

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Lecture Room.

SERMON,

BY HENRY T. OHILD, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

It hath been said, "an undevout astronomer is mad," and yet men have ever beheld the stars as we behold everything from our own condition and standpoint. I well remember one of the early communications received from a dearly beloved friend in the inner life, through our sister, Esther Henck, in 1852, as follows: "Gaze on the vaulted dome of nature's temple when the curtains of night are drawn out upon its vast, overarching canopy, and behold the myriads of beaming stars. Look upon these beauties with the untutored eyes of ignorance, and what truth do they convey to thy interior spirit? If thy physical eyes, unassisted by the gleamings of thy interior, shall behold that dome studded with the gems of wisdom and beauty, what idea of truth is conveyed unto thy mind? Dost thou realize their magnificence and true character? Thou dost not, but art satisfied to consider them as gems placed there for the adornment of earth, and to elude light on its benighted inhabitants, and cheer them during the absence of the superior light of the sun."

Behold these again, with the light of a little knowledge gained from the experience of thy mental researches, and the unfolding of thy interior powers of vision, and thou wilt see them, not as mere decorations for the sky of earth, but as being points of central attraction; suns, around which revolve numerous planets and satellites, bearing upon their faces the signet and symbol of the all powerful Jehovah. They are the same, but thou hast stepped up to a higher position.

Gaze still deeper; pursue thy investigations, and thou beholdest them moving in perfect harmony, revolving through and around each other, bearing witness of the interior harmony and peace, love and wisdom, which alone could create such a miracle of beauty. Each star upon which thou gaze is as the sun, to light millions of souls during the term of their existence with external physical nature. To light up their physical forms, that they may read lessons of truth and wisdom from all things around them, even as thou dost now.

The philosopher's stone, the universal solvent of the alchemist, which is to turn everything to gold, the elixir of immortal life, are to be found in the old Grecian motto, "KNOW THYSELF." Let us go back, in imagination, to the first human being who awoke to the consciousness of a night scene, with its blue, star-gemmed vault—for consciousness burst upon the untutored mind in flashes. He stood upon the green earth shrouded in darkness, with stillness all around, save the murmuring of the distant waterfall, the hooting of the owl, or the occasional shriek of some hideous monster, with his eyes lifted to the blue canopy. Perchance he fancied that night was a real curtain, pierced with myriads of little openings, through which a few rays of the bright light of the King of Day, the great and beneficent genius that feeds and warms the world, sent a kindly promise of return, and assurance that he still lived, and that his light would bring another day to the glad earth.

Let us leave him there, and jump into the Car of Time and ride down a few centuries, and we shall find man becoming more familiar with these "eyelet holes through which the glory of our Father comes to this earth," as a little girl once said of the starry hosts.

Man beholds them now rising and setting, and moving in order so perfect, that he begins to give them strange and fanciful names; and maps out the heavens so that he can tell you more of their geography than he can of the solid earth on which he treads, and which, in his ignorance, he supposes to be a great plane, over which the swinging heavens are suspended, and beneath which lies a great gulf from which the stars and the sun himself rise, and unto which they are compelled to go. And crude and infantile as is this astronomy, it indicates that man has risen far above his rude forefathers.

Every step of true knowledge is a round upon the ladder of progress. Holding firmly to these, man feels secure and happy; and too often determines that the one he holds is the topmost, and he will try for no more; and this feeling is more common the nearer he is to the foot of the ladder.

Man has ever been weighed in the scales of his own appreciation, of his surroundings, and measured by the rule which his knowledge has cut out of the material and intellectual world around him. Hence every man weighs and measures himself; and this is especially true of the astronomer. He not only tells us "what of the night" around us, but "what of the night" within his own being. If his soul be cramped by bigotry and narrowed by the sectarian walls of prejudice, he will see faults and flaws in the systems by which the stars and planets are made to march in serried hosts of beauty on their pleasant ways, and, like a royal astronomer, exclaim, "Had I been of God's council, we would have arranged matters differently," when he fancied he saw an impending collision among the starry hosts. Time will cure them sooner or later, as it did him; for men, like stars, are rolling onward, and becoming more rounded and harmonious with each revolution.

There are conditions in human advancement in which the mind becomes puffed up; sometimes by receiving knowledge too suddenly and beyond its power to grasp it; or being made vain by a conceit of its capacity to receive, rather than be humbled, as it should, by the light of the truth which has shone upon it. In this condition it will not receive new truths. But a living being must either go backward or forward. It cannot long remain still. Stagnation is death. Absolute quiet

is annihilation, and neither the one nor the other is to be found. Perhaps there is no other science that will indicate the condition of man, as a race and as individuals, so truly as that of astronomy. Could we trace clearly the exact knowledge which man has had of the science of the stars, in the various ages of the world, from the dawn of humanity down to our own period, we should have a better criterion and measure of man in all the different changes which have marked his career through the long and devious course of the ages. We should see him, in one age, trembling at the gate of fear, lest his own dim light should go out forever, because the path of one star has led it between another and us, and there is darkness in the heavens on account of an eclipse. Then passing on to a higher degree of cultivation and the attainment of knowledge, he is enabled to calculate, with unerring certainty, the time when these eclipses must occur, long anterior to their arrival—a power which fills the mind with mingled emotions of pleasure and gratitude on account of the correctness of its calculations, and of veneration and admiration for the wonderful power and wisdom of the Supreme Architect who has planned, framed and brought into existence the sublime mechanism of the universe.

He stands no longer upon a flat earth, but rolled out into harmony like the globe itself, he looks with more comprehensive vision upon the wide-spread fields of nature around him.

A step further in advance, and man may calculate with considerable certainty which of the planets is old enough to have children—to become the mother of a race of human beings capable of receiving immortal souls, and carrying them forward through consciousness to the opening of a higher destiny. This lifts man to a loftier condition, a more comprehensive idea of Deity and his works.

Now let us take a step further in advance, and approach nearer to the solution of the great question, Whence cometh light? The ancient and over-repeated command of God, "FIAT LUX"—"LET THERE BE LIGHT"—ever comes after "the Spirit of God has moved upon the face of the waters." Motion is before light! Motion is the parent; light is the child! The sun revolving ever faithfully and true upon its axis, and within its orbit, produces its own light and heat by its own motion; for light and heat are twin sisters. And this is true of every sun and every planet. It is the rapidity with which these revolve upon their axes, and in their orbits, that evolves the light and heat. This tendency is ever developed by motion; and when a chaotic mass of nebulous matter, not sufficiently progressed and compounded to form the nucleus of a new world, sets forth in its wild and rapid career through space, it becomes a "shooting star," and soon its motion evolves light and heat enough to consume, or drive off a portion of the matter, while other portions, becoming concentrated, fall upon this or some other earth as meteorites, while the other portions seek and find a home in the bosom of some other form of matter, for nothing is or ever can be lost in God's great universe.

No body can move through space with the rapidity of a planet without evolving so much light as to become luminous, and in this you have a solution of the cause of the heat and light of the suns and the planets; and the difference of temperature of the earth at the poles and the equator, is mainly owing to this cause. But you will ask, how does the heat and light of the sun come to and affect your earth? That is a problem which has never been solved. Let me give you a suggestion here. The light and heat of the sun reach the earth after having traversed ninety-five millions of miles, through regions the temperature of which would absorb all of its heat many times; but there subsists between each parent, or central sun and its own family of planets, peculiar positive and negative relations, so that they are not only attracted to each other, but held in their places by their mutual influences; and when the rays emanating from the sun meet and mingle with those of the earth, they combine and evolve light and heat, and complete the circle and conditions necessary for life.

I have spoken, on a former occasion, of the law governing the motions of the planets upon their axes and in their orbits. It is the result of certain electrical and magnetic currents radiating from and revolving in every body, large or small, simple or compound; and it is only necessary for any body to be freed from the restraining and disturbing influences of the objects immediately surrounding it, and these currents will produce the peculiar motions of the heavenly bodies. But it is not so much to teach you astronomy, important and interesting as it is, as it is to show the practical application of these things to human life and human conduct, that I am with you now, and thus speaking. I have said that the philosopher's stone, the universal solvent of the alchemist, which is to turn everything to gold, and the elixir of immortal life, are to be found in the old Grecian motto, "Man, know thyself." And there is no knowledge, however beautiful and attractive it may appear, that is of any real and practical value to man unless he can bring it into harmony with himself, so that it will feed, warm and clothe him physically, mentally or morally.

And astronomy, though it may seem to be the science of objects very remote from us, so much so that great worlds become as mere specks, often invisible to the naked eye, is very important and instructive to man; but it, like all other knowledge, is only useful to him as it feeds and expands his intellectual and moral nature, and illustrates life's practical and important duties.

Let us see, then, what we may learn from this. Man himself is a star, revolving around the central sun of the universe—our Father God—and there is for each man a peculiar orbit around that central sun, and, also, well ordered and regular revolutions within himself, comparable to the motions of the planets on their axes; and it is as

true of man, as of any star in the vast firmament, that unless these motions be properly maintained the light will not shine; and if man would let his light shine before his fellow-men, he must ever move in his own orbit, and on his own axis in harmony with the divine laws; and as this is the case, man "shall shine as the stars, brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." It is with man as with the stars: the light that comes from others may stir up the light within us, and warm us into more life and action; but in both cases, if it be only reflected light, and not our own, it is cold and dim.

A vision opens before me. I am losing sight of external things, and, like John on the Isle of Patmos, I am "in spirit," and the day is the "Lord's day." All things are illuminated and clear before my vision. I stand not in outward form confined, nor upon the solid earth where men do tread, but floating away in the realms of infinitude. For a time the sun has faded from my eyes; the moon and the stars have fallen, and the earth and the heavens appear to have been "rolled together as a scroll." I see only a vast field of bright, luminous ether; clear, pure, and softly attractive, it meets my vision everywhere, and feeds and thrills me. I am borne away upon its placid bosom by three shining companions, one on either side, and one leading the way. We pass on and on, far, far away, and brighter and still brighter grows the scene, and with transport of joy my vision is opened, new scenes are before me, planets and satellites, comets and meteors, and vast fields of wild and chaotic nebulae tremulously floating upon the bright ether. My vision takes in all these in its vast scope, and yet it is so minute that every atom is noticed. As I gaze upon this vast and magnificent panorama, calmly and with peaceful joy I drink in the inspiration of the field before me. Poised in the vast ether blue, we contemplate the grand and beautiful scene around, above and beneath us. An ancient seer, crowned with the knowledge and wisdom of centuries, yet humble as a little child, and pure, stands before me. And I have a new and long-desired experience. He looks, and I see, and what to him is revealed is given to me also. Thus have I overleaped the barriers of Time and Space to taste of the experiences of spirits. Strange and beautiful is all this, and yet I am not excited.

First he turns to those tremendous fields of nebulous light that men call the Milky Way, and we see that these vast outspread fields are matter in its infantile, crude, imperfect and chaotic condition; and yet subject to law; wayward as a child, and yet bound within certain limits; having motion, which is the first and the last and the ever-continuing attribute of matter; and from this motion, crude and imperfect as it is, light is evolved, dim and uncertain, but still light. This apparently new matter has always existed; has passed through an infinite variety of changes in its progress to its present condition. It is now at the foot of the ladder. Something ever must be, though it will not always be the same; for there is a struggle and compensation everywhere, and that which is first may be last, and that which is last comes to be first.

Waves and tides are ever rising and falling upon this vast tremulous ocean of matter, and ever and anon these rises out of it some bright meteor, which, assuming a distinct form of motion, becomes more luminous, and rolls out into the immensity of space, in most instances to be consumed and thrown back into the ocean of matter whence it came. These are meteors born, and thus do they die.

A little higher in the scale and more perfect in their birth come comets, having a central nucleus or bases, the embryo of a new planet or satellite. These roll out wildly and rapidly, yet under the dominion of ever-pervading law, they move on for a time, gathering unto themselves new elements; and thus are planets brought forth.

Now turning and gazing intently upon one of these, I see that its brightness is fast going out, and it is almost lost in the darkness of its surroundings; but it was not so; it was owing to the working imperfectly of the newly developed mechanism of the young world, that the light thus went out and disappeared for a time.

I looked upon one of these dark worlds and saw that it was cold and cheerless, and though it rolled upon its axis and moved in its orbit, there was no light or life upon it; but this was a stage in its growth, a process in its development, and it was becoming contracted into a more compact condition, taking upon it the form of a solid crust.

We followed one closely, so that I could see its changes; and I beheld the formation of the geological strata, layer after layer, which, in this dark womb of time was spread out upon this world; and the internal fires kindled by its former activity, one by one went out, and it was bleak, and cold, and barren; rocks and oceans, mountains and caverns were all that its dreary surface presented to the eye. An atmosphere, black and smoky, surrounded it. I shuddered at the prospect, but my guide said, "Watch it my child," and I saw that it was one of a family of planets rolling around a parent sun; and then I heard a voice sounding through the cavernous depths of immensity, "Let there be light," and "there was light," and the dark, impenetrable gloom of that world began to be dissipated. It had passed the night of its trial and it began to work anew. And with the light came heat and the dawn of vegetable life, and the earth was clothed with its beautiful garments of green, and with its huge plants it changed rapidly. These early plants were the John the Baptists preaching in the wilderness the coming of a higher and better condition. Now the world labored and struggled on, and new light and brighter came to it.

I watched it as the ages rolled on—for I was in the spirit now and was not bound by earth's time—and I saw man come upon the earth. I had seen that the earth loved all its children as a mother. Its path had been made green and beautiful by

the plants, and a new life and activity was given to it by the animals, and it was happy in all this; but when man came upon its surface it seemed to assume a proud and dignified position, and its light shone forth calmly and serenely, and far more brightly than ever before.

I saw that everything inanimate and animate upon the earth had contributed to make it what it was, and most of all, man. And I followed it on through the ages again, and as the earth grew, man grew; and every unfolding change in the earth unfolded man; and every step which man made toward a higher condition, lifted the earth; and I saw and felt that man, was indeed, God's vicegerent, aiding in the work of unfolding, not only himself and his surroundings, and the world on which he lived, but of all worlds, and suns, and systems of the universe itself.

I saw clearly that every revolution of the earth, and every act of man in harmony with the laws of his being, tended to bring the world and himself into better conditions, and actually moved the universe. And as I gazed upon these worlds unnumbered and innumerable, rolling onward and fulfilling their mission, and saw how man's destiny and labors were linked and blended with all these, I remembered the words, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him." And it was clear that man was a child of the earth, part of it, and it was part of him; part of the universe and it was part of him; part of God, and God was part of him. And this was the answer to my question. And as I turned from my vision, the voice said, "the universe, the earth, man and God, are one, now and evermore; and they have each their changes for evermore. In the ascending spiral ladder of progression man has reached so near to God that he has discovered his own identity, and is now, and ever will be an 'I AM,' and amid all the ceaseless changes of a never-ending eternity, man cannot, will not lose himself or be lost, but rising, ever rising, he will learn to comprehend more and more perfectly the divine laws of the little universe within him, and the great universe without him, and his Father God over and above all.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we are true Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (Lillian Hurst.)

