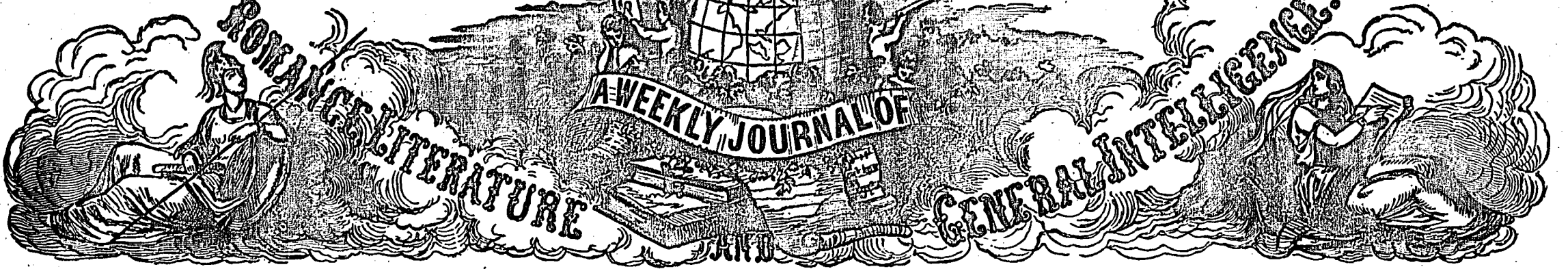


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## Literary Department.

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### THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

Oh! tell me not of skies most clear,  
And brightly, deeply blue;  
Oh! tell me not of rays of light  
Of purest golden hue;  
Tell me not of the flow'rets fair,  
And spicy odors sweet,  
For these are not the precious things  
My vision longs to meet.

Oh! tell me not of piles of gold,  
Or gems of radiant hue;  
Tell me not of my trusted friends—  
Of love sincere and true;  
Tell me not even that my child  
Waits his accustomed kiss,  
Thou dearer than my life, 'tis not  
His lovely form I miss.

Tell me not that my brother's arm  
To lean upon is strong;  
Tell me not my sister's smile  
Is brightest in the throng;  
Nor tell me that my father yearns  
His welcome to bestow;  
Say not my blessed mother's voice  
Can heal my spirit's woe.

But bring me back the pulseless heart,  
Cold 'neath Virginia's sod;  
Yes, bring me back the noble form  
Which once so proudly trod;  
Bring back to me the gentle tone  
Which ne'er spoke aught but love—  
The manly breast which never failed  
My sure support to prove.

If this thou canst not, say no more  
That earth is lovely yet,  
For me the sun at noonday hour  
In darkest clouds hath set;  
No light, no hope appears to me  
This side the open grave;  
Oh! with my child to tempt the flood  
Which did his footsteps lave,

And meet him on that blessed shore,  
Once more my own, my own,  
Bound to my heart in stronger ties  
Than ever earth hath known!  
But hush, weak heart, I wait *his* time,  
Who holds the severed chain  
In His own hand, till He sees fit  
To fasten it again.

Hopkinton, Mass., 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LUCY'S LOVE, AND HENRY'S PHILOSOPHY.

ORIGINAL STORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Henry, the only son of Judge Patterson possessed a thoughtful and aspiring mind, and was destined, like his father, to become eminent. He lost his mother in early life, but was blessed with the love and confidence of his only sister, scarcely a year younger than himself. Born to trust in and reverence nobility of mind, and finding it represented in her brother, Lucy's happy childhood had passed, and maidenhood had come before thought or experience indicated to her that all young men were not like Henry; that such nobleness as his must needs lie "in the souls of other men, sleeping," though never dead.

So the swift and happy years glided away. The little brother and sister strolled hand in hand over the broad acres and fair pleasure-grounds of Judge Patterson's estate. But soon the great (and good) Jurist died, and that magnificent estate became their sole inheritance. In the absence of both parents, the religious feelings of the orphans centered on heaven and its spiritual realities, while their affections toward each other were greatly deepened and intensified. Yet they continued, as before, their rambles over the hill-sides and through the expansive and bountiful orchards of their early home—only the landscape seemed somewhat sadder than when their father used to lead them, each by the hand, while he discoursed of Nature's God; showed them the woods in virgin bloom, the fields with their rustling corn and waving grain; or shook from its bending stem the early apple or peach, to illustrate the goodness of their invisible Father in heaven.

In the year 1823, on a beautiful Sabbath morning in June, the brother and sister were reading from their favorite poets in the arbor of the orchard. Memories of golden play-hours still lingered on the threshold of their departed childhood; but to Lucy had come a new revelation. Higher in the mansions of her soul than the image of Henry had ever shown, rose the revered form of Edgar Mansfield, a young lawyer whose hand and whose fortune she had promised to share. In a few days she would be separated a thousand miles from her brother and the enchanted spot of her birth.

Henry forbode sorrow to the happy lovers, admonished like a philanthropist, but yielded to the new-born utterance of fate, like a philosopher. Turning her eyes from the pages of Dante, in reply to his doubts based on similarity of temperament, the sanguine Lucy said:

"I trust your prophecy will not be verified. As I have confided in you so I will ever believe in the goodness of Edgar and in the fitness of our attractions. Before marriage, and for my sake, he has signed the Temperance Pledge as well as pledged his love. His heart is true—I know it is—and I will trust him."

"I do not know it is not," said Henry calmly. "Indeed, I also trust his heart no less than you; but I cannot trust his head with his own heart; still less with Lucy's. We cannot defy conditions

and I doubt his moral ability to redeem either of his pledges."

"Why, Henry, how grave you seem, and how critical! Is life so fearful—is my purpose so wild and causeless—that you, who never gave me a painful word before, should reserve all your irony for this supreme moment? Know, brother, that censure may destroy as well as correct, while charity hopeth all things. Edgar has scarcely drunk a drop of alcohol in his life; and yet he has pledged himself to abstain totally, which my noble brother, who distrusts him, has refused to do, even for example's sake."

"I have refused or neglected to sign many other pledges," rejoined Henry, "to which so many subscribe through feeling rather than intelligence; not because I would not set a good example, but because I would; for why should I assume crutches for example's sake, when to walk without them entirely is a much better example? Indeed, it is because the pledge may prove a needed, if not failing staff to your ardent, generous, and not ungifted Edgar, that I would open your eyes to both good and evil. I would not see you too willingly rely on the fair promise of the lover, as though it were the infallible word of the philosopher."

"You speak very strangely," exclaimed Lucy, her eyes beginning to fill with tears, "and with cruel coldness, when coldness from you is most painful. You seem like some frigid, unapproachable, and unsympathetic oracle, pronouncing woe upon me, if I do what not for me to do were a woe greater than you can pronounce. Oh, Henry! must Edgar's love and mine, the aspirations to be good and do good which, you allow, inspire us both—with all the moral and religious purposes that spring up in our hearts—go for nothing, because our temperaments agree, or we may not be able, like you, to render a reason for an attaching word; and yet, paradoxical as it must seem to you, in the purity of your heart, men are not to be trusted for their good purposes alone."

With a smile on his lips the philosophical brother answered:

"None of these things can go for naught. There is Nature in everything. It may even be best that you should marry. But if time shall illuminate my words, without abating the affection that impels their utterance, it may prove also for the best that I have spoken. For not the less, but the more earnestly will I call after you and yours, if all other promises fail, and you are clothed in sorrow and disappointment. While I am glad that Edgar has signed the pledge for your sake, I had rather he had signed it for the drunkard's sake, but still rather that he had left it unsigned and unbroken, for the sake of universal temperance. Of his good purposes I speak not a disparaging word; and yet, paradoxical as it must seem to you, in the purity of your heart, men are not to be trusted for their good purposes alone."

#### CHAPTER II.

Sixteen years have transpired since Lucy and Edgar joined hands in marriage, and left the town of Patterson, N. J., to reside in a Western city. The cloud that was but a small speck in Love's rosy sky, on the morning of that memorable conversation in the arbor, now spans the heavens, hiding from Lucy almost the last gleam of hope for the future of Edgar to the path of temperance. For more than three years had she sought to uphold his rapidly descending footsteps; for more than twelve months had she striven to hide his open degradation in the deep and holy chambers of her heart.

But truth is imperative. Lawyer Mansfield's once pleasant homestead is now dilapidated. The door-yard gate swings upon one of its hinges, rendering the strain nearly beyond its power of endurance. The paint has faded from the cottage walls. Even the flowers by the walk and at the entrance of the garden gate, are deserted by the delicate hand that planted them. They have faded, like those rarer flowers of Lucy's wedlock, infantile buds, blasted in the incompatible climate of their physical life, but which exhale their fragrance in the angel home.

The beautiful scene is changed! the dream of childhood! maidenhood's Eden love! maternity's ineffable bliss! Edgar is in the gambler's saloon. Lucy is in the empty parlor. In the middle of the floor, bereft of its carpet, in the chill air of January, her only surviving infant in her arms, she is hastening to kindle a fire, for she expects a visit from her brother. She has not seen him since her marriage; nor is he aware of Edgar's fall, for in every letter Lucy trusted still to reclaim her husband. And yet with money that Henry, in his anxiety for her possible privation, had sent to her, she has just procured a bundle of kindlings for the parlor stove, and some bread from the baker's, still undone from the brown paper in which it was wrapped, upon the table in the kitchen. Her servant-girl, though long persistent and faithful, had left this very morning because her wages were unpaid.

"Henry must be already at the depot!" and a tremor of distress flashed along Lucy's sensitive nerves as the thought entered her mind. Why was it not a tremor of joy? Was it Henry's coldness or Edgar's neglect that now pierced her heart? With the unpacified infant in her arms she is struggling to produce a flame in that cold and desolate parlor—not alone for Henry's, but yet for another's sake—for the flame of her love is still burning in deathless constancy, even while the red wine flames in the eyes of Edgar, as with trembling hand he shuffles the atheistic cards in the drinking saloon.

The brother had indeed arrived; he was already at the gate; his foot rested upon the threshold. Through an uncurtained window he had caught a glimpse of Lucy as he passed—pale, emaciated, with a faded woollen shawl upon her shoulders—and he divined the rest. She thought she heard that light, deliberate, unwavering step of long ago, and in momentary forgetfulness of the present, a thrill of joy dilated her bosom as she rested her

habe upon the floor to meet the companion of her childhood. But her nervous system—unrecovered from the exhaustive demands of maternity, and a renewed struggle that no pen may describe, between her emotions of grief at Edgar's neglect, and of mingled love and wounded pride at the prospect of meeting her long absent and greatly revered brother—gave away before the pressure. She sank upon her knees on the naked floor, in the midst of the scattered wood and kindlings—the fire still unlighted—her slender fingers pale and numb with the winter's chill. In her bodily weakness and mental pain, these words—the brief, unelaborated prayer of the drunkard's wife, spoken in a subdued voice as if, they might not be heard by mortal—fell upon the waiting and quickened ear of Henry:

"Oh, my Father God! save me from this hour, snatch me from this bitter woe. Deliver thy child, remove this cup from her lips. By thine Infinite name restore my lost one—my Edgar—wandering, wretched Edgar."

With the quickness of inspiration, as if that prayer were addressed to himself, the brother withdrew from the uncrossed threshold. For an hour he sought in street and lane of the city of Chicago, for Edgar Mansfield, the once illustrious lawyer of his native State. He penetrated to the gambler's saloon in a disreputable avenue. But not recognizing the changed figure or voice of the young lawyer—by nature manly, and of persuasive eloquence—he addressed the whole party with the story of a woman, exposed to the breath of winter without fire or fuel, and awaiting the welcome arms of death, in a part of the city to which he would lead them if they would go immediately to her relief. Most of them yielded to his appeal. But when they arrived at the spot and saw the woman and the child pale and livid upon the parlor floor, with death already pictured in their faces, they stood aghast. Addressing the half-intoxicated men as one having authority, Henry said:

"It is too late! Leave them with God whose promises never fail, and who will take them to himself."

He waved his hand for them to depart. They all obeyed save one, who stood with clasped palms, fixed eyes, and a rapidly sobering countenance, gazing at the work of his own hands. Henry stepped before him, and said:

"I am this woman's brother—Henry Patterson. Sixteen years ago I resigned her trusting spirit to your love and protection. I now leave you to take charge of her burial."

And true to his word, he followed the retiring gamblers into the street, and departed from the city, leaving Edgar to his meditations.

A week transpired, during which time the brother remained at a retired watering place in the country. One fine Saturday morning Lucy, who had almost despaired of the promised visit, saw a vehicle stop at the door.

"I cannot be mistaken this time," she said to her husband, as a passenger alighted. "It is not Edgar now coming back to me. Oh, it is Henry! it is Henry!"

Why that gust of joy running through her soul, as if youth had come again, and the rosy sky? The gate hung upon both of its hinges; the doorway fence and the weather-beaten house had been painted; there was a carpet upon the parlor floor, a fire in the grate, and on the altar of two united hearts.

