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LELIA TREMAINE; A SOUL'S EXPERIENCE.

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CHAPTER I. In Spirit-Life.

They stretch afar, the amethystine hills so lovingly enfolded by the sapphire skies; the lavish gifts of the Eternal Summer-World festoon the labyrinthine paths of this, my soul's abiding-place. I can again use earthly language in the portrayal of my spirit-home; but oh, how imperfectly go forth the words, inadequate in poverty of expression to convey the symbolic thought, the realities of this life of fruition and blessedness!

I would inspire you with the religious worship of the Beautiful, with the artist's enrapt communion with the love of Truth and Goodness, revealed in kingly splendors, and diademed by Time's fulfillment of the Age's hope! I would uplift you from the sordid cares, the gnawing pangs of earthly trials. I would lead you out of semi-blindness into the refulgent day. Out of all strife and bitterness, and warfare with the inevitable, unto the peace of faith, and rest in the Divine. For I, too, once lived upon the turbulent earth; and I have shed my bitterest tears upon the summer breast of Nature, and have walked o'er stony paths with bare and bleeding feet; over desert wastes of heart-solitude; storm-tossed upon seas of discipline, in frail, light barks of human invention. I have drained life's chalice-cup of grief unto the dregs; may I not come in this imperfect way, even by this partial communication, as a loving, humble teacher, commissioned from Elysian lands?

But mark my soul's intent; the old great lesson taught of old, far in the remote times; even then, when human hearts first throbbled with a reflection of the Infinite compassion. I come to teach, above all others, the world's great needed lesson of Charity. Oh cease to be condemnors of the innocent, inexorable judges of the guilty! Ye can judge of external actions only; never of impelling forces, surrounding heavenly or retarding influences; never of the giant strength and infant weakness of the mystic heart; never of the hidden evil or the saintly good, visible unto his eye, and the angelic host alone.

I am a spirit, robed in the celestial garb of purity and love. My snowy vestments gleam with sun-lustre; my azure veil is cloud-woven of the starry forget-me-nots of heaven. Gens, soul-gathered from the mines of thought and experience, glisten on my arms and breast. There is a virgin coronet of blazing stars around my brow; it is my marriage chaplet; for I, too, am wedded to my soul-mate here; and were I to burst upon your mortal vision unprepared, you could not bear the sight. If in dim revelations of the night I were to appear before you, you would deem me some mighty spirit of the past, some saintly queen, or heroine of the world's first martyr days. And yet, my brothers of the loom and anvil, my sisters tolling piteously, I was no high-born dame, nor personage renowned in song. Like many of you, I felt the conflicting nature of the higher and the low; a woman with an angel's aspirations and capacities, with inherited and acquired weakness that led me nigh unto the gates of sin; for, crowned and sceptered as I am, I have stood trembling on the brink of fearful soul-abysses. I have gone down into deep valleys of humiliation and gloom. I have wrestled for long days and weary nights with the familiar demons within; I have been guilty of terrible wrongs in intent of spirit. When most possessed of heavenward yearnings, most deeply imbued with the ideal love of perfection, I have been misjudged of the world. When nearest unto self-condemnation, I have been acquitted of all human opinion, and applauded of the short-sighted ones who could not read the inner page.

Oh, have charity! Be merciful, I beseech you; condemn not hastily. Justify not the wrong; palliate not the crime; gloss not the error with any reach of human sophistry. But on the individual transgressor visit not your thunderbolts of wrath. Pity, investigate, upraise, inspire, unto a higher, nobler life. The glorious sunlight of the spiritual plays in musical gleams upon the gemmed flowers and the whispering foliage; fair angel-faces are reflected in the placid waters, rose-tinted with the emanations of joy, golden with the inborn wealth of teaching ministry. Here are assembled all the outer correspondences of the long cherished heart-dreams of the Beautiful. Upon the purple hills uprise the beacon flames that designate the altars of a world-wide patriotism, a humanitarian love that is for earth and heaven, and for the lowest hell. There wave the standards of the free in soul, and, white, transparent, luminous, invite to the temples of worship; the academic shades of contemplation beckon; sweetest home-valleys nestle at the feet of the prayerfully encircling mountains; the roll of waves upon the shores of life eternal, with slow, solemn, and rhythmic grandeur, peal their organ-tones. The messenger-winds come freighted with "glad tidings" from afar; a promise and a hope, a token and a sign is wafted to the soul's sense with every breath of the immortal flowers. A higher range of thought, a deeper wave of feeling, a more powerful uplifting of the central consciousness, a keener insight into the multiplied relations of the universe, a clearer understanding of all perfect spiritual law, a broader sweep of intellectual perception, the significations of blended harmony, the divine uses of love, the approximations to the Infinite—all this, and more that is wholly untranslatable into known language, comes to us here with every shifting of the cloud-

canopy above, with every melodious exhalation of the balmy, breathing earth beneath our feet, with every onward motion of the singing tides, with every change from "glory unto glory." On the face of imperishable Nature is wreathed in summer smiles the watchword of Eternity—"Progression!"

The fullness of the flooding sunshine is inspiration; the velling, tender shadows are repose, poesy, contemplative joy. No longer do the pain-marks of duty efface youth's signet from affection's brow; no more the birds of omen croak in the still hour of a fulfilled happiness; not can the demon of discord make a battle-ground of the resisting heart. Here religion is the child's perfect trust; philosophy the staff of the contented soul; love, spontaneous, pure, and holy, as the Divine Source from whence its angel-powers proceed. No mists obscure its brightness, no flats of authority forbid its beauteous revelations, no doubts and fears cast chilling misery upon its paths, no outer and no inner obstacles impede its free, wide, eagle progress, its celestial aspirations for the life of the beatified.

A pause of reminiscence, a thought of good to be achieved, an unuttered prayer and a promise, and I will tell you the story of my life on earth.

CHAPTER II. On Earth.

Surely, surely we are offshoots from the Divine, else whence these spirit-strivings for a better life?—these thronging aspirations for eternal love, and a perfected man and womanhood?—these ideal outcrochings of the soul, unspeakable longings for the attainment of mighty possibilities of heart and soul development?—whence the rebuking and the prompting voices of the innermost? From what source is enkindled the altar-flame of love? Whence the grouped angels painting out life's pathway, and beckoning upward, far away from gross allurement and veiled falsities of earth? A universe of summer beauty unfolds in panoramic grandeur in the soul—domes, temples, palaces, saintly shrines; sweet home-nooks nestling in embowering shades, mysterious depths of forest denseness, rivers flowing musically over golden sands of life; cerulean skies, amethyst and amber-flecked, rose and silver-curtained; still, solemn seas of contemplation, holy night with chiming stars—relating wondrous truths of spirit—all this, and much more that tongue cannot frame into your mortal language, dwells, passes, fleets and rests within—a world of heavenly emotions, of angelic impulses, of immortal prophecy. The flower perfume casts its divine significance upon you, the sunrises give a partial revelation, the bird-song echoes the triumphant swell of music, and the plaintive hymning of the twilight hour speak forth unto receptive hearts the secret of all life, the certainty of immortality. The expanded intellect, the disciplined affections, the harmonious, fully attuned spirit, receives as its own, the one simple, cabalistic word, wherewith forever Creation, Joy and Progress is evolved—its holy name is Love.

From thy infinitude proceeds this Power of Life, Creator, Father, Mother, Immutible, Forgiveness, Peace. The broad mantle of supernal charity veils tenderly thy infant's faults, their wrongs, their manifold transgressions of ignorance and blinded selfishness. For we are children all, pignions with giant wills, sometimes; tutored out of artificial seeming, not yet redeemed from the wildness of the savage nature, yet ever reminded of our kingly likeness by gleams of intuitive perception, by aspirations that link us to the heavens above.

From the wildness of that lower nature not yet cast aside, falls over the struggling spirit the night of gloom and error, the *animal fear* that trembles and cringes is not yet eradicated from the human soul—therefore the slavery of creeds that blind and crush, and offer lurid portraiture of torment, a glitter of monotonous enjoyment in compensation for the hum-drum life of prescribed religious acquiescence and conventional morality. Out of passions not limited to a divine order, arise the confusions and entanglements that priestcraft lays unto "original depravity." Out of undisciplined affections grow discords, disruptions, social revolutions, purifications of the soul through fire and martyr-pangs. The thirst of cruelty in human hearts, the wild-beast instinct, scarcely hidden by the gloss of civilization, impels to war and private murder, to legal revenge upon "a life for a life." The barbaric rage of conquest is carried on beneath pretences of righteousness—the wary cunning of the fox, the fell swoop of the bird of prey, the spring of the venomous serpent, the attack of lion and of tiger; remorseless, cruel, calculating, or blindly impulsive, through some goaded necessity, fancied or real—all are exemplified in the lives of misnamed Christians. Forbidden to kill, enjoined to forgive, yet the nineteenth century bears its gallows; and fallible men, in solemn mockery of justice, with oft-repeated murderous intent in their own bosoms, dare to sit in judgment on the offender discovered in external fulfillment of the act within the soul. You listen in awe-stricken reverence to the narration of the giving of the law upon Sinai's thunder-draped height, and you imprison the wretch who steals, while by mercantile craft and speculative operations, you rob politely, and cheat in the broad light of day. Oh, mortal inconsistency! you punish with a fine of money, with the loss of reputation forevermore on earth, illicit and adulterous relation; but when your man-made authorities have interposed their triple shield, you legalize a monstrous wrong, and under sanction of religion and social order, permit unholy revels of the flesh, the undesired birth of diseased and malevolently endowed offspring. Out upon your hypocritical sham! Your conventional idolatry of Moloch sins! Time was when priests and tyrants denied to mother-earth her divinely appointed motion; yet with the morning dawn, you would fatter the movements of the immortal soul.

Religion—a thing of forms and partially presented symbols not understood by the multitude, who, mistaking the symbol for the very essence of the invisible reality, fall into gross idol worship. Thus the great idea of a divine and natural motherhood is perverted to adoration and godly honors rendered unto a meek, sweet, lowly woman, the wife of an humble artisan, the mother of Jesus. Thus a pure and self-devoted Reformer, a martyr to the truth of ages, is exalted to the God-head, and blindly revered as the sole mediator between earth and the all-pervading soul. Thus a book of records is worshiped with fiery fanaticism, and from its pages selfish blessings are awarded to the elect, and eternal damnation to those cast out from the partial favor of its Pagan God.

I speak not bitterly; reminiscent tears of pity fill my eyes for thy dark woes and ignorances, oh earth, my birthplace. Oh soul, reflecting heaven, first spiritual Eden of the heart and soul!

In my child-spirit surged the warring elements of a nature not yet lulled into the calm of harmony. The wild beast raved and fretted, and the dark-plumed birds of night sat in the secret places, and lightning flashed athwart expanses terrible to behold, and revealed abysses deep and treacherous, beneath which moaned the storm-tossed waters as in the writhings of a frenzied spirit. Strange, venturesome thoughts, like beacon lights, oft crossed this pathway of gloom; they were bright as with the sunlight's glory, violet-tinted, as from some angel's flowery fan. Snatches of soothing lullaby, gleams of ascension, thrills of enraptured wonder, slow, solemn, silvery falling chimes, as of summoning prayer bells, transient glimpses, swift, bewildering, dazzling with pearly cloud-lustre, of faces, hands and flower-crowns, resolves, pulsant for good, silent dedications of the will, upsoaring love, that elapsed in infinitude, and wound its human tendrils around ideal forms, one ever the highest, purest, noblest, most beautiful and best. Do you understand me? Have you felt all this, even when outwardly a child?

I had no mother, and no blessed memory of her who gave me life. But I drew in large draughts of love, so tender, pure and teaching. I knew they emanated from my mother's heart, from that earth-unappreciated one, who, keenly in natural mind-endowments, a poet diademed by the genius of inspiration, had willed to me my better self, and from the heavens above was guarding me.

My father was a worldly man, religiously observant of all creed-demanded forms, permitting the minister to do all theological thinking for him, and following the humble avocation of a tradesman with thrift and shrewdness. He was my father to the world, and in some of my features I resembled him; but his spirit bore in me no part, if I except the excessive combativeness, which surely I inherited from him. We had not one thought in common. From my earliest recollection, I turned with unconquerable repulsion from the long, formal prayers, the oppressive Sunday keeping of our house. To the God of fear they ever placed before me, I was indifferent as a stone; but when reprimanded for my shortcomings and threatened with his wrath, and the future's endless punishment, I rose in defiance of that league of hatred, and repudiated God, my so-called step-mother, and my own father, in no measured terms.

I learned to conceal my thoughts, for their expression only drew upon me the merciless ridicule of my household tormentors. My stepmother's rigid, worldly, tight-laced, solemn-faced own mother, who lived with us, was my special aversion. With her, every innocent saley was a sin; every childish offence was a sign of that "total depravity" she subscribed to with so hearty a zest. All the exuberant gaiety of the child she repressed; all emotion she restrained; all spontaneous questioning she crushed; I was made to live by rule and routine, and against this my very soul rebelled.

At first with tears and passionate outbursts of temper, then as severe bodily chastisement and imprisonment in a dark, low attic followed. I learned the lesson of dissimulation, and veiled beneath a seemingly calm exterior the burning hatred and revengeful purposes of a soul untaught and unsubdued by love. I shudder when I think of the feelings of those days—how I invoked fire and sword and pestilence; to rid me of my home-tyrants; how I longed for youth, for maidenhood and its power of beauty, wherewith to purchase my freedom and realize the sweetness of revenge! For I was a pretty child, and others told me so; and I had vague ideas of the influence exercised by a lovely face.

Children were born in our unhomelike home—little puny creatures that wrestled with disease, that demanded incessant care, that wailed in piteous protest against their undesired existence. Sometimes I ran away into the sheltering woods to rid myself of the never-ceasing sounds of pain and discord, the disheartening sights that met my eye. Then again the human pity and tenderness welled forth toward these little ones, and I spent the day, and part of many anxious nights, striving to soothe their sufferings and still their cries. I saw sickness in its most repellent aspect—death in its most ghastly form; for these little victims pined and drooped slowly; agonizingly the frail life passed forth to better conditions. Their birth, their stay on earth, their passing away, all was in opposition to that unperverted nature that delights in healthy coloring, in rounded limbs, in the fullness of happy childhood, evoked of love and concord.

My father and his shrew-wife quarreled, then made peace, and resumed their thoughtless lives, that entailed such misery upon others. Births and deaths marked the household calendar. My stepmother was old before her time, wrinkled, not by age, but by the infliction of undesired maternal pains and cares. Eleven children were laid to rest in the churchyard. Over eleven winged angels grandame Martha Wiseman sung lugubrious hymns, and spoke exultingly as of ransomed

Christ-ones, singing eternal anthems in the glittering monarchical world above.

