

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

A PAGE FROM A LIFE.

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One of those dreamy, golden days, that are set like jewels in the crown of summer, was drawing its last breath amid clouds of rose, amber and violet, when Ernestine Grey came out from the little schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, and turned her weary steps homeward.

How different everything appeared to her from what it had at noon. Then the earth was full of richness and bloom, and she had walked to her task with a light in her eye and snatches of song upon her lips, feeling like thanking God for the rare wine that brimmed her cup of life. Now the valley was in shadow, and though her glance might have rested on the bright-hued west, yet she would not have perceived in its abundant coloring any prophecy of a glad to-morrow for her. Oh no; the sun that had flooded her life with beauty had set hours ago, and there had been no purple twilight, and not even the glimmer of moon and stars, but darkness, thick and terrible.

And so this was the end of all her bright dreams for the future. Involuntarily she raised her eyes to the sky, and then suddenly flung up her hands as though to shut out the sight. Did she feel that she had no part in the light, peace and beauty there? Or was she thinking of that night in the long ago when she had walked under that same blue arch leaning on the arm of him for whom her heart was now sending forth such passionate moans? And he—oh, he was dead to her agony, for on that very afternoon she had read—numbered among the slain—his name, "Wallace Cameron."

Did she faint when she realized the awful truth? No; but the schoolroom faded from her view, and she wandered off to where trampled grass and blood-stained flowers proclaimed that the chariot of war had rolled that way, and then a little further on her tortured fancy pictured all the horrors of the battle-field. The shriek of shot and shell mingled with the groans of the dying! The wall of pain was drowned by the exultant shout of victory! And there amid the flash and roar where Death's scythe had mowed the fastest she saw the dear face upturned, with the smile of triumph still resting on the parted lips, and the solemn eyes looking through flame and smoke into the "Beyond."

Suddenly she was aroused to the fact that the world moves on, although faces pale and hearts break with the burden that life brings them.

"Please, Miss Grey, is n't it time for school to begin?" a child's voice was saying. "You know the committee are coming in this afternoon."

Oh yes; she had quite forgotten that she had n't time to mourn. So putting her grief back with a strong hand, she turned to her work. How slowly the hours dragged! With what an unmeaning clatter the little ones rattled over the alphabet! But if she took sudden flights to England and France without realizing it, and heard the first grammar class, with a vague idea that nouns and verbs were being mingled in inextricable confusion, while the battle of Bunker Hill was lost in that of the Chickasaw, her visitors, at least, were none the wiser for it. To them she was only the quiet, self-possessed teacher, with mind and heart absorbed in her pleasant duties, as the grave Kenneth Wilder, the chairman of the committee, took the occasion to gracefully remark.

At last, with a feeling of relief, she bowed the gentlemen out, heard the children's merry voices die away in the distance, and then fastening the door gave herself up to tears and moans. And now she had come forth like a storm-drenched flower, with neither the faith nor the strength to raise her head and behold in those bright portals through which the day had just slipped, a symbol of that other gate that had opened wide to receive her lover.

Why should he die? Then the thought came to her that other women were asking the same bitter question, but that did not help her to answer it. Oh, he had faced so many dangers, that she was beginning to believe that he bore a charmed life, and now Southern turf pillowed his head. Oh God! could it be? Was she not dreaming? Only one little month, and then he was to have come to her, and with the golden days of September she was to have been his wife; and now his voice would never again thrill her, nor his fond glance call the warm color into her cheek. Ah, how proud she had been of him, her noble, brave Wallace! Was it because her love was like unto worship that her forehead was now in the dust? Again she raised her hands with that wild, despairing gesture, and then sank down by the roadside. Did the thought, that all the hope and beauty of her life had gone into the grave without one farewell word, overwhelm her at last?

Suddenly a carriage whirled up the hill, and paused at a little distance, and then she heard the not unmusical voice of Kenneth Wilder, saying: "What! not home yet, Miss Grey? Really, I am afraid that you are altogether too devoted to those little charges of yours. Tired, I perceive. Pray please me by taking a seat by my side for the remainder of the way."

"Thank you, I am not so weary as you suppose," she answered, a faint smile resting for an instant upon her lips, "and as my mother's cottage is just around the bend, I think that I will not trouble you. Indeed, I prefer to walk," she added more decidedly, observing that he was about to urge his request.

He bowed then, and touching his horse lightly, was soon lost to view, but ere he was out of sight he turned to take another look at the motionless figure standing there, with the red light of

the departing day flooding her face, and bringing into bold relief the dusky gold of the hair, the soft blackness of the eyes and the scarlet sweetness of the mouth; and as he gazed, the staid, matter-of-fact Kenneth Wilder indulged the wish that he had the power to immortalize that glowing beauty upon the canvas, or, better still, to transfer the lovely, breathing form to his own fireside, there to worship it forever.

In the meantime, the object of his thoughts pursued her way, little dreaming that she had touched a chord in that grave man's heart that was filling his life with music; and I am not sure that she would have cared, if she had realized it, for it would seem to her like so much taken from the dead.

At last the cottage that she had alluded to came in sight, and as she passed up the path to the door, her little brother's voice floated to her through the window.

"Yes, mother," he was saying, "if his name is there, she must have seen it, for when Etta Graves handed her the paper, she glanced over it, and then grew as white as a sheet; and her face had a wild, scared look, all the afternoon, while her mouth was shut up tight, as though to keep back a cry. Oh, she was n't a bit like our Ernestine; but, mother, did n't she give him his country? and ought she to mourn when he died in defence of the old flag?"

The answer she did not hear; but murmuring to herself: "Rebuted by a child!" she stepped noiselessly into the room. The inmates of the apartment started a little when her shadow darkened the doorway, and then her sister Jessie came out from a distant corner, exclaiming:

"Why, Ernestine, you move exceedingly like a ghost; but you are late to-night. I was just thinking of going in search of you. See, we have waited all this time."

"You need not have done so, for if I had felt any call in that direction, I should have been home long ago. I am sorry to have deprived you of yours, however. There is Atherton, poor creature, I presume he is half-starved."

"Not quite so bad as that, sister," laughed the boy. Still, I must say, that I am decidedly hungry. Come, Jessie, my dear, suppose that we lead the attack." To which proposition that young lady smilingly assented, and then Ernestine and her mother were left alone.

Mrs. Grey was an invalid, and as her daughter remarked the anxious glance with which she searched her face, she inwardly resolved that however hard this burden pressed upon her own heart, it should not, at all events, weigh upon hers; so kneeling by her side and laying her head upon her shoulder, that those deep eyes might not detect any grief or weakness, she whispered, in a voice that was very firm in its tenderness for her: "Mother, darling, you need not look at me so. It is true that Wallace is dead, but have I no native strength, that this blow should crush me? Ah, it was terrible at first, as Atherton has told you; but that bitterness is now passed. Better that his life should be let out, than that Liberty perish! Some, you know, have given their all. I have only offered a part, for while I have you and the children left, I am not wholly desolate. In the suddenness of the shock, lies in a measure its pain; and if I am not the old Ernestine to-morrow or next day, comfort yourself with the thought that Time heals all wounds, however severe. And now, as I would be alone for this one evening, let me say good-night; and raising her head, she pressed a kiss to her mother's lips, and hastily left the room, while the latter looked after her with a tear-stained face, thinking:

"Ah, poor child! she fancies that she can blind my eyes to her suffering, but I can penetrate all that tranquillity."

Yet as the days passed, and Ernestine came and went, with no apparent change in her voice and manner, Mrs. Grey began to think that her first impressions were not correct, and that Wallace Cameron had not grown into her life, as she had supposed; that red hot lava often surges beneath ice and snow she did not seem to remember, and as she never saw her daughter when the outer calm was broken, it was not surprising that, after a time, her fond, yet ambitious heart, began to plan new happiness for her first-born, her darling.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilder's interest in the school continued unabated; and as the months wore on, his visits to the cottage grew more and more frequent, while fruits and flowers, from the abundance in his spacious grounds, often strayed to the little house in the valley, until Ernestine, absorbed in her own thoughts, and never dreaming that these attentions indicated anything in particular, if, indeed, she noticed them, was startled one day by a declaration of his love.

At first, she was indignant; but when she remembered that he knew nothing of her heart's history, she softened enough to tell him, very sadly, and therefore gently, that all her hopes for the future were buried in a certain nameless grave; and that henceforth, although she had never been a wife, she was in reality a widow.

Now Kenneth Wilder was one of those men who conceal a great deal of determination beneath a quiet exterior; and when once he had made up his mind to accomplish any desired end, he never rested until that object was attained. Patience and perseverance were his magic wands; and as his wishes were seldom unreasonable, it was not strange that he was generally successful in all his undertakings. There was something in his grave, reserved face, to say nothing of his wealth and honors, that might have found favor in many a fair girl's eyes, had he so willed; but he had too great a respect for woman to descend to petty flirtations, and as no tender hand had ever swept his heart-strings, he walked alone, until Ernestine Grey crossed his path, kindling in spite of her unconsciousness, a flame that was destined never to smoulder.

Did he despair, therefore, when her voice rang forth like a funeral knell? No. But listening to

her story with respectful attention, he begged of her to forget his words; unless, indeed, the time might come when they would be welcome, and then thanking her for her kindness, he quietly withdrew.

The winter passed, and his attentions continued, but they were apparently so accidental, and above all, so unobtrusive, that she could not very well refuse them. The snow was very deep that season, and it was really quite pleasant, when she came out of the school-room sometimes of an afternoon, to see his horse and sleigh turn the corner, and hear his voice exclaim:

"Come, Miss Grey, what say you? Shall Prince take you home to-night?"

She would smile her thanks, and as she accepted his proffered hand, think how very good he was, little dreaming that these meetings were premeditated on his part, and that the joy of having her by his side, even if the time did not exceed fifteen minutes, served to sustain his soul for a week.

Well, Kenneth Wilder hoped and waited, ay, and worked, fondly believing that however much of fragrance might be associated with the memory of the dead, it would not always rival his thoughtful, living love, and that some day she would awake to the knowledge that she was young, yet, to lay her heart's richest fruit in the grave; and that the world held something of beauty still. Then, with the charming Ernestine all his own, what could he wish for more?

Weeks passed, and then this very gentlemanly lover, with feelings of proud exultation, proved the truth of the old adage, that "patient waiters are no losers."

Now do not pass judgment upon my heroine too hastily, gentle reader, for, paradoxical as it may seem, because her heart was so wholly given to Wallace Cameron, she consented to become the wife of Kenneth Wilder.

That Ernestine Grey was a changed being from the hour that she read that dear name in the fatal column of the killed only her mother realized, and she but dimly, for this daughter, unlike the frank, impulsive Jessie, lived too much within herself to be easily understood. Not that her nature was particularly secretive, but, in consequence of her father's death and her remaining parent's impaired health, together with the loss of property, she had been obliged to take up the burden of life all too early, and, instead of being a leaver, been forced to become a support. And nobly she performed this duty. If she ever grew discouraged in her daily struggles to keep poverty from the door, or cast longing looks back to the years that were fled, the invalid never mistrusted it by anything in face or manner. In her presence her words were ever brave and cheerful, and Jessie and Atherton soon learned from their sister's example to lay all trouble aside when they approached their mother's lounge.

How much of strength she had derived from the thought of Wallace Cameron's love she never fully realized until the day when she saw the future stretching so blank and dreary before her. The affection that had grown up between these two dated from childhood. He had been her champion at school, and in later years the same favored friend. When reverses came, and she was obliged to lay down her jewels and robes of royalty and come to this little village to take up the scepter of the humble school-mistress, his heart knew no change. Oh, was it strange that her very life was bound up in his? Then came the falling of the "stars and stripes" at Sumter. Could she bid him stay when his eager young blood was fired with a fierce desire to mingle in the fray? No! she loved and revered the old flag too well herself not to give it a defender! So she sent her hero forth, saying in her heart that bullets would be merciful; and the year, alternating with light and darkness, whirled away; and then, while the earth was full of the bloom and gladness of the summer, the swift stroke came.

Words are powerless here! Her agony I cannot picture! and I would not if I could; for she veiled it from mortal eyes and went on her way calmly, almost indifferently. When Hope ceases to thrill us with her songs what are we? It was at this time that Kenneth Wilder first asked her to become his wife. The thought was sacrilegious! Her grief was too fresh then for her even to consider the matter; but by and by she grew so weary that she longed to creep away into some corner and rest. With no faith and courage to sustain her, as hitherto, her school duties became arduous. Well, this sorrowful pilgrimage would end some time there was comfort in that thought! but what would her sick mother, young sister and little brother do when she was gone? Ah! she was getting very selfish! So she strove to turn her face from the past, and forced a smile to her lips, and then fond eyes fancied that all was well with her.

There was a new charm in her manner now, for although ever tender and thoughtful of others she grew more so in these days. It seemed as if she had taken her life in her hand as a thing of but little account, save as it served to minister unto those about her. It was in this mood that the tempter found her. In what way could she so benefit her family as by marrying Kenneth Wilder? Health and strength were slipping away in her toll and struggles. Only a little while—for her heart was almost broken—and she should join her beloved Wallace, and surely he would forgive her if she did give the remnant of her days to this man, and, by so doing, provide his dear ones with a kind son and brother who would care for and protect them when she was no longer able to do so. Was it not really her duty to take this step?

Thus she reasoned, until, for the time being, she forgot that we may not sin that good may come. She read her mother's desire in her eyes and in every tone and action, heard Atherton continually sound his praises and marked the warm-hearted Jessie's delight when she accepted any attention.

Matters reached a climax at last. She went to

school one morning feeling weak and sick, and an hour had not passed away when the children's voices mingled together in a confused hum, and her head sank forward upon her desk. When consciousness returned her glance rested upon the face of Kenneth Wilder; but so transfixed was it that she hardly knew it. The gray depths of the eyes were alive with love and tenderness, while the mouth, almost stern in its gravity, had softened and melted into a sweetness akin to her own. It was only for an instant, though, that his heart leaped thus into view, for when he perceived that her death-like swoon was over, the wondrous illumination faded and was gone; but that one moment had given her a glimpse of a nature so gentle and true that she involuntarily sighed to think that it was wasting its richness on her. He caught the sound, but not understanding its source said with a smile:

"Are you grieving because your occupation is gone?" and then, as she raised her head and glanced about the school-room, observing, for the first time that it was deserted save by themselves, he added: "I told your little flock that they might have a holiday, and right glad they were of it, if the alacrity with which they disappeared was any indication of their feelings. Do you not share in their joy?"

"But, Mr. Wilder,—with a laugh lurking in the corners of the mouth—" was it worth while to exercise your authority, as committee, before you had even bronched the subject to the teacher, to say nothing of asking that important person's advice?"

"Certainly; especially when that individual—begging your pardon—was totally incapable of giving an opinion. I suppose you think that you are better now. Well, I hope you are; but I know what will make you worse, so I have issued my orders accordingly, and there can be no repeat. Come, shall I assist you to the carriage?"

"As you have left me nothing but empty chairs, and given me warning that you will listen to no protests, I don't know but you may as well; but, oh! where is Atherton? Will he go and alarm my mother?" starting to her feet with clasped hands.

"Nay; give yourself no uneasiness on that score, Miss Grey. I cautioned him with regard to that point, and you ought to have seen the look that the little fellow gave me; it spoke volumes of surprise that I should consider it necessary to warn him upon that matter. He desired to remain here until you recovered, but I was afraid that some of the children might be afflicted with the wish to make themselves useful in the wrong way, so I told him that he had better hasten home and see that none of them came in to impart any wonderful information; your swoon would come under that head, you know."

"How thoughtful you are," she answered gratefully; "but come, I will avail myself of your kindness, and also of your carriage," she added, smiling, "and proceed home with all possible speed, for Jessie will be anxious until we arrive."

So saying, she attempted to cross the floor, but hardly had she proceeded half the distance when the strange faintness returned, accompanied by an awful sense of suffocation, and she would have fallen had not her companion caught her in his arms.

