in the tomb—
In the darkness leave her?

Since, on such a night as this,
When 'tis dark and stormy,
Sad and fearful memories
Come like dreams before me.

The Proposed Paris Banquet to Mr. Home, etc.

Translated from the Revue Spiritualiste for the Banner of Light.

The appeal that we made in our first number relating to a banquet to be offered to Mr. Home, as a protestation against the outrages he had experienced at Rome, did not go unanswered. More than two hundred men and women at once responded. Amongst those who have thus sent their testimony, we count with pleasure two members of the great daily press—savans and thinkers—who hold the most honorable position in society. Two whom we would particularly notice, are the President and Honorary President of the Society of Magnetism. All these were preparing to assist in this fraternal gathering, which promised to be one of the most beautiful reunions of the new faith, when, a few days before the banquet was to be held, after the hall had been secured and preparations partly made, we received the following note from Mr. Home:

"DEAR MRS. PIERART—For reasons the most grave I am forced to renounce assisting at the festival you had wished to give me. Believe me, very imperative reasons oblige me to this.

Entirely yours, D. D. HOME."

At the reception of such very unexpected news, we had a conversation with him, hoping we might learn the nature of these grave and imperative reasons; but while expressing his regret that he could not meet his brothers in Paris, he declared he could not explain further. "You shall know," said he, "hereafter; at present I cannot divulge them."

Many persons wished still to carry out the project of the festival, but it could not have the character we had wished to give it, we prepared to adjourn it till a happier day. In the meantime the Revue Spiritualiste shall be a depository of the spirit that would have reigned there. The following toast would have been pronounced by Dr. Cleret de Maligny, whom, as the eldest, we had prayed to accept the presidency of the banquet: "A testimony of welcome to D. D. Home, on his return from Italy. To this celebrated medium we offer the first toast: His health! to his most able cooperation in the studies which occupy us!" Please remark that I say studies, not science—the last is still in the future—at present our diverse estimations should cause a cautious reserve upon forming dogmas and doctrines.

I wish to say, distinctly, that in those questions of high physiologic cosmology, commonly called the "field of the marvelous," it is necessary to be on our guard against the madness of superstition. To-day its errors are almost crimes; ignorance has no excuse. I criticize not any particular spiritual circle; I announce in general terms my thoughts on this grave subject, when, notwithstanding the decision of public opinion, our firm certainty of facts, from complete evidence and unquestionable source, gives us the intelligence from which we rationally deduce the special life—or very special, at least—of etherial forces, that the philosophy of these initiations call spiritual—a name which we have no serious reason to repudiate—"that which we are to do as Spiritualists, is to study—study assiduously, perseveringly, independently! Courage, then, good will and patience!"

Sentiment sent by M. Cahagnet, to be pronounced by a delegate of the Swedenborgian Society of Ar-gentouil:

March 8th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND IN THE EXTER-NAL—I would join my thought with the group of friends who surround you to give a mark of their esteem, and to protest against the unkind, unfat-ternal treatment you have received from those called models of love and justice. I cordially unite myself with those who receive you to their hearts, for you are one of the chosen spirit-lights who will reprove the spirits of darkness seated at Rome. I thank you for your devotion to the cause of experimental instruction—you, the banished by the friends of 'the faith.' I felicitate you on your honorable reception to the palaces of kings—you, who have been expelled from the temples of fanaticism—be pleased to receive the salutations, most sincere and fraternal, of ALF. CAHAGNET."

The editor of the Revue prepared a fine article upon the "Resurrection of the Religious Sentiment," which he gives entire, and I would like to give it to your readers, but can only spend time to make a few extracts:

"All religions," he says, "have been but diverse forms of the Divine spirit to manifest itself, and they have always been proportioned to the needs, the intellectual state, the obstacles and temporal wants of the age. Their appearance has always been signified by an assemblage of facts and tendencies, evidently spiritualistic, which strikingly contrasted with the immoralities, and skepticism, and materialism into which the old faith had fallen. So it is to-day. It has been always in the bosom of demoralized society, where force and injustice reign, that prophets, clairvoyants, workers of beneficent miracles have sprung up to confound the doctrines of infidelity, and create a new current of spiritual life. Such was the phase that marked the introduction of Christianity, teaching the sacred truths of immortality. They saw the

sick healed, the dead recalled to life, the known laws of nature momentarily suspended or subdued by other laws, the gifts of prophecy and of tongues accorded to certain men, poor artisans, who endured contempt, persecution and death, subduing all things, confounding the pride of the great, overturning the old world of iniquity and error, and starting humanity on a new path. And now, in our day, other errors, antiquities, similar pride, are to be overturned. God more than once takes care to manifest more mighty prodigies to prepare the way for the regeneration of the age. Such, to our eyes, is the significance of the extraordinary facts taking place in the two worlds. To witness the facility and frequency with which they accomplish themselves, it appears that the celestial forces draw nearer this planet and increase in intensity. Materialism crumbles and falls under the false supports of a lying philosophy. It has brought to the faith a crowd of skeptics, calling them to enter the pathway of a divine life. The clergy pretend these manifestations are the work of Satan! If it is his work, it has become appropriate for him to appear, as in Job, as an angel charged with a divine mission, respectfully going to receive the orders of his Creator. But if it is the devil with whom we have to do in these times of spiritual resurrection, is it not a divine work that these facts prove his existence—an existence which is such a fundamental article of Christianity? But who believes it to-day? Nobody! It is, then, surely a great progress to prove his existence to those who deny it. 'Make me a devil,' said Voltaire, 'and I will believe all the supernaturalism of Christianity.' From whence comes it, then, that this is raised against these spiritual facts by the Church? It wishes to accredit itself with all the miracles, and cannot suffer them to spring up in the direction of other and rival religions. Yet it is no matter whether you are Orthodox or not, a propagator of heresies, or a sublimist son of the Church, the moment you become an upholder of these new facts, you are put out of its pale.

Mr. Home, for example—who is he? A young man to whom Providence has given particular facilities—who is chosen to give to the world the consoling truths that all religions accept. The special powers which all this young man are the spirits of his sainted mother and beloved friends. About a year since, his young wife drew him toward the Catholic faith, that she might receive the benefit of its prayers when dying—she, who had been raised in the Greek Church. What greater proof of Orthodoxy could Mr. Home give? Yet that has not preserved him from the wrath and anathemas of the holy inquisition. There his "Memoirs"—book of facts, recital of experiences, innocent of all heterodox doctrines—have been put to the index. There, where skeptics and heretics of all countries are permitted to sojourn, a Catholic medium cannot remain twenty-four hours! Proceed ye from God?—ye who repudiate the spirit of Jesus while ye adorn yourselves with his name, and pretend it is your exclusive patrimony?

If you proceed from Jesus, why make his redemption a human work? For it is said he came to destroy the empire of Satan, and you claim for him more power than ever before. If you are from God, why fear you this young man? Is it that your spiritual, divine power is not sufficient to paralyze him and reduce it to nothingness? Did Peter and Paul, the sublime Galileans, with swords and sabres, seek to abuse the Roman world? They simply lay on their hands, and Ananias and Sapphira fell dead; Tabitha is resuscitated; prison gates are opened, and the viper loses his venom; Simon, the magician, is surpassed and paralyzed by the word. If you have not the heritage of these gifts, do not lose the remembrance of them. Abandon your temporal power, and let the Holy Spirit accomplish his work. Let it breathe where he judges it good.