I pondered the mystery of death, doubted their resurrection tales, suffered in young girlhood from the attacks of skepticism, and finally settled down into a belief of my own. A revelation from the interior gave it to me one star-bright summer's night; the beautiful truth of progressive life became my own found treasure.

My life was hard and cold; intensely worshipping the beautiful, I was the slave of common-place. I aspired to a regal indolence of existence, and was compelled to drudge, and perform services from which my soul recoiled. Replete as was my imagination with poetic fancies and aspirations for a higher, better fate, I murmured, raved, and beat against the bars of my cage; duty was irksome, never sweetened by the solace of affection. Strangers pitied me, which the more increased my morbid sensitiveness, and my bitter repugnance to my mode of life.

And yet now, looking adown the vista of years, I see that the discipline I underwent was that which my soul needed, that which was best calculated to bring to light its powers and resources. Solitude of thought and feeling made a welcome for angelic visitants, who scorned the neglected, bad-tempered child, the imperious, self-willed maiden. Silently ridiculing the heartless ceremonies of a religion of fear, I felt deep elements of devotion, the strong need of worship and dependence upon some great, loving, divine source. And so I prayed, and was religious after my own fashion, in silence and in secrecy. While at church, and in our home circle, I was untouched by the mere repetition of words of homage and adulation unto God. Sometimes a terrible fear possessed me, that perhaps I was indeed a lost soul, predestined to eternal burnings. That the oft quoted devil might, after all, be a reality, and I one of his ensnared children. But these moods were never of long duration. The soothing whispers of intuitive truth dispelled them, and I felt the force of a conviction worlds could not overthrow. Thus solitude gave me religion "pure and undefiled," gave me the poetic faculty, cultivated whatever of harmony lay dormant in my poor errant soul.

My scolding stepmother passed from earth, after a long, weary sickness, which taxed to the utmost the patience of all, even the hired nurse. She was querulous, cold and unloving to me to the very last. May the memory soon fade from my spirit's vision—for wrong states of thought and feeling haunt us here—I hated her, as she lay so pale and still and wasted before me. Close anchored to her gloomy creed, she refused all other comfort; and for all my pains gave me but averted or loveless looks, and unkind words.

I sat beside her bed one night, when all were sleeping, and I knew that in the medicine vial on the table dwelt whatever strength could yet be given to her lingering life. A wild, sudden, terrible thought passed through my brain with lightning swiftness. If I withheld the poison, by the rising of the morning's sun she would lie dead before me, and the trouble and vexation of her presence would be no more. Yes, I had murder in my heart, and in my spirit I committed it! I rejoiced with a savage joy over my partial emancipation; I laughed in exultant glee over my freedom! The solemnly ticking seconds sped on. A shivering of terror overcame me; a rebuking voice spoke to the awakening consciousness; an angel mother plead with a tempted child standing on the verge of a fearful wrong, a crime. With a wild cry of penitence I rushed to the lethargic sleeper, kissed her into a startled wakefulness, and gave her the restoring draught. For six weeks she lived, not to bless me, but to enable me to thank God that I had been saved from the commission of murder, for such it was.

And I lived on earth to learn the noble uses of Charity, to forbear in joining in the world's denunciations. Not all who perpetrate a wrong, a crime even in the external, are the most guilty. There are secret sins of which the world and its laws take no cognizance. The soul is stained by misdeeds never externally revealed.

CHAPTER III.

The Semblance of Friendship and Love.

The uneducated faculties are liable to sad mistakes; the surging impulses of the undeveloped nature take the place of the safe intuitions; and grievous errors of the heart and intellect are committed, that must by inevitable law be atoned for by deep suffering. The calm perceptions, just and true, the clear-sightedness wherewith a peaceful soul judges of that presented to its consciousness, was not mine. For, from the pure and satisfied affections, flow broadspread over the world the thousand streams of a beneficent and healing heart-ministry. My love-nature was repressed, forbidden the natural expression, prohibited from all demonstration, shut down and crushed by the weight of a false religion, and an absence of the knowledge of its estimate. No father's love caressed me; no sister or brother spirits twined around my loneliness the vine-tendrils of a beautiful household affection. Nature ever responds to those that seek her with the prayerful search of love; but the compound human spirit imperatively demands the return of human love, as well as the gentle, tender ministrations of God's hand-maid, Nature.

In my loneliness and soul-solitude, alone in the narrow, unpoetic home, with my morose father, the childish and querulous old woman, I turned with relief unspeakable, with that heart-longing only known to such orphaned ones as I, to the proffered consolations of friendship and love. My friend was a young girl two years my senior, not my equal in prepossessing appearance, but my superior in worldly station. There was about her that nameless charm and ease of manner imparted by exemption from the coarse drudgery of life. She was grace personified; with artistic taste every fold of her dress, every shade of color worn

in scarf or ribbon, was arranged; her voice was musical, her accomplishments varied. Unlike my gypsy self, Lucilla Everett was a majestic blonde, calm, stately, ever self-contained, not beautiful, but endowed with a peculiar fascination of movement, tone, and address. Despite of the differences in our position, (she was the only daughter of a retired, wealthy ship-owner,) she appeared to love me dearly; she loaned me her splendidly bound books, she gave me presents, she tried to soothe the morbid sensitiveness, the ever alert pride of my tortured spirit; and such was her power over me she succeeded well.

I was impulsive, rash, confiding, and I idolized my friend. One afternoon when she had fallen asleep in our high, gothic arm-chair, I knelt beside her with feelings akin to adoration, contemplating the wealth of golden ringlets that were thrown over the hard, dark wood, watching the rosy parted lips, the lily hands unstained by labor, with most devoted and unselfish love. If she was proud to others, as she was reputed to be, she was ever gentle and kind to me. I deemed her the noblest of human beings. "My ideal of a perfected maidenhood was this sweet Lucilla. Once, by stealth and with a beating heart, I attended a party at her father's house. (She was motherless like myself) She had arrayed me in a gauzy fabric of gold color, that harmonized well with my dark eyes and raven hair; she had placed coral-like flowers in my braids, and compelled me, with her sweet smile and caressing words, to wear a set of topaz and of pearl. I looked at myself thus decorated in the glass. I was resplendent; cheeks and lips were doubled as damask roses; my eyes glittered like diamonds; jetty and lustrous the mass of silken hair twined over a massive braid, and shaded an imperial face. Surely, a higher destiny must come to me, I thought; in my awakening heart uprose in luxurious growth the long secretly-cultured tares of vanity and pride.

I was intoxicated with the success of beauty; my being was submerged in an ocean of delicious flattery; I gained the knowledge of a woman's power over the pliable hearts of men. A girl of sixteen, I longed for the pomp of wealth, the pride of station. I sighed for envy, and I went home the next day with a heart oppressed by discontent; with a lie upon my lips; for had I told my father that I had been to a gay revel, where profane music was heard and dancing permitted, I should have been forbidden ever to visit again my friend Lucilla!

And she, with the acquiescence of friendship or of thoughtlessness, urged me on to deception and falsehood; and I never reasoned with regard to her; I saw in her no fault. In intense naivete there is a blindness of friendship akin to that of love. I had dreamed from a child, vaguely, sweetly, of the one ideal of my heart. I had embodied this pure and manly soul in a form of kingly appearance, tall, commanding, with brow of a conqueror, the tender smile of a woman. With every attribute of royal manhood I invested him, with every tribute of excellence I endowed him; he was to be my teacher, guide, and master; he all the world to me as I to him.

And one day I met him, as I thought, face to face and soul to soul. I was waiting on some customers in father's shop, (that duty having been added to the others.) I heard a voice that thrilled my innermost. Trembling, I looked up to encounter the blue eyes of my dreams, to catch the winning smile, to see the light brown hair waving over the princely post-brow. He spoke to me, and I believe I blushed, and stammered; there was a haze before my eyes; a sudden birth into new life obscured, while it illumined, my faculties. I felt the mighty presence of a power hitherto unknown; yet anticipated, prophetically foreshadowed. I uttered mentally a prayer of thanksgiving and a cry for help; and all this occurred in a flash, a few fleeting seconds of time.

"My daughter Lelia, Mr. May," said the sharp voice of my father. So I knew his name; and when he had made some remarks upon the weather, had looked at me inquiringly, and with unmistakable admiration, he departed; and with him went the glory of the summer's day, and in inexpressible longing I stretched forth the arms of my soul to recall him. Thus suddenly was born the first love of my untutored heart, that, based upon external semblance only, could have no lasting foundation. I heard that his first name was Sylvester, and, as a treasure found, I syllabled that name and enshrined it sacredly.

He came again and again, looking tenderness into my soul, bewildering me with outbursts of eloquence, with the low-breathed poetry of growing love. My father was too much engrossed with business and the Church to pay attention to me, and as Mr. May was a customer, why, of course, it was all right.

So I grew absorbed, enchained to one predominating sentiment, and long before the arisal passed his lips, my love had been bestowed upon him with all the unreflecting impulse of my nature. I had no thought for the future; the rose-colored present sufficed. To see him, to be with him, to feel the pressure of his hand, to bask in the sunlight glance of love, was happiness and heaven for me.

And insensibly the harsh, rugged traits of my character were superseded by gentler dominions of tenderness and benevolent impulses. Pride, vanity, and discontent all slept beneath the potent sway of love.

The great lack in the human development of the present time is want of spiritual intuition in woman, of that class and quality which would at once discover the veiled intent of sense—the hidden proclivity of passion in man. It is her mission so to cultivate this power, that through it she shall elevate man and spiritualize his kingly nature. The lack in him is owing to the absence of that degree of spirituality which seeks for eternal, spiritual union, rendering the physical offices of love subservient to the highest purposes of the

soul; not ruling the life, but controlled by it in wisdom. What knew I, the undeveloped child-woman of this?

In woman's soul there is, even in earliest life, an intuitive grasp laid on the mysteries of being; and this is joined to innocence so absolute, it is startling in its wonderful human and most angelic revelations. My heart overflowed with love for this embodied ideal of my girlish dreams, and unquestioningly, safely, and at rest, I placed myself within the shelter of his responsive affection, concentrating there all of filial, fraternal, conjugal, and world-wide love—stirred to the depths, I deemed in my inexperience, and yet, in truth, only ruffled on the surface.

Nothing awoke me from the dream of Paradise; it was profound and peaceful for several happy months. Then on one day, I thought upon its eve I could not live to see another sun rise. I stood face to face with a terrible reality, an unheard-of foe. The love I had deemed a Saviour was revealed as an arch Tempter! Suddenly, cruelly, without forewarning, the filmy veils were rent away, and my sanctuary of faith and trust transformed into a gloomy, subterranean abode, where-in were held unholy revels of the flesh.

My youthful face and form, my corporeal charms, not the aspiring spirit's inner beauty, had attracted him. Not for a soul-union, on earth cemented, had he sought me. The disclosure almost struck me to the earth! The world was clouded to my sight; cold and darkness enveloped me after the utterance of the fatal words that conveyed his meaning. It was a radiant, hopeful woman that had entered the room, with love-lit eyes and smiling lips of welcome. A crushed and withered spirit left it, fleeing in wildest agony of despair from the mockery of explanation by which he sought to excuse the insult offered to my womanhood.

I was endowed with a healthy organization, so I neither fainted nor sank down in illness; but my spirit suffered a thousand death-terrors. I spent that memorable night in a garden filled with all the darkness of Gethsemane. I quaffed the bitter draught of disengagement to its very dregs! The weary, weary days sped on. How I dreaded the coming of the sleepless nights, when I wrestled with all the turbulent passions of my soul. For I had no other love to turn to, and more than once in the desperation of my loneliness, I half resolved, in a wretched sophistry of vindication of such a cause, to turn to him, regardless of aught else. The triumph of right action at the last, was more with me a matter of circumstance providentially provided, than was it the result of inner conflict and subsequent victory.

I am writing without subterfuge, that you who live to condemn others may heed the lesson; that in solemn retrospect of your own lives, you may stop and remember the time and place where your feet, too, pressed close upon the commission of wrong; where, but for outside interposition that concealed the spiritual guardianship, you, also, would be numbered among earth's fallen ones. You judge only of the external act; in spirit-life the full-formed intent blesses us with the aspect of the realization of the good, or haunts us with the appalling culminations of evil, that time and effort only can transmute into everlasting change of good and truth.

This much in explanation. I was surrounded by most adverse influences; I was bereft of all household love; I was undisciplined in years, in spirit; I thirsted for the waters of affection, that never can assuage the soul's thirst unless proceeding from a pure fountain. In all, save external acquiescence, day by day, I came nearer to the granting of that four request, sacrificially demanded in the name of love—to flee from home and country, to be to him but one of the many—I, who had deemed myself a Priestess of Love's purest faith; to be, not man's spiritual elevator, but his participant only in the orgies of sense. This is what my reason said. Then other voices clamored loudly, and, aided by his voice, his tender letters, submerged my being in a sea of conflict that threatened the dissolution of life itself—for I had forbidden his return to the house in my first anguish of disappointment and shame; then I yielded to his entreaties, and again admitted him to my presence. As surely as I live, I should not have been worthy of the pure love that afterward crowned my brow, had not an angel interposed to save me.

Some inexplicable reserve kept me from confiding in Lucilla; for some weeks I had secluded myself even from her society, going about my household tasks mechanically, and keeping from all eyes the secret that cost me so many bitter tears. I put artificial bloom upon my cheeks, and wreathed my lips in false smiles, so that even my best friend, when she called to see me, could detect no change.

But one day, an irresistible impulse led me to her house. I was so familiar there, I was always admitted to her presence unannounced, I entered her sitting-room, and saw a sight that turned me into stone!

Sylvester May in the attitude of an accepted lover, clasping her dainty white hand; her kindling blue eyes, full of the light of happiness, bent shyly upon him, a rosy flush coloring even her brow. As she saw me, she blushed more deeply, disengaged her captive hands, smiled sweetly and arose to greet me. From her calm face, my eyes wandered to his; it was pale and disconcerted, but with an effort, he, too, came forward and bowed.

"You know her? You know my dear Lella?" she asked.

"I have the pleasure of a slight acquaintance," he replied, with an appealing look at me. I understood the double traitor, and a whirlwind of scorn swept away my love. Something in my appearance or manner attracted the attention of Lucilla, for she uttered an exclamation of surprise and fear.

