

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

{83.00 PER YEAR.}  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

{SINGLE COPIES,  
Eight Cents.}

NO. 4.

## Literary Department.

### MADemoiselle MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Houssey,  
for the Banner of Light, by  
Laura L. Hastings.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### How M. H. Invoked the Devil.

The soirees of the Rue de Sege became very fashionable. The Italians sung there; the company from the Theatre Francaise played comedy; and M. H. revealed the invisible world.

When M. H. was not there they would laugh a little at his presence, his divination, and his fantasies. But when he crossed the threshold of a saloon, and they beheld his pale face, his strange manner and his profound look, they were awed. One would think that the Prince of Darkness was going to make an address. The jeering ones were a little disarmed; the half-believing doubted no more; Cayliostro himself avowed his surprise.

What spoils the romances of Anne Radcliffe, is, her amusing herself by laughing at all the terrors she has inspired, in the last volume. She unravels her apparitions one by one. M. H. did not jest at his own expense for he had more spirit than wit; he had much rather give a thrust of the sword to any one who congratulated him on his prestidigitations.

At one of the soirees at the Rue de Sege, Horace, who was at the same time a believer and an unbeliever, asked a favor of M. H.:

"I would be infinitely obliged to you if you would present me to the Devil."

"I have not the honor of knowing him," replied M. H.

And as he saw they were going to take him at his word, and doubt his mediocrity, he added:

"If the Devil exists we shall see him, for I am going to call him."

While the saloon was yet brilliantly illuminated, the lights were extinguished as if by magic. The women screamed and drew closer to each other. One solitary wax candle remained lighted on the mantle. The fire which flamed brightly when M. H. arrived, now shed only pale flashes of light from the coals which were nearly extinguished. M. H. passed slowly through the saloon, and stopped before the fire-place and threw in some dust which burned and flared up.

"Have you seen anything?" said he to Horace.

"Yes," replied Horace, "I saw a fantastic flame, red, green, and blue. Is that a flame from hell?"

"I do not know," said M. H. "As for me, I seemed to see the Devil."

"And I, also," said a young girl; "I saw his hoofs and tail, perfectly."

Everybody began to laugh; but M. H. did not laugh. "I will begin again," said he.

And he threw some more powder in the fire, and for the second time a devilish flame appeared in the fire-place.

"Oh, most assuredly," said Luciani, "there is no reason to doubt but what it is the Devil in person!"

And turning to M. H. she said:

"Pray tell me what you have thrown into the fire?"

"The Devil," said he, "I had him in my portmanteau. If you doubt it, Mademoiselle, ask him yourself."

Saying these words, M. H. made a sign to a little innid table, which was at the other end of the saloon; which came and stopped before Mademoiselle.

This time everybody was frightened or surprised, except M. de Voltaire, and a statuette of Sevres which ornamented a bracket. M. H. presented some paper and a pencil to Mademoiselle Mariani, saying:

"Mademoiselle, ask the devil a question, he will answer you."

Mademoiselle Mariani, who scarcely knew how much to believe, wrote by chance these words: "Where is hell?"

At that instant the last wax candle was extinguished. The table tipped violently. All at once they saw a hand appear which seized the pencil and wrote.

M. H. remained standing near the chimney, without approaching the table. Mademoiselle Mariani recoiled from it with fear. Horace himself, who was standing behind her, did not dare approach.

"Read," said M. H. to Mariani.

Two candles lighted themselves on the mantle. The young Venetian took the paper by the tips of the fingers and read the answer of the Devil. There were only these words written in cabalistic letters: "In thy heart!"

Horace approached M. H.

"That is very well done," said he in a careless manner. "Now show me what is underneath the cards."

"Underneath the cards? I do not play cards," said M. H.

"It is strange!" said Horace, "I see a portrait." Then turning toward M. H. he said:

"Explain this vision to me."

"I can explain nothing, for I know nothing. Why, you see that portrait. The woman it represents is your love. But, be assured, I shall not tell your secret."

They reentered the saloon. Horace was still pale. He declared that M. H. was the most marvelous portrait painter in Paris. He related how he saw in the mirror in the little saloon, the portrait of a lady form itself by degrees, whom he knew was not present.

"It was me, was it not?" said Luciani to Horace.

"Yes," replied Horace. "You see we are to be together through life even unto death!"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### Transcendental Philosophy and Spiritualism in a Fashionable Saloon.

It was about this time that I went to Madame Mariani's house with Horace, to one of these soirees of the Rue de Sege. He appeared to be very much at home; he was so gallant toward the mother that I judged he concealed his love for her daughter.

Luciani spoke to me of Baden and Chateau Favotito.

"You were then Beauty sleeping in the forest," said I to her; "has Prince Charming been knocking at your door?"

"No," said she, stealing a glance at Horace, "no one has yet awoke me."

I well remember how Luciani was then dressed. She wore a robe of white gauze, with the upper skirt looped up with garlands of roses which seemed to envelope her in a cloud of poetry; her Grecian sleeves revealed an undulating arm of a proud and fine design, and her corsage revealed her beautiful neck, on which she wore a necklace of false pearls, although the neck was worthy the pearls of Cleopatra. Her shining, black hair, always rebelling against a comb, fell in curls, in the antique style.

That evening they talked about everything. The conversation commenced with the opera and ended with the immortality of the soul. Luciani, who had an impression of her approaching death, loved much the dreams of the poets which related to the future life.

Horace, who concealed his knowledge in saying that he only knew his own heart, spoke thus, or nearly thus: "Poets and women cannot gaze on the stars without emotion; thus poets and women are prophets by intuition—seers of our future destiny. Nature has given to man a sixth sense—that of the future. But that sense is enveloped in clouds. The magnetic vision of the future life is not formed by the light of reason: it abides in the borders of the human heart. Action, movements, exterior influences and business cares, can stifle this feeble ray. To believe, it is necessary to love. To hope, it is necessary to suffer. It is only those whose natures are delicate and feeble that have their interior perceptions opened to the mysterious light from the spirit-world. When Socrates, in the Phædon, spoke to his disciples of another life—when he already heard the voices from celestial spheres—when he gave or assigned to his weeping friends a place in the stars—he was holding in his hand the cup of bruised hemlock, which human injustice compelled him to drink."

Here some one interrupted Horace, telling him he was too learned.

"I," said he, assuming a jesting manner, "I have never studied; but if you wish, I will speak for three hours;" and he continued:

"I love this theory of soul wanderings: being born again from sphere to sphere, possessing a successive existence; whose limits are not known; going thus in search of happiness; seeking God, who is always afar; aspiring to the glowing light of eternity; separated from the infinite by an abyss whose shades dissipate more and more; leaving to the world below the cast-off garments of a mortal existence in the form—immortal in the principle. To the sage who contemplates these things, death is a fruitful change; chrysalis of another life. He envelops himself, full of faith and hope, in the funeral folds of the winding sheet, like the insect spinner in the coils of silk that he will soon break with his own wings. But I believe I am talking too long, for no one listens to me."

"The philosophical materialists have much to learn of the fate of man after death," said a young philosopher, who, as yet, had no philosophy. "It would be unjust, however, to believe that this afflicting doctrine should be at the same time incompatible with the dogma of the perpetuity of beings. Some atheistic people of the East profess nothing more than their worship for their ancestors. They believe in a material soul; that it has the exact figure of the body, and continues to haunt the places where its earthly existence ended. Enchained by the elements, these half-dead souls assist nature in her mysterious combinations; they preside over human destinies; they shed their influence on the living; love, hatred, sentiments and passions, which animated them during their presence among men, continue to agitate their hearts; they think, wish, move; hence they exist. They are, so to speak, evaporated beings. They go where the soul of the flower goes, when it gives out its last embalméd sigh. The conclusion that I draw from these facts, is, that nothing is, even at the point of sight, materialistic—the bitter fruit of modern philosophy. The ancients conceived nothing like it. This idea, or, in other words, this negation, is the child of despair; it is more a challenge than a doctrine. Saint Therèse complained to the demon: 'Oh the unhappy, who do not love!' It certainly is my right to complain of the philosopher who says to immortality, 'Thou art only a word.'"

There was a young Christian present, who came to the assistance of the young philosopher.

"In the Christian theology," said he, "the Devil is the Father of Evil. All the thoughts that one

has against God, he has; it is from his breast they are shed over the world. Ah, well there are some things that this doctor of impety, as Luther boldly called him, has never done, will never do, and never can do: the Devil will not deny immortality. Insignificance is his repose, his happiness is his hour; but that happiness will not be increased. The idea of nothingness is, then, a human idea; it is not a crime, it is a folly."

They finally arrived at the Pantheistic doctrine. "The Pantheist believes in nature, in matter as being eternal and inseparable from spirit," replied Horace. "God to them is the ocean of things. Like Saint Paul, they live, breathe and move in him. Souls are emanations submitted to the evolutions of time; they change, transform; they travel in infinite space. That which they were yesterday they will not be to-morrow, for the form of the world passes away, and we pass with it. Movement is the law of all life. One can find sufficient objections to this doctrine, if they wish, but that which meets the most objection is the moral point in the dream of Pantheism, which is the idea of annihilation. Instead of that, all which lives and has lived, will live again; destruction is only one of the forms of immortality."

"Pantheists approach much nearer Christians fond of mystery, than Materialists. To them, human thought appears to be co-eternal with God; whereas, in other words, it is only a radiation from God. To wish that this thought should be a finality would be the madness of the philosophy; it develops itself to the contrary, as life develops in the universe."

"That souls are born again is a point on which all Pantheists agree. But where and how are they born again? Do they return to humanity to detach themselves from it again? Are the men who live more on the surface of the earth, those who will live for ten, twenty or thirty centuries? Or will they revive again in ten thousand years? In a word, is regeneration limited to our terrestrial globe?"

Some one mentioned modern systems.

"But," said Hector, endeavoring to appear learned for five minutes, "what is the use of my being born again, if, in returning to the world, I lose the experience I had acquired in my former existence? What I have been, do you say? What matters it to me what I have been, if it is all effaced, like the trace of the swallow who skims over the water? Humanity will continue, without doubt; progression will follow, and I shall inherit the work of my ancestors on this globe; but, if the part that I have borne in these conquests be blotted from the book of memory, I might as well not have existed. The remembrance of my former existence, and the deeds I have done, will remain in future ages. It may be otherwise: if it is, I claim the right to maintain that nature would be unjust in imposing on me the burden of a continuity of which she refuses me the sense. To be born again thus, is not being born again; it is to recommence death. It is rather puzzling."

"I do not believe that human life should be limited by the destiny of our globe," replied the young philosopher. "The world will come to an end, for it is the lot of everything which has had a commencement that it shall have an end; and humanity will thus be transported to a new planet, where its powers will be enlarged even in the scene of life. Now we have arrived at the ideas of Plato."

"Do you not think," said Mademoiselle Mariani, "that the souls of those who have gone before still continue to watch over those whom they have loved, who remain after them on the earth? Poets say yes, and reasons well; for if they did not love, there would be no existence. For love is active, my confessor tells me. Since it exists, it is necessary it should manifest itself. Do not accuse the imagination of having created these phantoms; for it is credulous of realities. What it sees in the clouds, the philosopher sees with more certainty in the mirror of reason. Let us beware, above all things of despising the shadows that eternity has projected on the surface of time. You know the story of the appearance of objects at a distance: the first mariners who thought they saw mountains of ice in the middle of the arctic seas were treated as visionists; they had mistaken the shadow of the mountains for the mountains themselves; but it was, after all, only a simple transformation of facts; the mountains were further off. It is the same in the phenomena of the future life. Our senses may deceive us, but our feelings will not lead us into error. The legends in which our infancy was cradled are only refractions of truth. If the dead do not return to earth, their thoughts do."

Every one applauded her remarks, for they were fortified with reason upon reason. They were the longings of the heart and the aspirations of the soul.

"Where did you learn all that?" the philosopher asked the young girl; "it is the first time I have ever heard one speak so well in a saloon."

"My father knew all about it," replied she. "He taught me much while he lived. Since his departure, he has learned me many things more. I feel that his soul has not left me."

And that she might not appear too intelligent, Mademoiselle Mariani seated herself at the piano and played several Venetian airs.

I have reported the threads of this conversation to show once more the strange character of Luciani.

The soiree was afterwards like all soirees! They sang, under the pretext they could talk no longer; they took tea to appease their hunger, and left without knowing why they had come.

"Mademoiselle Mariani certainly speaks well!" said the philosopher, on the stairway.

"She certainly sings well!" said Horace, in a careless manner. "These Italian birds have a plumage and warble which would make me an Italian naturalist, even if their native country was in the vicinity of the sun."

"Do you love Mademoiselle Mariani?" said I to Horace, when we were alone.

"What do you think?" said he.

"Take care! that passion will have a terrible morrow if you view it in a jesting light. What has become of Olympe?"

"Olympe! that is further than I can remember. It is four days since I have seen her!"

"I hope, at least, that you do not confound Mademoiselle Mariani with Mademoiselle Olympe!"

"Oh! God defend me from it. But you know my theory; man has a dual nature: the good and the bad. I give the good to Mademoiselle Mariani; I leave the bad to Olympe."

"Ah, well; I advise you not to wait too long, for if you are dual to-day, and you continue to live as you have done, there will soon be only half of you left!"

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### Mr. Themistocle, of the Grecian Academy.

Horace followed my advice, or rather he followed the dictates of his own heart. He read some good books, refused to see Olympe, and passed most of his time near Luciani.

But one evening—so true is it that love does not love happiness always—Horace became wearied of playing duets on the piano, and left Mademoiselle Mariani before the usual hour.

She was sad, but he passed out.

He went up the Boulevard as far as Tortoni's, making himself angry with a bad cigar.

At Tortoni's he met Hector.

"What are you not yet in bed, my dear Horace? Tell me, have you become converted? Do you read books in folio? Or are you digging your grave? We pronounced your funeral oration yesterday."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Tarpeienne's. I do not lose my good habits. Some one has lent me twenty-five louis, to-day, which I am going to risk at lansquenet. And then, they are going to present to us, at supper, a Persian, who has wandered to Paris, and who does not know a word of French. It will be very amusing to learn it to the Persian. Now come with me, we will translate him into French."

"Yes, I will go," said Horace with an abstracted air.

Every morning Horace promised himself that he would not pass any more evenings at the Roche-Tarpeienne; but when eleven o'clock struck, he would mount the stairway in spite of himself, drawn there by play, idleness, and above all, curiosity. There was in him much of the prodigal child; but he was also philosophical. He did not go often to the theatre, because, to him, it was all a spectacle; and comedy in action was better to him than written comedy.

The two saloons of the Roche-Tarpeienne, small as they were, enclosed the most beautiful dramatic scenes, from the gayest to the saddest. They were always laughing; but many concealed their despair under assumed gaiety! There was the despair of play and the despair of love, if one may be allowed to profane that beautiful word for these passions of an hour, or a day—rarely however durable. They are more like plants sown by the storm which blossom on the rocks as if without the assistance of nature.

The mistress of the house had the art of choosing her society. She did not ask precisely to see their passports or their records of birth, but she sought aristocratic faces. On entering her saloons one might believe themselves in the best Parisian company, particularly when there were not too many women present, or the liquor circulated too freely in their young heads.

The conversation was not ridiculous affectation, nor did it vie with the French Academy. But Horace and Hector said it was the only place where wit had full liberty.

It is not necessary that I should re-produce all the extravagances, and jests, or the witty conceits which emanated from the Roche-Tarpeienne, for it might offend the morals. But Horace, who had not this solitude, loved to pass two or three hours every night in this unlikely world, where he always ruled by his beautiful face, his disdain and his wit. One always loves dignity, wherever they are. So, frequently, he did not play. He smoked and jested over the gaming table, and sometimes was impertinent to the women. The bad players feared him, because he was a good critic and feared nothing.

The evening on which the Persian was present, he talked a lansquenet from eleven o'clock till midnight.

"Gentlemen," said Madame de la Roche, "I present to you M. Themistocle, the eighth wise man of Greece."

The gallery changed its masks often; each day brought a new face.

M. Themistocle was one of the most beautiful players of the soiree.

"You will not go from here with a mortmain," said a young musician to him, suddenly, who had already lost the money for his next concert.

M. Themistocle did not answer, but moved his hand.

"I certainly wish," said Horace, "that Greece were blotted out of the maps."

"How dare you say that?" said the Greek. "Lord Byron was not of that opinion. Suppress Greece! the country from whence emanate all the wise men, all the poets, and all the philosophers!"

"What are they good for," said Hector, quickly; "you will not find any more there to-day."

"You judge the people of our country lightly," said M. Themistocle.

"Come, let us end this," said the Roche-Tarpeienne; "You have already had seven wise men. But let us leave their white hairs."

Horace, who had lost, murmured between his teeth:

"It is a country that is always growing worse, for to-day there are no longer Greeks by descent, but Greek by profession."

M. Themistocle threw his cards in Horace's face.

"I know you," said Horace, cuffing him with the end of his glove, without deigning to be angry. "You do not throw me back my money, but instead you throw me your cards. Very good. But you must not throw me your cards again!"

"If you say a word more," said the inhabitant of Peloponnesus, "I shall be inclined to adopt extreme measures."

"He will do it," said a lady who knew him. "Now is a good chance to return the blow you received yesterday."

"You will see," said Hector, "that he will do nothing of the sort."

The Greek arose and went out. But, while they were laughing at his unequalled tractableness, he reopened the door, and, turning to Horace, said, with the arrogant manner of a man who is frightened:

"I do not flee; I am waited for by a lady of your acquaintance, Mademoiselle Olympe."