"And this you call being able to teach!" exclaimed Mr. Wilder, when the fresh air had revived her somewhat. There was a curious mixture of sharpness and tender concern in his voice, as he spoke, and he never relaxed his close clasp even when she smilingly assured him that she was quite well again; but, bearing his lovely burden to the carriage, he took a seat by her side, saying aloud fiercely:

"Do you know that you are torturing me by this conduct? that your pale face haunts me day and night? Nay! don't interrupt. I have held my peace long enough, and now I must speak, even though your lips part the next instant to utter my sentence of banishment. Oh! Ernestine, you will soon slip into the grave if you continue to go on in this way. Already, your sad, secret tears have quenched the light in your eyes, and washed the bloom from your cheeks. Again I say, be my wife, darling! lay off this heavy, grievous load that you have borne so patiently, and let me give you rest. It shall be the one purpose of my life to make you happy. Can you not trust me?"

"Oh, I do, my kind, generous friend!" she answered, with a little of the passionate fervor which had found expression in his tones; "but can I consent to accept such boundless love as this you offer me, knowing that I can make no adequate return? Will not the day come when you will look back to this hour, and think, in bitterness of spirit, how foolish you were to waste your affections on one who could neither understand nor appreciate this best gift of your manhood, because her heart was so entirely in the keeping of the dead? Oh, I cannot wrong you so, Kenneth Wilder."

"But, Ernestine, I only ask you to give me the blessed right to take care of you henceforth and forever. It is a privilege that I have long craved, as you know, and when once it is mine I shall rest. My nature is steadfast; I am no changeable boy; and darling! I would rather have your respect and esteem than the love of any other woman whom it has ever been my fortune to meet."

"Is that so?" with a glance that seemed to look down into his very soul. "Well, then, if the possession of my hand can make you so very happy, here it is; but if in the future I am inclined to be sad and desponding when you would have me glad and hopeful, remember that you would take me in spite of all my faults and failings, and may God forgive me if I sin in allowing you to do so." And this was the way in which she yielded to the tempter. With a prayer on her lips for pardon, she turned deliberately into a path which reason and conscience would both alike have ut-

tered a warning against, if she had only paused to listen.

Mrs. Grey was not surprised when she heard of her daughter's engagement, neither displeased, for she had taken Kenneth Wilder to her heart as a son long before.

Jessie, girl-like, was delighted at the prospect of a wedding, although her face vividly lengthened on being informed that she must take her sister's place in the school until a substitute could be procured; an arrangement that suited Atherton no better, it seemed, for he declared, with a curling lip, that she would certainly be obliged to wear a placard in order that people might understand her business, as no sane person could ever make the ridiculous mistake of supposing her to be a teacher; a remark that excited that young lady's indignation to an extreme degree; but it must be confessed that she would much rather have chatted and laughed with her scholars, than listen to their dull recitations in geography and arithmetic.

In the meantime, Ernestine was calmly drifting toward the day which would merge her existence in that of another's. Whether her spirit, in ceasing its frantic struggles and accepting the fate that seemed pressing down upon it, had thus given the body the rest and quiet it so much needed, I know not; but certain it is that her strength gradually returned, and with it the soft bloom to her cheek and the light to her eye.

The appointed morning came at last, fresh and fair from the hand of God, but it looked on a bride whose face was like that of the dead, and yet she stood up by Kenneth Wilder, even though a terrible doubt and fear possessed her soul, and in tones that trembled not said the words that made her his for life.

An hour later and the newly-wedded pair were speeding to the mountains, the fond husband believing that with a change of scene and associations his wife would remember the past only as a painful dream to be forgotten as soon as possible.

Weeks passed, and Ernestine grew comparatively happy. Perhaps the consciousness that she was trying to do her duty in her present position, made life wear a brighter guise than she had ever supposed it could to her saddened sight. If she ever had any doubts with regard to the wisdom of the course which she had pursued, she jockeyed them up within her own heart, and if there was any one point on which she grew enthusiastic in her letters to her mother and sister, it was upon the goodness of the man whom she called husband, until they fancied that her preference for Wallace Cameron had been simply a girlish liking, long since dead.

She wore out of the mountains after a time—perhaps chance they were too stern in their integrity for her human nature—and then they went to listen to the musical rhythm of old ocean's waves; and here, the restless, tossing waters, rushing with deep-mouthed threatenings to the shore, or rolling in awful majesty, surge on surge, to crouch at last like fawning apaches, at the feet of the white cliffs, held her as with a sort of fascination. But if the soul be not at peace, Nature's most beautiful scenes lose their charm after a while; so the day came, even here, when the grand, inspiring anthem died away, and the billows no longer dashed and sparkled with the fires of sunset, while the ceaseless beat of the waves on the shore only brought to her ear low heart moans, and then she asked her husband to take her home, but Kenneth Wilder had no intention of returning to his own mansion, until he had had the proud pleasure of presenting his beautiful bride to his friends; so the golden days of September found them at his sister's residence in the fashionable city of B—.

This was an ordeal that the young wife had not expected. Indeed, if the truth must be told, her new relatives had entered into her calculations for the future but very little. The thought that her husband was not the only one to please, had never come to her; but she learned the lesson thoroughly before many nights had passed.

"Brother Kenneth," exclaimed the elegant Mrs. Rainford, one afternoon, when she happened to find that individual alone for a few minutes, "I do wish that you would give your wife a gentle hint with regard to introducing a little more animation into her manner this evening than was visible last. You know the Riversons are to be here, and I want her to so far outshine Eloise as not only to make the whole family grow green with jealousy, but that even Uncle Winslow may begin to believe that you did well to prosecute your attentions in that quarter. In fact, it is exceedingly essential that she should appear to the very best advantage to-night, for many of your old acquaintances are to be present, and some of them, you remember, are unmerciful critics. It is generally understood, I believe, that you married for love, and as people had begun to think of you as a confirmed old bachelor, they are really quite curious to know what sort of a woman touched your heart at last; thus you see that my fair sister-in-law will be obliged to run rather of a formidable gauntlet, to say nothing of the scrutinizing eyes of certain young ladies, who feel personally aggrieved because a particular gentleman was so ungallant as to pass them all by, and woo and win a country school teacher. Your taste now is probably pronounced as barbarous, but I imagine that there will be a change in their views by to-morrow morning, if she will only set off that beauty of hers with a little vivacity, or, more appropriately speaking, kindly into life," so saying, Mrs. Rainford swept from the room, leaving her brother in a perfect state of amazement, that anybody should imagine for one instant that there was a necessity, or even an opportunity, for improvement in the appearance or manner of Mrs. Wilder. Nevertheless, his sister's remarks made the impression that she intended they should, for that evening he summoned into his wife's dressing-room, and, after attentively examining the various articles upon the toilet-table, exclaimed, in an embarrassed way:

"Ernestine, if you could only lay aside your melancholy for to-night, and be again the sparkling creature that you were when I first knew you, you would gratify me very much." You see I am expecting to introduce you to some of my old friends by and by, and I want them to wonder how Kenneth Wilder ever had the good fortune to win such a bride.

"A speculation which they will not be very likely to indulge in—that is, if they have ever had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that gentleman," she quietly returned.

He flushed with delight. Ah, praise was very sweet coming from her lips. She, in the meantime, was slowly searching his face with her great, earnest eyes. He felt the scrutiny, perhaps, for he presently looked up, and meeting her gaze, said, with a joyous laugh:

"Well, what is it, my dear? Have you just come to the conclusion that I am a remarkable specimen of manly beauty, and are reproaching yourself for not having made the discovery at an earlier date, or have I said or done anything to displease you?"

"Neither of these things, Kenneth. I was only wondering if the hour which I cautioned you against previous to our marriage had really arrived, and whether you were wishing in your heart of hearts that I was different from what I am. Your face revealed nothing, however; either it is well schooled, or else my apprehensions are groundless."

"Heat assured that the last idea is the correct one," he answered earnestly; "and that what I told you then is true still. If the remark that I made with regard to your appearance this evening gave birth to that suspicion, forget it, and be gay or sad, hopeful or desponding, for in each and every mood you are lovable; although, to be sure, a cheerful state of mind is to be preferred to one the reverse, for then my heart would exult in the thought that my dream of making you happy was not all a delusion."

"Nor is it. I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not appreciate your efforts in that respect, and I am now more satisfied with life than I had ever deemed it possible that I could be again, and this calm content may yet merge into something sweeter; it ought to, certainly, to repay you for all your devotion. Longfellow says that 'affection never is wasted,' so if yours does not warm my heart into life, it will flow back and enrich your own nature. But there, my dear sir, I am really growing quite sentimental, besides delaying that wonderful toilet, whose charming qualities you will never have an opportunity to discover if you do not retire and leave me to myself for a time; and remember, if your friends fail to congratulate you on your possession, that you would have me in spite of all that I could do or say," and with a laugh rippling over her lips and lighting up her eyes, she closed the door upon him.

Ah, Kenneth Wilder was a proud man that night; for his wife, either from a desire to please him by exciting the admiration of his friends, or because she had divined that Mrs. Ramsford was not quite satisfied with the sister which her brother had seen fit to give her, came out from her gloom and sadness into the fascinating creature that she had been before sorrow had ever folded her within the shadow of its wings.

She was decidedly the belle of the evening; and Eloise Riverton, who had come with the avowed intention of patronizing the rustic school teacher, and at the same time mortifying Kenneth Wilder by a display of her own beauty and refinement in striking contrast with the awkwardness and ignorance of his bride, found herself standing in stupefied amazement before a tall, regal form, with hair of bronze gold, and a brow like sea-foam, who acknowledged the introduction with queenly grace, and then moved off, leaving on the arm of the most distinguished gentleman in the room.

Poor Miss Riverton retired to a corner completely vanquished, and, worse than all, some of her very dear friends gloried in her discomfiture, and not the least of these was Mrs. Ramsford, who had been a spectator of the whole scene.

From that night Ernestine Wilder's position was fully established. Quietly and gracefully she had slipped into it, and now maintained it with a charm of voice and manner that spoke little of the weariness that lay below. At last even her husband's fond heart was satisfied with the homage which she received, and then he began to long for the pleasant tranquillity of his own home, a feeling which he soon discovered was shared by his wife, in spite of her apparent enjoyment of the mirth and gaiety about them; so when October was painting the forests, the elegant rooms at Beechwood first resounded to the step of a mistress.

"Ernestine," exclaimed Mr. Wilder, as they sat at breakfast the morning after their arrival, "I have ordered Brown Bess to be put into the chaise to take me to the depot, and when James returns he might carry you down to your mother's, if you like, or perhaps you would prefer to drive yourself. There is no danger, for the horse is very gentle. By the way, had you not better spend the day at the cottage? I am afraid that you will be lonesome if you stay here alone, and then you have got so much to talk about, that it will take eight or ten hours to discuss it. Tell your mother that I am very sorry that I could not accompany you in this your first visit home; but imperative business summons me to the city, and I do not suppose that you could defer seeing them until to-morrow, anyway?"

"I do not hardly think that I could," she answered, smiling. "To pass four months without looking upon their dear faces, is about as much as a person of my home-loving temperament can endure, and now that I am so very near, every minute that keeps me from them seems an age. Oh, no; I could not wait another twenty-four hours, even for the pleasure of your company."

"And I certainly would not have you; neither should I have suggested the idea had I reflected for an instant," he rejoined, gazing admiringly at her pink cheeks and bright eyes, and thinking that if she wanted to see them, how much more must their hearts be calling for her?

His meditations were really becoming very lover-like, when the sound of carriage wheels interrupted them, and the next moment, bidding his wife good-by, he was on his way to the depot.

[Concluded in our next.]

LIFE.

An infant on its mother's breast,
A melting boy at play,
A youth by maiden fair caressed,
A stalwart man with care oppressed,
An old man's silver gray
Is all of life we know;
A smile, a tear,
A joy, a fear,
And all is o'er below.

"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam, you only need rest." "Now doctor, just look at my tongue! just look at it! look at it! now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

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 prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LIONEL HURST.

(Original.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER VIII.

When one is very busy and very happy, the time flies rapidly. Abraham had never been so happy in his life as through the beautiful summer when he was at work for Squire Niles. He had watched the unfolding buds, and seen the full flower, and the rich fruit, of field, forest and pasture. Squire Niles had talked with him in so kindly a manner that even while at his work he had gained much knowledge of men and of things. He and Mary had hunted over hill and through meadows for every rare flower, and they had made such progress in the study of botany that they knew the common and botanical names of most of the plants that they found. They consulted the old ladies to find their virtues, and Mary tried many experiments in giving various kinds of teas to her hens and to her pet cat, mixing them with milk or with bran; but her experiments always resulted in a refusal to eat or drink her preparations, and she received many a joke from her father and many a reproof from her mother for her application of the many time-honored remedies of the field. But Abraham was getting all this time food for much thought. He wondered what made plants, in the same soil, bring up to light such different leaves, and such a variety of colors in their flowers. He and Mary found the delicate orchids, with its daintily fringed blossom, close beside the brilliant cardinal flower; and by the roadside, the yellow golden-rod bloomed close to the white everlasting. Every little plant, he found, drew from the soil just what it needed and became like its own family or species, and not like others. He discovered also the maiden's flower, the white clematis, twined in with the poison joy; one bringing beauty and sweetness from the soil, the other poison. "I hope I'll understand about it someday," he used to say to Mary.

"What puzzles me most," said Mary, "is to know why we do not grow just right, the same as the corn and potatoes, or the wild rose and the queen of the meadow. Now mother says that we must have a little wholesome discipline here, and a little correction there, and a great deal of instruction everywhere, and I am sure we do not get along just right, after all; while this pretty bunch of willow herb has come up amidst all the brambles just as sweet as it can be, and looks just like a queen bowing graciously to all about it. Now I don't understand why it is."

"Well, your fathersays, Mary," replied Abraham, "that the discipline of the plant is from the wind and the rain, and the hot sun, and it is because they have all these that they grow so very perfect. He said, too, that we had something in us that the plants had not, something that could think, and so we needed to live in the thinking world just as the plants do in the world of air and light."

"And I suppose he calls Miss Jones a part of the thinking world. I should call her a whirlwind there."

Now Miss Jones had been up to Squire Niles's to make him a new vest, and she had worked and planned all the time that she had talked and questioned about everything on the farm. Mary had heard her say some very unpleasant things about Abraham, and when she came in to the room to say, "Well, I don't believe a word of it, and father do not," her mother had replied:

"Mary, thee must never say what thy father believes, and thee must remember that other people have lived much longer in the world than thee. Go and turn the cheeses, Mary, and when we need thee we will call thee."

Mary knew very well that this was a command for her to remain in her own room knitting until she was called; but she was also very sure that Miss Jones was telling her mother all the gossip of the village.

Mr. Potham had also been up to the farm to get some corn, and stopped a long time to talk with Mrs. Niles, and had told her all the news, which meant all that people were saying. And Mary noticed that her mother had had no kind word for Abraham for a week after.

But the summer had gone and the autumn was almost spent. The yellow corn was gathered, and the potatoes were dug, and the apples were gathered and the elder was made, and Abraham was fully satisfied with all he had done. His cheeks had grown brown, his hands were tough, and he felt as if the world was an excellent place, especially for farmers, and he fully resolved to stay with Squire Niles and become a farmer. He was glad that the good Providence of his life had taken him away from the close atmosphere of Peter Hink's shop, and had opened for him so pleasant a road to travel in.

He had been to see Peter quite often; for when the old man's anger had subsided he felt quite kindly toward Abraham, and liked to have him come in and tell him what he was reading. He would listen to none of the foolish gossip about Abraham, and ventured to tell Miss Jones, that she called to have her shoes newly soled, that she had better attend to her goose before the fire, and not act like one. This Peter thought so very fine a bit of wit that he repeated it to Abraham every time he called to see him. This so offended Miss Jones that she went into Mr. Potham's for consolation.