But courage, friends and brothers! So great efforts against so inconsiderable an idea as is ours, from a material view, prove its grand moral force and its future. Let us stand, then, closely together, be devoted, and the idea will triumph."

The Revue records with honorable mention the removal to the higher life of Mr. James Deming, a native of New York, who had resided several years at Paris, and was a most intelligent and devoted Spiritualist. He was himself a medium of rare power. He had gathered a very valuable library of all the works he could procure in France and Germany on magnetism, magic and the occult sciences, esoteric mysteries of antiquity, which amateurs and students of the Spiritual philosophy will appreciate.

E. M.

Spiritual Progress in Kalamazoo.

Knowing you are sincere in your efforts to spread the glorious gospel of Spiritualism and aid co-workers in the field, I felt impressed, Mr. Editor, you would allow me, through your columns, to cheer you in your noble work, by sketching our state of progress in Kalamazoo. For many long years a few earnest souls struggled manfully to keep the cause before the people, by giving, without money and without price, tests and communications from dear spirit-friends. The seed thus cheerfully sown has taken root, and the hoe of patient, persevering effort has kept clean the soil, and the plant has flourished; for one by one, new recruits, first culling a blossom from the ever ready parent stem, have enlisted under Freedom's Banner. From small beginnings, great things proceed. We have now a business organization, and calculate to have speaking at least half the time; our social mite gatherings, twice a month, unite pleasure with profit.

We receive, and cordially extend a hearty welcome to all Eastern lecturers and mediums who travel Westward; for we enjoy variety, and love to study the different developments of mind; so marked in the spirit controllers of each and every medium.

But we in the West are by no means dependent on the East; we have some bright and shining lights in our midst, superior to many, second to none, who wield the sword of Truth on the rostrum. The West, so rich in Nature's gifts, is none the less rich in minds cultivated, refined, and intensified with inspirations pure and exalted from the never-failing fount of all Truth. Our audiences, though small, are appreciative, and drink with avidity the sparkling draughts.

No brighter light can we find you to set for a while in your Boston candlesticks, than Bro. J. G. Fish; he is a noble man, a scholar, and a heart and soul worker in the cause of man's redemption from the chains of sectarianism, untrifling, unselfish, free from every spark of jealousy, always finding out, aiding, and bringing forward unknown mediums, believing that each one has a work to do in the field of reform. But in the desk he is inexhaustive. His themes are ever new, deep, argumentative, and brilliant. Last month he held a debate here with the Rev. Wm. Stevenson, an Adventist, on the question, "Is the soul immortal—If so, can it manifest itself after death?" Mr. Stevenson promised to stay six evenings, but the evidence in the case is, that he considered himself pretty badly beaten, for he hit it short off the fourth night, crippling Bro. Fish's argument. Instead of injuring, it gave an impetus to our

cause, for we immediately announced that Mrs. Frank Reid would address the audience the following evening, and after the lecture describe the house. The house was full, curious to hear the young, childlike, impulsive little girl, as some suppose her to be. But in the desk she is graceful, poetical, pointed, and clear in argument. Musical improvisations, prayer, soothing the soul to receive the pearly drops of inspirational dew, argumentative teachings, conclusive responses to questions put by the audience, and spirits described, are gifts rarely combined.

Our little sister has been but a short time a worker in the broad highway of life, waging war against the chains which bind men's souls, while her husband, with his country's flag floating o'er his head, raises his strong arm to break the chains which hold only the physical with an iron grasp.

SARAH E. WEYBURN.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, May 16, 1864.

Spirit Message.

A few weeks ago, dear BANNER, a female spirit manifested itself to me, representing that she had been treated very unkindly when on the earth by one of whom she had reason to expect better things, and desiring that she might write through me a message for the columns of the BANNER. Never wishing to refuse my organization to any spirit who desires to present the evidences of spirit control to the children of earth, I placed myself in as passive a condition as possible, and the following communication was the result. I questioned at first the propriety of sending the message, but reading it to several friends, they advised me to accede to the request of the controlling intelligence. Ere sending it, however, I was determined to test its truthfulness, and accordingly, in harmony with the wishes of the spirit—having ascertained from her the particulars by which I could ascertain, beyond all cavil or doubt, the accuracy of the message—I set myself about the work, and found, to my own and others' entire satisfaction, that everything related therein was strictly true. I consider it a very convincing test of spirit-power, and most gladly do I assent to the spirit's desire, and forward it to you for publication. However severe some of the "strictures" in it may seem, yet it will convey to the many readers of your excellent paper one of the peculiar phases of spirit-life, and disprove, at least in this instance, the accuracy of the ancient adage, that "the dead tell no tales." The entire name of the spirit-author is withheld, for reasons which will be perfectly plain and satisfactory to you and your multitude of readers.

Yours for Truth,

JOSEPH D. STILES.

Dear child of earth, permit a friend,

Who left your shore a while ago,

A simple message now to send

From lands beyond your sphere of woe.

I am not very happy here,

And why, I'll soon to you explain,

Hoping that you will drop a tear

O'er one whose life is full of pain.

My husband did not treat me well—

His enloured heart on wealth was bent:

Your very soul he'd gladly sell,

If he but thought 't would bring a cent.

When stretched upon my dying bed,

And life was losing fast its hold,

Enwrapped within death's icy fold,

This being, in a human form,

Would not allow sufficient fire

To keep my mortal body warm,

Nor answer 'em to one desire.

I do not wish to execrate

A man who thus forgets himself—

Who, in his blindness, seems to hate

Heaven's treasures more than petty pelf.

Unkindly as he treated me,

I would not seek to injure him,

For oh! I know that sometime he

Will meet the Messenger most grim;

That he before the bar of God

Will stand, his wicked deeds to rue,

Receiving from Him that reward

Unto his derelictions due.

There he may strive to veil his face,

He may in vain his faults disown,

For he will stand before the gaze

Of angels, known as he is known.

Thus mortals never need expect

That they can here their errors mask;

Let them this teaching recollect:

Each sin its penalty will ask.

Beneath the shroud of dark deceit

Man his deformities may hide,

But there's a time when he will meet

The judgment which his sins decide.

On earth his neighbors he may cheat,

May wrong them of their rightful part,

May tak in church his "easy seat,"

And worship God with "hollow heart."

High in the pulpit he may sit,

And his audacious voice may raise,

With many a scathing hypocrite,

To God his mocking prayer and praise.

But when is open the Book of Books,

In which the names of all are "graved,"

How he'll be chagrined as he looks,

And finds not his among the saved.

He then this truth will recognize:

That deeds, not faith, for man will win

A crown of glory in the skies,

A happy residence therein.

All ye who may this message read,

Bear ever this idea in mind:

That every noble thought and deed

Will nearer heaven your spirits bind.

The nobler lives you live below

The happier will you be above;

The richer joys your souls will know,

Crowned with the light of endless love.

Then speed you on your mortal way,

Truth, Virtue, Right and Wisdom prize;

They'll tell for you in that great day,

When death translates you to the skies.

H., an injured spirit.

From Oregon.

Since the dawn of the present year, sectarianism has been on the rampage here, and quite a great majority of the people are entering into a transition state from gross materialism to their ultimate enlightenment in spiritual truths. I have far more patience now with the contradictory doctrines held forth from the pulpit, since I have come to look up on the Church as a stepping-stone to the higher and purer plane of a living, spiritual faith, such as is now so rapidly dawning on this sin-sick world. Observation has taught me this great truth, and it is a noteworthy fact, that many, very many have

come up through the churches to this happy plane of progression in a great degree better from the examples of humility and love given them on the way. Though we are few, and our cause unpopular in Oregon, our motto shall still be, "Ora e Labora."