(Original.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER VI.

Spring had come, that beautiful awakener. It had put in every little twig and branch a living spirit, and, like busy housekeepers, they were beginning to put their houses in order. Beautiful maples, standing in their symmetrical grandeur, seemed speaking to each other about their dear children and grandchildren, and sending so many love-buds through all their branches that little buds swelled each hour and moment, and, folding in their inmost heart the perfect semblance of the leaves that were to unfold, snapped, cord by cord, the frail bonds that bound them, and gave to each tree a soft, silvery look that seemed like the garments of the resurrection. Graceful hemlocks, too, contemplated with delight the soft, fringed-like tufts that were to be spread all over their dark green garments, making them tell a sweet story of strength and tenderness. And in the woods there was that delicate odor of life that tells better than a written volume of all the wonder that is to be.

To be sure, Spring had not yet made the earth lovely; it had only unbound the little brooks and set them in lively motion, and had sent ripples over the face of the ponds that had been so long still, and had softened the surface of the earth, and made the green mosses fresh and soft as a velvet carpet. But, in all this coming of life and beauty, Abraham did not feel as usual, glad. He loved flowers and trees and birds, and had always watched the coming of spring with great delight; but now he felt only a dull sort of gladness that the winter was over.

The truth was, he had been shut up in Peter Hink's shop, with its heated, unwholesome air, until he was not the same strong, vigorous boy as when he first entered it. He did not think himself ill, but only supposed that the world was not as beautiful as it used to be. He had, also, studied too hard. Ever since Sophia had written to him he had determined to study more earnestly than ever, and to finish the Arithmetic by the time she came home. Therefore he often sat up late, and as Peter was not willing to excuse him from a good day's work, he had to be up early in the morning. No wonder that a dull light seemed resting on everything, and that he was not glad in the fresh spring air, but walked with a dragging step to and from his work.

"Now, Abraham," said his mother one morning, "I've been contriving how I could get you a new pair of pantaloons out of that pair you wore when Uncle Isaac left here, and I've concluded that I'd just let you call at Miss Jones's and ask her to come and work for me a day and I'll spin some nice yarn for her to pay."

"But, mother," said Abraham who had a dislike of Miss Jones, from hearing all the ill-natured things she had said of people, "do n't you think I could help you contrive just as well?"

"Why, Abraham," said his mother, "you're good at patching a shoe, but then, you wouldn't know the first thing about where the pockets ought to be, or how wide a hem to put on the bottom; but Miss Jones knows everything about it, and, you see, I'm getting old, and don't see as well as I used to."

This appeal was enough, and Abraham hurried

his work in order to call on his way to Peter's. The sun was just up, and sent its soft light on to the western hills, and brightened up the clouds that had looked dark and gloowering before. Abraham felt as tired as he used to when the day's work was over, and something of bitterness was in his heart as he remembered how a year ago he had been watching for the first signs of spring and had hunted beside the brooks for the soft buds of the willow, and had carried Sophia some little arbutus sprays that began to show just the least possible tinge of pink.

"She's never answered my letter," he thought, "and soon she will be coming home, and she won't care for me."

In this mood he reached Miss Jones's door, for he knew her to be an early riser and was not afraid of disturbing her. The house that Miss Jones lived in was next to Mr. Taft's. It was a little cottage with a room on each side of the front door. A leafless woodbine climbed up on one side, and the dried stalks of a morning glory were on the other side, and they stayed in the morning breeze, rustling mournfully in tune to Abraham's thoughts.

"Now, r'nally, Abraham! do tell! if you ain't up arly! Well, it's a proper good habit. I've lived—well, a putty good number of years, though I guess I ain't so old's some folks yet, and I allers did get up arly, and I allers called it a Christian duty. Now there's Captain Spooner's wife, she makes nothing of getting up at eight o'clock! but I guess her things shows it. Law! you never did see the like of her pantry! not that I ever mean to interfere with my neighbors. Now there's Sally Tinkerton—that's old Miss Tinkerton—she do n't mind poking her nose round inter my cut-bards; but, then, I wouldn't like to tell on 't. Well, what was I saying? Oh—"

There was no knowing how long Miss Betsy Jones might have talked, but Abraham felt in a hurry and broke in with his message from his mother, and, receiving a favorable answer, was about to leave, when she began again:

"Spose you've learn the news. Soph's got home, and her feller with her. You don't say you did n't know it? Well, there was a time when she'd a written to you. But, then, I wouldn't be down in the mouth about it. I allers told Miss Taft that shoemaking was good, respectable business, and I did n't think anybody ought to be set too much on trades as long as one's stidly. Well, he's a good looking feller; holds his head up as if he was somebody, and he was purtite to me; for, you see, I thought I'd jest happen in, 'cause Miss Taft and I is good neighbors, and so I jest pertended I'd got out of yeast and I was in a dreadful hurry for some; and, you see, Soph sat there looking jest like a red rose, and he sat opposite, and Miss Taft she was getting supper; and I made it in my way to jest mention something about folks' learning trades and about shoemaking being good business, and you'd oughter have seen Soph's Taft's eyes flash. She looked real handsome; jest as much as if she was saying: 'I'm a queen, and there's my prince, and we do n't know nothing about shoemakers!' But I should n't wonder if folks had to think about shoes sometime; but, you see—"

Abraham had heard quite enough, and made a rush for the door, crying out: "Good-morning; my mother'll expect you."

Now Abraham knew very well Miss Jones's gossiping ways, and he often wondered that people would mind a word she said; and yet he was just in the mood to mind every word, and to make a great deal more of each than Miss Jones intended. He immediately fancied that Sophia might have been at home several days, and intended to slight him. And then he fancied that her face grew red and angry because Miss Jones had mentioned that one of her friends was a shoemaker.

The truth was, Sophia's eyes flashed because Miss Jones had dared to speak as she did about Abraham; for Miss Jones did not choose to tell all that passed, and how Sophia said that Abraham was a smarter scholar than any at the Adams, and she should go and ask Peter to let him off early from his work that he might come and spend the evening with them. Abraham knew only that he was very tired, and that the work before him seemed a dull task; and he wished he was n't poor, and then folks would n't despise him. It was his weary, half-sick body that gave this gloomy turn to all his thoughts. The truth was, he wanted fresh air and a plenty of out door exercise and some brave, cheerful words from some loving heart; for his mother was full of pity and tenderness, and it grieved her to see the son on whom she had spent so many holy wishes and prayers, looking pale and weary, and so she said: "Poor boy!" "What a pity!" "Do go to bed!" "Won't you drink just one more cup of tea?" Instead of saying: "Better things are coming! take a good run down to Mr. Stamp's, and see how fresh the air is!"

Abraham was a little late, and Peter in consequence looked cross, and had no cheerful word for him. He sat down on his bench, took up his unfinished work of the day before, and began his day's task; but nothing went right. His knife slipped and cut the leather, and that made Peter angry.

"I tell you what, boy," said he, "that'll never do. You and I had better part, if that ere's the way you serve my work. I did n't take you, young snapper, to have my shoes spilled, and every body saying Peter Hink's work is good for nothing!"

It chanced that Peter had had a sleepless night, and felt cross and fretful with a headache, and he wished to blame some one besides himself. Some people think that if they make others sufficiently miserable, that their own troubles will be lessened. Abraham did not reply to him, and that made him more and more ill-natured.

"Now I say, you young rascal!"

"I am not a rascal," said Abraham, "and I've

served you well, Mr. Hink; but if you don't like my work, I'll trouble you with any more."

"You won't, hey?" said Peter, in a great passion. "I guess you won't; put down that shoe quick, and let me see your bench empty. Haven't I given you time to read; and have n't I been like a father to you, and is this the way you serve me?"

Now nothing could have been to Peter, in his own estimation, a greater misfortune than to lose Abraham's assistance. He knew very well that he did as much work as some men, and did it faithfully and well. And he had greatly enjoyed his reading to him at noon, and his account of what he read at home; but he was ill-natured, and had become angry, and he would not take back a word that he said, and when he saw Abraham rise and take his cap and leave the shop, he only muttered some most unkind words.

Abraham closed the door behind him and walked rapidly to the little gate that enclosed the yard. Here he paused a moment, for the misery of his situation rushed upon him. He had lost his place; lost all his united efforts to learn a trade; he had nothing to do, and the world no place for him. He knew how distressed his mother would be, and he remembered that Miss Jones would be at his mother's by this time, and he dreaded all that she would tell to others. He saw, very well, that people would say that he was good for nothing, and blame him for being unsteady and leaving a good trade. He had disliked shoemaking, but it seemed so much better than nothing to do that he began to feel as if he had met with a great misfortune in being obliged to leave Peter's shop.

Just then a blue bird lighted on the apple-tree beside the fence; it sang its sweet spring song with so merry a tone that Abraham looked up, and as he did so, all the beauty of the clear blue sky rested in his eye, and something of its peace seemed to touch his heart, for he said to himself, "Well, Uncle Isaac, I tried, I tried faithfully and well, and you said that to succeed was to try, so I think I must have had great success."

Just then he turned and saw something very blue fluttering in Mr. Taff's front door, and soon he saw a hand waving and beckoning. Now he had fully determined to hurry by Mr. Taff's without looking up, for he had a keen sense of all that Miss Jones had said to him, and he felt a place in his heart quite as sore as his finger when he accidentally hit it with his shoemaker's hammer, instead of the leather. But he could not well pretend not to see the beckon of that hand, and rather glad was he, too, to have Peter see that he had friends, for he felt sure that he was looking out of the shop window and watching him.

"Oh, how lucky!" said Sophia, who, with her pleasant smile, stood in the doorway. "I was afraid I should n't see you till night, and I wanted to ask you to come and spend the evening with us. We got home late yesterday, just as the sun was going down; that is, Charlie and I, for papa found out that Charlie is the son of a dear old friend of his, and so he asked him to come home with me and spend vacation, though Mrs. Ames said she considered such an invitation quite disparaging to the proprieties of high-toned society, and I said what? and she said that my father must consider that young folks are young folks, so I'm sure I don't know what she meant—but I was saying I wanted you to come, and we'll have a real good time, just as we used to; we've got some corn to pop, and Charlie says such funny things, and knows lots of conundrums and puzzles, though I'm sure you'll guess them all in a minute, you're so smart. Will you come? Say quick."

Abraham hesitated.

"If that old curmudgeon of a Peter won't let you off early, I'll go and carry him my best shoes to fix up a little, and flatter him into good nature."

"Oh no, no," said Abraham; "don't go to him. He's just sent me off; and oh dear, Sophia, I don't know what I shall do. I didn't mean to tell you, but you looked so kind I could not help it. It was n't any fault of mine, Sophia, and I know you'll believe it, though everybody'll say it was."

"Everybody'll be fools, then, for do n't we know that Peter is crosser than ten bears? And I'm real glad you're not going to work for him any longer."

"What shall I do, Sophia? I'm sure I could n't think of anything else when I went there."

"Oh, there's lots to do. Why, Charlie says that it's real nice to be a clerk, and clerks wear such nice clothes, and then you could perhaps go to the city."

Abraham looked down to his worn pantaloons and his jacket, short in the sleeves, and somehow he felt that with all Sophia's kindness, she would like him better if he had on better garments; but there shone out so much good nature on her face, that he said, "yes, I'll come, Sophia, this evening."

"Now, Cerinda, is your father in?" said Miss Jones, with her sharp face thrust through Mr. Potham's side door that opened into the kitchen, "cause if he is, I'll come in just a minute. Oh, there he is. Why, Mr. Potham, don't you think Abraham Foster has left Peter Hink? I was down to Mrs. Foster's fixing over a pair of pantaloons that was Mrs. Foster's brother Isaac's, and Abraham come home just after I got there. You never see such a time as they had. Mrs. Foster she cried, and Abraham looked pale, and I didn't hear what he said was the reason; but of course we know that Peter is an old citizen, if he has some kinks, and of course it's Abraham's high notions. I did hope that his uncle's death would be sanctified to him; but laws me! what's in a critter sticks by. Cerinda, you just step over to Peter's and ask his wife if she's got a sprig or two of sage to spare. You make kinder natural that you want it had, and then you find out all how it is. I'm half dying to know."

"Yes, Cerinda, run quick," said her father, "for I'm going down to Mr. Stamp's, and I'd like to hear about it fore I go. It kinder strikes me all over to think that Abraham has done so. You do n't suppose that he's took any of Peter's leather, do you?"

"You don't say so," said Miss Jones, as if something had been asserted instead of asked. And thus these two busy-bodies, with "he says," and "she says," went their ways insinuating all sorts of false reports about Abraham's misfortunes. Mr. Potham went to Mr. Stamp's store, where sat Capt. Spooner, and Deacon Dean, and Squire Niles, who had come out to get the news and his last paper. He listened very quietly to all that was said, to the various "ums" and "ahs," and "you don't," but he made no reply, only once in a while a good-natured smile would pass over his face. After a time he rose quietly and walked out. "A set of miserable gossip," said he to himself. "I don't know what wife'll say, but I'm just going to help the boy out of his troubles. I've been watching Mary off and on, and I see she needs young folks round. Her mother is a queer one, that's a fact; she seems to think laughing is a dying sin." Thus benevolently pondering, Squire

Niles found his way to Widow Foster's door, and threw his good-natured smiles and words around her sombre room, until it seemed to her that the very furniture smiled as in olden time. He proposed to take Abraham for the summer to work on his farm, and to pay him good wages, and to come home often to attend to her wants.

When he had gone, Mrs. Foster leaned her head on her hand, and lifted her eyes as if she saw the dear being that she called God, and said, "Thou dost care for us when we don't know how to care for ourselves."

Abraham's visit to Sophia was something for him to dwell upon with real pleasure. She, with her cheerful ways and busy talk, made him quite at ease, and Charlie Stanton tried to make himself agreeable, and put on no foolish airs of superiority. He was a good-natured, gentlemanly boy, who had been indulged in every whim, and who thought it quite necessary to have a good time everywhere, and on all occasions, without regard to the means. He seemed to like Abraham, and talked about his good scholarship. Abraham saw that Sophia valued every word that Charlie spoke, and considered him quite perfect; and yet she did not change her old manner toward him, but was full of praise of him and fun about the days gone by.

"Now, Mrs. Ames would say this was the consummation of most advantageous circumstances, and I think so, too," said Sophia. "What a lucky thing it was that Peter Hink concluded to do without you just at this time! Oh, Charlie, if you could see Peter! He's all crooked over, and squints in one eye, and his nose and chin are getting better acquainted every day, and he scolds and frets until he has not a smooth spot on his face. And you ought to hear him go on when Miss Betsy Aurelia Jones complains that her shoes don't fit; and then you ought to hear her! Isn't she like the old wind-mill, a whizzing and whirling? Why, she'll talk till the room gets so full of words that you can't breathe because there is no room for the air. Hush! there she is now, coming in at the back door. I know her step, for it seems to say, 'Now look out.' Abraham and Charlie, just step into the closet after that corn, will you? and we'll have a little private conversation."