M. Themistocle closed the door and passed hastily down the stairs.

Horace, who was turning over the cards, did not deign to raise his head.

"A fine pretence!" said a player; "if he is waited for by Mademoiselle Olympe, it is because he has gained at play."

Horace concealed his anger. He no longer loved Olympe; but he had appeared with her on his arm, and he was humiliated to see her descend as low as M. Themistocle.

"This is too much like living in the mire!" thought he, growing angry with himself.

He rose to go, resolving never to come again; but, as he was about to pass out, the Roche-Tarpeienne took him by his arm, and conducted him, in spite of himself, to a young Persian who was very beautiful, whom an attaché of the ambassade had just brought there.

"Is she not beautiful? They say she descended from the clouds."

Horace forgot his anger, and engaged in conversation with the intrepid traveler. He spoke in French, and she answered in Persian. They understood each other perfectly well.

When Hector reentered his mother's house that night, he awoke Mademoiselle Elanore and asked for some tea; for which she lectured him roundly.

"How could a man, so well bred, participate in such follies? To play at lansquenet with unprincipled women; to sup at the table with prostitutes, and spend your money in such ways!"

Quite a good sermon for a waiting-maid; and thus for more than an hour, Mademoiselle Elanore talked morality to M. Hector.

"And M. Horace?" said she; "I am very certain he was with you."

"Hector!" said Hector, laughing, and showing his beautiful teeth, "he was teaching French to a Persian."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### The Awakening.

This was on Saturday. Sunday, Luciani, on awakening, rang for her waiting-maid.

"Elanore, I am going to the Madeline for the eight o'clock mass; hurry and dress me, and dress yourself to accompany me."

"But Madame has just called me."

"I beg of you not to complain so much."

"One cannot serve two mistresses at the same time; it is only men who are capable of doing that."

Luciani turned pale, as the import of these words, spoken so wickedly and maliciously, flashed on her mind.

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"I mean that I will say nothing."

Still Elanore hastened to relate that Horace had passed the night giving French lessons to a Persian.

"Who told you that?"

"M. Hector, who laughed like a demon while relating the adventure."

Luciani, who had already received many severe shocks, felt this to be a mortal blow. The name of her father came to her lips. She passed into the saloon and fell on her knees before his image. She prayed to him, struggling with his tears:

"Oh, my father!" said she, "pardon me for what I am about to do."

She then went to embrace her mother.

Madame Mariani, who was half-asleep, did not notice that her daughter embraced her with more affection than usual.

Luciani set out for the eight o'clock mass. As she arrived before the Madeline, she saw Mademoiselle Olympe, pass before her, arm in arm with her lover, to take the cars for Saint Germaine. Her lover, that day, was not Horace.

"It is not Horace, but what matters it to me," said Luciani; "there are so many Olympes in Paris!"

And, wondering at the bold gaiety of Olympe, she said:

"She is a ruined girl, and still she seems happy."

Without wishing it, Mademoiselle Mariani thought perhaps there was a refuge for her in that condemned world that she had met at the ball at the Opera.

"God be praised!" said she, opening the door of the church; "I do not console myself for one love by many loves."

After the eight o'clock mass, she told Elanore to return to the house.

"You can say to Mamma that I await Helene, and that we shall breakfast at eleven."

Luciani remained to the nine o'clock mass; then to the grand mass.

"Oh, my God!" said she, going from thence, after having crossed her forehead and breast with holy water; "I leave in this church my heart and my hopes. Now I go to avenge myself."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### The Circassian Silhouette.

"It is astonishing!" said Hector, who by chance that day was arranging his chamber; "I cannot



and that pretty Circassian stiletto I brought from the Crimea." He then went to embrace his mother.

"Mamma, have you seen my stiletto?"  
"You frighten me with your stiletto," said she, nervously.  
"When shall we breakfast?"  
"At noon. Helene will be here."  
"Horace, also," he added. "What have you good to put under such sharp teeth?"  
"A chicken, a young partridge, a quail, and I don't know what else."  
"That finishes; well, all that's wanting is a buck."

The waiting maid just then entered.  
"Eleanor, I cannot find my stiletto!"  
"Mademoiselle was playing this morning with all your arms."

"Luciani!" said Madame Mariani; "what could she mean?"  
The door bell rang.  
"There she is!"  
It was Horace.

"But it is noon," said Madame Mariani; "why is it that Luciani has not returned from mass? Hector, go and meet your sister."  
"Ah, my God!" cried Eleanor, "a horrible idea comes to me!"

She fell nearly fainting on a *fauteuil*. They made her inhale some salts.

"It is nothing," said she, trying to smile. "It is because I've been reading the 'Gazette des Tribunaux,' this morning."

Hector and Horace went to the Madeline. Hector smoking a cigar, Horace was half-faithful in endeavoring to conceal his emotion. They found neither Luciani nor Helene. They returned to Madame Mariani's, Hector surprised. Horace in despair.

"You know, Mamma," said Hector, seating himself at the table, "Luciani is going to Helene's, to see her presents from Suymra. And then, I have learned a secret: Mademoiselle de Vernonney is going to be married."

"Ah, well," said Madame Mariani, "let some one go at once to Helene's."

The footman set out immediately. When he returned, Hector had breakfasted, and his mother had taken some coffee; Horace had broken some bread, but had not eaten.

"What news have you to tell us?" they all exclaimed.

"Mademoiselle Luciani left Mademoiselle Helene's some time since. Mademoiselle Helene told me she felt quite anxious about her, for she was looking so pale."

A sad silence followed those simple words. Horace took his hat and went out, saying he should return soon.

Madame Mariani burst into tears.

"After all," said Hector, "there is no occasion for you to mourn thus; Luciani is old enough to return alone. She may have met some other of her friends. Has she never been late before?"

They recalled Eleanor.

"What can you tell us?"

"Nothing. Mademoiselle arrived late at the eight o'clock mass, and she wished to remain to the nine o'clock mass; that is all."

"God will watch over her," said Madame Mariani.

Horace had gone to his house, hoping to find Luciani there, or a letter from her.

Luciani had not been there, nor had she written. He did not dare return to Madame Mariani's; so he went back again to the Madeline, and passed the hour of vespers there, thinking each instant he would see that adorable form appear which he began to love more than himself.

Hector surprised him praying to God, for the first time without doubt, for a long while.

"Is it you? Then you have not seen Luciani?"

"No; I came here believing I should find you both here."

"This disappearance is strange! I begin to be anxious. My poor mother is half crazy."

Horace returned to his house, hoping to find Luciani there. He struck his heart, saying, "It is my fault! It is my fault! It is my fault!" Each instant he opened his window and regarded the passers. He went to the stairway, listening with anguish. He tried to write. He vowed before God to love Luciani faithfully. But Luciani did not come. He re-read the letters she had written to him. He was struck by these passages:

"I am jealous! I am jealous! Do you know what that means?" "Do you know with that life is impossible, and that it is necessary to kill, or be killed—yes, be killed?" "I hate her—that woman that I do not know! I wish to press her so strong against me that I should kill her under the beatings of my heart for thee." "I would throw her in a tomb—a deep tomb—then my jealousy would rive the cover." "And I would go from it with thee, to love thee under another sky, which had never known thy past life."

And further on, in another letter:

"I wish to buy happiness. In order that God may pardon me, I wish to suffer. To be consoled I wished to love you, even to the loss of reason. But you—what have you loved in me? At the moment of possessing my heart for eternity, you have thought only of earth."

And finally, in a letter written two days before:

"You say to me that you love me, and yet I feel myself all alone. Is it because you do not love with the same love? You are the Parisian heaven, all crowned with clouds, whilst I am the Venetian heaven, which sees only the sun. You are not with me when you are near me. I am a thousand leagues from you when you embrace me. For you, the phantoms of the past live more than myself. Horace! Horace! you have put me in hell! I suffer a thousand deaths! I wish to live, and so I love my hell. My crime shall be my penitence. God will pardon me for having crossed joys so painfully. God! I have dared to write that word! God! I have loved him, but I shall do so no more. You have taken from me, Horace, all, even heaven! Ah, well! If God would open the door for me to go out from this hell, where you have cast me, Horace, I would remain where I am—and I would not even go out of hell for Paradise regained."

"Poor Luciani! how she loved me!" said Horace, kissing that last letter, that two days' before he had not been willing to read.

He went out to go to Madame Mariani's, telling his valet to bring letters for him to Rue de Segne. Madame Mariani threw herself in his arms.

"Tell me, Horace, does my daughter love you?"

"No," said Horace, concealing his emotion; "if she had loved me she would have been here between us."

## CHAPTER XXX.

### The Marriage of Helene.

When Mademoiselle Mariani had passed the peristyle of the Madeline, she stopped a moment as if to ask herself whether she should go. She advanced on the Boulevard as far as the Rue Ferme-de-Mathurins.

"No," said she, pressing her hand on her heart, "it is impossible!"

She retraced her steps, followed the Rue Roy-

ale, passed the Bridge de la Concord, and walked rapidly as far as the Rue Saint Dominique. She then went to the house of Mademoiselle Helene de Vernonney.

"How does this happen?" said a servant, standing at the gate of the hotel; "I am just going to carry a letter to Madame, your mother!"

Helene, who had just come from mass, and was ascending the stairs, returned and embraced Luciani.

"Oh! I am so happy to see you, my dear Luciani! You do not know what is going to happen to me? I am going to be married!"

"You?"

Mademoiselle Mariani pronounced that word with an inexpressible feeling of sadness; but recollecting herself immediately, she smiled as usual, and embraced her friend.

"Do you marry your cousin Raoul?"

"Oh, yes; same as they do in a play. It is absurd, in these times, to wed one's cousin; but what can be done? I love him just as if he was not my cousin?"

Helene had drawn Luciani into her chamber.

"Oh, what a garden is your room!" said Mademoiselle Mariani, breathing the warm odor of the spring roses.

"Yes, a garden in each window."

Mademoiselle Mariani recollected, with an oppression of the heart, the white lilacs that Horace had sent to her mother every day during January.

"Why have you not told me this good news sooner?"

"Because every one knew it before I did. Mamma knew very well I loved Raoul; Raoul knew it better than mamma; but I knew it better than any one. Finally, day before yesterday Raoul came, with great ceremony, to ask for this little hand, more or less white, as you see. And then, in the evening, a notary, with a white cravat and black coat, a real stage notary, appeared, as if he came up through a trap door. Ah! my dear, such beautiful style! I am still affected by it. But finally, before going further, it was necessary that the house of Vernonney make a settlement with the house d'Arcy. In three weeks I shall be Madame la Machioness d'Arcy. Raoul, who never does anything slowly, wished to buy a license to be married in eight days, but I was not willing. It amuses me to make him wait."

Then becoming serious, she said:

"Who knows? perhaps it pleases me more to wait!"

"No, no; do not delay! Marry at once!" murmured Mademoiselle Mariani, in a broken voice, scarcely knowing what she said.

"You are foolish. I love the day of the *fete* better than I do the next day. Happiness, you see, never is conjugated in the present, but the future."

"In the future!" said Luciani, breathing with difficulty; "you are deceived. Happiness is conjugated in the past. Happiness is called yesterday, and not to-morrow!"

"Only think! for three weeks I shall go from one surprise to another. I shall not mention the bridal dowry, for he has promised me everything on earth. I even think he would detach three or four stars from the heavens for me, if M. Babinet did not oppose it; but what most pleases me, I have condemned him to write to me twice a day, letters of four pages each. If he is not here at that hour, he writes to me. Yesterday he wrote me. I said to him, 'Go away and write to me.'"

Mademoiselle Mariani took Helene's hands, kissed her forehead, and said to her, with a melancholy smile:

"Ah, but you are happy! You do not love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## HEAVEN.

BY KATE E. P. HILL.

I would sing you a song of Heaven, if my soul could chant the hymn;

I would sing of the skies, whose gorgeous dyes could make our own grow dim;

I would sing of its mountains bathed in light, that never will fade away;

Of the murmuring breeze through whispering trees, that never can know decay;

Of glorious birds that trill strange words, with a Mystery in their flow;

Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers that only they can know;

I would sing of the lakes, for the lilies' sakes, the purest that God has given;

Of all the flowers that we call ours—how white they must be in Heaven.

I'd sing to you, too, of its violet blue, that watches the loving sky;

But 't drops its head when it hears the tread of angel-footsteps nigh;

I would sing of love in that land above, till I could not hush the strain

Of its perfect bliss, till the joys of this world shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute, like a tuneless lute that has been forsaken long;

Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still, and I cannot sing that song.

Sweet land of the free! I have dreamed of thee, when the summer moonlight fell

In silver showers on nestling flowers, asleep in their Eden-dell.

And when I awoke the vision broke, with a sob on heart and brain,

That I should stray from that shining way back to this world again;

But I feel I shall stand on the shore of that land, when life's fitful hours are fled,

When the flowers lie low in the vales where they blow, and the sky in the west is red.

I shall steer my bark where the waves roll dark;

I shall cross a stranger sea;

But I know I shall land on that bright strand where my loved ones wait for me;

And forms I shall meet, divinely sweet, that from earth passed long ago,

With foreheads white, where curls lay bright, like sunbeams over snow;

With love-light eyes, like our own blue skies, such as I've seen before,

Will seem as bright as the stars of night when I near the spirit-shore;

There are little feet I loved to meet, when this world was dear to me,

That I know will bound when the rippling sound of my boat comes o'er the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand, with their white arms o'er the tide,

Ready to twine their loved hands in mine when I reach the farther side;

And there I shall rest in that land of the blest, when earth's weary hours have fled,

When the flowers lie low on the soil where they grow, and the sky in the west is red.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—LUCIAN HENRY.

## SUSAN SMITH; OR, WHO MADE US TO DIFFER?

[CONTINUED.]

"My story," said Amy, "is about two girls, also; and one had everything she wanted—a nice house to live in and a plenty of clothes to wear, and great bowls of bread and milk; but she did not love everybody for all that. The other had poor clothes to wear, and had to work hard, and had a sick mother, and was just as good as she could be; but other girls did not like her because she looked so. Oh, ma, ma, I can't tell any more; you finish."

"Well," said Mrs. Mead, "there was no great king in this country like the king of the Fairies, who recorded the wishes of these children, but, instead, a loving father, who wanted to awaken love in the hearts of others; and so he placed one in a humble house, and the others in comfortable ones, so that they could have a chance to prove their love for each other, and to show that there was something in every poor child that was brighter than the clothes, finer than dresses and bonnets, and that was a loving heart, or one that could be made loving; just as in the olden time the fable runs about Jesus. There was once a poor boy, who appeared in the streets of a city; so miserable did he look that no one was kind to him. They did not notice his fair eyes because he had a ragged jacket; they did not see the sweet smiles on his face because he had no shoes. So, wherever he went, they said, 'Away, away, you beggar.' He went from house to house of the rich, and little children, looking from the windows, said, 'See, here comes a beggar; let's run and tell him to go; and they opened the door and bade him begone. They did not hear his reply as he turned from each dwelling: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to these.'"

He became very weary, for no door opened to him, no gentle voice said, come, but all said go. After a time he left the dwellings where there was plenty, and came among the poor; and he knocked at a humble dwelling, and a gentle voice said, 'Come,' and he entered, and there they gave him bread, though their last loaf was on the table, and they asked him to share the cot of straw. So he lay down to rest, and all slept. But when the inhabitants of the cottage awakened in the morning there was no stranger with them, but everywhere that he had been a golden light seemed glowing. The chair on which he had sat seemed more beautiful than that of a prince. The straw of the cot glowed like gold, the table by which he ate was brighter than one inlaid with pearls and gems.

Even without the door there were the proofs of splendor, for where the boy's hands had knocked there was a shining spot of glory, so that people, passing, saw, and said, 'Here is the holy ground where the Lord has been.' And it was noised throughout the city, so that people all flocked to see, and to learn why he had visited that humble spot; for, said some, the one who dwells in that hut must have just returned from a pilgrimage; others said that some one there must have spent whole weeks in fasting and prayer. But when they asked those within, they only replied they had given food to a poor, ragged, hungry boy, and offered him a place to rest. So the people made a holy shrine of this place, and gave the inmates a comfortable home somewhere else; but the brightness followed them, till people called their dwelling the sun-house.

But about the dwellings where he had been rejected shadows began to creep, and nothing beautiful would live and grow—so that that part of the city was deserted. When the fathers and mothers knew who had been turned from their doors they told their children, and said, 'Why did you turn away the Lord from our dwellings?' They answered, 'We only turned away a poor beggar, as you have always bade us. Only the day before we did the same, and you said we had done well.' I will not finish the story of the girls yet. Perhaps by-and-by it will have a very pleasant ending."

The next day was one of those lovely autumn days that make the year pass away with a smile of beauty, as if it wished, in going, to leave a pleasant memory, as a good man who is dying wears the sweet smile of his youth, so that people say, 'I remember him when he was a boy.' Amy had risen early and found the hat she wished to give to Susan, and covered the reading book neatly, and put the gold dollar in her pocket, and then she begged to go up to Susan's home and carry them before school. How bright and beautiful everything looked to her. Each autumn flower seemed like some dear friend who loved her very much. She thought about Gentiana and her sweet wish, and wished some beautiful flower would spring up in her path.

When she reached the home of Susan, she found her busily employed picking over the cranberries that had gathered. Her face was so sad as she sat looking at them, that Amy wondered if she was ill.

Mrs. Smith looked so pale in the bright morning light that Amy thought she must be much more ill than the night before, but as she received the offerings of Amy her face became so radiant that Amy almost forgot that she was sick.

