

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Autumn came, and found the little household making plans for the winter. John was to come home to the Christmas holidays. Mr. Perry had obtained the appointment of Judge, and had written the programme of his winter campaign. His absence, however, were to be short. Carrie was anticipating a great deal of leisure for her music.

"Now, guardian," she said, playfully, "if you will read French with me one hour every morning, I will practice four hours when you are in your office; writing; and then I will read aloud to you from Prescott's Histories in the evening."

But Mr. Perry was revolving another plan in his mind where duty and inclination were somewhat opposed. Mr. Bond and wife, old friends of Carrie's parents, were to spend the winter in Paris, and wished Carrie to accompany them. Here, again, came the strong desire to keep his wild flower in her native woods, to guard her from other eyes, and, if possible, from temptation and sorrow. The coming winter, with her songs in the house, and her welcome when he came home weary with the details of business, looked bright—so bright, that in his selfishness he would have said nothing about Paris, or the improvement to be gained by travel. But here, again, his own noble nature asserted itself. Not until she has seen the world—not even till others have had an opportunity to win her, will I let her know my own hopes. So the Paris trip was made known to her, and Carrie was full of girlish anticipation. Much as she loved the dear old home, her heart bounded at the thought of the voyage.

"From the moment when I first caught a glance of the ocean, I have longed to be sailing upon it; only if you could go guardian, I think I should feel less timid in a storm; and then, too, you have been in France, and would be such a good guide to us all. Can't you go?"

She looked up very pleadingly into his face, and he had hard work to restrain the expression of feeling which struggled for utterance.

"It is not possible for me to leave my business," he said; in a voice which sounded strangely cold to Carrie, and she ceased to urge him.

He went with her to New York—he accompanied her on board the steamer; many little plans were made for her comfort and pleasure on the voyage, for which she thought she was indebted to her travelling companions. When she parted from her guardian he held her hand long, and looked wistfully into the eyes which were full of tears, but he gave her no kiss, and poor little Carrie rather wondered at the omission, till a moment's thought recalled to her the fact that the kisses which had been so freely given and returned in her childhood, had long since become mere memories.

John, too, was there to bid her farewell, and ask a correspondence, which she promised without any hesitation; and he received her assent as a matter of course. He returned to his college life, coolly calculating the future, and anticipating the time when he, too, should be free, and take a beautiful bride to a still longer tour over Europe and the East.

It would have been a lonely winter for Mr. Perry, had he not determined to make it a busy one. He had some plans to enlarge Carrie's fortune, very cautiously managing affairs, so that the risk of loss should be his, and the profit, if any, hers. Her first letter was to him, and full of the little personal incidents of her voyage, and all the particulars of her new life in the gay capital.

"And now guardian," she added, at the closing, "if you were only here, I should be the happiest child in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Bond are very nice people, and Mrs. Bond understands all about fashionable life and etiquette, and she has kindly superintended my wardrobe, so that you would hardly know the little country girl that used to fish in the pond, and explore the woods with you, in her old sun-bonnet and short calico dresses. Mr. Bond is called a very elegant man, even in Paris; but, don't you tell, I am just a little in awe of him. He is not a literary man, you know, and he talks a great deal about stocks and the Bourse, and of music and the opera, and as I cannot say much upon these topics, I am almost always silent when he is with us. He has kindly procured me a music teacher, and I take lessons regularly and practice, so that I hope I shall please you with my improvement in music. We have a Mr. Weston boarding with us; who came out in the same steamer. He is from Philadelphia, and is very accomplished, and highly educated. I think you would like him. He says his father, Judge Weston, was a classmate of yours in college. He is attending lectures here, and studies a certain number of hours each day, but finds time to spend most of his evenings with us."

It was well, little Carrie, that you put this in your letter, for your guardian was not quite so surprised as he might have otherwise been when he opened the next letter which lay upon his table. He had, of course, seized first upon the one which bore the somewhat girlish superscription, and here was another, which he at first glance supposed was from Mr. Bond, but when he read the following, the blood seemed to stand still at his heart, and the whole world turn dark before him.

Mr. Perry—Dear Sir: Your name is familiar to me as that of my father's friend. I know you will consider that introduction sufficient; but, accompanying this, you will find letters from Mr.

Bond, and your friend, the advocate, La Salle, of this city. I will be frank and brief, not wishing to intrude a long letter upon you.

I came out, as I believe you know, with your ward, Miss Carrie Howard. It will not surprise you to learn that I admire the freshness and beauty of mind and person. In a word, sir, I love her, as I believe now, I can love no other woman; but I have not, by word or manner, made known to her my feelings, and shall not do so until I have your approbation. But I do most earnestly plead for this, and, if after making such inquiries as your judgment dictates, you approve my wishes, I shall be more grateful than I can express in words. Excuse me, if I ask an early answer to the letter. Very respectfully yours, HERBERT WESTON.

Judge Perry threw the letter upon the table, and rose and walked back and forth across the room.

"Weston," yes, I knew him well; the father is one of the best and noblest men that walk God's earth—I have heard with what care and expense he has educated this son, and that the son has well rewarded the father's love. He is worthy of her; there is not one shadow of a reason why I should withhold my approbation. What a poor, weak, vain heart it is of mine, even to fancy that she could give the wealth of her affection to me.

The beautiful singing bird of the tropics could not be expected to make her nest in the boughs of a dark, northern pine. And yet, and yet, I would have given her the devotion of a life, the strength of affection such as youth knows not.