So saying, Sophia half pushed the boys into the closet, while she stood close by when Miss Jones entered.

"Now, how do n't you look lively here? Thought I'd just drop in a minute. I suppose you've heard the news? Abraham Foster's left Peter Hink's, and Mr. Potham says like enough there's a good reason, because leather is scarce, and—"

"And he do n't want any work done," chimed in Sophia, who was afraid of Abraham's hearing what Miss Jones might say.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Very likely—just so—I thought prob'ly—folks have their own opinions; that's so; but all folks do n't think alike; for some folks say there's no knowing—"

"Here Charlie could bear no more, and laughed aloud, whereupon Miss Jones seized her hood and went home.

But Abraham had heard too much. He knew what would be said of him, and he felt all the doubt and falsehood that would be cast on him should he remain in idleness. But his mother lightened his heart when he reached home, and he said to himself, as he put out his tallow candle at night:

"I think, after all, you were right, Uncle Isaac, and if I've failed in making a shoemaker after Peter Hink's pattern, yet I have succeeded by trying, and I am a great deal stronger and better than if I had n't tried."

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER THREE.

Just by the eastern door of the house in which I was born, and which has always been to me a dearly loved home, there grows a cluster of the Bee Larkspurs. It has been there so many years that I cannot remember when it was not there. Its pretty blue flowers bloom from June until September, although it is in perfection of flower in July. Ever since I can remember, also, it has been visited by that tiny, most fairy-like creature, the humming bird. In the early morning, and toward evening, it would come as if on the wings of the wind, and poise itself over the blossoms, and take its dainty breakfast and supper of honey from the flowers.

How delighted was I, then, to see the pretty fairy back again this summer; for how could I doubt that it was the same one I knew years ago, so precisely like that was it in color and movement. He suspended himself on the wing for a little while, when he moved his wings so rapidly that they looked like a mist. I fancied he was looking to see if I sufficiently admired him. Surely I did, for his back of such glossy green, and his throat that gleamed with every color of the rainbow, were objects that every one must admire.

After gathering what honey he required, he alighted on a dead branch of a sweet-brier bush, and arranged his toilet. How I longed to take the pretty creature in my hand, and let it know by some little love-stroke how very glad I was that it had come to pay me a visit. I thought about its little nest only an inch in diameter, and the two pure white eggs as large as a blueberry. I thought of the loving mother-bird, who sat so patiently waiting for the opening of the shell. I tried to fancy how the little birds would look not larger than bees.

I never could find a humming-bird's nest, although I remember one was brought home when I was a girl. This outer coat was made of the lichen that grows on old trees and fences. This was nicely glued together, and lined with the wings of flying seeds, like the dandelion. Lastly, a coat of down from the mullen, or the soft fern, lined the whole. What a fairy-like nest! and how patiently the bird must work to gather all the materials!

I wish, when I was younger and had more time and fewer cares, I had learned all about the habits of birds, and to distinguish their notes; and so, my young friends, I wish you would try and learn the names of the birds whose sweet songs I am sure you admire. The scientific name of the only humming-bird that frequents the United States is *Trochilus Colubus*. I am quite sure you can remember that, or the ruby-throated humming-bird. I hope, too, that all of you that have gardens, or a little spot of ground where you can plant seeds, will plant some larkspur seeds; for then you will be almost sure to see the beautiful humming-birds through their whole flowering.

One could very readily imagine the pretty creatures knew all about the spirit-home, and had just come to show us how very much like heaven we might make our world, if we would gather all its beauty and brightness.

But the humming-bird is not altogether an amiable bird. I have seen it quite selfishly drive away the industrious bees from the sweet blossoms, and if one bee tried to resist, it would make a noise, as if quite angry, and fight the little fellow quite fiercely. Thus we always find that

what seems outwardly so beautiful, may have some inner deformity. It is said, too, that if two male birds meet near the same bush, they will have a severe fight, and the conqueror returns to enjoy the sweets in selfish solitude. So I shall never wish any of my young friends to be like the humming-birds. I like, however, to think that, after all, it has a very kindly little heart under its beautiful coat, and only puts on these fierce manners because it fancies that the world is not quite ready for the reign of perfect peace and good will. I don't suppose that we can convert the little creature, but I trust that none of you will let him imagine that you know anything of selfishness, but only love and good will.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART SIX.

THE INVOKED SPIRIT.

God, our Father, unto thee
Now in thought I bend the knee,
And pray this blessing may be given me:
Help me feel content to be
Just what thou wouldst have me be,
Asking nothing more or less
Than the proffered happiness—
Daily proffered happiness—
Flowing from the power to bless
Others in their helplessness,
Who, in blindness of distress,
Cannot see thy tenderness.
Nor the Father-love that shines
Through each link that intertwines
In and out the web of life,
Checked as it is with strife.
Give to me that perfect faith
"That no shade of turning hath;"
Let me feel that all things here—
Gifts that bring us daily cheer,
Treasures that we all revere,
Hope and joy, and friendships dear,
And no less the griefs and fear
That assail us year by year—
Each within its proper sphere
Has its use and mission here;
Then I may, with cheerful voice,
Bid the mourning heart rejoice,
And when friends fade one by one,
As their earthly race is run,
I will sing "thy will be done,"
In all things "thy will be done."
Angels pure and undeliled,
Guide me through life's tangled wild;
Teach me to be meek and mild,
Patient as a trusting child,
Trusting as a little child.

Breathing this soul-petition, I arose,
Resolved to wake responsive chords to those
Who sit in darkness counting o'er their woes;
And if unable thus to give relief,
At least through sympathy to share their grief.
But while this purpose in my heart was strong,
Thus to employ each gift and power of song
That unto me in sacred trust belong,
These thoughts, like tempters, taking high control,
Tried all their wily arts upon my soul.
I'm weak myself, I said, and weary oft,
And, like an eagle caged, I look aloft,
And pine to open the prison doors of care,
And soar on high and breathe a purer air.
If I should, then, the labor undertake
Of binding up the hearts that sorrows break,
Who will uphold my feeble, sustain and cheer
My drooping spirit in its hours of fear,
That may be many in the coming years,
Whose shadow dark and ominous appears?
Thus questioned I, when sweetly in my ear
Like a low flute-note, ringing soft and clear,
A deep voice answered me, "De Vere! De Vere!"
But he is dead, I said, the earth-born lore
Waking sad music in my heart once more;
He's dead, and may return to us no more,
To breathe o'er my heart his high fraternal lore;
Who, then, will cheer me in the coming year
Of darkness and of dread? what friend appear,
To bless with kind encouragement my heart,
That only has to cheer it one high art?
Thus questioned I again in doubt and fear,
When the same voice replied, "De Vere! De Vere!"
If this be so, I cried, mistrustful still
Of the high powers that bend us to their will,
Let some bright sign to me be given now,
Some token of thy presence I shall know
Is not a trick of mortals here below
To cheat our senses and deride our woe.
I have heard voices in an undertone,
Speaking at times I thought myself alone;
And in the solemn night such dreams have come,
Such glimpses of a fair and radiant home,
And visions all so beautiful to see
As I have thought could ne'er have come to me,
Were there no guests unseen to give them me.
I've felt sometimes a strange and sudden chill
Pass through my being, an electric thrill,
That I have thought betokened some one nigh
Of those whose forms are hidden from our eye.
These signs I've had, and weighed them o'er and o'er,

Weaving therefrom a high and happy lore;
But oh! to-day, to-day I would have more!
I am alone; each sense alert and keen,
Waits for more signal lamps of love to gleam
Atravert the troubled waves of life's dark stream;
Now lift, oh Death, thy dark and shadowy screen,
And let me peer thy sable veil between!
This invocation hymn I breathed aloud,
And then in breathless expectation bowed
My head upon my hands, when lo! a cloud,
Misty and bright, encircled me around;
Then, while its silvery edge just touched the ground,
Moved slowly onward toward a mossy mound,
Where once a mortal form sweet rest had found;
And there, where the sunlight lingered soft and warm,

It shaped itself into the living form
Of one I recognized, and without fear,
I cried in ecstasy, "De Vere! De Vere!"
Now do I know thou livest, and art near,
My brother still; and while thou lingerest here,
Oh, thou bright wanderer from the higher sphere,
Tune thy glad harp, and give me lofty cheer.
And in thy presence, while I feel the glow
That at thy bidding mantles cheek and brow,
And lends a rose tinge to all below,
I will look up, and say in accents low,
Father, I thank thee for these tokens given,
Like signal lamps hung up for us in heaven,
To teach us that the friends for whom we mourn,
Whom Death has borne to its "mysterious bourne,"
May sometimes, as thy messengers, return,
And bring us tidings of the better shore,
And teach us to a higher, happier lore
Than that which tells us they return no more.

I thank thee, oh my God, that now I know
That those who from us in such stillness go,
Leaving us sad and tearful here below,
May come again, and with a voice of cheer
Wake lofty poems in our atmosphere,
That throbs so oft with songs of grief and fear.
I thank thee, too, for powers vouchsafed to me,
Through which my form their instrument may be.

Oh, let them breathe upon my trembling life,
Till all its quivering chords, till each responsive
With a new melody, and catch the fire
That wakes the music of the angel choir;
And to this end, oh God! behold, I wait,
To do thy bidding, be it not too late.
Here in this sacred grove I dedicate
Myself anew; each power I consecrate
To the high task of teaching others here
That death is not a change that we should fear,
But rather one that, as it draweth near
To us or to our friends, we should revere
As a most blessed one, more blessed far
Than sleep, that cometh on her rosy car
With curtains looped up by the evening star,
Only to cheat us with a few bright dreams,
Whose fiery lamps glow with unsteady gleams
Through Night's dark reign, then vanish as the beams.

Of early morning wander o'er the streams,
And leave us shivering in the tents of care,
Whose tattered canvas woe the wintry air
Of cruel griefs, that haunt us everywhere,
Chanting the solemn dirges of despair.
Not so with death; that folds the tents of care,
And lays them down so gently that the air
Is not disturbed thereby, and we walk forth,
Still blessing with us all our gems of worth
Into a purer, brighter atmosphere,
Where wake no more the trembling harps of fear,
To breathe their dreary discords on the ear.
This faith, all beautiful, with light aglow,
Sheds its mild beams through all the vales below,
And o'er my soul it shines so brightly now,
That it doth seem I never more shall bow
In grief for those whose spirits calmly go
To seek the land where life's pure waters flow,
And I no more will wake responsive sigh
To those who here in sadness question why
The good, the true, the brave, so early die?
No more I'll echo back that mournful "Why?"
But I will say to them, with beaming eye,
And rapture in my spirit mantling high,
Weep not, oh friends; our loved ones never die;
They only close to us the mortal eye,
That they may look upon a brighter sky;
Their ears are only deaf that they may hear
The angel warblings of another sphere;
They live, they live, to love us yet, oh friends,
And backward o'er the paths they tread descend
The holy influence of their love, that blends
Each with the other, till there is outspread
A radiant canopy above our head,
And unto thee, oh God, who art the soul
And glorious centre of the living whole,
To thee, to thee I lift my rapturous gaze,
And syllable in hymns of lofty praise,
My thankfulness for all the devious ways
Through which thy hand has led me until now.
Though bright or dark, I bless thee for them all,
For I do see a purpose in them all;
And henceforth unto thee, oh God, I'll bow,
In love most worshipful, in reverence low,
And any, whatever good or goal be won,
"Father in heaven, thy will with me be done."

As I said this, the air about me thrilled
With a delightful harmony, that filled
And seemed to penetrate my being through,
Dropping upon my soul like heavenly dew,
And then a voice that gave me lofty cheer,
Breathed low these words into my listening ear:
"Oh, child of song, thou hast prayed aright;
Henceforth thou shalt walk with a clearer sight;
For the pearls shall shine unclose to-night,
And show thee Faith, in her garments white,
And her crystal towers, that are shining bright,
Their pearls all set, and their lamps of light
Gleaming afar o'er the mountain height
Of use and beauty, where thou to-night
May rest awhile in thy upward flight
To higher regions of life and light."

Now look, and thou shalt see
An angel company,
Coming to speak with thee,
Coming to sing to thee.
Blessings they bring to thee,
Flowers from celestial trees,
Gems from the boundless seas
Of heavenly harmony,
That through eternity
Flows on, and sings of love,
Of high and holy love,
That blossoms for all above."

Obedient to the voice, I looked, and lo!
A shining host appeared, that to and fro,
Swayed by the breath of music, seemed to go
Along the borders of a crystal lake,
Whose waters calm and peaceful seemed to break,
With a low, thrilling and melodious chime,
To which the harps they bore kept perfect time;
And foremost mid the band I saw appear,
Crowned with a starry wreath, the young De Vere!

Then a trance-like spell
On my spirit fell,
And I heard in low, deep, tremulous swells,
Soft as the chiming of silvery bells,
What seemed sweet music from realms afar,
Such as we dream flows down the bar
Of the eastern gates when the morning star
Rides up the sky in her golden car.
Nearer and nearer it seemed to float,
And joy-waves trembled in every note;
Then it died away, and then came again
In a burst of song, an orchestral strain,
So grand and lofty in its refrain,
That my soul, in hearing it, throbbed with pain;

And bent the bars and the prison chain
That held it back from that glorious land,
Where walked in beauty that angel band,
I so did yearn in their midst to stand.
Let me go; let me float on those waves of song
Away from earth and its scenes of wrong,
To the radiant shore and the shining throng!
Thus I sighed, and the strain rolled on,
With a loftier grandeur in every tone,
Till it reached the sweetest octave that's known
On earth or in heaven, and then, in one
Loud pealing anthem, it trembled on,
With its holy burden, "Thy will be done,
Our Father that, hith in the heavens thy throne!"
And my heart responded, "Thy will be done."

The anthem ceased; then, rising sweet and clear,
I heard the flute-like voice of young De Vere,
As thus he sang, giving me lofty cheer.
[Concluded in our next.]

A TEMPLE DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.—Letters from Naples describe a temple of Juno, just discovered among the recent excavations at Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within the sanctuary, a poplinary service having evidently been held; the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue of the goddess with its attendant peacock, the tripod in front of the altar, the golden censor, the jewels on the person of the priestess, the rich vessels holding the deposit of animal blood, were the main particulars dwelt on. The eyes of Juno were of the most vivid enamel, her arms and her whole person richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gaudy bird resplendent with a cluster of glittering gems. Aromatic ingredients lay calcined within the censor, while gorgeous lamps and bronze ornaments strewed the tessellated pavement.

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think my new waistcoat is becoming, Miss?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE.

BY HENRY LACROIX, MONTREAL, CANADA.