At the end of a three months' sojourn, on the eve of her brother's departure, the wife said playfully to her husband, as he laid their sleeping child in its cradle:

"Which was the best on the day of our betrothal, Lucy's love or Henry's philosophy?"

To which Edgar replied, glancing lawyer-like, from one witness of his case to the other:

"Your love was best for me, for without it I should not have married, nor signed the pledge, nor would you have prayed for my reform. But Henry's philosophy was best for us both, for without it your prayer would have been unanswered, and my pledge unredeemed."

"True," responded Lucy; "you have spoken well, Edgar. We did not see Henry's prophecy, for love was so strong that it blinded our eyes."

"But strong as was Lucy's love," said Henry, with a smile arching his lips, "what would have been Edgar's prospects had her eyes been opened? Would she have served philosophy by drinking the hemlock?"

"No!" exclaimed Lucy; "but I have drank the hemlock in my weakness, and philosophy has served me in the person of my noble brother."

"You must not speak proudly, as if Henry were your handmaid, or your Edgar, who loved you but deserted you in your sorrow," said the husband, with animation.

"Oh, my noble Edgar! think you I spoke disparagingly? Did not Jesus serve his disciples—Peter among them—by washing their feet?"

"Not as a philosopher," said Henry, impatient to divest the comparison of its painful personality, "but as a religionist, and in Love's free service."

#### Useful Maxims.

Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises; live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue. Good character is above all things else; your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never play at any game of chance. Earn money before you spend it.

## My Religion.

[CONCLUSION.]

All commentators agree that whole passages have been added to the Bible, and others left out. Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Clarke, Albert Barnes, and others, reject as spurious I John 7: 7. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." They reject this, though the passage strongly upholds the Trinity, of which they were the advocates.

1. This text is not contained in any Greek manuscript which was written earlier than the fifth century.

2. Nor in any later manuscript earlier than the ninth century.

3. It is not found in any of the ancient versions.

4. It is not cited by any of the Greek Ecclesiastical writers, though to prove the doctrine of the Trinity they have cited the words both before and after this text.

5. It is not cited by any of the early Latin Fathers, even when the subject upon which they treat would naturally have led them to appeal to its authority.

6. It has been omitted as spurious in many editions of the New Testament since the Reformation. It was omitted by Luther in his German version. In the old English Bibles it was printed in small types, or included in brackets. In 1580 it began to be printed as it now stands, by whose authority it is not known.

The Word of God should be perfect and unalterable; if it was God's book once, it must be so now; the same Deific mind which inspired the pen should have watched its work through all succeeding ages; so that no transcriber, translator or printer could mar its pristine purity.

Yet the Bible has been thus dealt with. I am not surprised at any addition or interpolation of records that came through the early Fathers. Those who could deluge churches and chapels in blood, press defenceless women between boards, pry open their mouths with hot irons and so compel them to partake of the sacrament, would be guilty of any enormity.

Dr. Congrat made a translation of the Bible some years ago, in which he made twenty thousand emendations of King James's Bible, the one now in common use. Think of it! Twenty thousand improvements of the Word of God! John Mills collects thirty thousand readings of the New Testament alone. Now the question is, which is correct? which did God dictate? If we believed in an infallible Pope, the matter might be easily settled; but as we know, as Mosheim informs us, there were multitudes, soon after Christ's ascension, who wrote Gospels and Epistles, forging the names of Apostles and other illustrious characters, to give them currency. If you would see a specimen of such, look at the Apocryphal New Testament, and mark its puerile inventions. Now who can say that some of these spurious writings did not find favor with the Council of Nice, and form a part of Holy Writ?

Spirit.—"All right and unanswerable."

Here is a case where the "Word of God" has been forced upon us by "Acts of Parliament." In the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, which were submitted to Parliament, adopted, and by it declared to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore infallible. But notwithstanding this infallibility, during the three hundred years that have rolled on since then, there have been many alterations, all by Act of Parliament, and all for the purpose of sprinkling. Calvin, in 1580, adopted the latter. The controversy continued, until about the seventeenth century the assembly met to settle the question. There were eighteen for dipping, and eighteen for sprinkling. Mr. Toplady, who was President, gave the casting vote in favor of sprinkling. But this did not settle the question, for it gave rise to the largest sectaries of the Christian Church. You may consider the form of baptism a trivial matter. Not so with the Baptist. He deems it of such vital importance, that he will not commune or hold Christian fellowship with those who differ with him in opinion.

But it is said, if you reject one part of the Bible, you might as well reject all.

That does not follow. In reading Roman History, we may reject the fable of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, and yet give full credence to a thousand facts therein recorded. If Euclid's Elements and the exploits of Baron Munchausen were bound up in one volume, we surely might reject the latter without throwing away the everlasting truths of the former. So with regard to the Bible: we may reject its marvelous stories, and all that conflicts with the attributes of Deity, yet believe the truths that it teaches and be benefited by them.

The Church and the clergy have made the Bible an idol, and those who do not bow the knee to the image that has been set up are denounced as infidels, and treated as the vilest wretches. But error cannot always rule, neither can falsehood be forever triumphant. The time has come when everything must be examined, and nothing can escape the strictest scrutiny, however old, however sacred, however firmly rooted it may be.

How can a man understand religion without investigation. He may be a devoted member of some particular church, may have listened with delight to the exposition of a certain form of religious belief, but having never compared one creed with another, what does he know of the foundation of popular theology? He may read all the publications of his denomination, may know the Bible by heart, and still know nothing beyond his own creed. Such a man is a thorough bigot. Engage him in argument, and he answers you by quoting texts. If the Bible says so, that is all sufficient.

Such was precisely my case. Previous to 1855, all my knowledge of theology was derived from the three successive pastors of my church—Nevins, Backus and Plummer—and from the columns of the New York Observer, which I diligently read for thirty years. Great was my astonishment, and hard the struggle, as gradually the light broke through the mists of prejudice which so many years had engendered.

It should be known that most of the Heathen have their sacred book, or Bible, and that the veneration felt by the Brahmin for his Shaster, the Persian for his Zend Avesta, the Mahometan for his Koran, the Chinese for the writings of Confucius, is not a whit inferior to that felt by the Christian for his Bible, and all claim to be founded on the same authority—Divine Inspiration.

The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications of unequal character, varying in the degree of light and knowledge according to the capacity of the individual through whom they were

made, and the necessities of the age that received them.

It should be remembered that the Bible nowhere purports to be a final revelation from God. It is not a book, but a collection of many books—not the writing of one hand, but of many hands—not the product of one age, but of many ages—not the collection of men for whom an infallible inspiration is claimed, but of the Fathers of Councils, composed of ambitious, and now acknowledged to be worldly churches, warring with each other centuries after the apostles and prophets had gone to their rest.

The great truths revealed in the Bible I not only do not dispute, but rejoice in. There is Truth, holy, divine, inspiring Truth—in the Bible, but it flows through the channels of human frailty and error; and there, as everywhere, God calls upon us to exercise our reason in the separation of the one from the other. A fair investigation will not invalidate a single truth recorded in it, but throw light on many dark passages and harmonize many apparently contradictory ones, making the spirit of Jesus the standard by which to judge all prophetic and apostolic teachings.

You will pronounce me an infidel, perhaps, because I do not believe the whole of the Bible to be divine. If by an infidel you mean a disbeliever in your peculiar views, I plead guilty to the charge; but with just as much propriety I can style you an infidel because you do not believe as I do. I am an infidel in all things that I regard as unscriptural, and more especially whatsoever I think conflicts with the love, mercy and goodness of the Father.

The word infidel, which the Orthodox are so ready to hurl against every one who differs from them in opinion, has no terrors for me. Socrates was an infidel, because his noble soul was in advance of his countrymen. Galileo was an infidel, because he asserted what all are now willing to acknowledge is the truth; but the Church said it was against the Bible, took him in hand, and he had to bear the name and suffer the fate of an infidel. When each of the sciences have become demonstrated truths, then it has been found an easy matter for theologians to adjust their Scripture interpretations to these truths. The clergy never lead—they follow.

Jesus was called a Samaritan, or, in other words, an infidel, because he spoke the promptings of his own heart, regardless of the Bible of his day and what the priesthood taught. He was denounced as an Atheist to what those around him worshipped as God, and so he was; but he was true to himself, even unto death, and so far succeeded in impressing others with his spirit that the obscure and despised infidel of Nazareth became the hero of Calvary, and the object of love and worship to kingdoms and nations for eighteen hundred years.

If it be infidelity to believe that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works"—that he has made a revelation of his will to every human soul—that he ever speaks to us by his laws which surround us and by the nature he has given us, then let me live and die such an infidel, assured that if I live in obedience to God's laws, according to the light he has shed into my soul and the "talent" he has committed to my charge, I shall enjoy his smile forever.

But those who make use of the term infidel, do it reproachfully. When they meet a man whose arguments they cannot answer, and whose life is irreproachable, all they can do is to raise the cry of infidelity. This saves much trouble for those going to discuss with an infidel? Who minister will soil his holy fingers by coming in contact with such an one. It also saves the Church from contamination. Only persuade the members that a certain man is an infidel, and they will shun him as they would the plague. They will no more dare to read his writings than put their hands in the fire.

Just as I have written it must have been perceived that my strictures apply only to portions of the Old Testament. It is unnecessary to specify them more particularly, as the tenor of my remarks sufficiently point them out.

The God of the Old Testament is powerful, terrible, partial, jealous, wrathful, bloody—is to be worshipped with sacrifice—the blood of bulls and goats, with costly spectacles by the priesthood, who sacrificed to him in a special place, at particular times, and burn their fat and kidneys "as a sweet smelling savor."

Such seems to have been the conception of God with the leading minds of the Hebrews at the beginning of their national existence. Such a God I can neither love nor worship.

As time rolled on, so did their ideas of Deity expand. They began to perceive that the God of the Old Testament was not the God of the New Testament. In the latter God is represented as all-wise and always present everywhere. How exquisite the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shalt thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me; if I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yet the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

There God is unchangeable; his eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good—no thought can be withheld from him. What grand and beautiful conceptions of God are there in Ps. 103, 104, 107. So in almost the whole of that admirable collection, as in the language of earth it speaks of the Infinite God.

There is a great change also in the manner of worship. At first it was a mere external act, offering a sacrifice; a bull, a goat, a lamb. But as time rolled on what new light seems to have dawned upon them? Listen to this from the 51st Psalm.

"Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from unrighteousness. Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it—thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise."

Look at this from Ecclesiastes: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than whole burnt offerings."

Or this of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"

What a progress from the early times! Such a being as this whom Jesus called "Father," I love and worship with my whole heart.

Spirit.—"You have here given Religion its true colors."

The advent of Moses was to separate Religion from the Fetishism of the Canaanites and the Polytheism of the Egyptians, and connect it with the Doctrine of One God. No doubt the priests of the day exclaimed with pious horror, "What, give up the garlic and the cats which our fathers



prayed to and swore by?" but it came to an end. The advent of Jesus was to separate Religion from the obsolete ritual of Moses. We know the result. The Seribes and Pharisees were shocked at the innovation, but the ritual went its way. In the time of Luther a new problem arose; to separate Religion from the forms and ceremonies and the corruption of the Catholic Church. The issue is well known.

Now a New Dispensation has suddenly burst upon us; shedding far and wide its resplendent rays of Light and Knowledge; it has broken down the barrier which separated the material from the spiritual, and is destined to restore the pure and simple religion taught by Christ.

To world objects to it because it does not flow through Orthodox channels, because the Jews never met Christ for precisely the same reason—he was not born as they had determined he should have been, and because he did not teach the doctrines which they had resolved could only be Orthodox. The clergy occupy the same position to-day that the Jewish priests did two thousand years ago. The yoke of theological despotism is hard to bear. Millions of professing Christians have bowed down terror-stricken to the superstitions which have been preached as divine truths.

The great stumbling-block of Religion was made by the Nicene Council when it admitted so many objectionable books into the Canon; that, together with the dogma, *believe all or reject all*, is the cause of so much infidelity, especially among the educated.

Look at the scientific men of England, France, Germany, America—they do not consider it part of their business to prop up a popular error. Take the hundred foremost men of science in all Christendom, who are not of the clergy, and not ten of them have any belief in the common Ecclesiastical conception of God. Some have a better, nay, a true idea of God, but dare not avow it; and some, alas, seem to have no notion at all. Accordingly men of science turn from the imposture, and become Atheists. The cause often lies at the Church door, and not in the scholar's study.

According to the teachings of the Presbyterian Church, of which I was for more than thirty years a member, God is an awful King, into whose hands it is terrible to fall. Originally, man was made pure and upright—he was tempted beyond his strength, and "fell." His first sin brought on him the vengeance of the all-wise and all-powerful King; and he was banished from his happiness—left him poor and miserable, and blind and naked—transmitting to each of his children all the guilt of the original sin—"in Adam's fall we sinned all." Man has now no power of himself to discern good from evil, and follow the good. His best efforts are but *filthy rags*. In God's sight his prayers are an abomination.