I know not what I said, in exact measurement of words, but I remember that I poured forth a volley of accusation, of burning reproach and bitter denunciation! Lucilla's cheek turned lily pale; he turned to her, and with lightning glances of anger toward me, he vindicated his unmanly conduct with that most eloquent tongue of his, and won her, whom I had believed my dearest friend, to the belief in his truthfulness and in my misrepresentation. The last words of Lucilla Everett to me were these:

"You are a foolish, vain girl, ever to have dreamed that a gentleman in Mr. May's position would marry you. And what you say beside, is all a wicked fabrication of your own."

Then I turned, cursed them both, and fled!

CHAPTER IV.

Soul Development.

Oh, the utter blankness of life when its dearest hopes have been swept away! I had been an Empress, reigning right royally over the vast domain of Love, the beautiful realm of Friendship. I was disowned, my kingdom taken from me, my scepter broken. In those days I doubted God, and denied my immortality. I longed only for the last, eternal, dreamless sleep. My father deemed me under conviction of sin. I said to him hasty and irreverent words that shocked him, and he concluded that Satan had indeed strong hold of me.

I but half fulfilled the labor appointed me; I was listless in all I did; my soul was hardened and my heart felt broken.

They were married with pomp and congratulations of the world. I had no meek, forgiving spirit in those days; I called for vengeance to consume them! Yes; if thought, intention and desire were shaped into action, I would have killed them both!

The old woman of our household died, but it brought no change to me. Steeped in the same apathetic despair, I lived and moved, enjoying nothing, feeling no stirring of beneficent emotion, bowed to the earth with shame and woe. One sole desire possessed me—to leave the place—to bury painful thought in distant scenes and among strange persons. I little cared for the manner by which this was to be accomplished.

My father, reputed a consistent church-member, and one grown unto a state of heavenly grace, fell suddenly and without warning, from that high position; for, from the alleged absence of a week he never returned; and he took with him a largesum of money collected for church purposes, and entrusted to his hands. At first, alarm was manifested at his prolonged stay—then rumors and suspicions grew abundant, for he had been tracked; and at last he was proclaimed a sacrilegious thief, a vile sinner, tumbled headlong from a condition of moral integrity by Satan's fearful power over tempted souls!

Even then, I, who had dwelt with him beneath the same roof, read his life better. He had never grown unto the majesty of a manly development of power and purpose; he had never been interiorly, loyally honest; the external revelation of a long continued inward condition did not astonish me as it did the world. His religion had been one of forms and ceremonies; the pure and vitalizing spirit had never penetrated his soul.

Is it unbecoming to speak thus of the author of my material being? If you think so, then are you not yet emancipated from the fetters of worldly acceptance. Let me tell you that fleshly ties bind not on earth, or in the spirit-life; only the indissoluble tie of soul attracts and unites eternally, in all the relations of love and use. I have another father here in blessed summer-land; one to whom my spirit gives forth its ever renewed tribute of abounding filial love.

To resume my narrative of the teaching past. On me, as is usual, fell a share of the obloquy caused by my father's act. In vain I writhed and struggled against the unjust verdict of the condemnatory world. My faults of pride and vanity, my want of acquiescence to the creed requirements of my self-constituted judges, all placed me without the pale of their sympathy. I found myself impoverished, friendless, almost forsaken. For the contents of the house and shop were claimed by Christian creditors, loud in Scripture quotations and demands of justice; the tenement was taken possession of by its owner, and I, who felt the stirrings of a keen, eager intellect, the vague promptings of faculties that might have been attuned to greatness, was thrown upon the world, with the dangerous endowment of beauty, and its perversion—pride—with a deep sorrow and an added shame ranking in my heart, compelled to seek my daily bread in menial toil!

It was then I left my native town, and took up my abode with strangers, battling all through my aspiring youth with adverse elements, one and each of which, however, contributed to my soul's growth. I waited upon those mentally my inferiors, and became an hireling for a paltry pittance; a drudge in the hard service of the actual, in place of a worshipful priestess at the fane of the ideal.

From sixteen to twenty-five, a round of monotonous labor, rebelliously performed, seemingly, a waste of years, yet in reality, a time of incalculable spiritual gain; a season wherein the clogging lower nature threw off much of its grossness, and the angelic put on slowly, one by one, its garments of purity and truth. I learned order, economy, prudence, foresight, homely virtues all, that have their benign, spiritual correspondences, in those years of hard apprenticeship to toil. I learned patience, endurance, appreciation of common blessings, and the curbing of an imperious temper. The insults offered to my dignity by law, coarse men and vulgar women, brought to me the sweet awards of humility; the disdain in which my dependence was held, gradually cured me of the overweening vanity; the labor demanded at my hands, left me no time for idle dreaming. I was rendered practical despite of myself.

Once, I, too, was entrusted with the keeping of a sum of money, one half of which would have sufficed to carry out my most ambitious projects. The woman I served was an invalid, advanced in years, querulous, exacting, a most persistent tormentor. She received the money from abroad, and said to me, with her usual unkindliness of speech, as she handed to me the box containing it:

"Here, take care of this for me; put the key in some safe place, and give it to me when I ask you for it. You're honest, and that's the only good trait about you."

Shall I ever forget that night? How I wrestled against the awakened demons of pride, love of power, and retaliation? How I unlocked the quaint old box, and feasted my hungry eyes upon the gold? There lay before me, in shining heaps, the means whereby I might acquire the knowledge I longed for, the worldly position I deemed would satisfy the cravings of my soul. What dazzling visions arose before me! how strong grew the temptation as the morning hours advanced! On the very point of concealing the casket beneath my shawl, of rushing forever from that prison-house of torment with wealth and freedom, I was stayed, withheld by some invisible power that, as with an electric shock, touched to its depths my consciousness, arousing in all its majesty of assertion, that moral strength that is God's mandate in the soul. I started back, abashed, appalled, no longer the Lella of a moment before, but my own accuser and judge! I put aside the jingling gold, and next day sought and found another place.

Years have passed since then, yet even now, sometimes, a faint shadow eclipses the brightness of my inner realm, and for a retrospective moment I stand self-condemned, a greedy aspirant for untold wealth—a thief!

Once, too, I tasted of the bitter sweets of the intoxicating wine-cup. I sought to drown painful thought, and to evoke a brilliant future from its ruby depths. There, too, the guardian angel checked me, with the after feelings of sickening disgust, and despairing shame. I did not find it necessary to go through the experience of sin in order to gain wisdom. I was permitted to stand upon the brink of commission; to feel the foregleams of penitence and remorse, all the spiritual reality of wrong not accomplished in the external.

One touch of my hand or foot would have sent into an engulfing stream a tyrant child who was my babe and abhorrence. The suggestion, the plan, the escape from detection, all passed through my mind. But, thank God! it went no further.

I was tempted more than once to sell my womanhood for a respected station in the world, sanctioned of church and society. I craved for

the sweet rest of home, the ease and exemption from toil, and I half stretched forth my hand for the mockery of the marriage ring. Then solemn warnings from the interior fell on my ear, and I shrank back in terror, and turned again to my most irksome tasks and heavy burdens, with sighs of relief, with willing obedience, or dogged submission.

And as each trial passed, it left me stronger; each experience, however dear-bought, showed to me the resources of my being, and the all-wise dispensations of the Overruling Good.

And when I became fitted for Love and Home, and the enjoyment of True Harmony, these came to me; for I had earned their eternal possession.

I learned from the unfolded books of human nature, a knowledge far transcending that of the printed page. I read heart-secrets; and the intuitive faculty opened for me the closed portals of the inmost, and lead me into regions impossible to describe. I found those the world called hard and cold, and loveless, filled at the depths with overflowing fountains of affection hidden from the surface sight. Stern, hard-featured old maids, gifted with the holiest endowments, the most angelically beautiful attributes of motherhood; women, blessed with children, lacking in this divinest faculty. I found men, scorned, cast off by the world, bearing deep down in their souls the "one pure spot" of unchoking love. I saw the immortal gem, the priceless diamond spark of spiritual light in the darkened, deformed organism of drunkards and of idiots, obscured yet not gleaming forth, asserting its supreme divinity.

And I came to know the truth, to unfold the revelation, to receive the love of the infinite goodness manifested throughout all forms of life. Outwardly my existence was cramped, narrowed, fettered by circumstances. In reality, I had wings wherewith to soar, an ideal home to dwell in, riches were mine, and invisible hosts of friends and counsellors. A new and better religion became mine, a purer moral code than that accepted of the world. I was linked to the aspiring minds that had gone before me, to the band of reform-workers in the present.

And so the time came, when I emerged from obscurity into what the world calls fame; that is simple recognition of my efforts in the domain of mind, in the externalization of truths and beauties accepted of the soul, the translation of spiritual significances and glorious realities into the language of earth in prose and verse.

Ever and anon I approached again the confines of the land of Love, but ever with a trembling hesitancy, and a fear of the past overshadowing the glory about to be revealed. And my embodied ideals could not stand the test of close investigation, and application to the highest use. Sense shrank from the fire-proof of spirit, and mercenary calculation from the piercing glances of soul. With a shudder and a sigh I turned from man, my fellow helper, resolved to tread life's ascending rounds alone.

When I had appropriated all the uses of poverty, a moderate competence was bestowed upon me. When I had learned contentment, submission, love of labor, came timely exemption from unremitting toil; came choice of occupation, and the blessed means of acquiring what I desired to know. Storm-tossed amid strangers for so many years, subjected to coldness and neglect, when I had fully learned the significance of home, it too was given me, as I had pictured it, a cottage by a mountain stream. When I had learned to stand alone in childlike trust upon the Father, in reliance on my true self, the help of a strong arm, a brave and noble heart was awarded me. When many tears had dimmed the lustre of my eyes, when the fresh coloring of youth had fled from cheek and lip, when pride was crushed, vanity long buried, overweening selfishness eradicated from my soul, then came the sweet reward of love, the crowning glory of my earth-life and my eternal rest!

I earned that love, too, like all beside with the demanded price of suffering. It cost me days of keenest anguish, sleepless nights of intensest grief, when life itself seemed wrestling with some mighty foe. But all these elements of trial resolved themselves into peace at their divinely appointed time. I was outwardly a faded, careworn, middle-aged woman, when the marriage chaplet of eternal consecration was wreathed for my brow. I lived ten happy years of paradisaic life on earth; then the dear angels called me, and with no murmur of refusal I obeyed the summons. I left no children; mine were the offspring of the brain alone; but here I am surrounded by happy groups of diminutive seraphs, who call me "mother," by adoption of love.

CHAPTER V.

Summer Life.

Are you a poet, thrilled with the inspirations of the Beyond? Then have you seen visions of the beautiful. But oh, enrapt souls! our spiritual realities transcend them all! You have caught the refrains of the angels' songs, but you know not of the harmonies that enchant the soul with ecstasies unknown to earth. You have reproduced in glowing colors the semblance of the heavenly landscape, the glorified expression of spirit faces, but you have not seen the Eden vales, the seas of love, the mountains of ascension, the homes of love, the Godlike countenances of the dwellers of this everlasting kingdom. And here I dwell, progressing onward and upward, ever hand and heart linked with the chosen one of my spirit, who has rejoined me here. I have glimpses of friends and faces known on the earth—of him I there called "father"; but they abide not with me. But a sweet, noble, gracious form of goodness shares my home, my aspirations, my progress and ascension, or rather, she is my teacher, still, my own dear guardian mother.

I have sketched for you, briefly and rapidly, the events of a life never revealed before. I have offered to you fragmentary thoughts; suggestions, out of which you may obtain some portion of the good of religion and philosophy, some of the necessary sweetness of that charity so much needed in your day.

I labor for your world, with brain and heart, and effort. The highest angel will not rest while one soul struggles in its fetters here below. To remove ignorance, to illumine with truth, to glorify with love, to inspire with charity, is the aim of spirit messengers—is the design that leads us earthward from our happy Summer Life.

Accept, dear readers of the partial truths I have crudely enough presented to you, a few of the mottoes emblazoned on our banners; a few of the responses given to the questioning mind and heart.

God—The Infinite Mother-heart, the Father-care of Love Supreme.

Immortality—The boon of God.

Knowledge—The consecration of all acquirements to Divine uses.

Love—The blossoming into soul of the tree of life eternal.

Truth—Light led into the opened windows of the soul.

Faith—The child's unquestioning confidence in the ever consistent Divine Parent.

Flowers—The symbols of angelic thoughts. Human love approximates to the Divine, when it is pure, self-abnegating, full of devoutest purposes.

And now, farewell! Would you commune still closer with the inmates of the spirit-lands? Would you come nearer to the fullness of Truth, the abundance of Wisdom, the serenity of Love? Live lives above the sensuous; unfold, expand the divine within you; be rigid self-accusers, lovingly forgiving unto others. Remember that you cannot always judge by the apparent act, and motives are hidden from your sight. Exercise in wisdom every attribute of your higher nature; and in all your dealings with your fellow-men, let the heavenly word here, ever breathed in music, be your watchword: "Charity!"

The Father Love, the Maternal care of the Supreme be with you! The ministering host of angel comforters surround you, beloved and tolling ones of earth! Peace of the heart and soul be yours henceforth! Farewell.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PUSH FORWARD.

BY DR. S. D. PAGE.

Push forward, men of thought and mind; Go teach the vulgar, unrefined— Unloose those fetters of the mind,

Those galling fetters, Which blind men to some narrow creed. Ten thousand hearts do writhe and bleed, In abject misery and need,

For something better. We need not stem the ocean's tide, To see proud priests o'er nations ride, For priestcraft wields a sceptre dyed With blood of dying.

"The days of martyrdom are o'er," Reverberates from shore to shore. Mistaken man! say this no more, For priests are trying

To erect the faggot and the stake, Since legends of their sulphur lake Have failed to bring within their wake All they intended.

But let them bring their racking bars! Yes, kindle up your priestly wars! Religious broils and popish jars, Together blended,

Cannot retard the onward move, Since angels from their homes above, Have stooped to earth with words of love

For poor Humanity. In vain the haughty priest may howl! In thunder-tones the Church may growl! Before the truth they all must cowl.

'Tis worse than vanity To oppose these rays of heavenly light, Before whose beams the clouds of night Are fast receding out of sight—

Those clouds of error, That long have served to cast a shade On all the works that God has made, The Church has long a sceptre swayed

Of blood and terror; Long has misguided man been led By priestly rule, by fear and dread. Insulted man! lift up your head—

Do not bend to slavery. Improve what talents you have got; Do not let those promptings come to nought, Do not curb that brave, that noble thought—

Encourage bravery! Port Huron, Mich., 1904.

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 if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

(Lillian Howe.)

SUNSHINE:

ON ONE OF CATIE ROBERTS'S DAYS.

PART TWO.

NOON.