"There's Susan been at work for me all the morning, and hurrying to find time to go to the store with her cranberries, and grieving her dear heart because there were so few that she could not get her book; but I told her that something good would happen, for I had seen the Lord's sign. You see, little girl, when we get hardest pressed, then I pray the more earnestly, and then the Lord shows his sign, and then something good happens. Susan was repeating a little hymn to me last night, and I saw, just as plain as could be, a beautiful hand resting on her head; then I knew there was some one taking care of her, if I was sick and almost blind. You see, I could see that hand because it was so bright—just like sunlight. I'll tell you a little story if you don't care to hurry: When I was a little girl my father had many sheep, and one Spring he gave me two lambs, that I was to take all the care of. One was as beautiful as any little creature you ever saw; it had soft, fleecy wool, and such bright eyes, that I used to think it could speak as it looked at me. The other was not half as cunning; it had as fine wool on its back, but it was clumsy in form, and looked stupid. I loved the pretty looking lamb much the best, and I petted it and fed it; but I neglected the other, and let it run wild. Well, they grew up to be sheep, and my father had them sheared. From my pet was taken as fine a fleece as ever

was seen, but from the poor neglected lamb there was taken a shabby fleece indeed. It was filled with burrs, and was not nearly as valuable as the other. Then I was more vexed with it than before, and I declared I did not wish such an animal; so my father offered to buy it of me; and he took it, and cared for it, and fed it, and prevented its running at large as I had permitted, and when the shearing time arrived again there was not a finer fleece cut from the flock than that from my despised sheep. Then my father said to me, 'See, child, what kind care will do. Who made those two lambs to differ? And why did you love one and despise the other? Remember, when you grow up, that God meant that we should take just as good care of the poor, ugly lambs, as of the fine, handsome ones.'

Well, last night as I laid thinking of your cheerful face and of Susan's sad one, I thought of those two lambs; and I wondered if the Good Shepherd really loved them both—one just as well as the other; and then I prayed to him not to let my Susan be like the poor, forsaken lamb that had such a shabby fleece. And it was just then that I saw the bright hand on her head, and I felt sure that by-and-by he would send some one to care for her, so that she might become good and loving, and that her fleece might be as fine as of other lambs. But come, children, it's time for you to go to school."

Tears were in Mrs. Smith's eyes as she ceased speaking, and Amy, as she bade her good-bye, determined that if she could help her, her poor lamb should have a chance to make as fine a fleece as she herself could possibly make.

The change that came over Susan Smith as she received the kindness of Amy, was noticed by every one who knew her; and the other scholars, prompted by her example, were now quite willing to play with Susan and to be seen walking with her. She received many a nice little present from her companions, and often carried some luxury home to her mother. But the change in Amy was as great as in Susan. The effect of her kindness was to make everything seem good and beautiful to her. Her own home never seemed so pleasant as since she had felt so much love growing in her heart, and the whole world seemed to her to be made on purpose to make people happy.

In about a year Mrs. Smith died peacefully and happily. "For," said she, "the Good Shepherd will take care of my lamb." Mrs. Mead gave Susan a home with Amy, and they became like sisters.

When Mr. Emery heard the whole history of Amy's triumph over her selfish pride, he wrote for her the following story:

"There lived not far from the home of Gentiana and Brambling, a fairy child that the king of the Fairies loved very much. She had a gentle, loving heart, and was ever doing good. She never had any wishes but loving ones, so that the king in his yearly visit knew what he should have to grant to his beloved Eloise. On his yearly visit, this time, the good queen had sent her a beautiful pair of slippers, made out of the velvet leaves of the mouse-ear, and embroidered with the silk of the milk-weed. She felt very happy, and told the king he must note well her wish that night, for it would exceed all the wishes of all the fairy children.

"What will it be, my pet?"

"Promise me first that it shall be fulfilled," said Eloise.

"If I should fail to fulfill the wish of a child this night, I should no longer rule in this kingdom."

"Well, then," said Eloise, "I will tell: I shall wish that everybody in all the world was just like me—just as happy as I, and had just as many good and beautiful things."

"That wish," said the good king, "shows your kindness of heart; yet I must call it an unwise wish. How could you show your love if there were none that needed your kindness? What should I do if I could not make dear children happy?"

"I have often wondered," said Eloise, "why you did not make every one just alike. I have often thought if I could be the king, I would; and now you see I am determined to try it, for I have your promise; but remember that if before to-morrow's sun goes down I repent of my wish, I can recall it by wishing another as good, if you will deign to stay as long in the country."

"That I will, my pet, for your dear sake, and for the sake of showing you how good and wise are all things as they are."

When Eloise went to sleep in a half-opened rosebud, she said, very loud, so that the king might be sure and hear:

"I wish that everybody was just like me, just as happy as I am, and had just as many good and beautiful things."

She awoke in the morning with her heart full of love, and her first thought was to care for others. She had no sooner taken a sip of honey and a drop of dew, than she went to carry poor, old, lame Sallie her breakfast, who was too old to go after it herself; but on reaching the china aster where she had been living, she found a poor old woman, but a smart, young and handsome girl.

"Where's poor Aunt Sallie?" said Eloise.

"I expect I am she," said the girl, "though I went to bed half dying with the rheumatism, yet I waked up feeling as young as you. I can't say I like the change, for you know, dear, I was hoping my toils and troubles were about over, and now I feel as if I had got to live them all over again."

Eloise said not a word, for she remembered her wish; but she went down to help poor Mrs. Pringle dress her baby, that always cried so much till Eloise brought it some juice of the balm each morning; but on reaching the clover blossom, where she had left them only the morning before, she found no dear baby at all, and no anxious mamma, but two very young and handsome girls.

"Where's Mrs. Pringle and her baby?" said Eloise.

"I suppose I am she," said the girl, "for I went to rest, hushing my poor baby asleep, and wakened with this young girl in my arms. I do hope that the good king has not been here and changed everything because of some foolish fairy's wish. I want my dear baby, if it did cry and wear the life half out of me."

Eloise said not a word, but went down buttercup lane, where she had been every morning for a long time, to help a little lame girl get up and sun herself, on the edge of a buttercup blossom. But no lame girl was to be seen, but a young and handsome girl instead.

"Where's Corinna?" said Eloise.

"Well, I suppose I am she," said the girl, "though I don't limp any more, and that seems very good; but I don't think I like the change altogether. I loved so much to have you come, Eloise, and now you will come no more; and I loved to have all the dear children come and dance about me, and scatter rose pollen over me. Oh, those were nice times, and they will never be again."

Eloise hurried away, for she began to fear that no one was blessed by her wish. She went where the troops of children were accustomed to wait for her, that she might teach them many useful things—how best to open the buds, and to hang dewdrops on the spiders' webs, and to paint beautiful

pictures on the window panes when winter should come. But Eloise saw no troops of merry children, but young, handsome girls.

"Where are my little darlings?" said she. "I have something beautiful to tell them."

"Alas, for us," said they, "we are no longer children that need to be taught; would that we were poor little ones that yester morn you came to so lovingly."

Eloise's eyes filled with tears.

"No one is better for my wish, or happier," said she. "Let me hasten back to the good king that he may return all things as they were."

"So, my pet has come back," said he; "and did she find a beautiful world? Was every one glad because of the wish of the good Eloise?"

"Alas, no, dear sire; I found everything wrong. No one was pleased, and I least of all. Why, my heart came near being broken with no one to care if I came, and no one to bless me for what I could do. Oh, what a miserable life I should lead were there no poor suffering ones, no helpless little ones, and no ignorant to be taught. Oh, let the beautiful days return, and let me be able to bless the world by my love."

"All shall be as you will, my child," said the good king; "but remember this: every lot in life helps make up the perfect whole, and every one adds to the perfect good and enjoyment of every other, if only each knows how to do his duty to all."

"Now hear my true wish," said Eloise. "I wish to be so good, and loving, and wise, that I can continually bless others."

"Good child," said the king, "it needs no one to grant that wish, for goodness of heart carries ever with it a blessing, as sunshine and the pure air of morning."

## THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once  
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,  
So poor, alas! her children asked  
One night, in vain for bread.

But this poor woman loved the Lord,  
And knew that he was good;  
So, with a little one, she prayed,  
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,  
A boy of eight years old,  
Said, softly, "In the Holy Book,  
Dear mother, we are told:

How God with food by raven's brought,  
Supplied his prophet's need."  
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,  
Was long ago, indeed."

"But



## Original Essay.

## SPIRIT INTERCOURSE—ITS REVELATIONS.

## PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Spirits, upon their departure from the earthly body—in the only true sense "born again"—entering upon a sphere without the confines of gross matter, though not beyond the limits of a refined materiality—for the spirit-body, the clothing medium of the soul, continues much what it ever was in the animal form, highly sublimated matter—they do by no means dissolve all connexion with the earth-life. Possessing, on their resurrection to the new stage of being, the same characteristics which in earth-life they had formed, and governed by the same genuine affections which attached and bound them here, or affected by the same antipathies that repelled them from individuals or social conditions, they are attracted to the scenes of their former life all the more powerfully from the abrupt sundering of their human relations, and in proportion to the extent and intensity of their interest in earthly matters at death. The learned and the ignorant, the good and the bad, still preserve and maintain the same consciousness of relationship to the broader and narrower, the higher and lower conditions of the varied theatres of their human existence; and all who seek to "return," manifest themselves with like varying motives to their degree of development, and the character and intimacy of their former associations.

Those who have "passed on" in the amplest condition of culture of mind and heart, knowing the length and breadth, the height and depth of human accumulations of knowledge and wisdom, and in their superior state demonstrating all the spiritual ignorance in which they left the world, and now behold it, drawn by sympathy with their mortal brethren, are impelled with swift haste to impart to them the higher wisdom which the Spirit-World unfolds, that they may enable the children of time to cease their blind gropings in the labyrinth of bewildering mysticism; and, by leading them to realize the true ends of the mortal life, induce them so to avail of present privileges as to accomplish the full purpose, before death, of the rudimentary sphere of being. What wonder that they adopt every plan and means their ingenuity can devise, under their present intangible relations to the world of matter, to manifest their presence and identify themselves to kindred and friends, when they can thus impart the blessed assurance that they "still live," and are in no other real sense separated from the scenes of their earthly lives, than that the undeveloped spiritual senses of the earth inhabitants do not penetrate the thin veil that separates the mundane and spirit spheres?

It is by no means so great a marvel that spirits retain their earthly attachments, and all the more intensely realize them upon the new development of their quickened sensibilities. Nor is the phenomenon so incredible, as many affect to make it appear, that spirits should avail themselves of new-found laws of nature, and any possible means within their scope, to reestablish in some measure their former relations, palpably to the senses of kindred and friends. The spirit-world should, logically, afford ample and more varied activity of spirit-power over all previous conditions of life; and spirit-forces of nature, intelligently directed, should legitimately produce, from their very subtilty, more wonderful physical results than spirit in mortality can accomplish: not of necessity the more ponderous creations which the physical condition of being require, but the finer and superior effects of the automatic forces of Nature in her products.

It is not the difficulty of comprehending the new spiritual phenomena, and of intelligently apprehending the laws of their production, that startles all *christendom* from its propriety and dignity, to obstinately discredit, in holy horror discountenance, and with affected pious zeal anathematize all "dealings with the dead." It is simply because the darling prejudices which attach the so-called "religious world" to long-cherished theologies, ancient formularies and legendary beliefs, have become ruthlessly invaded; and investigation is thus repudiated, tabooed by ecclesiastical authority as sacrilege—"yielding to the devices of Satan," by "giving heed to lying and seducing spirits," as the sacerdotal oracles declaim, when the admission of spirit intervention proves irresistible, the only alternative. With their accustomed want of logical acumen—those who accept spiritual truth on *trust* have little use for this commodity—they seem to forget, by such acknowledgment, that the same law which would enable wicked or malicious spirits to hold communion with men, and dissemble all the glorious misdeeds of loving friendship, and teachings and exhortations to righteousness, which are constantly swelling the new channels of intercourse to overflowing, would be available for good, truthful and loving spirits. Besides, their own luckless theories of future existence have already consigned the wicked to the abode of the lost and eternally damned, apart from angels or men in unceasing tortures of hell; while, it is allowed, the righteous may roam at will in the unrestricted freedom of the skies!

Let the same careful observation, the same critical principles of reasoning, the same unbiased judgment, pursue the investigation of the spirit phenomena, which men of science have bestowed and accorded to all other once problematical phenomena, that ultimately have yielded to scientific reductions, and it will be found that never were grand issues and principles, not universally established, subject to less incongruities and absurdities than this new field of research embraces.

And now, without further discussion of the reality of spirit intercourse—that is already incontrovertibly settled, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to thousands of minds fully capable and worthy to authoritatively establish the fact—let us resume the purpose intimated in our previous article, ["*Supernaturalism and Spiritualism*," BANNER OF JULY 2], and cursorily examine some of the important revelations, of a philosophical and religious bearing, that have been disclosed to us from the spiritual world.

Perhaps the first and most notable experience of spirits, upon awaking to a consciousness of the change in their being produced by death, is that the law of affinity governs the relative conditions they must occupy in their new world—the law of like attracting and being attracted to like. Spirits at once gravitate to circles of brotherhood, or rather of kindred development morally and spiritually. This law is inexorable, and all realize, in a degree, its entire naturalness, and acknowledge its justice. Though friends and kindred may be recognized, upon immediate entrance to the new life, they do not necessarily, thereafter, commingle in the same societies, as upon earth.

Spirits seem to learn early, according to their powers of observation and generalization, that another law also obtains, of paramount obliga-

tion—the law of compensation, or of retributive justice in Nature. All the sins of the individual against the divine purpose of his being, are reflected in the light of a vivid self-consciousness upon his own accountability, and full atonement for violated law must be worked out in his own personality; no faith in the reputed sacrifice of another for universal sin, however earnest it may be, and grateful, is found to have saving grace. The sins of all tyrants, in whatever combinations of divided responsibility—robbers of their fellow-men of inalienable rights and privileges, restricting the freedom and development of nations, communities and individuals, must be amply compensated by unflinching, inevitable spiritual degradation and remorse. On the other hand, all sufferings, righteously endured, all sacrifices for conscience' sake, shall become as mountain weights to restore the long restrained equilibrium to the scales of justice, and redound to the ultimate enlargement of the happiness of the sufferer.

Those who have failed to develop their moral and spiritual natures on the earth are obliged to return to the scenes of their former life—so to say—"though they really do not go away," for spiritual life involves, necessarily, only a change of condition, and not of locality—to fulfill their earthly missions by passing through a sort of purgatorial experience, drawing with greater difficulty from the resources of the earth-life to complete their development, than if they had legitimately worked out the purpose in mortality for which the natural body in creation was designed. This condition of return attaches to infants and all children, as well as to adults; but the trials and sufferings of such are less realized as a calamity, in proportion to the absence of previous experience from which to make comparisons; and the mingled life of earthly and spiritual elements seems to them all the more natural from this cause. Indeed the degree of moral obliquity in the individual determines and measures the intensity of trial and suffering consequent upon resuming the unfinished work of mortality. Those who are grossly undeveloped, from utter neglect to cultivate their better natures, while here, occupy a condition of Hell; and very many remain years on years of our time, centuries even, we are told, in the sphere of remorse, though ultimately and inevitably the "law of progress" impels them upward and out of their degradation.

The "law of affinity" governing the associations, and determining the gradation of all spirits for the varied circles of society in the spirit sphere, the higher and lower societies mutually repel each other, so far as concerns any mingling of their opposing elements; though, as the positive power of goodness is ever superior to the negative force of evil, the higher gradations of spirit-life are constantly operating as a law of gravitation to attract all lower grades of spirits to progressive development. But, we learn, "though the deeply degraded spirits of the inferior societies cannot approach the more refined and harmonious societies, if they would, still they can come readily into the sphere of the earth-life, and as before noticed, mingle with our elements. And while they cannot affect us morally or spiritually without our consent, we possess ample means of influencing them, and can, most marvelously, readily become instrumental in instigating them to emancipate themselves from the bondage and incubus of sin—rising through sincere penitence to earnest soul aspirations to meet the ever active sympathies of "good spirits," who shall thus be enabled to penetrate their individual magnetic spheres, and freely assist them to progress.

Thus the cavalier against the uses of spirit intercourse, while admitting its reality, but discountenancing familiar converse with the spirit-world from the very fact that there are myriads of "evil spirits" to encounter, lying in wait with devilish malice to deceive and seduce us, so soon as we allow ourselves to come into rapport with them by obsession, will find some "good thing" promising to come out of this despised Nazareth; will learn that a new obligation is imposed on us, which we should not seek to shun, but with cheerful alacrity assume, viz: to inaugurate a grand missionary enterprise, through our mediums, of ministering to the enfranchisement and elevation of those unhappy spirits—once our misguided, sinful brethren—by preaching unto them the gospel of repentance unto righteousness, as only we, effectually, can, and thus regenerate and disenthral the lower strata of the spirit sphere, (weighing a mighty incubus of discordant elements on our earth-life) and at the same time break through a mighty barrier between good spirits and ourselves, that they more readily and familiarly may come into intercourse with us.