To all this I bowed in submission to the Church, though my heart revolted and my reason never gave a full assent.

The highest flight which the most inspired poet ever took in praise of the spotless character of Jesus, I respond to with my whole heart. He stands far above all that were ever honored with a divine mission—absolutely alone—no predecessor—no successor. God anointed him with the Holy Ghost, and wisdom, and power, and knowledge, and transcendent and unapproachable wisdom which he exhibited, and gave him the supernatural knowledge that he possessed—communicated to him the sublime and perfect doctrine that he taught, and sealed his mission by the wonders which he performed. His mission was divine, but not his person. Christ is not God, neither is he equal with God. That is an impossibility. "There is but one God." Christ is not the Creator—but, at the same time, he is the highest created Being that has ever been developed—our King and Head—our Leader and Director—our Teacher and Guide.

We read that Jesus was born in Bethlehem—not that God was born—that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man—not that God increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with himself, or any of his creatures. That Jesus himself as he began to be about thirty years of age, was baptized, was anointed; that he prayed, that his soul was troubled, that he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; that he wept; that of his own self he could do nothing; that an angel strengthened him, that he gave up the ghost; in several places that he died; that he sat on the right hand of God; Jesus is tempted; he is ignorant of many things, he corrects himself—*Math. x. 6; xviii. 19*; he is dejected, discouraged, he asks his Father to spare him trials; he submits to God like a son; he who is to be the judge of the world, knows not the day of judgment—*Mark. xiii. 32*; he takes precautions for his safety; shortly after his birth, it is necessary to secrete him to avoid those who desire to kill him; the devil struggles with him, and does not go far. Can any part of this be applied to the Great Creator? Christ says, "Ye believe in God, believe all in me." He does not add, "for I also am God." He also says, "I ascend to your father and my father, to your God and my God."

*Spirit.*—"We say that agrees with our views, and we approve of what you have written."

I do not believe in original sin, the fall of man, total depravity, endless woe, nor the Devil. I do not believe in a partial God; consequently I reject the idea of Election, Reprobation, Predestination, and I was about to add, infant damnation, but that horrid dogma is not long since I heard from the pulpit, "there is no scripture warrant that an unbaptized infant can be saved."

I said that I did not believe in Original Sin and the Fall of Man as popularly taught. Every man falls who departs from truth, from right, from God. But neither you nor I ever felt guilt for Adam's transgression, or any man's transgression over whom with God we have no influence. You cannot feel it if you try never so constantly. Adam's sin is—was Adam's affair, not mine.

Human character is depraved, but human nature, never. The soul is born of God—in Spirit of his Spirit, and however it may be enveloped in vice and crime, cannot be totally depraved. To say that a nature that came from God is corrupt, is a fallacy, and makes him the author of sin, and the remorseless punisher of his own work. But to say that a nature being may or may not have the passions and tendencies of his nature, and involve himself in the necessary consequences of such abuse; is alike the dictate of Reason and the testimony of experience.

In most men we find a capacity for good; in the best a tendency to evil. None perfect—none totally depraved. Not cursed of his Creator, but children of his Father. Not hopelessly lost; but endlessly related to the spirits of the Blessed by the Eternal Law of Progression.

Ignorant of the original Scripture writings, unskilled in theologic lore, I shall not attempt an argument founded on mistranslations and false interpretations of the text to show how unsound is the doctrine of eternal punishment. I leave that to able pens. But I copy from a printed article showing how thoroughly this has been done by one of the ablest scholars of the day, and what was the result of his labor.

A child is born whose parents are united in bonds of harmony and love, with affections pure and minds unfolded in wisdom. He will naturally be so educated as to render him a useful and esteemed member of society; his life here serene, and in the next world supremely happy.

On the same day comes into the world another child, scarce half made up, his body diseased, his mind enfeebled, his father, perhaps, a felon, his mother something worse; led early into crime, he is hunted through life by the ministers of the law, and terminates his career in a prison or upon the scaffold.

Had these two children the choice of their parentage and surroundings? The theology of the sectarian Church provides comfortably enough for the first, but what provision does it make for the second? He, too, is a child of God; made in his image, a creation of the same all-wise, all-powerful and all-loving Father; and what provision, I ask, does this religious system make for him? It consigns him to the unquenchable flames of an eternal hell; giving him damned souls for his companions, and heads and tails for his mentors. This is the wise disposition which creeds-bound Churches make of the human race. A few, the number is but small, very small, not one in a thousand pass from a life of many sorrows into mansions of unimaginable bliss; while the vast masses of God's children add lustre to his Glory, and magnify his name by shrieks of agony and curses of despair throughout endless ages!

Horrid, thought it is not so; the mind which thus conceives of Deity, bows not in worship to a kind and loving Father, an infinite and perfect God; but to an omnipotent monster!

Monstrous, too, the thought that God had created a being, a principle of evil—the Devil—

was forever to dispute with him the dominion of his own most glorious work, and draw within his influence, and consign to endless and infernal tortures, the larger portion of that great Creator's noblest work.

According to Orthodox theology, a man may live three-score years and ten, the time taken to him from year to year, that earth has ever seen. His last day approaches, he lies upon his bed, the priest comes in, supplements with him, and just before the closing scene he nods assent to the teachings offered him, partakes of the sacrament, and passes away. Where does he go? Direct and straight to heaven, and there through the ages of eternity, he enjoys all that could be enjoyed in the immediate presence of God.

Another man lives the same number of years, upright, just and noble in all his practical relations with mankind. He says, "I do not believe in the creed professed by this Church, or that—my own mind is my own Church; God is my father, I trust in him." Where does he go? Down deep into realms of woe—for what? Because he was a bad man? He was not; but because he could not accept the Church's theory, and for no other reason whatever. The other goes to heaven—for what? Because he was a good man? He was not—that is not *indispensable*, it is convenient for example's sake, but I affirm it is not necessary; the Christian plan of salvation has no absolute requirements of virtue to secure happiness in the future; a death-bed repentance is sufficient.

I believe in the atonement, but not as taught by the Church, that the Father sent his only begotten Son to die for our sins. I never could believe that my sins were to be laid upon an innocent man. I expect to suffer for my sins and no one's else. I believe that alienated man, whether estranged by ignorance or vice, must be made at one with goodness, holiness and love. I do not believe that God needs to be reconciled to man, the creature he has formed and loves. God never was estranged. His nature is unchangeable; but man must be reconciled to God.

*Spirit.*—"This is all truth."

The publication of my little work on Spiritualism three years ago, which brought on me such unmitigated woe, leaves me but little to add on the subject. The comfort and consolation which the knowledge of this truth has afforded under sore trials, I can find no language to express. I may safely say, if ever I experienced the love of God and of man shed abroad in my heart, that love has been quickened, purified, intensified. If I ever yearned for purity of heart and a pure life, those yearnings have been stimulated and increased; and if I ever received aid in overcoming the world, the flesh, and evil surroundings, that aid has been imparted to me under these angelic ministrations.

If such manifestations are evil, well may we all ask, "Who will show us any good, or teach us to distinguish between good and evil?" If such are the workings of Satan, as the Church teaches, transformed into an angel of light, a teacher of purity, a friend of God and man.

The loved ones from their higher home—my wife's father among the number, so unexpected, one whom I never knew—have given me, again and again, unmistakable proof of their presence, and of their continual sympathy in whatever concerns me, both temporal and spiritual. But for this I know not how I could have been sustained.

My avowed and adherence to this faith, has cost me all that a man holds dear on earth; robbed me of my wife and children, and made me a wanderer in exile, dependent on charity for bread—my son living in allience—without a dollar, and of raiment scarce a change, thus to eke out in poverty the few remaining days of a troubled life. For sorrow have driven me to the gates of death, to the bottle, the asylum, or to a suicide's grave.

I know it is because of ignorance they do it—like St. Paul, they think they are doing God service—that religion requires them to shield my grandchildren from the contaminating influence of such infidelity. But the scales will yet fall from their eyes, and they will behold the sin they have committed, in all its naked deformity. Oh, the remorse that they will feel! God grant it may not be deferred until they reach the spirit-land—then their suffering will be fearful.

We speak of the days of the martyrs, as though they were past. True, the Smithfield fagots no longer burn; the Inquisitor's rack stretches no more the quivering limb, unless in secret, but we have martyrs still for conscience' sake.

But can I be faithful to my own experience, when I know that the devil and angels are at work in our every repentance, struggle, suffering, joy? Forbid it heaven! I must go forward no matter what awaits me; I cannot go backward and deny God's Truth. Whether in honor or dishonor, poverty or plenty, friendship or desertion, my face is set, and God leads the way. Could I by a word blot out the past—restore to me my family, with their hearts bound to me more lovingly than ever, and have also upon me the weight of the wealth and honor that heart can desire—but at the same time blot out all the light and knowledge which this New Dispensation has shed in my soul, I would say, no, no, ten thousand times no! Come rather poverty, contumely, alienation from children's love, sickness, affliction in whatever form; and come, too, that chiefest of God's blessings, which men call the "King of Terrors," but to me, my solace of woe, my Haven of Rest.

*Spirit.*—"This is the Truth of God. Go on, my son, the angels are your constant ministers who will record what you have written, and have it in remembrance when you are called from earth."

August 30.—I asked my spirit-friends to invite Theodore Parker, and took occasion to express to them my regret that I had not perused many of his works, which I had read again and again, and that to him I felt indebted for much of the religious knowledge I had acquired.

To my great satisfaction Mr. Parker acceded to my request and addressed me as follows: "I am astonished, my dear sir, to hear such words from one who was to me a stranger. I am delighted to hear that I have done some good in the world, and that my books are read by those who never heard me preach. I am sure I am misunderstood by many, and in that the world will entertain more liberal opinions. I was at the congress and heard you read your essay, and was delighted with every thought. I approved of it all, and the wonder is where you got it from; it is not taught in any of the Churches. All you say about the Council of Nice is correct, and I am confident there is not a spirit here who will contradict you. I am pleased with what you say about Spiritism, for it is the truth of God; with the manner you treat the Old Testament, it is precisely what I myself believe; and I am sure there is no spirit here who differs from you. I am pleased also with the noble sentiments you have expressed about the persecutions you have endured. All these things meet my hearty approbation, and I am sure every one feels as I do."

So so kind, sir, as to give me your views on the subject of the Sabbath.

"I will, and give a different view from that entertained by narrow-minded theologians. When it became necessary to set apart a particular day for the worship of God, a day was fixed and all the people assembled for that purpose. It never entered into the mind of Deity to set apart a day holy for him. This grew out of the necessity of upholding the authority of the priesthood. This was the custom long before Moses lived, and when he wrote the Pentateuch, if he did write it, he merely copied the custom of the day. Then it became necessary to add the authority of Deity to enforce its observance."

It is a universal law, that man requires rest, and the day was set apart for a physical rather than a religious purpose. But in process of time it became a religious duty to keep this day of rest as holy to the Lord; and the priests endeavored to enforce this idea by making the people believe it sinful to do any kind of work on that day. Thus it went on from age to age until it became a superstition, and the day was regarded as holy unto God.

At length this day, originally the seventh, was changed to the first. This was done by early Christians, that the day might not accord with that kept by the Jews. It was done at first in order to make as great a difference as possible between the two religions; but afterwards it became necessary to fix it as a permanent thing, and the day was established as we now have it. I believe it is of no consequence what day is kept, provided a fixed day is set apart for the purpose; that is all that health requires; but all idea of sanctity attached to it is absurd."

Please give me your thoughts about the "Devil."

"When the world was first formed, no idea of God prevailed. The people were ignorant and scarce above the brute creation. All the idea they had of Deity was the sun, moon and stars. As the sun came forth, bringing light and heat into the world, they thought he was the source of all good, and began to give him divine honors; but when darkness came upon them they thought that he was the spirit of evil, and began to worship what they supposed to be a power that could do them harm. Thus two Deities are formed in the minds of these ignorant people; one the Power of Good, the other the Power of Evil."

In the course of time, as this satisfied the religious desire of the people, they began to form a regular religious service, and religion was composed of a Power of Good and a Power of Evil."

It soon became obvious to the priests that the power of evil could be turned to a good account in keeping the people in subjection to priestly rule; and it soon became a part of their religious creed. As many ages rolled on, this idea fixed in the minds of the people, kept increasing from age to age, till it became too strong to be eradicated; and when the Pentateuch was written, the idea of a devil took the form which it required ages to produce. Such has been the origin of a superstition so derogatory to the character of God.

When Christ came, such were the deep rooted prejudices of the people, that he had to yield, in some measure, to a superstition which would require ages to eradicate.

I have given a brief summary of what would fill any page. Faith in God will destroy the evil consequences of such a belief, but nothing else will."

I here copy a part of the printed article before mentioned.