But what can I be in a young girl's eyes to a young, accomplished, gallant man, who is with her constantly, and whose only aim is now to win her love. I am twice her age; I see already some gray hairs, and I am, so Mrs. Selwyn tells me, thought too grave and dignified for most young ladies. I must tread my path alone. Heaven help me, for no other can have the love which is dedicated to her. I would have folded her so tenderly in my bosom, nothing should have given her pain, while I had power to shield, or life to endure for her. For a moment the strong man succumbed to the keen disappointment, and a few tears, of which he was not ashamed, were shed; but again he combated selfishness, and as if almost afraid that he should be tempted to do wrong, he sat down, even before he opened the remaining letters, and wrote hastily the following:

My DEAR FRIEND—Your letter came duly to hand this morning. You have my consent to win the hand of my ward. She is a precious prize. I know your father and his family, and your own antecedents, and I cannot write otherwise. But should you succeed, let me say, she is worthy of the life-long devotion of the noblest man the world contains. God bless you, and make you worthy of her. Truly your friend, CHARLES PERRY.

And now, while the gentleman is busy writing and reading his letters, let us see for a moment, whether his own estimate of himself is not a little too depreciatory.

He has numbered forty years, to be sure, but he is tall, stately and vigorous, with a fine form, and a massive brow—I am not certain, most honorable Judge, that some sensible young ladies, not yet past their teens, might not even prefer you at forty, to many younger men, setting aside wealth, position and intellect, and when these are thrown into the scale, I should certainly fear for the young man who dares enter the lists against you.

Let us leave Dalton for a moment, and make a transit to a certain room in Hotel Maurice, Paris. A young gentleman has just finished his evening toilet. A fashionable but sensible tailor has done his best; there is no fault to be found with the fit of coat, vest or pantaloons, but the tailor cannot add one inch of height to the slender, almost petite figure, nor can the hair-dresser, save by the disguise which youth rejects, alter the sandy, almost reddish, hair of head and whiskers; nor can any cosmetic repair the defect of a too delicate complexion marred by many freckles.

These personal defects were felt by the young man himself. How many times he wished, as he made his toilet that evening, for a fine figure and more manliness of look. And yet he was very hopeful—far more so than his unknown and unsuspected rival in his quiet room in Dalton. The one was with Carrie; she wore the flowers he sent her, and sat by his side at the opera; she listened assentingly to his criticisms, and asked him to translate some of the more difficult parts of the opera. There was no one else to dispute his claim; he had great confidence in his family, his future prospects; and he knew—and was right to place some value upon it—that he was infinitely more worthy of Carrie than most of those young men whom she met, even in the select circle with which Mr. Bond surrounded himself. He had not the boldness of John Selden, but he had a quiet self-confidence which led him to hope that Carrie would feel that he at least was more eligible than any other one in the circle in which she moved. Thus, while modest and unassuming, he was neither fearful nor despondent. He intended, also, to be rightly honorable and to wait for a reply to his letter before betraying himself to Carrie.

The trial of patience was great, but, as there seemed no rival in the field, it was bearable, especially as he was permitted to read French an hour with her daily, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond had given him every encouragement to believe that his suit would be successful. Carrie was the only ignorant and unsuspicious one of the party. Her education had been such that beaux and matrimony had occupied her thoughts but little.

"I suppose I shall be married some day," she once said to Mrs. Bond. "Yes, I think I will; but that time is far away in the dim future, and I am not going to think about it at present."

unaware, and Love, like Death, has all seasons at his will."

"When it comes I shall yield, I suppose, as all my sex have done from the time when Eve turned from her own falser self to reverence him to whom she could say, 'God, thy law; thine, mine!' When I find such a one, I, too, will yield a willing obedience. Till then I shall enjoy life as I now do, Mrs. Bond; and a happy girl I am! Only don't you wish my guardian was here? I do not like to think of him as sitting alone the long winter evenings. To be sure, he reads the paper to Auntie Selden, and then she retires, generally by eight o'clock. I think he must miss the game of chess, and the little battles over Bonaparte and Wellington. He always makes the latter a hero, while I fight for Napoleon; and then I like to turn the conversation upon Mary, Queen of Scots. It would make you smile to see how he defends her, even, as he sometimes acknowledges, against his better judgment! but then he always adds, 'Queen Elizabeth, with all her greatness, was such an unlovable woman! We pardon a lovable woman many errors,' he often said to me. Mrs. Bond, I wish I could come up to my guardian's standard of a true woman."

"All old bachelors have a high standard for woman, Carrie; but a man pays a poor tribute to our sex who lives a single life as long as Mr. Perry has done, unless—and it may be the case with him—he mourns the loss of one loved and gone. We love Washington Irving all the more for his devotion to the memory of his first and only love."

"I remember," said Carrie, "that Auntie and my guardian were once speaking of Irving and this incident of his life, and Auntie remarked that the ladies of Dalton had a similar story about him to account for his bachelorhood. He smiled and said that he should be sorry to spoil a story that must make him such an object of interest, but he believed his heart had ever been as free as that of little Carrie here; and he put his hand on my head as I sat working out my algebra sums. Auntie said she should not contradict the story, and I suppose the young ladies of Dalton think, to this day, that guardian's grave face is but the tribute of affection to the loved and lost. Ay, but here are letters from home! and she sprang up eagerly, as Mr. Bond entered with a package.

Yes, there was a long letter from her guardian, full of thoughtful kindness for her, much longer than usual, giving her all the little particulars of Dalton life—such items as she must have picked up for her amusement, and which did not usually interest him. There were reminiscences of her childhood—it would seem as if he dwelt lovingly over them—and then came the anticipation of the summer. He hoped that Carrie would remain in Dalton, and he should arrange his business to spend a great deal of time with her in their old sports, for he had confidence to believe that a winter in Paris would only give her a greater desire for country life. The little bridge over the Trout Brook had been repaired. "White Foot, Carrie's saddle-horse, was in fine condition."