Who shall estimate the immensity of this new mission, when the blinding scales of prejudice and fear shall have fallen from men's vision, and they fully perceive the relations that are possible, and already subsist between the earth inhabitants and the abandoned, depraved, and miserable dwellers in the lower spirit circles, as "redeemer and redeemed." Incalculable good must be the glorious result of the fulfillment of this difficult service. Those only can now take any realizing sense of the benefits in our hands to bestow, who have learned through mediumship of the unmitigated woes of "undeveloped spirits," and who have witnessed their gratitude upon being assisted to overcome the unhallowed attractions that drew them down, from their own sinfulness, to the very hell of existence. Examine some of the memoirs of spirits who have thus come up through great tribulations, and have washed their polluted robes and made them white in the pure element of spirit sympathy—of loving spirits, to whom the lost and abandoned ones were dear, in long continuance of effort to magnetize the vitiated affections and debasing passions into the genial warmth of a virtuous vitality—now freed from the thralldom of the darkened, damning circles to which at death they gravitated, and the joyful utterances of such, on their second resurrection, their ecstasy of delight upon attaining their hard-won freedom, should awaken the liveliest interest in us to become ourselves instrumental, as far as may be, in compassing like happy issues for others in like condition.

The liberal and thoughtful investigator of the grand problem of Spiritualism, in its vast comprehensiveness, will constantly be rewarded with new truths of incalculable significance. But in no direction of the diversified ramifications of its sublime philosophy will ampler and more rational satisfaction be experienced, than the religious aspects of its revelations afford. The beautiful inculcations of its religious teachings, in their rigorous freshness from the Sacred Volume of Nature, as clearly read and interpreted to us by heavenly wisdom, are the culminating glory of Spiritualism. And when these shall have superseded the earth-born systems of belief and worship—and such a universal element of acceptability inheres in them, they as surely will, as the positive light of morning succeeds and dissipates the negative darkness of night—peace and good will, man toward man, must take up their abode in the great heart of the human family, and inaugurate the realization of a genuine spiritual brotherhood on the earth.

Spiritualism recognizes the unity of God and Nature with mankind; the paternity of God and the maternity of Nature. All individuals of the human race of all inhabited worlds are varied manifestations of the Creator in miniature—each individual being an epitome of the macrocosm to which they belong. The soul of each is immutable and immaculate as God; the spirit is subject to every change that takes place in the gross material body. The paternity of God to each soul is immediate; and the soul by no possibility is dissoluble, nor can become estranged from the Infinite Soul, or Father; while the body and spirit are the immediate offspring of Nature in maternity, amenable to the law of progressive development, but, in the freedom of the will, exposed to temporary retrogression consequent on rebellion to its legitimate workings to perfect the individual spirit. Thus the fatherhood of God and the motherhood of Nature conjoin to produce the grand ultimate, Man, who completes an inseparable trinity in unity. Divine ideas are incarnated in man, who, fully exemplifying them in this life, would, at death, graduate to angelic, celestial states of being. Living as mankind do live upon this earth, only inferior spiritual conditions of development are attainable, and the new or second sphere of life becomes but a continuation of the earth-life, to complete the imperfect development consequent upon the ignorant or willful misuse of the rudimentary or preparatory stage of being.

The religion of Spiritualism signifies a positive, practical, and constant effort on the part of every individual to attain the highest development of the spiritual tendencies of our nature, the fullest and freest exercise of all our faculties and powers, intellectual, moral, and affectional, in the blessed consciousness of willing allegiance to the just, wise, and loving government of God—each realizing the usefulness of his mission to mutually encourage and assist in consummating social order and spiritual harmony. And as the life of no one can become the measure of another's, since no one can be superior to his own ideas, each one is responsible only to the extent of his conceptions of truth and duty. Thus the rights of conscience in the individual, and are inalienable and sacred. No one, no power is of sufficient authority to invade or invalidate these rights. Conscience is the supreme, the final court of judicature in whatever concerns the religious life of man.

The right of private judgment is guaranteed and enjoin by the law of conscience. Spiritualism, therefore, claims to pass upon all Bibles as human records of history blended with spiritual experiences—if no higher claims to their origin and authenticity can be rationally substantiated and conscientiously allowed; proposes to test all written "revelations," however revered as divine, by the established laws and developments of Nature, before the only arbiter of authority, the enlightened, God-given Reason. That reason may be ever so diverse in its judgments, in conscience it must determine for the individual all of truth each may accept, or all of error each must repudiate.

Truth must, in the requirements of Spiritualism, be venerated for its own purity, beauty and divine authority. Truth is divine authority, and there is no authority but truth. The truth maketh free indeed; but all authority that claims to prescribe what must be accepted as truth, more especially in matters pertaining to religion, is oppressive, tyrannical, and therefore repulsive; and no one who would be just to his better nature, and honest before God in his own heart, can manfully submit to a blind assent to a truth, however clear and convincing to others, which has not already secured his own rational conviction. The love of truth, for its own sake, ensures aspiration, a desire for spiritual goodness and greatness; no surer stimulant to spirituality exists. Aspiration for the true, the beautiful and good, engenders a devout spirit; inspires hopefulness and confiding trust in the God ever calling within us; expands the perceptions of divine goodness, justice and love, and impels the spirit to spontaneously reach out the affections lovingly and in abounding faith toward the infinite, and therefore indefinable Source of all being. Spontaneously, too, prayer, the silent language of the soul, finds utterance, and the progressing spirit, joyfully, and often suddenly rises into rapport with the divine, the whole interior nature becoming exalted to a plane of spirituality in harmony with the requirements of heavenly law. The counterbalance of sin overcome for the time being, all superstitious fears removed, the human spirit would maintain its regeneration by retiring its soul-life within the atmosphere of heavenly influences. But constantly assailed by the untoward events of incongruous life, faith in the protection of divine power often thereby dampened to despondency, self-preservation by an ever-increasing wisdom, and self-restoration by determined will, must ever be the motive forces to regain and sustain that equilibrium of spirit wherein the soul realizes its unity with its Creator.

Spiritualism favors the weaknesses of the mortal spirit by pointing to the now opened gateway of the spirit-land. The inner-senses of the soul becoming the avenues for the influx of spiritual truth and loving sympathy, as also literally perceiving the beautified forms of the disembodied, and consciously realizing free intercourse with them, a golden cord is thus let down from heaven to draw our fainting spirits upward from the earthly abysses that would sometimes overwhelm them; and the glorious attractions of the "Summer-Land" may constantly rejoice our hearts with a foretaste of the promised happiness that shall reward all who seek to accomplish a true preparation for the second sphere. Moreover, assured that wise and loving spirits are appointed as our guardians, ever on the alert to protect, counsel and encourage us, how must the human spirit be buoyed up in blessed sustenance to surmount all the hills of difficulty, rise above all the cares and sorrows of life, and bravely live on till the bright shores of the spiritual country, in due order of time, shall become its own abiding home!

Spiritualism teaches that human beings shall take with them—so to say—as spirits, only what they have become in this life; all the purity of the earthly life shall attach to them on the inception of the new life, and their degrees of exaltation in spirit societies shall fully correspond with their moral—accountable development. Therefore must all live, in the other life, on the foundations they have builded in this, and the righteousness of another, be that other even God himself, cannot be imputed unto them. Spiritualism recognizes as the divinely appointed birthright of the human family, freedom, individual and universal; the largest liberty of the individual to reverence what to each may seem the highest truths, and to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; while it enjoins upon the whole society of mankind to guarantee, unrestrained, these privileges to all its members. To utilize the differences of nations, communities, societies and individuals, universal enlightenment in the simple principles and truths of Nature, that will of necessity appeal to the convictions of every human being, because demonstrable, must be prosecuted, not by the old methods of compulsion, tyrannical edicts, holy wars, and all the engineery of despot-

power; but by gentle and loving persuasiveness, that on the very surface shall prove a brotherly sympathy and manifest design to harmonize conflicting elements, without trespassing upon or disturbing the rights of conscience. Something like this must be the initiative, however vast the task to be accomplished, or the seeming hopelessness of its consummation, judging by the diversities of the past. Such is the mission of Spiritualism, and in such a spirit as above intimated shall its adherents strive to work out their world-wide obligations, aided and guided by the powerful hosts of the Spirit-Land.

Individual integrity and social virtue are the grand subsoil elements upon which alone the mature development of spirituality can become realized. To produce and maintain these elements in perpetuity, the universality of truth must be everywhere acknowledged. Nothing, therefore, which is not demonstrable truth, should be recognized; indeed, no truth can serve its high purpose until it is demonstrated and rationally understood. Truth blindly assented to is like indigestible food; it may please the superficial mental palate, but be utterly void for assimilation, nourishment and sustenance. Truth belongs to the realm of spirit—is the expression of the unchangeable laws of God, and therefore must be the same for all mankind, however differently it has been interpreted and accepted in the past. On such foundation alone can loving justice, the world's true Saviour, be established and dispensed, man toward man, nation toward nation, and the golden rule of Christ, of Confucius, and of all great and good spirits in the flesh, who have lived nearest to God, become the higher operative law of civilization.

The human spirit, emancipated from all compulsory religious systems and authoritatively prescribed forms of spiritual truth by state enactment, grand council or synod, will expose its native avenues of inspiration to the influx of pure, natural truth from the enlightened realm of the angel-world. Then shall be ordained on earth a spiritual priesthood truly called of God, whose authority and whose mission shall be directed and accredited in the loving hearts and expanded souls of the translated hosts of heaven—whose holy ministrations shall inaugurate the sublime apotheosis of humanity; the law of universal progress shall expand an illimitable vista of spiritual, heavenly life to the far seeing vision of enfranchised mortality, and eternal happiness be divinely assured to every son and daughter of our Father-and-Mother God.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## DEATH NEVERMORE.

By LOIS VAISBROOKER.  
To Fletus, of Eugene City, Oregon.

'Twas night, and swift the lightnings  
Were flashing through the sky,  
Revealing only darkness

Unto the tear-dimmed eye,  
That could not see the beauty  
Which shone above it all—  
For faith and hope and duty  
Seemed covered with a pall!

Oh, there she sat in anguish!  
That more than widowed one;  
The light of heart and hearthstone  
Forever, ever gone!

No footsteps now to meet me,  
No fondly beaming eye,  
No loved one's voice to greet me—  
Oh, would that I might die!

That wish in secret cherished,  
Soon floated through the air,  
Up to the Great Eternal;

In words of bitter prayer:  
"Oh God! my hopes are blighted;  
Earth holds no joys for me!  
Of mortals the most wretched,  
May I not come to thee?"

While reason thus was reeling  
Beneath her weight of woe,  
A phantom form came stealing,  
With footsteps soft and slow,  
Into that lonely chamber,  
And fixed her hollow eye  
Upon the kneeling mourner,  
Who prayed that she might die.

This haggard phantom carried  
An infant on her arm,  
The curse of slavery branded  
Upon its little form.

A flag was o'er them floating  
Of stripes without the stars,  
And chains around them clanking,  
All rusted o'er with tears.

While fondly to her bosom  
Her babe she tried to hold,  
The slave-dread took it from her  
And barked it for gold!  
Then as her awful shrieking  
Made misery's cheek turn pale,  
The cutting lash descended,  
To hush her least-wrung wail!

The vision faded slowly—  
The storm hath given place  
To sweet and placid sunshine,  
On Nature's lovely face;

But still that kneeling mourner  
Her prayer to heaven addressed,  
But 'twas for strength to labor  
For all of earth's oppressed.

Once "she prayed that life's poor token,  
Canker-eaten might be broken,  
Setting free the chafing spirit, beating 'gainst its prison-door!"

But she prayeth thus no longer,  
For her soul is growing stronger,  
Daily stronger as she saileth, Life's eventful ocean o'er.

Paddling now her own canoe,  
Captain she, and she the crew,  
She will safely pass the hurricane, where the raging billows roar.

Putting by the vale translucent,  
She will land her bark triumphant—  
Land it with a song of triumph, on that bright eternal shore.

Brother, on that sunset heather,  
Though we should not kneel together,  
We shall surely fill our mission—  
Death for us is now never—is not now nor nevermore!

Do not be selfish.—There is no virtue which is more respected than unselfishness, and hence we find the man who attains the greatest popularity in this world is not he who amasses great wealth or stands high in the temple of Fame, but it is he who, like our Great Master, went about continually doing good, and by his philanthropic exertions has effected a measure whereby the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, and spiritual provision made for those who have been less favorably situated than himself.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## Interesting Case of Premonition in a Child.

Some years ago the writer became acquainted with little Francis Vanduever, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vanduever, of this city. Ten weeks since, little Francis, a lad of less than twelve summers, became sick, complaining of pain in the chest. While his mother was tending him, he remarked to her:

"Mother, I feel something here, (putting his hand to his side,) that will take me away from you."

In answer to some remark from the mother, calculated to calm his fears, he said:

"I know it will, for the angels tell me so."

Time passed on, and Francis grew worse. To the cheering words of his physician, he answered:

"It cannot be so; I must pass on."

One day while his mother was absent in an adjoining room, she heard him talking, and wondered who it could be with, as no one that she knew of was present with him. She inquired of him who he was talking with:

"Mother," said he, laughing outright, "do you think I am alone because my little sisters are not present. I know I am not. I have been conversing with some of my little spirit-friends."

Five or six days previous to his departure, his father, who was about to depart, feeling much encouraged with the hopes of his little son's recovery, said:

"Francis, I am about to leave you, and I think you appear so much better, you will get well if you are careful."

"Do you think so, father? Well, father, I'll do the best I can. But if you have such good news, dismiss them at once, for I shall never get well."

On the evening previous to his departure, Tuesday, June 28th, he requested his mother to send for his father, (absent at Toledo,) as his time was short, and he could only stay long enough to have an interview with him. He also said that he should like to see his brother David; (absent at Washington, with the 150th Regiment of hundred days' men), but that he had asked the angels, and they had told him it could not be. They could keep him long enough in the form, but his brother could not come.

Wednesday, June 29th, he expressed a desire to see the writer and wife—Uncle and Aunt Turner, as he called us. I immediately obeyed the summons, Mrs. T. not being able to accompany me at the time. On arriving at his bedside, he said:

"Uncle, I am glad to see you. I am much obliged to you for your promptness. Where is aunt?"

I answered she would be able to come soon; I should go for her.

"Well," said he, "I wanted to see you before I left, for I am going home soon."

He requested that his mother should not leave his bedside until he had passed out of the form, as the time was so short he could not spare her. To his father, who arrived home at three o'clock P. M., he said:

"I am glad you have come; I could not go before seeing you, for I have much to say to you. You have always been a kind father to me, and if I have not always been all you could desire, I can only ask your forgiveness. Father, are you sorry your little son is going away?"

"Yes, my son."

"Father, I am not going to leave you, but I am going home. Oh, I have got such a nice place! The angels have showed me all about it; and my brother says they will call for me at twelve o'clock this night. I shall be with you, often, father; I shall not leave you."

Shortly after the interview with the parent, he expressed a desire to see his school-mistress and mates. To one and another as his summons brought them to his bedside, he spoke in calm, beautiful language, with a strong voice, thanking them for answering his call, and with a parting kiss and gentle good-by, telling them that he was going home at twelve o'clock; then the angels were coming for him. He strove to impress upon all the idea that he was not going away, but should be with them often. To friends not present, he sent his kind regards, and never for one moment, although racked with pain, did he fail to observe the strictest rules of etiquette. To the writer, who, after a short absence, again appeared at his bedside, he said:

"Well, uncle, you have come again—I want to kiss you, and bid you good-by, for I am going at twelve o'clock; but I shall come back and see you, often. You will know when I come."

Thus he continued to address one after another, as they appeared at his bedside, up to the time of his departure. As the clock struck the hour of eleven, he raised his head and said, "That is eleven o'clock; I have one hour more." As the hour of twelve approached, he turned to his mother, saying:

"Mother, I have one more request to make. It is that you promise me not to cry when I pass out of the form."

His mother answered that she feared she could not keep such a promise, if made.

"Well, promise me, mother, and God will help you to keep it, for it would pain me to see you cry." He then immediately said, "Well, take me in your arms, mother, for I'm going now. Good-by, mother," and turned to his father to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. He could not. A gentle nod of the head by way of recognition, was all.

The hour of twelve came. His spirit had answered the summons that called it home, but no tear moistened that mother's eye. God did help her in that her hour of severe trial.

Such as have been taught in angel schools, no comment is necessary. To others, less fortunate, I have only to say, you have your lesson yet to learn. Investigate. Seek, and you shall find. That power that reacheth the altar of eternal truth, will be and abide with you.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1864. S. W. TURNER.

## Spirit Communication.\*

The following communication was given at a private circle held in this city a few evenings since, which you may do some good by publishing, should you consider it of sufficient importance. Of its genuineness I am convinced.

The spirit controlling seemed to suffer much pain in the left hand and left breast, and first called for water. On gaining strength of control, he gave his name as John Andrews, Co. B, Fifth New York Artillery, and said he received his wounds at the battle of the Wilderness, near Chancellorsville, on the 30th of May last, but laid three days on the field before he died, which brought the time of death to the 11th of May. He said he suffered intensely from thirst, having no water during the whole of the time. He gave his father's name as Samuel Andrews, living at Albion, N. Y., a member of the Baptist church, mother and sister living, sister eighteen years old. He was very anxious for his father to learn of his death, and wished his sister to visit some medium through whom he could converse with her, so as to assure her of his identity. After drinking more water, which refreshed him very much, he took his leave. His age was twenty-two years.

The following day I chanced to speak to a soldier, and found he belonged to the Eighteenth New York Artillery, and on conversing with him he told me he was well acquainted with Andrews, having quartered with his regiment some eighteen months, and also gave me his age as twenty-two years, and described his appearance, which corresponded with that which Andrews gave me—being short, thick-set, a very full chest, light brown hair, grey eyes, and wearing, generally, a moustache.