"That there are those among us who take, in sincerity, the poetic fictions of Milton for Bible doctrines, is quite evident; but that there are others more deeply learned in the early history of men and things, who dare not tell all they know, is pretty evident likewise. Bearing upon these points let us take the testimony of one among them, eminent in experience and research; one versed in all the theologic lore of their most revered schools of divinity; one whose life gives evidence of the good one man can do when his intellect continually expands and blends with desire for progress, instead of being cramped into the tortuous windings of upholding a creed, which no amount of endeavor can ever perpetuate. This man is the Rev. Theodore Clapp. If the light he bears aloft has, as yet, thrown but a few gleams upon that upper pathway, it has perched the dark shadows from the lower one. Let us trace his progress for awhile after he has attained that position where the most highly educated among them generally settle down upon their school-taught creeds, and strive not to get beyond. He says: 'When I entered the ministry many of my opinions, though sincerely held, rested only on the principles of inferior authority. As I grew older, I had to encounter just wars and noble men belonging to each of the different denominations in Christendom. For some years after my settlement I was invited almost every Sabbath to preach on some particular subject. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of looking into the foundation of many doctrines whose truth I had always before taken for granted. Hence I became a very hard student."

One day I must prove that Samson actually lived and performed the extraordinary feats recorded; the next Sunday I was called to explain the cherubim and the four wheels, or the deluge, or the destruction of the Canaanites, or Jonah and the fish, or the case of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Every Biblical difficulty was brought to me for solution, and it was my especial privilege to have the dogmas of the Church, as they were professedly derived from the sacred volumes since the days of Tertullian. These efforts changed and rectified many of the opinions which had been imbibed from venerable teachers, and opened to me new wonders and beauties which I never should have seen had my life been passed in the regular, quiet, prescribed routine of ministerial duties in a New England parish."

One of the first fruits of his becoming acquainted with an English gentleman of splendid talents and acquisitions. This gentleman (Judge W.) came to hear him preach one morning—not that he cared for his religious tenets, but to judge of his abilities as an orator and scholar. The subject that morning by special request of a member of his congregation, was upon endless punishment. At the outset he told his hearers that his subject was inexhaustible to human reason; so he confined himself simply to a rehearsal of those texts which he imagined taught the eternity of future woe. After the audience had dispersed, Judge W. remained; they were introduced and walked home together. The Judge remarked to Mr. Clapp that he had once studied the subject upon which he preached, with especial attention, thinking to it himself for taking holy orders in the Episcopal Church; but he being out of hand and that, and several other doctrines, he abandoned the idea and became a student at law."

Judge W. was a superior linguist, and well versed in the original scriptures. When we parted that morning he said: "Mr. Clapp, I have a particular favor to ask. You told us in your sermon that there are hundreds of texts in the Bible which affirm the most unqualified terms that all those who die in their sins will suffer eternally and unholy through the ages of eternity. I will thank you to make me out a list of those texts in the original Hebrew and Greek. That some of such an import occur in our English version is undeniable; but I think they are mistranslations. Two, five or ten will be sufficient."

I replied: "It will give me great pleasure to grant your request. I can furnish you with scores of such texts, and I am perfectly confident that he had most egregiously misinterpreted and misunderstood the word of God, and rejoiced in his speedy discomfiture."

The very next day I made the best arrangements for collecting the *proof-texts*—settling a table in one corner of my study, well furnished with the appropriate books—lexicons, Hebrew and Greek concordances, commentaries, English, Latin and French Bibles, and the like. I then set to work, and the history and antiquities of the Jewish nation. I had no authorities but those in the highest repute among trinitarians of every denomination. With the help of Gaston's Collections and the references in the Larger Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, access was easy to all the passages of Scripture relied on to prove the doctrine of endless sin and sorrow. I began with the doctrine of the Old Testament, and then I went along with the Septuagint and English Version."

Each day he devoted a portion of time to this investigation; and constantly meeting Judge W., the latter frequently inquired if he had yet discovered those *proof-texts*. He replied, "No, Judge, I am doing my best to find them, and will accommodate you as early as possible."

During that and the succeeding year, I read critically every chapter and verse of the Hebrew Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi. My investigations were as thorough and complete as I could possibly make them. Yet I was unable to find therein so much as an allusion to any suffering at all after death. In the dictionary of the Hebrew language I could not discover a word signifying hell, or a place of punishment in a future state. No my utter astonishment, it turned out that *Orthodox critics of the greatest celebrity were perfectly familiar with these facts!*

And yet to this very day we are surrounded with clergymen, who, either in the innocence of ignorance, or with the craft of trade, palm off these fictions for truth."

Mr. Clapp continues: "Still, I was sanguine that the New Testament would furnish me with the arguments I had sought for. I scrutinized time and again, whatever in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, are supposed to have any bearings upon the topic, for the space of eight years. The result was that I could not name a portion of New Testament Scripture which fairly interpreted, affirms that a part of mankind will be eternally liable. But the opposite doctrine is taught in scores of texts, which no art of disingenuous interpretation can explain away."

Mr. Clapp affirms that up to this time he had never read any of the writings of the Unitarian or Universalist divines, and that the conclusion he was forced to arrive at, "was counter to all the prejudices of early life, of parental precept, of school, college, theological, seminary and professional caste."

Quite to the point is the following quotation from Theodore Clapp:

"I enjoy an extensive personal acquaintance with ministers of various denominations in England and Scotland. Neither in or out of the pul-

pit have I ever heard one argue in favor of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexpressible that educated men, closing their eyes against the irrefragable evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural world around and within them, should thus believe that final, hopeless, remediless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral achievements. The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

(Original.)

## RAINBOW FANCIES.

BY MISS A. W. SPIAGUE.

Science may talk of the rainbow,  
And say 'tis but sunshine and rain,  
'Tis may strike down my fine airy castles  
In its march—but I'll build them again;  
For I turn a deaf ear to their prating;  
And now, at the closing of day,  
With this glory encircling the heavens,  
I believe not a word that they say.

Earth has not grown old or grown prosy—  
Its beauty what soul cannot see?  
All ages are Classic and Golden,  
All gardens of Eden to me.

I believe in the Elves and the Fairies,  
In Gods and in Goddesses, too,  
In Dryads, and Nymphs, and Witches,  
That charm you—what else could they do?

I know that the spells are no fancies,  
That hind me through long summer hours,  
All Nature has master magicians  
Hid away in the overgrown bowers.

Awake, thou stern hand of the ages,  
This beautiful frostwork shall stay,  
If to worship God's earth makes a Heathen,  
I confess I'm a heathen to-day.

And see in the grand arch triumphal  
A gateway to Isles of the Blest,  
And pray, oh! so wildly, to enter,  
For I know that beyond there is rest.

Or a Mussulman praying at sunset,  
I gaze on this brilliant unknown,  
And dream 'tis the path of the hours,  
That circle great Allah's high throne.

Or a Jew, look upward rejoicing  
At this bow of bright promise in heaven,  
Or encircling some mountain in grandeur,  
Behold some new Sinai's given;

Or when this fair circle of beauty  
Bursts out from a storm-battered sky,  
'Tis a wheel of Jehovah's great chariot  
Of storm-clouds—now thundering by.

Or a Catholic now I behold it,  
A halo around the pure head  
Of the Virgin; its tints of deep crimson  
The blood by her matchless son shed;

Or a Protestant, dream in its radiance  
Of the crown that in Heaven I'll wear—  
(Who cares for the crown, if the loved ones,  
The Angels and God are but there.)

Or a child of the forest, I wonder  
If those that have passed from my home,  
With this Bow are the bold, fearless hunters,  
O'er the hunting-grounds ever to roam;

Till I know the Great Spirit can only  
His hand can alone draw the Bow,  
With his quiver of arrows, the sunbeams—  
And I bless him, the great Manitou.

But I find there's no end to my fancies,  
They gather like stars in the sky;  
So I'll laugh at your wisdom, proud Science,  
The world may believe you—not I.

And oh! thou bright rainbow receding—  
The Angels are shutting the door—  
Take with you one love-freighted message  
To dear ones who've gone up before.

And to thy last tints I'm bequeathing  
This prayer to the Father most high:  
Let my soul be a beautiful rainbow  
Reaching back to the earth from the sky.

But I'll cling to my faith in the fairies—  
There's Heaven wherever they've trod—  
And I'll never turn back to the ancients  
To believe in the presence of God.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
All our hearts are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LITTON HUNT.)

## AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

CONCLUDED.

### No. 10.—Patient Waiters are No Losers.

We all followed Anna readily into the kitchen, because we had learned that she was a girl of more than usual penetration, and we felt quite sure that she had something important to reveal to us.

"I tell you what it is," said she, "I do believe Aunt Ratie will be married Christmas."

"What makes you think so?" said several voices.

"Well, as Aunt Deborah says, I kinder feel it in my bones."

"Which bones?" asked Willie; "in your elbows or your thumbs?"

"Now stop plaguing me, Will, while I tell you what I thought out while Aunt Ratie was reading, though I heard every word she said. I remember when Captain Staunton was here, not almost two years ago, that he said to Aunt Ratie just as he was leaving, 'It will take me only a year and a half, and then my voyage home, when will follow so merry a Christmas that the world will seem as if new-born. Don't forget; I am sure of it.' Now the reason I happened to remember this was because I had heard Elder James talk about the millennium coming, when the earth would be new-born, and I thought perhaps this pleasant captain knew something about it, and that it would come about Christmas time this year. But since I've heard the whole story, I feel sure that he is coming back to marry Aunt Ratie, and if he is, why you see we must all make her a splendid present. You see we were each going to give her something, but I thought perhaps it would be better to form a company, and get something grander."

"But what can it be?" said I.

"Oh, we must all think, and that is what I called you out for; for I didn't want Aunt Ratie to think that I suspected anything. It would n't be polite you know, to really ask her."

"Well, I don't think it very polite to stay out here," said Will, a little disturbed that Anna had thought of something that he had not thought of.

"I dare say that the captain has no thought of coming back at present."

"Well, I intend to keep one eye open for a week," said Anna, "for I think it would be splendid to have some beautiful gift ready, that would show to Aunt Ratie how much we love her."

"So do I," said Willie; "but then girls are always imagining something."

"Let's go back," said I, "and wait a few days, and then we will meet again and decide what to do. I nominate Willie to call us together at such time as he shall think best."

Willie, invested with this authority, was quite reconciled, and immediately arranged to meet Anna every evening, that they might consult together. When we returned to Aunt Ratie, we found her sitting quietly knitting, with her usual sweet smile upon her face. We apologized for our absence, and took our leave, but we kept up a busy talking about the probabilities of Aunt Ratie's marriage, and agreed to keep very secret the little that we knew.

Many days passed away, and there were no new developments, and we had all decided that Anna was altogether mistaken in her conjectures, when Willie announced to us that a letter had arrived that very mail for Aunt Ratie, and that he had carried it over himself, and that he was sure that Aunt Ratie looked more pleased than usual, which he considered a sign that it was from Captain Fred. We decided that we would all meet, as if by chance, at Aunt Ratie's that evening, and perhaps she would read us the letter.

It was a clear winter's night; the stars shone from a cloudless sky, and the very air seemed filled with their glory. Aunt Ratie opened the door as she heard our voices, and her face was as clear and cloudless as the heavens.

"See children," said she, "does heaven seem so far-off when you look at those glowing stars? I feel as if its glory touched the earth each moment on such a night. No wonder that the ancients read grand histories of their gods in the heavens, for we can read there even the beautiful history of a Father's infinite love and power; but come in, it is cold, and I have a brisk fire, and had just brought up some fine apples, for I was expecting you."

"Expecting us?" said Anna.

"Yes, for I had received another letter from Capt. Fred, and I knew you would all be glad to hear it."

"Well, that is just what we came for," said Anna, "though we did not mean to ask to hear it; but Willie told us you had one."

"And how did Willie know?"

"Oh, I guessed, like a Yankee, that's all."

"No, that is n't all," said mischievous Anna; he said you looked unusually pleased, and then I—"

"I'll tell," said Willie; "Anna has been guessing these ten days—guessing Capt. Fred was coming back."

"Good Yankees both of you," said Aunt Ratie, Anna's face glowed with delight at finding at last some probability that her conjectures were true.

At last Aunt Ratie took from her pocket the letter, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR RAY—My mission has been successful. I went to the island and carried back the many articles that I knew would so greatly benefit my old friends. I found them improved in many ways, for the good Simon had been their teacher. He decided to go home with me, and now do not forget the last words I said to you, for I believe they will be true."

"There," said Anna, "I knew it!"

"And what did my Anna know?"

"I knew he was coming Christmas, and that—that—"

"Hush!" said we all.

"Well, children, will you hear the rest of the letter? Captain Fred adds, I would like to tell you one of the good Simon's stories, just as I used to



got angry with them, but could not endure a moment their ill conduct. I had them beaten and punished, but that did me no good. I left enemies wherever I went. I traveled over all the kingdoms of the world, and gained nothing. Finally I have returned, weary and sick of the world, without a friend or a treasure.