"I ride her two or three times a week," he said, "to keep her in good discipline, though, indeed, she is generally gentle and even in her temper; but, like her mistress, she will sometimes surprise me with a sudden waywardness which goes almost as quickly as it comes. The sleighing is fine, the skies bright, the air crisp and cold—just such weather as you used to delight in; and if you were here we would have a ride by the river road, where the snow lies hard and smooth. You asked in your last letter if you might purchase a couple of small pictures which please you very much. You may spend one thousand dollars in that way, if you wish. The investments which I have made for you have proved good, and, as you have never asked for more than your usual allowance of spending money, I am happy to gratify this request. Buy whatever you need to make your stay in Paris pleasant. I wish to have your winter one that you will long remember for its happy blending of improvement and pleasure. Tell me freely your wishes, and they shall be gratified if possible.

Your affectionate guardian, CHARLES PERRY.

"How kind he is!" said Carrie, as she closed the letter. "I do believe, Mrs. Bond, that my guardian is a model gentleman."

"A most liberal one, surely," said the latter, "for he gives me carte blanche as to your expenses. I have half a mind to buy you those thread lace flounces we saw yesterday. We have cards to the American minister's this evening, and I would like to have you honor the United States by your appearance."

"Indeed, Mrs. Bond, I do not care for the lace; I prefer a more simple dress."

Just then Mr. Weston was announced, looking as fresh in his toilet as his face was happy. Mrs. Bond did not fail to notice it. "And you, too, have had letters," she said.

"Yes, a large package; my father and sister are coming over. They will be a pleasant addition, I trust, to our party; and I flatter myself, Miss Howard, that you and Nettie will be fast friends. Will you ride this morning?"

Carrie was always happy to be out of doors; she seldom declined an invitation of this kind, and this morning she was unusually buoyant and eager for air and sunshine. Her companion seemed to love his gaily when he found himself in the carriage with Carrie for his companion, and she, after giving him a long description of Dalton and of home-life, became quiet herself, half-ashamed of her country enthusiasm. Then came those awkward pauses which every one, from peasant to courtier, experiences at times.

Poor Weston's confidence was strangely weakened, and the fine sentences which he had arranged with so much study before his ride, had all vanished. For the first time he began to doubt his success, and fear that Carrie might not fully reciprocate his feelings; and thus, in much doubt and fear, he managed his declaration—as he thought—most bunglingly. Poor Carrie, taken by surprise, and utterly unconscious of any such sentiments on the part of Weston, could only stammer her thanks for the preference which he had manifested, and her regret that she could not return his love. Altogether it was a very prosy, unromantic affair; so unlike what Carrie had imagined lover's declarations to be, that she could scarcely believe in its reality, when she retired to her own room.

Poor Weston was quite bewildered. That maidenly modesty might hesitate and shrink back from the first avowal of love, he could understand, and had prepared himself for; but Carrie's reply was so sincere and decided, so frank in its expression, that he could not misunderstand.

"No, Mr. Weston, I cannot even permit you to hope that time will alter my decision. I do not wish to think of the subject. Let us be friends always; just such friends as we have been, and this incident forgotten, as if it had never occurred."

"But years hence, Miss Howard, when I may have proved my love by my constancy and devotion, may I not hope then for a more favorable answer?"

Her answer was such as to crush all hope, and yet kind and gentle. Years afterwards, Carrie said she understood why she could be thus firm, when what the world would call a brilliant alliance was offered to her. It was the true woman's instinct, when the heart, as yet untouched by worldly ambition, was permitted to make the decision.

It was well that Mrs. Bond, who had the half confidence of the gentleman, did not know what had taken place that day. Poor Carrie would not have received the warm caresses which were waiting for her, had this good lady known that the red lips of her protégée had just pronounced poor Weston's doom. Such a golden future would have been pictured for her, and the refusal of such a brilliant offer, so full of worldly advantages, made to appear, as Talleyrand would say: "A blunder greater than a crime;" that Carrie might even have been disposed to stop and wonder whether a single life was, after all, not worse than an uncongenial marriage.

But Mrs. Bond, in happy ignorance of the true state of the case, and fancying that all her plans were working admirably, welcomed Carrie to her room, where after the kisses, came some elegant additions to the evening's toilet; and then, when lunch was over, Carrie retired to her own chamber to write the following letter:

DEAR GUARDIAN—Many thanks for your kind letter, so full of just what I wanted to hear about. I think you are wonderfully improved in letter-writing—for my idea of a letter is that it should be full of little things that will not do to put in a book. I do not like a letter too sound, as if it were written to be read aloud for the edification of the hearers.

Dear old Dalton! I want to see it very much. What good times we will have next summer. I hope you will finish all your law cases, and read all the grave "Digests" and "Compendia," this winter, as I intend to make great demands upon your time for three months after I return. I am glad Whitefoot is in good condition, for I feel now as if I could put her to her fleetest paces over Dalton hills; and take good care of Mazeppa lest I "win the Derby." Thanks to your liberality and forthrightness, I am enjoying my life here exceedingly. Paris is the "hub of the universe," not Boston, as the Yankees boast—at least, the centre of pleasure and fashion. Mrs. Bond is kind and indulgent, and I find many other friends. I have left the selection of some pictures and a few other articles for home, to Mr. Herbert Weston, whose family you know. He is perfectly au fait in all such matters, very fastidious and critical in his taste, and I think you will be pleased with anything which he may select.

Here the Guardian laid down the letter. "Be pleased with anything which he may select; very fastidious and critical in his tastes." Yes, yes, I have no doubt of it; not the least doubt. Heaven help me to assent when he chooses. And so this is probably the last summer which she will spend with her Guardian, and it shall be as happy as she anticipates, as far as lies in my power."