"Goose or no goose, I guess I know a thing or two," said Betsey Aurelia; "do you suppose, now, that Sophia would ever keep still as a mouse about that handkerchief if she did not know that Abraham lost it when he was in Mr. Stamp's store? I tell you, yes I do, well, I guess folks knows something when they won't tell nothing."

Now it was in this way that Abraham's character was handled. Not because Miss Jones or other people disliked Abraham, but because they must have something to talk about. It is always true that if there are no noble thoughts to occupy the mind, very silly ones or very wrong ones will crowd themselves in.

The effect of all this talk about Abraham was felt by Mrs. Niles, who, under her quiet Quaker manner, had a very stubborn heart. She had taken a dislike to Abraham, and she fully intended to keep it up. She saw Mary's fondness for him, and she resolved all summer that as soon as the autumn work was done Squire Niles should dismiss him. Abraham had believed that her pleasant manner meant at least good will, and, as he had tried to do his work well and faithfully, he did not dream of her intentions.

One cold October day when the last row of potatoes was being put into the cart, Squire Niles said to Abraham:

"Come, sit down, boy, on this rock;" at the

same time he glanced toward the house to see that none of the windows could overlook them; "let us have a little chat."

Abraham was always glad of one of the Squire's friendly chats, and he expected some pleasant words about the crops.

"You remember what we said about the growing trees and plants," he continued. "Now see what a fine lot of potatoes we have here. Do you suppose there would have been so good a crop but for those dark, rainy days of spring and those chilly winds that seemed cruel enough to nip every sprout, but which only made them strong and able to bear the hot sun?"

Abraham readily assented to all Squire Niles said, and looked toward the north where the dark autumn clouds were lowering.

"I see," said Squire Niles, "that you are looking toward the clouds now, and I was just thinking what was written on them: 'It is winter, cold, cold winter!' but, then, you know, after that comes the blessed spring again. You see, boy, we must all have our winter times. It can't always be summer and sunshine," and here the Squire hemmed and coughed, and Abraham thought he was taking cold; but soon he began again, and Abraham saw a tear in his eye:

"Yes, yes, your winter times! but they are all good for us. I do not preach religion much, but I know the Lord means our winter times for some good."

Yet still Squire Niles made no progress in his conversation. Abraham wondered what he kept hesitating at and why his voice seemed to tremble. At last he brought down his fist with a good blow on his knee, and said:

"It must come out, and so there's no use in studying poetry. Abraham, you and I have got to part."

Abraham jumped to his feet.

"Have I offended you? have I done anything amiss?" he said rapidly.

"No, no, my boy; sit down again. The truth is, my wife is a queer sort of a woman; she's just like that brook: so still and calm that you think you see to the bottom; but it's only the reflection you see, and down below it's deep, deep, and so still. And when she makes up her mind, why, she's made it up, and that's all there is to it, and you'll never find anything else; and she's just made up her mind that you must go, and though I am master—yes, I guess I am," said he, lifting his brows and running his hand through his hair, "yes, I mean to have my own way; but, after all, it's the woman's way. Do not be down-hearted, boy. You've worked well for me, and I know all the good in you, and it lies deep and I'll risk you anywhere. Don't be sorry, lad. It's only a little northeastern that'll blow over you soon. But I'm sorry, and what's more, I'm down-hearted myself. I'd rather have dug a whole field of potatoes than have told you; but it had to be done, and I call it one of my stormy days."

Abraham could scarcely speak, and only said:

"Will you let me take a little walk in the woods till supper time?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Squire; "only keep on the lower edge of the field."

Abraham knew this was for fear Mrs. Niles might see his absence. Once having reached the woods, he walked on briskly, looking at everything about him. He stopped to smell of the fragrant ferns, and to gather some late asters and little bunches of checkerberry. The truth was, he was trying not to think; but at last the whole truth came upon him, and he sat down to look it in the face. Again he was out of employment. He knew what people would say. Although he had not much minded what had been said to him when he had been to the village, when he was with so good a friend as Squire Niles, yet now that he was to be sent home, he seemed to hear Miss Jones, and Mr. Potham, and Cerinda, and John Dean, all talking of his affairs, and putting some evil construction upon his dismissal from the farm.

Failure! failure! seemed written everywhere. Every fern branch seemed to have inscribed on it the word; every withered autumn leaf looked up to him with an eye of reproach. The great hemlocks, and firs, and pines, waved in the cold breeze, and sighed the sad word.

"Oh, Uncle Isaac!" said he, to himself, "if I could only tell you how I have failed, when I tried so hard. I shall never succeed at anything."

Then he went over all his hopes, all his expectations, all his plans for the winter. Nothing seemed right; his whole life was going wrong. He imagined how happy he should have been at work for himself on some fine farm, and trying the best means of tilling his land. He had really enjoyed his labor, and could think only of the disappointment that had come to him.

At last his eye met a little sprig of the twin flower, yet green and fresh, and he thought of his and Mary's life together in the woods. A manly pride came to him at the thought of her. He was sure that she would miss him, and be sorry to have him leave. He determined not to do anything to make her unhappy. Even these thoughts seemed to change his feelings, and he remembered that what he considered so great a misfortune—his dismissal from Mr. Hink's—proved to be a great blessing. He had gained health and strength, and much knowledge.

"Perhaps, after all," said he, "I have had great success because I have tried faithfully to do my best."

While his heart was thus courageous, he walked back to the house, and appeared in his usually cheerful mood. After supper he packed his books and clothes, and told Mary that he was going home. It so happened that Susan Sloan was there on a visit, and they walked to the village together.

"I never did see such a fellow as you are," said Susan, when they had reached the foot of the hill. "You took leave of Mary as if you were not going back for a month."

"I am not going back at all to live there," replied Abraham.

"Now don't be so foolish as to tell me that," said Susan.

"I tell you the truth," he replied.

"You are, then, more foolish than I thought, to leave such a good place, and where they think so well of you. Why, I believe Mary thinks there is nothing too good for you. She always says, 'Abraham would like this, and Abraham must have that.'"

Abraham explained all, and Susan was a ready consoler.

"I am more vexed than anything else, in thinking what folks will say. There are some people that think everything must meet their ideas. Well, after all, it will be fun to hear Miss Jones go on. She'll tell how it all happened; and then she'll tell what will happen, and what ought to happen. I should think she had a key to unlock all the mysteries of fate. But there's one thing you ought to do: just go and see Sophia, and get her to speak what she knows, and set you right as far as she can."

This Abraham had fully resolved to do; and so he stopped at Mrs. Tins's, while Susan went home. Sophia had a gentle heart, and intended no wrong

to any one; but she failed to do just right, sometimes from want of courage. To Abraham's prompt question to her, why she kept silent about the handkerchief, she replied by a hearty cry, which made Abraham feel as if he had done some great wrong, and he was ready to ask her forgiveness, when all at once her face brightened, and she said:

"You see, Abraham, that it was very hard to have people think that Charlie was in fault. You were so good, so very good, that I was sure that what people said could not really hurt you. Charlie did not mean any harm, I'm sure. The bad boys led him on; and I tried to have him tell that you were not in the scrape, but he would not, for, you see, he's just like a little kitten, so easily coerced. Now do not think he was mean, will you? Say you'll forgive him, and me, too; and let me be your dear little sister. I'll give you all my books, and my beautiful specimens of flowers, and we'll have a nice time just as we used to. Say, will you?"

How could Abraham resist that pleasant pleading? He promised to forgive Charlie, and not to tell of him, and to love Sophia, and not to care for what people said.

This was all very easy with the smiling face of Sophia before him, but when he was in his own quiet room, with the memory of his mother's sad face before him, and the thought of Miss Jones's ringing words, it was not so easy to be satisfied. He saw that Sophia had not acted nobly, and yet he could not blame her, for he cared too much for her to think ill of her. He resolved on one thing: not to try to make people think well of him by making them think ill of another. So he determined to keep Sophia's secret, and to live down the false accusations.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER FIVE.

I am sure you are all glad that the best beloved, most friendly and social of birds has found out that I have come, and given me several calls. The Robin Redbreast, that my heart leaps at the sight of, is very silent through this month. He does not care to talk at all, and seems to be so sad and contemplative, that I wonder what he is thinking about. I rather think that it is anxiety for the young brood that he sent out into the world to try their fortunes.

But if the Robin has not much to say to me at this season, I think of all the cheerful, inspiring words that he has spoken in the spring days gone by, when he never forgot the sweet words that always carry good cheer with them. He is one of the earliest comers in the spring, and while the chill winter air yet blows, and the earth is wet and cold, and the skies have not found their soft smiles, he knows how to win the thought away to the beautiful summer-time coming, and tell beautiful stories about the apple-blossoms, the clover, the soft grass and the lilacs. A wonderful preacher he is. He seems to take a text full of love and promise, and tell it over and over, until, if you listen aright, you are very sure that there is a dear, loving Father, and a beautiful heaven, and many watching angels, and, besides, a world full of beauty and goodness.

There is one thing that I wish every child could understand, and that is, that everything that we do that is good and loving remains with us always, and becomes like a beautiful picture in our memories, while all that is wrong and unlovely never brings any comfort, and is like a gloomy shadow. The first word that my visitor, the Robin, spoke to me with his chirp of welcome, seemed to carry me back to the years long ago, and there came up before me so many pictures that I seemed a little girl again. I seemed to hear the sweet voices of those that I played with. How glad I was for every gentle word I had spoken! How sorry for every impatient one! I seemed to see soft blue eyes, and dark hazel ones, that are now looking at more lovely things in the spirit-world, and how glad I was for every love-glance that I had given, and I wished I had never let my eyes tell of anything but love.

It is true, too, that every beautiful thing that we ever enjoy becomes a part of ourselves. The sweet poet, Keats, says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever; and let me tell you how it is so. In that robin's note how many beautiful things seemed spoken off! I thought of the spring days, when I used to go hunting for the beautiful arbutus blossoms, that carry in their breath a sweetness that makes me believe the loving Father wanted us to learn all about heaven while we lived on earth; banks where the violets grew, and green mosses and star-flowers, that seemed shining in their white purity to let us know that all our paths have God's blessed light upon them. And many, very many more beautiful things were a joy to me as I heard the robin's friendly note, and I am very sure that I shall never, never forget them. That is one way that we lay up treasures in heaven, by finding beauty a loveliness, and keeping it fresh in our memories.

And now I wish to tell you something about the Robin that I hope you will remember. Its scientific name is *Turdus Migratorius*. By the first name we know that he belongs to the same family as the Thrushes, many of which are our sweetest singers. By the latter, we know that he is a bird of passage. He is a great traveler; always avoiding, in the winter, countries where the snows are deep. But his memory is so good, that he often returns to build in the same orchard for many years. He comes very early in the Spring, that we may be very sure that summer is coming, and not fear that the soft airs will fall to blow over the frost-bound fields, and waken up all their beauty.

You may be sure that I was very thankful to find a fine large nest in the lilac bush close by our window. I was sorry that all the birds had flown; but I could think of the five pretty sea-green eggs, and of the great mouths that opened at every sound in anticipation of the worm that the mother bird was to bring. I hope nothing happened to the dear little baby robins; that their mother did not fear the whooping cough, or the mumps, but saw them grow, day by day, the most lovely, in her eyes of all the birds in all the world. Dear Robin! how I wish I could coax you to go to the city next spring, and tell the children one of your sweet stories, that they might know all about the beautiful flowers, and green mosses and shady forests.

A BOY'S LAWSUIT.—Under a great tree close to the village, two boys found a walnut. "It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was first to see it." "No, it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was the first to pick it up." And so they began to quarrel in earnest. "I will settle the dispute," said the older boy who had just then come up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said: "The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut; the other piece of shell belongs to him who picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case." And this, he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

Why is dough like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Written for the Banner of Light.

COME, LOVE.

BY D. M. HERSEY.

Come, love! thy nest-like home is made
Where mossy forests hem the glade,
And spotted lilies blow;
Where laughing springs, on sandy floor,
Run winking past the pleasant door,
Or spirit from fountains below.

I've planted here the mint and thyme;
And round the door has learned to climb
The lovely prairie-rose.
These ancient groves of oak and beech
Lament in sighs—with tender speech
Invite thy soft repose.

My lambs await thy tender care,
And birds are filling all the air,
With calling unto thee;
While round my feet, at morn, the flowers
Let fall their tears in pearly showers,
That thou art not with me.

See! in yon elm-tree's nodding crest
The yellow bird has made its nest,
And rears within its young;
While on the spreading branches, high,
And swung by zephyrs passing by,
The oriole's nest is hung.

Oh come love, come! come here and dream!
Come gather lilies on the stream
Awaiting there for thee;
Within, and seated at thy side,
My boat shall bear us o'er the tide
To where the lilies be.

She comes! she comes! my love! my choice!
I hear the happy birds rejoice;
A smile is on the flowers.
The purring streamlets run more fleet
To meet and kiss her shining feet;
Impatient wait the bowers.

Stoughton, Mass., July, 1865.

Original Essays.

MEDIUMS.

BY LAURA DEFORCE GORDON.

The following paragraph appears in an article from the pen of our noble brother, J. M. Peebles, in a late number of the Banner:

"Mediums—harps touched by angel-fingers—sensitive instruments, psychologically affected by every passing breath, yet faithful mediators between this and the spirit-world of existence, and through whom we derive all our objective knowledge of immortality—I pity you!"

The above sentiment, with the beautiful thoughts which followed it, expresses so much generous sympathy and kindly appreciation of mediums, that my soul must needs respond to the happy assurance that one brave soul, at least, seems to understand the trying ordeals which so many of that (I had almost said *unfortunate*) class are subjected to.

Mediums are not unfortunate in being such, but rather blessed above all others in having such a glorious mission assigned them; but being obliged to labor for an unappreciative and ignorant world, under the most discouraging circumstances, they may well be considered unfortunate.

There is nothing better understood than that Spiritualists, as a class, are particularly sensitive about their mediums' deportment, desiring them not only to "avoid all appearance of evil," but to be, like Cesar's wife, "above suspicion," all of which is commendable, and a state of things that mediums, I think, as a body, would hail with joyous acclamations.

But the great hindrance which lies in the way of such a glorious consummation, seems to rest in the almost universal ignorance of Spiritualists themselves in regard to the philosophy of mediumship. Out of the many, many millions who acknowledge the fact of spirit intercourse, and are so anxious to impress upon the mind of each new investigator how dependent on conditions the spirits are in producing manifestations, how very few ever stop a moment to consider that the mediums are as dependent upon conditions surrounding them in their everyday life for their conduct as the very spirits who use them, as a part of the conditions whereby they manifest themselves to mortals.

I do not mean by this to rob mediums of all accountability as individuals—far from it; for I am well aware that for every act of a medium when influenced by spirits, either embodied or disembodied, there must be an element in the medium's nature to correspond with the manifestation, let it be good or ill.

But this very fact renders the Spiritualists more culpable, since the whole burden of spirits' teachings is, "Carefully guide the weak;" "Deal gently with the erring, and seek earnestly to lead them from the rough paths of sin;" "Never censure and condemn, but pity and advise;" "Endeavor, by all the superior power of goodness you possess, to overcome the angularities and shortcomings of others by calling out the better traits in their character, strengthening every good resolution, encouraging all lofty aspirations, that harmony and right may triumphantly vanquish all inharmonious and wrong."

Thus are we taught by the blessed dwellers in the eternal world; but how little are these golden precepts acted upon, though the beauty and truth of such instructions are fully acknowledged.

Every phase of mediumship necessitates a passive, receptive condition of mind, in which the individuality of the medium becomes almost wholly merged in that of the controlling spirit, though a few rarely gifted ones are able to resist, to a great degree, the influences of the outer world, while a divine baptism blesses them from the inner life, yet still retaining their individual consciousness. Such are less dependent upon others than upon themselves, but with the majority of mediums the case is entirely different, and particularly with "test mediums." To be subject to the influence or control of a variety of spirits, and they rapidly changing, prevents the medium from becoming sufficiently individualized in the outer world to rise above the influences of the conditions by which he is surrounded.