"Alas! my son," said the old man, sorrowfully, "I could weep for thee. Let me hear how my other son has found the world."

"I am altogether glad and happy, my father," he said. "I have found the world full of love, and beauty, and goodness. I went forth, and patiently strove to gain the wisdom and goodness of the world. Whatever I attempted to do, that I had patience to perform. When I wanted love, I strove to deserve it, and then waited until it was given to me. When I wanted riches, I toiled unwearyingly, and waited patiently for the results. I traveled over all the kingdoms of the world, and people said, 'There is the man who possesses nothing but patience and fortitude; let us help him to gain other treasures.' So they gave me of their substance, and, best of all, of their love. And now, dear father, I return to you laden with all good things; and, best of all, I bring to you the affection of thousands, who praise you for giving me so noble a gift as the golden staff of patience and fortitude."

"Oh, my son," said the old man, "I indeed am glad that I have bestowed on one of my children a treasure worth possessing. Let the golden staff be henceforth the emblem of power, for he who bears it shall be indeed a king, and inherit the treasures of the earth."

"I am glad Simon is coming back," said Anna, "he tells such splendid stories; but, Aunt Katie, do you really think that patience is so very great a virtue?"

"I think that patience and fortitude will give us the best of treasures in our own spirits. In my own life I have shown to you what it has done."

"Yes, and it will do more, I am sure," said Anna. "Simon was right."

We did not linger as long that night by Aunt Katie's cheerful fire as usual, for we wanted to have a consultation together. We concluded that Anna's conjecture was true, and that Capt. Fred would really come back at Christmas, and marry Aunt Katie. We decided that night to unite all our treasures in money, and send for a silver fruit basket to present to her, and also to make her each some gift with our own hands. Willie decided to make a rustic basket, in which Anna promised to plant some English ivy she had already grown. Arthur agreed to make a frame of moss for a picture that Bertie was to paint. Susie said she would make a cushion, and I promised to weave a hair necklace from all the girls' hair, and an anchor from the boys.

How shall I describe that blessed Christmas Eve? Capt. Fred did come, though not until just at sundown, and after we had entirely given him up. Aunt Katie had put on a brown silk, and had taken off her cap and let the soft hair fall over her temples. She looked at least ten years younger, and really beautiful, with her mild, placid face. There was a wedding. The dear Aunt Katie put off her maiden attire, and became a beloved wife. Should we love her less? I think we really feared that she would love us less, and we all looked very sad as we saw her turn her eyes past us to Capt. Stanton. But after the ceremony was performed, and she came to where we stood and kissed us each, and said, "Now you have not only an aunt, but an uncle, in the little cottage," we were reassured, and were ready for the genuine sailor's kiss which our beloved hero, Capt. Fred, gave to us.

When he opened his package of treasures for each of us, we understood that Aunt Katie had written to him all about us, and we then felt called upon to treat him as an old friend ever afterwards, and a true friend he proved to all of us. He helped the boys to find some worthy business, and he took the girls' journeys to the city, and treated us all like his own dear children. And Aunt Katie grew old outwardly, but in spirit they were ever young, and in their happiness showed that true goodness always finds its reward.

The good Simon, used to come occasionally to see us, for we all claimed his visits, and he never lost his gift of story-telling, but gave us beautiful lessons of love and goodness, in the form of some tale. Perhaps some one will repeat them to you sometime. Egbert and Gertrude, with their three lovely children, used to come to the cottage every summer, and Anna tried to become like Aunt Katie to them, making them cookies and telling them stories.

Thus we close the history of Aunt Katie. Has she not taught us love, and charity, and patience, and faith, and hope, and gentleness?

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, there came a little bird and alighted upon the shoulder of an artilleryman, who was engaged in ramming down the charge after the ammunition was put in the gun. The gun he was loading was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. Of course the gunner was obliged to move his body quite violently, and one would have supposed that the little bird would have been immediately frightened away; but no: he kept his position like a little hero.

When the cannon was discharged, the dear little creature would run his beak and head under the man's hair at the back of his neck, and remain until it was quiet again, when he would draw it out, as if to see that all was going on well. An officer took the bird in his hand, but as soon as it had its liberty it immediately returned to the shoulder of the gunner.

Of what was the little bird thinking? Who can tell? Did it go there for a place of safety, or was it trying to bear that gunner some message of love? Perhaps it came as a bird of promise, to tell him if he felt there was a beautiful land of love that he would go to.

Many officers and men witnessed the scene. We wish one of them could have told us whether the brave little bird returned to the woods, or followed the gunner after the cannonading was over.

Enigma.

In me are letters twenty-three,  
And all reformers do agree  
That of great importance I shall be,  
When every mind my truth can see.

My 9, 22, 13, 3, 18 is what kings sometimes do tyrannically.  
My 12, 7, 10, 21, 16 is what we should ever discountenance.  
My 3, 7, 4, 1 is what we hope reforms will continue to do.

My 23, 6, 20, 2, 17 are characters used in music.  
My 14, 7, 13, 11, 12, 2 is in Europe an honorable title.

My 15, 10, 18, 12, 4, 15, 18 is one who works hard for the "restoration of the Union."  
My 5, 19, 9 is a preposition.

My 8, 9, 6, 21, 14, 20, 23, 2, 17, 17 is necessary to success.  
My whole is what thousands join in saying.  
Whiteacre, Wis.

Conundrums.

BY S. F. R.

What verb might a child use if he saw a ripo pear hanging on a high bough?  
Why are most puzzles like a characteristic that some malicious persons assign to women?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY X. E. W. X.—"United States Sanitary Commission."  
ANSWER TO RIDDLE BY S. F. R.—"Clover."

THE RIVER OF TRUTH.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Flow gently, sweet River of Truth,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a spiritual lay,  
Of those thoughts sleeping 'neath the crumbling sod,  
Who yet bathe in thy waters, sweet river of God.

TO MRS. CARRIE V. McLELLAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Flow gently, sweet River of Truth, on thy way,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a spiritual lay,  
Of those thoughts sleeping 'neath the crumbling sod,  
Who yet bathe in thy waters, sweet river of God.

Thou sweet bird, whose echoes resound through the glen—  
Ye wild, whistling breezes mid the homesteads of men—  
Your oar, replete with spiritual food,  
Are Nature's pure harmony misunderstood.

Beautiful sweet River, thy towering hills,  
Far up in the realms of pure, running rills;  
Where the loved, not sleeping, are revelling on high,  
Whilst quaffing thy waters beyond the blue sky.

How pleasant thy banks, sweet River of Truth,  
Where bright flowers bloom for the children of earth,  
When earth's friendships and loves united shall be,  
As the light of the spheres creeps over the sea.

Thy current, sweet River, in beauty shall glide,  
Through earth's darkened scenes, whatever betide;  
And the soul of humanity in wisdom shall lave,  
Whilst gathering strength from thy silvery wave.

Flow gently, sweet River of Truth, on thy way,  
Flow gently, whatever earth's bigots may say;  
And reflecting the smile of angels above,  
Thy waters shall dance in the sunshine of Love.

EDGAR C. DAYTON.  
(T. G. FOSTER, Medium.)

Original Essays.

"CRITICISM" CRITICIZED.

BY E. HANCE.

I observe in the BANNER of July 2d, Mr. Editor, some criticisms by Bro. Hacker, and desire, with your permission, to make a few remarks on the same. I do not call in question the motives, or doubt the goodness of friend Hacker; but I think his remarks are calculated to mislead the simple, and muddle the ideas of those who have not a clear comprehension of the subject of human governments.

He says, "It is surprising to me that Spiritualists cannot see that all governments founded on, or supported by carnal weapons, are at war with Spiritualism." &c. Now I think it is surprising that all "Spiritualists" cannot see that all governments of every description are a necessity, for the time being, to every community, and that the form of the government will be an exact index to the development of the community which projects it. Doubtless some individuals in and under most governments, are so far developed as to be "a law unto themselves;" to all such the law, which is of necessity founded on "carnal weapons," need not be interfered with, or in any wise molested by.

Now the idea I wish to combat is, that any man (or class of men) can isolate himself, and stand aloof from his fellow-man, however depraved he may be; the more degraded he is, the more need he has of the sympathy and assistance of those who may be more advanced (in some points) to help him onward in his journey to a better condition. No; mankind is a unit, and I consider that no one has the right, if he could, to isolate himself from his fellows, however degraded they may be; not that he should mix with him in his excesses or dissipation, but as opportunity offers, to assist and enlighten him to better his condition, either in a physical or spiritual point of view. As the whole community is involved in the consequences of every wrong committed by any one of that community, so it is the duty as well as the interest of every one who desires a better state of things, to give his exertion and his influence to bring about an advancement toward a higher state of perfection, and not stand back and refuse to do any thing because the highest state of ideal perfection cannot be reached at once. It is an old and trite saying, "that the world was not made in one day."

Again, he says, "My prayer is that all governments which look to carnal weapons for support, may be dashed to the earth." &c. My prayer is that the whole human race may be so far developed as to become a law unto themselves, then all governments supported by "carnal weapons," would be superseded and become obsolete, which must be a slow and gradual process; but that a progress is quite visible when we compare the present with the past, we can see that the more barbarous enactments and usages are constantly being modified to suit the higher spiritual development of the more advanced communities. So instead of standing back and finding fault with the corruptions of the governments and officers, and complaining that only rowdies make and administer the laws, suppose we step forward into the ranks of active participation, and do what we can, however little it may seem to be, to lessen the evils complained of. If all would honestly do this, is it not likely that some improvement would be made? The fact is, all governments are a natural necessity; and if it were possible "to dash all governments which look to 'carnal weapons' for support to the earth" to-day, to-morrow Ruin would rule; the day after, Lynch Law would step in to check the anarchy; and the next day the community would appoint agents to administer such regulations as would be necessary to maintain some kind of order.

By taking a comprehensive view of the subject of "governments" whether it be the management of children by their parents, from infancy upwards; the successful direction of the school, or the peaceful ordering of a civil community—they are all alike, simply "governments," and equally necessary, whether the laws be oral or written statutes, and the object of either should be to address the moral and spiritual faculties as far as capable of comprehending it, instead of the animal instincts—the success of every family or community depends on the judicious combinations of these laws or regulations. This interpretation of the objects and uses of governments, will give the key to unlock the tangled and interminable discussions about the propriety and efficacy of corporal or capital punishments in civil communities. Hence in barbarous communities the laws must be more directed to the animal instincts, than in more enlightened communities, where the spiritual faculties are more developed.

I am aware that certain extreme advocates of the efficacy of the "moral suasion" principle, who stoutly claim that the principle of love and forbearance is more potent, and will better overcome and disarm brute force superior to "carnal weapons," which I readily grant, provided it has a correspondent element to operate on; but in the absence of that, the physical instincts must be restrained by sufficient physical force to protect the

Innocent from the rapacity of the voracious. For a case in point, I have only to cite a notable example, the history of which we are all familiar, viz., the Crucifixion of Jesus. I suppose few will claim a higher exercise of the "moral suasion" principle, than was possessed by him; yet it did not convince his persecutors, or protect himself in that age and community; and how far it was right for him to sacrifice himself in order to establish an IDEAL for the benefit of future generations, is properly and wholly a matter for him, and every other person so circumstanced, to judge for himself.

The idea for "all true Spiritualists and Christians to stand aloof, and permit rebels against God to humiliate each other," is a left-handed method of applying and interpreting the Harmonical Philosophy, to my notion, instead of using every effort to enlighten and change the conditions which produce the evils complained of, and sympathize, yes, sympathize with the parties, who, we may believe, are misguided under adverse influences, and striving to injure their fellow-men. And in conclusion, I would remark, that as all matters pertaining to the affairs of men are produced through the medium of instrumentalities and agencies of various kinds, whether it be governments or individuals, we cannot, if we would, prevent taking our part in the universal movement in the grand progress of events, although we may perhaps give ourselves some inconvenience by being obstinate, and in trying to prevent the sure destinies which Father God and Mother Nature are certain to accomplish.

Fallsington, Pa., 1864.

POPULAR FAVOR.

The study of popular favor is strange and complex; how it can be secured and managed, or held, furnishes deep study alike instructive and interesting.

Life is a demonstrative problem containing many corollaries and schollums, and before we can fully appreciate and understand how to attain and rule popularity, it is necessary for us to understand that proposition and solve these corollaries and schollums, or in other words, he who would know human nature must make it a deep and earnest study. One whose ambition seeks singly for popularity is ever regarded by the public with suspicion, at least by all who are of the thinking or deductive class; while on the other hand, he who becomes truly popular from correct principles, seeks with popularity the benediction of his fellow men.

The man who follows the routine of life, walks in the trodden path, accepts the virtues of his day and advocates them zealously without venturing a single step ahead, secures simply a passport to present favor; but he who originates, or is instrumental in giving truth which is wholly or generally unknown, but that will be adopted or divulged in the future, though by so doing he banishes present popularity, may be sure that the generous enthusiasm of public favor will fall upon him in due time, even though his perishable or changeable body may have long lain in the tomb.