He rose and turned to her picture, the one—for he had a number—which he liked best; the little Hebe giving her shoes to the beggar. He remembered well the incident, and her coming home barefooted, to the horror of good Mrs. Selden, who made her usual remark: "She is the strangest child I ever saw." The Guardian turned from this to a photograph which she had sent him from Paris; here was the elegant and graceful young lady, but the expression was the same. Carrie retained her childish simplicity and warm-heartedness. She was guileless and single-hearted; one of those rare natures that seem to have no affinity for evil. Mr. Perry looked, till the picture grew into real self, and she stood there before him as she had often done, with some simple request, which one glance of her pleading eyes always rendered him powerless to refuse. And yet, he had guided her wisely; she was naturally quick and impulsive in her temper. Once in playing with John, she had torn his new jacket; in revenge, he had ripped open one of her dolls; the saw-dust escaped, and the poor, collapsed lady, lay in the last stages of a hopeless consumption. Carrie's indignation knew no bounds. Like a little fury she ran at John, and hands, teeth and feet were vigorously used. Finding him the stronger, she left that mode of attack, and seizing a hatchet, chopped off the head of his rocking-horse. Mr. Selden was absent, and his poor wife was unequal to the tempest, and called upon Mr. Perry for aid. He gently took the hatchet from her hand, and led her into his study.

"Will you sit still a few minutes," he said, "while I finish this letter?"

She obeyed, but very reluctantly, not sitting down, but tapping upon the window sill with her fingers, and letting the disordered curls cover her face which was flushed with anger. He gave her a few moments to collect herself, while he deliberately finished his letter and folded and sealed it. Then drawing her gently toward him, he parted the tangled curls and smoothed the disordered hair, letting his hand rest for a moment upon her head; the very touch, as she said years afterwards, cooling the fever heat of her blood.

"Carrie," said he, "I knew and loved your father. He had one brother, who died before you were born, but whom your father loved more tenderly than I ever knew brother loved before, and when he died your father's grief was almost inconsolable. That brother had one defective eye from which the power of sight was gone. Your father, in a childish fit of anger, threw a fork, and alas! the hasty revenge proved a life-long misfortune to this his only brother. Your father never forgave himself, and felt that no devotion could ever compensate for that one act of passion. One day, when you were an infant, your mother discerned, as she thought, the signs of a quick temper, and spoke of it playfully. I saw the expression of pain upon your father's face, and he remarked to me: 'Perry, I have feared almost to have a child born unto me, lest it should inherit my hasty temper, and I meet my punishment in some terrible act committed by my child.' I think one reason in placing you with Mrs. Selden, was because of the sweetness and evenness of her temper; but I greatly fear that very fact will only lead you to restrain your passion less. I am much grieved at what I have seen this morning."

As he spoke, Carrie hid her face on his shoulder, and when he spoke those last words, she sobbed as if her heart would break. She was not an obstinate child, but was quickly moved to tears and smiles. It was not until his hand was again laid upon her head, that she could speak at all, and then, in broken language, she sobbed out:

"Oh, Mr. Perry, I never, never will get angry again if I can help it; but the wicked temper is in me, and what shall I do? Show me how to be good."

And he did show her how, for Mr. Perry was a Christian, and understood the only true way of self-conquest. Not then, but afterwards he told her how unlovely in a woman is ill-temper, repeating the words of the great poet:

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled; Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, her face of beauty; And while it is so, none to dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it."

The next day, after the mutilation of the rocking-horse, Mr. Selden was surprised and pleased to find that Carrie had taken some money, which had been given her to spend for Christmas gifts, and had bought a new horse for John. Mrs. Selden, with her usual indulgence, would have replaced the money, but Mr. Perry advised her not to do it, wisely judging that the self-denial was a valuable part of the discipline. I am sorry to add that the doll was not replaced until Mr. Perry went to New York, some six months afterwards, when such a model of doll beauty came with him, that Carrie, in all simplicity, asked him if he did not love it too well to give it away, and promised to bring it into his room every day, that he might have the pleasure of its company.

Such were the reminiscences of the guardian, as he sat with his wife's letter before him. The hope which he had dared to encourage in his heart was not wholly dead, or rather the bitterness of disappointment was in its first stage of keenness. He threw aside the letter, mounted Mazeppa, and rode long and rapidly for two hours; then he applied himself diligently for twice that time over some law-papers, and thus by the aid of a strong will, he managed to regain his power over himself. Mr. Perry's family believed in that Providence which orders all the events of our lives, and out of seeming evil educes good. The precious treasure which he had hoped to grasp, was taken from him and given to another for some wise purpose, and he would say, "God's will be done."

His love was so strong and pure that, if her happiness was to be secured, he could most cheerfully resign her to another—but still there lingered with him the feeling: who would cherish her as he would delight to do? It was the emotion of one who has a most precious treasure to guard, and dare not trust it to other hands. He almost dreaded her return, lest he should in some way betray himself. She would come home the affianced of another, and he must guard his every word and thought.

Some weeks after the reception of this letter, he was attending court in the capital of the State. The letters of the judges were usually brought at the same hour into the court room. The messenger-boy handed Judge Perry his, and passed on carelessly. The Judge saw the Paris postmark upon one, and hastily opened it. It was from Mrs. Bond.

DEAR JUDGE—We sent a package of letters only a few days since, but I am so anxious to consult you upon a matter which seriously affects the interest of your ward, that I write again.