Catie had no sooner entered the house at noon, than old Mr. Roberts called out: "See here, Catie, isn't that a nice stick? Could n't find better if you should go to the best carpenter's in the country!"

"Oh, splendid!" said Catie; "and I'm ever so much obliged; but don't you remember the old saying, 'That one good turn deserves another'?"

"And what does she want now?" said he, patting her cheek gently. "She's a dear little puss, and shall have most anything she wants."

"We want you to go out in the orchard with us the very minute dinner is over, and tell us about the apples. It's real nice and warm out of doors. Will you go?"

"Certainly I will. The truth is, I have n't felt so well this many and many a day. The sun has kind of thawed out my old bones; and do you know, Catie, I've been thinking how nice it would be if you would just promise to brush up my shavings, and I could have some nice boards, and get out my set of tools, and make some nicknacks. I shan't tell what, but you know Christmas is coming soon. I have n't dared to think of making a single shaving, 'cause Sallie was so cross and scolded so; and if I asked the boys to do anything, they only laughed, and called me some name—bad boys those, Catie; ain't like the boys in my day. What's the world coming to? I tell you to be careful, and not let them teach you their bad ways. I would n't go to school with them. Hey, Catie?"

"Why, grandpa?" said Catie, "they've been just as kind and good to me as could be; and then you know I must teach them good, and then they will have no chance of teaching me bad. That's what my mother used to say. My father used to say I must n't go here and there, because I'd learn wrong; but mother said that if goodness was n't stronger than badness, then there was no use in living; and if I was good, the very place I ought to go was among those that were not so good, so that I might be like the sunshine, that was the most beautiful when it entered the gloomiest places. Do you believe in angels, grandpa?"

"Why, Catie?"

"Because my mother said when I'm an angel I'll come and be like the sunshine; and she said when I felt I must remember that it was just like God's love and her love, that it would keep shining and shining, and making me happier and happier, if I didn't let the clouds come. I have n't forgotten a word she said, for I keep thinking about it and wondering if she ever thinks that it storms about me, and is cloudy and dark."

There Sallie with the dinner, said grandpa, brushing the tears from his eyes. "We'll go into the orchard as soon as dinner is over, and then we'll see if we can find any of those 'sacred' furrers; they are the best apples in the town."

How pleasantly the sun shimmered on the grass in the old orchard. The air just moved the leaves, and sent them down gently like flecks of yellow light. The apples hung, golden-yellow and bright red, like the gay gits on the Christmas

trees, to show how much love everything has; as the apple trees were saying, "See here, little boys and girls; we've been working all summer to make this sweet, luscious fruit, so that you need not forget the beautiful summer; but remember that it is coming again, and that you may be thankful all the time."

Catie climbed the trees with Robert and James, while old Mr. Roberts pointed out the ripest fruit, and what was suitable to gather, and what should remain longest on the trees.

"Why do n't they all get ripe at once I wonder?" said Jim.

"That's just what I was thinking," said Catie. "Well," said Rob, "let's ask the old man."

"Now do n't," said Catie, "speak so! See how happy he looks out there."

"Speak low, I should like to know!" said Rob, roughly.

"Why, just as if you did n't love him!"

"Well, I was just thinking how he'd scold if he happened to feel like it."

"But he do n't feel like it half as much as—" "You need n't be afraid to speak it out, Catie; half as much as I do, you was going to say; but come, Catie, you ask him, and see what he'll say."

"Grandpa, we want to know why the apples do n't all get ripe together?"

"What a question! I should think that was one of Jim's. He's always thinking strange things. You just come down and sit in the sunshine here, and I'll tell you. It's just the same with apples, I reckon, that it is with children; some are sour to begin with, and nobody tries to graft them and dig about them, and make them better. Now that tree there that bears those luscious sweetens, I'll just tell you about. When I came here, it had on the gnarliest apples you ever saw—just good for nothing. Says I, 'I'll see what I can do, so I digged about it, and grafted it, and watched it, and tended it, and cut off the lopping branches, and tied up the strong ones, and just look at it now, and taste the apples—ain't they beauties?'"

"Now I'm thinking, grandpa," said Catie, "why children are like the trees."

"Why, some, you see, grow up naturally sweet and good, just like Catie, and others want lots of care; and then some seem to have a gift for taking the best of everything and making the most of it, and so get fine fruit. Now I ain't of that sort; I sometimes think I grow worse and worse, and that I shall be sour clear through. I'm sure I should if you had n't come, Catie, to let the sunshine upon me. Dear me! it's been winter to me for a long, long time; nobody to care for me, and yet I did n't want to grow cross, and be crabbed and sour to the end. I tell you, boys, begin when you're young, the best thing you can do, is to keep keeping love about you. Now I must go, for I can't do without my afternoon nap."

"I'll run first and fix the cushions for you," said Catie; "and then, boys, we must be off for school. Don't you see, we've only fifteen minutes, and we would n't be late for anything, would we?"

As they were climbing up the hill, James glanced to throw his arm back and lift Robert. Without stopping to know if it happened by accident, Robert got very angry, and was about to strike James, when Catie stepped in between with a gentle:

"He did n't mean to!"

"Well, I'll be darned if I don't lick him after school," said Rob.

"That makes me think," said Catie, "you were going to explain to me what you meant by saying so, to pay me for telling you about the mines."

"Now, Catie, you are too bad!" said Jim; "you know we do n't mean anything."

"Then what do you say so for? How you'd laugh at me, if I was to say something that did n't mean anything!"

"You ain't a boy though, Catie."

"Well, you think boys know the most, don't you?" said Catie, roughly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I say it for: it's because I'm mad, and I must say something."

"Well, say humbly, hum. That sounds 'better' than 'I'll be darned,' for that's no better; than saying anything that did n't mean anything."

"Well, I guess you do sometimes," said Rob. "I used to say 'Oh gracious!' at everything, and 'Oh mercy!' till I broke myself of the habit."

"How did you do it, Catie? For I do feel afraid sometimes that I shall grow up and be like some men I know of, and be always saying low words," said James.

"Well, my mother had told me very often that she thought it was not very ladylike to keep saying those words, but I did n't think much about it till we had a visitor come to see us. He was a real gentleman, and I liked him very much, and he used to take me to walk, and talk with me. One day he took me where a great many men were at work building a railroad. I wondered what he went there for; but he sat down very quietly, and asked me to sit beside him. We were close by the men, and could hear all they said, and you never heard such coarse words. They did n't do anything without first swearing about it. I felt real bad, but I did n't speak for a long time; then I said I guessed I'd go home, for I did n't think my mother would like to have me stay any longer. When we had walked a little ways he said, 'I suppose you liked that conversation?' I was vexed, and said, no I did n't. 'Because,' said he, 'I have noticed that you have begun the first lessons, and I thought perhaps you'd like to hear those far advanced.' I began to cry, but managed to say, 'I'm sure I do n't swear.' 'Oh, no, Catie,' said he, 'you only use words that are not any use, and are not ladylike. Those men did n't think what they were saying. It was all a foolish, wicked habit, which they would find it very hard to break themselves of. You are gaining a very bad habit in using those words. My stars!'"

"Oh gracious!" "Oh mercy!" Now that you have heard the worst of that habit, perhaps you'll try and break yourself. I do n't think I ever used those words again that I did n't think of those men, and feel as ashamed as if I had been swearing."

"Well," said Rob, "I do n't see any use in swearing, but my father does sometimes, and I guess it won't hurt a fellow."

"I do n't know about it," said Catie. "I only know that what makes me feel mean hurts me, just as grandpa said about the apples. I feel all right, and as if I was n't a bad body, when I'm ashamed. It hurts me dreadfully to be ashamed of myself."

"Well," said Jim, "it's just so. I do n't care half as much about other folks knowing what I do that's mean as I do about knowing if myself. T'other day—"

"Spelt 'other' as schoolmaster, will you?" replied Jim roughly.

"Now that makes me think," said Catie, "what I thought of in school. Let us correct each other of all the words we use that ar'n't proper. We'll keep a little bit of paper and mark them down, and read them to each other at night, and the one that has the most shall bring in the wood and chips for Sallie the

and out. But how slow we are walking; let's hurry, or school will be begun."

Catie had out her pencil, and was writing something down.

"Let a fellow know what it is," said Rob.

"Out came the paper."

"You said, how slow we are walking. I shouldn't have known that that was not right if I hadn't happened to have been reciting a lesson on adverbs. We ought to say, 'How slowly.' It's just as easy to speak right as wrong, if we only know how."

"And Rob said feller; that ain't right, either, is it?" said Jim.

"Put down feller," said Catie to Rob.

"Why?" said Rob.

"Because ain't means are, not only it isn't the best way of shortening are, but it should be are'n't. But we should none of us say, that are not right," said Catie.

"How happens it you know so much more than we do?" said Rob.

"Because I'm a girl," said Catie, roughly.

"But the reason I know more about grammar is because I had some one to teach me by talking to me. I thought the book was horrid, and I wouldn't study it a bit, till one day we had a teacher that just talked our lessons to us, and then it was real fun. But here we are at last, and not a moment to lose. Now remember, don't whisper to Dick, and I'll help you lots when school is out."

Thus passed Catie's recess at noon; and what she had accomplished, her own pleasant, sunny way? She had brightened the day for an old man by coaxing him out from the close room to the pure air and sunshine; she had bound closer about the boys her sweet influence, and shown to them the folly of that bad habit—the use of words that are at least coarse, if not really wicked. Shall her influence reach further than to those two cousins of hers? Will not some child pause and think if he or she is beginning that bad habit of using profane words, and try at once to break themselves? She had also become a teacher of grammar. Next week we will find how she concluded this day.

DEAR CHILDREN—The beautiful summer has gone and we have left to us only its fruit; I do not mean the rich grapes and luscious apples, but the sweet memories and blessed influences that have come with the golden sunshine, and the roses and pinks. How I wish we could all meet on one of those sunny October days, and show each other what we have really gained that day for an old man by coaxing him out from the close room to the pure air and sunshine; she had bound closer about the boys her sweet influence, and shown to them the folly of that bad habit—the use of words that are at least coarse, if not really wicked. Shall her influence reach further than to those two cousins of hers? Will not some child pause and think if he or she is beginning that bad habit of using profane words, and try at once to break themselves? She had also become a teacher of grammar. Next week we will find how she concluded this day.

Almost everybody thinks a great deal of earning money, and even little boys and girls like to earn a few pennies by doing something to help others; and this is all very well, for it is pleasant to be able to buy what money will purchase. It's capital fun to go out and buy a little candy, or some nuts, or perhaps a jackknife or doll, with money that you have earned yourselves, isn't it? You feel like men and women, and as if you were quite independent; but when you earn the riches of the spirit, it remains with you forever, and you carry about with you your treasures, and everybody knows that you have them because they feel them.

Let me tell you a little about these treasures. When I saw the glorious forests in their autumn dress, looking as if they were trying to gather up all the brightness of the summer, then I thought, "Oh, how perfect is the great spirit of nature; would that I might thus always strive to put forth beauty like my spirit." Thus you see, that the forest leaves gave to me a beautiful gift—a holy wish.

When I saw little children in the hot and dusty city, holding up their hands begging for roses, then I thought, "Dear little ones, God gives you a love of the beautiful, and in all your rags and dirt, there is in your hearts a beautiful treasure that no one can take away. Who shall deny you roses?" As I gave them in love, I received riches in my spirit, and they also in theirs. Thus you see, a very little thing may help us to become very rich, while also we may be very poor and have about us all the things that money can buy; as I have known of two children lately, whose father gave them every good thing they desired—beautiful dresses, and costly books and toys—and yet so selfish were they, that they even took what belonged to others, so that people were unwilling to have them near them. They were really poorer than many a beggar, because they do not have the heart to keep their heart warm and loving.

If we have these beautiful riches of the spirit, then we shall dwell in a perpetual summer; we shall have the summer-land ever in our midst. There can be no cold winter for our spirits then, for we shall have the flowers of love and the fruits of benevolence ever with us.

I have received some very pleasant letters from some of you, my young friends. Will you write to me again, and tell me what you think about the stories I write? And those who have not written, I trust will be willing to tell me how much they care for what I say to them. Direct to New York, 192 West 27th street, instead of to the office of the Banner.

Your true friend,
LOVE M. WELLS.

192 West 27th street, New York City.

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 6, 7, 13 is what is used in schools.
My 15, 4, 2, 11 is an aquatic animal of the Arctic regions.
My 5, 11, 12, 9, 7 is that, without which, man could not live.
My 3, 2, 1 is an abbreviated name of a military officer.
My 10, 4, 8 is an animal.
My whole is the name of a prominent and earnest laborer for Truth and Reform.

Word-Puzzle.

BY E. W. AND L. P.
A R E N G I A.

The name of a town and river in the Middle States.

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise.
Folly alone goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise!
All's for the best—if we would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of pundit or poet—
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best.

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied avallor, or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best! be brave, but confiding;
Providence's kindly governs the rest;
The faith bank of his creature He's guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! then banish your terrors,
Meet all your foes, and your fears in the van;
In the midst of your dangers, or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best! unblinded, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West,
And by wisdom, and mercy surrounded,
Hope—and be happy—that's all for the best.

THE INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—It is a noticeable fact, that in all the Indian troubles in the Northwest, the telegraph lines have not been disturbed. When the line between Fort Kearney and Laramie, which are five hundred miles apart, was completed, the superintendent of the line made arrangements for two influential chiefs of the Sioux and Arapahoe tribes to have a talk over the wires, the Sioux being at Fort Laramie, and the Arapahoe at Fort Kearney. After their talk, which pleased them wonderfully, they started on horseback, and after traveling two hundred and fifty miles each, met and compared notes, and found their talk of a week before was all real and no illusion. Since then no telegraph wire or pole has been harmed by Indian hands. The Indians know the wonderful power of this discovery, and as they think it has something to do with the Great Spirit, they dare not touch the lines.

NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT

WHO ENTERED SPIRIT-LIFE
AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
614 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[NOTE.—The first chapter of this narrative was given through Samuel H. Felt, (the blind medium). Soon after, Mr. F. left the city, and the child subsequently came to the writer to continue and complete it.]

CHAPTER I.

UNCONSCIOUS CONDITION OF EARTH AND SPIRIT-LIFE.

My guides request me to come to you and give a narrative of my experience here, and they say that you may have as full an account as can be given. I am told that I was born in —. My parents' names were — and —. I was their eldest child. At the age of three months I passed from earth into spirit-life. I have heard it said frequently, that it is well for young children to pass into the interior, for by so doing they are saved much suffering, escape the temptations and trials of earth, and pass at once to high and happy conditions; but such remarks only indicate an ignorance of the great law of progression. That every position gained must be labored for, and that earth-life is a school in which certain kinds of knowledge must be learned, either by living there, or coming back and seeking the knowledge through others, which is neither so easy or satisfactory as the former.