J. M. GALE.

A letter-writer describes a beautiful young lady as having a face a painter might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

MISS LIZZIE DEXTER will speak in Boston, during June, in Lowell, July 17, 24 and 31; in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lynn, June 5; in Quincy, June 12; in Old Town, July 3, 10, 17 and 24; in Lincoln, July 31; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May, 1865; in Chelsea, during February.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON speaks in Old Town and vicinity, during June and July. Address, during that time, Bradley, No. 10, State street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. TOWSE speaks in Troy, N. Y., during June, in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28. Address, Bridgewater, Vt., until June.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCER speaks in Chicopee during June. N. S. O'NEILL will speak in Lawrence, June 5; in North Easton, June 12; in Chelsea, June 19 and 26.

J. M. FRENCH will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address, during that time, Bradley, No. 10, State street, Boston, Mass.

"Yearly Meeting" in Lockport the second week in June, and thence eastward, speaking two Sundays at Dedworth's Hall, New York, Sept. 21 and 28.

MRS. EMMA HUSTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during June in Bradford, Conn., Sept. 4 and 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Philadelphia during November. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

MRS. E. STANLEY will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

ILL. B. STONER will speak in Chelsea, June 5 and 12. Address, Foxboro, and 4 Warren street, Boston, Mass.

A. B. WHITING will speak in Springfield, June 5 and 12. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. JENNIE S. REED will lecture in North Easton, Mass., June 19 and 26. Address, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. LAMAR M. HOLLIS will speak in Stockton, Me., the first Sunday in each month.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass., June 5 and 12; in Somers, Conn., June 19 and 26. Will make no engagements until September. Address, box 423, Bridgeport, Conn.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.

Mrs. FRANCES LOMB BOND. Her address for the month of May will be Lawrence, Mass., care of J. C. Bowker.

WILLIAM CHASE will speak in Le Harpe, Ill., June 5 and 12. Address accordingly. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in East Marshfield, Mass., June 5 and 12; in Quincy, June 19 and 26. Is at liberty to speak on the first Sunday of each month in East Marshfield, Vt.

LEO MILLER will speak in Coldwater, Mich., July 10 and 17; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Cleveland during October. Address as above, or Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. FRANCES HURMAN STONER will speak in Stafford, Conn., July 3 and 10; in Somers, July 17 and 24; in Windsor, July 31; in Chelsea, Aug. 21

Correspondence in Brief.

From Harrisburg, Pa.

The "Spiritualistic Philosophy" has found in this city—the capital of our Keystone State—a few fearless, faithful workers for the truth, none of whom are more prominent than our energetic and self-sacrificing friend, *Idont W. W. Geary*, whose hospitable home has ever welcomed the itinerant stranger—and through whose efforts the "Banner of Inspiration" has been started—with open doors, for the promulgation of its living facts.

Surrounded by the tide of popular opposition, and the want of concerted action, or system, on the part of believers, the responsibility attending lecturing expenses, etc., falls upon the very few who, precisely, have the cause at heart, and aim to justly compensate those who labor in their midst. Thus the prospect for a continuation of these meetings, at times seems discouraging; but with the assistance of a few more such noble, philanthropic souls to sustain the "angel ministry," success must crown their efforts in the building up of the "Temple of Liberty and Truth."

I have lectured here during the present month to appreciative minds. Will leave here for Chester County, and return to York to complete engagements, in June. There is a demand here, also, in Marietta, Pa., for test mediums. Such will find a welcome response in the heart and beautiful home of Dr. W. B. Fahnestock, of the latter place, thirteen miles west of Columbia.

May the day of a plentiful harvest soon dawn upon the workers, at home or abroad, and the ever-increasing light of progress unfold the gems of interior worth and action, buried in the subsoil of humanity amid the darkness of error and the shadows of bigotry.

Truly yours,
ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D.
Harrisburg, Pa., May 23d, 1864.

Laborers in the West.

Mrs. Wiltzie closed her labors of love at Hope Chapel, on Sunday evening last, and with them her forty-eight lectures (fourth series). In the meantime she has, in addition thereto, delivered seven funeral discourses, and from one to three miscellaneous lectures weekly, at various places in this vicinity. Everywhere and at all times she was kindly and enthusiastically received, and listened to with enraptured attention, which never flagged, but increased to the last. She carries with her, to other fields of labor, the prayers and good will of a large circle of enthusiastic friends.

Her discourses were admitted by all who heard her having the capacity to judge, to be emanations from the highest order of intellect. They are novel, rich in thought, and fraught with a freshness and vigor rarely equalled by this class of speakers, and not exceeded by any, and never fail to attract and interest thinking minds, however much they may differ with her in sentiment. She has made an abiding impression upon the mind of the community, which will vibrate through eternity.

S. J. Finney will supply the desk during the month of June, Leo Miller two Sundays in July; and after a seven weeks' vacation, Mrs. W. will return, under an engagement for the autumn months.

E. G. F.
Coldwater, Mich., May 16th, 1864.

Food for the Soul.

While thousands in other sections of the country enjoy the light of the *New Dispensation*, Spiritualism is but little known in this community. We have a new and thriving business town, of about two thousand inhabitants, yet there are no mediums among us, and there never has, to my knowledge, been a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism delivered in our town. There are several liberal minds among us, who are suffering for food for the soul. I have prevailed upon a few of my neighbors to send for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, thinking that we may find in it some food for the soul that would be more beneficial than the elements we are now trying to subsist upon.

Enclosed please find seven dollars and fifty cents, the price of six copies of the *BANNER* for six months, which I hope will give us sufficient light to enable us soon to increase our list to a more respectable number.

Yours respectfully,
Crestline, O., May 23d, 1864. L. P. HARRIS.

Spiritual Teachers in Demand.

E. B. Vail, of Bowling Green, Ohio, on renewing his subscription, says:

"I think the time is not far distant when we can send you eight or ten new subscribers, for we can now hardly find time to read our *BANNER*, ere three or four of our neighbors will send to borrow it, and they sectarian, too. I am satisfied that if lectures were sent East or West could make it convenient to call and learn with us to the dry bones of old theology; there would be got up such an 'awakening' as would astonish the natives. If any will respond, we will do the best we can for them. We are located twenty-two miles south of Toledo, six miles south-east of Tontogany Station, O. and M. Railroad, where we will meet any lecturer that will let us know he will come."

Moses Hull in Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

Bro. Moses Hull is now at Eagle Harbor, where he has delivered three discourses, and is to close this evening. This is the place where he once had a tent for six weeks, and made many converts to the Second Advent doctrine; but his disciples are now very shy of him, and treat him coolly. He is truly a bold and fearless champion, and says his is not a faith, simply, but a knowledge of the fact of the immortality of man. He takes the Adventists on his own ground, and brings the evidences from the Scriptures, the only ground that will satisfy them. He has got to suffer persecution from that class for a while, but what he will lose on the one hand he will gain on the other.

ALLEN PORTER.
Eagle Harbor, N. Y., May 20, 1864.

Plagiarism.

The *BANNER* of the 12th inst. contains a poetical gem entitled "The Heart's Vision," purporting to be "written for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*" by "Nora."

The identical piece was written long since by Amanda E. Edmunds, and has since been published, which fact rather calls in question the honesty of "Nora," your contributor.