I will here state that it was just one week from the time of Andrews' death to the time of control, so no chance was given for any report of the wounded or killed to be received in this or any other city.

I remain, very respectfully,  
O. B. MURRAY.

Box 1201, Baltimore, Md., June 1, 1864.

\*This communication would have been printed some time ago had it not been mislaid.



### Letter from Dr. Child, of Philadelphia.

The late National Convention of Spiritualists was, perhaps, like Samson in more particulars than one—of course the "unholy locks" were there. I allude to the fact of there being a heterogeneous mass of people, very few of whom were regularly appointed as delegates, although I do not mean to say that our cause was not ably represented by strong and good men and women, and I think the results of the Convention will be permanent, good and useful.

But it died without effecting an organization, yet in its death, like Samson of old, it has stirred up the minds of the Spiritualists in various sections of our country, who had been somewhat awakened to the necessity of local organizations.

I hear from many places of indications in this direction. In a letter just received from Miss Hardinge, at San Francisco, she encloses to a friend in this city a copy of the plan for an organization of the friends of Spiritualism in that city, and they very coolly estimate among their expenses fifty dollars per day for compensation of speakers. "The good time must be coming" out there.

The Convention, as your readers must be aware, have appointed a "National Executive Committee," to attend to some matters during the coming year, and make arrangements for another Convention to be held next year, to be composed of regularly appointed delegates, the representatives of various associations throughout our own country and the world, for our cause is cosmopolitan, and as spirits come from all parts of the world, so should our delegates.

This Committee is now preparing a circular on the subject of Organization. You have already published the Constitution adopted by the friends in this city, to which we have more than a hundred names, and will probably have three or four times that number before the lecture season is over, which, as will be seen by the following advertisement, has already commenced, under very favorable auspices:

**SPIRITUALISM.**—The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, having extended their organization for the purpose of establishing a permanent association, and they have made arrangements for the Twelfth Annual Course of Lectures, to be given at HANSON STREET HALL, on Sunday mornings and evenings, as follows:

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN, for October, 1864.  
Miss MATTIE L. BROWN, for November, 1864.  
Mrs. A. A. CHILDS, for December, 1864.  
Mrs. F. O. HAYDEN, for January, 1865.  
Mrs. E. M. HARDINGE, for February and March, 1865.  
Mrs. S. E. FINNEY, for April, 1865.  
Subscriptions and donations to the Free Meeting Fund will be received by the Treasurer, at No. 634 RACE STREET, or any of the lecturers. Miss DOTEN will open the Course on Sunday night, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

With your permission, I send you a copy of our Constitution, as it is proposed to amend it:

**PREAMBLE.**—We, the undersigned, for the purpose of establishing Free Public Meetings where all questions pertaining to the interests of humanity may be presented, do hereby form ourselves into an Association, and adopt the following

### CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. The name of this Society shall be "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia."  
ART. II. Any person may become a member of this Association by signing this Constitution, and affixing to the subscription the name of the Association, his or her name, with such amount, if any, as they may feel able to contribute, in donations or subscription, payable quarterly in advance. As those who join this Society do so voluntarily, no member shall be expelled from it, and no one shall be released from membership, except at his own request.

ART. III. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who, with a Committee of eleven other persons, shall constitute a Board of Directors, to be composed of equal numbers of each sex.

ART. IV. The officers shall perform the duties usually pertaining to their respective offices. The Treasurer shall not pay out any money without the sanction of the Board.

ART. V. It shall be the duty of the Board to provide for the lecturers, and to receive the offerings for the support of the Association, and to make such other arrangements as may be deemed necessary for the cultivation of fraternal feelings among the members of the Association.

ART. VI. Twenty members shall constitute a quorum at any regular meeting of the Association.

ART. VII. The officers shall be chosen annually, by ballot, on the first Sunday in October.

ART. VIII. The Secretary and Treasurer shall make reports to the Association at the annual meeting, and quarterly thereafter.

ART. IX. Each member may designate his or her choice of two persons as lecturers, and the names of these to the Secretary, on or before the 1st of November in each year, and from those receiving the highest number of votes, the Board shall, if practicable, engage the lecturers for the course commencing the succeeding season.

ART. X. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association by a vote of a majority of the members, three months previous notice having been given.

I think this embraces all that is needed, if there is a proper interest on the part of the friends. If the friends in various sections assemble and co-operate with each other, they will often find that there are many around them who are only waiting for some central point around which they may rally. Only be careful not to put up too many bars, or any chains, around the free minds.

Spiritualism is becoming much more "respectable." Ten years since one of our editors, who is religiously sick, refused to publish our advertisements; recently they have directed that the notices of our meetings be placed among religious notices, which are inserted at half-price, and our lecturers rank along with the clergy.

I see that, as this time approaches, our dangers increase. Popularity is a most trying ordeal, either for societies or individuals, and it will be well for us, and the spirits, too, if we can keep sufficient ballast of humility in the hold of our vessel, and make her trim ship and sail directly onward in her beautiful course.

Yours truly,  
HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D.  
634 Race street, Philadelphia, 1864.

### Appointments.

(See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.)

Mrs. Townsend speaks in Charleston next Sunday; Mrs. Bliss in Chelsea; L. Judd Pardee in Lynn; Mrs. Currier in Haverhill; Miss Temple in Lowell; Miss Beckwith in Springfield; Charles A. Hayden in Taunton; Emma Houston in Worcester; N. S. Greenleaf in Plymouth; Rev. Adin Ballou in Portland, Me.; Miss Lizzie Doten in Philadelphia; Mrs. S. E. Warner in Willimantic, Conn.

### Terrible Disaster.

The San José (Cal.) Mercury, of Sept. 8th, contains an account of a terrible catastrophe which happened on the Sacramento River, on the 6th, by the explosion of one of the boilers of the steamer "Washoe." There were on board at the time one hundred and fifty passengers. The explosion was so great as to make a complete wreck of the steamer. Seventy-five persons were killed or fatally wounded. Among the list of badly wounded we notice the names of E. Brickett, Henry Stein, and A. Burgess, of Boston.

### To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"MARIE." NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We feel for your condition as much as you do yourself; but we believe God's hand guides the helm, and that we, as a nation, are being punished for our manifold sins. A brighter day is dawning. Write whenever you feel inclined to; but not anonymously. We should be pleased to make your acquaintance.

T. C. HUNTSVILLE, IND.—You shall have the BANNER. We supposed, until we received your letter, that it was regularly mailed to your address.

E. P. CLINTON, MASS.—The subject upon which you treat has been canvassed, pro and con, in the newspapers of the day for a long time, and the evil has been remedied as far as possible.

W. C. SOUTH PASS, ILL.—\$1.50 received.

L. W.—\$7.50 received.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

### The Military Situation.

Although we do not hold our columns open to the discussion either of military or political questions, there are occasions, nevertheless, when current events earnestly suggest the propriety of more than a mere passing notice at our hands. If the occasion has not come when a favorable turn in the national crisis offers itself, then it will not come at all. Now, if ever, it seems to us, is the time for us to review the situation as it has been developed under the skillful military direction of Lieutenant General Grant, and to discover if we are not much nearer the end of the rebellion and its armed outrages than we have ever been before.

The capture of Atlanta by General Sherman was a long step in the direction of peace for the country. We are now fortified in our opinion on the subject by the opinion of the London Times—and yet we will quote it rather as a corroborative one, than the fall of Atlanta before the progress of the Federal arms would prove a fatal blow to the prospects of the rebel confederacy.

Every one realizes that it divides the rebel territory again, and even more disastrously than its division by the opening of the Mississippi. It is plain that the possession of Atlanta by our forces menaces Montgomery, Macon, Savannah, and Charleston, and that it is a central military point, from which Sherman can at his own pleasure rally forth and ravage and conquer the country in any direction around him. He can strike across and seize Montgomery, thus opening the Alabama River for the gunboats of Admiral Farragut's fleet, and dividing Alabama lengthwise. Or he can strike off in the opposite direction, and after laying the whole country under tribute to himself, take Augusta, and thence proceeding along the bank of the Savannah River, capture Savannah itself from the rear; which capture would immediately threaten Charleston from the same side, and involve its submission to him.

Thus the presence of General Sherman there in the heart of Georgia, fortified as he is against the most powerful assaults from without, and secure from want by the immense stores of supplies which he is industriously gathering around him, implies his entire control of both Alabama and Georgia, and utterly defeats, on the face of it, any intention which Davis may ever have entertained of establishing communications again with the Mississippi, or the country west of it. The rebellion is here smitten, as we may truly say, in its lungs; for this is the region whence it derives its sustenance, its ability to live and breathe.

At Richmond—just now the centre of public interest—Gen. Grant is assailing, and successfully, too, the head and brains of the rebellion. There is where the rebel chief resides and keeps his convalescent about him. There is where the general command of the forces of the rebellion is to be found issuing his orders for the movement of all the armies of the Confederacy. The rebel congress assembles here, and makes laws for the States it assumes to govern. The archives are here. The government machinery has been set up here. Here are concentrated what moral forces are thought capable of engineering through this wicked scheme of rebellion to a prosperous conclusion. If this point be successfully assailed, the other chief points having already given way one after another, all is over. Hence Grant bends all the energies of his vigorous mind to the conquest of Richmond; and so long as there are no large rebel armies elsewhere to be found, which have not already been defeated or destroyed, he realizes that he has but this one great task before him, to secure the utter overthrow of this armed conspiracy against the Government of nearly four years' existence.

The first step taken by him in the present campaign in Virginia was the expulsion of the army of Early from the Shenandoah Valley. They were thirty thousand strong, and continually threatened the quiet and safety, not merely of the southern counties of Maryland along the Upper Potomac, but all Maryland and Pennsylvania, menacing Washington and Baltimore at the same time. Early's army was composed of the pick of Lee's army. They were veterans, and were to be relied on in an emergency. Lee clearly expected they would not fall him, whatever his fortune with the rest of his troops. He had enjoined it on Early to hold the Valley "at all hazards." Instead of that, Early is to-day driven out of the Valley, and pursued by Sheridan's victorious column, carrying along with him not more than ten out of the thirty thousand men whom he first led into battle at Winchester and along the Opequan.

This change of fortune at once wrought a corresponding, and of course a great, change in the position of affairs nearer Richmond. Having seized the Weldon railroad, to the south of Petersburg, Grant now proceeds to strike out from Butler's camp across the James, and to push straight forward with two corps in the direction of Richmond. The enemy were met all along the road with entrenchments and fortifications in abundance; but, with perhaps a single exception, their defences were insufficiently manned, which showed the superiority of our forces to theirs. Grant, at the same time with this movement to the north of the James, pushed out Meade's forces from their position on the Weldon road to the west of Petersburg, and there seized the road connecting that city with the Danville road, the effect of which is to compel Lee to bring supplies to his troops in Petersburg, all the way round through Richmond. The rebel commander finds his attention distracted by these two formidable movements of his adversary, but must needs provide for both at the same moment. He is thus permitted by Grant to concentrate neither his attention nor his troops.

The result of this last operation of Gen. Grant is the capture of the railroad from the Danville road to Petersburg, and the advance of two corps of the army within the actual defences of Richmond on the east. Lee cannot dislodge these two corps from their position; he cannot safely concentrate his troops, so as to do it, and he has not troops enough to do it with, either. Hence here are two assaulting columns moving di-

rectly upon Richmond, from the south and the east. Sheridan's is at the same time coming down by way of Charlottesville, as soon as he shall have driven Early's remnant out of the last mountain pass leading out of the Valley. Then he can promptly co-operate with Grant on the western side of Richmond. These three columns moving obediently to a single will upon the rebel capital, will effectually cut off all outside communication, and compel a speedy evacuation of the place, or a speedy flight. Either is the end of the rebellion as a political and military organization. From this view of the situation, we have reason to hope the end is not far off.

### The Adventures of Adventism.

In the *World's Crisis* of Sept. 20th, is published a communication from one who subscribes herself "an unworthy sister," on the subject of Spiritualism. She is perfectly right; the letter is unworthy of anybody who believes in the immortality of spirit and the existence of a life beyond the river which we call Death. It is not so easy to understand what this "unworthy sister" is driving at; all that can be said about it is that she does not like Spiritualism, whether in and of itself, or in its practical results. To this we can only reply that she evidently knows nothing about it, and cannot therefore be expected to say anything that will bear very closely upon it. But of her temper toward it there can be no sort of mistake. If that be the reason of her communication in the *Crisis*, we do not believe she will find that anybody has mistaken her, or that anybody will understand the necessity of her making a display of it to the public.

This "unworthy sister" (we will not name her, as she has seen fit to do it for herself, in Bro. Grant's paper,) writes to him, for the public eye, that her "spirit is stirred" within her to "say a few words on the truth and power of God against the power of Spiritualism." If, therefore, she realizes within herself that God's power is so great and so manifest "against" Spiritualism, nothing would appear to be easier than for her to make utterance as long as her white paper and the space of Brother Grant's paper continued to hold out. But, instead of that, she forthwith adds that she feels "incompetent to write," although she is very certain that "the word of God seems like fire shut up in her (my) bones." May not the lady confound this fire with the heat of her own temper? It is so easy to be mistaken about some of these little matters. She would disdainfully refuse to believe any of the spiritual phenomena which were made apparent to her own senses; and yet she expects her readers, Bro. Grant included among them, to believe her when she says that "the word of God" must have taken the form of "fire," and somehow got "into her bones!" There would be a greater mystery about this than even about those "awfully wicked" phenomena which she denounces with such vigor and—it looks to us—aplenty.

Says the body—those who believe in the truths of Spiritualism "do not know what a DANGEROUS doctrine it is to believe they have an immortal soul that can never die." What upon earth would she have people believe? The doctrine of immortality is a doctrine which rests for its foundation in the consciousness of the individual, and its supports are abundant in those countless "manifestations" called revelations, by many, which bring spirit close to spirit, whether in the form or out. Brother Grant has taken a new part upon himself to deny the soul's immortality. He must needs look after his correspondents, male and female. They will betray him to his ruin, if he does not. We know very well that he has but recently asserted that, in the future, the two great conflicting powers would be *Adventism* and *Spiritualism*; but that is a harmless vanity he loves to indulge in, and may as well be suffered to run its course as not. *Adventism* is a something, we opine, which will never "come." We rather think Bro. Grant will have to go in search of his hobby.

### An Incident of the War.

During the raid of Gen. Early, and his attempted attack on Washington, July 12th, the house of one of our subscribers, Mr. S. Reeves, who was also an occasional contributor to our columns, was an object of contention between the two opposing forces, each party occupying it alternately. In the struggle for its possession it was completely riddled with shot and shell. One shell exploded in the middle of the chimney, scattering the bricks in every direction. Eight cannon balls passed entirely through it, making holes from three to six inches in diameter; the sides of the building were also perforated with bullet holes. The female portion of the family had not left the house ten minutes before the raiders made their attack on it, and in their haste to get away, everything was left behind, and of course badly damaged, except the library of spiritual books, which was unharmed, with the exception of one shell passing through it and striking a box containing a file of the BANNER OF LIGHT, cutting the papers through the centre widthwise, and compressing them almost to a solid lump. One of our Washington correspondents obtained half of the file, and forwarded it to us, as a relic of the war, which our friends can examine at our counting-room, if they wish.

Mr. Reeves (who passed to the spirit-world last December) prophesied, some time ago, that his home would become memorable before the close of the war, and this appears to be a literal fulfillment of that prophecy. The Government has since purchased the grounds adjoining the Reeves estate for a "Soldiers' Cemetery."

### European Items.

The Emperor of Russia has warned the Pope to keep his hands out of Polish affairs, and the Pope has promised to do so. The warning is said to have been in the shape of a very unmistakable menace. In case England had taken up for Poland, sometime ago, with France, Russia had resolved to concentrate her Atlantic and Pacific fleets in mid-ocean, and make a descent on the coasts of Australia, where she could have wrought incalculable mischief in the cities and towns. The Spanish ministry has been deposed, and another ministry has been formed. It is now thought that Spain will settle up her difficulties with Peru, and thus rid herself of one incubus which promised a good deal of cost and trouble.—Capt. Speke, the African Traveler, has been killed by a gun in his own hands, while climbing over a wall.

### Mr. Foster's Seances.

This gentleman's rooms, No. 6 Suffolk Place, still continue thronged with visitors, anxious to communicate with their spirit-friends. The richest people of Boston may be seen there, as well as the poorest. The tests given are remarkably accurate. We shall give the public a fuller account of these seances in our next. In the meantime we advise our readers not to miss the present opportunity of witnessing the manifestations given through the instrumentality of this truly wonderful medium.

### Mexico.

Weep as we may over the ruins of a Republic, this much must be allowed to the workings of a policy mysterious only to the externalist: that the sealed sources of material wealth will be left free to development and a basis constituted necessary to enable Mexico to advance from its present to a higher position. Though the manner in which this has been done is not the best that might be, it is the best that can be, and will not produce any permanent retrogression, but rather plant landmarks beyond which retrogression becomes impossible. European social amenities, acting in competition as well as conjunction with American enterprise, will soften the iron crust which has so long confined Spanish America in its sombre spell of conservative despotism, alternating only with sanguinary anarchy. Thus will a foundation be laid making progress not only possible but permanent. We may thus anticipate a future for Mexico brighter than the most sanguine patriots have ever conceived, and not abounding in revolutions and consequent bloodshed, as would otherwise have been the case.