What is life? To define evidence is to have a knowledge of what life is. Life is a perpetual, changeable element, whose form and features are composed of all existing things. Life has a three-fold nature, encompassing the whole of creation as a body; its general parts are: material, spiritual, ethereal. From any given point in nature life is to be seen in all its constitutive parts, although in a magnified small compass. To see life here, on this earth, or ten millions of miles from hence, is to see it precisely under similar circumstances, providing the same eye is made use of in both instances. What need is there of straining our sight into far off distances to have a knowledge of high life, of life made supreme in blessedness, of enjoyments of an intellectual kind? Why need seek for that which is close at hand, which is ever present in and around every individual? Why plunge our disquiet longings afar from the central point of all life, and despair at times of reaching that which is embosomed and made manifest in every one? Why grieve, when internal soothing hands wipe every tear, whispering voices speak of glorious ultimates and all evidences of life's supreme encircles every individual brow? Can any one see anything out of his own sphere and realize that which does not belong to his constitutive self? Every unit is an exact representative of the general unit. The expanding properties which belong to every one, are beyond description. To seek outside of one's self, is to seek for and realize disturbance, restlessness, disquietude, discontent, and at times the ravings of an unhappy mind. The expanding properties of the threefold faculties of the human self, are indeed beyond description, beyond what language can portray, beyond all conceivable limits or states, either in power, grace or beauty, and sublimeness or etherealization. To imagine that a new thought is born outside of every individual sphere, and that it is brought in from thence to hence, is to misconceive the power of individual capacities and to misconstrue the truthfulness of evidence. To exalt the human self to the extent of microcosmic status, is simply to avow the all world pervading principle which every one conceives but does not define.

Researches concerning the highest evidence of life or selfhood, when made through what we might call the scientific *modus operandi*, are always apt to give but a dark and dismal appearance to the horizon of thought. To scientifically consider is to limit the observation, and to exclude from the vision many things of a subtle nature. Above all modes of conceiving and realizing life in all its parts and purposes, we see none endowed with as much power as the philosophical experiment.

To look around one's self from the highest standpoint, from the intellectual temple, from the pinnacle of the human organism, is to have a wide horizon of observation. The radii from the human reflecting orb is a most powerful light which illumines and makes everything beautiful, logical, linked and supremely harmonious. The philosophical state is above the heavenly, or spiritual state, but neither are attained by immediate volition of will. The grandest scenes of Nature are to be viewed from the apex, or culminating facilities in manhood. We would not, however, infer by these words, that Nature is, or can be outside of each one's own sphere. Expand that sphere to any extent by the most powerful, beautiful and grandest of thoughts, still it can bear a greater and greater expansion, without endangering in the least that individual spherical envelope, if we may so name it.

The evidences of life are of three kinds: material, spiritual and ethereal. The first is made manifest by scientific researches; the second by moral propoundings; and the third by philosophical illumination. Different states of mind give different evidences. Different degrees of expansion give different degrees of knowledge.

It is believed by the spiritualist class which this age has ushered forth as pioneers to a new civilization, that individual spheres become blended when reports take place with spirits. It is a false notion, attributable to the preliminary knowledge which men have of the new light. Communicating spirits have, no doubt, in many instances, said so, and many spirits, knowing better, have been silent on that subject for reasons easily explained. Ignorance always precedes knowledge as a matter of law and of wise dispensation. External appearances has led those spirits who have advanced that theory to adopt that view, and therefore to promulgate it. The friendly and loving close embrace between individuals on earth, would be taken by the majority of men as an actual and thorough blending of the different individual spheres. Not so to the thinker and wise observer. In such an instance the magnetic fluids and thoughts on both parts do meet in congenial and pleasant shocks, as the positive and negative sparks in the atmosphere; but as for an actual blending, it does not and cannot take place. The affectional, or spiritual natures, in such cases, do not any more blend than the external or the material do. However close the embrace may be, the two epidermis keep separate, and do not even adhere to one another.

Knowledge founded upon experimental investigation leads us to say that all thoughts spring from every individual sphere. No man, woman or child has to draw from others, from one another, in the way of mentality. Many would imagine this theory to be conflicting with every day evidence. So far as appearance goes, it would seem, indeed, that ideas are sown from one mind into another; but careful observation will prove that it is not so. Man is certainly a microcosm; every individual is a microcosm; therefore, it follows by logical inference, if by no other, higher standard of research, that each individual is a living embodiment of all that exists, either in the material, spiritual or the ethereal components of nature.

Some might contend that this theory is a cast-off garment of ancient philosophy, of pantheistic origin. Revivals are in the order of nature and development, and progress is brought on by them. The three distinct, although married states or attributes of each individual, of which the physical is but an outside projection, is not a point of controversy anywhere, but a simple matter of fact, witnessed by all. Different words, all in harmony, are used to denote the true nature of man. It is very easy to reconcile all the varying opinions, and to see the close parentage which they all bear to one another. Truth is the supreme evidence everywhere.

Reasoners of a certain class will contend that man may be a microcosm, that all the components of nature may be found in him, without entailing the view that the legislative power is a part of nature. The propensity of seeking outside of one's self for truths which are inherent to every individual nature, is simply repeated, in the mental search, after the CAUSE. The expansion of the human mind to arrive at the knowledge of the UNIT, is simply a projection to arrive at a knowledge of itself. The all suffusing, ethereal, spiritual and material capacities of manhood, are so immense, so infinite, to say the proper word, that its evidence is only made manifest by the extreme projection. The soul of life in man is the legislative power, the cause above, the cause in, the cause becoming. Miss? To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

Correspondence in Brief.

An "Exposer"—Judge Carter Coming to New England, etc.

Last week, the good people of this place were fully notified that on Saturday evening, Mr. B. Frazier would make his debut among us, and entirely explode Spiritualism by exposing the tricks of its "manifestations," and accounting for the phenomena upon scientific principles. At the appointed hour the audience convened, and as a large proportion of them were Spiritualists, and live Yankees, to boot, you will readily believe that the professor's attempt was a splendid failure, and the only exposure was the discovery, soon made by the audience, of the transparent tricks of the operator. Although the atmosphere of Hammonont is universally admitted to be highly salubrious, yet this gentleman found it to be so unhealthily and distasteful, that he made a hasty exit, and no doubt "shook the dust from off his feet as a testimony against us." This is the third unmitigated attack which has been made here upon Spiritualism, with theological and pretended scientific weapons, each former attempt being about as successful as the one just mentioned.

Sabbath morning, our place of meeting was crowded by an intelligent audience, to listen to a lecture previously announced, by J. A. H. POOLE, upon the Science of Spiritual Manifestations. The speaker handled the subject in his usual characteristic, masterly manner.

In the evening, Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, occupied the stand, and gave us a lecture upon "Universal, National and Individual Progress." For originality of thought, force of argument, keen analysis, chasteness of language, or purity of diction, I have seldom heard his lecture surpassed. For an hour and a half the audience sat spellbound, listening to the soul-stirring words which struck an answering chord in every heart.

It is rumored that the Judge has abandoned the bench, and has or is about to enter the lecturing field. If so, the friends of Spiritualism may well congratulate themselves upon so valuable an addition to their list of advocates and exponents. Judge Carter will soon visit New England, and we Hammonontians who have been favored with the first taste of the intellectual banquet, bespeak for him the cordial and appreciative welcome from you to which we think he is justly entitled.

Yours for progress, C. A. H. POOLE.

Hammonont, N. J., Aug. 8, 1865.

The Use and Work of Spiritualism.

Permit me to send words of encouragement, in behalf of the noble cause you are so ably identifying with, and the names of a number of your highly interesting "Banner" of Freedom and Spiritual Truth. As a weekly visitor, it is eagerly anticipated, and appreciated by the numerous intelligent readers throughout the land, who know that Spiritualism is growing deeper, stronger and higher; quickening the germ of the "doing good" principle in the sublimity of humanity, and diffusing the sunshine and dew of angelic wisdom, love and sympathy, upon the altar of individual needs.

Wherever we trace the unfolding of his living, practical Gospel of Science and Religion upon the souls of men and women, we discern its magnificent uses, in the outworking of intellectual and moral attainments, guided by the light of discrimination and consistency in all things.

While, on the other hand, we cannot fail to observe with pain its abuses, here and there as we feel, or see, the pricking thorns of glaring inconsistency, amid the flowers of truth and integrity; demanding earnest, moral and efficient workers, to scatter by example as well as precept, the lessons of the "higher life."

There are those in our midst, fully capacitated to work, who are vacillating between duty and public opinion, lingering on the way side of strong impressions and eternal truths, because of the criticisms that may be hurled, by ignorance or argument, from the ranks of popular condemnation. Why longer tarry, when the demand for laborers is so pressing. The angels are waiting, and would link most closely the ties of natural sympathy, justice and charity in each other's behalf.

Truth is on our side, why should we fear. The darkness that dwells with "spirits in prison" only pleads for the light of Wisdom and Love; only asks for that solace that human hearts can give, when quickened by the blessed inspiration of noble deeds, with their ministry from on high.

Truly yours,

ALICE A. WILHELM, M. D.

Wellington, O., Aug. 2, 1865.

Children's Lyceums.

Permit me to say a few words in behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceums. The time has come when Spiritualists should act, as well as speak and think. And, in doing, let us see to it that we bestow our labor where it is most needed. Children meet us on every hand, with anxious faces and inquiring minds, eager to learn some new lesson in this great drama of life, that will be of use to them when they shall have come to fill our places, and we as progressive bodies of Spiritualists, ought to exert ourselves to no small degree in forming new schools for the spiritual and physical development of the young. If we would leave an impress of our labors on the minds of generations to come, we must educate the children of this age rightly; and this can be done in forming enough of A. J. Davis's Lyceums. Who will help establish such institutions? Who will say in their acts that Lyceums shall be established and the young educated? A voice speaks and says, lectures and mediums must place their shoulders to the wheel and help roll on the car, that's frightened with these instructions. Come, then, brethren, let us not shrink from our duty, but, rather, let us show our Orthodox friends we mean something when we say Spiritualism is divine and destined to become the religion of all men. Let us show them by our acts what our principles are. I feel ready to do what I can in this direction, and will join heart and hand with others in the work.

Friends wishing my services will address me at West Paris, Maine.

Fraternally,

M. H. HOUGHTON.

The Co-operative Company of Foster's Crossing, Ohio.

Will you favor us with a small space in your valuable paper, Mr. Editor, to call the attention of your readers to the fact that there is now going on at this place a demonstration of the practicability of Co-operation, as applied to farming and manufacturing operations? A small number of persons united their means and labor here last spring, and have now been operating for four months. We have already experienced much of the benefits which are promised by the co-operation of an associative life, and we are now ready not only to testify to its desirability, but we earnestly invite others to come and unite with us, hoping that some of your readers may find it to their advantage to do so. We have comfortable quarters, as well as plenty of agreeable work for a few more members, and only require fifty dollars for admission, which is certainly a small sum for such accommodations.

Our plan of operation is to combine the capital and labor of the members in such manner as to secure the greatest economies and comforts of life, and, at the same time, recognize the individuality of the members in the enjoyment of their private property and a just remuneration for their services. For further information we will send a circular free to any address. Direct to the Co-operative Company of Foster's Crossing, Warren Co., Ohio.

Yours truly,

A. LONGLEY.

Another Lecturer in the Field.

Edith Van Sickle, of Maple Rapids, Mich., an old veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, has entered the lecturing field and will answer calls to lecture in this part of Michigan. He is a powerful accession to our lecturing force, and the friends throughout this section of Michigan could do no better than to call him out to impart to them a portion of his wealth of mind.

W. F. JAMISON.

Maple Rapids, Mich., Aug. 6, 1865.

Wellington, Ohio.

The cause of Spiritualism in this section has met with considerable opposition from the conservative classes around us, who think they can stay its progress by this opposition. Yet we are not discouraged, as all true progress is slow and steady. We have been highly favored of late, by receiving five lectures from Mrs. A. Wilhelm. Her audiences were good, and highly appreciated

the truths she uttered in a clear, philosophical and persuasive manner. May the angels bless the many noble workers we have in this field of reform; and should they pass this way, and will write to the undersigned, he will make the necessary arrangements for them to lecture.

Yours for Truth, N. E. MARCY.

Wellington, O., Aug. 5th, 1865.

DARK CIRCLES.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

There has been so much odium attached to mediums who can only give physical manifestations in the dark, that nearly all are suspected of treachery or collusion; and, in several instances, I know unjustly. We may as well ask: "Why do not the stars shine during the light of day? Why does it require darkness to bring out their lustre and make their glory visible? Why does it require a dark room to perfect a daguerreotype image by the camera obscura? Why must the seeds of a plant be buried in the dark earth ere it produces germination? Because each has its conditions which must be complied with to obtain satisfactory results. Many clairvoyants see best when their eyes are bandaged, or, if they sit in the dark, with their eyes open. To obtain certain manifestations, spirits tell us it is necessary that they should be performed in the dark. That the room is lighted to them we know by their detection of any attempt to handle their instruments while they are using them, or any movement that would break the circle. If darkness is necessary to demonstrate their power or presence, they have a right to demand it, and we should respect them sufficiently to comply with their conditions.

There may be persons dishonest enough to take advantage of darkness to personate departed spirits and imitate such manifestations; but they must be hardened in wickedness, for it is as dangerous as vile, and none would dare do it if they knew the power of the invisibles who surround them on such occasions. But it is unfair to accuse all mediums of deception. Hearing so often about collusion and legerdemain among musical mediums, I deem it only justice to those interested, to say that I investigated, both in private and public séances, for several weeks consecutively, strictly and impartially, the phenomena of these manifestations in the dark, and when there was light sufficient to enable me to distinguish objects, in company of intelligent persons chosen by myself and not likely to be deceived, and when quite alone with the medium. The doors locked, after all the furniture had been examined, where no human agency could operate without detection, I have held the hands of the medium and was satisfied that she could not move without my knowledge. When she was not apparently influenced by spirits or mortals, we have, unexpectedly to us, experienced the most startling manifestations, powerful and undoubted. I was not psychologized by the medium, for she was my mesmeric subject. Not always were these manifestations performed by Indians, but by intellectual and progressed spirits, who gave convincing proofs of knowledge beyond the capacity of the medium.

Clairvoyants may make mistakes during an examination. Written communications have often proved entirely incorrect. Speaking mediums sometimes wander far from the subject wished for by the investigator; although they are good and truthful, such mistakes will occur. But a musical medium is entirely passive under spirit control. If inclined to deceive, it would be impossible to do so, unless she could multiply her hands and feet at pleasure, and for the occasion. Surely one pair of either could not play upon several different instruments at the same time, beat a drum, float a guitar in the air, dance, and keep several other instruments in action, all in good time with singing or violin, whichever leads the concert. If one young girl can do this, entranced or awake, I do not wonder at the witch-hanging in Salem, for she would indeed be an object of terror to a sedate and quiet neighborhood, and be deemed a person possessing dangerous powers, not to speak of raising herself in her chair and placing it upon a table among a number of musical instruments, without breaking any. Each and every phase of mediumship is wonderful. Familiarity with its phenomena does not abate its mysterious unfoldments. Its course has not been like a comet, rushing onward but to disappear from our gaze, but it has advanced steadily, emitting a light which has not paled before Orthodox denunciations or infidel scoffings, but still shines on with increasing lustre emanating from heaven, beyond human comprehension or ability to destroy.