The astronomer who, sinking under the weight of torture more than flesh could bear, recanted his belief in the rotary motion of the world, by that act took a rapid step toward attaining immediate popularity, but the moment he declared that the world still moved, that moment he banished popularity a century beyond his grave.

And what a similarity is to be found among the advocates of Spiritualism, let one but deny or renounce and forthwith he is almost worshipped; but let him again advocate unpopular truth, and he is at once despised.

Experience indicates two distinct classes of popular favor, that which elevates the people to its own standard, and that which goes down to the people; to live above the people is to forfeit our present ease with the prospect of fame after death, but to live with the people is to ensure death after fame. He secures the truest as well as the highest popularity, who, knowing the right dares maintain it, and having discovered it dares promulgate it. A refusal to accept, or a hesitancy after conviction to boldly assert, is an indirect admission of weakness and an outright crime.

Time alone weighs the false and discloses the truly popular; it rends the veil asunder before which worshippers bow to reverence to the holy of Holies within; it uncovers the false, the hypocritical, so that the narrowest circles and the trooping millions as they pass, can easily discover and know upon whose altar burns the actual incense and the popular fame.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Some points of our philosophy have been fully and plainly demonstrated during the few years of its late revival and progress, but many are yet obscure and only mooted—open to experiment and discovery.

First, it is fully established that the spirit, or soul, is an organization in form, of more or less subtle, elemental and impermanent matter. Whether a simple or a compound, is not settled. I believe it is a compound of various substances, as the body is; others believe it a single and simple substance, and eternal in duration. I believe it is not eternal in duration of the form it appears in to us after separation from the body. When and how these points will be settled, I know not; they are not yet.

Second, it is well settled that the cerebrum, or top brain, is the gateway, when not destroyed, through which the soul goes out of the body; but when this portion of the body is broken up, and suddenly and wholly scattered, still it is evident the soul finds a way of separating and holding its form as perfect and complete, showing that this brain-head is not essential to its birth, or existence independent of the body; yet I think all experience goes to show its necessity for the formation of a soul, as we do not find the evidence of soul existence in forms below, or rising from forms below the cerebrum. What the real relation of the soul to and with the brain is before, at, and after death, is not settled by our philosophy.

One thing is certain, viz: as many vague, crude, and absurd theories come to us from spirits as from mortals on these points.

Thirdly, it is not settled how much and how far the subtle and wholly, or partially, impermanent matter of their forms is subject to the laws and motions of the earth and bodies on or near its surface, but it is certain they must partake of, and be governed by, its motions, both in its orbit and diurnal, or they could not hold their relation to persons and places on its surface. If so, as they move out from the surface of the earth the diurnal motion must be greatly increased, and by the law of gravitation and centrifugal force they would be sent off in a tangent, or curve, with great velocity. But there is evidently some law relating to them and the matter of which they are composed that we are not acquainted with.

How they get out of one sphere of planet and

motion into another—if they do—is yet to us an unsolved mystery. Theology has no solution, or relief, except its immateriality, and consequent non-existence theory, which, in its whole and parts, is essentially immaterial in another sense of the term. Short-sighted persons put a God in to fill out explanations, and long-sighted ones leap such chasms without a bridge; so none can follow but the jumpers. I must have a solid bridge before I go over, and feel its timbers as I go.

I am sure spirits stay about persons and places for a short time after they leave the body, hence are involved in the motions of the earth; that they are relieved from these, or if so, how and when, I am not posted. When they go, and how they fare in the long line, I do not know. There are many beautiful theories of the "summer land," few of the winter land, but the geography is quite incomplete, and the surveyors' maps are hardly in outline. Many of us stand on the "unsteady planks that sway and bend" beneath our feet. Experiment we want, and testimony and reason. Wild theories are of little value.

Correspondence.

Lowell—Spiritualism—Plenit, etc.

Permit me, dear BANNER, to say through your columns to the many friends inquiring for me, that after a rest of one month among the green hills and valleys of Vermont, I again enter the field of labor assigned me eight years ago by the angel-world. The last year has been one of peculiar interest. In my visits to many new places in New England, I have been brought in contact with many minds who were heretofore strangers to me. Everywhere I found unusual power developing in the hearts of the people, under the divine influences of our beautiful Philosophy. Although disintegration seems written upon everything in the outer world, yet the universal principles of peace and harmony are welling up from the interior fountains of life, to arrange and reconstruct on a higher basis.

In no place where I have lectured do I see greater advantages for growth in spiritual truth, than in this city. Some of our best speakers and most prominent test mediums have been developed here, and others are now being brought before the public. There seems to be the indelible word Progress, written upon everything pertaining to the Spiritualism, and in no place does it seem more brilliant than in Lowell. The Lyceum is suspended here for a few weeks, and many of the dear friends I met here in March and November, have left the city during the sultry weather, to enjoy the country with its invigorating influences, to return with renewed energies; yet those remaining are steadfast, always abounding in kind words and noble deeds, thus, too, cheering and beautifying life.

August 10th the Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity held a picnic in Excelsior Grove, Westford, about sixteen miles from this city. As I entered this beautiful grove made so by Nature, with a few additional comforts arranged under the supervision of Messrs. Walker and Cutler, I was reminded of a Methodist camp-meeting. Though I heard not the enthusiastic songs pealing through the grove from the more zealous Christians, as of yore, I heard angel-voices whispering their sweet words of peace and hope, like a silent murmuring, on every breeze that wafted the beautiful branches of Excelsior Grove.

The utmost freedom and harmony prevailed. Each had come for a "good time" and all seemed at perfect liberty to choose their own way of having it. Consequently some formed circles to hear direct from the spirit-world; others, being desirous of exercising their muscular power, and pay due respect to the excellent music and fine dancing floor prepared in the grove, joined in the graceful dance; others were engaged in shooting at targets, swinging, and boating, there being a fine little lake surrounded by beautiful scenery, adjoining the grove, furnished with boats for as many as wished to ride. Thus passed the time from ten A. M. to three P. M., (with the exception of the rich repast of luxuries prepared for the occasion) when the company were invited to be seated near the platform or speakers' stand, to listen to whatever might be said. Mr. Constantine of this city made appropriate remarks. A poem was read by Mr. Courier. A speech was then given by N. S. Greenleaf of Lowell, whom all know as an able speaker. The audience then cheered us with singing, after which a few thoughts were given by the writer. Thus passed one of the sunny days of earth-life, manifesting the truth of the saying, "There is a time for all things." At six o'clock we were reminded it was time to return to our homes; thus all separated, wearing the same cheerful faces as in the morning, and feeling in their hearts, that life, true and earnest, was indeed "beautiful."

I am to remain in this city during August; from here I go to Portland, Maine, where I am to speak the first two Sundays of September.

Thus, kind friends, through the BANNER, I have greeted you and bid you "God-speed," and to this beautiful BANNER I would say,

Long may you wave  
O'er the homes of the pure,  
Our people to save.

Lowell, Mass. Aug. 12, 1864. S. A. HORTON.

Spiritualism Ignored at Saratoga.

You will perhaps be surprised, Mr. Editor, to learn that we are having one of the gayest and most successful seasons ever known at Saratoga. I have never before looked upon this exhibition of display and fashionable extravagance and folly with such feelings of disgust as I do at the present time. It may be on account of the bereavements I have suffered in this dreadful war, or the haunting images of our suffering soldiers, or the starving condition of those who are prisoners in rebel hands, that has injured my taste, or broken my ability to appreciate what is so gorgeously presented before me to admire. It may be that my years are unfounded, and that I ought to look upon all this with delight, as giving evidence of the glory, prosperity and greatness of our country. It may be my own dyspeptic imagination that conjures up the thoughts that success, as exhibited at Saratoga, is not the best evidence of real and useful prosperity. What is it that is most patronized and popular at Saratoga? First, the races; next, drinking and gaming saloons; and next, the churches. These all stand No. 1 of their kind, each being an institution, with some others that it may be as well not to mention. All these, perhaps, in a place like this can only be expected; but what is here the most unpopular and despised, and which of the above named institutions is the most active in making and molding popular sentiment? The Church joins hands with what it professes to regard as the lowest element in human society, to destroy the effects of those in spirit-life who are working to convince mankind of immortality, and the need of a better and more useful existence.

I am reminded of these things by the manner

in which the Davenport Sisters were received here, and the exceeding unpopularity of the manifestations that took place in their presence. When we realize how great must be the efforts of those immortal ones who for our own benefit alone have so exercised their skill as to produce the wonders that they exhibit through these innocent and artless girls, and then to see them exult so little in their, in fact, to see them persecuted and scorned for these very efforts to bless us, is only another proof of the strange inconsistency of man.

P. THOMPSON.  
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1864.

LECTURES' 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."

L. JUDY PANDER will lecture in Chelsea, Sept. 4 and 11; in Worcester, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for the first time in Lowell, Sept. 18 and 25. In Springfield, Oct. 10 and 17; in Quincy, Oct. 22 and 29; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Springfield, during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Milford, Aug. 28; in Taunton, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Foxboro', Sept. 18 and 25; in Portland, Me., Oct. 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

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. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year, and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will speak in Chelsea, Aug. 21 and 28.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Old Town, Me., during August. Address, box 815, Leech, Mass.

JAMES M. ALLEN speaks in Verona, Me., Aug. 29; in Stockton, Sept. 4. Address, Stockton, Me. He will receive subscription for the Banner of Light, also attend funerals.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Nov. 20 and 27; in Taunton, Dec. 4 and 11; in Springfield, during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

MISS LIZZIE DORR will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Lowell, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. J. M. FARRIS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of September. Address, box 10, Rockford, Ill.

SERIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

WALTER CHASE will attend the Convention at Belvidere, Ill., Sept. 2 and 9, and will lecture in Lowell, during Sept. 6 to 9, and at South Pass, Ill., after the 10th of Oct. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday, and in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

GEORGE A. FRANK, trance medium, will speak in North Attleboro', Mass., Sept. 4. Address, box 27, Auburn, Me., or as above.

MISS SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Portland, Sept. 4 and 11. Address, box 10, Portland, Me. Will respond for the first time in Somers, Conn., Oct. 18 and 25. Address, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. The opposite Sundays not yet engaged. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

WALTER HYDE lectures every week in his office at Hope Chapel, New York City. See advertisement. Address, 720 Broadway.

J. G. FISHER will speak in Cleveland, O., during September. Will answer calls to attend funerals, planches, group meetings, and to lecture week-day evenings in vicinity of his Sunday appointments. Address according to appointments above.

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

W. K. RIPLEY will attend the three days' meeting at Milford, Me., Aug. 28, 29 and 30; will speak in Stockton, N. Y., during September and October; in Somers, Conn., during December; in Taunton, Mass., and in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. SERIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Vermont during August—address, East Brandon, Vt.; in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 4; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.

Mrs. EMMA HOUTON will lecture in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Mass., during October and November; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

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

DR. AND MRS. L. COONLEY will lecture and heal in Central and Northern Illinois this summer and fall, or until further notice. Address, Chicago, Ill. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform tracts at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

FATRINA E. F. MAITTS will lecture, by spirit-influence, at the Indian Spring Grove, near Saratoga, N. Y., every Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M., when the weather is pleasant.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak in Greenboro', N. Y., Sept. 7 and 14; in Caledonia, N. Y., during the meeting of the Banner of Light, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Lowell during September.

W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Alton, Me., will speak in St. Johns once the Sundays of each month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURES AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under the head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

DR. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture. ap1-1  
MISS EMMA HARDING, San Francisco, Cal. ap19-1y  
CORAL L. V. HATCH, Present address, New York. Jan2-1  
MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON intends spending the fall, and perhaps winter, in the West, in employment as a waitress. Those desiring services will oblige by an early application. Address 111 Curtis street, Bradley, Me., care of H. B. Emery. July2-3m  
MRS. I. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartland, Vt. ap1-1  
MISS SARAH A. HORTON, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. March2-7m  
MISS LIZZIE M. A. CARR, Ypsilanti, Mich., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public notice) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the spiritual papers. ap19-2m  
MR. A. PRINCE, Auburn, Me., trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. ap19-2m  
MISS JENNIE S. RUDD, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. July2-3m  
MR. C. C. FAYRE, Alton, Me., will speak in Stockton, Me., during July. She will now receive calls to lecture for the coming autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. July2-1  
J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, from Massachusetts, desires to make engagements through the West, to lecture over the friends who desire his services. Address, Iles Moines, Iowa, care of Lewis Lucas, Esq. ap19-2m  
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Cleveland, O. July2-1  
MRS. C. A. PULHURST, of Oneida, Knox Co., Ill., will answer calls to lecture, or speak on funeral occasions. July2-3m  
MISS A. T. MURPHY will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, 36 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. July2-3m  
DR. HORATIO L



## Correspondence in Brief.

## Letter from Chelsea.

MR. EDITOR.—Our citizens have been enjoying for the past month some of the most beautiful lectures that have ever been given in this city. The mediumship of N. Frank White, the well-known inspirational speaker, late of the army of the West. His arguments were forcible and logical, his articulation clear and distinct, and the rich flowing eloquence that rolled, as if by magic, from his tongue, has held large and intelligent audiences spellbound and wonder-stricken. Mr. White's labors among us have not been in vain, and the spirit of investigation and a desire for truth is a creditable characteristic of the good people of Chelsea, and one which we are glad to say is daily being exercised with grand results. Old theology has erected innumerable barriers against the spirit of investigation, but, thanks to the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century, "tyranny is always weak, while truth is young and strong," and this sublime harmonious philosophy is making great inroads into the mysticisms of the past by the analogies of Nature and the scientific demonstrations of the laws which govern material and spiritual life.