I am told that for a considerable time after I came to spirit-life, my desire for the maternal nourishment was very strong, and "many a time," says the old lady who had me in charge at that time, "I felt very sorry for you in perceiving your helpless pleading for this." They say they would occasionally take me to my mother, and that the magnetism from her body had a tendency, for a time, to satisfy this peculiar longing. But when a spirit is surrounded by new and different conditions, the attractions which formerly existed are divided and weakened, and gradually cease to exert their influence; and so it was in my case: new feelings, the result of my surroundings took the place of the old.

I was frequently taken to earth, and there allowed to mingle with children of my own age; and, I am told, that these were the first material objects which I perceived. I was carried into my own family circle, and partook of much of its influence and conditions; and thus I passed through all the little incidents, pleasures and trials common to childhood; but I have no more recollection of these than earth's children have of their early experiences, and if I did not see other children passing through this state, I could not realize what is told me in relation to it.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF CONSCIOUS EXPERIENCES.

The first recollection I had was of a visit to earth. Previous to starting, those who had me in charge prepared me, as they do earth's children when about to make a visit, and I experienced similar thrilling excitement to that I have since witnessed in earth's children on like occasions, and I indulged in similar anticipations of pleasure.

They disrobed me of the ethereal garb in which I was clothed, and in its stead substituted one which they said was better adapted to me on this visit. I could see no reason for this, and was not particularly pleased with the coarse-looking garments which they had brought. I have since learned, however, that with the clothing worn by us here, it would be impossible to descend to earth and visit it, and that to do this we require something more nearly corresponding to earth, and of a material somewhat similar to it.

As I was anxious to go, I said nothing, but submitted quietly to my nurse—for such I had been taught to call her. I loved her dearly, and her every wish was to me as the command of an earthly parent, and I knew nothing but to obey. The preparations having been made, she took me in her arms, and conveyed me to my former home on earth. My consciousness was dim and shadowy. Three things I remember to have perceived—little children at play, flowers, and some human beings of larger growth, who drew me to them by their love and attraction. I well remember seeing the children at play, and of having a desire to mingle with them, and of being surprised that they did not take any notice of me; but when I expressed some dissatisfaction at this, and began to fret and cry, I remember that a younger sister who was then about the age that I was when I died, and who was laying on our mother's lap, began to cry, and I noticed a feeling of unhappiness in other children who were there playing, up to this time, very harmoniously and pleasantly together.

"There," said my nurse, "see what you have done; your unhappiness has made them all feel very badly. We must return now to your spirit-home, and you should endeavor to learn a lesson from this." I could not understand this matter, and wondered how it could be, that because I was unhappy others must be.

I now began to realize the relations of those around me, though I had very dim conceptions of these things, and was not enlightened until I had received many lessons of instruction upon them. I am told that if parents understood more truly the intimate relations existing between the two worlds, and especially the influences upon children, they would have far better ideas in regard to their government. I have seen in many instances punishment inflicted upon children where they have been involuntarily influenced by those around them to do certain acts. Like most spirits that I have met, my experience has led me to condemn corporal punishment, for I have never seen any good come from it, but often the reverse, by creating a desire for retaliation; and I believe it to be one of the causes why so many are induced in after years to lead lives in opposition to their highest and best interests. If a child be too young to be reasoned with, it resists the punishment; and if old enough for this, it feels degraded by such appliances.

On my next visit to earth, for which I was prepared in a similar manner, I was shown a number of children, who, though apparently much younger than myself, possessed the power of locomotion; this created in me a strong desire to learn to walk. I was now about three years old, and I had only moved from place to place as they carried me. The desire became so strong that I determined to learn; so I said to my nurse, "Will you please to show me how to walk?" She made no reply to this, but carried me and stood me down where a group of children on earth were engaged in earnest play with various kinds of toys. I was much pleased with these toys, and it was the first time I had noticed any inanimate substance, except the clothing worn by persons I had seen. I felt a strong desire to remain with these children and enter into their plays. I did so till evening, when their weariness was communicated to me, and I desired my nurse to take me home. On arriving there, I found a strong desire

still remaining to learn to walk and to possess some of the toys I had seen. On the following morning—for my connection with earth enabled me to realize the difference between day and night—I was taken into what seemed to be a large nursery in spirit-life. Here I saw a great number of children. The exercises were just about commencing as we entered. There were some persons who appeared to have charge of the children; they were holding up in their hands various attractive articles, and some of the children were anxious to obtain these, and were reaching out their hands, and seemed very much disappointed when their desires were not gratified. Those holding the articles were inexorable, and paid little heed to their requests, only saying, "If you come and get these you may have them." After a while there was one, who, as I afterwards learned, had been taught to walk, started and procured one of the articles. The children present, thinking they were like her and could do what she did, not knowing that she had ever learned to walk, immediately commenced making efforts to do as she had done, and it was amusing to see their attempts. I observed a beautiful doll, and oh, how I longed to have it. I pleaded with my nurse to get it for me, but she told me that "if I wanted it I must go and get it." I replied that I could not, when she said smilingly, "Will you not try to do what you see these other children doing?" I at once made the effort. I held on to my nurse till I got fairly started; as soon as I let go I felt extremely awkward, and fell several times, falling down and getting up, but I reached the doll and took it in my hand, and felt a triumph such as I had never felt before. The doll was mine, and I had fairly earned it. "There," said my nurse, "this is the first lesson to teach you the nobility of labor. Learn from this, that no matter what you may desire to possess, if it be earned fairly it belongs to you, and your title to it is indisputable."

A spirit-friend of the doctor's desires me to say here that my experience differed considerably from that of many other spirits, and from children, in this that my mental nature was more developed than usual, while my physical was weaker and less developed on account of the disease that had passed me into the spheres. He wishes me to say this, that you may not conclude that all children are alike here any more than they are on earth, and he adds that there is more difference here, because the time for development is unlimited, and the plans are laid accordingly. My nurse told me that I would soon have an important illustration of the fact that a thing is much more valuable to you when you have gained it by your own industry and labor, than that which is given to you by others.

I was soon enabled to walk without difficulty around my spirit-home, but was entirely unable to approach the earth without assistance. I was often conducted to its spheres. Having learned something of the nature of toys through the possession of this doll, I found great pleasure in uniting with spirit-children near the earth, and mingling with children still in the form, in their plays. At such times it was frequently astonishing to the spirits to see that when we ourselves would desire any certain thing to be done by the children, either in the arrangement of their toys or the changing of their positions, it was immediately done in many cases. And this explains a fact which puzzled us often; that things seemed to move about without any person acting upon them. It is true there were some children with whom we came in contact, that seemed to be entirely unconscious of our wishes or desires, and I am told now that there were children that we could not see although they were playing with the others.

There were children who responded to our thoughts, and to these we were most attracted. I observed that in all our movements while on earth, we were entirely dependent upon the children with whom we were associated, and of course we were attracted to those whom we could control the best; and then it was only necessary for us to desire to be moved from one position to another, and then, without any conscious effort on their part, we would be moved, sometimes by their moving themselves, and at others without it. If we could not find any one susceptible to our influence, we remained in the positions in which we were placed by our nurses, till they returned to take us away; for now they usually took us to those places and left us for a time, so that we might gain more confidence in ourselves, and be free to play.

I will mention one thing that I noticed at this time: I was beginning to learn certain things, and would be near some person, and my spirit-guide would cause them to repeat a word or a sentence over and over, sometimes for hours, almost unconscious of the effort; in this way children learn many things, for we can hear the expression better when it is thus spoken by mortals. Thus I became familiar with much of the language of earth, which, I believe, all children are compelled to learn and use, for a time at least, and as a basis for their language in spirit-life.

That which seemed to perplex me more than anything else at this time, was to understand why there should be any sadness among earth's children, for they appeared to have everything they wanted, as far as I could see, and certainly could enjoy what they had much more than we could. I had not learned the causes of unhappiness; but there being within me inharmonious elements, there was a necessity that they should be outward.

Heretofore I had only looked upon things as they seemed to be; but now, in order for the development of my spirit, and, as I have since learned, more fully to unfold its sympathies and fit it for its mission, it was necessary that I should have practical illustrations of life on earth; hence I was not only brought into close connection with this, but also made to feel it in myself, and to pass through many phases which one would not suppose belonged to this life.

In process of time I was enabled to move about freely in the sphere of earth, though never so much so as in our own sphere. After several attempts, I was enabled to come to earth from our sphere alone, although on these occasions I lost my way; this occasioned most intense distress and alarm to me, such as I have sometimes witnessed in earth's children when they have wandered from their homes and been lost. Soon, however, this distress of my mind attracted the attention of my guides and brought them to me, for though I could not see them, they were always within reach of me when any strong emotion filled my spirit. They came to me, but they would not take me back, but merely put me on the right track, and then sent me on, encouraging me to persevere.

I may remark here that a spirit never loses itself in coming from earth to its home in the spheres; it is only in going to earth that they can miss their way, and this is because we are constantly passing into brighter and clearer spheres in going from earth. I have seen a number of spirits, however, who seem to have been lost for years in the murky atmosphere of earth, and who are wandering in quest of home and friends, resisting all advances made by spirits because they are not acquainted

with them. With such, the principal feeling is one of fear and distrust; feelings which they had indulged in when on earth; and when they are induced to take possession of a medium, they are apt to pass around in quest of some one with whom they are familiar. When spirits of this character visit a circle, particular pains should be taken to ascertain who they are, and for whom they are seeking, for until they find some one whom they can recognize, it is almost impossible to do anything either with or for them. In my own case there was a strong disposition to shun all strangers, when I was lost, and to repel from me all who endeavored to come to me.

Whenever I was going to earth alone, for a while I experienced dread and hesitation; but after a time I became more familiar with the scenes; it came to be quite pleasant to make these visits. Losing my way was the first real unpleasantness that I experienced. I had been peevish and fretful, at times, but this was a different condition, for in it I realized severe suffering; and it was only after this had passed away that I began to understand the true value of happiness; before this all had been sunshine, and I had not appreciated this until the clouds and storms came.

I now began to mingle more freely with the associations of earth, and my true nature was drawn forth by these and began to manifest itself. I possessed an exceedingly irritable, and almost uncontrollable temper, which very frequently got the better of me, causing me as well as many others much unhappiness. This condition, I am informed, was the result of the unhappy connection of my parents, there being, as I now know, but little congeniality between them. And I thus illustrated the saying in your bible, that "the parents ate sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge." To this fact I think I can trace many of the inharmonious conditions through which I was compelled to pass. Not that I wish to censure any, for each one has to answer for their own acts. But I am impressed to give these facts to earth's children and to endeavor to awaken in the minds of mankind a better appreciation of the weighty responsibility of the marriage relation.

An irritable temper is a condition which is not confined to a spirit; but is communicated to others with whom it comes in contact, and this is especially the case when such a spirit approaches young children, particularly where they are susceptible. You may set it down as a rule, to which there are few exceptions, that those individuals who are possessed of a quick temper and an impulsive nature, are mediums. In the changes of condition which persons of this class experience there are more states in which spirits can influence them than where there is more uniformity of character and evenness of temper. It must not be inferred, therefore, that very impulsive persons make the best mediums. On the other hand, when the person of mild temper, who pursues "the even tenor of his way," becomes mediumistic, it will be of a more pleasant and useful nature than in the former case.

The effort of spirits who have had experience in controlling mediums, is to bring about a quiet and uniform character, even in those who are naturally impulsive, in order for more perfect control.

Spirits who retain this irritable temper until they come here, will communicate earlier and more readily to their earth-friends. Such persons being accustomed to having their own way, do not wait to see whether all the conditions are precisely right, and hence, though they can and do communicate, they may not be as reliable as others who are more careful and prudent.

I know this from my experience even thus early in life, for I have been the cause of much unhappiness by the influence which I have at times exerted on children, and even persons much older than myself who were somewhat negative to me, and therefore yielded to my influence. It is not necessary for me to enter more minutely into this, or give personal illustrations. I think I have given enough to direct the minds of all thoughtful parents in this channel, and awaken attention to a phase of mediumship and class of influences which are but little understood, though they are among the most important that exist—for if these were properly understood, children would be so instructed and influenced by their parents and those having charge of them as to be enabled to retain the natural and healthy form of mediumship, and thus grow up beautifully and harmoniously developed; whereas, at present there is no class of persons who suffer more from misdirection and ignorance than those who are thus early in conditions to be very readily influenced by spirits. I am not able to give you the proper instructions on these important points, but I perceive that some of your guides will, at some future time. I must continue my narrative.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

TO MRS. W. P. ANDERSON, WIFE OF THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

BY JUNIUS.

I dreamt that I was sated
With my lyre as with men—
That my weary hand would never
Wake its trembling strings again.
That to live was but to die,
And to die was to escape
From the littleness of friends
And the buffeting of fate.
Oh, my vision was as sad
As the sighing of the breeze,
When autumn's hectic flush
Is enshrouding the trees.
And what I dreamt was as false
As the lying fruits that grow
On the margin of the lake
That commemorates the woe
Of two cities that were blasted
In the solemn long ago.
For I know that there dwelleth
On this sublunary sphere,
Bright spirits that but linger
To encourage and to cheer;
And their smiles tint the gloom
That encreth our lives,
Like the golden glow of eve
On the cloudy summer skies.
How the wan cheek will kindle,
And the vacant eye re-lume,
When the soft tones of woman
Come stealing through the gloom,
That pervades and depresses
Like the foulness of a tomb!
Then it is that o'er our sorrows
Hope's bright star unfolds gleams,
While each ghastly doubt and shadow
Flies before its radiant beams.
On her, O God, let pleasures fall
All fadeless as the deathless stars,
And health, and joy, and rosy love
Fling favors from their veyless cars.
And when Thy wisdom deemeth well
To call her from all earth's alarms,
Let angels from their starry home
Enfold her with their loving arms.

Criticism on Mrs. Hatch's Lecture on the Summer-Land.

MR. EDITOR—I am almost an entire stranger to the Banner, having very recently become a subscriber, never having had an opportunity to read but a few copies before doing so. I am not at all in the habit of writing for the public, and of course you will do as you like about publishing this letter in the Banner. I shall not feel any offense in the least if you do not. I know it will be very imperfect in many points, but I am all interest in the cause of Spiritualism, and have drunk in enough of its freedom to exercise reason and the principle within my own soul which tells me what to receive and what not to receive of the teachings of others. I have for several years availed myself of all the means in my reach to witness the phenomena of Spiritualism; but so far as theories are concerned, have paid little or no attention to them. I have, however, been interested in what those loved ones who have passed on have had to tell me of their state in the higher life.