Respectfully, &c.,
A. A. DER OF THE BANNER.
Fozboro, May 21st, 1864.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

The communication in the *BANNER* of May 14th, purporting to emanate from the spirit of Daniel McLaughlin, is correct, as far as I can learn. He was an engineer, and lost his life by an explosion at Merrick & Son's machine shop, April 6th. He has three children, two of whom were sick with the measles at the time the communication was given—April 12th—and I learn that his wife is nearly broken-hearted.

Yours,
Philadelphia, May 19th, 1864. J. A. HOOVER.

Announcements.

Mrs. A. A. Currier speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; Mr. H. B. Storer in Chelsea; Rev. Adin Ballou in Quincy; Miss Peckwith in Lowell; Mrs. Spence in Chicopee; Charles H. Crowell in Portsmouth, N. H.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Plymouth, June 5th and 12th.

F. T. Lane will speak in Worcester, Mass., on Sunday, June 5th.

James M. Allen will labor in Maine during the summer and autumn. Spiritualists of the Penobscot Valley, or elsewhere, may secure his services by addressing as per appointments. Will lecture week evenings; also attend funerals.

Leo Miller will speak in Chicago, Ill., through the month of June. Address care of box 1899.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., (inspirational speaker) is engaged during the month of June, in Chester and York Counties. Will answer calls to lecture, through the week, on political and other subjects, before Sanitary and Union League Associations. Can be engaged for Sunday lectures on the Philosophy of Moral Reform, etc., by addressing in care of M. Spackman, Lancaster avenue, above 34th street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine*.

The Destruction of Slavery.

Could it have occurred, in the ordering of Providence, that the first battle of Bull Run should have furnished a decisive settlement for the great question which had been forced upon the Government by the leaders of rebellion, it is not at all probable that the real cause of the dispute would have been removed, or scarcely disturbed. If we had whipped out secession in the first battle, slavery would still have remained as strong and defiant as ever; but so it was not decreed by Heaven; the war was to go on until the institution was worked up in its fortunes, made precarious by its continuance, and in the end destroyed by its fateful power. In this view, therefore, we have nothing to regret because the rebellious South was not conquered at the start. The longer it holds out, the more thoroughly will its spirit become subjected.

By consolidating all its powers, and laying under tribute all the resources at its command, the rebellion has been made at length to manifest itself in its full proportions. Delays, and partial successes, and a slow-growing hopefulness have forced it to show its hand and strength. It has gathered courage, and been bold enough to announce to the world the unqualified infamy of its purposes. There is no mistaking its full character any longer, nor the atrociousness of its intents. And as long as this development of the case has been secured, even though we had to wait for it at the cost of precious lives and enormous debts, we may feel that the cost has not been vain; for now the issue is fairly made up between the two principles of Slavery and Freedom, and the contest, which has indeed proved itself to be "irrepressible," will go on until one side or the other becomes the victor.

Thus we see, then, that Lee represents the cause of slavery in his own army—nay, in his very person, and that he is waging deadly war on its behalf; while, on the other hand, Grant stands firmly for freedom, the people of the country supporting and sustaining him, and will so stand to the end. Which commander will win in this great struggle for two such elemental principles? As God lives, we can entertain no sort of doubts for the cause of freedom.

But to continue our reflections: By this delay to which we have had to submit in conquering the rebellion, in consequence of the very stubbornness of the resistance which it makes, the Union arms have been compelled, as they otherwise never would have been, to penetrate to the very interior of densely populated slave districts, undermining the system of slave labor, destroying the resources of the masters, turning all their plans into a confusion out of which they will never find extrication, and putting a final end to all possibility of the system ever being reinstated on its old basis. Had the war been finished in a single battle, or even in a single campaign, no such result as this could have been expected; but by its continuance during a period of three weary years and more, results of an abiding character have been wrought on the slave system, and such as will speedily make an end of it on the Continent.

Nor is there any doubt in intelligent minds that the end of the system is not far off. Already the rebel leaders have put into their armies the full strength of their arms-bearing population. They have summoned to the ranks the full power of their locality. It has all been done on behalf of slavery; too; that they are free to confess. They openly aver that they are fighting for a Slave Confederacy—a monster that can never have an existence by the side of a Free Republic, whether with its permission or without. The Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy has declared before the world that such is their intent, and that alone. We should all of us feel glad, therefore, that the issue has been so clearly stated and is so distinctly understood.

Not until now have the armies, which are the only representative of slavery, been drawn or forced together where they could put forth their full power. In Virginia, they are to-day challenging us, who are the champions of freedom, to an encounter. We should rejoice that they are in a position where we can at once go at them, and where, if the heavy blow is to be dealt out on them at all, it will prove decisive and irreparable as Fate. We are not at all impatient, either, that the work has not been done in the month just past; much more has been done than in the same time before, and more to the purpose, too. When the thunder-cloud shall have rolled itself up so threateningly and huge that its sullen head can be seen above all, darting forth its lightning glances of indignation at the barbarous organization that has taken the field for slavery, then we may expect that the final stroke will fall; and forever after the social and political atmosphere will be the purer.

Physicians as Coroners.

A project is on foot, we understand, of selecting coroners for the different counties in this State from the medical profession. The same idea was mooted several years ago. It certainly is an important matter to have competent men as coroners, and who can be more so than a medical man? The Post, in alluding to this subject, justly remarks: "The unseemly scramble for the job of an inquest on a dead man, sometimes witnessed, is a reproach to society; the indecent verdicts, and equivocal findings of some inquests, are a reproach to human intelligence. The State owes it to itself that sudden death should be investigated by men fully competent to so important a work, both in character and ability. It is possible, too, that some High Coroner of the entire Commonwealth should be entrusted with general supervision of all subordinate coroners." We hope this project will be carried into effect, and we know of no better man to fill the position of high coroner than Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, of this city. His office is located near the New City Hall, so that the authorities and others interested could have access to him at any moment. He is a man of comprehensive views, an excellent physician, and, we venture to affirm, would manage the business with marked ability.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The decease of this distinguished imaginative writer, with the reflection that no more immortal productions like "The Scarlet Letter" will ever drop from his pen, calls for some special remark at our hands. He is a great loss to the literature of the nation. We can name too few writers already, who have made so profound and lasting an impression on those minds which give tone and character to the popular thinking on matters purely literary.

Hawthorne was from his boyhood shy, shrinking, and sensitive; painfully averse to mixed company, no hand at the ordinary tricks of conversation, and a silent, dreamy, susceptible being. In every true and real sense, he was mediocrity to the last degree. In solitude he found a companionship which none but such individuals as he ever find in his deep silence. He did not believe in talk, and could not talk himself; indeed he used to say that unless a person could understand a matter without telling him all about it, he never could do so with. All his life was passed within himself; it was interior, subjective, and self-contained. He searched to the very springs of human action. He was familiar with the workings of the slightest shades of human motives. His study of the human heart came from his study of his own; and how profound was his knowledge, his masterly works of imagination show.

He lived and wrought in that very realm to which so many persons cast anxious eyes, wishing to realize its mysteries, yet fearing they know not what or why; the realm from which so many are warned away and frightened away by preachers and denouncers, who never knew aught of its life or locality. What seemed mysterious and a source of dread to most individuals, was perfectly clear and open to him: His spirit eyes looked in for themselves, and he reported with an inspired pen what he saw. As an illustration of this power of spiritual insight, we need but instance his "Scarlet Letter," his "House of Seven Gables," and his "Blithedale Romance"; they are full of that quality which betokens the true seer and prophet. Even in his earlier stories and sketches, to be found in the "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse," the same quality is manifested.