I have just learned that our friend Herbert Weston has made an offer of his hand and heart to Carrie, and she has refused him—not a mere little, girlish refusal, which means yes, and makes a lover's heart more happy than too quick consent—but one of Carrie's "Nos!" by which you will understand that young Weston cannot venture again without being decidedly rude. Now I am sure that this will surprise and grieve you as much as it does myself. My great puzzle is to understand the reason for such a strange proceeding. Carrie likes young Weston. I have watched them in society, and I am sure there is no young gentleman for whom she has a higher esteem, and that esteem would ripen into love if it were only allowed time and opportunity. You know how desirable a match this will be; we may search the world for a better. I have set my heart upon it, and, Judge, you must give me your aid. We have a suspicion, both Weston and myself, that

there is a preengagement, a childish one, between John Selden and Carrie, which prevents her from reciprocating Weston's interest. You know her nice sense of honor, which would lead her to any self-sacrifice rather than violate her promise. As to her loving this John Selden, it is altogether out of the question. We know him well; he has neither mental nor personal advantages comparable with Weston; he has not firm principle, and it is my belief that he is only kept in check by your own firmness and a regard for Carrie or Carrie's wealth. Pray, do not let Carrie Howard be bound for life to John Selden. ("God forbid!" mentally exclaimed the Judge.) But Weston tells me that Selden gave out in college that as soon as he had graduated, he should marry and travel, and a fairer prize no man can win, he added. He gave no heed to this until lately. I know that they correspond, and that he is to meet her as soon as our steamer arrives in New York. You must be aware of her high respect for you; why, I believe she thinks you could not do wrong, and would follow you, if you asked, over burning coals, or to the North Pole.

Now I need hardly ask you to use your influence to have her give Weston a little more time—recall her hasty and unequivocal "No." I wish she would wait at least until she sees Weston's father and sister; and I pray, Judge, if you regard the happiness of your ward, warn her against John Selden. A child-promise of that kind is not sacred, and I am sure she will be much influenced by whatever you may say in this matter. I am so confident her happiness in life will be secured by a union with Weston, that I would even encounter the odium of a matchmaking lady could I see it accomplished. Hoping that you will write to us by the next steamer, I remain yours, truly,

HELEN BOND.

If any one in court had taken particular notice of Judge Perry that afternoon, they would have seen a light in his eye and a smile playing about his features which were not there in the morning. "Yes," he said to himself, "Carrie's 'No' is no, and not the half yes of many young ladies. She knows her own mind, and I think she is right—have thought all along that the petted hot-house plant, which my friend Weston has raised with so much care, was not exactly suited to my wild rose. She would prefer a man who has made his own way in the world, by dint of struggle and manly battle with difficulties. As for John Selden, I have no fears on that score; he has not soul enough to win my Carrie."

At Judge, but he has a will as strong as your own, and not held in check by principle—there is danger from such a man, for all the love John Selden has to give, is given to your ward, and he means to win her for himself. Your only safety is that he has not the least suspicion that you hope to do the same. Guard that secret and you may surprise him with your conquest, before he can bring up his forces for the siege.

"But that letter," thought the Judge, as he rode home on a fine, moonlight evening, his pulse beating time to the quick center of Mazypha—there never was a horse that seemed to understand his master's mood like that animal—"Yes, I must write a letter to Carrie, and let me see what it would be, if I wrote as my heart dictated: 'Blessings on you, my dear Carrie, for that no. Let it remain as you left it, and God helping me I will try to win a yes!'"

But we cannot always follow the dictates of the heart—if words forestall our wishes, the wishes themselves sometimes become bankrupt. I will first dictate a letter to Mrs. Bond:

DEAR MADAM—Your letter duly received, &c., &c. I am sure that I would much prefer that my ward become the wife of Herbert Weston than of John Selden. I think I can safely answer for the latter. There can be no such promise as that to which you refer, and I should most certainly feel it my duty to remonstrate against the fulfillment of it, if it existed. But as far as possible I wish to avoid even the mention of such topics to my ward. I would leave her free to act without any bias from myself. You have a woman's tact in such matters, and I willingly leave Carrie in your hands. Perhaps you are not aware that I have already given my consent to young Weston to prosecute his suit and win if he can. If Carrie has the confidence in me which you express, I wish to deserve it by never leading her where her happiness will not be increased by following; marriage at the best seems a lottery, and I could not urge her to commit herself at present. I would gladly keep her, for a few more years, the cares and burdens of life.

Such was the tenor of his ideal letter to Mrs. Bond as he rode home that evening, a strange, undefined feeling of hope springing in his heart, like a flower in early spring from beneath the snow.

He was much surprised, on his arrival home, to find John Selden with his mother. He had come from college on account of ill health, and the physician at New Haven had recommended a relief from college duties for some months.

"We have been thinking," said Mrs. Selden, "that a sea voyage would be just the thing, and if you do not object to the expense, he might go out in the next steamer, remain two or three weeks with Carrie, and return with her."

Mr. Perry looked at John, as his mother finished speaking.

There was no deception in his illness; he was pale and thin, and had evidently suffered. For the first time a suspicion crossed his mind that Mrs. Bond's fears were well-founded, and knowing John's peculiar temperament, that sudden, dogged determination which was so marked in the child, and which still clung to him as he approached manhood, he feared the result.

"Give my treasure to him!" thought the guardian, as he marked the heavy brow, the sallow complexion, and rather short neck of John. "Sooner would I lay her in yonder cemetery!" and then a deadly chill struck his heart at the bare possibility of ever seeing the features of his loved one pale in death. We attribute passion and strong emotion to the young, but no love so deep and enduring as that which takes possession of a man's middle life. The love of the college-boy compared to this, is like a silk worm's thread to the cable of a man-of-war. Love had taken possession of Mr. Perry's soul—it was entwined in every fibre—so strong and enduring was it that he could make any sacrifice for the happiness of the loved one, but to see her in the power of John Selden—to give her up to one so much her inferior, and know that she must wake at last to find herself bound for life to one so uncongenial, was beyond his power.