In the Banner of Oct. 8th I find a lecture delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, on "The Summer-Land and its Characteristics," the reading of which prompted me to write this letter. The invocation seems to me a great deal like that of the Pharisee, and indeed the discourse itself savors a little of "God, I thank thee I am not as other men." In the first place, the controlling spirit does away with the idea that there is a summer-land, because, forsooth, he considers it absurd that after we have passed into spirit-life we shall need to be in a place where "the sun having passed the vernal equinox, pours its rays upon some portion of earth, producing mark and reviving increase of light, heat, and vegetation," or that we shall need "to occupy a solid portion of earth surface." The lecturer does away with it, too, "because 'the word Summer-Land' signifies only some region of the earth where there is perpetual summer."

I do not wish to limit God's power, nor do I think it heathenish to entertain an idea that we shall roam a region (not of earth) where there is perpetual summer. I believe God is able to give us a spiritual summer-land, spiritual sunshine, something that far exceeds the light of our natural sun; that he can give us flowers that are not subject to growth, maturity, or decay. I am not far enough advanced, neither do I wish to become so, as to assert that the immortal world has no flowers, no fruits. It is to my mind a consoling thought that the All-Creative Power has formed those beautiful types, such as trees, fruits and flowers, for us to enjoy in our spirit home. Yes, home—sweet home—home for the weary spirit, escaped from the sorrows and ills that fetter the soul in this life. I do not suppose these things are anything tangible, any more than other spirit matter, but just as much a reality to spirits as the spirits themselves are a reality.

I believe the laws that govern mind are the same after we have passed through death, so called, as before. The mind is the immortal part, and is, I think, possessed of the same longings, aspirations and desires which it had here, and I do not think it a lack of "spiritual insight" and "comprehension" to believe that God will give us pleasures, and employments, too, to satisfy those aspirations. I do not expect we shall be soothed by them as a "child with sugar plums," or that we shall not have anything to do besides "plucking blossoms and fruit from adamantine bowers." I expect and believe that each child of earth will have a mission, a work to perform, after entering spirit-life, will progress in goodness, in knowledge and in love. I do not expect to be confined to geographical limits; that my existence here will be anything like material existence; but that mind "requires no place, no time," I am not prepared to believe.

In one part of the lecture it is said, "We shall build no structures but the palaces of thought." It seems here the speaker has run into the same error of which he has accused others; that is, using *typical language* to express our intuitive theories regarding the future life. All poetic types and figures are used in the same way, and I think the speaker must be sadly ignorant of the true meaning of some whose ideas have been given clothing in figurative language, if he thinks they mean any thing "physical or mortal" pertains to spirit-life. He says, "In a land of summer there must sometime be a season of winter." I believe God is able to give us perpetual sunshine and joy in a land that knows no sorrow, no death, no decay, and where types of all that is lovely and good, can be given us in trees, flowers, and fruit, and I have no idea they will interrupt the communion of mind with mind, soul with soul; but rather add to the joys of everlasting life.

The lecture gives a detailed account of the different theories which the nations of the earth have at different times pictured to themselves as the ideal of Paradise. He then reaches the grand climax, by setting forth the theory of a man whom he sneeringly styles a "dreaming seer, lying in a state of passive inactivity." T. L. Harris, doubtless, is the one at whom this shaft is hurled, and who is called the "head prophet of the New Dispensation." I have read somewhat of his writings, and have always endeavored to exercise reason in so doing. Perhaps there may be objectionable points in all the theories advanced hitherto; but, it seems, the speaker has led us far out into the ocean of the future, where he has left us to exist as nothings; not even a point or line, but without place, time, light, darkness, sun, moon, earth, water, air, sight, smell, hearing, or touch; a vacuum indeed! annihilation itself!

He says we shall not need the ministering aid of angels; and truly we shall not, if this theory be true, for there will be nothing of us to minister to. I believe there is a spirit-essence, a form, so that we shall see and know each other.

My husband passed over the river to the Summer-Land nearly two years since, from your city, where we resided at that time. Spiritual philosophy was his solace in his last days of extreme suffering. Some three months since our only child, less than two years of age, joined her father in the angel-world. My husband has often controlled a medium, and spoken to me sweet words of consolation and cheer; sometimes brought our little cherub with him. While here she was passionately fond of flowers—always plucking all she could find. She now brings flowers for "mamma," when she comes, and places them around my head. My impression faculties tell me many things of her life character. I love to think those who have passed away thus early to the angel world, wander through flowers and gardens, and from mossy mounds cold the violet and snow-drop; can cull, too, other flowers and fruits, and revel amid the beautiful things God's hand has created for his children in those "many mansions." These little minds seek amusements there the same as here, until they reach maturity. Then let us not in imagination (thank God, we can in no other way), rob the Summer-Land of those things that make it lovely for the little ones, as well as those of larger growth.

Cobol, 77, Oct. 17, 1864.

The Power of God.

"What is it?" we ask. Simply this: The changes in nature produced by the great first cause—by the intelligence which has been from the beginning—God. Now, when we realize this great truth we are struck, as it were, dumb, in mute astonishment, and begin to inquire of ourselves, "Can this be?" But, by further investigation, we are led to believe that as truth, and feel that by the changes of Nature, called the power of God, all things are produced. Some may say this is infidelity in its worst form; but let us again ask you to investigate the first great cause, and you will see that all things proceed from that, and are termed by the populace, the power of God. Let not your minds be guided by popularity, but by the light of reason and reform.

L. M. BRIGHAM.

The Working Women's Relief Association.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Permit me, through the columns of the Banner, to return thanks in behalf of the "Working Women's Relief Association," to the many friends who have responded to my appeal published in the Banner a short time ago. Friends have not only sent us subscriptions but many words of cheer, demonstrating beyond a doubt—that I firmly believed from the first—that men are everywhere awakening to a realization of the fact that the times demand a reformation in the condition, education, and occupation of women, which I am now fully persuaded needs only persistent and UNITED effort upon the part of women themselves to effect. But I do not think that this effort is to be confined to working-women; NO! We must have women who can bring means, talent, eloquence and influence to the work. Neither do I think it will be limited to women alone; for, as the interests of both sexes are involved—as they inevitably are in all things—so will both engage in the accomplishment of this great good. We have co-laborers now among men, and when women generally become more interested and active, we shall be favored with a mighty man-force.

To those who have so sympathetically responded to our call, I will only say that the approval of their conscience and the happiness which ever accrues from the performance of a good deed, must be their greatest reward, whilst the gratitude of the Association shall flow in to fill up the measure.

I would especially speak of the interest in our cause manifested by gentlemen in the Treasury Department at Washington. Hitherto our little sheet—sent out o'er the land as a pioneer preparing the way for mightier laborers—found its way, interesting one gentleman, who, by presenting it to others and arousing their sympathy, has done our Association inestimable good.

I yesterday read a letter from a gentleman in that Department, offering to send five dollars per month to any needy and deserving working woman whom we might designate. To this, reader, would I call your attention. Think what a relief this will be to some poor widow now tolling through the late hours of the night to gain a meagre subsistence for herself and little ones. One dollar, twenty-five cents per week! about half the average earnings of a sewing-woman. I would urge all who can, consistently, to follow the example of this true-hearted man, not alone in the bestowment of money, but, like him, devise some plan whereby they may assist our Association and suffering working women. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, who might appropriate from their vast possessions much more per month than this. Others there are who cannot spare so much; but every little is a help. Ten cents will buy a loaf of bread, and that, simple as it is, will save a human life. Let us hear from all.

And now I blush to be compelled to write that which I am about to record; but the fact stares me in the face, and I cannot shrink from duty. Of the many letters which have come to my hand bearing messages of sympathy as well as subscriptions, not one of them have emanated from a woman. Why is this? Is it that her heart is more callous than man's?—is it that she is more insensible to the cry of suffering and wail of want? Nay, I think not. But it is the lamentable effect of a false education. Women have not yet outgrown this bondage. They do not yet generally realize that it is their divinely-bestowed right to mount a more exalted plain; to develop into a higher condition, socially, mentally, and physically; hence when a few who, fortunately, have caught the first faint glimmerings of the dawning light, call upon humanity to prepare for the coming day, and aid in the great reformation, women generally pass it by with little faith, some exclaiming, "It is vain!" they cannot change the stern decrees of custom; others condemning these harbingers of a new, social order, pioneering in the wilds of conventionality, as bold visionaries or fanatics.

Women of America! if this social cloud which surrounds you, is so dense that you cannot see the brightness of the nobler destiny which lies beyond, we will waive for the present all discussion of this question, and tell you only of the sufferings of your sisters—the relatives of those men who stand upon the battle-field, a mighty barrier between death and you, men over whom, in your patriotic fevers, you go into ecstasies of praise, &c., but who would best appreciate your admiration and sympathy when manifested in care for their loved ones at home.

We tell you that they are suffering, starving upon the miserable compensation for needlework. We wish to alleviate their sufferings, to enlarge their industrial sphere, to make them—not paupers, but to inaugurate a condition of things which will make them well-fed, well clothed, and well paid dignified working women.

To do this we want encouragement, practical suggestions, and, above all, funds in the form of donations, yearly subscriptions, &c., &c. I am confident that my last article met the eye of women of means as well as men. I trust this will induce both men and women to extend a helping hand.

I am happy to state that Government has awarded another advance of twenty per cent. on the pay of work at the arsenal in this city, making in all an advance of forty per cent. on the pay, and an increase of two thousand hands—the result of our petition to Secretary Stanton. The second number of our paper, "The Women's Journal," is now issued, and we still solicit subscriptions. Terms, one dollar per year, in advance.

If I have not been sufficiently explicit, any information will be cheerfully given by our Secretary, Miss A. E. McDowell, 736 Arch street, or myself.

ADDIE HITCHINS,

1028 South 3d St. Phil., Oct. 24, 1864.

Appointments.

[See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.]

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton speaks in Charleston next Sunday; N. Frank White in Taunton; Miss Susie M. Johnson in Plymouth; Mrs. N. J. Willis in Lynn; Charles A. Hayden in Foxboro'; Mrs. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Portland.

Austen E. Simmons will speak in Providence, E. I., on the first and second Sundays of Nov., and in Rochester, Vt., on the third Sunday of Nov.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak in Charleston, Vt., Nov. 6th; in Milton, Vt., Nov. 13th and 20th.

RESULT OF THE LAST GREAT FIGHT.—The pursuit of Early's broken army has ended for the present. Three thousand six hundred of the enemy have been captured. Rebel prisoners say Early's loss will reach 10,000. Among the guns captured were twenty new brass pieces given Early only a few days previous. Twelve thousand small arms were picked up. The rebels had five infantry divisions and five cavalry brigades in the engagement, and a large portion embraced the flower of Lee's army.

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

J. DUNN, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; 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.

Love in Life.

Love, in fact, is all there is to it. What we do for Love, we always do easily; it costs us no exertion, no waste of the faculties. When men think they will more cheaply win by trickery the goal at which they must arrive only after patience and honest courses, they cheat themselves greatly, and live to repent their folly afterwards. If they set an object, or a purpose, before their eyes because they burn with an inward love for its attainment, they are ready to endure heat and cold, to undergo privations and disappointments, and to make any and all sorts of sacrifices, in their progress forward to the accomplishment of their designs. A man with a loving wife and family to provide for will do a great deal more, and do it sooner, than if his exertions all centered in selfishness. Love is the most powerful of stimulants. In the warmth of its genial blaze the whole family of the moral sentiments start out into a new and vigorous life.

One person comes to our bedside in sickness, professing kindness, and really believing that he manifests it; and, indeed, so far as outward matters go, no one can say but that he is just as kind and good as anybody could be. Another one will come and set in the same chair near us, and will make no more demonstration than the first so far as can be externally seen; yet his presence is such a comfort, so refreshing, so renewing, so wholly grateful to our spirit, that the delight cannot always find fit expression in words, but vents itself in tears. It is all because Love comes with one, but does not come with another.

We all discard Love as a force, when there is no other force competent to take its place. We lay out our pains where we suppose much better returns will be secured us, when no cost at all would do a great deal more for us, with love regnant in the heart. A mechanic, for instance, can make a more perfect article if he loves to work at that particular manufacture, than if he wrought only mechanically. So in work of a higher character; what is done for love is done easily, seems to cost but a trifle of labor, has more heart and soul in it, and is better capable of perpetuating itself as a living thing.

What a life is that which has no spirit of love in it! Groping blindly everywhere—a ramble in the dark—a purposeless existence. Nothing to look forward to—nothing to look around upon. A state of isolation, cut off from human sympathies, selfish, grumbling, chilly, repulsive. Who would take such a life as a gift, if it is to be a thing of unmitigated evil? Who would live merely to make himself unhappy, and everybody else unhappy, too? On reviewing such a period, how many reflect with anguish of spirit upon the rich opportunities they have thrown away forever! So much treasure sunk in the fathomless deep of oblivion—so much waste of the spiritual resources which we might have been all this while using for our growth and expansion.

The difference in families, in respect of the love which governs them, is too great to escape observation. We need not long wonder why it is there is so much unhappiness, and even so much misery, in family circles as there is; or why these circles are so often ruthlessly broken, not to be again reconstructed. If children bore so much love for one another as to refuse to harbor a selfish thought about the property that is to be divided, how much less actual misery would there be in the community. Now there is an absolute waste of power, where, with more love, there would be an accumulation. People selfishly rob themselves, not dreaming that even poverty and all its hard concomitants are more to be desired, because it is spiritually so much more beautiful, than riches got at the cost of what is of priceless value.

We speak of Love as an element that should enter into all our relations with life—the practical and laborious as well as the spiritual and affectional. Once bend a sky all cloudless with love above our heads—all the air with sounds of love, gladden the eyes everywhere around us with sights of it, make the house, and the shop, and the office overrun with it—and heaven is upon the earth without any more waiting. We are not sanguine enough to suppose that this result can be brought about for the world in one generation, but we do know that individuals can come very near the realization of such a condition by a firm resolution and after daily striving. Oh, that more and more would be willing to try it even for a day! Oh, that such an experiment might even be begun, and persisted in long enough to make it fairly appear whether it was to be a failure or not!

The British Provinces.

The Canadas have of late been taking steps to form a compact union, or federation, and the result seems to have been all that the most sanguine friend of union could wish. They will, for the present, probably be governed by a viceroy, as Ireland is, or India, the new power having an upper and lower house of parliament, and the whole government machinery deriving its power from the crown. We apprehend that they will not find their whole arrangement, however, to be so easy to perfect as they dream of; for they can hardly expect to combine the independence of an union with the flexibility of a vice-royalty. They will find that a written constitution, based on an absolute principle, is one thing, and a dependence on the system of the mother country quite another. They cannot have both, but must choose one or the other.