Hawthorne was calm, deep, profound. He dwelt apart from men, in a realm of his own. Probably he knew fewer men personally, than any man of his fame who ever lived. He was possessed of rare genius, and he remained true to that genius through life. What he counseled and suggested, that he performed. The outer world called him an idler, of course; but they could see nothing of the workings of his subtle and active spirit; they realized little of the silent and ceaseless performance of that power of insight which is inspiration's self. He stands the founder of the new school of imaginative literature—that which looks interiorly, is subjective, thoughtful, prophetic, and thoroughly spiritual. We could but poorly afford to lose him now; yet he has done much toward the great work that remains to be done by the gifted souls which are to succeed him.

Diphtheria.

The prevailing throat distemper, known as diphtheria, is attracting much attention among medical men and others at the present time. Various causes are assigned for its prevalence, but no positive knowledge has as yet been elicited. Children are affected more than adults, it seems; which has led to many inquiries in regard to the condition of the atmosphere they breathe, etc. Some have attributed the appearance of the disease to the different chemical oils now in use; but none of our scientific men could answer the hundred and one questions propounded on the subject. At length some inquiring mind put the question to the controlling intelligence at our public free circle, to ascertain what effect the inhalation of kerosene had on the physical system. The answer given, if correct, is of the utmost importance to the health of the community. The intelligence informs the questioner that kerosene takes deadly hold upon the glands of the throat, and is therefore inimical to life in that portion of the system. No wonder, if this be a correct solution of the matter, that diphtheria carries off so many children, for being of tender age, they are of course more susceptible than adults, and consequently take on the disease much quicker. We hope our scientific men will investigate this subject fully, in order to elucidate the facts in the case. Read the questions and answers on the sixth page of this paper, for further particulars on the subject.

Give us their Names.

Miles Grant, in a double-headed leader published in the *Crisis* of May 17th, says:

"We are glad to learn that the discussion at Lynn with Elder Moses Hull, has resulted in much good; and that some twenty Spiritualists have concluded to follow the seducing spirits no further," etc., etc.

Now we do not doubt the sincerity of the editor of the *Crisis* in making the above statement, for he might possibly have derived his information from an over-zealous brother Adventist, "that some twenty Spiritualists" had renounced Spiritualism in consequence of listening to the late discussion at Lynn between himself and Moses Hull; but for ourselves, we do not believe there is a word of truth in the statement. If it be true, why refrain from giving the names of the "some twenty Spiritualists"? *Spirit communion* is a mighty truth, and all those who properly investigate the subject, sooner or later become fully convinced of the fact. Such never recant.

The Suppression of the Papers.

The seizure of the offices of the *New York Journal of Commerce and World* by order of the Secretary of War, for having published the forged Proclamation of the President, has opened a wide and earnest discussion on the part of the press of the country. It is pretty generally conceded that there was no ground for stopping the publication of the papers, for that was but meeting out punishment before trial; and after the forgery was cleared from their skirts, it was wrong for the Government to continue its persecution against the papers themselves. It might properly have arrested the proprietors on suspicion of their complicity with the matter, but it had no right, nor was it right in itself, to threaten their property with destruction before their guilt had been proved.

Miss Lizzie Doten in Boston.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that this distinguished lecturer is to speak at Lyceum Hall, in this city, the first two Sundays in June. This bare announcement is sufficient to insure a full house, as her noble inspirational efforts are well known and fully appreciated.

Meetings in Portsmouth, N. H.

The Spiritualists of Portsmouth, N. H., hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Academy Hall, at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. Charles H. Crowell, of Boston, will occupy the platform June 5th.

Mrs. Bond's Lectures.

Mrs. Frances Louisa Bond spoke in Lyceum Hall for the first time on Sunday, May 22d. She was met by a fair audience, although the shower which came on half an hour before the meeting commenced, kept many away who otherwise would have been present. She is a lady of education and refinement, has a commanding figure, clear and smooth voice, though not loud. Her discourses are prepared with care by herself. Her own mind, harmonizing with the inspiration of angels, enables her to give forth living thoughts to the world. She is a very efficient laborer in our ranks, and will do much good wherever she is heard. We hope our friends will not be remiss in securing her services. Such noble independence of soul, in stepping out from the pale of church creeds, hedged in so strongly as she was by family influence—being the daughter of a clergyman now in the spirit-world, and the youngest child in the family, with five brothers, three of whom are ministers of the straight sect, and two are judges of considerable eminence, all of whom have dropped her acquaintance on account of her espousal of the spiritual faith—is rarely met with, or persecutions so heroically borne. It seems to be her mission to spread the light of spiritual truth and promote the elevation of the human race, as an offset to the creed-shackled teachings of the brothers.

"Progression and its antagonist Conservatism," was the subject upon which she spoke in the afternoon, remarking, by way of introduction, that it contained so extensive a field for thought and labor, that she could not do it justice in one short discourse, and then proceeded in a clear and pointed manner to expose the too common practice, in the present day as well as in the past, of giving up our own reason to time-honored and time-serving authority, the minister, the Church, etc., and thus ignoring the first and plainest law of Nature, self-individualization, which also led to the error of deifying the individual. With a keen knife she laid bare the assumptions of a class of conservative teachers, who claim that their power is derived from the great author of all things, that they have the keys of heaven, "whereby they can retain or remit sins" as they see fit, exposing both Catholic and Protestant dogmas with severity. She then earnestly asked, Shall man much longer bow to dogmas and creeds which take from him his individuality and his religious freedom? Thanks to the beautiful law of progression, the night is far spent and the day is at hand.

Then she proceeded to show how practical science had come to the rescue, and was holding the torch above the rubbish of conservatism and sending its rays of light down into the bowels of the earth, proving the Mosala account of the creation to be a fiction.

She then held up in vivid contrast the pretensions and the practices of the credulists, of all sects. In alluding to Theology's seventh day, on which the Lord rested, and it must therefore be kept holy, she remarked that on the Sabbath, as well as on all other days, the birds sang, the lambs frolicked, rivers ran, tides ebbed and flowed, the sun and its appendages revolved in their orbits, that Nature put on no longer face that day than on any other, and that the stars were impious enough to dance in the canopy of heaven to the music of the spheres.

Then taking up the sciences of geology and astronomy, she set forth in beautiful periods the effect their teachings have on the mind's conceptions, and elucidated this point at some length, to the evident satisfaction of the audience. She was very happy and effective in unmasking the "batteries" of "total depravity," "endless misery," "original sin," "election," etc., reading their advocates a lesson worth remembering, closing with the suggestive hint that the antidote prescribed by progressive philosophy for these false teachings consisted in a plentiful admixture of common sense with a beautiful exotic called reason—but rarely found and nourished in earthly climes. She quoted passages from the Bible, showing their progressive tendencies in contradistinction to the non-progressive teachings of theology. Then coming across Orthodoxy's "God and Devil," she held up to view the ridiculous conceptions of these two equally powerful potentates, as gleaned from theological teachings, and also various other dogmas taught by theology, and their demoralizing effects upon the minds of humanity.

She drew a vivid picture of the astonishment expressed by a spirit imbued with Orthodox teachings on entering the spirit-world, in not finding any of those teachings correct. She then maintained, with force and eloquence, that the past experience of the religious world should teach the futility of relying upon authority—and the need the world has of a belief in the individuality of the soul—that every man has a head upon his own shoulders, and must stand or fall upon his own merits.