Mr. White's last lecture of the course (on Sunday evening last) was on the present rebellion and its ultimate results. Slavery in all its manifold forms—moral, intellectual, social, political and physical—was shown to be the cause of this great uprising, and not until man ceases in unbridled and unrestricted freedom of thought, soul and body can the great temple of universal freedom tower unsullied to the skies. It was a masterly production from the celestial spheres, and made us all realize that though the storm-clouds of war, bloodshed and carnage are upon us yet we are not alone, and that it is only the shadow, which will soon be followed by the glorious sunlight of peace.

May the day not be far distant when the dogmas and superstitions of the past shall fade away, and men and women learn to realize and feel the divinity within themselves, and recognize all humanity as brothers and joint heirs of a never-ending and progressive immortality in the spiritual world.

Mrs. Fanny Burbank Felton lectures here next Sunday and the following evening, and are held in many private families during the week.

With success to the BANNER in its endeavors to enlighten humanity on spiritual things, I remain, yours respectfully,

PROGRESS.

## Wholesome Suggestions.

DEAR BANNER.—Enclosed please find one dollar to help make up deficiencies in your current expenses, although my subscription does not run out until next March, but morally, every subscriber is bound to advance the needful, in order to give the necessary support to the mouthpiece and exponent of our beautiful Philosophy. I believe every true Spiritualist should, and will willingly, give double the price rather than see it sink for want of means to defray its expenses, and others with whom I have conversed, feel exceedingly surprised and sorry that the "Herald of Progress" did not advance the price peremptorily—just as cloth or sugar advance—and every one of us ought to talk just as we do in those cases, viz., class our papers among the necessities, and then we must have them. I would rather have given five dollars than have had the Herald suspended. Such fearless advocates of human rights should not be allowed to be withdrawn from the heart of humanity.

I hope you will take the hint, and put your paper on such a financial footing as will make its suspension from that cause an impossibility.

Yours truly, JAMES THOMPSON.  
P. S.—I have made speeches the other day, by an opponent asking, "What can't two million Spiritualists in the United States support two first-class papers?" What could I say? It is a shame.

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1864.

## The Cause in Indianapolis, Ind.

The cause is prospering here under the lecturing of Mrs. White, and as it gains in influence and numbers, the opposition of the churches becomes more virulent and determined. I listened the other evening to a lecture denouncing and exposing the "grand humbug," which sort of lecturing I hope may be repeated at short intervals, as it evidently aided Spiritualism more than it did harm. A friend was listening, who, after the lecturer was through, so thoroughly pointed out some of his inconsistencies, that I fear he will not attempt another exposure.

J. R. BUEL.  
Aug. 5.

## Correction.

MR. EDITOR.—I have always been gratefully mindful of the fidelity, taste and general precision of your compositions in setting my copy; so much so that I am doubtful whether it was a misprint or a slip of my pen which caused the word "physical" to take the place of "psychical," in my last. I certainly meant to write this sentence:

"The use of food is to make blood; the use of blood is to vitalize and renovate the body; and the use of the vital element itself is to mentalize the brain and nourish the psychical form of the human spirit."

GEORGE STEARNS.  
Leeds, Me., Aug. 11, 1864.

## Will Others do Likewise?

Enclosed you will please find fifty cents, which amount please add to my yearly subscription to the BANNER, for I am satisfied that you cannot sustain yourselves at the price (\$2.50) which I paid you for the BANNER for one year; and if labor and material advance still higher, I am willing to advance for the support of the BANNER of Light correspondingly. In fact, I would rather pay \$50 a year for a copy of it, than have it go down for the want of support.

Yours for truth and progress, J. B. TAYLOR.  
Janesville, Mich., Aug. 9, 1864.

## Healing Mediums.

Last week I attended the lectures of Mr. Walter Hyde, of New York City, and I must say that I was highly pleased, not only with his gentlemanly deportment, but also with the practical spiritual knowledge he conveys to his numerous students relative to the development of media, and the cure of disease by the laying on of hands. With the sincere hope and belief that the good angels will ever continue to encourage and sustain so important an institution as the BANNER OF LIGHT and its numerous co-workers, is the wish of your friend,

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS.  
306 River street, Troy, N. Y.

## Help Wanted.

We hope some good lecturer will remember Monmouth and Young America in their travels. All we need is a little stirring up. Some avow their belief, but more believe who do not avow it. Creeds are strong here; the Presbyterian Church has the most members, and is best attended; the Baptist, Methodist and Universalist are comparatively weak. We much need some live speaker to "come over and help us."

A. T. SMITH.  
Young America, Warren Co., Ill., July 31, 1864.

A REPORTING MACHINE.—A novel and curious instrument has been invented by Mr. Bryois. It is for the purpose of taking short-hand notes with more than the usual rapidity. It consists of a series of levers worked by keys like a piano, and acting on a set of types which impress themselves on a slip of paper that is gradually unrolled. Working only with one finger, an ordinary reporter can work as quickly as the best short-hand reporter, but by using the two hands the rapidity is increased immensely.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CENTS?—There was coined at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia during the month of July 5,350,000 cents and 2,270,000 two cent pieces. When it is remembered that the cent coinage at the mint has averaged about half a million per month for the last two years, and knowing as we do that there are not quarter enough in circulation for change of even the small fractional paper currency, the question may well be put, "What becomes of all the cents?"

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 2, 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 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.*

## Insincerity in Social Life.

Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lives, and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, in our general regard, no sacred sincerity; invitations issued with a fraud lurking in their politeness; getting the company together by one falsehood; greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome receiving them with another; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, sustaining their mock dignity with another; and dishonest regrets at the farewell, dismissing them with another—who will dare to affirm these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized and elegant life? When is the rugged, truth-speaking, Christian time coming, which shall tear open and rend apart these guilty illusions, plant the communion of soul with soul on some pure and just foundation, and restore the social world to its primitive and upright simplicity?

The above extract is made from one of Rev. Dr. Huntington's public discourses. It contains a volume of sober truth, enveloped as it is in caustic satire; and ought to command the reflections of every thoughtful person.

It is not well, we know, to find too much fault with our modern society, faulty as we know it to be; for men and women are but human beings at best, given to error through their ignorance, dogmatic in the possession of nothing more than half-views of things, unwilling to be set right when clearly in the wrong, loving their present habits of thought better than other habits which they will not pretend are superior in any respect, and at no time wholly devoted to the pursuit of what is true and lovely for its own sake. What could be expected of beings of so weak a character as this?

Yet in criticizing we do not necessarily give way to fault-finding. Every social institution ought to receive just and constant criticism, or it cannot be expected to stand long. The quotation above is a criticism, and a timely one. It contains hints of the very qualities which should combine in the formation of all good and healthy society, though it throws out those hints negatively and positively. Of the many faults which eat out the heart and core of our social life, none are worse than this of insincerity. There can be no positive and permanent good where it is. A man covers all noble traits with a pall, when he throws around his conduct this much too fashionable garment. Many persons think it vulgar to say what they mean, and even rude to act out the sincerity which slumbers within them. A strangely vicious education must have received, to believe that the worst side is better than the best, and that untruth is preferable to truth. But when we look about us and find this state of affairs is really becoming fashionable, and that it is openly and confessedly practised by all classes of men and women who try to attract popular notice and to rule the popular sentiment, we may well pause in astonishment before a fact so full of a fatal significance.

Why should we not all of us aim to be truthful to one another? Why should it not be as "fashionable" to be ourselves as to seem to be somebody else? Upon what can that fashion be based, which forbids a person from betraying sincerity, and commands him to be insincere? And yet our people not only tolerate, they actually prefer such a base and irresponsible tyrant as this fashion, and attempt to establish a permanent society upon it, which shall stand for the real character of our whole people? Not artificial structure merely, but a thoroughly deceitful, treacherous, and false one! Is it not monstrous, that such a scheme can be deliberately devised and persistently adhered to? How long can such a social structure stand, at the longest?

Emerson remarks, in one of his Essays, on that lying-in-wait smile which lurks about the mouths of persons who would appear to be what they really are not, and characterizes it as the most disgusting badge of deception which a man can wear. Yet how many do wear on their faces that treacherous smirk, concealing either a spirit of sneakishness or of villainy? It is the falsest banner which any individual can hang out. If we would show ourselves courteous, polite, and kind, what is the need of trying to overdo it by grinning about it? For what is that perpetual grin intended but for deception—to convey the impression of a very different feeling, if only in point of intensity, from what one truly entertains. And so in regard to other emblems, and signals, and practices. When one goes beyond the limits of what the finer and nobler instincts assure him to be a kind courtesy and a genuine politeness, by the very act of overdoing the matter—even if he does not intend actual deceit, much less anything so bad as treachery—he to that extent practices untruth and is wicked.

We need not go to the extreme which coarse and vulgar natures would naturally fly to, and say to a person's face what it does not become us to say, blunt out what we conceive to be his faults, and publish the list of our imaginary grievances to him. There is no more truth in this sort of abusive truth-telling than in the other. If there were, we should all of us be by the ears every day of our lives. What we think of a person to-day, may not be our opinion to-morrow; hence it is becoming to practice patience, and silence also. Besides, we were sent into the world to be something more than censors merely, although there is no sort of danger that we shall exercise too rigid a censorship over ourselves. If we are careful to practice the simple truth with ourselves, the example which our characters will offer to others will be a thousand times more effective than all the verbal censorship that was ever coined into phrases. We can very soon purge our society of the gross evils at which we complain, by proceeding to purge ourselves first, and presenting to others pure characters, of a crystal truthfulness, through which sincerity shines as the light of heaven traverses a window. There is where the work of reformation is to begin. We need not wait for some powerful organization to take us up and turn us out all new, through the

operation of its mysterious machinery; but the work to be done we must do at home, of our own motion, and because we love purity and truth better than insincerity, and heartlessness, and fraud.

## Spiritualism Abroad.

We have received the London Spiritual Magazine, from which we glean a few items of interest respecting the progress of Spiritualism in the old world. Although a party of very astute philosophers in Glasgow exposed "the delusion" not many moons since, it appears that it won't stay exposed, but having been, as these astutes thought, annihilated in one phase, now presents another upon which they can flash their dark lanterns—and very dark lanterns they are, too. An engineer in Glasgow suddenly finds himself invested with mediumistic powers. He has been raised by the spirits to the ceiling, and has made some very successful attempts to obtain spirit-photographs. Other interesting manifestations have occurred in his presence, and it seems highly probable that our friends in that city will soon find their numbers and influence on the increase.

A gentleman residing in London, who has for many years been honorably connected with the literature of England, and acknowledged to be "a clear, vigorous, and very instructive writer," has, with his wife, conducted some experiments which have resulted in furnishing them with personal evidence of the presence and power of spirits.

A distinguished clergyman in London has had such manifestations in his own house that he has become a confirmed believer in Spiritualism. He is not less bold than eloquent, and will, ere long, enunciate in his own way the important truth which has so suddenly burst upon him. The Baron Dirckinck Holmfeld, of Denmark, thus writes of a séance which he attended at the house of this clergyman:

"Having been present at a séance in the house of that clergyman, and who is justly celebrated for his wonderful gifts of genius, and the broad view he takes about humanity and Christianity, I wish to state that nobody present, and least of all, our amiable host, entertained the least doubt about the spiritual cause of the astonishing facts we witnessed, or about the wonderful powers of Mr. D. D. Home as the medium through whom these manifestations were obtained. We had the usual raps in such a way that appropriate answers were given, we had the movements of sundry articles of furniture, a grand-piano-forte included, which was lifted entirely into the air, a motion which would appear spontaneous, if furniture could give intelligent answers to our questions. We had the music, the concertina being played in so charming a way, with far distant echoes, that the utmost mortal skill could scarcely have produced such harmonious tones; we had the manifestation of children's hands moving under the surface of floating gossamer shawls and dresses; we had the ladies addressing the spirits of their children, answered by distinct responding raps; we had bracelets untied and removed, and all the circumstances of the Home séances which are so justly celebrated through extensive regions of our globe."