These thoughts passed very rapidly through his mind, for the pause was a short one after Mrs. Selden's question.

"I have no objection to the plan; it would perhaps be no more expensive than to place him under the care of a doctor who would drug him, or keep him here, where I fear that a mother's indulgence would be no better."

Mr. Perry could hardly explain to himself his quick assent. Why should he give this boy the privilege which would be so precious to himself? The little spring-flower was not crushed—it was still there amid the snow; it was a frail little

thing, but such delicate blossoms are often found on the rugged Alps, and survive many a hard gale and mountain storm.

He wrote his letter to Mrs. Bond, but not just the letter, for it was to go in the same steamer with John, and some explanation was required. This was somewhat difficult to do, for he was sure that lady would have cold greeting for the young man. But he wrote his letter, bade John farewell, wished him a safe voyage, and then turned to his duties, sure at least that hard work was the only specific for himself.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

[Original.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY MATTIE G. V. SMITH.

Love is not that idle passion,
Born when reason is dethroned
By the fume from foaming goblet,
Passed by unsteady hands around;

Love is not the child of fancy,
Nurtured in the halls of pride,
Littering for one brief moment
By some lipping beauty's side;

Nor is Love that lurking demon,
Eating into souls like rust,
Changing life's bright joys to sadness—
Miserable, maddening Lust!

No; nor is it that base passion—
Than the frigid zone more cold—
Creatures we call Man and Woman,
Barter off for fame and gold.

Love is that bounding, blithe some joy
That rippling runs through every vein,
That sparkling, darts from eye to eye,
Killing hearts that else were twain.

Love is the outgushing of the soul,
Free as the ambient air of Heaven;
Love is the guiding star of Hope,
The guard of Faith to mortals given.

Love is a jewel in life's crown,
The central, brightest gem;
Love is the pure, the priceless pearl,
In Nature's peerless diadem.

Love is the bright-wing'd messenger
Twixt us on earth and friends above,
Love is the harbinger of peace;
Love is God, and God is Love.

[Original.]

RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ruthie has written you some words to the good tune of 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,'" said Uncle John, to the assembly in the Hall, the next Sunday. "We will all join in the chorus with a hearty will, both for the sake of the one who wrote us the words, and for the faith we have in what they tell us."

Jennette took her place at the melodeon, and Jim was by her side, while Ruthie distributed some printed copies of the following song:

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

TRAMP—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

From the dark and silent night,
Has come forth this glad, sweet morn,
And we watch the sunrise dawning o'er the hills,
But we wait a better day,
And a far more glorious dawn,
When the sun of love each human heart shall fill.
(Chorus) Wait, wait, wait, the dawn is breaking,
Cheer up, comrades, day will come;
When to love our fellow men,
And to seek to bless them all,
We shall make the sunlight of each happy home.

See the beauty of the morn
With its gems of glistening dew,
And the flowers that shed their perfume o'er the earth,
Yet a light is glowing here,
With a radiance ever new,
And the flowers of love that know no chill or dearth.

(Chorus) See, see, see those flowers are blooming,
Look for the dawning of that day,
For the love of God is ours,
And we'll walk the heavenly flowers
While we walk with angels up the heavenly way.

In each heart there dwells a light
That can shine forth like a star,
When the sun of love shall break upon the soul,
Let us set those lights on fire:
Let us shed their love afar,
While we bless each other as we bless the whole.
(Chorus) Come, come, come, the day is dawning,
Cheer up, comrades, it will come;
For the love we bear to each,
And the good we do to all
Is the light by which we'll find our Heavenly home.

Miss Marvel had come in early, and had taken a front seat that she might gratify her curiosity without any barriers; and as the singing of the song proceeded, she put on a look expressive of holy horror, and shook her head in quite a tragic manner, until every cut glass bead on the hanging black ornaments of her grey bonnet, jingled and trembled. But some one observed that in spite of her horror, she kept very good time with her shakings in the chorus. It was inspiring to hear the children's voices ring out in the chorus, and Jim could not keep his eyes off Genie, who sang in so sweet an alto, that it would seem as if she had been thoroughly trained. All eyes glowed as the song closed, and when all was silent, Miss Marvel rose, shook out the folds of her black silk dress, adjusted her shawl, and walked with most expressive steps from the hall.

It is true, that a person's steps do not speak in words, but the sharp clasp of Miss Marvel's heels on the uncarpeted floor, made quite a speech, and Uncle John, at least, could hear what they said. She was followed by other steps, and there was quite a chorus of footsteps, followed by much talking at the door.

"It's ridiculous," "Who ever heard the like?" and on the Sabbath, too!"

"I do hope that the officers will interfere and stop such proceedings."

When the busy hum had ceased, Uncle John arose:

"We can sometimes do much good by telling our thoughts," said he, "as they come to us fresh, and perhaps inspired by some influences better

than we know. Let me tell you some of my thoughts."

I am thinking of a beautiful spring day many years ago, when I was young. The light seemed brighter to my eyes then, than I see it now; for no troubles had ever veiled its shining to my eyes. How bright the flowers were upon the roadside. I remember, with what a glorious yellow the Dandelion gleamed forth, and how the Buttercups glowed; and by the brook-side, how the Starwort and Tiarrella sparkled in their white blooming.

Beautiful wild flowers! What sweet lessons of love they teach us! There is hardly a soil so poor that some fair flower does not seek to adorn it. I have seen on a bed of sand a little delicate purple flower like a star, looking with its tender eye to the heavens, as if remembering to bless the sun, and sky, and cloud, for the goodness that had come to its tiny life.