Diverging a little, she asked, "Is there nothing to be said of woman?" and then proceeded in glowing terms to pay a just tribute to the merits and demands of the gentler sex, at times dealing out sarcasm and irony where it most nicely fitted, closing with the caustic remark that the honor of the discovery that woman has an identity, a body of her own to take care of, and a soul of her own to save, will be given to the nineteenth century; and herein lies the hope of the world, now ruled by ignorance and theological errors.

Then passing rapidly on to a close, she touched upon the time when the diamond lamp of Reason will be filled with the oil of Wisdom, Knowledge and Truth, the time when the metamorphosis called death—heretofore considered a grim monster—is but the beautiful effect of an inevitable law, a gate leading to and opening upon a life of never-ending progression.

She thanked heaven that the destroyer of human progress and happiness had at last been arrested in his onward march by earth's guardian angel, the Spirit of Truth, whose genial breath is fast dispelling earth-born dogmas and creeds, whose soul-brightening influence has so often de-throned reason. We shall soon learn that the great Father of Love created human beings for the purpose of happiness, and that the soul must ultimately return to the God who gave it. Worship no longer, then, a God of vengeance, with fear and trembling, but go up into the Temple of Nature, and worship a God worthy of all reverence, adoration and love.

In the evening, "Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Demonology," though not a new subject, was treated in a style that elicited new thoughts and ideas. This discourse was drawn out by Mrs. Bond's listening to two sermons preached by two clergymen against Spiritualism. We will not attempt to give a synopsis of it (our room being limited), but will briefly say it was a very able production, in which the subject was handled in a most satisfactory manner. All the Orthodox ministers in New England cannot successfully refute her arguments.

Our Public Free Circles.

Will be resumed the present week. Everybody is invited.

New Publications.

THE POET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Achsa W. Sprague. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street.

With the character of Miss Sprague, the gifted medium, our readers must be well acquainted. She had to pass through a stern discipline to reach the development she did reach at last; but, early as she died, it was the best lot which could have been given to her in this life; she accepted it cheerfully, and her life became from that day a perfect and harmonious one. None of us but have their discipline; if we would shrink them, we would forego life itself, and all the riches of experience.

The contents of this very handsome and inviting volume are as varied as they are attractive. The "Poet" poem is styled "The Poet," and is divided into four scenes. The story is carried on, and the "Poet" of its themes is discussed by several channels, in a conversational manner. This is certainly a remarkable production, and wants the careful and appreciative attention of literary critics as well as of persons of Spiritualistic faith and tendencies. Perhaps it more faithfully portrays the lineaments of her interior life and spiritual nature than all the rest of the pieces in the book. We do not suppose that any who ever heard her speak will omit to acquire themselves with her spirit-face again by the thoughtful and sympathetic perusal of "The Poet," from her pen.

The other poems are as varied, in reference to themes, as possible. They are miscellaneous indeed. The Early Poems exhibit proofs of the qualities which were yet unknown to herself, waiting only for that silent but powerful touch of spirit hands to come forth into that serene and recognition of the world, to bless and prod.

We do not pretend to deny that, excellent as Miss Sprague's Poems are as mere literary productions, they receive additional, and the high value, from the fact that they are emanations from a spirit which was open to the impressions of the immortals. This is what gives them far greater worth in our eyes than if they showed the most finished literary execution, but were destitute of this inspiration. This, it is, to be a poet indeed. She did not catch her inspiration from the books—from those masters in the poetic art who refer all they do to the established canons of criticism rather than to the sources of their inspiration—but all came directly from the opened heavens above and about her. Hence those who would at once read poetry which is inspired rather than imitated, and acquaint themselves still more closely with the nature of a gifted being who performed her part among men and women so heroically and so beautifully, will obtain and read her volume without further suggestions.

HOWE'S SONGS AND BALLADS OF YE OLDE TIME.

This work contains the original words and music of the songs and ballads sung by the grandmothers and grandfathers of the present generation. Arranged for four voices. Price 50 cents; for sale by Elias Howe, 103 Court street.

A SKETCH OF THE THEORY AND CURE OF PHTHISIS. By Dr. Carl Both. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This is a brief treatise on tuberculous consumption, by one who does not claim to belong to the "old school" or the "new school" of practice—allopathy or homeopathy—but to Medical Science. This is merely sent out as a feeler for a more important scientific work. It will be read with interest by many.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for June is overflowing with productions from able pens, every one of which will do somebody good to read. Buy and see—perhaps you are the very one that will be suited. The commencement of the new volume is just the fitting time to subscribe. John F. Trow, 50 Greene street, New York, would be happy to receive your names.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June is unusually interesting, the contributions being from some of the ablest writers of the day. The July number begins a new volume (XIV.), and will contain contributions from R. W. Emerson, Longfellow, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Stowe, and others. Now is the time to subscribe. It will be sent by mail for \$3.00; postage free.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for June is very finely embellished with fashion plates, patterns, embroidery work, etc., besides its usual variety of excellent reading matter. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

Righteous Judgment.

As the system of Human Slavery was introduced into the country, with all its woes, on the soil of Virginia, our English ancestors sending blacks over from the coast of Africa to the settlers, it seems no more than a proper and just vindication of the law of God that on the same Virginia soil the original sin should be expiated. How are the people of Virginia, and of all the Slave States as well, paying the penalty of this great crime today! For years, Virginia has done no more than breed slaves for the rest of the South, and sell them away from their homes and families. Such outrages of humanity can never go long without their retribution. All the money that has been made in this nefarious traffic would not suffice to recompense the slaveholding States for the loss of precious lives which this war for slavery alone has entailed upon them.

Writers for the Press.

We have already made one or two allusions to the character of the reports of the recent Spiritual Convention in New York, which were published in some of the papers of that city—the *World*, more particularly. Some persons suppose that the columns of a newspaper are expressly for them to condense their bile in. There are a good many ill-bred fellows, who are shallow as oyster-shells for the lack of experience, but hasten to betray their native characteristics just as soon as they find so good an opportunity. The reporters of the *World* are of this very class. They greatly mistake, if they suppose that anybody is hurt but themselves by their attempted ridicule of the Convention in question. Their efforts only serve to bring the papers with which they are connected into popular disfavor and contempt.

The European Finances.

If there were no other reason why we might expect war for Europe before the end of the current year, or certainly during the next, we should find it in the confused and greatly disturbed state of the public finances. The Bank of England has put up its rate of discount to nine and ten per cent; the Bank of France has put up its rate to seven per cent, and the Bank of Italy to eight per cent. We are told by the London Times, too, that there is no prospect of a return to moderate rates for a year or two; and it ascribes the present state of things to the speculative fever which is so high in commercial circles. We expect a financial crash, with all their other good luck, in Europe before another year passes over; and war is conceded not to be so very far from their door.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. MAIN'S
HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as
heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of
every class, under DR. MAIN'S personal supervision.
Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those
desiring board at the Institute will please send notice two or
three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.
ESTD OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Those requiring examinations by letter will please enclose
\$1.00, a box of India, and a postage stamp, and the address
plainly written, and state sex and age.
ESTD Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.
A liberal discount made to the trade. (if May T.

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Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains. The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10⁶ cells/ml (○), 10⁷ cells/ml (□), 10⁸ cells/ml (△), 10⁹ cells/ml (◇), and 10¹⁰ cells/ml (×). The error bars represent the standard deviation of three independent experiments.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

FOUR DAYS' CONVENTION.