The Departure of Emma Hardinge.

Among the passengers by the steamer City of London, which left for Europe on Saturday of last week, were Miss Emma Hardinge and her mother, the latter of whom goes to England for the purpose of looking after a legacy which has been left her by a relative. Miss Hardinge has been very favorably known in this country and California for the past ten years, having devoted her life and best energies to the benefit of the human race, and her noble and charitable enterprises, chief among which was the establishment of reformatories for fallen women, and latterly she has become prominent as a lecturer and writer upon political subjects. She traveled through California during the last political campaign, ardently espousing the Union cause, and doing much toward the reelection of President Lincoln. She also undoubtedly set the ball in motion on the far Pacific coast which rolled up the hundred thousand dollars for the Sanitary Commission, and her friends claim for her the credit of having by her personal exertions added much to that useful fund. She originated the famous bag of flour sale, which was so remarkably successful in aiding the sick and wounded of the Union army in the hospital and on the field. She is a writer and speaker, who has done and is calculated to do good in the world. For many years she has been devoted to the promulgation of the spiritual doctrine, in which she is undoubtedly a true believer, and she has all her strength, mind and soul into what she has said and written upon the subject. In fact, she always does that, whatever her theme; and her theme has generally been a worthy object in view. Her reformatory enterprise will yet prove a success. The large fund raised by her in different cities of the Union by her lectures and the sale of her works, is in the hands of trustees, and must eventually be used for its intended beneficent and praiseworthy purpose. It is expected that Miss Hardinge may soon return to America and personally attend to the consummation of her life labor—the salvation of at least a portion of the fallen and unfortunate of her own sex. Miss Hardinge came to this country from England, August 22, 1855, having already attained some reputation as an actress; but shortly after her appearance at the Broadway Theatre, she gave up that profession, from some disagreement with her employers, and soon afterwards came out as the advocate of the Spiritualistic doctrine. The fallen women, whom she saw excited to so large an extent in all our cities, also early claimed her best attention. Should the good wishes of her friends of the First Spiritual Society of this city meet fruition, she will be successful in whatever she may undertake.—New York Herald, Aug. 7.

The "starter" for the Brooklyn City Railroad went to church not long since and fell asleep. When the sermon was about concluded, he awoke, and imagining himself on duty at the Fulton Ferry, he exclaimed aloud, "What's the matter with that Myrtle Avenue car; are you going to stay there all day?" The effect on the audience can be better imagined than described.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Wasted Power—Blind Journalism.

It is getting to be, of late, quite the fashion with a certain portion of the public press to have a vulgar fling at Spiritualism and its believers. The press which is particularly given to this, is wont to style itself particularly "Orthodox"; yet it would be very cautious not to slur the professions or practice of Methodists, however loud and long they ranted, or of Baptists, however bigoted and "hard-shelled" they might continue to be. They would even refrain from their low and ignorant abuse of Spiritualists, we are inclined to believe, if they realized that they were a compactly organized body, with costly churches and imposing ceremonies, and a line of priests and ministers posted at regular intervals all along the social system to exercise a distinct and direct influence on the superstitious sentiments of man. It is external appearance only that they pay respect to; as for the human conscience, they care nothing whatever for it, but are ready to outrage its divine suggestions whenever they do not happen to jump with their own notions of what is popular, and what is likely to "pay" best.

We style ourselves a free nation; and of late, it has become the custom to traduce and ridicule all who worship agreeably to the dictates of their own consciences, although one of the greatest boasts is that our freedom lies in the direction of freedom of conscience perhaps more than in any other. A man's conscience may be free, in this country; but if he wishes to enjoy it, he will do as well to keep it to himself. This is about all our bragged-up freedom of conscience actually amounts to. We had supposed that the daily journals, and especially the political papers, had carefully abstained as a rule from touching upon matters of popular religion, no matter under what denominational banner. They always seemed to us to be afraid to say anything, lest they should say the wrong thing; or if they ventured an expression at all, to strike off into adulation and indiscriminate puffery, feeling certain that would not come amiss, anyway. Then why are they so bold with their slanders and slurs against those who profess a religious faith not at all consonant with "Orthodoxy"? Are they the champions and defenders of "Orthodoxy"? Do they, for the sake of gaining popularity, as they hope, take it upon themselves to denounce and decry everybody who does not subscribe to the popular denominational creeds? So it would appear, at any rate.

We made allusion to this matter last week, and was at the pains to instance one case of the purest impertinence, mixed with ingratitude, possible to be found. We return to the subject now, to enlarge upon it, only because it has attained to dimensions, as an abuse of Journalism, which are not to be tolerated in communities where even a free press exists. And we speak with the more freedom and emphasis, because these same journals, great and small, profess to keep aloof from meddling with or even discussing religious matters, and to treat all with equal respect and deference. They have shown that their profession is a falsehood, and that their pretensions to impartiality are the veriest humbug. The fact simply is, they are seeking popularity and patronage, which mean custom and coppers, for themselves by offering their unbought services in advance to the leaders of the creeds; and so their insolence is bolder, and their abuse much broader and more vulgar, because they feel at liberty to utter what the self-styled "religious" journals do not dare or care to utter themselves, but are glad enough to have spoken. It is the basest sort of cringing sycophancy, and deserves flagellation at the hands of every honest, sincere, truth-seeking man and woman in the land. If this is the top and crown of free American Journalism, scolding will do it no harm, but a great deal of good.

Here are papers now, which copy into their issues the remarkable poetic inspirations of Lizzie Doten, from whose lips they fall without an instant's previous preparation. They speak in high praise (if that is worth anything) of the pieces given in metrical form through her, but at once fall to ridicule the pretension, or confession that such things are done only by the power of invisible and highly gifted intelligences. While they like the sin—to call it that—they do so bitterly hate the temptation that leads to it. They can enjoy with an exquisiteness of delight the beautiful verses that are given through her remarkable mediumship, but they insist on it, with a volubility of ridicule and abuse and blackguardism which is an extremely fine illustration of the elevation of their own religious sentiments, that no verses like those ever came from spirits out of the form, never can, and never will, which has nothing to do with the case in hand, and will hinder nothing which is going forward obediently to the great laws of the universe. And it is just so, too, with the lectures of Miss Hardinge and Mrs. Hatch; and the Messages through Mrs. Conant; they are quite willing to acknowledge their marked superiority and spiritual power, but they cannot and will not allow that spirit aid was called in for their production in even the most remote way. They clearly belong to that class spoken of in the old time, who would still refuse to believe though one rose up straight from the dead. Of course they shut out from their minds the thought that it is possible the mind has anything to do with producing addresses and poems, holding that inasmuch as they are spoken by the lips, they are merely lip productions. All is external and material with them. The spirit of man has nothing to do with any of his performances. His whole work is mechanical and outer, and, for that matter, he might just as well have been made to walk on all fours as upright, with his face upturned to the heavens.

We do not speak particularly of the course of these papers because of any harm which they do—secretly do us, or the high cause to whose interests we are wholly wedded; it is only for the

sake of exposing one of the abuses of a system which professes to be above the temptation to abuse itself, and to point out to the community the necessity for no long delay in applying a proper and thorough remedy. The public press in this country is supposed to be established for the purpose of enlightening, guiding, and leading the popular opinion and sentiment; the moment it falls to debating that sentiment and vilifying that opinion, it becomes false to its character and purposes, and demands the application of a suitable corrective without delay. And this is what we call upon the community of intelligent and liberal minds to attend to.

If the papers, which thus crouch and kneel to bigoted "Orthodoxy" for its favors, expect to shake the firm faith of independent minds by their poisoned squirts of ridicule, they entertain a far higher notion of the power of that style of influence than we do, ever did, or ever shall. It is smaller than child's play for them—it is the frivolous folly which confesses that all its other weapons are either spent or broken, and that this is its last resource. In this light, we are glad to witness the demonstration. It only proves that investigation is impotent to overturn the truths of Spiritualism, that reason and argument have failed to undermine or weaken it, and that all that now remains is to try and drive off the believers in its sublime principles by the low jargon of ridicule and abuse. The same application has been made upon believers before, without the least success. It will fall this time for even better reasons than the old ones.

A Call for a National Convention.

The readers of the Banner will remember the remarks published in its columns last week, from the pen of Dr. Uriah Clark, in relation to the call for a Second National Convention of Spiritualists this year, to be held in Philadelphia. Those remarks we thought at the time perfectly just and proper, the circumstances being as they are represented, and we take the present occasion to more fully endorse them than we did by their mere publication last week. In the first place, it does not appear that any authority was given any Committee to call a second Convention of the Spiritualists this year at all. The Chicago Assembly did not entertain such an idea. It was not thought of that a Convention would be held again before some time next year. If this new call for a Convention at Philadelphia in October is indeed legitimate and carries authority with it, then there is no other inference remaining than that the Committee nominally calling it have been either manipulated or overreached by a few of their number, who have used their names for purely personal and selfish purposes, and who deserve to have their plans exposed to the condemnation of Spiritualists throughout the country.

The call is strangely vague and indefinite, too. It is extended to "all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization," and still "each local organization is requested to send one delegate," &c., &c. Then, again, "all Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world" are invited to send delegates, and to take part in the discussion of whatever questions may come before the Convention. Unpardonably vague, and still purposely indefinite. The snare is plain to the most hasty observer. All styles of self-called "reformers" are invited to assemble in Convention with people who profess to be Spiritualists, no matter whether friends or opponents of Spiritualism themselves, where they are at liberty, if they come in sufficient numbers, to vote down every proposition which may be made in favor of Spiritualism or in its interest, and where they may even declare, as the sense and voice of the Convention, that Spiritualism is everything which its prejudiced vilifiers and haters insist that it ought to be called. If Spiritualists are ready to take part in, or to lend their countenance to a proposal for an assembly where such a result is perfectly easy to achieve, and to have it summoned in their name and with the show of their authority, then they have lost a large part of that wisdom, good judgment, and steadfastness which have thus far been their peculiar characteristics during the rapid and somewhat exciting advancement of their faith.

If this call is truly legitimate, then nothing more is to be said to that point. In that case, we have a right to demand on behalf of the large Spiritualist public whether the proposed Convention is to be held in the interests and for the furtherance of Spiritualism, or for the purpose of making stronger headway in opposition to it as a cause. The body of believers in Spiritualism have a right to know what is meant in the peculiar phraseology of this call. They will lend no countenance to any step which is to be made only for their injury. If they are to be voted out of existence, they refuse to be wheedled into swelling that vote themselves. They certainly will not permit those who refuse to subscribe to the great truths and principles which they accept themselves, to make an underhanded use of them for publishing to the world their disbelief in Spiritualism and their contempt for Spiritualists. This is exactly what such a call for a Convention is capable of leading to, and we oppose it thus emphatically for that very good and sufficient reason.

The Atlantic Cable.

This great undertaking has not proved the success that had so earnestly been hoped for. After proceeding seven hundred miles out to sea with the cable, the Great Eastern came to a stop, in consequence of the discovery that insulation was lost and conductivity had ceased. There is not reason, however, to give up the design, even if the present effort should be a failure. A larger class of sympathies and interests would at once be excited for the project, and no pains or cost be intermitted that should promise to make the enterprise a full success. We have no doubt whatever that the thing will be accomplished in time, if it is not now. Too many hopes and interests hang on the result of such an experiment to permit it to be abandoned now, merely because it has not been accomplished after two trials. Bruce's spider tried seven times, and succeeded; and Bruce followed his example. And when it is successfully laid, Yankee ingenuity will accomplish the feat.

South American Alliance.

The little and great republics of South America have joined themselves in a close alliance of offense and defence, for the purpose of protecting themselves from foreign aggression and internal feuds and outbreaks. It is in perfect harmony with the spirit of this harmonizing and organizing age. How much better such a friendly union as this among a number of small States, and one of them strong in itself, than a ceaseless wrangle, or even the liability of it, which never begets power or enlarges influence. In union alone is strength. It was an old maxim, and works as well now in practice as it ever did. The principle of confederation seems to be the only one that is likely to lift up the whole continent of South America to dignity and importance.

The Future.

Those politicians at the South, who four years ago were ripe for war, have had enough of it, we imagine, and will in future be willing to let "well enough alone." We hope they will now "come in," and be good citizens. Ditto selfish Northern disorganizers. Let us all shake hands, forget past differences, and unite cordially in sustaining a free Government against the encroachments of Old World aristocracies. By so doing the nation will rise higher in moral grandeur than ever before. Truly it has been obliged to pass through great tribulation, that it might be purified thereby.

The Boston Post of the 10th closes a long article upon the present condition and prospects of the world, as follows:

"The moral, the social, the intellectual, the religious and the material prospects of mankind are such as to encourage the most enthusiastic reformer who would make haste slowly. The future will rest more upon the vast mechanical energies and industrial activity of men than upon lordly descent or ascetic learning. Wealth and muscle will be harmoniously united. The general mass will be quickened into activity instead of dying in despair. Invention, the plow, the loom, the anvil, the steam engine, the telegraph, the railroad: these are the shining lights of the times. But the world in the future will depend for its life and its health more upon moral than physical forces. Ideas will rule the world. Principles will be the leaders of mankind. As medium wealth becomes more general; as poverty, want, and consequent vice and crime become less; as religious assumptions the form of a practical reality, and not a mere dogma; as ideas become more practical, useful and fruitful; as governments cease to be the instruments of oppression and learn to exercise their true office in the simple protection of men; as intelligence, morality and enterprise extend their dominion to the general mass of mankind, instead of being limited to the select few of favored nations; as these changes, to which the world rapidly tends, are brought to a more completed consummation, it will be felt by all that the grand pillars upon which the universe stands, are justice, truth and humanity."

An Appeal to the Benevolent.

But few persons are fully aware of the straits to which very poor people in large cities are sometimes subjected, to procure even the necessities of life. Until we became a Spiritualist, (being not overburdened with this world's goods ourselves,) we had no motive to look into this matter; but the new light has expanded our vision, and sad exhibitions of late we have witnessed in the hovels of the poor. A description of the squalid condition of some of this class would be anything but agreeable to sensitive minds, and therefore we shall not give it. Suffice it to say that we have to a limited extent aided the poor creatures who have come under our immediate notice, in this city, and hope to do more for them. Those who feel inclined to cooperate with us in the "good work," may remit to this office. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and our angel friends inform us that such shall be recompensed fourfold.