Well! I walked by the roadside and gathered flowers, and on to the hill, and into the meadows, and by the brook, and I had, the golden, and the white, and the blue, and the rose all within my hand; and a bouquet of rare beauty it was. As I returned, I went through a garden, and plucked of the flowers there. Gay Tulips, and purple Lilacs, and Pansies, and the fair Narcissus, with many others.

I was very weary from my long walk, and while still holding my flowers to admire their mingled beauty, I fell asleep, or, if I was not asleep, I dreamed, and this was my dream:

A Narcissus raised its head a little, shook its white petals, and looking out from its yellow eye, winked to a bright Tulip and began to whisper: "I was never so disgusted in all my life. Here we are all mixed up with common flowers. That Buttercup has dusted my dress with its yellow pollen, and I dare say it will never come off. Things have come to a pretty pass, I do declare!"

"I think as much," replied the red Tulip, "I have always lived in good society, and I mean to; I'm determined not to have the least intercourse with these disagreeable people. Why, I've no doubt, that that disagreeable Buttercup grows by some old stone wall, and I dare say never saw anything but grass and clover."

The Tulip said this quite loud enough to be heard by all the flowers, and there was immediately a great commotion, for what Madam Tulip said, was considered good authority for the Daffodils and Persian Lilacs, and was very likely to be echoed by many other flowers.

The little wild flowers were in quite a quiver. Their simple life had left them free from ambition, and they were ready to admire their beautiful neighbors without envy. But the words of scorn they had heard, aroused all the bitterness of their natures, and little wild flowers have some bitter juices flowing in their veins. A little Tiarrella, who was named thus, because of her fitness to adorn a queen, felt the warm life glow on every petal, and she whispered to the Starwort:

"I guess we are quite as good as any body. Hold up your head, and say so!"

"I'd rather make up faces at them," said the Starwort.

"Hal hal ha!" laughed the Dandelion; "good for you, little flower! I'll sprinkle a little of my yellow dust on them and see how they like that." "That's it," said a red Clover, hardly yet blushing from its green leaf; "the miserable, proud aristocrats! I reckon that it takes two to make friends. Let them know that they can't lord it over us!"

"Hear them, my brothers," said the Persian Lilac. "Our way in life has been marked out for us by a loving Providence. Very sweetly and beautifully have we been kept from all evil influences. We are, of course, very thankful, and we do not intend to interrupt the divine harmony of our flower-life."

"Of course, of course we do not," said a Hyacinth. "Do not let us put off our dignity by even noticing this vulgar herd! Have we been watched and tended and sheltered to no purpose? What is our education and refinement for but to put us in a higher sphere than herbs and pasture weeds? I don't object to their enjoying themselves in their own way, but they can never appreciate our methods of culture."

"Where did you come from first?" whispered a pretty, wild Azalea.

"Me?" said another Hyacinth; "did you speak to me? Why, our family is the very best in the country. We are of foreign birth, and sought for in many lands."

"But at first you were only a wild flower," said a pert, little, half-opened Buttercup.

"Hush! hush!" said a purple Pansie. "We are all from one common Mother Earth, and the same sun warms us all; what's the use of quarrelling?"

"What's the use to you?" said a rare white Tulip. "You always were a dark-lined, democratic creature, and what people keep you in gardens for I don't know. If you were a little fairer, you would have more reason to complain. You'd better keep company with your cousins from the meadow altogether, and not talk about what you do not understand!"

By this time there was such a fluttering among all the flowers that they looked like a company of gay insects warring with each other. No one seemed to care for anything but to talk the loudest and say the most. Some little Violets alone seemed frightened into silence, and the Dandelion fairly shook with laughter at the ill temper of the garden flowers.

Just then a sunbeam came glancing from out a cloud that had hidden it during this controversy. It seemed suddenly to be endowed with a form and to possess a voice, and it looked like a spirit of light bending over its wayward children.

"Highty, highty, my little ones! What means all this commotion? Are you not all my children? Have I not given you of my most holy life, and watched you with tenderest love? How could I spare any one of you? Each one fills some place in the all-perfect. What could I do without the Dandelion to show forth the golden light that has gathered from my life? What could I do without that little star by the brook-side to look down into the waters and reflect some of my life there? And, children of the garden, do I ever forget you, that you should forget your neighbors whom you deem less fortunate? What is your life for, but to bring up from the earth a form so lovely that I can touch it and make it reflect an image worthy of the all-beautiful? Each separate flower forms a part of that all-beautiful. Not one could be missed, not one be forgotten. The little Violet, half-hidden, in the leaves, does its work for the earth. It brings up higher the life that is waiting to ascend. Oh, my sweet and beloved ones, if you each do your duty, if you each live the life that is best fitted to you, we shall have no more complaints, or envy, or ill will."

There was a stillness among the flowers, and quietly and peacefully they laid themselves closer together, and their perfume seemed like a grateful prayer. I dreamed no more; but when I awoke, the flowers had bent their heads nearer together, and looked as if indeed they had been listening to the spirit of the sunbeam. But I have never forgotten that lesson of the flowers,

Can any of these children tell me if they understand what it means?"

There was a little silence, and then Genie raised her head, as if she had something to say.

"Please, sir, I think some of it means me."

"The wisest people," said Uncle John, "read truth in themselves and not in their neighbors; so my little sage, tell us why it means you."

"Please, sir," said Genie, "I said folks that live in nice houses were proud; and I was like the Dandelion: I tried to throw dirt on their dresses. Becky told me to, and it was fun sometimes. But papa looked sad, and said, 'Not so did your mother, my baby.'"

Genie's face was now crimson, for many eyes were on her. But Uncle John turned to them, and said:

"Many a one has said what the Tulip said, I have no doubt; but if we can learn the blessed lesson of love from the sunlight of God's love, as the flowers did from the sunbeam, we shall have taken one step toward the kingdom of heaven on earth."