Anniversary Week Festival.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The great success of the three days' Convention, held in this city last February, was the impetus which set the ball in motion for a four days' Convention during anniversary week in this city, as well as those recently held in Providence, New York, and other places. Accordingly the commodious Melodeon on Washington street was engaged for the purpose, and on the morning of May 24th, a goodly number assembled to listen to the good things which might flow from the lips of trance and normal speakers.

"It will rain anniversary week," has become a proverb, so regularly and almost unending does it prove true; and especially so did it on this annual recurrence. Thick mist and frequent showers took the place of sunshine and the gentle breeze; consequently hundreds who desired to attend were kept away. Notwithstanding the drawbacks, the Convention was a success, and the spacious hall at many of the sessions was well filled. A good feeling prevailed among the audience; and the speaking was mostly of an elevating and instructive nature, glowing with inspirational thoughts and ideas that leave a lasting impression on the mind.

Each day of the Convention the interest increased. Hundreds visited it, who have heretofore had no sympathy with Spiritualism. Perhaps some of the visitors have caught a ray of light which may ultimately lead them to the truth.

On Friday forenoon the Convention unanimously adopted a series of resolutions expressive of sympathy for the noble men who are perishing their lives and health in the cause of their country; of loyalty to and support of the Government in its efforts to put down this wicked rebellion; of uncompromising hostility to all kinds of slavery, especially African slavery.

A desire having been expressed that the meetings should be continued, Dr. Gardner (who had just returned from Chicago) offered the use of Lyceum Hall for that purpose, and it was voted that the meetings be continued there, Saturday and Sunday, making a six days' spiritual festival. Below we give a brief synopsis of the proceedings of the first day, and shall continue the report in our next issue.

The following named ladies and gentlemen were elected to fill the various offices in the Convention:

President—H. B. Storor.
Vice Presidents—Judge J. S. Ladd, of Cambridge; Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston; Mrs. A. M. Spence, of New York; Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston; Charles H. Crowell, of Boston; Uriah Clark, of Boston.

Treasurer—A. B. Child.
Secretaries—L. B. Wilson, Dr. L. K. Coonley, Dr. Benj. H. Grandon, Charles A. Hayden.

Business Committee—A. B. Child, J. S. Loveland, A. E. Giles, Uriah Clark, J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. E. C. Clark, and Dr. H. Hamilton.

Finance Committee—John Wetherbee, Jr., N. S. Greenleaf, C. C. Coolidge and Chas. H. Crowell. This completed the organization, and Mr. Storor, taking the chair, addressed the Convention, briefly alluding to the aims and objects of Spiritualism, and urged a harmony and unity of action, remembering, at all times, to respect the rights of others as we would wish them to respect ours.

While the Business Committee were preparing resolutions for conducting the meeting, the time was occupied by remarks from Mr. Jacob Edson, and Mr. Tarbell, of Vermont.

Mr. U. Clark, from the Committee, reported the following programme, and it was adopted for the government of the Convention:

1. Three sessions each day, at 10 A. M., 2½ and 7½ o'clock.
2. The first afternoon to be devoted to a Conference; speakers limited to ten minutes.
3. Each morning to be devoted to a Conference, the narration of facts and experiences, and the free discussion of whatever topics are legitimate to the Convention.
4. Each afternoon and evening session, excepting Tuesday afternoon, shall be opened with two half-hour speeches from selected speakers—to be followed by voluntary ten-minute speeches.
5. All resolutions coming before this Convention shall first pass through the hands of the Business Committee; and all persons having subjects of importance to present, are requested to make free in handling in resolutions relative to the points in question.
6. No person shall speak twice during the session, while other speakers present are waiting to be heard.

Mr. Storor made a short speech on the necessity of being true to one's self; of the duty of Spiritualists to the human family; of their desire to aid all. They wished the largest liberty, and should set up their highest conception of right—separating truth from error. Spiritualists were endeavoring to tear down the old and worthless structures of society and government, and out of the materials to build up better structures, and better forms of government. Speaking of Spiritualists, he said he had never conversed with one who had not been made happier for his belief; whose heart had not been enlarged, and who felt a greater love, not only for his neighbor's welfare, but for the whole human race.

Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Coolidge made brief remarks.

Dr. L. K. Coonley thought the Spiritual Philosophy had given us a much better and more consistent God than we ever had before, and proceeded to give his reasons for so thinking.

Afternoon Session.—Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, made one of his fine speeches, which are so acceptable to his audience. His theme was the Universality of Spiritualism, and the good it does.

Mrs. E. C. Clark made some pleasant remarks upon what some people term the "Respectability of Spiritualists." She thought more liberality should be awarded to Spiritualism, and that it should be tested on its own merits.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley said Spiritualism was a generator of thought. Spoke upon brotherhood, fraternity, the great needs of the age, and the reorganization of society for the benefit and improvement of mankind, and simplifying of our duties to one another.

Dr. L. K. Coonley threw out some suggestions on the reorganization of the rebellious States, with regard to slavery. The present course pursued did not make so clean a sweep of slavery as he would like. He then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That as the time must come, not far in the future, when we will be called upon to aid substantially in the reorganization of our now dismembered National Government, it is requisite that we show to mankind our unyielding opposition to every species of slavery, whether of body or mind.

Mrs. A. M. Spence spoke on the same subject, taking nearly opposite grounds from the last speaker. Branching off from this, she touched upon all kinds of slavery. She thought, however, that we should go in for an earnest engagement

with everything that was wrong. She gave many illustrations to show her position.

Miss Lizzie Doten apologized for attempting to speak, for she was too ill to do justice to any theme, but could not refrain from unwavering to the end. She then proceeded to speak upon the following resolutions, which were offered by her: **Resolved**, That the time has fully come when Spiritualists should show their faith by their works, not only individually, but collectively.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Spiritualists, as a body, to define their position in relation to all the great reform questions of the day; and by associated action, make themselves a power which shall be felt as well as heard.

She spoke particularly on the availability of action, of earnest effort, united and individual. She saw in the outflowing of the spirit the sign of greater works than had yet been accomplished. Spiritualists begin to feel the Divine moving in their own natures, which is stirring them up, inciting to action and noble deeds, on a more philosophical and humanitarian mode of action; and humanity will get the benefit of it. Spiritualism was a great plant, which will yet bring forth fruit worthy of its cultivators. Miss Doten was very earnest and eloquent in her remarks, which were listened to with profound attention.

John Wetherbee, Jr., gave one of his characteristic off-hand speeches, touching upon a variety of topics, which was well relished by the audience. Uriah Clark remarked that we did not come here with any preparation or premeditated thought as to what we should say and do, or how not, but each one gave utterance to the thoughts that came uppermost. Truth is many-headed, and we are all representatives of truth, though all reflecting it in different ways.

Mr. Tarbell spoke upon the subject of slavery of all kinds. Thought every one's own inner feelings should determine what slavery was. His remarks were replied to by Mr. Tooley, after which Miss Doten read a poem, and the meeting adjourned till evening.

Evening Session.—Mr. Storor in the chair. Mr. Wilson read the proceedings of the previous meeting.

Dr. A. B. Child was then announced as the first regular speaker. He read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Spiritualism comes nearer true Christianity than any religion on earth.

Resolved, That what the world calls bad in Spiritualism, is not of Spiritualism, but of animal life, in which all men in the physical body have being and action.

Resolved, That as a single creed presents only a fraction of truth, while all creeds present truth more universal, that the acceptance of a single creed only is sectarianism and bigotry, and that the acceptance of all creeds is charity and liberalism.