Thus the ambition of a tyrant is turned into a purifying, and soon progressive element, and the movements of a despot made to subserve the cause of universal liberty, by presenting a barrier which, temporarily obscuring the liberty of a country, secures permanently the greatness and unmitigated freedom of a continent. But for the Mexican expedition, French intervention in the United States would have matured into a fact, and the dismemberment of this Republic was prevented only by the sacrifice of one less necessary to the growth of the race.

So the chemistry of politics combines two persons, and makes thereof one substance, abounding both in nutritive and curative properties. From the dismemberment of the South and the conquest of Mexico, is eliminated the slavery of the one and the superstition of the other, preparatory to their constituting one homogeneous Republic in connection with the intellectual manifestation of Empire peculiar to the North. We mean that the conquest of Mexico, added to the crushing of slavery in the South resulting from the rebellion, eliminates from the path of United America—North and South, from Behring Straits to Cape Horn, a series of agglomerated Republics in the future—all possibilities of intervention or interference, and enables them to act as propagandists of social, religious and political freedom in a world where they will know no fear but that of being false to their principles.

### Bread for the Poor.

As the inclement season is rapidly approaching, it behooves those who have a sufficiency of this world's goods, to render aid to the poor—no matter what the cause of their poverty.

We have been for some time past, and still are, aiding the destitute poor of this city by furnishing them with the requisite tickets wherewith they may be enabled to procure fresh bread from a bakery, each ticket entitling the holder to a ten-cent loaf. Scarcely a day elapses that we do not furnish these tickets to some applicant or applicants seeking aid at our hands. We have already supplied to these needy ones over six hundred loaves of bread in this way; and we feel thankful to the Father, whose watchful eye is over all his children, that we have thus been instrumental in alleviating the distresses of those who need assistance. We care not what their religious views may be, or what their nationality. It is enough for us to know that they are destitute, to render them aid.

Since adopting this method of feeding the hungry, it is true we have been assisted peculiarly, from time to time, by several philanthropic friends abroad, for which we return sincere thanks. The last donation of twenty-five dollars comes from a firm Spiritualist, who requests us to withhold his name at this time. The letter accompanying the donation speaks for itself. It is with pleasure we give it a place in our columns, hoping the suggestions therein contained will eventually be the means of accomplishing what the writer so forcibly suggests:

**PUBLISHERS OF BANNER.**—Approving your good work of giving bread to the hungry, I herewith enclose twenty-five dollars to assist this cause, with the suggestion that it be the commencement of a fund and organization of Spiritualists throughout the country. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I will advise that the Spiritualists of every city and town in the country, form a "Provident Society," each corresponding with a chief institution at Boston, not for bread only, but for giving the comforts and necessities of life to any who are unable to obtain them.

Much has been said, and great efforts made by Spiritualists to organize. This is the only way that it will be accomplished, viz. by good works. Our belief amounts to nothing, except we manifest it by improving our lives, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sympathizing with the afflicted, and doing unto others as we would that others do unto us; and be assured that we shall never find any real comfort and happiness in this life but in good deeds. These will give us wisdom, unfoldment and progress in this, and prepare us for brighter spheres.

I hope this suggestion may be carried into immediate effect. If so, the writer will give to it not less than one hundred dollars annually.

Yours, BROTHERHOOD.

### Mrs. S. E. Warner's Lectures.

Mrs. Warner came among us from the West, where she enjoys an excellent reputation as a lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, and on Sunday, Oct. 2d, she gave evidence of the correctness of Western judgment, in the two very able discourses which she delivered at Lyceum Hall, in this city. Notwithstanding she labored under the great disadvantage of a severe cold and hoarseness, it was very evident that she possesses sufficient oratorical powers to chain the attention of an audience, independent of the matter of the discourse, which in her case is of a nature which cannot help doing good to all who listen. The audiences were not large, owing to the drenching rain storm, but those who were present were richly repaid by coming.

Her afternoon discourse was a defence of human freedom, whether from the chains that shackle the limbs, or from creeds that cramp the mind and smother free thought. For all the demands of the human soul there is an abundant supply. All should claim freedom and seek to obtain it. From this general basis she proceeded to give a discourse of rare excellence, abounding with thought, wisdom, and good moral teaching.

In the evening her theme was Inspiration and Spiritualism, and their relative bearing and effect on the human family; from which she gave a discourse that went home to the understanding of all present. We wish that every person in the land could have listened to it, for the world at the present day is in need of just such teaching as this lecture gave.

After speaking in this city two Sundays, Mrs. Warner went to Willimantic, Conn., where she was to lecture two Sundays.

In our next issue we shall give another of George Stearns's able papers on the "Age of Virtue," also, No. 20 of the excellent series of articles on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism."

### The Late Mrs. J. C. York.

The beautiful spirit that bore the above name while on earth, came to us a few days since, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Conant, and announced herself, giving us to understand that she hoped to find and send us shortly a medium for answering sealed letters, similar to herself while in the form. She said her mission on earth was a glorious one—that of being instrumental in bridging the chasm between the mundane and super-mundane worlds, in order to allow spirits that had passed on, to return and commune with their earth-friends; that she was now receiving that reward meted out to those who fulfill their respective duties while in the form.

### The Fraternity Lectures.

These lectures will open at the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, 11th inst., with an address by George William Curtis, one of the most popular orators in the country, and one who will be sure to make his address alive with the spirit of the times. The list of the lecturers who follow includes the names of Beecher, Holmes, Phillips, Wason, Frothingham, and others, and the course promises to be one of the most brilliant and successful which the Fraternity has ever started. There will be an organ concert on each of the ten nights of the course, with Mr. Thayer as the organist. These ten concerts alone will be worth double the price of a season ticket.

### Extraordinary Seances.

Mrs. Ferris is at present giving at the Institute of Mr. Fitzgibbon, No. 138 Washington street, says the Brooklyn Daily Union, some performances or manifestations of a most extraordinary and utterly inexplicable character. Solid iron rings are, by some invisible agencies, placed upon the arms, not of the medium alone, but upon others in the room, notwithstanding the joining of hands seeming to render it impossible. This has been witnessed and tested by a number of respectable gentlemen, and is emphatically pronounced by all wonderful and perfectly mysterious. Other strange manifestations are also given at the same time, which almost equally set at defiance all known laws governing space and substance. These advances alternate with those of Miss Jennie Lord, the musical medium, whom we have before had occasion to notice.

### Levee.

The ladies of the Spiritual Society, which meets at Gerard Temple, 564 Washington street, will give a levee on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11th, for the benefit of a destitute widow lady and her children, who have seriously suffered on the borders of this cruel rebellion. This lady, once well off, has been stripped of all she possessed, has been banished from her home, and comes here, herself and children sufferers; and the ladies of this society, by the profits of this levee, hope to aid and comfort her by giving to herself and children the present necessities of life. Come and contribute a drop of comfort to the suffering, whereby your own cups shall overflow with gladness. Speaking in the early part of the evening. Dancing will begin at 9 o'clock. Music by Bond & Ryan's Band. Ticket for a gentleman and one or two ladies, one dollar.

### New Music.

Our friend A. B. Whiting, the popular lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, is getting to be quite famous as a musical composer. His "Sparkling Gems" of song and music, issued within the past year, are wreathing harmonic laurels for his brow. His songs ring with melodious sweetness. The soft, soothing and smoothly-gliding notes have a decided spiritual air about them, which makes them all the more acceptable to sympathetic hearts. His latest gems, from the press of H. M. Higgins, Chicago, are entitled "Adieu, Leonore," and "Leonore." We commend them to the attention of our musical friends. In another column directions are given where Mr. Whiting's music can be obtained.

### A Little Singular.

We are in receipt of several letters of late, from professed Spiritualists, requesting us to furnish the address of persons who regularly advertise in the BANNER. It is possible that such correspondents, through avarice, neglect to patronize our paper, and consequently subject us to the inconvenience and expense of answering their letters. We certainly can draw no other inference. Take the BANNER, friends, and then you will have no occasion to make such inquiries by letter. You will only have to refer to the columns of our paper.

### N. Frank White in Lyceum Hall.

Next Sunday our friends will have the pleasure of listening to the eloquence of our patriotic and inspired young friend, Frank White, who has not been heard in this city for some five years. He has been several years in the service of his country, and since his return has resumed the lecturing field, much to the gratification of his numerous admirers. We bespeak for him a warm welcome and a good audience.

### Mrs. Bond in Baltimore.

We are informed that Mrs. Frances Lord Bond is engaged to lecture before the Spiritualists of Baltimore during this month. Mrs. B. is one of the most vigorous writers of the day, and her addresses evince sterling merit. We have received many letters laudatory of the one delivered by her before the Convention held in this city in May last, which we published in the BANNER of July 16th. Our friends everywhere will do well to secure her services as a lecturer.

### Encouragement.

We continue to receive encouraging words from all quarters, the tenor of which are, that we must keep the BANNER waving. That we shall do, friends, as long as there is a timber left in our bark by which to support the flag-staff. But we are still moving through a heavy sea of opposition, and stand in need of all the aid you can consistently render us, by word or deed.

### Dr. A. B. Child in Portland.

We copy the following notice of Dr. C.'s lecture from the Portland Daily Evening Courier of Oct. 2d:

Dr. A. B. Child's lecture at Mechanics' Hall last evening was a superior production. His subject, "Forgiveness," was ably treated, and gave full opportunity for him to develop his idea of the "New Government" as contrasted with the present mode of human government by force. The Doctor thinks the Church professes the doctrines of Christ, and it is one of the needs of humanity that they should also be practiced.

J. H. Powell, in the London Spiritual Times, says:—"Spiritualism finds a friend in science, and to me it seems a perversion of the teachings of Science for those who are called its leaders to call in question the teachings of Spiritualism without first investigating its phenomena."







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undisciplined state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Geo. T. to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Prince, a slave, owned by Gen. Bragg; Joe Frazer, to Geo. W. Frazer, teacher in New York City; Geo. L. Allen, of South Boston, Mass.; Alice Lucas, of Jacksonville, Ky., to her mother, Hester Anderson, to her mother, Elizabeth Mary, in New York City.

Monday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Calhoun, to friends in Montgomery, Ala.; David Morse, late Mass. Battery, who died at Coal Harbor, Va.; Jno. Place, to friends in Portsmouth, N. H.; Laura Spencer Nichols, to her step-mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Nannie Fuller, of Chicago, Mass.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Patrick Hearn, to his brother, Jim, in the Army; Elizabeth Dumas, of Princeton, N. J., to her brother, Stephen, at the South; Tom Harris, of Booneville, Ky., to friends, in that place.

Thursday, Sept. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Dowdell, of Weldon, Tenn., to her husband, William Dowdell, Ashley, of Tennessee; John Howard, of Great Britain, to Mr. Crowell; Patrick McGuinn, to his brother James, or cousin Philip Murray.

Monday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Theo. Gregory, to friends; Charlie Hayes, of South Carolina, to his father; Robert Somers, (Scottishman) to Thomas Pendleton, (Quaker) of Pennsylvania; John Howard, of Great Britain, to friends, near Boston, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert Griffin, to his grandmother; J. J. Brown, of Baltimore, Md., to his friends; Jack Bowditch, to a gentleman in this city; Dora Lee, of Castleton, Penn., to her mother.

### Invocation.

Our Father, thou whose presence, like a never-setting sun, permeates life, life forever—with childlike reverence and semi-savage awe we gaze outward at thy sublime manifestations, asking, what art thou? and straightway the echoes of the soul are awakened, and on the mountains and through the valleys, in the midst of the deep waters of thought and feeling, comes the answer, "I am thy Father, thy Life forever." Oh, then to thee, our Father, shall be all the sweet songs of joy that the soul is capable of pronouncing. Every act of life shall be dedicated to thee, every thought written over and over again with thy presence, for thou art our sunlight. We live by its warmth, we act by its power, we go hither and thither at its will. Oh Father of the soul, there can be no time when we shall be forsaken by thee! There can be no time when the soul will fail to recognize thy presence and rely upon thee. It has wandered through the dim mists of the past; it stands upon the living mountains of the present; it looks out with confidence to the grand temple of the future, and feels safe with thee. But, oh our Father, these souls that are prisoners in the flesh, that are bounded about by the things of Time, they are doubting; they stand trembling upon the shores of mortality, and the cold waves are washing their feet. They hear the sound of Death's waters; they are fearful and full of dread. Oh Great Spirit of Life, we ask that thy ministering angels, whose feet have trod these mortal shores, who have written their names in the Lamb's Book of Life—oh send them, Almighty Spirit, to guide thy children in the form; give them the power to tread again mortality's shores, for the good of those that are famishing. Oh, open wide the windows of thy love and shower down celestial power upon these fainting and trembling ones. They ask for truth; give it them in its simplicity. They ask for strength; may it be ours to present them with a staff that shall be their support during life. Oh our Father, our Friend, our constant Protector, in union with these waiting hearts we lift our souls to thee. We praise thee, not with the outer praise of life, but with that inner praise that is grander and more lasting. Oh, we know thou wilt accept it. We know thou wilt reward. So to thee be all our utterances of praise, all our offerings of sorrow. To thee we dedicate all things in Time and in Eternity. Sept. 19.

### Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion concerning any subject you may offer.

CHAIRMAN.—C. Chatfield, of St. Louis, sends the following:

QUES.—A few days ago I was sitting with my eyes closed, when I saw the likeness of myself appear in front of me, and immediately after, my little boy, who has been in the Spirit-world almost four years. Now what I want to know is, is it possible for my spirit to leave the body without my being conscious of it, or what?

ANS.—The inner man, or woman, is capable of daggerrooting itself, if we may so speak, under favorable conditions. It would appear that conditions were favorable at the time spoken of. It is not necessary that the inner part leave the exterior, nor could it be possible under the circumstances.

CHAIRMAN.—H. P., of Princeton, Ill., thus writes us:

Q.—Will you please ask the controlling spirit of your Circle if he knows the spirit of James Robinson, said to be in the fourth sphere, and if he will assist him to give me a communication through your medium.

A.—There are many spheres denominated the fourth sphere, and there are, doubtless, many intelligences bearing the name of James Robinson in the Spirit-world. We should need some more direct guide in order to find the person spoken of.

CHAIRMAN.—W. R., of Ohio City, Kansas, an anxious inquirer after truth, thus interrogates the communicating spirits at our Circle:

Q.—Shall we understand from the 1st Corinthians, 6th chapter, 14th verse, that Christ has risen from the dead, that is, his body and spirit are united, and that ours, after death, will be reunited? Please explain the text.

A.—No, certainly not. When once the spirit, or the thinking portion of the man or woman, is separated from the physical machine, entirely separated from it, it will never again resume its control. All the laws of its being cry out against it, the doctrine of the resurrection of the body to the contrary notwithstanding.

Q.—The same person asks, have I any relations in the spirit-land that would be willing to communicate or converse with me through the medium of this (Boston) Circle, or any other way? If so, who are they? What is my age? Have I a family? If so, how many? Is my brother, Perry L. Randall, living in the body or in the spirit-land?

A.—It is plain that the laws pertaining to spirit-life and the return of the disembodied spirit, are but poorly understood by a great portion of the souls dwelling in mortality. Now it is apparent that our questioner (your correspondent) is honest and desires truth. We can be no less honest, and therefore we would recommend him, or her, to make themselves acquainted with some person whom the world styles a medium, and let the friend, or friends, who are disembodied and anxious to return and communicate, come and make use of the machine. It is impossible to say whether they could or could not control the organism which we now control; not having a knowledge of the case in question it is impossible to give a definite answer. But we would here recommend that all such persons should furnish themselves or their spirit friends with a subject through which they may communicate. That is the surest way; that is the best way.

Q.—F. W. C., of Ashland, Ohio, writes: "If it will be in order, please ask the controlling spirit at the Free Circles his explanation of these words of Christ—'And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.'"

A.—We have yet to know that Christ ever uttered such thoughts. It is our opinion that he never did. Therefore we can give no answer of that which never existed.

Q.—Could not the controlling spirit go into rapport with the letter of the inquirer about James Robinson, and in that way obtain the desired information?

A.—Yes, it would be very possible; but there are many things that can be done that it is not expedient to do.

Q.—Do conditions of time and space exist in the spirit-world, or are they limited to earth?

A.—Your conditions of time and space are not the conditions that exist in the spirit-world. Time belongs to earthly conditions. Space is a term used to designate that portion of life which is uninhabited; but in reality there is no such thing as space.

Q.—Does it follow, then, that the facts of personal identity and consciousness do not exist in spirit-life?

A.—No, that does not follow, certainly.

Q.—What are the essentials of identity and self-consciousness?

A.—The essentials are with the soul—part and parcel of the soul; are attributes of the soul. Your consciousness is your consciousness by virtue of the law of the soul. Your identity is yours, also, by the laws of your being.

Q.—Do souls exist then in spirit?

A.—In essence they do.

Q.—In consciousness or identity?

A.—Not in that consciousness that belongs to the unfolded soul, certainly. The essences of which all souls are compounded we believe have ever had an existence so far as principle is concerned. But we believe the time did not arrive for their unfoldment into conscious life until the human was taken on.

Q.—Does the human soul consist of essences that had an existence before the soul was admitted into the form?

A.—Yes, we believe it does.

Q.—Then it is divisible, is it not?

A.—Relatively speaking it is.

Q.—Did you use it relatively?

A.—No, not exactly. It is invisible to all life that is inferior to it, but visible to all that stands on the same plane. Your soul sees and recognizes its own soul, and vice versa; but your external consciousness cannot be made aware of the presence of the soul, positively speaking. You know there is a something—a presence, a power, but you cannot analyze it because you cannot come into rapport with it until you, too, stand upon an individual plane of self-existence.