Scarcely a Spiritualist will dispute the above, yet despite all the facts and philosophy which are made manifest through the power of mediumship, it is certainly lamentable to find so little true Christian charity practiced by the world of Spirit-ualist believers. Not only do they fail to practice what the spirits teach—i. e., to surround their mediums with the best possible circumstances, particularly when the medium has little moral strength—but there seems to be a desire to shift all the practical part of Spiritualism on to the already heavily laden shoulders of their mediums, especially if they chance to be called to labor publicly in the spiritual vineyard.

Having labored in the lecturing field more than seven years, speaking as the spirit gave utterance the holy, practical truths of our spiritual religion, I think I am not presuming too far when I

turn to the vast multitude of Spiritualists and ask, What have you been doing since the golden light of angels has illumined your darkened lives, and taught you the golden rule? How much time has been devoted to the "golden rule"? What evidence do you give to the world that your religion is better, your doctrines more charitable than theirs, and your Gospel touched with inspiration from the great Eternal Fountain?

With a few noble, glorious exceptions, I find the strongest indifference prevailing amongst the great majority of Spiritualists in regard to the real practicality of Spiritualism.

Truly, the field is a broad one (to which our religion will apply, practically,) "but the laborers are few." Poor, tired, weary mediums and lecturers are falling back to private life every year, because their burdens were "too grievous to be borne"; for far too many Spiritualists leave all the public labor for the public workers to perform. Adding in the support of Sunday meetings, and striving to make Spiritualism "popular" by procuring fine halls or chapels, good singers, and a fine organ, does not cancel all obligations resting upon those who are private representatives of our beautiful faith. Yet the mass of Spiritualists seem to believe they have only to pay their lecturers and mediums for their services, and require of them a faithful discharge of the duties of mediumship, without for a moment thinking that the greater work is assigned to the private laborers in the great vineyard of Spiritualism. If professional Spiritualists would spend less time in trying to make Spiritualism popular, by tugging into it unwilling personages, simply because they may possess wealth, or occupy an elevated position in society, or by dressing up the radical truths which cut so sharply the social, as popular vices of the age, in a garb so fair and fashionable as to disguise it most effectually—leave all this, and lay hold upon the great evil of "Land Monopoly," "Capital Punishment," the present cruel system of punishing criminals by imprisonment, the custom of living upon the labor of others, without returning full remuneration for services rendered, our imperfect systems of education, the inferior position of woman under the present laws of the country. Any and all of these evils furnish a field for Spiritualists each one to grow old and hoary with age in, and then leave room for reform. Yet scarcely a step is taken (except theoretically) in either direction, owing, perhaps, to the fact that women cannot vote, and the men are too much engaged in "money-getting" by oil speculations, &c., to trouble themselves about what the mediums are especially called upon to combat, and if possible reform. Let the Spiritualists wake up to the fact that the mediums are not called to do their work, by no means. That nearly five million Spiritualists have yet to manifest their practicality by the first benevolent or educational institutions, the first petition to State Legislatures or Congress to change some of the anti-republican laws which exist, and, in fact, show to the world generally that Spiritualism consists not alone in two lectures on Sunday, a conference meeting, perhaps, or (what is a decided step in the right direction) a children's lyceum, a few raps, physical manifestations, &c., but that it has a soul as well as body, and by determination and zeal prove that the public or private mediums are not expected to do all the work, put up with all the abuse from the outside world—the contemptible scandal of some self-called Spiritualists—all the sacrifices and privations of an itinerant life, and still be the models of propriety which (were every and all circumstances around them changed) they might possibly attain to.

We can sum up almost all the practical Spiritualism of to-day in a few words: a handful of war-worn veterans, who are trying to keep up Sunday meetings, some few noble souls trying to found Progressive Lyceums, one of the best papers in the world, and the worst sustained (considering the number who should patronize it), and two or three bravely attempted but finally abandoned projects to found a permanent institution to benefit humanity, a system of medical practice (all through our mediums, however), superior to any in the world. Thus much for the practical in eighteen years. Mediums are far short of the standard they should strive for; but there is a "brighter day dawning for them," says good brother Peabody, so we will hope on, trusting that the light of that day will find fewer drones in the hive, and more of a Christ-like spirit actuating and guiding both mediums and Spiritualists in public and in private.

*Banner of Light.

PRINCIPLES AND PHILOSOPHY, OR THE ABSOLUTE AND THE COMPARATIVE.

BY WILLIAM A. BOARDMAN.

Those who desire to know THE TRUTH, come up with the sons and daughters of God before the Throne. They desire and aspire for the consciousness of the divine principles within which a universe exists.

There are lines of influence, of consciousness and power, that radiate from the ideal inward to the absolute, of principles and spirituality, and outward to the realm of facts and materiality, to every degree, minute and second of celestial and terrestrial latitude and longitude. Let us go forth, then, in all directions, and we become harmoniously conscious. Do we want knowledge specially, in a particular direction? then we shall consult the spiritual degree that corresponds to the desire of our spirits, and the swift-winged lightnings of the omniscient spirit will illumine the profound depths of our soul-state in the ideal.

TRUTH is a consciousness of the eternal universe, impressed, in perspective light and shade, upon and within the power and capacity of the spirit's ideal-life and imagination. To be is to be conscious of being. It is not matter that is conscious; it is the spirit-principle of immateriality that knows, feels and imagines; the material and matter-of-fact is only the outward correspondence of the interior, the ideal.

Without the power and capacity to idealize the outward universe within ourselves, there could not be to us, nor to any being wanting such capacity, an outward realm of materiality; and if no being possessed this power to imagine, there would not be any matter; hence the universe of matter, or physicality, depends entirely for its existence upon the psychological power of spirit-consciousness, which has the capacity to imagine the sensuous plane of existence.

The infinite universe of consciousness, in the highest abstract sense, is above philosophy, science or reason. It has no apologies, philosophies, reasons or causes to give why it exists; only that it does exist, above causation, as an infinite effect from nothing. Therefore it is that philosophy, science, reason and causation relate only to the outward, the comparative and relative combinations and evolutions of the infinite parts in their relation to the infinite whole, and not to the absolute.

Therefore it may be comprehended that the in-

finite universe is not, nor can it be, from the mathematical necessities of its absolute being either creative or progressive only in the comparative sense of manifestation, expression and revolution on the law of the circle which repeats itself. As the writer has said in his published discourses: "Eternity has revolutions of expression, and returns and re-returns to repeat itself."

The absolute principle of all consciousness, being and existence is above causation, and, from the necessity of its own absoluteness, is an infinite nothing, in which is contained the power to imagine, the infinite something, as the naught in mathematics contains the unit of all numbers undeveloped. Therefore the universe is an infinite effect without cause; yet, as a universe, contains an infinite bundle of causes.

All truth is paradoxical and reaches to infinite opposites of being, and the opposite rays of divergence circle and meet and form the absolute sphere of all possible being, containing both the absolute and the comparative; therefore true it is that nothing is the positive principle of something.

We have absolute proof of this, in our ideal capacity, to imagine numbers, which ideal conception proceeds from the basic principle of the naught to the full development of the unit, within which unit, or the number one, is contained all numbers in quality. We multiply, or speak to the unit, and it will give forth other numbers to the extent called for, without the possibility of exhaustion. Yet all the infinity of numbers comes from the naught or the nothing, as we prove absolutely when we proceed to divide or disintegrate the unit into parts; in the descending scale we see that we are approaching nearer and nearer the naught, from whence proceeds the unit, ideally, yet without the possibility of reaching it; as, in the multiplication of numbers we are constantly approaching the infinite quantity, but can never reach it because infinite numbers or something are contained in the unit. Thus, as we descend in reduction, in fractions, or disintegration of the unit, we approach nearer and nearer the naught, but can never reach it because it is the infinite naught or nothing. Thus the infinite nothing contains the infinite something, or all things, beings and principles. Therefore it may be appreciated that the grand totality of all being is an infinite effect without cause!

The Divine mind, or inmost and outmost consciousness of all being, which is God, personal, &c., as the unit, proceeding from the infinite nothing, or the effect without cause, and of mathematical necessity. The Divine consciousness contains within itself all possible being and imagination. The identities and personalities of all other beings are contained within the infinite central consciousness of the universal soul or spirit; as all numbers are contained within the unit; therefore all beings are equally infinite in principle, yet unequal in their conscious powers of imagination, for the reason that it is from eternity a necessity, that the realm of comparative consciousness should be filled by gradation of consciousness, ascending and descending from the opposite poles of the absolute; that is, to and from the infinite nothing and something each way, until the absolute principles meet on the law of the circle; the meeting of which, through the comparatives and intermediates of all individual consciousness, forms the grand circle of all conscious being, which, in the unitary sense of expression and individual being, is one consciousness—the universal soul—God, Personal, and is the one living and true God, everlasting. And in the distributive sense of expression and individuality, is the separate and individualized consciousness of all the infinite numbers of individuals respectively, each of their kind and degree, as a world is one world, though containing separate forms, layers, and particles, each having an individual expression, yet altogether forming the unitary expression of a world. Thus infinite centralization and infinite distribution; act and react each principle upon the other and together, forever and ever.

The intensity of action of the grand sphere of all ideal being and consciousness, the pure immateriality of mind, by force and power of its infinite ideality and imagination, casts from the vortex of its incomprehensible life, light and being, A SHADE of comparison and correspondence in discrete degree, which being interpenetrated by spiritual light from the positive source is THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

Within the consciousness of the immeasurable totality of all mind, there are dualities and trinities of being, or mind-spheres within mind-spheres. The generic idea of which may be expressed by the terms intuitional, moral and intellectual; each sphere having a separate ideal expression and consciousness with opposite poles of manifestation and action. The intuitional, radiates from the ideal, outward through the material universe in time, space, facts, and events. It is the comparative realm of being, wherein is science, reason and inductive philosophy. Its opposites of expression are the greatest and the least in quantity; the highest and the lowest in the scale of comparison.

The moral sphere is intermediate, and within which is the realm of the emotions; the passions, the sympathies of feeling, of devotion, of love, of hate, of attraction and repulsion, of heaven and hell, or happiness and misery, of peace and war. The radiations of our ideal life, in this sphere, are outward to the material, and interior to the ideal of mind and spirit.

GOOD AND EVIL are the opposite poles of this sphere, and we can live in either polarity, or the intermediates, according to our affections, desires and aspirations. Hence the moral sphere is as an infinite sphere, exactly balanced, and all moral beings gravitate and move from one position to another according to their respective loves and affections. There is no fixity of residence in any department of this sphere, for the sufferings of hell beget a desire to escape to heaven; neither are the heavens of this sphere free from invasion, or war, and rebellion. Therefore it is a great truth that "there was war in heaven."

The intuitional sphere is the absolute realm of principles, a consciousness of which is directly reciprocated in our ideal life above the intellectual or moral; that is, above reason, science, philosophy, or good or evil, love or hate; all is perfect above comparison. This is the omniscient and omnipresent sphere where the infinitely great and the infinitely small, meet in perfect equilibrium. The opposite poles of this sphere of all spheres, are the absolute something, and the abstract nothing.

The soul that has the influx of perception in this divinely sphere, feels, appreciates and sees "that whatever is, is right."

NOTE.—The philosopher will appreciate in reading this communication, that in attempting to illustrate absolute principles in the outward realm of facts and comparison, the writer is compelled, at various points, to use language which ordinarily imports comparison and limitation to illustrate the unlimited and the absolute.

In spite of all that partial people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a merry-go-round arrangement.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHARITY.

BY A. P. MC COMBS.

How can I my fellow better?
How can I my brother mend?
For his wrong put on a fetter?
Scourge him to the bitter end?
Punish, if you will, the sinner,
You'll thereby increase his store;
Hate and vengeance sure's the winner,
They beget in him the more.
Hath he wronged you in his furor?
Hath he malice in his heart?
Can you cleanse and make it purer,
While the lash is giving smart?
Is there truth within the Bible?
Or in Christian sects or creeds?
If the whole is not a Bible,
Love will meet man's utmost needs.
Love and kindness are prolific;
Sow, and you will surely reap;
Good will is a grand specific,
Curing hatred strong and deep.
If love straightens the slightest error,
Rights the weakest trivial wrong,
Then great crimes that strike with terror,
Must be mellowed by its song.
If this principle, whose presence
Is the soul of Christian's faith,
Is the living, ruling essence
That man's evil nature slayeth,
Hath a soundness through and o'er it,
Is a truth that's good in law,
Every crime must fall before it,
Or it is not worth a straw.
Teach this fact 'bove every other;
It's no chimera, idle whim;
Every blow we deal another,
Wounds us deeper far than him.
Every slander, fraud, false dealing,
That we make our fellows feel,
Sins and scores our moral being,
Time and penitence may heal.
But the scar remains and lingers;
May deform us for all time;
He who the unlawful fingers,
Bears the impress of his crime.
Let charity be law and letter,
Forgiveness in us have a place;
We ourselves will then grow better,
Mighty to improve our race.

Correspondence.

A Trip to Canada, Lake Memphremagog, the Owl's Head and Bill, etc.

On one of the few hot days that came this year to this part of Vermont, where the dip of the mountains turns the water to the northwest, I crowded into a small fraction of a seat among the dusty passengers in the wagon which runs for a stage over the route from Montpelier, via Hardwick, to Barton, connecting the Vermont Central with the Passumpsic railroads. When the evening shades began to creep over the hills, and we had followed the winding road through the bed of Runaway Pond, (the freaks of which all this country retains in tales of half a century long,) I disentangled myself from the weary passengers, and at the quiet home of our good brother and sister, Moses Goodin and wife, near Glover, found better rest, supper and lodging than the stage, with hotels attached, could furnish. Next morning called on my old and once persecuted (almost martyred) friend, Dr. Pike, a good trance and healing medium, who, with the assistance of Bro. Stevens, is doing a good and extensive business healing the sick in quite a circuit of towns in the vicinity of Glover. Next and soon I met our worthy, earnest and indomitable clerical brother, Geo. Severance, in whose church I lectured one evening on my return, but he was out in the hayfield at first and away to attend a funeral at last, and I lost much of the pleasant and instructive talk of which he has an abundant flow. Bro. S. has preached all the way through Universalism out into the broad prairie of Spiritualism, and now the whole country around appreciates his comforting and consoling teachings, especially at funerals.

Next day Bro. Stevens took me to Barton (three miles), in time for the cars to Newport, Vt., where the railroad terminates at the door of one of the finest hotels in the State, and where many passengers, male and female, from the busy haunts of city and country life, come to rest, recuperate, lounge about, ride in the boat, eat trout, drink pure spring water, cold enough without ice, and go back both poorer and fatter than they came; and such is life, but not its end. As I landed from the cars at Newport, a tall, good-looking stranger, with the whiskered face of a Spiritualist, was looking over the passengers for me. I saw and knew him, but he did not recognize in me a preacher till I gave him my hand and name, and he found I was the man he was looking for. We were soon five miles away, and at his home in Derby Centre, which proved to be the home of our occasional correspondent, Mr. Robbins, and his amiable, intelligent and spiritual wife. I have seldom found, in my long journeys, a more harmonious home, more spiritualized or consistent advocates of our philosophy. Mrs. R., especially, has long been fully imbued with the inspirational spirit of the new gospel. I had a pleasant visit with them, which I shall long remember, and I trust, renew at some future time. I lectured two evenings at Derby Centre, on the past and present condition of our country, to good audiences, one in a church and one in a town hall, and on Sunday (Aug. 5th) went to Charlestown (next town), and lectured twice, to small but intelligent audiences, in the Universalist church, where our friends had made arrangements for me to speak. After meeting, a shower, and supper, I went home with our brother and active friend of the Banner and our cause, Mr. George James, of Derby Line. We crossed the imperceptible line a few rods into Canada East, and I slept for the first time in my life under the Queen's quilt, and should not have known, if no one had told me, that it was not the stars and stripes of my own dear country. In every way they seem like us, so far as I went into Canada.