Resolved, That the tendency of Spiritualism is to lead men from sectarianism to liberalism—from the acceptance of a single creed to the acceptance of all creeds—from sectarian condemnation and hatred to a common brotherhood of charity and love.

Resolved, That war is true to the elements of its own condition—but is not true to the precepts of Christianity.

Resolved, That as there is a power which shapes the destinies of men, all men's experiences must be a necessity.

The Doctor then spoke as follows:

No monument that man builds is eternal. Man can build nothing that will not fall into ruins. He can make no organization that will not disorganize; he can raise nothing up that will not fall down; he can possess nothing that he will not lose; he can put nothing together that will not come apart; he can make nothing that will not be worn out; he cannot make anything that will not change; no platform that will not grow rotten; he can gain no eminence from which he must not come down; nor lay up any treasures that will not fly away; his holiness is full of holes, and his fame is full of infamy; his honor holds the seeds of dishonor, and his life the germs of death; all his aims and efforts, his care and attention, end in dissolution.

All things earthly pass the stages of greenness, ripeness and decay—of formation, growth and dissolution—recognition, remembrance and oblivion.

Life bursts into sensuous existence, and by its influence matter is drawn into a thousand forms, which life animates.

These forms man calls life. Life goes out of these forms, and they fall to dust and ashes. This, man calls death.

Philosophy takes account of dissolving things, and memory keeps the account in view till the curtain of oblivion falls to close the scene. Philosophy, selfishness, history, man and his work are lost in death and oblivion.

Thus all things earthly fade away and perish—there is nothing to be depended upon. There is no work that leaves a monument of enduring use for us to rest upon or trust in.

In the deepest and truest sense of philosophy, all this work of our lives on earth leaves only tracks that time obliterates and memory forgets. Philosophy knows no immortality. Man's outer existence is but a life eternal.

With this mournful but true picture of sensuous life, we come to ask the question, What is this great opera?—this mighty work of human life for? For what is all this toil of human hands? For what is all this woe and recklessness of human brains? For what are all man's anxious cares?—his disappointed hopes, his turmoil, his discontent, his conflicts and antagonisms, his longings and aspirations that fill the bosoms of human life?

The real object of life on earth is for the end of exercise and experience, not for any earthly thing produced—is for the end of spiritual power developed, which lies beyond all earthly experiences. The great object of all human earthly pursuits is experience, which experience is for the end of spiritual development. This end is hidden, and man is led to see the fabled end of his pursuit die and vanish.

All exercises and all experiences, for material ends, wear, tear, break, injure, destroy—are of a use that perishes and vanishes—while for spiritual ends they are for enduring usefulness.

We desire the continuance of physical life; we hope and reach for it; we fear death, and struggle to avoid it. Hope and fear are experiences—they are the ebbing and flowing tides of the sea of human life—they are natural exercises that prevent the stagnation of quietude. By every hope and every fear we come nearer the end of earth's pilgrimage.

Hope is pleasure, and fear is pain; and pain is the task and pleasure, the repute in the school of life; neither depends upon any particular course of earthly pursuit. Both are everywhere. Man thinks that poverty is a curse to the world he sees, and he has a right to think so; but poverty is a blessing to the world he does not see, for its experiences are deep, searching and painful; it hurries him on in the lessons of experience that must be passed to round him in the full experiences and exercises of manhood. There is no task in the school of earthly experiences that is not initiatory to, and preparatory for the vast existence of life eternal.

And the rounded perfection of the human soul demands and commands for itself the ordeal of all experience this side or the other side of the grave. The work of man, on earth, is not for outside spiritual rewards and punishments; for to the life of man there are no rewards and punishments.

In earthly things, and for earthly senses, we have both rewards and punishments. We have blessings and cursings all along our earthly lives, and these make and intensify earthly life by experiences.

All action in life, whether called good or bad, is simply for the end of exercise and experience, and thus it is that every act is useful.

The monuments that men build are useful for the exercise and experience of building them. They are to the builder only what a scholar's school-book is to the scholar when all is learned that is in it.

Riches are useful for the exercise of getting and losing them, not for their value when gained. Man thinks that they are useful for what they will bring, while they are only spiritual useful for what brought them.

(Going to and through college is useful for the exercise that its course produces, not for knowledge held up, but for conditions produced.)

Going to school, going to work, or going to play—going to church, going to games, or going to the theatre—all are for the same final end, viz., experiences.

Accepting one creed and accepting all creeds—the broad and bitter denunciation of sectarianism and its limited harmony, is for a use, viz., experience.

Reformers try to re-model men; they talk organization to the running sand in the hour-glass of time; they count their mission to be of vast importance to their fellow-men, expecting to alter the course of self-governing life, while all this is only for the purpose of passing their own experiences.

All the good that one man can do another is earthly good, for by human action and human effort only the physical, not the spiritual, may be benefited or injured.

Preaching and being preached to; self-holiness and self-righteousness; or humility and passive godliness, are, each and all, attributes of the physical world, and tend to physical death; but they are for experiences on the road of progression that has no terminus.

Events are only effects—are only the tracks of human progress made by the experiences of many. Every experience is a step on the road of human progression, whatever that experience may chance to be.

There is no criminal act that is not an experience of usefulness. The tracks of vice and crime are the tracks of human progress, to be hated and opposed by those who make, or are to make, the same tracks for their own experiences.

Whatever the outward result may have been, there has been no deed in the catalogue of crime that has not been a valuable experience to the inner being of the man who committed the crime, and also to the inner beings of those who were influenced by it.

The work of man on earth is, to become rounded off by passing all experiences, whether it be his will or not. Wisdom rules all human experiences. The experiences of crime may be passed without the outward commission of the deeds that belong to them. A man may be virtually a murderer, a robber, a slanderer, in his unseen nature, and be exercised with these crimes and tortured with their penalties in thought and feeling, without the commission of their external acts. And there is a mysterious power of sympathy that flashes through the heart of man, and by the sense of deep, earnest thought and feeling may pass the experiences of crime by making the criminal's agony their own in silent compassion. Men of deepest thought and feeling have even endured the horrors of the condemned on the scaffold, in imagination; have passed the awful ordeals of solitary confinement, and of all the horrible penalties that man inflicts upon man—thus passing the experiences of crime without its outward commission.

Such sympathy and compassion, developed, supersedes the need of such cursed experiences as follow criminal deeds. And more: Such sympathy and compassion can never inflict any penalties for crime. So as man grows deep in thought and feeling, crime will grow less, and cease, because its experiences are being passed by sympathy with men to intuitive thought, feeling and compassion.

It is only speculation that proclaims one experience useful and another useless; one blessed and another cursed. Good deeds and bad deeds are dealt out to men by an ordinance of wisdom always for man's good, and thus every experience of each one is the best, is right. In the kingdom of man, and in the kingdom of God, what is right is right. Man is a servant to his experiences; they control him, though he thinks that he makes them himself. Yet misfortunes and afflictions come upon him that he thinks he does not deserve. He knows not why they come.

There is a law of compensation that is inseparable from physical love, which, sooner or later, balances the affairs of this world as a way to the next world. The law of compensation belongs only to that which will be dissolved. Man's physical being may be rewarded and punished, but his soul cannot.

Who can truthfully say that the sufferings of sin, time, shame, and death are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the soul are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the spirit are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the heart are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the mind are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the body are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the soul are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the spirit are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the heart are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the mind are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the body are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the soul are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the spirit are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the heart are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the mind are suffering? Who can say that the sufferings of the body are suffering? 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