Our "Bread Fund" has enabled us to dispense bread to a very large number of destitute people, during the past year, and we wish to continue the good work, notwithstanding the demand has far overreached the supply of means.

The Bread Question.

We had something to say about croakers and croaking, last week. Much more might have been said that was not, for it is now becoming too apparent to allow the most hardened skeptic to hold up his head, that we have good crops this year of our own, that we have large stores left over from last year's crops, and that the export demand will be extremely limited. With these leading facts staring us in the face, what remains but to make up our minds that breadstuffs ought to be low, and must be low during the coming fall and winter? Speculators will naturally do what they can to push up and keep up prices, but the combination of circumstances in favor of low prices will be found to be too much for them. If the mass of the people can but have cheap fuel and cheap bread, they can manage to go through the hardest season. And we therefore hope, as we really believe, that they will on the whole have good cause to congratulate themselves on the present prospects.

Violence.

The papers sicken us with their tales of murders. We can scarcely open a daily paper but our eyes fall upon an appalling account of some fresh murder. It seems to have become a mania. And what is worse, more heinous indeed than all else, it has run into the form of parent murder. A young man in Michigan murders his father and mother; another in Connecticut murders his mother and sister while asleep in their beds; and a third in Ohio shoots down his father and step-mother. The public mind is wickedly debased and corrupted by having to become accustomed to such accounts. To read these descriptions as people are habitually doing, almost day by day, is enough to undermine the firmest moral principle and unsettle all things. We actually tremble, at times, thinking what a carnival of passion and blood we are passing through.

A. E. Newton.

Our worthy co-laborer, ex-editor A. E. Newton, is here on a brief vacation from his duties in Washington. Our readers are aware that he has held a position as clerk in one of the Departments in that city for a year or two. Within the last six months, however, he has assumed the responsible and very laborious task of superintending the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Freedmen Associations, for the education of the colored race—a position which he is most eminently qualified and fitted to fill. It is a great work, and he enters into it with his whole soul. Without doubt he will be appreciated and amply sustained in so noble a cause.

The Abington Picnic.

Next Wednesday, the 23d, is the day on which Dr. Gardner has arranged for another of his popular picnic excursions to Island Grove, and which all our friends who can, will be anxious to attend, judging from the large number who attended the last one held there, which, under the excellent superintendence of the Doctor, was as pleasant and orderly as any gathering of its size could be, whether in a grove or a church. The ample accommodations at this grove make it a general favorite. Cars leave the Old Colony Depot at quarter-past nine, and half-past eleven o'clock A. M. Tickets for the excursion seventy-five cents; children forty cents.

To Subscribers.

As the time for which many of our patrons have paid for the Banner expires with No. 26 of the present volume, we hope they will renew at once. By doing so, it will save us much extra labor in our mailing department, as all names are withdrawn when the time is out, unless subscribers previously renew. It will also prevent disappointment to those who wish to continue the paper. We are obliged to be governed in this matter by our established rules.

Picnic at Stanley's Grove, Beverly.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by J. S. Loveland.]

The Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity held their second picnic this season, on August 6th, at Stanley's Grove, in Beverly. The day was all that could be desired for such an excursion—clear, with a refreshing breeze that made it a pleasure to move and breathe. The grove is contiguous to the Eastern Railroad, and level; a convenient place to hold picnics. It covers an eminence from which, in one direction, you can look out upon the ocean, with beautiful farms lying between. In other directions the forest stretches away, inviting to ramble and recreation. But if, happily, you yield to this seductive temptation, you are lost to the picnic, for the splendid shade of the pine with mossy or rocky seat beneath, so charm you that time steals away unheeded. Should you recollect yourself and start back for the crowd, you are assailed in another form: Clumps of blueberry bushes, forests of whortleberries appeal to you to pick, and you are captivated still longer. Nature has well done her part to make this one of the finest groves in the country; and I am sorry to say that she has had but little assistance in perfecting her work; for, beyond a fine place for dancing, the grove can boast but little. There are no seats for an audience to listen to speeches, nor any decent place from which to make them. Worse still, scarcely a thing which people really want on such an occasion, was obtainable at the seven-by-nine "Refreshment Saloon," so called. Bake-house pastry, with lukewarm small beer at twenty cents a bottle, is not what is needed or wanted. A regular dinner, or even bread and butter, with a cup of tea or coffee, was out of the question. These articles were not there.

The company attending was not large, but they evidently went to have a good time, in a rational, common-sense manner. There was no rowdiness nor approximation thereto, (excepting cigar smoking,) on the ground. There was a good proportion of dancers present, who performed their part of the programme in right good earnest. Those who wished to combine the intellectual, artistic and spiritual with the amusive, were favored with speeches from E. S. Wheeler, J. S. Loveland, A. E. Giles, U. Clark, Miss J. J. Hubbard and a number of readings by Mrs. L. B. Stockwell.

E. S. Wheeler spoke of the war, the condition and wants of the country at the present, and the relation of Spiritualists to those wants. He insisted that we must have organization, discipline and leadership, or we shall not achieve success. In illustration and confirmation of his positions he alluded to his three years' experience in the army. There organization and discipline were synonymous with victory, while their opposite was defeat. So will it be with us. He also related several thrilling accounts of the influence of Spiritualism in the war.

J. S. Loveland advocated the same idea: Spiritualism is still in its preliminary phase—is disintegrative, selfish and destructive. We have not yet received the Pentecostal baptism. We must have that, to free us from our egotism, individualism, and fuse us in one grand brotherhood of love and wisdom. All the manifestations and inspirations of our dispensation point to this and call us to receive it. So far as we refuse and neglect, we shall lose what we already possess, and sink among the shadows of the past.

A. E. Giles had such a glorious sense of his own personal freedom, as contrasted with the abjectness of his former slavery in the Church, that he deprecated all forms of organization and leadership as being opposed to the sovereignty of the individual, and a return to the bondage we have escaped.

Uriah Clark felt called upon to repel the insinuation in Mr. Giles' speech, that any person in the Spiritualist ranks was desirous of or plotting for any organization or leadership whereby the mass would be subjugated and the few exalted. Every plan of organization yet presented, contained, as fundamental and unalterable, a prohibition against it.

Miss J. J. Hubbard was entranced, and gave a short but eloquent address, concluding the speaking of the occasion.

Mrs. L. B. Stockwell added to her already great popularity as a dramatic reader. Her rendering of Poe's Bells was a masterpiece of elocutionary success.

E. S. Wheeler demonstrated that he had not lost the inspiration of by-gone years, by improvising a very fine poem, the topic being given by the audience.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, who, we understand, is to be the leading manager of the Charlestown Meetings for the ensuing year, did himself much honor by the able and gentlemanly manner in which he conducted this picnic. At half-past six we took the cars and returned to the toll and noise of the city, bringing with us, however, a stronger purpose than ever to work on for the triumph of our glorious Dispensation.

Personal.

Our intuitive friend and lecturer, L. Judd Pardee, is rusticated among the "peaches" down in New Jersey, for the benefit of his physical system. Mentally he is always well. We suppose in the fall he will do great good in the lecturing field. We are unable to say, however, whether or not he is prepared at this time to make engagements. We learn from the New York Commercial, that Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, who for several years past has resided in Florence, Italy, has been engaged by Manager Jarrett, of the Boston Theatre, to appear here next season in the series of characters in which she won so much reputation ten years ago.

A Discussion.

A Discussion will take place in Philadelphia, on the week following the National Convention of Spiritualists, between Miles Grant and J. G. Fish, on the question:

Resolved, That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body, in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth. Mr. Fish takes the affirmative and Elder Grant the negative. Mr. Grant is the ablest advocate of the doctrine of the "sleep of the soul," in this country, and we are pleased to know that so capable an advocate of our more beautiful faith is to meet him in debate.

Particular Notice.

We wish to call the special attention of those who communicate with us by letter, particularly subscribers, to the necessity of writing the name of the town, county and State in which they reside, or where they wish the paper sent, as we are often put to great inconvenience by the omission of name of State, and often the town. A little care will be of service to both parties.

Good Speaking and Test Mediums

Are wanted in California. Since the return of Emma Hardinge, we have received letters from various parts of the State, to the effect that such mediums would be well supported. They represent that the field is large, but the laborers few.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We will gratify "our neighbor over the way" by stating that the "pious fraud" paragraph to which he alludes slipped into our columns without our knowledge. We do not endorse any such stuff. Those who would blacken the memory of one of our country's greatest patriots, Thomas Paine, at this late day, by thought or deed, deserve the contempt of every decent man in the world. Thank you, Bro. Seaver, for calling our attention to this matter.

We understand that Mr. Foster, the test medium, has gone to Washington.

The World's Crisis (Second Advent) still adheres to the idea that "the world is soon to come to an end." Digby, in his simplicity, asks Elder Grant how anything round can come to an end.

A good wife is her husband's most important business partner.

If one half the people knew what the other half said about them, friendship would be entirely unknown.

The Jewish Record, a splay weekly published at New York, has changed its name to "The Hebrew Leader."

A watering place letter says an autumnal female, of fifty summers, who wears her hair done up in little doughnuts over her eyes, is the principal guest at the hotel.

There is an undivided opinion at the South in one thing, and that is, that the General Government is now very rational.

The foundation stone of an institution for the "safe accommodation and reformation of females in a respectable position in society addicted to habits of drunkenness," was laid at Edinburgh, on the 17th of July, by the Lord Provost.

Breakers o'head—"Waterfalls."

It is well to teach two lessons to an enemy that despises us—to value himself less highly, and us more worthily.

The dummy engine experiment has now been tried a year in Chicago, and is pronounced successful.

A poor fellow "who has had some experience," asks, "Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so confounded tough that nothing but death can cut it?"

Of a rich man it was said: "Poor man, he tolled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it ever since for his victuals and clothes."

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head without any putty!"

If mortals would enjoy true happiness, they must seek for it, not in wealth, not in material things, but in that heavenly wisdom where alone it is to be found.

Gen. Sully's expedition had at last accounts cost the Government seven million dollars, and had resulted in the killing of two Indians. However, a battle was expected, and it is probable that more will be slaughtered. Justice toward the Indians would be far more effective and economical.

HAPPY COUPLE.—A lady walking with her husband to the seaside, inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. "Why, my dear," he replied, "if you were on yonder vessel leaving England, you would be exported and I should be transported."

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

London spreads over more than one hundred and twenty square miles; contains two thousand and six hundred miles of streets; has three hundred and sixty thousand houses; a population of three millions, and an assessed annual rental of over sixty million pounds.

"If all the world's a stage, who are the audience?" asked Queen Elizabeth of Shakespeare. "Angels, your Majesty," said the affable bard.

The vitality of life, so to speak, affords the highest evidence of its immortality. A soul that upon the borders of time gathers up its powers, can never die; it may change, only to assume hollower offices, and to enter an eternity of existence.

"I publish the banns between this switch and your back," said a schoolmaster to a delinquent pupil. "I forbid them." "On what grounds?" "The parties are not agreed." "Bring them together and see," said Pedagogue, laying it on.

PAPER.—We are informed that the paper makers of the country have arranged another combination to put up prices after the 1st of August.—Pittsburg Gazette.

If laboring men, who compose the majority of the people, do not work together, they will fall an easy prey to designing office-hunters. Let them stand together on the everlasting basis of "equal rights to all men, and exclusive privileges to none."

The N. Y. Saturday Press's advice to correspondents: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

In his speech to the Detroit Convention of merchant princes, Hon. Joseph Howe, of Halifax, described his audience as "men who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the harvests of a Greek Isle or Russian principality."

BANNER OF LIGHT.—We call attention to the Prospectus of this journal, which will be found in this issue. We have seen several copies of the "Banner," and have found them uniformly entertaining and instructive. It is a large octavo sheet, and contains a vast amount and variety of reading matter. The "Banner" is the "Exponent" of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century, and performs its role in this respect very creditably. Spiritualists and skeptics will find it worth all it costs. Send three dollars to the "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.," and you will receive the paper for one year.—The Union Dakotian, D. T.

The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in harmony, and just children enough to make him industrious.

The places of amusement in London contain accommodations for two hundred and twenty thousand four hundred persons.

A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a profitable hour; and, like the blood of a healthy man, much depends upon its circulation.

Law is like a slave; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rosebush on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

Men value truth so highly that they use it with great economy.

Charley W., a manly little fellow of five years, fell and cut his upper lip so badly that a surgeon had to be summoned to sew up the wound. He sat in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely shutting back his tears and moans. In her distress, the young mother could not refrain from saying, "Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar!" Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone, "Never mind, mamma, my moustache will cover it!"

The mosquito's hum is loosely defined as grace before meat.

The Chicago Journal understands that an invention has been made by a citizen of that city, that will work a revolution in steam engines. It does away with steam boilers altogether, the propelling agent being generated by a shower bath falling on hot iron plates, and passing directly into the cylinder of the engine.

John A. Macdonald has been called in as Canadian Premier, in place of Mr. Taché.

Steel ornaments form a brilliant attraction for the ladies; particularly if there is any lightning about.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as their earthly endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

"Wife," said a married man, looking for his bootjack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, some men would have better wives.

Choose over the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason choose ever to do and say whatever is the most just, and the most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from those secret torments which are the never failing attendants of dissimulation.

Photographs of Emma Hardinge.

We have received a supply of Gurney & Son's highly finished and most faithful likeness of Miss Emma Hardinge, from the only sitting she gave previous to her departure for Europe. Her numerous friends and admirers can have this carte by enclosing twenty-five cents and a three-cent stamp for return mail, to the Banner of Light, Boston.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Portland.

Dr. Newton has made arrangements to open an office in Portland, Me., for the purpose of healing the sick by the laying on of hands, on Tuesday, Aug. 22nd, and will remain there for five weeks. The afflicted residents of Maine will bear this in mind for their own good.

Grand Picnic.

The Spiritualists of North Wrentham, Franklin, and surrounding towns, will have a picnic, Aug. 30th, at Kingsbury's Pond, in Franklin. A general invitation is extended to all friends of the cause, mediums in particular.

Speakers and mediums from a distance will be provided for over night.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The tenth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress of North Collins, will be held at Henlock Hall, in Brant, Erie county, New York, commencing on Friday, September 1st, 1865, at ten o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers expected to be present are Giles B. Stebbins and Frederick Douglas, of Rochester; Lyman C. Howe, of Clear Creek, Chautauque county; George W. Taylor, of Collins, and others.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance may take the stage at Buffalo for North Collins, or the Buffalo and State Line Railroad to Angola.

Committee—Levi Brown, Lewis Baldwin, James Varney, Lucy Hawley, Electa Landen, Prudence Sinton.