Monday we rode over Stanstead Plain, and over some hills that were not plains, and had magnificent views of the "regions round about." At night, returned, chatted and rested at the pleasant home of Bro. James and his houseful of girls, whose smiling faces, musical voices and bounding steps prove that they are not foreigners, but Americans at home. Bro. J. is strongly imbued with socialistic feelings. He feels the need of more concert of action and effort for human progress, for his soul is above its surrounding, and reaches after higher branches on the tree of life, as few men do who, like him, have been successful in business and secured a competence.

A travelling circus exhibited at Newport and

Stanstead the days I could have lectured at each, and as that was far more attractive to the masses, we left my "sayings" out.

Tuesday returned to take leave of Brother and Sister Robbins, at Derby Centre, and early on Wednesday morning Bro. Barker landed me on the platform at Newport, where I ticketed over the little steamboat for Owl's Head Mountain, on the west shore of Lake Memphremagog, and at about ten A. M. found myself, with a plenty of strangers, at the well supplied and well kept hotel of a fat, sociable, well qualified Yankee landlord, Jennings, at the bill end of the Owl's Head, and where he catches all who land to examine the bald head of the owl. Being somewhat of a phrenologist, of course I examined the head of the owl, which is bald and high up in the air, and on which, with good eyes of our own, (not the owl's eyes), we can see much country, many small villages, scores of farms, several brooks, roads, and most of the lake, which is "all long and no wide," and crooked as a squash in Tennessee, where they grow round rocks and roots. I had a Hoosier, a nutmeg Yankee, several Yorkers, and lots of Canada Vermonters for company up and down the winding footpath and at the dinner table below, where we found the not unreasonable but appropriate hooked bill of the Owl's Head. I can recommend this little excursion of a day as the cheapest and best for variety and pleasure in my travels for some years. For seventy-five cents the boat takes you up in the morning and back to Newport at six P. M., in time for the night express to Barton. For one dollar you get the best of dinners, and all the advice and attention landlord Jennings can give you for the excursion. Three miles of walk each way will give you an appetite for the dinner, and a relish for rest, and the top rock of the mountain will give you all the prospect you can ever enjoy for an hour.

When the evening shades came back to us, I was again in the cars, and reaching Barton ran against the circus again, and had my choice to wait till its evening performance was over, and ride to Glover in a stage full of wild visitors of an evening circus, or walk three miles alone. Of course, after my day's tramp up and down the mountain and boat, I chose the walk, and reached and rested at Bro. Severance's home long before the stage came with its noisy freight.

Six of us on two seats of a small open wagon for a stage, and in the rain, next day reached Hardwick, where I was glad to leave them to ride without me, and rest again among the flowers of this quiet home.

WARREN CHASE.

South Hardwick, Vt., Aug. 12, 1865.

Spiritual Growth in Putnam, Conn.

The cause of Spiritualism still lives among us, although our sectarian brethren preached its funeral sermon and made themselves jubilant over its "death" a year ago. Yet it was not dead. It only slept, and again it has aroused itself, more lightly than before, and the said brethren tremble lest, like Samson, it break the pillars of their churches and bring the ruins down about their heads.

Mrs. M. M. Wood has been speaking to us for a number of Sundays past. It is enough for me to say that she has lost none of that striking originality and deep, logical and unanswerable argument which made her so popular when she was previously before the public as a speaker. Her remarkable medium powers are too well known for further comment. By her assistance we have succeeded in establishing a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." Thus you perceive that we have in Putnam a branch of that heaven-born association already in active operation. I think we are a little in advance of the "Hub" this time.

I believe it to be the duty of all Spiritualists to lose no time in establishing Lyceums in their societies at the earliest possible moment. The adherents of the churches of all kinds know well that to chain the mind to their reason-destroying and soul-blighting institutions, they must begin with the children; hence they spare no labor nor expense in apprenticing and sustaining their Sabbath Schools. In these they lay the foundation of their creeds, and manacle the noblest aspirations of the spirit.

Spiritualists! can we not learn a lesson of wisdom from them? Yes, truly we can. Like them we will commence with the plastic mind of childhood, yet unlike them, we will not try to mold it into any artificial form; we will consider it a germ, and plant it in the garden of Nature, taking care that it has room so that its growth may not be cramped or retarded; we will tend it carefully by removing the choking weeds of ignorance and watering it with the divine truths flowing from the River of Life. We will let the warm sunshine of love and the refreshing dews of childish innocence and purity fall upon it, and it shall grow up beautifully, naturally, unfolding itself until we shall behold a true child of God and Nature in the perfected form of a man or woman. This garden is the Progressive Lyceum. Let us plant the germs before the season is yet too late.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER.

Putnam, Conn., Aug. 16, 1865.

"We Still Live."

In Quincy, Mass., we are neither dead nor sleeping. Our enterprising brother, L. S. Richards, has organized and put in operation a Children's Progressive Lyceum, after the most approved plan. Already parents and children from other churches are becoming more or less interested, or frightened. One little girl of the Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School, I have heard plead repeatedly for the permission to attend the Lyceum, although she lives two miles distant.

This same little girl was told, some time since, by the Rev. Mr. K., that she "must come into the Church, have her soul saved," &c., "or else be burnt up." She chose to risk the flames.

The same divine gave a young war-widow to understand that her brave husband, who fell fighting for his country, was among the lost. She replied to him that she knew better; and although she was one of their most active members, taking part in the speaking and in prayer-meetings, she has never been to the Church since, and she says she does not intend to go again. She "has meant that they know not of." Her husband appeared to her and told her of his death, long before word came by mail. But when she speaks of his visit to her, her friends only repeat the old story of "insanity," which has been charged to all the leading mediums since the trial of Paul, from whose eyes the scales fell, and he left the dead, formal Church, to teach the living gospel of truth.

The Universalist Society here have been trying candidates for some time past, and have at last decided to settle over their congregation a Rev. Mr. Aldrich, who was educated for a Baptist minister, but was too progressive—as he terms it—for them, and united with the Congregationalist Church. When he applied for his permit to preach, he was asked what he thought of the fall of man? He gave them to understand that he did not believe the dogma. This was his first offence. The next was to permit our brother—then the Rev. J. M. Peabody—to occupy his pulpit. This act entered the wedge which split him from his Church.

One of his prominent members told me he "would not be surprised if he came out as a Spiritualist in less than two years."

The spiritual meetings at Rogers's Chapel, are held two Sundays in each month. All the speakers are well received. Mrs. Laura Cundy's last discourse here gave great satisfaction. Mrs. S. A. Horton gave us good discourses last Sunday, and still remains here.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the practical character of the speaking, and also of the writing, of all the workers in the spiritual ranks. This is noticed by all who read the Banner, which is now read with more than usual interest by some here who are Church members. We have had a great deal of theory, and now what we want is practice: to heal the sick, feed the poor, clothe the naked, suffer the little children to come and be taught, and then we will have the true kingdom of heaven on earth.

Use the mite enclosed to furnish the BANNER and Bread of Life and Light to those more destitute than your friend and brother,

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Quincy, Mass., Aug. 16th, 1865.

A Word to the Spiritualists of Eastern Maine.

I make this appeal to you at this time in behalf of our sister, Laura M. Hollis, who has lectured through this part of Maine for some three years, to the general acceptance of the spiritual friends, but for about one year past has been unable, from physical derangements, to labor, or even have the care of herself, and is still in this state of misfortune, and is in the almshouse in Bangor, Me.

Spiritualists of Maine, will you longer suffer it to be so—a stigma upon our faith—a shame to our professions? Is this the reward of gratitude to which our faithful working mediums and lecturers are to look forward to, when in the days of health and strength they can but just keep soul and body together, and be able to make a respectable appearance before the public, which is demanded of them, and then, when sickness comes, or misfortune overtakes them, is it only to the almshouse that they are to look for a home—for care—for sympathy? Is this the way you have heard the words of the loved ones gone before in their angelic ministrations for your comfort in your days of sorrow and trial? If so, then loving angels pity you!

Now, then, what is needed is a little money, and more of willingness of heart and hand to do something by way of providing a home for sister Hollis. Who among you all will provide the place? And then who among the hundreds will contribute from their stores of abundance, that none need be burdened in caring for our sister in the days of her greatest need? Here is the opportunity for you all to settle the question whether your religion is only an empty show, and you profess it because it is the cheapest, or whether it is a settled principle within your own being that your souls have felt the angel baptism of love and sympathy, good will to all?

Now will you suffer our sister longer to remain an inmate of the almshouse? or will you neglect her, and thereby say to the world practically that your professions of a better spiritual religion are all a sham?

Any one having anything to contribute for this object, or any communication to make, may address Mrs. P. E. Ames, Stockton, Me.

Friends of humanity, Spiritualists of Maine, will you not come forward and at once wipe out this disgrace from our midst—this foul blot from our name?

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF.

Exeter Mills, Me., Aug. 16, 1865.

HEART LEAVES.

NO. FOUR.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

We've Got a Garden.

"Oh, miss, we've got a garden! Come and see our garden!" said a slender, blue-eyed child, in one of those dwellings so common in cities—dwellings so closely huddled together that there seems hardly room for a breath of air to intervene. I wondered where room could be found, in that crowded place, for a garden. I followed the child, however, to the back part of the building, when, pointing to a window, she bade me look out, and there upon about a yard of ground I saw a few green sprouts of some kind, the seeds of which had been scattered there by the child's hand, no doubt, and had taken root in that uncongenial place.

Never shall I forget the sickening feeling that came over me as I looked at those pale, sickly plants, and then into the eyes of that equally delicate child, eyes fairly dancing with joy as she continued to repeat, "See! we've got a garden! Haven't we got a garden?"

It was Nature's own voice, speaking in language not to be misunderstood, and asserting her right to the love of her children. And to think that this feeling must be warped and twisted out of shape by the force of surrounding circumstances, if not entirely crushed from the heart of that trusting one, was indeed sad.

How often since then have I thought of that child, and wondered what has been her fate; and how often, when seeing large plots of ground running to waste for want of cultivation, have I thought how differently they would look if the owners loved their gardens as she loved hers.

"Humbug."

The easiest thing that ever slides out of the mouth of man or of woman, seems to be that identical word "humbug." Anything that does not accord with the preconceived ideas of those who would have us regard this life as the only tangible reality, and the great eternal future as a mysticism that "God has forbidden us to investigate, and unravel till after we leave the earthly shore," is indeed a humbug. The Davenporters are a "humbug"—not because thousands have not sat before their cabinet and witnessed spirit demonstrations, but because skeptics have tried to prove them jugglers.

Slow of development are the tiny sparks of God's divinity shooting broadcast through this sordid earth. No sooner do they attempt to fulfill their heavenly mission by giving brightened souls an upward tendency, which enables them to seek the homes of angels and hold communion with their spirit friends, than we hear the mundane cry of "humbug."

The simple directness of a faith in the unseen and eternal, which the spiritual platform recognizes, is more satisfactory, by far, than to search the dead past for rules of faith, of hope, and of life—as if dusty manuscripts have anything to do with our eternity. Is there a freer spirit in the loftier spheres who to-day is not fast outliving the cloge of earth, and reaching for something higher, holier, purer? Our brief probation here is of little moment, except as we cultivate and gain a knowledge of things infinite and divine, as well as human.

I crave companionship with Spiritualists; and they, above all, should strive to help and elevate each other.

I would like to consult with some one in the ranks—high-toned and experienced—by letter, for special improvement and advancement.

J. W. EVANS.

Fordham, Westchester Co., New York.

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 relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Announcement—A New Story.

We are pleased to announce that we shall commence the publication of a SPIRITUAL STORY in the first number of our next volume, the present volume closing with two more issues. It was written expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Cora Wilburn, author of "Agnes, or the Step-Mother;" "Daisy Nesbrook, or Romance of Real Life;" "Adolph, or the Power of Conscience;" "Cosella Wayne, or Will and Destiny;" "Jasmine, or the Discipline of Life;" etc., etc. It is entitled,

DREAM LIFE:

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

Those who desire every issue containing Miss Wilburn's best production should subscribe at once, as we anticipate a great demand for the papers containing it.

Criticisms on that Call for a National Convention.

In reply to the remarks of Dr. U. Clark on the Call for a "National Convention," and likewise in response to a Banner editorial on the same subject, we have received the following comment from Dr. H. T. Child, one of the Committee:

I was much surprised at your article in the Banner of Aug. 19, headed "A Call for a National Convention." The notice of the previous week, by Dr. U. Clark, sounded so much like "sour grapes," that it would have fallen harmless had you not endorsed it, and in doing so done great injustice to the Committee who have issued this Call.

You say, "In the first place, that it does not appear that any authority was given any Committee to call a second Convention of the Spiritualists this year, at all."

The Resolution under which this Committee was appointed, says: "Whose duty it shall be to call the next National Convention." No time is fixed, but who is to decide this question if the Committee does not. Then you say, "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 over-reached 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."

You have published the Call, signed by the entire Committee, and any reasonable person would infer that the members of the Committee were competent to know what they were doing, and were not likely to be "manipulated and over-reached."

I wrote the first Call in my office, in the presence of Warren Chase; we signed it and sent it West; it was there slightly modified by some of the Committee and returned to me; I sent it East, and I believe Dr. Gardner proposed a verbal modification in regard to Reformers being invited. It was submitted to all the Committee except Bro. Storor, with an accompanying letter requesting them to sign if approved. Bro. Storor was absent from home, and has since sent his name to you, and it stands before the world as a unanimous Call of the Committee. You say "The Call is strangely vague and indefinite." The Committee endeavored to make it brief and definite. As to "the snare," I have not seen it, and would be as much opposed to anything which you can be. Your correspondent in the same paper asks for an explanation, and then gives it before us. We think fifty-one members may send two delegates, and any fraction over fifty members may be represented.

As to the Call being legitimate, I need say nothing more; and I regret that you should have publicly questioned it.

The prospect is very good for a respectable and intelligent Convention, that will be able to discuss calmly and deliberately, and in a dignified manner, the subjects which will come properly before it. And we anticipate no trouble, neither do we believe that the mistake you have made in your criticism will do any harm, now that a better understanding is had.

Philadelphia Spiritualists desire me to extend a cordial invitation to their friends all over the land to come up to this gathering, and we shall realize the truth of the declaration that as "iron sharpens iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend."

Yours truly,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Penn. 634 Race street.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Though we regret any occasion for misunderstandings and differences of opinion in regard to this matter of a National Convention, it is due the Spiritualist public, in whose interests the Banner of Light is published, that we offer some explanations and reasons in support of our objections to the Call for said Convention. Without claiming any authority in the matter, without having the least desire to dictate, without any personal feelings, otherwise than those of the most fraternal nature, we are, nevertheless, pledged by all that is sacred in the celestial mission of Spiritualism, to enter our solemn protest against whatever seems to threaten discord and danger among those who would be united in the great work of spiritual reform.

In order that our readers may have, in full, our reasons for the position we have taken, it is necessary for us to go back to the origin of the first National Convention of Spiritualists held in Chicago in August, 1861. That Convention was projected by the Convention held in this city during February, 1861, a Committee having been appointed, with Dr. H. F. Gardner as Chairman, and the object of the Convention was distinctly stated to be, the discussion of some plan of organization or concert of action among Spiritualists. Dr. Gardner went West, and the Spiritualists of Chicago appointed a Committee of Arrangement, and invited the Convention to meet in that city. The object of the Convention was published, and all the arrangements were made openly and in good faith and confidence. The day before the assembling of the Convention, there was an informal meeting of the

majority of the mutual Committees, for the purpose of conferring in regard to the business of the Convention.