Allow us to illustrate: You cannot see the little child with your external vision, that stands directly in front of you; and yet you are conscious of its presence, see it, holds communion with it—and why? Because all souls stand upon the same plane of existence, whether in the body or out of the body.

Q.—Are these unfolded souls able to discern what is going on—between the planets, for instance?

A.—They are constantly passing to and fro, migrating from one point to another.

Q.—If not unfolded, how can they migrate? What law governs their movements?

A.—The law of motion peculiar to the soul; the law of attraction and repulsion that belongs specially to the soul.

Q.—What is the condition of a suicide in the spirit-world?

A.—That depends very much upon the causes leading to the act. Generally speaking, however, the condition is by no means an enviable one. Sept. 19.

### Annie Rolando.

I have made various attempts to commune with friends I have left on the earth, but I have always failed. Heaven grant I may be more successful to-day. It is seven years since I left those friends—since the last look was given and the last goodbye was said, and they laid me away in body, as they then supposed, to rest until the morning of the resurrection. But thanks be to a Power that is wiser than human wisdom, my resurrection morning came when I was separated from the body.

I cannot tell how much time elapsed before I was happy in my new condition, but certainly I was not happy immediately, for I could hear the sighs of my friends, and their sorrow seemed to reach me like great waves that almost overwhelmed my spirit. But when that subdued and they were more reconciled, I was; and the life I had entered upon seemed to gradually open into greater beauty, and I gradually lost that attraction that powerful attraction to earth and things that had made me so unhappy. I was sick but a few hours and passed on with scarce any warning. After seven years' experience in this beautiful world, I think I can with safety affirm that all the wildest ideas, most fanciful speculations that are entertained by that class of people called Spiritualists, are more than realized in the spirit-world. There the soul can gather to itself all that which is necessary to make its heaven. There it can learn beauty, and power, and wisdom, and make itself acquainted with all the attributes of that Great Spirit who is all-wise.

I parted with a dear mother, a kind husband, and a lovely infant, when I changed worlds. 'Twas no wonder that my spirit lingered long on the hearth-stone, near the dwelling-place of my loved ones. And I shall not wonder if at my first return they coldly turn away in doubt. Sorrow may for a time mangle my spirit, but I am strong in the knowledge that truth will eventually overcome all error, and that Time will, sooner or later, give to all her subjects an understanding of these things.

I was Annie Rolando, daughter of Alexander Crofts, of St. Louis, and wife of William Rolando. My age twenty-two. Sept. 19.

### Dennis Driscoll.

I do not feel myself exactly well acquainted with these things, but I got somehow such a longing to come back and talk to me folks, that I was determined to come, whether I make much of it or not. Like the lady who's just left, I had not much warning, that is, I was at the mast-head, on duty, and slipped and fell. I think I wasn't conscious at all after I struck the deck. I do not remember that I was. I was on board the schooner White Lea. She was loading in Gloucester the first week in June—June last. Me folks are all here in Boston, and I suppose they're here still.

Dennis Driscoll I am, or was when I was living here, though I'm not that away from here. [You've got a new name now, have you?] Well, sir, I certainly have not the Dennis or the Driscoll I used to have when on the earth. Oh, yes, sir, the name I have always corresponds to our condition in the spirit-land; like as an out-growth of

what we desire to be on the other side. Oh, it's when they come back here that they have to call themselves by the name they used to have, in order that their folks may know them, for they know nothing but the name that is called in its new life. While I am here I am Dennis Driscoll, but when I go away I'm something else.

Now I know I've the Catholic Church to oppose me coming. Its walls are pretty high, and it's a pretty massive locks on its doors, too; but for all that there are places enough that this spirit-power can creep in, and by and by it'll all get overturned, because there'll be none of the old foundation left. I know that I've got something to do to make me folks know that I've got the power to come back and talk, for they're supported in their unbelief, you know, by the Catholic Church. It may be a good support for them here, but it's a mighty small one that it will afford the spirit when it gets on the other side. Ah, it's very good now.

Well, I should like, if I could, to talk with Tom Cronan. He's an old friend of mine. Well, I like to talk with him, and through him to send ideas to me folks. I been trying to let him plans so that I not got to come in this public way and talk; that is to say, I'd like to talk through a medium at home. But we can't do it because our folks don't give us any, and we are obliged to come I did; and a very noisy way, then. Oh, we are very thankful for it; but then, you know, we'd rather talk to our folks at home.

Well, sir, now they know I was killed, so I no need to tell that; and I got nobody that knows me here—nothing that calls me here, except that I've the power to return and come to make myself known to me folks to tell where I'm killed, and when I died; and that's all I want to do, anyway. Well, sir, good-bye to you. [Did you give your age?] No, sir, I didn't, but I was thirty-one. Do not forget the name of the vessel, because that's important, you know. Sept. 19.

### George W. Benson.

George W. Benson, private in the 3d New Hampshire, died at the McClellan Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Fourth of July. I should be glad to open correspondence with my friends in Concord, if they are not afraid to open correspondence with folks they can't see just now. Sept. 19.

### Jimmie Kearney.

I'll show him how to take my place! [What's the matter?] That was my chance, sir. [Did he drive you out?] No, sir, he didn't drive me out, but I couldn't stay while he was here, for there wasn't room enough for two. [How said all he wanted to, didn't he?] Yes, sir, I reckon he did; didn't seem to care much about having to go; said he'd got through.

Well, Mister I'm Jimmie Kearney, and I died near Bradley Station, Virginia. [Was you a soldier?] Well, yes, sir; no—well—I was a soldier. Well, I was Capt'n's boy. Yes, I'm a soldier, too; [We suppose you were.] Because when he was killed I took his musket. [Capt'n's don't carry muskets do they?] No—I don't know; it was some friend of his which had been shot and he'd just picked it up, and I passed it to me. [Did you take it to the room where he was killed?] Yes, I took it; I grabbed it. [Did you get killed?] Yes; I was killed. [At that time?] Yes, just then.

I want to send a letter to my mother, can I? [Where does she live?] Don't live in these parts. [We suppose we can send your letter to her; that is, if she lives within our lines.] Well, she don't; she's in Virginia. [We guess she'll get it.] She may not get it right away, but I can't think of no way I can get it to her myself. [Say what you want to her, and we'll print it.] Well, I want to tell her Bill's dead—I want to tell her Bill's dead. He's older than me. [Was he your brother?] Yes. [Which army were you in?] Southern army. Does it make any difference? [Not any.] Well, will you tell her I'd like to come and talk to her in Virginia. [Yes.] I can't say much, only I'm all right on the other side. I'm happy, well enough off, and I want her to know Bill's dead. She said I'd get killed if I went. I didn't think I should. Oh, tell her I saw father, too. [Is he on your side?] Yes, yes, he's been there ever so long. Yes, sir, he's been there much as four or five years. He got killed; got hurt, and died at Richmond. [He got well after it.] Yes, sir, I was thirteen years old, most. My mother—which name? [Her first name.] Lydia—her name is Lydia. She's close to Bradley Station. She's a cooking for the soldiers. [Does she get much to cook?] Yes; sometimes she does, sometimes she don't. I ain't a nigger, sir. [We didn't suppose you were.] What made you say that? Because you were wondering if I was one. [Yes, sir, I never had such a thought.] Well, some of you were thinking about it. Well, if my mother was cooking for the soldiers she wasn't a nigger. Well, Mister, if you get Virginia, you can carry my letter yourself. [We don't like the country, it's too poor a one.] Well, you'll send it, will you? [Yes.] Sept. 19.

### A. Wallace Thaxter.

Written: To my much esteemed friend B. P. Shillaber, of "The Saturday Evening Gazette." I am rejoiced to find your beautiful spiritual theory all to spare. When I find an opportunity I shall embrace it to speak with you and all the dear friends I have left in the earth-life. Truly, A. WALLACE THAXTER. Sept. 19.

### Invocation.

Wondrous Spirit whose name no man knoweth, to whom praises are chanted by every form of life, thou whose voice we heard in the solemn stillness of Death, saying, "It is I, be not afraid," to thee we turn this hour through the frailty of human life with our praises, with our utterances of thanksgiving, in union with the many, many voices of Nature, that are ever chanting praises to thee. Oh thou who art our Father to-day, as thou hast been, in the past and will be our Father in the future, we know that we are safe with thee. And though the skies covering our beloved land—the home that was once ours—are hanging heavy with clouds, yet we know that each cloud has its sunny lining, the night is not without its stars, the day will come, when darkness will pass away, the gloom and sorrow that now broods over this afflicted nation will gradually pass away, and the white dove of peace will fold her soft wings again in the midst of this people. Oh thou God of Nations, we would take thee, thy children, in the arms of our hope and love, and bear them away from the darkness of the present hour, and show them bright rays of sunshine that are gleaming from yonder spirit-world. Oh our Father, in our sympathy we would lift them out of the darkness of the present, and land them safe into the future, where there is more sunshine, more peace. Oh our Father, if there is any one gift we would ask thee to bestow this hour, it is the gift of strength to him who sits in rule over our American Nation. Oh give him that strength he has need of. Make his feet strong in the path of justice. Turn his vision over heavenward. Close his ears, we beseech thee, oh God, against the calls of wicked men. Oh let him hear thy voice calling him to duty. Let him see thy hand and the darkness of the present hour. Let him feel thy presence. Let him know that thou art with him, and that millions are anxiously waiting to see him mete out justice to black and white. Oh God, grant that he may be a faithful steward over the things entrusted to his keeping, that he may fall to listen to the calls for slavery. Oh our Father and our Mother, fold thy servants about with a mantle of love, and bear them away from the darkness of the present hour, and show them bright rays of sunshine that are gleaming from yonder spirit-world. Oh our Father, in our sympathy we would lift them out of the darkness of the present, and land them safe into the future, where there is more sunshine, more peace. Oh our Father, if there is any one gift we would ask thee to bestow this hour, it is the gift of strength to him who sits in rule over our American Nation. Oh give him that strength he has need of. Make his feet strong in the path of justice. Turn his vision over heavenward. Close his ears, we beseech thee, oh God, against the calls of wicked men. 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## Pearls.

And quietude, and peace, and love,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

### THE AWAKENED ROSE.

A rosebud of the light did dream,  
Of bubbling rill and dashing stream,  
Of foliage rustling in the vale,  
Of sweet tones of the nightingale,  
Of the evening vernal air,  
Of fragrance fine and colors fair,  
But when the bird's green leaves unclosed,  
And it awoke a blooming rose,  
And, sweetly smiling through its tears,  
Regarded with subdued delight  
The beautiful world that met its sight,  
Inhaled the fragrance of the breeze,  
And listened to the humming bees,  
Though finding all magnificent,  
Yet felt it no astonishment,  
But says: "This world is fair, 'tis true,  
Yet find I in it nothing new;  
Its features, all, by heart I know—  
In dreams I saw them long ago!"

The shadows of the past have been man's fears.  
The only light—his hopes.—DANIEL.

### FADING SUMMER.

See, the lovely Summer is fading;  
The roses and lilies have perished  
That decked earth's brow and her bosom.  
Soft and low blows the breath of the autumn  
In a note from her trumpet of warning,  
And widely in grove and in forest  
From the trees so tall and majestic  
The green leaves that crowned them are falling.

The lovely Summer is fading  
With her children of meadow and forest,  
And a tear in her eye we discover  
As catching the first breath of autumn  
O'er the whole of the vast creation.  
She was happy to reign for a season;  
But now to her fate she bows lowly;  
Remembering that that of Nature,  
That the weakest and strongest must perish  
When the day of their labor is ended.

The fire of genius, however brilliant, seldom has  
power to warm the hearthstone.

### FREEDOM, TRUTH AND RIGHT.

Once I only wished to breathe  
Where fabled birds had golden wings—  
But a sterner breath of song  
Jars at last my chanted strings.

FREEDOM now my fairy is,  
And simple Truth my only knight;  
With these I brave the dragon's brood,  
And boldly battle for the right.

Revenge is a much more punctual paymaster  
than gratitude.

### THE SPIRIT CALL.

Come to the land of immortal years,  
Where, thy spirit, divested of earthly fears,  
Shall feel the golden glow of youth,  
And bathe in the fountain of living Truth.  
No more shall the dreams of earth impart  
Their dim, cold shadows to thy heart;  
But lost in the joys of this Eden land,  
With thee will I wander hand in hand.

Wealth is a source of trouble and consuming  
care.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### BURIED GEMS.

BY E. L. FENTON.

I've watched the birds seek their home; I've  
listened to the play of the distant catenat; I've  
seen the gently ebbing tide go and come, but yet  
they never look back. I've watched the rose un-  
fold her dewy petals, I've counted the stamens of  
each flower, I've seen them shut their leaves at  
evening's call, but yet not yet they mark the passing  
hour. Those buried gems, those angel buds of  
promise, with eyes of sparkling light, and forms  
of grace—we hear thy sweet voices, that warbled  
low of oft repeated tales of love, still echo thoughts  
that tell of the summer-land where thou dost  
dwell. We'll lift the veil that shuts thee out  
from mortal gaze, and scan the page thou, in thine  
angel home, art reading at this, the twilight hour  
of earth.

From the far-off distance comes a band of tiny  
ones. Light footfalls, very, very light, soft notes  
of music stealing on the listening ear; antique cos-  
tumes, rich and rare, quaint and queer; hearts of  
love in homes above. Mortal, touch them not with  
thy rude grasp; they are too pure for thee. Break  
the spell, thou little ones, and tell us who thou art,  
and from whence thou camest? And thus they  
sing:

We are those who ne'er breathed the nether air  
of earth, but lived and grew within our mothers.  
All that hath life "must pass through Nature to  
Eternity." Man, when he is born on earth, is born  
into the natural degree of good, and progresses by  
continuity of intellect to a point called rationality,  
when he comes into the love of use. But we ne'er  
respired on earth, but blossomed here; thus we  
came first to you, because we are the standpoint  
of eternal law. From us all history flows, for we  
reflect all scenes that round us grow. On earth  
they call us embryos, for the valve in the partition  
walls, between the two auricles, has ne'er been  
closed forever, but passes our life-blood to our left  
heart, to pass on forever. Thou sayest, mortal,  
we do not live; but we say, that how'er so small  
the germ, though thou destroyest what thou ne'er  
can give, our spirits live, and from God's own  
law reflect the inner thoughts of our parents'  
loves. So when thou callest to mind scenes long  
since passed away forever, we hover round thee,  
and you draw from us the record of bygone years.  
We are the only types of Innocence.

And now cometh another band. They are chil-  
dren of larger growth; they dwell 'mid scenes of  
earth, and fond mothers clasped them to their  
hearts and stroked their soft hair, and taught them  
to hush words of love and love. They creep into  
our hearts, those long-lost, buried gems; they clasp  
their arms about our necks, and sweetly, with  
tones we know so well, tell us tales of the happy  
land.

Mother, dear, thy heart is lone and sad; the tears  
course down thy cheeks when'er thou lookest  
back. The little shoe, the apron blue, the rattle,  
too, thou bringest up, and with broken voice make  
dark the hours which are so bright to us. We've  
watched thee when thou didst not dream us nigh;  
and we knew we were not forgot when we heard  
thy lone sigh. Then come with us and learn what  
the twin souls teach.

Through bowers of living flowers, unlike earth,  
for they are but faint shadows of ours; with sweet  
singing birds to warble notes of love; to homes  
where sunlit altars woo us to worship God in the  
passing hours, we bid thee come. When our in-  
fant feet doth first press the greenward of our  
transferred home, then, though we ne'er trod the  
dull floors of earth, we stand erect, for Reason is  
the gift-talent of the human man alone, and here  
we are not cloyed with the brute instincts of our  
natures. We live in the *esse* of the will and the  
wisdom, and study from examples. Our books  
are unlike those of earth, for each little letter  
will give a subject through, and painted pictures seem  
mirrors of thoughts in all their glittering sheen.  
And when our teachers dear speak of scenes, and  
tell us of other days, then those little ones, that

thou first did see, come trooping in, and Time  
comes with them, for they are its fair embodiment  
from which you count, and we clasp the hand that  
mayest not press, and together walk through the  
paths of unburied science. And thus, as we live  
and learn, and that which we called our becoming  
really so from principle, then again we seek you  
mortals, and with our added love, guide and guard,  
and save full many a dark and hopeless heart.

I listen long to those buried gems; I scan their  
figures so bright and so free; I wander with them  
where the murmuring fountain plays, and learn  
lessons from them of weal and of woe; I seek the  
cool shadows where pure lilies grow, and kneel at  
cool altars, when bright spirits flow in to deck  
angel cherubs with crowns of eternal light, I kiss  
the hand that guides me thus far, and bow me in  
heaven's own home.

East Boston, Mass., 1864.

### Three Days' Meeting in Belvidere, Ill.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The following is a brief synopsis of the exercises  
of the Three Days' Meeting, held in Dr. Page's  
beautiful grove, in the village of Belvidere, Ill.,  
commencing Friday, Sept. 23, and continuing Sat-  
urday and Sunday.

The Committee of Arrangements appointed  
Chas. Gorham, Chairman; D. G. Estell and Miss  
Anna Dean, Secretaries. First day, the services  
were opened by Dr. Lowell, of N. Y., who claimed  
for himself the highest divinity, a man, even  
Jesus the Messiah, who was followed by Dr. L. K.  
Cooley, who vibrated to the other extreme, by  
acknowledging himself a very great sinner. Mr.  
Todd then delivered a short speech.