As many interesting articles from our talented correspondents have accumulated of late beyond the capacity of our sheet to contain them, and at the same time give our usual variety of matter, we have determined to suspend our literary department for a brief period, to give place to the essays in question.

Mr. C. H. Foster, the Test Medium.

This gentleman, who has occupied rooms at No. 6 Suffolk Place for several weeks past, and still remains there, is undoubtedly the greatest test medium in the world. We say this without fear of contradiction. Within the past week numerous tests have been given through his instrumentality of such a nature as to prove unmistakably to those present that their spirit-friends could return and identify themselves beyond the remotest doubt. Skeptics of the rank and kind have given in that they can assign no other hypothesis for the "mysterious" manifestations given through Mr. Foster's agency, than that claimed for them by believers, viz: that they are really of spiritual origin.

Here is one case in point. Mr. John Wait, a reliable gentleman from Ballston Spa, N. Y., called at our office Oct. 8th and purchased a book, tendering in payment a five dollar bill on the Union Bank, Sullivan Co., N. Y. Mr. Crowell handed him back his change, and the gentleman left. In two hours afterwards he returned, and requested to know if the bill he had given us was a good one, at the same time saying he did not know whether it was or not. We informed him that it was good, so far as we knew. With this he did not seem to be satisfied, and said, "I think I had better give you another bill for it." We assented, of course, wondering why the gentleman desired the bill. Finally he said, "I will go to a broker's and ascertain whether it is a bad one or not. He did so, and returned in a brief period, with the information that it was counterfeit."

"Now," he smilingly remarked, "I will state why I questioned you so closely about the bill. I have satisfied myself in the matter, and will explain. I have just had a sitting with Mr. Foster, the medium, who gave me some very satisfactory tests. Among other things he said: 'You passed a counterfeit bill at the Banner of Light office this afternoon.' I felt somewhat surprised, of course, at the remark, and answered that I had no knowledge of having had about me any spurious money. Instantly my spirit-spirit replied, 'You have made a mistake, father; go and get the bill you paid for your book. I think it is not good.'"

At the gentleman's suggestion, we examined the bank-note detector, and found the bill to be counterfeit. Before this we had no knowledge whatever that it was spurious, and we are also positive that Mr. Foster derived no information from any one in the form upon the subject.

The Beecher Heresy.

We learn from the Haverhill Publisher that the Essex North Conference has again taken action in the case of Rev. Charles Beecher and his church at Georgetown, and by a vote of nineteen to eight has voted to continue the suspension of the church from the Conference, "with the hope that they will soon exchange their present teacher for one of a sounder faith." An earnest discussion preceded the vote, in which Mr. Beecher took part, arguing that the adoption of the proposition before the Conference involved discipline, which could not be exercised by a Conference or Association—only by a church. He claimed that his religious views were in correspondence with those entertained by the Orthodox church—that he stood somewhere between the old and the new school upon fundamental doctrines, and that he entertained no opinions (though some might be peculiar) which would lead him to renounce or undervalue such doctrines.

Dea. Merrill came to the aid of his pastor with much earnestness. He was persuaded that though he (Mr. Beecher) entertained some peculiar views, he preached Christ and labored hard for the salvation of his people, and he had been successful, forty having been added to the church. He assumed, too, that he had preached since his installation the same doctrines he had preached before. He urged that Mr. B. had the confidence of the people and their deepest sympathy in his difficulties.

The Generals.

When the war broke out, the rebels had all the commanders. They knew it, and boasted of it; and they declared with much positiveness that their superiority in this respect would more than compensate for our superiority of numbers. For a time they got on well, and we tried commander after commander, to no apparent purpose. The rebels counted Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Longstreet, Hardee, Bragg, Twiggs, Pemberton, the Hills, and others; we began, two years ago, with Grant, who has alone out so brilliantly since, and along with him we may now number, Sherman, Sheridan, Rosecrans, "Baldy" Smith, Meade, Hancock, Hooker, Gillmore, Warren, Schofield, Thomas, A. J. Smith, and a host more. The rebel generals are well thinned out now; none of such consequence remain except Lee. He is the presiding genius of the military power of the rebellion, and to-day holds in his hands a power greater than that of Davis. So that the order of things has been exactly reversed within a couple of years.

Psychometry.

Professor Hillecock relates that, during a fit of sickness, day after day, visions of strange landscapes spread out before him—mountains, and lakes, and forests—vast rocks, strata upon strata, piled to the clouds—the panorama of a world altered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of geologic revolutions of ages and ages ago, and the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being. He adds—in speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and the formation of pictures upon them by means of it—

"It appears that this photographic influence pervades all nature; not can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features, as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillfully than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas, spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture gallery of eternity."

Rebel Finances.

Having yielded to the fascinations of an irredeemable paper currency in order to obtain ready money, the rebel finances have, some time since, collapsed utterly. It is all up with them so far as money is concerned. All that can be done now is to fix a price for such things as they need, and take them at that price, paying in almost worthless paper rags. The Rebel Congress has appointed Commissioners to fix upon a scale of prices for four States, at which figure the Government will be competent to seize—for that is just it—the property of citizens, offering them the arbitrarily lawful compensation in rebel rags. The Confederate bonds are fundable in a six per cent, non-taxable stock. And such conduct is practised by the usurpation which professes, to the South of us, to be struggling for a greater share of public liberty. What an infamous fraud on the intelligence of the civilized world.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's Seances.

We mentioned last week that this lady had recommenced her circles at Mr. Wing's, 40 Russell street, Charlestown. On the evening of Oct. 23d, we were invited, in company with Mrs. J. H. Conant, Mr. Crowell, Mr. Itch, and other friends, to a private seance, at which most unmistakable evidence of spirit presence and power was manifested. Mrs. Chamberlain's medium powers appear to be on the increase. Many of the physical manifestations on this occasion were of a nature similar to those which have already been mentioned in our paper, but were perhaps of a more unmistakable and convincing nature, owing undoubtedly to the perfect harmony of the circle—which has a great deal to do with the success of any efforts of this kind. One or two incidents, however, are worthy of mention: The guitar which swept rapidly through the air over our heads, giving forth delicious music all the while, dropped gently on Mrs. Conant's lap, and continued to be played upon by a spirit hand which was plainly seen by her. After it had ceased thrumming the instrument, the hand touched Mrs. C.'s hand and face, also our reporter's hand and face, and gently pulled his whiskers. To him the hand did not feel like a human hand—it was soft and delicate, but devoid of fleshly warmth. A tumbler of water arose over our heads, from which many were sprinkled in the face; as soon as the first one who felt the drops spoke of it, Mrs. Conant mentally requested the spirits not to sprinkle her, which request they must have understood, for those on each side of her were sprinkled in the face several times, but she did not feel a drop. We might enumerate many other interesting incidents which occurred during the seance, but think the above are sufficient, as the reputation of Mrs. Chamberlain, as a reliable and truthful medium, is established beyond cavil. For the benefit of skeptics, we will state, however, that all present kept hold of each others' hands during the entire time, with one exception, and that person was engaged in playing on a violin; and when not thus occupied his hands were both placed on our shoulders, and the door of the room was locked on the inside, thus preventing any intrusion for the purpose of deception. All present were satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations. We advise skeptics to avail themselves of the present opportunity of witnessing them.

Lycium Hall Sunday Lectures.

It is all-important that these lectures should be amply sustained by all good Spiritualists; and we trust they will be, ere the season is more advanced. Come up to the work willingly, friends. See to it that the inspired teachings, from normal and abnormal speakers, are not suspended for lack of material aid. The time has come when investigators—who are now numbered by thousands in this city—should receive all the light Spiritualists may be able to give them in regard to their future existence. They are yearning for more spiritual food, and are seeking for it outside of the "valley of dry bones"—the churches. Shall it be said we were unable to satisfy their craving, with our knowledge of the mighty truths inculcated by the Spiritual Philosophy? We trust not. Let, then, no lukewarmness deter us from doing our whole duty as true laborers in the great spiritual vineyard.

Moses Hull and the Adventists.

In the last number of the Progressive Age we find the following spicy and pointed sentences, from the pen of Rev. Moses Hull:

"Since our renunciation of Adventism we have visited not less than one dozen Advent churches, but not in a single instance have they dared to listen. Thus have they proved that their cry for free investigation is *ad captandum vulgus*. * * * As the zeal of Paul led him to try to 'prove' the church to good works, so we would if possible provoke Adventists to come out of their dens, and put Spiritualism down in fair, open and honorable combat."

We challenge the whole Brotherhood. They may all come at once, or they may send one at a time, or they may appoint one who shall act for all. As we have given them the appointing of the time and place, so we will permit them to choose their own mode of warfare. All we want is the privilege of laying our views by the side of theirs."

Late in the Day.

We see many a man, and woman, too, who think that because they did not begin to improve themselves early in life, they can do nothing if they begin late. Better late than never is an old adage; but few are aware what rapid progress can be made when they take hold of a new study or a new pursuit, with the advantage of experience and maturity of their powers. What is gained, too, is gained solidly and permanently. Dr. Johnson commenced a new language after he became sixty years of age. We have a good many other instances of late improvement, not in the acquisition of a single language, but in the general enlargement and culture of the whole mind. Let every one take courage, and not throw away valuable opportunities.

Sugar Makes Fat.

A Mr. Bantling, of England, advertises that he will reduce the excessive fat on people, and restrain their tendency to corpulency, if they will consent to purchase and follow his prescriptions. He is sustained in his theory by the famous agriculturist, Alderman Vechi, of London, who writes that he waxes and wanes in aldermanic proportions by the use or disuse of sugar. He says he lost fourteen pounds of flesh in six weeks, by leaving off an ounce and a half of sugar a day. This is an extraordinary statement. The alderman recommends agriculturists to fatten their cattle by the aid of saccharine matter. We should think the Sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, would answer this purpose.

The Treatment of Prisoners of War.

In behalf of our common humanity we appeal to those in authority, both at the North and at the South, to alleviate as much as possible the sufferings of the prisoners of war, now in the hands of both the contending parties. Much complaint has come to us of late, of "rebel atrocities" to the unfortunate ones now in their prisons. And a similar complaint comes from the South, that prisoners in our hands are "in a dying condition" for want of proper treatment. We do hope that the statements of the sufferings of these men are, on both sides, in a great measure untrue. If these prisoners are treated as bad as represented, certainly the evil should be remedied at once.

To Advertisers.

The BANNER OF LIGHT publishers, just at this time, will insert a limited number of advertisements at rates lower than any other paper in the United States, according to its circulation. Our paper is considered by those who have advertised in it and are still doing so, one of the very best in the country to bring trade to the advertiser. All we have to say, then, is, try us, and if you are not satisfied that you have been benefited thereby, Mr. Public, we will forever after remain silent upon the subject.

"Why I Became a Spiritualist."

In our notice week before last of the book bearing the above title, by Wash. A. Danekin, of Baltimore, we unwittingly classed him with "the legal profession," when on the contrary, he is on a more harmonious plane, being a quiet business man, pursuing the even tenor of his way, trying to disseminate among men a divine philosophy which will bring loving concord instead of hate and discord to their hearts.

We will here take occasion to say that Mr. Danekin has been an earnest believer in the spiritual philosophy for upwards of ten years, (instead of two, as misprinted in our previous notice), and has zealously endeavored to aid others in obtaining the great spiritual truth and light he has received. In the work he has given to the public are narrated some of the facts which led him to embrace Spiritualism. He sent forth the first edition in 1853, which was soon exhausted, and a second edition shared a like distribution, and now he has issued a third, with an addition of over fifty pages of very interesting matter, thus making the work still more valuable. Among the latter is a lecture on "Who is God, and what are his attributes?" received impressively by Mr. D., and should command a thoughtful perusal; also an article entitled "Remarkable manifestation by embodied spirits," illustrating the "unmistakable control of the mediums by the spirits of those who are yet dwellers upon the earth," which is a singular experience, and worthy of special attention. Besides two communications from the spirits of Mr. D.'s father and mother, is one from the spirit of Theodore Parker, received in October, 1860, in which, speaking of Spiritualism, he says: "Uncertainty seemed to surround those who claimed to be its exponents; therefore it did not come to me with that force and beauty with which now it comes."

Standing, as I do, within a home where every stream breathes music from its rippling eddies—where every flower exhales a living perfume—where every bird grows vocal with praises to the Infinite One, I now feel, within the inmost centre of the fount of feeling, an intense desire to have all men know that the avenues of thought are open wide between the dwellers of the interior and those of the external life."

The entire communication is full of beauty and instruction. The volume closes with a poem from the spirit of Edgar A. Poe.

John Bright.

This sterling Englishman has written a letter to Mr. Greeley on the aspect of American affairs at the present time abroad. He throws out some very sensible as well as liberal thoughts in connection with this country, and speaks of Mr. Lincoln thus: "It is not because they (the friends of the Union in Europe) believe Mr. Lincoln to be wiser or better than all other men on your continent, but they think they have observed in his career a grand simplicity of purpose, and a patriotism, which knows no change and which does not falter." * * * "To us, looking on from this distance, and unmoved by the passions from which many of your people can hardly be expected to be free—regarding his presidential path with the calm judgment which belongs rather to history than to the present time, as our outside position enables us, in some degree, to regard it—we see in it an honest endeavor faithfully to do the work of his great office, and, in the doing of it, a brightness of personal honor on which no adversary has yet been able to fix a stain."

Election.

We are to have another four years' general election, shortly. The citizens of this country will be asked to pass upon a grave question; and ought to do what they will conscientiously. The man who becomes a voter in a time of turmoil like the present, has a duty upon which to fasten his maturity that generations of voters may try to have again. These are important days in the progress of the world, every one of them. Whoever regards his responsibility lightly now, can hardly be expected to regard it with seriousness ever. The present election will long be reverted to as a great historical point in the career of the nation.

Keep Cool.

In these times of political excitement, we hope it is needless to remind any reader of the Banner of the propriety of keeping perfectly calm and cool under all circumstances. A hasty word begets another hasty word. Feeling, which everybody acknowledges to be in connection with his favorite set of opinions, can never be of service in argument; and it is to be remembered that even argument itself is not of use in discovering truth, but chiefly in defending one's position. To get hold of a matter by the handle, one must search simply for the truth, without regarding the hurt or the advantage of any party. We cannot, to be sure, do all this in politics, but we can come very near to it indeed.