Before the Convention organized, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that certain parties calling themselves "friends of progress," "harmonical philosophers," "religio-philosophers," or "reformers," and understood to be opposed to organizing in the name of Spiritualism, had gone around among the Chicago Spiritualists, endeavoring to prejudice them against the New England movers of the Convention, and accusing them of intriguing some plot to spring upon the West. When the Convention was called to order, and the mutual Committees of the informal meeting called on their Secretary to report some suggestions they had proposed to offer, the said suspicious parties arose and violently vented their suspicions and protested against the right of the Committees who had made all the arrangements, to offer any recommendations! Throughout the Chicago Convention, the parties in question continually exhibited a spirit partly suspicious of some of our prominent New England workers, and violently opposed to the object for which the Convention was called. They managed so adroitly as to secure the prominent officers they desired, especially President and Secretary. It is not for us to comment on the manner in which these officers discharged their duties, but to state facts. The Banner was represented in the Convention by one of our firm, and by an experienced reporter. It was chiefly through the wide circulation of the Banner that the masses of the people were called to Chicago. Yet when the Committee on publishing the report of the Convention was appointed, the Chairman of that Committee was one of the opposing parties in question, and in addition to his hostility to the avowed object of the Convention, took pains to sneer at the gratuitous report which we had engaged for publication. It was through the influence of our reporter that the Banner readers were finally favored with what passed for the official report. We say, "what passed for the official report," because we afterwards learned that some material points were withheld by the "Secretary," who was in the interests of the "friends of progress," &c., or the opposing party. One of the most thorough lectures on spiritual organization given during the Convention, was written out in full by the speaker, and at the close of its delivery a motion was made and seconded for its publication in the minutes; when one of the Committees arose and said it would be published without any motion. The full MS. was delivered to the Secretary, but only mutilated parts of it ever reached our office, possibly owing to the fact that the Secretary did not wish to use a few fractions of his fifty dollars toward paying the postage.

After the matter of organization had been somewhat freely discussed in the Chicago Convention, and several plans had been presented, an Indiana friend, in favor of organization, moved that the whole subject be re-committed to a Committee of three, whom he named and whom he knew were in favor of action. An opponent of action moved to amend, by having the President, and three others the President should appoint, act as that Committee. The result was, the President appointed three men who stood where he did, and all stood opposed to immediate action, in direct opposition to the original mover.

Now we come to what was done in Chicago toward calling another National Convention. We may have been too emphatic in denying that the Chicago Convention authorized the Call of another Convention. Yet we are certain that the minutes do not specify any time, nor do they authorize the calling of any such miscellaneous Convention like that called to meet in October. It authorized no Call for anything but a SPIRITUALIST Convention. A motion was made that the Chicago President appoint a committee of five to nominate a committee of thirteen for the Call of another National Convention. The President, true to his bias against immediate action, appointed a committee embracing leading parties who stood where he did, and only one man in favor of action. That one man was absent, and his place was filled by an anti-organizer. The committee of five reported the committee of thirteen to call the next Convention, and the reader will please observe that while that committee of thirteen embraced the rankest opposers to the object of the Chicago Convention, the rankest "friends of progress," &c., the subtlest wire-pullers to defeat harmonious spiritual concert of action, it did not embrace a single one of the regular public spiritual lecturers who had stood out for immediate spiritual organization on the Chicago platform. That is the Committee whose names are signed to the Call for the Philadelphia Convention. Of the good intention of the majority of the Committee, we have no question, nor do we impeach the motives of any. Dr. H. T. Child and Mrs. Mary F. Davis, who are on the Committee, were not present at Chicago. That the majority of the Committee have been manipulated by the minority, is unquestionable. The "friend of progress" who acted as Chicago Secretary, and who purposely kept back part of the minutes, managed the day after the Chicago Convention, to get himself appointed Secretary of the Committee of Thirteen, and has since figured most unfortunately in connection with the "friends of progress" who undertook to divide the Spiritualists of Chicago, and exclude them from the Sanitary Fair. As Dr. Clark stated in substance, when it was known that this young man and some two or three others were on the Committee of Thirteen, it was confidently predicted that if another National Convention was called, it would be called in such a manner as to embrace all sorts of elements calculated to defeat harmonious action among Spiritualists, rallying under the name of Spiritualism as the great central gospel of the age. And so we have the Call as it now is, though we learn it now appears very much improved from the original.

Now in view of the fact that at Chicago and elsewhere there have been persistent efforts to frustrate general organic action in the name of Spiritualism, and that, too, by leading parties whose names are attached to the Philadelphia Call, on reading that Call for a Convention to be made up of delegates representing everything and everybody, "without reference to name or form," we confess, as all our readers must, that the Call is not only "strangely vague," but reads as though it was drawn up with no reference to unity of action in the interests of Spiritualism, with Spiritualism as the basis.

The minutes of the Chicago Convention show no authority for the Call of a delegated Convention, or a Convention made up of delegates from any organization whatever. The Philadelphia Call says, "Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members." S. S. Jones, Esq., the President of the Chicago Convention, and his self-appointed committee, presented a form recognizing a delegated Convention, but the minutes do not show that Mr. Jones's plan was adopted. Some time ago we received from Mr. Jones and others a form of local organization, claiming to come by authority from the Chicago Convention, but failing to find that claim backed

up by the Chicago minutes, we withheld its publication. We are unable to learn that the Chicago body recognized any sort of organization, "local" or otherwise, other than, in general terms, to recommend the formation of local organizations.

As the case now stands, it looks as though certain parties had persisted in ignoring Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and in substituting other names in their place, as though these names were secondary; the same parties have put forth palpable efforts to create a distinction, if not a division, among Spiritualists and those called "friends of progress," etc.; they manipulated the Chicago Convention in a manner so adroit and Jesuitical as to conceal the cloven foot from the masses of unsuspecting Spiritualists; they defeated all other plans to organize, and, toward the last, dragged in their plan of local organization, without getting a formal endorsement by the Convention; they attempted to force their plan through the Banner as though it had been endorsed; they have since formed a central association in Chicago, and propose to publish a weekly journal; they have been busy in increasing their local organizations, and they now call a National Convention, to be composed of delegates from said organizations and all others, "without reference to name or form." And now having given their schemes the benefit of this gratuitous ventilation, we leave the spiritual public to judge the matters at issue.

By this time we trust our readers begin to see why the Banner and our correspondent, as well as multitudes of discriminating Spiritualists, necessarily take exceptions to the Call in question. All parties have unbounded liberty to call whatever Conventions they please, and our columns are free to publish and report everything coming within the legitimate sphere of the most liberal journalism; but, in justice to our spiritual patrons, whose cause is nearest and dearest, we cannot commend a compromise of the eternal principles of Spiritualism, nor encourage a Call which may attract thousands of Spiritualists only to travel hundreds of miles to be disappointed, as multitudes had at Chicago, Buffalo, Utica and Rutland. If we are to have a National Spiritualists' Convention, let us say so, and come out openly and uncompromisingly; and if other so-called "reformers," or "friends of progress," or "progressive friends," or "harmonical philosophers," or "religio-philosophers," are prepared to come in under the broad banner flung out to the breezes of celestial inspiration, our arms are widely open to welcome them with fraternal blessings.

What we have said in regard to organization, will not be understood as in advocacy of any form, plan or scheme as yet projected. When the time comes for Spiritualists to organize, it will be after no human scheme, but in accordance with Heaven's order. The "Kingdom of Heaven" must begin within the souls of men and women before it can take outer form, either in social, civil, secular or religious organizations. In referring to the Chicago Convention, we state what we know to be the truth, though we entirely exonerate our numerous spiritual friends in that city and throughout the great West.

It is sincerely hoped, now that the Spiritualist public will become speedily enabled to understand the nature, the objects and the aims of the proposed National Convention. If it is designed to be in the interests of all the spouting, ranting, noisy ultras of the age, with a platform equally free to everybody, with no central, harmonious, spiritual principles as its basis, it will prove fruitless. If called in the interests of the heavenly hosts, now marshaling millions for the redemption of humanity, and in recognition of Heaven's counsels, now ready to cooperate with all great and good souls for the inauguration of the Kingdom of God on earth, then it may prove the beginning of another Pentecost, and its results will reach down through the ages.

The Riot of Crime.

It may not be that there is any more vice or crime in the country now than at any previous time; but it is undeniable that it has chosen the present day to make a pretty loud manifestation of itself. It does really seem as if the evil spirits had combined to bring out their desired pandemonium into the popular face and eyes. The newspapers are crammed full, morning and evening, with accounts of crime and criminals, running through the entire category of both. The public conscience is daily shocked at such recitals as are made. Violence and falsehood are in their heyday. There seems to be no limits at which criminals are ready to stop.

Thoughtful persons at once put the inquiry, To what is all this owing? The question is legitimate, for there must always be a cause for marked effects. The cause, or rather the causes, lie underneath. Passion never so works out on the surface, unless it has been active in the interior first. Vice is always unseen before it is seen. Crime slumbers in the embers of the daily life, before it breaks forth into the flame that terrifies every one. There must of course be something for it to feed on, or it could not exist. Where we see exhibitions of such tawdry extravagance as we are in the habit of seeing made in public places, we infer that there must be corruption and fraud somewhere to keep it alive. Where we see exaggeration in all forms become popular, and commonly courted and run after, we cannot but think that the conscience is dull which accepts such things for genuine realities.

The great money centres of the country—Wall street, in New York—has been in spasms over forgeries and defalcations which have taken place in that quarter. But it might have been looked for, considering under what a high pressure of competition and excitement men have been driving on to make quick and bloated fortunes. The struggle has been of the fiercest character. Few are really able to stand up under it long. The constitution gives way, even when the character does not. It never was intended that men should pursue such wild and unnatural courses, and still claim the right to live as healthy, honest, self-contented beings. So we have the fruit of the seed which was so deliberately planted. There is no miracle about it—it is all in the order of nature. Crime is the result of evil thoughts. Vice will proclaim itself as the legitimate child of wicked and loose principles.

Everybody laments the sights which our eyes are opened to-day to see; but lamentations do not so much good as soothing plasters over eruptions, unless the root and core of the difficulty is struck at. And the trouble lies secreted in the very falsity of the popular ideas, or notions rather, that enter into the shaping and regulation of the popular life. Correct them, eradicate what is deceitful and untrue from them, rest happiness upon honest and honorable conduct, begotten of pure and kind motives, and all will come around right again. Remove the motive for falsehood, and forger, and vice of every sort, and crime, and all will go well. But so long as people consent to walk on the crust of molten lava, they must expect to feel the heat of the boiling fires beneath, as they now and then burst through.

The Abington Grove Picnic.

Agreeably to notice, the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity assembled at Island Grove the 23d inst., to celebrate their third and last picnic for the season. A beautiful day greeted them, and a goodly company assembled at the appointed hour and place. Those who were so attracted, resorted to the dancing-saloon, and other places of light amusement, while the major part assembled at the speakers' stand, hungering for the bread of life. This is a marked feature of all spiritualistic gatherings of the kind. Being entirely free in themselves to engage in all the innocent sports of life, with no angry, jealous God, or hateful devil to fear, or accusing conscience to condemn, they nevertheless are found immensely more interested in the things which pertain to their intellectual and spiritual culture than the self-styled Orthodox public in similar circumstances. Our Picnics are also singularly free from all rowdiness and cognate demonstrations.

Dr. Gardner called the meeting to order, and introduced L. B. Wilson, of the Banner of Light, as Chairman of the day, reminding the audience that it was a fine opportunity to subscribe for our standard paper. We were happy to see this hint so fully appreciated, and so heartily responded to by the friends present. We suggest to others to go and do likewise.

H. C. Wright, Mr. Haywood, and John Wetherbee, Jr., spoke of the rights of the negro, and the importance and necessity of his being invested with the right of suffrage, in order to a just reconstruction of southern politics and society, and the safety of the nation. Benj. Todd spoke upon the general question of Spiritualism. At 12½ o'clock the meeting was adjourned for dinner.

At 2 o'clock P. M., a large concourse filled all the seats, and hundreds stood around them to listen to the words of life. The exercises were opened by the Lyceum Hall Quartette, who most beautifully rendered that heaven-inspired song, "Shall we know each other there?"

J. S. Loveland was the first speaker, following the thought of the song. We shall know each other there, but not in the imperfect and unsatisfactory way in which we do here. We shall know there truly. The earnest wish, the deep, soul-felt aspiration to benefit our fellows, the struggling love for human weal, which the hand of opposing circumstances prevents from expression and manifestation here, will be known there. It will have become part of our spiritual selfhood, and we shall shine in its brightness. So, also, the more unlovely traits of our nature here will be known there; but we shall nevertheless know each other under the rule of an all-embracing, extenuating and loving charity.

Lizzie Doten pursued the same idea, and said that, in order to a perfect and easy knowledge of each other there, we must know each other better here. We have so much antagonism, and are so hasty and uncharitable in our judgments of each other, that we fall, sadly fall, to find our way to the riches contained in the souls of our fellows. The judgments of this world, as to the real merits of persons, are often greatly at variance with the facts as revealed in the spirit-world. She had seen Daniel Webster there, learning love and humility from a poor slave woman; the great and the good, according to this world's measurement, are much inferior to those who are scorned and condemned.

H. C. Wright declared there were mines of greater value all around us than those of California or anywhere else—the rich love of human hearts. We must work, however, to get it. If husbands didn't love their wives enough it was the wives' fault, and vice versa; they didn't make themselves lovable. We must work for this in the right way. He then spoke upon the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and urged the friends to start them, and call upon J. S. Loveland, the agent of the N. E. Convention, for assistance in the matter.

Mrs. John Puffer, of South Hanson, was the next speaker, who urged home the practical duties of our daily life. Mrs. P. is not, we believe, a professional speaker, yet her services can be secured in the immediate neighborhood where she lives, and we counsel the friends who can pay but small fees, to secure her services on Sundays.

B. Todd, of Illinois, was then introduced. He referred to Brother Wright's saying, that he had not got rid of the old Methodist tone, and affirmed that he was most thoroughly freed from Methodist theology, which he once preached. This he proved to the entire satisfaction and great amusement of the audience. But, though convulsed with laughter at his sharp hits and witty allusions to the old theology, yet when he came to speak of his experience in Spiritualism, of the blue-eyed, brown-haired and fair formed spirit-maid who stood beside him, and with whom, in "the long ago," he had hoped to walk the varied paths of this checkered life, the tearful shower of sympathy descended freely. Many many souls looked back through the cloudy vista of sad and sorrowing memory, upon the sweet souls, dearer than our own, if possible, who have passed on to the sunny land of life and joy. But the soft breathing of their gentle presence calmed our heaving bosoms, and, with him, we sternly resolved to work and toil in this field of effort, until called to where "the tired heart" ceases its strugglings in the sweet rest of natural and perfect love.

Mr. Clark, of Rutland, Vt., gave a brief speech upon the condition of the country at the present, and the relation of Spiritualism thereto. Mr. Clark is a fine speaker, and, if he devotes himself to the work, we opine he will be useful in the lecturing field.

Dr. Morrill and Mr. Bickford also spoke; but we were unable, on account of being interrupted, to catch the drift of their remarks.

Dr. Gardner gave a resume of his labors in carrying on meetings for some eleven years past, and especially in connection with the picnics, intimating that as he had retired from managing the meetings, so he might, also, from superintending these excursions. He also called attention to the on-coming Convention in Philadelphia, and urged the friends everywhere to organize and appoint delegates, so that Massachusetts may be fully represented therein. At the close of his remarks an enthusiastic vote of thanks to Dr. Gardner, for his able management of the picnics, was passed; and we are sure it was no empty ceremony, but an honest tribute of the large assembly to Dr. Gardner's great ability as a manager of such matters, and also to his persevering zeal in our common cause.