Two instances of apparition are given which are very striking. In Nov. 1853, a Mrs. Smith and her son were passing through a narrow lane which was protected by a turnstile. As they approached the stile they both saw a woman approaching, and as Mrs. Smith passed through one way, the woman passed through the other. Mrs. Smith noticed her light dress, bonnet, &c., and felt her dress brush against her. The mother and son believed it to be Susan Gilbert, a friend of theirs, but they thought it strange she did not speak, and still more at seeing her, because they supposed her ill in bed. Looking after the figure they saw it suddenly disappear, which so frightened them that they ran home. On the following morning they went to see their friend, and found her in a dying state. Those who attended her said she "had gone off" several times as if dead, and rallied again. She died three days after the meeting at the turnstile.

Some years ago, Mrs. W— sailed for the West, India, to join her husband, who had obtained a government appointment at St. Kitt's.

When the vessel was within two days' sail of her destination, Mrs. W—, whilst standing in the cabin, felt her arm strongly grasped as if by the hand of a man. Looking round, she asked who had done it. None of the passengers were within reach, and all assured her they had not seen any one touch her. Shortly after she again felt the same sensation, and thinking that some one was taking a jocular liberty with her, she withdrew to her room. Later in the evening a lady passenger called her attention to the state of her arm, which was discolored, showing the distinct print of a hand, with the fingers and thumb reversed.

On her arrival at St. Kitt's, friends came to meet her, accompanied by the clergyman of the place, who gradually broke to her the intelligence of her husband's unexpected death, which, it appeared, had taken place on the day and at the hour she felt her arm grasped on board the ship.

An interesting article upon the "Spiritual Experiences of General Sir Charles Napier," distinguished for the part he took in the Peninsular War, under Wellington, and one of the greatest commanders and most distinguished men that ever lived, proves beyond a doubt his belief in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals. Spirits talked with him and he with spirits. He became informed of "table moving," and at once accepted the phenomena as real.

Reports of wonderful manifestations in the presence of Mr. Home, continue to be given. These are similar to those through the mediumship of the Davenportes, Mrs. Chamberlain, and others in this country, and are, like them, given under such circumstances that preclude all possibility of deception. Mr. Home leaves England about the first of September for Australia, with the design of giving a course of lectures in the principal towns. A renewed interest in Spiritualism is occurring in that country. At a circle there, information was received concerning a missing steamer, which subsequently proved correct.

## More "Hersey."

The Third Congregational Society in Portland, Maine, desired to settle Rev. Mr. Walton as pastor, but the Congregational Council refused to install him on account of his liberal views. Whereupon the society engaged him to preach to them for one year. The Christian Mirror gives the following explanation of Mr. Walton's "heresy." "We understand that the candidate affirmed his belief that Christians and Christian ministers, in proportion to their faith, are as really inspired as were the prophets and apostles, and that this inspiration is as authoritative to themselves as is the Word of God; that God dwells in every Christian in some such sense as he dwelt in Christ; that the punishment of the wicked may not be eternal, but end in annihilation; and that heathen and others not having had the privilege on earth, may in another world have the offer of salvation. The candidate also gave the council to understand that his views had undergone a great change during the last year, as the result of an interview with some Christian friend. On several important points, he distinctly stated that his mind was not made up."

## High Price of Peaches.

Rotten peaches are selling in this city for ten cents a quart, and such are scarcely fit for the pigs are displayed by dealers with the expectation that people will buy them. Passably fair peaches are selling for twenty-five cents a quart, and good ones at ten and twelve cents apiece! And this while hundreds of bushels are so rapidly decaying that there will be nothing shapable left of them in a week except the stones. Such charges as these are an outrageous imposition upon a good-natured public. If they were called for by existing circumstances there might be some reason in them, and if there were reason in them, we might quietly submit. But there is none; and the strangest of all is that buyers cannot see the fraud. In Philadelphia such a basket of peaches as we are asked to pay five dollars for, can be bought for twenty-five cents! New York is being surfeited with them, and fair prices prevail, but here in Boston we have to wait until the fruit is rotten, and are then expected to pay a price for it which would be extravagantly high even for good ones. It is not many years since good peaches were sold in this city for twenty-five cents a peck. We do not expect to get them for that now. We are willing to double it, or treble it, or even quadruple it, but when we are asked to pay eight or ten times the old price—well, then we grumble, and think we have a right to. Any fruit-grower of New Jersey or Delaware who would consign a stock of peaches to this market, and deal them out to consumers at a fair profit, would confer a favor upon Boston people and enrich himself.

## The Farmers of the Country.

The London Examiner recently contained an article, whose central idea was a sound one and good one, viz: that the farmers of America give the tone and temper to the national character, and shape the conduct of national affairs. Nothing, in our view, seems more true than this very position. It is a mistake to suppose that it is by the noise and clamor, the effervescence and over-activity of the cities that the country is managed, or that the expressions of opinion in the leading cities shape or color the management of public affairs. The true influence comes from the country—from the land and those that till it. The influence of cities like New York and Boston and Philadelphia is scarcely felt at all at the West, and over the breadth of the land. The people living in our cities are surprised, on rallying forth a hundred miles or less by rail, to find how little their doings are talked about, and what slight effect they have on the great population of the country. We rejoice that it is so; that upon the population of the country at large, and the agricultural population especially, depend the fortunes of the nation, including its integrity, its power, its glory, and its entire future.

## Our Mining Wealth.

A leading New York journal remarks concerning the vast mineral and mining wealth of the country, that it is a singularly assuring fact that the outbreak of the war has been accompanied by the discovery of immense mining resources and by an extensive development of mines already existing. While the country is struggling for the preservation of its political and territorial integrity, and the hearts of its citizens begin to quail lest the enormous military expenditures should exhaust their available resources, tidings come from the Pacific coast, from the interior of the far West, and from the shores of Superior, revealing the existence of mineral treasures that must lay the basis for an illimitable expansion of our national wealth and power. At the same time, the creation of a powerful iron navy, and the manufacture of arms and military accoutrements for immense armies, have produced a marvelous activity in the coal and iron trades, placing them in a position of wealth and independence they have never hitherto occupied, but which they have greatly needed to put them on equal terms of competition with the corresponding interests of other countries.

## The National Convention of Spiritualists.

Last week we were only able to give a brief synopsis of the first day's proceedings of the National Convention, held at Chicago on the 9th inst. This week we commence publishing a full and official report, and shall continue to do so till it is finished. The report is very interesting, and will elicit the attention of Spiritualists everywhere, it being the first National Convention of Spiritualists ever held. We are informed by Mr. O. H. Crowell, one of our partners, who was present, that the attendance was very large, and the sessions quite animated, and important measures were discussed. No doubt much good will result from the deliberations of the Convention.

## Living on Stuff.

The Detroit Free Press says that five years since a married couple in that city had a quarrel, and the wife declared that she would not speak to her husband until he apologized. For five years she has kept her ill-natured vow, and not a word has passed between the two until a few days since a reconciliation was effected. We have heard of an old lady who told a friend of hers that she guessed she could "live on stuff" just as long as anybody else; but we think she would have given in before the terrors of a five-year siege. We knew one couple—and an Orthodox clergyman and his wife, at that—who neither ate, drank, lodged or spoke with one another, for some seventeen years. It is not right that any law should compel such persons to remain man and wife, which they are not in any just sense.

## Books and Tobacco.

We hear, or read rather, that the son of Dumas, the French romancer—or Dumas, *filis*, as he styles himself—is a confirmed hypochondriac, living in continual fear lest he shall be taken out of the world by consumption. It seems it has been his habit to consume cigars to the number of twenty-five and thirty a day—surpassing somewhat the limit usually reached by the Emperor himself. One day he was idly turning over the leaves of a medical journal, when he came to the article on Nicotine, which is the active principle of poison in tobacco. So impressed did he become by what he read, he immediately threw away the cigar still in his mouth, and silently took a resolution to smoke no more—a resolution which he has thus far kept with strictness.

## Walworth's New Novel.

The Albany Evening Journal says of the new novel by a son of Hon. Chancellor Walworth, which is having a success remarkable for these hard times, "Hotspur has a tendency to mysticism and Spiritualism, and is generally unhealthy." On the other hand, N. P. Willis's Home Journal says, "We pronounce Hotspur, in plot and execution, the greatest success of the season, and we shall in future make extracts for our readers."

## New Publications.

FIRST GOSPEL: Being the Gospel according to Mark; Translated and Arranged with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus, and His Religion; By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This work, the fruit of great labor and conscientious painstaking, fully follows our remarks of week before last on Mr. Beecher's discourse on a superstitious adherence to the creeds and the Bible. The translator has for a long time labored in this field of Biblical criticism, and brings to his task scholarly training and the results of a large experience. We are exceedingly pleased with the whole performance. It rests on common sense and plain intelligence, and throws down the pretensions and assumptions that have never helped but have always hindered in every effort to grasp the real spirit and meaning of the Bible.

Well says the author in his "Note to the Reader," "Amid the shock of arms, and during the settlement of great national questions of justice and expediency, the higher questions of religion ought not entirely to sleep." And with as much truth he adds, "Religious science ought not to languish and be feeble when all other sciences are healthful and vigorous. Christianity can only lead the world and become universal and permanent, by abandoning all false assumptions, and perfecting its doctrines and methods so as to meet the universal and permanent demands of human nature. God is the father of love and truth, never of malice and delusion."

Mr. Sawyer discusses the text scientifically, and therefore with candor and in the spirit of truth. His translations will inevitably have the effect to excite fresh interest in the reading and study of the Bible, and to add new graces to the heart of him who reads and studies in a spirit divested of superstitious influences. To deepen our piety, especially by familiarity with the Holy Scriptures, we must cultivate boldness and candor in all our investigations of God's word, whether in what is written or what is created. We cannot admit a doubt that Mr. Sawyer is doing most excellent and lasting service, in helping to scatter clouds of doubt and superstition which are sure to make anything but true Christians.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September opens with "An Adventure on the Coast of Australia," finely illustrated. The illustrated Esquimaux scenes are quite interesting. This number is above par. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for September, which the ladies wait for with so much impatience, is elegantly illustrated with its usual variety of fashion plates, etc., which, added to a fine table of contents, makes it very desirable. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

Our review of "Man and his Relations" is crowded out this week.

## Cabinet Organs.

Musicians are agreed in respect to the superiority of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs. Mr. Gottschalk, the distinguished pianist, says a New York paper, pronounces the organ "truly a charming instrument, worthy of the high praise it has received, and sure to find its way into every household of taste and refinement which can possibly afford its moderate expense." He also declares it far superior to everything of its class he has seen. He knows of what he speaks, having tested them thoroughly in his concerts the past year. Our most eminent organists fully endorse this testimony. We need only add, therefore, that there is nothing in regard to which it is more true than that "the best are the cheapest," than in regard to musical instruments. A thoroughly good instrument lasts a lifetime, while an inferior one soon gets out of order and is worthless.

Mason & Hamlin have their new factories in full operation, and are turning out a greater amount of work than any maker of this class of instruments in the country, and probably in the world. Yet they are scarcely able to supply the demand. This fact alone is good evidence of the excellence of their work.

## The New Stamp Act.

It is important for all to know that stamps are now required on all bank checks, drafts or orders for money drawn on banks or trust companies. Also on all money orders drawn on individuals or any corporations exceeding ten dollars in amount. Receipts for the payment of any sum of money, or for the payment of any debt due, exceeding twenty dollars, not being for the satisfaction of any mortgage or judgment or decree of any court, and a receipt for the delivery of any property, must have a two cent stamp affixed; also, on all receipts for the delivery of goods. By not complying with this requirement, persons lay themselves liable to a fine of fifty dollars. All bank checks for sums of ten dollars or over require a two cent stamp. Business men would do well to remember these things.

## Appointments.

Hon. George Thompson, the celebrated English lecturer, is to address the Spiritualists of Portland, Me., next Sunday.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Dover, Me., during Sept.; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6th and 13th; in Taunton, Nov. 20th and 27th.

Mrs. A. A. Currier speaks in Montpelier, Vt., September 4th.

Warren Chase lectures in Rockford, Ill., on Sunday, Aug. 28th.

Walter Hyde lectures every week in the "Electro-Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Also, attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Miss C. Augusta Fitch will make engagements for the fall and winter to lecture and attend funerals. Address, P. O. Drawer 6505 Chicago, Ill.

## Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—An Irishman was brought before a court on the charge of bigamy. Being asked by the judge how many wives he had, a little woman by his side said, "Shure, and that's not the question your 'Onor shud ask him—he knows that he has only one, and that's me; but when he gets a dhrap too much he thinks he sees me in all the women. I tell you he's as true a man as ever lived; and he loves me, his own darling Mary, better than all the world besides. It's the lickin' that gets the other wives for him."

The people of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island have voted to amend their State Constitution so as to allow their citizens who are in the army the privilege of voting.







change you twenty-five cents a head for. [We want these facts for your friends. Don't give any that aint true.] Well, they are true. Good heavens! don't you suppose I know? I ha'nit changed my mind, if I have my uniform. Well, good-by. When you come on the other side, maybe I'll get so I can show you round by that time.

June 30.