W. P. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

Mr. Anderson writes us that he has received more orders, under his late call for spirit-portraits, than he can attend to, and that he has in consequence returned a great many; but they were sent back to him with instructions to keep them till he could find time to attend to them. He requests us to say to those friends who have asked for photographs of himself and wife, that they shall be remembered in due time. Persons writing to Mr. A. should be particular in giving the right address, viz: Station L, box 92, New York City.

Advertising Agency.

T. C. Evans and A. F. Lincoln, for some years past favorably known to our business community, have formed a copartnership, under the style of EVANS & LINCOLN, and will conduct the business of an Advertising Agency, at the Boston Recorder office, 116 Washington street. We feel confident that any business advertisers may do through this firm will be promptly and faithfully performed. Their judicious selection of the leading religious and agricultural papers cannot fail to attract the notice of all those who are desirous of reaching the multitude.

"Plain Guide to Spiritualism."

In noticing this book the Portland Daily Courier says: "We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this, in many respects, remarkable book, which, as is indicated by its title page, is one to be read by all classes of people. Whatever of truth or error there may be in what is termed modern Spiritualism, it is certain that it is attracting public attention, and candid exposure, as well as earnest friends, should be informed upon the subject that they may know what they are opposing or advocating. For the use of such this volume is designed, and we think the author has succeeded well in presenting his subject in compact, comprehensive form."

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson.

We are pleased to learn that this able co-worker is still in the lecturing-field, doing what she can to spread the mighty truths from the spirit-world. Her labors are mostly confined to the Western States. Her residence is Cleveland, O.

New Publications.

THE TAILOR BOY. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. This is number two of the "Plymouth Rock Series" of books for young readers, of which "The Little Rebel" was the first. It is somewhat like the latter, only perhaps a little more full of startling incidents and thrilling scenes. The hero of the story is called Andy Jackson, who is now one of the foremost men in Tennessee. It is finely illustrated, and neatly printed, and no doubt will meet with a large sale.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November contains articles from the pens of T. W. Higginson, Francis Parkman, J. E. Babson, H. T. Tucker, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, J. T. Trowbridge, G. W. Greene, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, J. D. Howard, and other able writers, giving the readers a feast of good things.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for November has come to hand with its usual store of good things from pens wielded by strong, patriotic and thinking men, on topics of national policy and general literature. The paper by Rev. Dr. Freeman is a very fine production. For sale by booksellers generally.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.—This useful monthly, devoted to historical events, is edited by John G. Shea, and published in New York. It has reached its eighth volume.

New Music.

THE NATIONAL RALLY is the title of a new patriotic song, dedicated to all Unionists. The song was written by the popular author, Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, of California, whose beautiful poems have so often graced our columns, and breathes the inspiration of true patriotism. The soul-stirring music is by Martin Simonsen. This noble song is just what is needed at the present time. It is for sale at all the music stores in the country.

The Progressive Age.

From the last number of Rev. Moses Hull's paper, we learn that Mrs. H. F. M. Brown has become associated with him in the editorial department. Mrs. B. will prove a great acquisition from the experience she has had in that line, and her acknowledged ability as a writer. Success attend the Age and its editors.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in Boston.

The many friends of this distinguished trance speaker will no doubt be pleased to learn that she is engaged to lecture at Lyceum Hall, in this city, during the month of November, commencing next Sunday afternoon. Of course full houses will greet her return to Boston.

Law Business.

In this age of dishonesty it behooves those who are obliged to resort to the courts for justice, to engage the services of competent and reliable counsel—and such an one our friends will find in D. F. Crane, Esq., 23 Court street. He is courteous in his manners and efficient in his duties.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

✓ We have been requested to reply in detail to the article on *Spiritualism* which recently appeared in the Salem Gazette. We shall do so with pleasure. Our reply will appear in the next issue of the Banner.

✓ In the marriage notice, on our seventh page, by Mr. Jamieson, he made a mistake in the name. It should read Albert T. Williams, instead of Towers.

✓ We shall print in our next issue another paper from the pen of Geo. Stearns, Esq., on "The Perpetrations of Depravity."

✓ The person (who is known) that took a nice silk, ivory-top handle umbrella from our circle room on Thursday last, Oct. 27th, is requested to return it, and save trouble thereby.

✓ **"SHODDY" COLICED.**—A New York paper has a great deal to say of the lavish expenditures of the Petrolia aristocracy, whose advent has just been made, who occupy the best apartments in the best hotels, who are just entering upon the fascinating field of fashion, who have just had a wedding at which a million was given and a million taken, and who are bestowing upon the people of New York the treasure which a bounteous earth, richer in liquid wealth than California or Australia, has poured into their reservoirs.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without the dew.

All men have to act. The ideas which the thinker elaborates in his study, to be of use to the world, must be made facts, lived every day, or be organized in institutions. The great majority of men must of necessity be workers.

✓ The Haverhill Publisher, speaks of Mrs. A. A. Currier's address in Haverhill, last Friday evening, on "The Ordeal of Fire, or the Great Crisis in the Destiny of America," as "intensely interesting." Mrs. C. is one of the finest lecturers in the Spiritual field.

✓ Dr. Dio Lewis's Gymnastic Academy in this city, is a capital place to regain one's lost strength and develop the muscles. "Light gymnastics," as taught by him, are getting to be quite popular in various parts of the country. We cordially recommend Dr. Lewis's Academy to the patronage of the public.

✓ Evil thoughts intrude into an unemployed mind as naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool.

✓ Dr. B. A. Smith, clairvoyant physician, and his wife, Fannie Davis Smith, the well known lecturer, have returned to Milford, Mass.

✓ Why ought women to have charge of Post Offices? Because they know best how to manage the *males* (mails).

✓ If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly of them, they will speak kindly of you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

✓ The military style of dress is to be the ladies, only wear the coming season. They are to have tight sleeves, cut-tails, and fatigue-jackets buttoned and double-breasted.

✓ A poor woman at Cincinnati lately gave birth to three seven-pound children. The triplets all survived.

✓ Schenectady boasts a novelty in journalism. It has a daily paper with two editors, one Republican and the other Democrat, who each have a page of every day's paper. The second page is for McClellan and the third for Lincoln, and spirited controversies are constantly going on within the limits of a single sheet.

The Opera House of Messrs. Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, rear of 171 Washington street, was mostly destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. The building was formerly the old Province House, having been occupied as a residence by the colonial governors of Massachusetts. The side walls and a part of the front remain, being very thick and nearly two hundred years old. The estate belongs to the Greenough heirs. Some fifteen years since the premises, with the addition of one dwelling house on Province House Court, were fitted up for musical exhibitions, and called "Ordway Hall." Morris Brothers & Co. have occupied the place seven or eight years, and during the last season entirely remodeled their Opera House, and enlarged it by adding two dwelling-houses in the rear, at a cost of \$16,000. Their loss is probably more than \$20,000, on which they have \$10,000 insurance.

The Baltimore American makes the majority for the Free Constitution of Maryland four hundred and ninety-eight. The few remaining regiments whose vote has not yet been returned, will increase this majority.

The blockade runner Little Hattie has arrived at Bermuda, with 600 bales of cotton, and the Hope with 1500 bales, and the Falcon with 700 bales had arrived at Nassau, all from Wilmington. It is also reported that the pirates Tallahassee and Edith left Wilmington on the same night with the Little Hattie, for a raid.

THE WOMEN'S JOURNAL is published monthly, under the auspices of the Working Women's Relief Association, at No. 736 Arch street, Philadelphia. Price \$1.00 per year. It is well edited, neatly printed, and ought to be extensively circulated.

The number of cannon taken from the rebels by General Sheridan, in his last victory (Oct. 19th), is 55; and the number of prisoners 7000, including the wounded. The amount of other spoil is great, and of various character. A dozen battle-flags were taken.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. Neal, of New York City. It would be difficult to find one who had been more successful in treating all forms of disease than the Doctor. His testimonials are numerous, and from persons in all ranks of life. His house is resorted to by invalids from the highest classes throughout this country. Some of the cases of radical cure he has accomplished would appear incredible, but the proof is too plain for doubt. He has a mass of testimonials from persons well known throughout the country, which can be inspected by any one who is suffering from disease of any kind. We sincerely hope he may be spared to continue his services for the benefit of the thousands who are suffering from all mental and physical maladies.

Major General Banks and wife are now at their residence in Waltham.

IN OCTOBER.

A flush'd Cathedral, grand with loneliness,
Gloomy with light and bright with shadow, seems
Thy Catholic air, October. Holiest gleams
A light like angels in each dim recess
Through the stained oracles of the East and West;
Thy floors float radiantly with flutterings
Of moving shadows, ghosts of glorious wings;
Some organ's soul seem rising in the breast
Of him who walks thy aisles, in every bound;
The steps of silence tremble into sound.
Lo, Nature brings her dead for burial rites!
Upon thy solemn altars, dressed for Death,
She lays her beautiful; the mother's brow
Is bowed, while for her darling ones she grieves,
And o'er their burial breathes her tenderest breath
As o'er their baptism in the April light.
And Autumn, gorgeous preacher, mourns now
Sermons of dying flowers and falling leaves.
—John James Platt.

A portion of the public have the impression that a newspaper is always on the strain to obtain something to put in. Before steam and telegraphs had appeared this may have been in a measure true, but now the tide is the other way. The strain is how to keep out. It is simply one of the impossibilities to insert one-half the matter that reaches an editor's office; hence disappointments, erasures, inkings, pendings, and scissings—though of the last very little is really done.

Many of the Poles engaged in the late revolution, intend to take service under the new Emperor of Mexico. The Austrian authorities give every encouragement to the scheme, and the central depot for the final incorporation of the soldiers into the Mexican army, is fixed at Laybach.

A foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied: "No tink dat all men love lazy."

Success to the Banner! and long may the light that streams from its folds o'er the darkness of night, illumine the horizon, and herald the dawn of a day when War's desolate away shall be gone, And Peace, with her beautiful presence, again send joy to the hearts of the children of men.

✓ A French author says: "When I lost my wife every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

✓ "Coffee, is that the second bell?" "No, massa, dat's de second ringin' ob de fess bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel."

✓ A female canary in Springfield, Mass., has laid forty-one eggs and raised fourteen singers this season. Prolific.

The John Chinaman at San Francisco recently dedicated an \$80,000 temple. The priests, who conduct what they call worship, shout, screech, yell, groan, spin around amid the racket of gongs, drums and fiddles, and smoke opium until they are quite drunk, when others relieve them. The finger nails of the chief priest are longer than his fingers, and are twisted up like an augur.

It is reported that about fifteen thousand men are constantly working on the machinery of the hundred or more new war vessels—wooden and iron clad—now constructing for the Navy Department.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mighty oak quivers in the softest breeze. So says some fine writer. Digby thinks it is all true about the quiver, and the breeze is very often.

They are now building for the through broad-gauge routes from New York to St. Louis (twelve hundred miles) one hundred and fifty locomotives, five thousand freight cars, and elegant passenger cars in proportion.

The Siberian telegraph has been completed as far as Irkutsk, an important commercial point in Northeastern Asia.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

We extract the following from the London Spiritualist Times, of Oct. 8:

"Every principle of the human mind is struggling hard to gain its freedom, and will not be satisfied until freedom is obtained. It is useless for men to try to retard its progress; it has a power far superior to kings and queens of ignorance. They may hold the sceptre of war and destruction; but mind, as it marches to the music of harmony, will wield the sceptre of joy and peace over the whole earth. Ignorance, away with thy hideous weapons of war, and hide thy face behind the dark and dismal clouds of everlasting oblivion, and let the brilliant angel of wisdom and love march over thy ruined kingdoms of torment and slavery. Angel of Love, spread thy golden-fringed mantle over the poor and distressed! Mighty angel of Wisdom, throw thy flowers of beauty and everlasting grandeur into the expanded chambers of good and philanthropic minds, and let the fragrance flow through the souls of millions in after ages."

This shall be as sure as the mighty wheels of time roll on. Progression is the propelling power, or law that governs matter and mind. If not, then let man try to prove it otherwise, and by so doing he will find himself in the same dilemma as was the opposer of Galileo, Newton, and many other modern truth-finders; and in the enlightened age there is the same opposition toward all truth-finders; and blither, indeed, is the opposing parties. But let the mind march onward and upward; let men think, let them study the laws of their being, and then will the flowers of truth bloom with an everlasting beauty upon the beds of spiritual cultivation."

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A HANDBOOK OF ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, with Thoughts, Hints and Anecdotes concerning Social Observances; also Rules of Taste and Good Manners, and the Art of Making oneself Agreeable. The whole interspersed with humorous illustrations of Social Predilections. Remarks on Fashion, &c., &c. One large Quarto; elegant cloth binding.

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Thoughts on Society.
Duties at Dinner.
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The Dressing Room.
The Ladies' Toilet.
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Linen Dress.
Accomplishments.
Female Accomplishments.
Manners and Habits.
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Unmarried Ladies.
Public Etiquette.
Calling Etiquette.
Visiting Etiquette.
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Dinner Parties.
Little Dinners.
Ladies at Dinner.
Halls at Dinner.
Carriage, &c.
Ball.
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Manners at Supper.
Morning Parties.
Private Theatricals.
Receptions, &c.
Marriage.
Engagements.
Solemnization of Matrimony.
Invitations.
Dresses.
Guests and Hosts.
Present.
Traveling Etiquette.</

Mediums in Boston.

Medicines in Boston.

DR. MAIN'S
HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as
heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of
every class, under Dr. MAIN'S personal supervision
Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those
desiring board at the Institute will please send notice two or
three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.
OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose
\$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address
fully written, and sent to us and age.
Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.
Liberal discount made to the trade.

APR 20

MRS. R. COLLINS,
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No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,
CONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as
Spirit Physicians control her. The sick can be cured; mir-
acles are being wrought through her daily. She is continually
benefiting suffering humanity. Examinations free. Call and
ask for yourself. All medicals furnished by her wholly
disinterested. Roots and herbs from the garden of Nature.
P. S.—Mrs. C. having so much business to attend to she will
not be able to examine locks of hair by letter. 1f—Aug. 20.

MRS. CHARTER,
CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM, will give instructions about Business, and describe Absent Friends.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms—Ladies, 50 cents; Genis, \$1.00.
CIRCLE Sunday and Thursday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
11 Lagrange Place, Boston. 3w* Oct. 22.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Sept. 10.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC
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 door from Bennett street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M.
 14 P. M. 7th—Oct. 22.

MISS C. E. BECKWITH, Trance and Writings
 Medium, No. 28 Camden street. Hours from 3 and 15
 5th—Oct. 15.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, NO.
 13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN
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