Miss Bell Scougal gave forth a few eloquent  
and soul-refreshing thoughts. Brother Elcott,  
of Manchester, took the stand for a few moments,  
and advocated the great need of an Organization  
of Spiritualists; after which Brothers Park and  
Royal each made a few appropriate remarks.  
The meeting was then adjourned to two o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—The exercises commenced  
with an appropriate song by Mrs. and Miss Parker,  
followed by an hour's conference, the time being  
occupied by Dr. Lowell, Dr. Cooley, and others.

The audience were then entertained with a pro-  
gressive song by the Misses Morgan, of White-  
water, Wis. A lecture was then delivered by Bro.  
Warner Chase, on the "Different Forms of Exist-  
ence," showing that in the mineral, vegetable,  
and animal kingdom, each lived for its own  
benefit; and that after passing through these suc-  
cessive changes and positions up to the human or-  
ganization, and the change called death is passed,  
then all these different forms from the lower king-  
dom are lost, or given back to their native element,  
to again re-form, in all their successive changes,  
with the life principle, or spiritual form, contin-  
ued in its existence in the world of spirits, sur-  
rounding the material world. The lecture was  
full of research, scientific thought, and replete  
with interest.

Mrs. Parker then gave a lengthy address on  
"License," showing that it was first called into  
action for the purpose of making things which  
were not *exactly right*—beautiful thoughts on "Or-  
ganization," after which the Misses Morgan sang,  
accompanied by the guitar. Adjourned.

Saturday Morning.—One hour was spent in con-  
ference, the time being occupied by different  
speakers. The Chairman then introduced Bro.  
Moses Hull, of Michigan, who addressed the intel-  
ligent and appreciative audience, on the subject of  
"Churchianity and Humanity," giving a very ex-  
cellent discourse. Dr. Cooley followed, giving  
one of his stirring lectures. Adjourned to 2 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Mrs. A. Wilhelm, of P.  
Philadelphia, took the stand, and gave one of the  
best lectures we ever listened to in the West. Her  
subject was the "Moral and Physical Condition  
of Woman." She elucidated in a very clear and  
convincing manner what she considered woman's  
duty to herself. Woman should educate herself  
above the false conditions which surround her,  
and rise to the lawful and rightful position de-  
signed her by her Creator.

Dr. L. K. Cooley then read a poem entitled,  
"Evermore."

Bro. Samuel Clark interested the audience for a  
short time. Adjourned.

Sunday Morning.—The morning was dark and  
foreboding in appearance; but quite a large audi-  
ence assembled at the hour of commencement.  
Opened with conference, and Dr. Lowell spoke a  
few moments, and was followed by Moses Hull,  
who spoke of experience and experimental reli-  
gion, doing ample justice to the subject.

Miss Belle Scougal was called upon to make a  
prayer, but declined, not feeling the spirit moving  
her in that direction. She afterward sought to  
make some remarks on the subject of prayer.

We then listened to a beautiful song, entitled  
the "Soldier's Tear."

Warren Chase then preached the funeral ser-  
mon of a soldier. His argument on the immor-  
tality of the soul was very convincing.

Afternoon Session.—Exercises commenced with  
a song by the Misses Morgan.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm commenced a half hour ad-  
dress, being interpreted by a hand shaker, the  
meeting adjourned to Phoenix Hall, where  
Mrs. W. resumed her discourse, and gave a very  
able lecture on the liability of man to worship  
forms and externals, rather than spirit.

Rev. Moses Hull spoke at some length on Spiritu-  
alism as it is, and as it is represented to be by its  
opponents, taking for his text, "Can any good come  
out of Nazareth?" He spoke of the moral tone  
of our knowledge, and every one who had heard  
are known to our friends in the angel-world.

The meeting was then closed, while many souls  
reached forth toward our Heavenly Father in  
prayer for the happiness of our worthy speakers  
who had labored zealously with us to spread the  
truth, the bread of life, to hungry, starving souls.

D. G. ESTELL, Secretary.

MISS ANNA DEAN, Secretary.

Quarterly Meeting at Cadiz, Ind., 9th,  
10th, and 11th of Sept.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Spiritual  
Progress convened in Jonathan Bond's hall,  
at Cadiz, on Friday, 9th of Sept.

Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, presided with his usual  
ability. He opened the meeting with an ad-  
dress on the condition of the country, a subject to  
him all-absorbing and interesting.

Mr. D. P. Daniel spoke of the beauty, grandeur  
and glory of the other life, and the "Forward and  
Upward" tendency of the destiny of man. Said  
the Orthodox were doing their work, and doing it  
well. It being a stepping-stone to higher good.

Dr. Hill said Spiritualism is thought by some to  
belong entirely to the spiritual world. In this  
they are mistaken. It is development both physi-  
cal and spiritual. We are as much in the spirit-  
world-day as we ever will be. All the differ-  
ence is in the clay body we carry with us. Spiritu-  
alism should be considered as embodying every  
particle of human interest; opposed to all wrong  
and error.

Dr. Cooper compared the spiritual element of  
the Churches to port wine. He said that in olden  
times, port wine could be obtained in its purity.  
But a time arrived in the world's history that it  
was adulterated one-half; and that now our article  
is on sale that has not a drop of port wine in it.  
The appearance is all the similarity there is to the  
genuine article. So the Churches still keep up an  
appearance of spirituality, but the real element is  
wanting. Adjourned.

In the evening Dr. Cooper read a poem "Clear  
the Way." He then proceeded to say that Spiritu-  
alism is not a new thing, it is being misunderstood.  
We are accused of disbelief in God. We believe  
in one God and no more. But we do not need to  
go to the Bible for a knowledge of God. The same  
sun and moon, and the same diamond stars look  
down from the blue vault of heaven, on each hu-  
man being—members of the same spiritual family  
—and tell of God, and we feel him working within  
us. Chance could not have given existence to a  
living thing. To love God, we must love our fellow-  
men, etc. Debt and credit are kept telegraphical-  
ly, and we cast up the account ourselves. Adjourned.

Saturday Morning.—The meeting was pronounced  
in session by the President.

Dr. Cooper read a poem, "If I were a Voice."

A Business Committee, consisting of Mr. Daniel,  
Mrs. Fentress and Mr. Bond, were appointed

by the Chair, to make arrangements for the speak-  
ers.

Mr. Daniel, by request, occupied the stand half  
an hour, on general topics. After which the fol-  
lowing resolutions, offered by Dr. Hill, were dis-  
cussed in Conference by Drs. Hill and Cooper, and  
Mr. Daniel, and adopted as the sentiment of the  
meeting:

Resolved, That aristocracy and ignorance, based  
upon the ill-gotten gains of productive labor, em-  
body the main hindrance to progress in all de-  
partments of religious, political, physical and so-  
cial reform.

Resolved, That all true reform must originate in  
and through productive labor.

Dr. Cooper read a poem, "Trade and Spade."  
Adjourned.

Afternoon meeting was called to order by the  
President.

Mrs. Cuppy addressed the meeting, taking for  
her text, "Everything earthly, is a type of all  
things heavenly." Adjourned to 7 o'clock P. M.

Meeting again convened.

Dr. Cooper read from Charles Mackay, "Old  
Opinions." He then proceeded to address the  
meeting on the subject of "Sacrifice." This theme  
was selected by some Orthodox friend. He related  
the origin of Sacrifice, and traced it down to the  
time of Jesus. His discourse seemed to be  
quite satisfactory. Adjourned.

Sunday Morning.—A very large circle was held  
by Miss Jordan, of Muncie, medium for physical  
manifestations. Her circles are held in the clear  
light of day. The accordion is played, the bell  
rung, the table raised from the floor, the spirit  
shakes hands with persons, etc.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Cuppy addressed a full house  
on the "Religion of Spiritualism." Is Spiritual-  
ism a religion? Are Spiritualists a religious people?  
Before you rashly state that they are not reli-  
gious, ask yourselves what religion is. Thom-  
as Hunt's definition of religion is, "Doing Right."

True religion and unselfish before God, is to vis-  
it the widows and fatherless, and to keep your-  
selves unspotted from the world. To judge a  
neighbor wrongly is to spot the soul. So nar-  
rowness and bigotry. "Let no man call God Father,  
who will not call man his brother," etc. Adjourned.

Sunday Afternoon.—Dr. Cooper entertained the  
audience on the subject of infidelity. He de-  
fined what he thought to be infidelity, viz: "Be-  
lieving in the truth, and not acting on it." He spoke  
of Thos. Paine as being infidel to Creeds and Church-  
es, but true to the principles of eternal justice, and  
that we are much indebted to him for the liberty  
and progress that we have arrived at. At the  
time of the American Revolution, he, with his  
printing-press, issued slips of paper and sent round  
among the soldiers to inspire them to courage, etc.  
The Doctor then read a poem, "What I Live for."

Adjourned to 7 o'clock P. M.

The evening meeting was addressed by Mr.  
Daniel, Dr. Hill and others.

Thus closed our Quarterly Meeting, and we sepa-  
rated with thanks and blessings for our good  
friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, for their kind, cheer-  
ful looks and words, and their genuine hospitality.  
Their reward is sure.

Who could have an idea of how much we missed  
the inspiration of Mr. Harris's music.

LOUISA M. PATTERSON, Sec.

Dr. Bryant—Healing the Sick by "lay-  
ing on of hands."

From the Rochester Express, of October 31, 1864—  
We are pleased to notice that agreeable to an-  
nouncement, Dr. J. P. Bryant is again in town at  
his former quarters in the Waverly House, Roch-  
ester, N. Y., where he will be happy to wait upon  
those patients who could not attend at his rooms  
during his former visit, and as many more as are  
willing to test the efficacy of his treatment. Dr.  
Bryant's method of practice is referred to in  
these columns. He uses no medicine, but by a  
wonderful magnetic power, or whatever else it  
may be termed, he succeeds in effecting some of  
the most remarkable cures on record anywhere.

There is no humbug about it, as the thousands  
can testify who were treated by him during his  
four months' stay last winter, many of whom  
came lame and halt and blind, but went away  
without the crutches, and with their sight re-  
stored, their hearts bounding with gratitude for  
the wonderful relief they experienced from their  
various maladies. During his stay last winter,  
Dr. B. treated upwards of four thousand, five hun-  
dred patients, very few of whom but acknowledge  
much benefit from the treatment, and great num-  
bers were permanently cured of both chronic and  
acute diseases. The stay of the doctor is limited  
to the first of January next, and those who design  
consulting him should make arrangements to do so  
at the earliest opportunity. Dr. Bryant espe-  
cially invites the poor to come and be healed "with-  
out money or price."

A Cure by the Laying on of Hands.

Allow me through the columns of the BANNER  
to give my testimony in regard to a very impor-  
tant cure performed upon one of my limbs by Dr. S.  
D. Pace of Port Huron, Mich. My place of resi-  
dence is Lacon, Ill. I started from this place to go  
to Buffalo, to visit Dr. Bryant, hearing of Dr. Pace,  
on the route, I resolved to visit him, thinking I  
might possibly get relief. My limb was so much  
contracted from the effects of a fever, so that I  
could not sit or stand, and I was in great pain.

On the 21st of September, I was taken to the  
floor; it was in this condition I called on the  
Doctor. He placed his hands upon the limb,  
and in fifteen minutes I was able to walk with the  
help of touching the floor; a feat which I had not  
performed before in fifteen months. I did not leap  
for joy, but I assure you, Mr. Editor, I could have  
done so quite easily. Several days have elapsed  
since the cure, and now, thank Heaven,  
I am nearly cured. Dr. Pace is a Spiritualist;  
I am not; but in justice to him and suffering hu-  
manity I offer this statement for publication. I  
would advise all persons suffering from chronic  
disease, of whatever name or form, to consult this  
truly celebrated physician. He examines disease  
hundreds of miles distant, from a lock of the hair,  
through the aid of clairvoyance.

Respectfully yours, GEO. A. MARKELL.

P. S. I have received treatment from a number  
of eminent physicians before calling on Dr. Pace,  
without receiving any benefit; and my case was  
looked upon as hopeless. Persons wishing further  
particulars can have them by addressing me.

Lacon, Marshall Co., Ill., 1864. G. A. M.

Obituaries.

Again I am called to chronicle the departure of another  
Spiritualist from earth to the spirit-home. Mr. Edwin Hall,  
of Des Moines, Iowa, after dwelling in the body 56 years and 10  
months, passed peacefully away on the morning of the 21st of  
Sept. at the age of 116 years. He was a man of great energy,  
and had preyed upon his body for some years, to break  
his hold on earth and across the silent river, on Saturday  
morning, the 21st of Sept., he was taken to the spirit-world  
in the arms of his friends. He was a man of great energy,  
and had preyed upon his body for some years, to break  
his hold on earth and across the silent river, on Saturday  
morning, the 21st of Sept., he was taken to the spirit-world  
in the arms of his friends.

On Sunday the 21st, his funeral was attended in the hall he  
had dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism, and had  
collected a large library of spiritual and reform books, that  
he had offered to the public for sale. He was a man of great  
energy, and had preyed upon his body for some years, to break  
his hold on earth and across the silent river, on Saturday  
morning, the 21st of Sept., he was taken to the spirit-world  
in the arms of his friends.

Thus passed from earth a kind, affectionate husband, a lov-  
ing and indulgent father. May they still realize his presence  
and feel that he has not gone to that "other shore" where  
traveler returns, but it is over with them, watching over and  
loving them as he was wont to do when in the flesh.

JOHN J. MALLORY.

Passed to the Summer Land, after a short illness of chronic  
disease, on the 21st of Sept., Mr. Wm. Hall, of his City  
to his friends and home, at South Hardwick, Vt., from City  
Point, Va., Charles Shipman, aged 32 years. He leaves a wife  
and four small children, and a large number of relatives, near and  
distant. His death was a great loss to his family, and to the  
cause of Spiritualism, and what few rays of light shone into his  
soul while here, made his brief life bright over the river of  
change.

Funeral services were held at his home, Sept. 23d, and a  
short discourse given by A. P. Mudgett, of Boston, inspiri-  
tional and franco medium.

## CUDJO'S CAVE!

## CUDJO'S CAVE.

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The New York Tribune says:

"The materials of this story are taken from events which  
occurred in Tennessee soon after the breaking out of the re-  
bellion. . . . The incidents of the plot are wrought  
up into a narrative of stirring interest, the dialogue is lively  
and spirited, and the various personages who take part in its  
action produce an impression of positive and often strongly  
marked individuality. Although founded on the temporary  
experience of an exceptional period, the story will retain a  
durable hold on public interest by reason of its earnestness,  
vitality, and truth to Nature."

Godley's Lady's Book says:

"Mr. Trowbridge has already gained a celebrity by his writ-  
ings. The last work will give him a wider reputation. The  
scene is laid in Tennessee, in the beginning of the war excite-  
ment, and gives terrible pictures of the stormy passions of men  
and the sad scenes enacted. . . . The descriptions of natu-  
ral scenery are vivid, and often beautiful and noble charac-  
ters and lovely words of mercy are brought out on the dark  
canvas of civil war."

The Independent, Wilmington, Ill., says:

"CUDJO'S CAVE.—This is the title of the most intensely  
interesting novel published in a long time, and is having an im-  
mense circulation. . . . It possesses the power to enchain  
the reader from the first line to the end, and is written with  
marked ability, in a most masterly manner."

The Continental Magazine for April, says:

"We believe Mr. Trowbridge has achieved a real success in  
his Cudjo. The plot is well conceived and sustained, and the  
interest never flags from the first page to the last. There is no  
dull reading in this book."

Peterson's Magazine for April, says:

"In 'Cudjo's Cave' Mr. Trowbridge has even excelled his  
former works."

The New York Independent says that

"Neighbor Jackwood," by the same author, is a powerful  
story; that the same mastery humor and the same fidelity of  
description which appears in all Mr. Trowbridge's writings is  
here; that as a drama, 'Cudjo's Cave' would produce a  
thrilling effect. . . . The general effect of this book must  
be excellent. The facts it employs are terrible, it is true, but  
they will not be questioned in the face of myriads more terri-  
ble by far. The spirit of justice and humanity breathes from  
every page. The cause of Emancipation, of the Negro, and of  
the White Man, finds a powerful auxiliary in 'Cudjo's Cave.'"

The New York Evening Post says:

"Mr. Trowbridge is a well-known contributor to the pages  
of the Atlantic Monthly, but in this volume he essays the task  
of a novel writer, founding his story on the incidents of the  
Rebellion in East Tennessee. . . . The incidents are  
grouped with excellent effect, and the interest in the story is  
sustained to the close. The sketches of border warfare are pecu-  
liarly vivid."

The New York Daily News (Fernando Wood's paper)

says of Cudjo's Cave:

"This is one of the most exciting novels which we have ever  
read. . . . We know of no work of the kind that has pro-  
duced a more powerful impression upon us; and to judge by  
its success, the opinion we entertain of this novel has been  
shared by the public."

The Wide World (Boston) says:

"Probably no book that has been printed in later years has  
had so great a sale, and been so universally popular, and well  
received by the public, as 'Cudjo's Cave.' It combines more  
of the essential qualities that go to make up a 'real good  
book' than any work we have read in a long time."

The Boston Traveller says:

"Mr. Trowbridge's last work, 'Cudjo's Cave,' is worthy the  
well established reputation of that very able writer, and just-  
ifies the warm reception which it has met from all classes of  
readers. . . . If there be any who have not yet read  
this very clever book, we recommend them no longer to deny  
themselves so great an enjoyment as that which proceeds from  
an acquaintance with its lively pages."

The Publishers are receiving daily hundreds of similar testi-  
monials to the above, in favor of this

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