Mrs. J. H. Conant, who was on the platform, became entranced and spoke as follows:

Friends, we have a few remarks to make concerning the position of our Brother, Dr. Gardner. It is feared by many that he is about leaving the ranks of Spiritualism. Now let us give you our distinct affirmation to the contrary. He will not—he cannot—abandon the work in which he has so long labored so successfully. We have hitherto been educating him in the Primary school of spiritual things; now we propose that he shall graduate, for he is fitted for higher and harder work; that work he must do, and he cannot escape it, even if he would. So fear not that your

pioneer will leave you, for your Spiritualism has further need of him.

And now a word in regard to Brother Loveland. We have called him, and you have heard him to do a work which will require nearly all his time and much of his strength to do, and do well. The time has fully come for the beginning of this work. It is true that all are not blessed with little ones who need aid in spiritual unfolding, but you all need to eat of the fruit which will surely follow the sowing of this good seed. Your inner lives are absolutely starving for it, therefore it is that we beseech you, in all earnestness, and with full faith in your ability to do, without stint or measure, for the advancement of this most holy work. Do not forget that Brother Loveland has material wants which must be supplied while he dwells in material life; while we have need that you open your hearts in aid of the work, he has need of this, and something more, viz: that you open your pockets also. Friends, we call upon you with the full expectation that our call will meet with a willing response in your hearts, and so be outwrought in deeds of which you will never be ashamed, neither in this life nor that which is yours beyond the shadows of time.

The meeting then dissolved, and the party wended their way to the cars.

Thus closed our excursion for this season; and we think it will compare favorably with those which have preceded it. Some think the character of the speaking was better than we usually have, but this cannot, for reasons not necessary to give, be affirmed of the report we have rendered.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The excursionists repaired to the cars at five P. M., homeward bound, little dreaming that they would not reach the city till ten o'clock, or of an impending catastrophe. The train had been on the way about fifteen minutes, when it suddenly came in collision with a hand car, propelled by two men, at a curve in the road. There was not time to break up the train entirely before a collision took place, but the patent breaks were applied, which had the effect of greatly checking the speed. The two men in the hand car jumped off, and the car was smashed under the engine, throwing it off the track, together with the whole train of nine cars; the second car going completely over and down an embankment some six or eight feet; the third car was also thrown down the embankment, plunging into the soft mud, nearly upside down; all the cars on the train were more or less injured. The shock was terrific and brought every one off their seats, and instantly there was a fearful wreck of iron and wood. The scene in the cars which went down the embankment, crowded with human beings—in one of which we were seated—can be better imagined than described. All the inmates were thrown promiscuously about and piled up amid the broken seats, but most singularly none were badly hurt. Mr. Edward Byrum of this city, had his leg jammed, but was enabled to walk, the next day, with some difficulty. Mrs. Louisa Shattuck of Charlestown, who held in her arms her little daughter of about five years of age, with a frantic grasp, became so frightened as to swoon, and afterwards had a succession of terribly agonizing fits. She was most assiduously attended by Dr. Prescott of this city, a healing medium and magnetic physician. But the severest injury happened to Mr. John S. Kuowles, residing at 24 Athens street, South Boston; his leg was caught between the platforms of the third and fourth cars, as they smashed together, breaking the bone of his left leg in several places, just above the ankle, and he was otherwise bruised. Dr. Wm. Woods, of 66 Carver street, this city, was present, and had him taken into a field where he set the bones as could best be done, with the inconveniences of the place, and tenderly cared for his comfort till he was landed at his home. The wounded man bore his sufferings with heroic fortitude. Several others were slightly injured.

When we stood and surveyed the wreck, which had contained over eight hundred persons, and reflected that not one was fatally harmed, and not more than one seriously, we could but recognize the mighty power of those spirit-intelligences who guide us in our earthly course.

After being in the woods near the accident till nine o'clock, a relief train came from Boston and took the party to the city.

A New Physical Medium.

Our correspondent, A. Miltenberger, writing from St. Louis under date of Aug. 19th, says he was present with others at a séance held in Col. Crane's residence on the 16th, a lad sixteen years of age being the medium. The young man was thoroughly tied with Manila cord and handcuffed. The party then left the medium in the room alone four minutes, keeping guard at the door so that no one could go in. On again entering the apartment, they found the young man sitting in a chair, untied, the eighty feet of rope with which he was tied in some fifty double knots, lying in a heap in the middle of the room, still knotted, precisely as our correspondent tied them in fastening the medium! The lad said he did not see what power untied him; all he was conscious of, was the fact that he felt the rope going off. He was probably in a semi-conscious trance state. Now the question arises, how did he disengage himself from the coil of knotted rope, (if he did it?) leaving the knots in precisely the condition in which they were left by the person tying them? This point we leave for the savans of the land to answer.

And now comes the handcuff test. Our correspondent says: "Applying the patent handcuffs with a spring as tight as the young man could bear them, I hung the key on a nail by reaching up from a table. I then removed the table from the room, so that he could not reach the key, and, to our surprise, in six minutes the 'ruffles' were taken off, and the key found in the place where we had hung it.

Further tests will be given through this new medium for the physical manifestations, when the weather becomes somewhat cooler. Till then he requests us to withhold his name."

Another Case.

Appropos of the Colchester trial, that is now filling the souls of opponents of the Spiritual Philosophy with delight at its anticipated discomfiture, the Louisville Journal says: "It is the first time the spirits have been invited to a session of the United States Court." This is true, perhaps, so far as the United States Courts are concerned, but there was a case, eighteen hundred years ago, when the spirits were brought into the Jewish Court, on almost the same pretence—when the Son of Man was the accused—and the Jews sneered at him, and reviled him, and the priests appeared against him, his miracles pronounced impossible, or profane arts, and he was condemned, as persons, it will be remembered, but the truth he represented was not destroyed; and Mr. Colchester may be condemned, but if he has the truth, never so small a degree, it will, we think, live on in spite of ignorance or hate.

NATURE HAS PROVIDED A REMEDY

Price, bound in cloth, 75 cents, postage 10 cents; paper
cents; postage 10 cents. For sale at this office. 15 May 1891

Message Department.

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

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit 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.

Invocation.

God of the seasons, Life of our lives, Soul of our souls, we would bow down in thy presence, asking thy blessing. Let it come to us through the sunshine and the shadow; through the blooming flowers, and the gathering of autumn fruits; through the soft, vernal gales of spring, and the mellow richness of summer; through all the majestic grandeur of winter; through sickness; through sorrow; through death. From every page of life may we be able to read thy law, and understand thy mysterious presence. So we shall worship thee in the beauty of holiness. So we shall adore thee in purity of spirit. Oh Father, we would lose our weakness in thy strength. We would part with our errors for thy wisdom. We would be folded in thy wisdom as the glory of day folds the retreating shadows of night. All thy children chant perpetual praises to the honor of the Great Spirit who may have no name, but whose dwelling-place is everywhere. From countless altars the incense of holy sacrifices ascends upward and outward to the Great Author of Life. Hear our song of joy; answer our weak petitions, and unto thee, who hast been in all the past, who art in the present, and will be through all the future, be all honor, and glory, and praise, forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now listen to any questions you have to propound.

QUES.—Will the spirits please tell, if they can, who the murderer of those children was in West Roxbury? Cannot their father tell, if he is in the spirit-land?

ANS.—Events are fast shaping themselves into form with regard to this mysterious affair. And when that form makes its appearance among you, you will not fail to recognize it. There is no need of our giving the name of the murderer, for he will give it himself.

Q.—What effect is the present council of ministers going to have upon the religious world of the United States?

A.—It will have the effect to psychologize certain sensitive minds, and cause them to burn in that peculiar theological life for a time. But the life that is produced by psychology, is always short, soon changes form. It will have no special, no permanent abiding place. The exponents of old theology perceive that their favorite theory is in danger. They see that the new isms are fast overshadowing them; that their members are being baptized with these new isms. Therefore it is that they tremble for their favorite theory; and it is no wonder they seek to devise some new means to preserve their favorite theory from destruction. You are not prone—at least not many of you—to let go of old things for new ones, unless the new is presented in so available, beautiful and God-like a form you cannot resist it. A Jesus of Nazareth, a Spirit of Truth, may appear to you ten thousand times ten thousand times, and unless he makes an appeal that reaches your own reasoning powers, he may stand knocking at the door for centuries, and you will not hear him.

Q.—Are not people modifying their ideas in regard to a future state of life?

A.—Certainly; for you cannot do otherwise. The great pressure of intelligence, with regard to these things, that is swelling and surging throughout the length and breadth of your land, compels a change. They must modify their views. Society, human nature, in all its branches, demands this, and you must answer the demand.

Q.—Will you put the individuality of spirit into a form to be made perceptible to those who have not investigated Spiritualism?

A.—The individuality of the spirit is not measured by the capabilities of the body, by no means. It has peculiar characteristics by which it is known, but is independent of the body. You are all possessed of two distinct individualities. One belongs to your internal, your divine life; the other to your external, material life. One is surrounded by the circumstances of your external life, is nurtured by them, and brought into being by these circumstances. But your inner individuality is controlled by the divine. While you are dwelling in material forms as spirits, you are bound to the body. You must render enough obedience to the law of that body, to secure sufficient harmony to remain long enough in that body to gain your external individuality.

The individuality of spirit does not depend upon form; it is entirely and absolutely independent of form. As God is without form, so is your internal or divine individuality without form; and yet that individuality gathers to itself all forms, until it becomes harmoniously and perfectly unfolded. This inner individuality that all possess is by no means ever contaminated or defaced. It remains intact, so far as your outer individuality is concerned, forever. You need not fear you shall ever contaminate or deface your inner individuality. You may as well talk of contaminating God. It is of God, lives in his life, and is sustained by the great, perfect Power of Divine Life. It is absolutely impossible for us to give you a perfect demonstration of your inner individualities. We cannot do this. You are not yet free from the law of mortality, and, as you are not, your vision is short; your observation is obscured. You can only see through human senses; and, because you do, you cannot understand the individuality that belongs to your soul-life, however clearly and powerfully, however truthfully we may endeavor to demonstrate it to you.

June 20.

Aunt Jeanne McDonald.

It is thirty-two years since it pleased the Great Father to call me from the dwelling-place of the body. I lived and died in Dunkirk, in Scotland. I was particularly gifted with the power of second sight, and I somehow could strangely read the past and the future of all who would come to me questioning of their lives. I lived a pure, honest, natural life, for, I think, between sixty-two and sixty-three years. Now it seems that the gift that was mine has fallen upon my family—the generation that has succeeded me; the younger ones that are coming up have this power, and they do not know what it means nor how they shall use it. They have heard that I could read the future, and some of them remember me well,

But the younger ones are earnest to know about Aunt Jeanne's second sight. "Come back, Aunt Jeanne," they say, "if the dead can speak, and tell us about it. Won't you do so?"

I have come here this day to tell them that it was but the power of God showered down upon me. And now, as they have the gift of speech; like this one has, and the gift of moving ponderable objects about, and many other gifts, instead of letting them remain unused or to rust, they should use them; for what are they for but use? The Great, Good God is wise as well as kind to all his children, and he has given them this power that they might know he was in all these things. If they will live honest, Godlike, true and natural lives—will only put to use the gifts God has given them—they can do much good and can be blessings to themselves and the world.

I have come here, though all this long distance separates you and those I have come to answer, that I may tell them that I may charge them concerning this power, to see to it that they do not despise the gifts that the Great Spirit they and I worship has given them, or let it rust out.

You will say that Aunt Jeanne McDonald comes here, after being in the spirit-world all these thirty-two years, to answer them, and she doesn't want to come for nothing. With many blessings I'll go home again.

David Kenny.

I was born in Hillsboro, N. H., in the year 1831. I died in Georgia under the supervision of the rebel. I passed a good amount of my time in Concord, New Hampshire; went out from there; thought I should be glad to do what I could toward killing the serpent that seemed to have raised his head in our midst. I was somewhat of a believer in the doctrine known under the head of the Second Coming of Christ. Although I could not exactly reconcile the many failures that were made as to time, yet I had more belief in that doctrine than any other. So it was not without some scruples of conscience that I parted with the plowshare and the pruning-knife for the sword and the musket. But I thought the time had come for me to do something for my country, so I went to war. How much of my religion I retained after I'd been in the service a short time I can't tell, but I reckon, not much. You're pretty likely to part with it in going to war, unless you happen to see the soft side of war. I did not see it. Maybe there is a soft side. It's true plenty of the boys went out to war with a considerable amount of religion, but somehow or other, they parted with it. I do not know whether they blew it out from the cannon's mouth on the field or not. Perhaps the God of War swallowed up the God of Christianity. It may have been so.

Now I expect all that is left of me is David Kenny—that is the name the body I've lost had. I'm not sorry for it. I have no regrets because I've lost my body in fighting for my country, but was ready to part with it when the time came for me to give it up. I might have had a pleasant place to have died, but I was not sorry to go.

To those friends I've left here I would say, you are all most egregiously mistaken about the future. There's no use in talking in parables so you won't understand it. I tell you plainly that the spirit-world is not what you take it to be. You don't know anything about it, and you're trying to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease, when the only direct and proper way for folks to get to heaven is to go right down into the hells of earth, that you may uplift the fallen. Now the gratitude of one soul that you have given light to is enough to carry you straight to heaven. It is the only way you'll get there. You may rest assured of that; and instead of my folks planning their religious faith on to the Bible, let them pin it right on to themselves.

If God had not intended you should all go to heaven on your own responsibilities, would he have given you common sense, or reasoning powers, that seem to say, "Learn of me, and come up higher"? Now you all know that God would have done no such thing. And as to those being but one way to go to heaven, it's not true; for there are as many ways as there are souls to go. That's so. It's no fiction that I am repeating to you now. It's sound reality; truth that you will all recognize. And I don't want any of my friends to come to the spirit-world as I did. I'd like to have 'em have a better support than Millerism, or Orthodoxy, or any of the other isms—Spiritualism thrown in—for there's a great deal that's false in Spiritualism. I beg your pardon. It's mere belief; and you do not put into practice what you believe, so you are a set of hypocrites; are always getting into trouble, because you do not dare to do your duty.

I should like to have my brother Daniel, and through him all the rest of the folks, get my letter, and if they're not afraid to talk with us poor fellows that left our bodies in Andersonville, some of us in Salisbury, I hope they'll give us a chance to talk privately with them. A good cousin of mine has just turned up. I didn't know he was in the spirit-world till to-day, and he tells me he passed out from Hill Town.

You see that we disembodied ones naturally gravitate to the channels that lead us back to earth, because, you see, we've all got friends here that we want to lead out of darkness into light. Good-by, sir.

June 20.

Lydia H. S. Lovering.

I'm Lydia Lovering. If I was in my own body now, I should be most eleven years old, but I was only little over nine when I left.

I was born in Chester, Penn., but I died in California. My father went there first, and then my mother and me and uncle Joseph went out. My father's name is George. My mother's name is Eliza. Do folks give their whole names here? [Yes.] Well, I had a long one. [You had better give it.] Well, my name was Lydia Huntley Sigourney Lovering; that's all of it. I've heard my mother say that she was a great admirer of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, and when I was born she named me for her. So that's how I came to have such a long name, you see.

I never was well after I went to California. The doctor said that the air was—the air there was not bracing enough; was too—it was too unlike the air of my native land. It was not bracing enough. It was soft, and most of the time damp. It was different from the air I was used to, and somehow or other I kept sick there all the time, until at last I died. And my mother wished that we'd never come. I didn't; I was glad. [Do you like your new home so well?] Oh, yes; I like it well.