Grove Meeting and Picnic.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene will address the Spiritualists and friends of progress in a grove on the grounds of Lewis Clark, four and a half miles north of Beloit, and nine miles south of Janesville, river road, east side, Sunday, Aug. 27th. Also a basket picnic will be held at the same place, on Saturday, the day previous, commencing at ten o'clock A. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to public speakers and friends generally. So far as convenient, friends from a distance will be entertained. M. P. COGSWELL, Beloit, Rock Co., Wis., Aug. 8th, 1865.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will hold its next Annual Meeting in the city of Oshkosh, on the 9th and 10th of September next. Speakers engaged—Dr. H. P. Fairfield and Mrs. S. E. Warner. J. P. GALLUP, Sec'y. Oshkosh, Wis., Aug. 4, 1865.

A Card.

I have concluded to treat no more Cancer. After having investigated Dr. Dixon's treatment, at No. 728 Broadway, New York, I find, in my opinion, he has the most valuable discovery, which is an Antidote for Cancer, ever brought to light. It entirely eradicates the disease, and renders the patient comfortable. Hence I take pleasure in recommending my patrons, and all who are thus afflicted, to consult Dr. J. C. Dixon. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1865. DR. JOHN SCOTT.

L. L. Farnsworth,

Medium for Answering Sealed Letters. Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1179 Washington street, Boston.

James V. Mansfield,

Test Medium. Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four three-cent stamps.

Epitaphs are not always veracious, but they are more truthful than the labels of the so-called foreign perfumes now sold in this market. Don't be duped by these printed fables. They are counterfeit presentations, covering counterfeit articles. Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is, on the other hand, precisely what it purports to be, a pure, unimpeachable staple of the toilet. Sold everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. A. B. CLINTON, KANSAS.—We have not room to print the report. Shall add the dollar to our Bread Fund for the benefit of the suffering poor, or will return it, if you so desire.

P. M. C. SHREVEPORT, C. E.—Your communications are inadmissible. Mr. Farnsworth is in town.

I. S. ORANGE, N. J.—We refer you to Charles Partridge, of New York City.

W. A. L. THORNTON, N. J.—We cannot give you the desired information. Not made in Boston now. Were some years ago.

J. T. W. E.—You undoubtedly do possess strong medium powers, which, in time, will be more fully developed.

A Card to the Afflicted.

It is to certify that I, the undersigned, have been under the treatment of Doctor PARSONS, of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, for the last four weeks. I have been a sufferer from paralysis, having had two attacks, the second reduced me to the last extreme, rendering me entirely helpless, unable to articulate or swallow. The paralysis was nearly total, and my physicians and friends gave up my case as hopeless.

Doctor PARSONS was called to see me, and under his potent treatment, without taking a particle of medicine, I recovered rapidly, and am now able to return to my home in Nantucket, Mass. I will make this an occasion to recommend all my friends, who are afflicted, to call on Doctor PARSONS, as he is well qualified to treat every disease that is curable, by his simple gift, the laying on of hands.

FRANCIS M. GARDNER, Milwaukee, Wis., July 28, 1865. Aug. 18-19

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

DR. J. WILBUR,

OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN

FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES,

Will close his Rooms at Cleveland, O., Aug. 8th, after which time he may be found at his residence, 861 MILWAUKEE STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., where he will treat the sick until further notice. He cures all curable diseases without medicine. Also cures at any distance by sending him their histories, in envelopes and with stamps. Persons who cannot afford to pay are continually invited, without money and without price. Cleanliness only required. Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 4 P. M.

HEALING THE SICK WITHOUT MEDICINE!

DR. WM. H. BROWN, The celebrated colored Physician, late of Richmond, Va., has taken rooms at No. 20 WEST STREET, Boston, where he will remain until further notice. The doctor treats all diseases, and cures the most obstinate cases by the laying on of his hands. His success is truly wonderful, and daily the suffering find relief at his hands.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 4 P. M. TERMS REASONABLE.

HEALING THE SICK

Without Money and Those Unable to Pay

DR. D. A. FRANK & SON, 127 Jefferson Avenue, Willis Block, up stairs, DETROIT, MICH. Consultation and advice at office free; by letter, \$1.00.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

Will heal the Sick in PORTLAND, ME., for five weeks, commencing THURSDAY, Aug. 22. Rooms at CORNHILL, CLAPP'S BLOCK.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while he is a slave of nature, has cured every body who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in a state of nature, and cost only a few cents. The work is printed in large type, and is illustrated with colored plates, also treats on COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHOPNEUMONIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and gives the best known Herbs for their positive and permanent cure. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, New York. 18-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Vacation.

The time having arrived when our medium takes her usual vacation, no public circles will be held at this office for the present. Due notice will be given when they are resumed.

Invocation.

Our Father, here upon Time's shore, with Time's waves breaking fearfully around us, we ask to be baptized with the holy Spirit of Peace. And not for ourselves alone do we beseech thee for the baptism of Peace, but for all such as have need. For the weary watchers upon the thousand towers of human life, who vainly sigh for Peace, for them we pray; for those who are languishing upon beds of sickness, who earnestly pray for Peace or rest. Let it come to them; let an angel of light whisper to them of a time when there shall be no sickness; when inharmonious shall cease to be. Let it come to those who are darkened by that want of knowledge of thee that oppresses every faculty of being, and causes them to sigh perpetually concerning the hereafter. Oh, let it come to them; baptize their souls with Wisdom, and Peace will be sure to follow. Our Father, we know that we are in thy keeping; that whosoever we turn, whether upon mortality's shore, or in the spheres immortal, thou art with us. Thy smile beams upon us, and we see thy power manifested in all things. In the blooming flower; the wild waves of ocean; in all the majestic demonstrations of Nature, there thou art speaking to thy children, and unfolding to them a scroll of Scripture far more holy than any Sacred Record they have. Thy hand is tracing with its own power thy law everywhere. Though it comes in darkness instead of light, we praise thee. We praise thee for night—for every condition of night, for all is of thee. Thou hast never forsaken us; we do not fear thou wilt ever forsake us, for thou hast never failed to lead us in love. We will trust thee, we will praise thee, we will adore thee, forever. Amen. June 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of correspondents.

Q.—How is it that we communicate with spirits, while living on the earth?

A.—The *modus operandi* is precisely similar to that of communing with those that are past human, beyond the boundaries of physical life. The soul is by no means, as a soul, fettered by the chains of life. It goes whithersoever it will, even while it is allied to the human body. It goes out upon the wings of thought, and traverses the universe, and returns again to its human temple.

Q.—Will you please tell us what thought is?

A.—Thought is the universal expression of the soul. Sometimes thought takes the form of the human and manifests through the human. Sometimes thought is manifested through the flower, through the article of furniture; indeed, thought manifests itself everywhere. But after all, it is but an external covering for soul; a mechanism through which soul revolves. Man cultivates the rose, and at the same time baptizes it with his own thought; infuses into its life his own being; and thought lives again, reproduced in the rose. The builder of the temple reproduces his own thought in the magnificent structure of art. The artist gives his thought color upon canvas. It lives there, and is quite as palpable, tangible there, as though uttered in word. Thought may be called the vehicle through which spirit moves.

Q.—Is soul conscious of itself without thought?

A.—No; thought is necessary to consciousness, just as much as the musical instrument is necessary to the music, harmony.

Q.—Is distinction of sex merely distinction of body, or does it involve a distinction of soul?

A.—It does not involve a distinction of soul, properly, justly speaking. In chemistry, you know that the primaries of all substances are identical. That has been proven. So, then, the primaries of all souls, whether male or female, are identical. The manifestations are numerous, but the principle is a unit.

Q.—When does this distinction cease to be?

A.—No; it ceases only in principle. But so long as that principle continues to manifest in form, so long the principle will produce the distinction alluded to.

Q.—Will consciousness cease to be, even to one conscious being?

A.—It is contended by certain intelligences that the flame of intelligence can be, so far as individuality is concerned, extinguished. But we do not believe it. It is our firm belief that an individualized soul retains that individuality forever. It may change in its manifestation, may take upon itself a thousand, or ten times a thousand forms, but it never loses its individuality.

Q.—If it has once been individualized, does it not imply a beginning?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And must not that which had a beginning also have an ending?

A.—We should have said, that which in itself possesses an individuality. We do not believe in any special creation, so far as the human is concerned. At any rate, we believe, as soul intelligences, you have always existed, therefore we believe you ever will exist.

Q.—What is meant by the Apostle Paul, when he says, "For we know that if the earthly house of this our tabernacle is dissolved, we shall have a building with God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?"

A.—The Apostle Paul doubtless had special reference to the spirit-body. It is possible he may have referred to some of the dwelling places of spirit. But it is our belief that he referred to the spiritual body.

Q.—What! Do you mean to say spirits have dwelling places? how houses?

A.—Certainly we do; just as tangible, real, as you have. How do you know but what certain intelligences use the spiritual part of this building for their habitation? How do you know but that your own dwelling place is a spiritual dwelling place of disembodied intelligences? You must remember all material things have a spirit; if they did not, form could not exist.

Q.—Was that what Christ meant when he said: "In My Father's house are many mansions?"

A.—There is no doubt that Christ had reference to the dwelling place of spirit at that time.

Q.—Are the primaries of matter also accompanied by the primaries of spirit?

A.—They are.

Q.—Are those of spirit in essence the same?

A.—They certainly are.

Q.—When do they begin to change? when united with one another, or when particles of matter are united?

A.—Spirit and crude matter change only by assimilation. You have numerous demonstrations in human life to prove that.

Q.—Is it not possible that an individualized spirit may afterwards be appropriated by some other spirit?

A.—The external identity is often lost. Indeed, sooner or later it will become absorbed in some other influence. You all lose your external identities. Those who know you in childhood can hardly recognize you now in maturity. So you see you have lost the identity of childhood in the unfolding of manhood. But the internal identity that belongs to the soul, that we believe you will never lose.

Q.—In the case of those of us who remember thirty or forty years back and no further, what becomes of memory before that time?

A.—While you are manifesting through crude matter your memory is limited, so far as that matter is concerned. It carries you only a very short distance, perhaps thirty or forty years, then leaves you; and why? Simply because it is crude matter, and can convey the spirit in memory only so far, no further. When you shall have cast off your physical bodies, then memory will stand out clearly, then soul will remember all its past life. In proportion as the external surroundings of spirit become etherialized, spiritualized, refined, so will memory grow larger. Now you are confined; so far as exhibiting the full force of the faculties of your being is concerned, in the small compass of physical life. This is a necessity. You have need of experiences, must gain them in the prison-house of the flesh. Now, if you were not imprisoned in the flesh, you would not gain the experiences that God, or the great controlling Principle, evidently designed you should gain.

Q.—Can soul identify itself in childhood, manhood and old age?

A.—It seems so to do. The soul represents itself in childhood through the law of childhood; in mature age through the law of maturity; in declining years through the law of declining years. The soul ever conforms to the laws governing in its surroundings.

Q.—When the soul ceases to occupy that temple, can it conceive what it was in a pre-natal state?

A.—Yes, this can be done by applying ourselves to the task long enough to gather that knowledge. It is done precisely similar—well, allow us to illustrate: A physician is called in to consider the case of a patient that he has never before visited. If he is a prudent and wise man, he will not give an opinion concerning the case until he has observed its changes, until he has looked deeply into it, until he has satisfied himself as to what it is. And so it is in regard to this you call the prior state of any one who is now in the body, to their existence in that body. Why, we should take up all the connecting links, examine them all critically, go back step by step on their own life-line, until we find them outside of that line that surrounded them in this physical life. Then, after doing this, we could give a correct report; we certainly could not without it.

Q.—Is a being responsible for those idiosyncrasies of character that are incidental in the pre-natal state?

A.—No; how can he be; any more than he is responsible for the existence of the universe around him?

Q.—We have been taught, as accountable beings, that we are responsible.

A.—You have learned many things that you must unlearn. June 15.

Owen McGrath.

I must tell you, at the outset, sir, I am a stranger to these manifestations, having never before used a body except the one the Great Father was pleased to loan to me for forty odd years. I was born in Glasgow, Scotland, but for the last nineteen—between nineteen and twenty years—I have lived in Maryland. Most of that time I have been a citizen of Baltimore. The name that my parents gave the body that I've recently parted with, was Owen McGrath. Shortly after the breaking out of the rebellion my sympathies were enlisted on the Southern side, as I was more or less imbued with Southern sentiments. True, I had visited the North many times, but had never resided here, so I had not the advantages of Northern soil, Northern atmosphere and Northern influences altogether, to make me a Northerner instead of a Southerner. On the contrary, I had the advantages of Southern soil and atmosphere and Southern institutions to render me a sympathizer, to say the least, with the South.

I was offered a commission in the Confederate army, and I accepted. I felt very much like him, when I accepted the commission: The North I believed to be the strongest. Now from what I hear, the North seems to be trying to subjugate the South; has always been trying to do this, and as they cannot live happily together, why North and South might as well separate. It would be better for both portions of the country, and I'll go with the South. If the old American flag can't wave peacefully over all sections of the country, why let it wave over the North, and let the other portion of the country get a flag of their own. I set up all one night and communed with conscience, and I felt I was doing right to do as I did. Well, I went into the army—and I came out a spirit. I lost my body in battle, and have left my family and friends strangers to this return of the spirit; strangers to all that gives us any positive knowledge of a hereafter. Religion, to my mind, has never given us any positive, firm ground to base our belief in a hereafter upon. I can't help speaking the truth about religion, and I was brought up under the strict rule of Presbyterianism. I have never been able to say it was a sure anchor to my soul. When I was informed of the spirit's power to return and speak with friends, I naturally felt I would be glad to go back and teach them in what I have been taught since I came to the spirit-world. I feel that their religion is little to them. They may search their Bible through and through, may begin to read it in childhood and continue reading it until they die, it'll never help them one foot on their journey. That is according to my own experience. Now the Bible is a very good book. It may point the way, and does; but it's never been there and can't tell you positively of a hereafter. The only thing that can bring you that satisfying, firm demonstration to the soul, is the return of the disembodied spirit to earth.

I have left two sons and a daughter, and an invalid wife. My sons are very sore about the South's being subjugated, as you call it. Well, they had seen very little experience. They were young, and did not know much about the reality of

life, and were influenced according to their surroundings, and I would caution them to curb their impetuosity, for they'll find, upon reflection, that this war has ended right, or it will end right, after some little more trouble, I think.

When I was in the army South, I made the acquaintance of one Colonel Delaney. He was from Georgia, I think, though I'm not sure, and he imparted something to me about this coming back of the spirit; about spirits living all around us, and influencing us. Well, he's not in the spirit-world with me, so I presume he's still at the South. Now it may be that he knows about this thing, is posted, as you say, upon Spiritualism; and if he is, I would ask that he assist me to come into communication with my family, as well as himself. I am anxious to communicate with him, for somehow or other I feel as though he is able to help me out, I don't know how.

I shall be under infinite obligations to you, sir, if you will help me to get my letter through to Colonel Delaney. Oh, I feel sensibly the position I occupy in coming here and asking for these things, but you should, if you do not, stand upon neutral ground; for you need, if I am not mistaken, the assistance of all sections of the country and all possible degrees of spirits. Then you should stand upon neutral ground. So then, I shall feel free, will I not, in coming? [Certainly.] Now if there's any one of my friends who would like to communicate with me, just show me the way; I do not know but little about these things. [Where are your folks?] In Baltimore.

My business was speculating, sir, in turpentine, tar, and such things, on Main street.

Well, sir, I hope the next time to know more about these things. I hope I'll have the pleasure of telling you that I talked with my folks. June 15.

Charlie Smith.

Like the grave, you receive all. Well, it don't become any of us to find any fault.

I was taught by my parents that after death we should cease to remember the scenes through which we'd passed in human life; should not carry our proclivities with us beyond the tomb. In fact, I believed we should be purged from sin, those of us that were accounted worthy to enter eternal life. We should be very good, leave all our sins behind us and become perfect. But to my very great surprise, I found myself exactly myself after death. Well, I was so thoroughly surprised, that I was like the old man coming home one night drunk, who kept inquiring to himself if he really was himself.

You see I had been so educated to believe that I should become cleansed from sin, that I really could not believe that I was just the person I was when I got to the spirit-world. But I've got strength enough to stand up and fight, though I have lost my body. That was a mere machine, while the fighting part I'd taken with me. I felt just as strong a desire to shoulder the musket, to go out against rebellion, as ever I did, and I do not seem to get rid of the feeling. I was disappointed in not getting into Richmond, as a good many of the boys were. You see, I was in—I do not know whether you'd term it the battle of Seven Pines, or what. Well, I got whipped out of the body in that battle one of those days, and after getting so near to hell and then miss of it, was such a disappointment that the most enthusiastic part of the boys, when they found themselves in the spirit-world, were hardly disposed to give up the fight. You see, after finding ourselves possessed of just the same feelings, just the same capacities, barring the body, that we had here, it's not strange that we feel so. In a word, death, or the other life, found us just where the other left us. There didn't seem to be the smallest chance of drawing a line between the two.

I know I had n't much religion, although I tried to believe in religion. As for making any profession, I never did, to the great dismay of my friends. Yet I was—I was a believer in religion; was a believer in God, or a hereafter; but after all, I led, according to the notion of my friends, rather a wild and reckless life during the time I lived on the earth. Now the result is, some of those friends think if I had only been a professor of religion, only been a member of the Church, why then it would have been well for me when I died. They mourn for me, because they think I am rather bad off. I'm happy enough. I'm just the same; no worse off than I was when I was here, as I know of. I've no bills to pay, and consequently I shan't run up any. My folks will understand that. So as there's no bills to be paid, why I shan't have that to trouble me. And as knowledge is free, don't have to buy it, I shall certainly try to improve myself. And as all God's blessings are free to all his children, I shall get my share of them. At any rate, I mean to go in for my share. And if any of the folks care to think of me now, tell them to think of me just as I was, not as a demon, or a saint. I should like to talk with them. I feel kind of strange in my new uniform. I don't know as I'd selected it myself, although I like the machine, the speaking part. [It is well adapted to speaking.] Oh yes; that's fine. The outside paraphernalia I feel rather strange and unnatural in. I'm unused to crinolines.

Well, my friend, I suppose you'll know such a chap as Charlie Smith when you get on the other side, supposing I should meet you some day?

I'm from New York State. I hail from Elmira, sir. I went down from there to New York City, and got the papers, and went out in the 71st.

Now if my little sister Jennie—she's most like me of anybody—if she'll only contrive a way to get me into the closet, and all the rest, too, I'll be very thankful to her. As for crying about my being down working for the old gentleman in regions below, there's no use in doing it. I'm very well off in the spirit-world, sir; very well contented; and if you, through your good paper, will try to tell my folks so, why I'll try to pay it. Good-day, captain. June 15.

Mary Steele Grosse.

I was preparing to visit my brother, who lives at Sidney, New South Wales, when, four days ago, after being sick only seven days, I died. My brother left my mother and myself at home in Liverpool, while he went to Sidney to engage in business. I was going there to him at his request, and now to-day he expects to meet me. But instead of meeting me, he gets a letter telling him of my death.

My name was Mary Steele Grosse—Mary Steele, for my grandmother. My brother's name, Edward Grosse, and he is on Queen Ann street, Sidney, New South Wales.

I was a medium myself when here. I thought the manifestations I got were from evil spirits, so I did not pay much attention to them. I could at any time call for them, and get letters spelled out by the alphabet. My mother was inclined to believe. She'll hope to hear from me.

I was sick, sir, only seven days; and four days ago—four days from to-day—I died. [In Liverpool?] Yes. [Do you know whether your body has been buried yet?] Yes; I waited for that to be done before coming here. June 15.

James Clinch.

I was James Clinch, and died in New York in a fit at Station A. Let my folks go there. They are in tremendous trouble to find out what's become of me. Let them go there. [When did you die?] One, two, three nights ago. I was not drunk, but was subject to these fits. They'll understand this. Go to Station A. There they'll find out, and they'll tell them there what's been done with the body. June 15.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jonathan Clement, 212 Alabama, Co. 3, 18th Regt. Mont. Infantry, Ala.; Sarah Elliott, of Corinth, O.; to Mr. Abbott; Philip Guion, to his wife, in Boston; Horace Willey, of New York, to his mother Nancy Willey, and sister Sarah N. Willey.

Tuesday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John McArthur, of New York, to his brother Daniel, and sister Mary; Lydia H. A. Lovering, of California, to her parents; Dan Murphy, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Gooden, of India rubber raincoat, to the Spiritualists of Boston; Esther Fountain, of Philadelphia, to her parents; Mary Eliza Hammond, of Hamilton, L. C., to her sister Agnes Hammond, in Massachusetts; Jennie Alderney, of New York City, to her mother.

Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ellen Murphy, of Judson's Court, New York City, to the Spiritualists of Boston; Harry Hodgkins, of Philadelphia, to his sister "Jip"; Elbridge Jay Harris, to his friends on earth.

Monday, June 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. Smith, of Keokuk, Mich., to his aunt, and other friends; Matthew Perkins, of Boston, Mass.; George Donelson, of New York City, to his mother.

Monday, June 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Judge Alcott, of Waltham, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston; Hon. Aldrich, of Troy, N. Y.; Susan Wickliffe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her father, John Wickliffe.

Message from James McGregor.

I thought I would send you, dear Banner, an incident that occurred at a circle which I attended last Monday evening, at Rankin Hall. The circle was conducted by J. M. Allen, and he was the only medium controlled. A spirit calling himself James McGregor, manifested and said he was a soldier; was killed at Petersburg the first of April, he thought, and belonged to the 7th Maine Battery; that his folks resided in Kennobunkport. He wanted to reach his mother, and brother Henry, very much. He said they told him to come there, and he would feel stronger and better if he did.

He was very slow in speaking at first, could only say a word or two at a time. His head was taken off he said, by a cannon ball, and he felt as though he had n't any head then. He was disappointed in not finding his friends, but said he felt better for coming. He wanted to know how he should reach his friends, and some one told him to go to the Banner office, and he would be aided there in getting a message to his friends. He said he would go if he could remember, but his head was so confused he did not know as he could. Yours truly,

MARY K. DINSMORE.

Rockland, Me., August 4, 1865.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Lines.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Sarah Sawyer, of East Princeton, Mass., who has recently followed to the grave four young children, in the short space of little more than one week, who were removed from this life by that terrible scourge to children, diphtheria.

BY MRS. ORRETTA S. STUART.

Oh, weep gentle tears, stricken mother!
'Tis nature that bids them start;
They distill like the dews of Hermon
On the bruised and bleeding heart.

Four little graves are nestling
Where the stars look lovingly down,
Like the sleepless eyes of angels
Keeping watch o'er the hallowed ground.

Where the four little forms of thy darlings,
In their waxen beauty, are hid,
All sprinkled over with tear-drops,
Beneath the coffin-lid.

Four little buds of promise
Are snatched from the parent stem;
Four newly-set jewels are shining
In our Father's diadem.

We know thou wilt miss the soft patter
Of feet that may come no more,
Miss the dear little heads from thy bosom
Where they lovingly nestled of yore;

We know thou wilt miss—oh, how sadly!
The clasp of their dimpled arms,
Wilt listen in vain for their prattle
And grieve o'er their buried charms.

But listen! from over the River
My spirit hath caught a strain,
Like silver bells' musical chiming,
Or melody's sweet refrain.

'Tis the joyous notes of a welcome,
And thy darlings have joined in the song:
"Hallelujah to God in the highest!"
And angels the anthem prolong.

Gentle hands bore them over the river;
They are safe on the other shore,
Though their shining garments are dripping
With the spray from the Boatman's oar.

Burlington, Vt., 1865.

"Spiritualism in Crown Point."

MR. EDITOR.—At home for a few weeks from "Government Service," with the privilege of that quiet and leisure so unlike the excitement and activities of army life, and thinking you might wish to hear of the prospects of Spiritualism from the far prairie lands of the West, I submit the following:

As I see it, Spiritualism embodies the fact of a present converse with the unshelved inhabitants of the spirit-world; or it is a present demonstration of the immortality of the human soul; and as such, we would naturally think, would be readily accepted by the Christian world. But here comes in those ghostly curses of humanity: *bigotry* and *intolerance*. Every new thought or newly conceived truth that does not propose to come into the world through some sectarian church-door, and do obedience to clergy and clerical creeds, is denounced by them as infidelity, and their influence is brought to bear against it, as Jewish rule and Phariseism were used in past ages to overthrow the facts and spiritual teachings of Jesus, who seems to have been a wonderful "medium" and spiritual reformer among the Jews. But, though crucified, Jesus, as a spirit, lived, and his principles streamed in brightness down to the present. So will Spiritualism live and flourish, for facts are always valuable truths, *imperishable*, and *principles* eternal. Though there is not so much excitement about the more phenomenal portions of Spiritualism as in the past, its teachings and principles are taking deeper root among the more *thinking* minds of the West.

Brother J. M. Peabody, lectured upon Temperance, in the Methodist Church, the clergy assisting in the services. This they probably did by virtue of his being a member of the "Grand Lodge" and the past chaplain of the National Lodge of Good Templars. He delivered four lectures in our place. The first from the text: "As ye go, teach"—making these points: The highest mission of earth is teaching and being taught; teach the physical, mental and spiritual laws of life; Christ was a teacher, teaching the paternity of God, the Brotherhood, the laws of progression and the ministry of spirits. The second lecture related to the progress of the arts and sciences; the

advancement of liberal literature; the growth of the theologians and the gradual approximation of their theories and doctrines to Spiritualism. The third had direct reference to *Jesus*, his origin, physical and spiritual organization; healing gifts; spirit-guides; and relationship by influence and teachings to the present age. The fourth was: Death; its nature; how long unconscious; the condition of infants; their immortality even from embryonic life; their angelic education in the spheres; the meeting of mortals by their immortal friends, and the beauty of eternal congenial soul-blendings.

Brother Peabody's influence in the West is extensive, and wherever he goes to lecture he has the faculty of uniting and harmonizing the audience and inspiring them with energy, zeal and spiritual life; a kind of a revivaller, or, as he has been termed, the Henry Ward Beecher of the West, in the line of Spiritualism. His duties are arduous, he being constantly on the wing, never stopping to benefit himself so long as others can be benefited by his lectures. He ever carries with him the gratitude of many good, loyal, spiritual hearts. Mrs. Valsbrooker also lectured here upon Spiritualism, and the theories and philosophical tendencies growing out of it. We were favored with a lecture from Miss Lizzie Carley, which was received with great satisfaction. She is again with us, and last evening delivered her second discourse in this place. CAPT. H. E. LUTHER.

Crown Point, Ind., July 27, 1865.

A Social Gathering—A Mystery.

We had a small, but very pleasant gathering of "the household of faith," with a sprinkling of outsiders, on Sunday, July 30th. We assembled in "Pleasant Valley," one of the most charming spots in this vicinity. On the brow of a hill, a sheltering awning of leafy materials warded off the too fervid sun rays, and beneath the spacious arbor were seats, and an improvised table, a la picnic. We had first, a feast of edibles, brought from near and afar, delicious in quality and truly generous with regard to quantity. Then we had speaking by Mr. Almiron Loomis, on whose grounds our meeting was held, and who had superintended the erection of the sylvan booth—by the aid of some feminine touches, no doubt.

Mr. Loomis opened the proceedings by addressing us upon the subject of "Man and His Relations," a theme so vast and comprehensive it embraces all of the sublime and loveliest requirements of our spiritual faith; all of our duties in the recognition of divine principles, and human duties. It was a pity the subject was not made the leading one for the day, as it would have promoted discussion, and encouraged the agitation of thought. The leading ideas briefly advanced were those of Individuality, and the degree of human Responsibility; but it is impossible to do justice to such thoughts in the space of a few moments' speech.

Mr. Almiron Loomis has been a lecturer on Phrenology, and is one of the true and consistent advocates of a pure and ennobling Spiritualism, free from fanaticism and erratic theories.

Mr. Champney, of Peru, read an excellent paper, proving that in Spiritualism there is the rest not to be found in the Churches.

Dr. Underhill, Mr. Rogers, and another gentleman spoke. The ladies had not brought their courage to the starting point of "speaking out in meeting." Altogether we had a good time.

A mystery is pending over the town of Tonica, seven miles from here. It is told, that on dark nights, a fearful, wailing cry, as of a woman's voice in deep distress, is heard. It issues from all portions of the town, and is sometimes heard in the fields that lead to it. Perhaps it is the trick of some clover jockey; it may be the cry of some wild animal; it may be a spirit's voice. The mystery remains unsolved.

My present address is Tonica, Ill.

Yours for Truth, CORA WILBURN.

La Salle, Ill., Aug. 2d, 1865.

Seeing at Sea—A Case of Clairvoyance.

[We have received, in a very ladylike handwriting, the following statement. This is but one of many similar facts which we have already published, and most of our grown-up readers have had experiences kindred to this, though not the same. When two or more minds are in perfect sympathy, in union though separated, their action may be likened to the supposed influences of quantum angels, which are said to watch over and to guard every human being. We cannot, at present, further explain this matter, but submit the account of "seeing at sea."—*Phrenological Journal*.]

MR. EDITOR.—I have read several articles in your Journal on the subject of "clear seeing," and I will relate a few facts in my own experience, which are at your service.

In the year 1857 I was spending the winter in a beautiful Southern city, with my friends, at the same time trying to improve my impaired health. I passed a season of great enjoyment among the orange groves, inhaling the balmy air of the "Forest City."

Spring approached. A letter came from my husband, saying, "Do not expect me for three weeks—I cannot leave my business until that time."

With improving health and approaching spring my impatience to get home became unendurable. I threw the letter down with a sigh, saying, "Well, five months will come to a close sometime, and I resigned myself to wait as patiently as I could until my husband could come for me.

JUST PUBLISHED,

the Banner one year. It will be forwarded to their address
receipt of the papers with the advertisements marked.