My father is speculating in pork—that's not a very good thing to speculate in, is it? Most as bad as whiskey. [Is it?] Yes; he used to deal in whiskey. [He's changing by degrees.] And somebody in the spirit-land says that the Devil that was in whiskey has entered into the swine. He thinks he can get money by that, and he used to say that that was what made things go in this world, and I reckon he's about right, too. But if I was here, I wouldn't speculate in pork, no, sir, nor whiskey, either. [Why not?] Oh, no, because I don't think it's good for people to eat

pork, and do not you know when you're encouraging the use and the sale of these things, you're just putting curses upon people, every one of you who does it? No matter whether you think you are doing wrong or not, you've got to get whipped for it. I tell you it's just about the same with them as what my mother done to me once. I done something I had not ought to—I aint going to tell what it was here; and I didn't know but what I was doing right; but it was wrong, and she punished me, and because I didn't know it was wrong, I told her she had not ought to punish me. And she said, "Now, Didi"—that's the name my mother used to give me—"if you should put your hand on the stove, even if you did not know the stove was hot, the stove would burn you just the same as if you had known it. Now if I let you go, and do not punish you for this, I shan't make any impression upon your mind at all that you've done wrong; but if I do make an impression, then you won't do it again." And I never did do it again.

So that's the way God does to folks. He whips them when they're naughty, and my father'll catch it by-and-by for selling pork. I do not know when it'll be.

They say I'm dead, say I'm dead, and my father and mother don't know I can come back. I know they put my body at Laurel Hill Cemetery, but I'm alive, I am, as true as the world. I'm happy most of the time, only when I see my father and mother unhappy, and then I'm sad, too, until I can do something for them. They think I'm dead, but I want them to know I'm alive in the spirit-land, and I can learn everything beautiful there, for there are plenty of teachers to help you, and I have everything beautiful there. And what's more, when you do wrong, there do not nobody come to you with a stick, but you punish yourself, and when you do wrong—and it's the wrong that's in you and does come out—it's just that wrong that is sure to punish you.

I do wish my father would let me talk to him, and I can tell him all about the place I'm in, and all about how I aint dead; and I'd like to talk to my mother, too.

I used to ask my mother to take me to see Mrs. Sigourney, when I was little, and she did not know her—she only had read her poems—but she used to tell me that sometimes, perhaps, she would. But I've seen her. [You have?] Yes, I have, and I told her what my name was, and all about me, and she said I was a nice little girl. [Have you seen her lately?] Yes, sir; yes, sir, I've seen her most as soon as she come. I saw her after she'd got all free and straight up. Then I told her who I was, (she would not have known me if I had not spoken to her) and she put her hand on my head and said I was a nice little girl. I'll see her again sometime. I send lots of love to my father and mother, and everybody else who wants my love. Good-bye.

June 20.

Daniel Murphy.

Somewhat or other, sir, the pretty face of childhood takes all the bad out of me, when I happen to see it. Though I was not blest with any children of my own, yet I always felt myself the better, when I was in the way of talking with the children.

Well, I come here this afternoon feeling very bitter, sir. I am from Manchester, New Hampshire. I went out from the war. When I first come here, I was, well about as cross as any one need to be. I was going to use some pretty hard language, but as sure as I'm alive, and I suppose I'm alive, although I'm not sure of it, I think, I'm alive; anyway, that little girl there that's just gone, has taken all the wear out of me. Somehow or other, I can't say what I would have said.

Well, you see it is here. I've got a brother-in-law, here, whom I always took to be an honest man, and he's not proved so. I left a wife, but, as I said before, I never was blest with any children. Now I like to see her dealt justly with, and I supposed my brother-in-law was a man to be trusted, and I said in case anything should happen to myself, I'd like him to settle me properly, and what should he do but take the most himself. I was going to say some hard things to him, but now I can't say a thing; no, sir; so I'm come here for nothing at all. Oh, I should come in before the little one came. The bad was in me, and I wanted to spit it out, so much, but somehow or other I could not do it, for the face of the little one was like cold water on me hot temper. She's done it in her pretty little innocence; that's it. Ah, it was always so here. Ah, if I was as drunk as Lucifer himself, no matter how harsh I would be to anybody else, a little child could lend me all around.

Now, then, I should like that my brother look at the matter all over, look at what he's done to me just about as if he was where I am, and see how he'd like to have it done to him, and if he thinks he would like it himself, why then go ahead, I won't say a thing; that's it, sir.

Just say for me to my brother that Daniel Murphy is not dead, he is asleep, nor anything of the kind, and if he'll just be kind enough to do as he would like anybody to do for him, I'll not find any fault. How'll that do? All that will be so, enough, I take it. Good-day, Capt'n.

June 20.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles Goodenough, to his mother, to the spiritualists of Boston; Elmer Pondick, of Philadelphia, to his parents; Mary Eliza Hammond, of Hamilton, L. C., to her sister Agnes City, to her mother.

Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellen Murphy, of Boston's Court, New York City, to the Catholic priest, Father McGarry; Harry Hodgins, killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to his sister "Jip"; Elbridge Jay Thayer, to his friends on earth.

Thursday, June 29.—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, to his mother.

Monday, July 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Judge Alcott, of Waltham, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston, to his friends; Tracy A. C. Swanwick, of Philadelphia, Pa., to his father, John Wickliffe.

HEARTS AND TREES.

From laughing lips of gray-eyed morn,
A fresher tide of life is gushing;
About the bottom of the thorn
The maiden bud is coyly blushing.

I feel upon me, like a hand
Lifting me up, the weight of Spring;
And as the baby-leaves expand,
My spirit seems awakening.

Hath then this mingled life of ours
Aught of a tidal ebb and flow?
Hath man a sympathy with flowers,
And with them droop, revive and grow?

It may be so; for Life is Life,
Intense or subtle, less or more;
And wages the eternal strife
With death and darkness world all o'er.

In youth we seek to carve our name
Deep-lettered on some heart's of worth;
And fancy we may trace the same
Till time restoreth earth to earth:

Nor know that, as on living tree,
Though lettered will overgrow our toll,
As surely will the world; and we
But hail this knowledge with a smile;

A smile, to think it "soared our sense—"
How like in this were hearts and trees;
So oft we court our confidence,
So swift to hide our memories!

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. E. B. DEMIS.

Ah! who are they, and where are they,
O'er whom oblivion's waters roll?
They once lived in material day;
In each God placed a living soul.

We search those ancient halls of Rome,
In history's pages of the past;
Egypt's mummy-peopled dome,
And rude Siberia's exiled class;

The Hindoo on the Ganges' shore;
The red man in Columbia wild;
Where De la Plata's waters roar,
And Africa's sands drink up the Nile.

Those silent sleepers, where are they?
They've shared the common fate of all.
Say, sleep they where their ashes lay,
Neath ocean wave or mountain fall?

Nay; science opens a field of light,
And Nature's blending sweetly there;
Death's but a change for realms more bright,
And man incarnate is an heir.

Dummerston, Vt.

PANOPHONICS.

CIRCULAR.

BY J. MADISON ALLEN.

The Panophonic Alphabet, (or Universal Alphabet of Nature), was devised in the winter and spring of 1860-61. It claims to represent, philosophically, all the elementary sounds of human speech.

Being based on Nature, it has nothing arbitrary. It is thus accurate and true, each mark having a significance corresponding to some peculiarity of sound, and fully representing it. Being universal in its character, all languages may be equally well represented by it. It thus furnishes a common tie to link together the various nations of the earth in one grand brotherhood, and appeals to the philanthropist, therefore, as one of the means, in the providence of God, provided for the harmonization of the world.

It appeals to the educationalist, as furnishing the means of escaping the tedious and needless drudgery of learning to spell, and of hastening and simplifying thus the processes of education, and, therefore, enlarging the sphere of human knowledge.

It appeals to the missionary, the student of foreign languages and the traveler, as furnishing the means of accurately representing to the eye or the understanding any sound heard or studied.

It appeals to the merchant, as tending to facilitate international intercourse.

It appeals to the linguist, as furnishing a precise and reliable means of reducing to print unwritten languages; and, therefore, also, to the ethnologist, as facilitating the study of the races.

It appeals to the statesman, as furnishing a hint and a stepping-stone toward a broader and more beneficent international policy, than has yet ruled in human governments.

It appeals to the enlightenment and progressive-ness of the nineteenth century, as one of the needs of the age—of that age which is belting the earth and uniting the nations with iron rails and electric wire.

It appeals to all, interested in human welfare, or subjects of human institutions, as a mighty lever, a potent instrumentality, for the elevation of man. Its principles are simple, because natural. It is easily acquired, because of the strict and entire correspondence between sound and sign. All can understand it, because it unfolds the mutual relations and progressive unfoldment of the various elements to such a degree that foreign sounds become as intelligible as those familiarized by long use.

Discarding wholly all alphabetic forms now in use, they being arbitrary and unphilosophical, it also ignores all the received systems of orthography, being based upon the following strictly legitimate principles: 1st. Sound and sign shall strictly correspond—peculiarities of both being similar and mutually suggestive. 2d. The number of elementary sounds, and the number of alphabetic signs, shall be the same. 3d. (Natural sequence of first and second). Any given sound shall always be represented by the same sign, and any given sign shall always represent the same sound.

Upon this natural basis a most beautiful, attractive and philosophical system of alphabetic and orthographic representation has been wrought out; and it is proposed to issue, as soon as the requisite means can be obtained, such works as may be necessary for the elucidation of the same, and its full presentation in practicable form.

The co-operation is hereby cordially and earnestly solicited, of all who may feel interested in a movement so momentous in its prospective results, and disposed to aid, by voice, pen, sympathy or "means," so beneficent a cause, while yet in its incipency and weakness.

It is proposed to issue: 1st. A series of brief articles bearing upon the subject, and preparing the mind by facts and arguments for a more thorough appreciation of the movement, and a deeper realization of the immense and lamentable need which exists of some change in the alphabets of the world. These articles will probably appear in the more progressive newspapers and magazines of the day, in circulars and in tracts.

2d. A circular, presenting that portion of the Universal Alphabet required in the representation of the English language, with directions for its use, and a few examples, showing its practicability.

3d. A work of one hundred pages, "more or less," giving a full account of the origin and nature of the Panophonic Alphabet, showing its entire naturalness and adaptability to the representation of any and every language now spoken, or to be spoken, with illustrations from the principal languages of America, Europe and Asia.

4th. Having procured types, established a printing office, or offices, in America or (and) Europe, and enlisted the practical cooperation of men of means and culture, it will then be in order to issue, first, a periodical, devoted to the phonetic movement, and printed, in whole or in part, in the new style; second, a word-book of the English language, setting forth the ordinary alphabet and spelling, beside the new, the words being arranged according to the natural order of elements, discarding the a b c succession; third, works adapted to the instruction of children and adults, commencing at the beginning of the scholastic curriculum, and proceeding through the whole of the primary school, the high school, the university, and the great "school of life." Charts and diagrammatic illustrations are also to be prepared, for use in the lecture-room and school.

There lies here before the founder of this system, work more than sufficient to occupy his whole energies and time for the remainder of his natural life. Who will assist? Who will give the weight of their influence in favor of so beneficent a cause? The world needs a systematising, in accordance with Nature, of its orthographic processes, founded upon correct alphabetical forms, which shall be

universal and unvarying in their applications and meanings. The way is open; the means are at hand; the forms are devised; the system is furnished. Let those who see the need, act, and the deed is accomplished.

The writer may be addressed at Searsport, Me., till October.
P. S.—Will journals favorable please copy?

Vineland, N. J.—Its Capabilities and Its Prospects.

I have been on a visit to Vineland and in the vicinity over two weeks. I have been all over and around the town, mingled much with the inhabitants, in their families and in public meetings. Will you allow me to say a word through the Banner (many of which are taken here) touching this new settlement, which bids fair to be a bright light amid the thick darkness that has long hung over Southern New Jersey?

Some four years ago, Charles K. Landis took up thirty thousand acres of land here, mostly in one body. A township some eight miles long and six wide was laid out, and named Vineland. Through the town, north and south, runs the West Jersey Railroad, from Camden; opposite Philadelphia, to Cape May. Vineland is thirty miles south of Camden. Mr. Landis chose a fine site on the railroad, and proceeded to lay out a village one mile square. In the centre of this is the station of the village; a plat extends one-half a mile from that in all directions. There are six avenues, each one hundred feet wide, extending through the village and the whole township; three running north and south, and three east and west; one through the centre, and one just half a mile distant from that on each side. The avenue through the centre, north and south, is connected with the railroad. In addition to the width of the railroad, Mr. Landis appropriates land for a wide and commodious road each side of it, making the whole width over two hundred feet through the whole township. This is called the Boulevard, and is destined to be a beautiful avenue, two rows of shade trees being set out along both sides. That through the centre, east and west, is called Landis Avenue. In the village the land is surveyed into building lots, six lots to each acre; outside of the village the land is generally bought in lots of from five to twenty acres. In the village no house or building can be set within twenty feet of the road; and outside of it, none within seventy feet. Each settler, or purchaser, in or out of the village, must, within a specified time, make certain specified improvements, or forfeit fifty dollars. Each purchaser must clear the road of all roots and stumps, plant two rows of shade trees, and seed down so much of the road as is not used for carriage track or sidewalk, and all within a specified time. Thus speculators are shut out, and ornament and comfort are secured to the settlers in their public conveniences.

To the churches built here Mr. Landis gave land to build their meeting-houses on. He has given to the Spiritualists and friends of progress land to build a large hall, to be used to promote the elevation and progress of the people in all relations. He has also given forty acres for a public park for the health and comfort of all.

There are now nearly five thousand people here. Four years ago there were none. Most all have come here within three years. There are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches here. About one-fourth of the population are progressive in a true and noble sense; the rest are stationary, and prefer to stand where Moses stood, and Christ and the apostles, in their views of man, and his relations and destiny. The latter say, "Stand still where the dead past stood two or three thousand years ago." The former say, "Forward march to the goal and the prize of the coming future."

Among the progressions are many intelligent, earnest men and women, who are Spiritualists in a true and holy sense, who accept immortality as a present, living, joyous reality. They value it for its present uses; for its power to make them purer and nobler men and women in their domestic, social, commercial and civil relations, and to inspire them with that reverence for human beings which alone can give security to human rights.

Sure I am that the popular ideas of immortality, as they are held and taught by the ministers and churches of Christendom, only tend to horrify, paralyze, derange and degrade the souls and lives of men and women. There is nothing in them fitted to inspire hope and joy, and to give vitality and energy to life in the body, or out of it. The immortality of Christendom is an appalling spectre that all tremble to approach. The friends of progress in Vineland regard it as an angel of joyous activity, inclining to energy and fidelity to the relations and duties of the living present. Heaven help them to maintain and propagate their views of eternal life.

The progressions have a legally incorporated society here to hold property, and to promote intelligence, morality, sobriety, and good will among all, and to bring all under the control of enlightened reason and conscience, and to rescue the human soul from the despotic, demoralizing and deadly authority of the fictions and falsehoods of the far-off, dead past.

Dr. George Haskell, and others, have bought one hundred acres of land within one mile of the station, on which it is proposed to build an Industrial College, extending equal opportunities for growth to males and females. It deserves to succeed. Sincerely do I hope it will. The friends of progress all over the land ought to aid in it, and will, I hope.

As to air and water, no place could be more salubrious. The action of the ocean (twenty miles off) tempers the air winter and summer. The water is soft, abundant, and easy of access. As to soil, this in five years will be the very Paradise of blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, grapes, peaches, sweet potatoes, and all garden vegetables; potatoes and rye are abundant, and within two hours of Philadelphia market. Several hundred houses go up here this year. Village lots all taken up—to be had second hand. The place is new and rough, but the spirit of thrift and of God is here. Those who wish to make homes, and have one thousand dollars to start with, would find this a most desirable location.

Friend Banner, I have not seen Charles K. Landis, but I have seen thousands of villages and cities in this and other lands, and have never seen one whose plan for private and public comfort, health and beauty, equals this. Mr. Landis's taste, and regard for the public convenience and private comfort of the settlers, certainly surpass anything I have ever seen. If the settlers have the good sense and enterprise to aid in making his plan an actuality, in five years this will be the gem of all American towns and villages. I have no interest in saying this but regard for truth, as I own nothing here, and never expect to, and to express my admiration of a plan of a settlement, so advantageous to the settlers, and so replete with public beauty and convenience.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