"Uncle John," said Ruthie, when they had reached home; "wasn't it splendid to see such a turn out this morning? Why, there were a hundred children there, counting in the Scouts. But I wonder why you do not have some plan and get matters in some sort of ship-shape. Miss Marvel says—"

"Now Ruthie, dear, I know your heart cares not a whit for what Miss Marvel says."

"But, uncle, everybody says we shall fail; the excitement will die away, and nobody will come."

"Well, they say right, Ruthie, if there is nothing to interest them. But supposing I, an old man, make a plan and try to carry it out, do not you suppose that will weary the young folks? I have been looking at that beautiful hyacinth that you have in the vase. It was only a little while ago, an unsightly bulb, but it had vigor in it. It did not hurry itself as it unfolded, leaf by leaf, until at last the cluster of buds appeared, and now the blooming is perfected. Let us put forth a leaf at a time. Last Sunday we had music proposed—that was a most lovely leaf; and to-day the plan for our Strawberry Festival, to get money for books was perfected, and we all have found out something to do. Depend upon it, another leaf will open by next Sunday."

"Well," said Jim, coming in with a step full of gladness, "I've done it! I declared I would. I've found Genie's father, and know where she lives. It is up in an attic, and there is no furniture but a couple of chairs and a bed; but everything was as neat as could be, and her father has been a musician, but he has lost his voice, and he looks half-dead; but he did not complain."

"Poor child!" said Ruthie, thinking of Genie, "what can we do for her?"

"If you'll believe me," said Jim, "he has as much spirit and pride of the true sort as if he were worth his tens of thousands. I calculated these people would not like beggars, so I began to offer to assist them, and you should have seen the flash of his eye! I felt ashamed of myself, and as if he was the better man of the two. He is poor only because of misfortune, and I should not wonder if he had once been a man of high standing. So, Uncle John, you must help me to a plan for relieving him, or rather Genie; for do it I will."

"It is worth all the labor for the school to have found her, is it not?" And we shall find also that it requires as much Christian grace to receive aid in the right spirit, as to bestow it. What do you say to getting up a class of music-scholars for him?"

"First best, and I'll pay their tuition if they can't themselves, and then we can hire some songs composed to words Ruthie will write; won't you, you little Quaker? But do let us have some spirited words. What's the harm in the Star Spangled Banner style, if it is for Sunday singing?"

"Oh, Jim, you never will think that religion is anything but fun," said Ruthie.

"No, no, sis mine, not exactly that, but the right kind of fun is religion; if it isn't, we'd better not have any fun. I pretend to say that religion of the right kind enters into everything. You can't get over the parson's preaching, which makes religion consist in long faces, drawing tones, and such glances as Miss Marvel turned towards the ceiling this morning, as if she saw something there that came nigh giving her a fit. But was it fun to see her roll her eyes, and draw down the corner of her mouth, when we sang the chorus? Why, Ruthie, what possessed you to think of writing words to that music? If I had done it, it would have been no wonder; but you, you little sactimonious Quaker!" and Jim stopped, being fairly out of breath. Ruthie laughed, and said she'd take Greenville next time for her theme. And Uncle John listened, with his heart very glad at the noble spirit that he recognized under Jim's gay manner, and the independence that burned under the quiet brow of Ruthie.

[To be continued.]

The Use of the Dictionary.

The reader may discover by the following extract that it would be possible to write a technically grammatical sentence which would be almost unintelligible. The words below can all be found in the dictionary, and all are grammatically used; yet the thing is as hopelessly dark as if written in Cherokee. It is an amusing illustration of the fact that one may write English, or speak it, and still use an unknown tongue. The latter purports to be a note from an author to a critic:

"Sir—You have behaved like an impetuous scrofula! Like those iniquitous, crass scrofula who, envious of my moral exultation, carry their nugatory to the height of creating sympathetically the faecal words which my polymath genius uses with liberty to abrogate the tongues of the west—Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tag-rags. I will not condescend to reprehend you—I would oblige a veil over the infernal ingratitude which has characterized even my undisciplined heart. I am silent on the facilliation which my condiscipularity must have given you when I offered to become your tutor and admiral."

I will not speak of the lipitude, the ablepy, you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental disengagement. So I tell you, sir, synecdochically and without supererogation, nothing will render ignominious your conduct to me, if I warn you that I would velleitate your nose, if I thought that any moral diarrhoea could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impugn your reputation by such a dignification. Go, (telegraphic scrofula) hand with your crass, inquisitive fustians—draw obelisks from the thought, if you can, of having synchrotronically lost the estimation of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it."

Knowledge is power, and power is mercy; so I wish you no worse than that it may prove an eternal hypnotic.

For an entire solution of the above highly interesting missive, the anxious reader is invited to acquaint himself on a half or two with Walker's or Webster's unabridged.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by JAMES M. HARRIS, in the office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT,
BY J. M. W. TERRY.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 24.
AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at 3 o'clock, and Mr. M. B. Dwyer read an address on the manifestations of the dark circle order, which we give below.

Address of M. B. Dwyer.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I rise for the purpose of offering a resolution, which has for its object results that are of vital importance to the progress, general acceptance, and permanency of Spiritualism. I therefore ask your indulgence for a few minutes, while I preface the resolution with a few remarks. I am not only glad to meet with many patriots, but also with this Convention, but it is gratifying to recognize those who are not ashamed to assemble as Spiritualists. Although present day, Spiritualism is retarded in its spread and usefulness, is disgraced, defamed and made a by-word of reproach, by the numerous exorcisms, deceivers and impostors that seek to attach themselves to the glorious garments of the most ennobling faith that has ever dawned upon and lighted up the pathway of humanity; that faith which is based upon facts, and incontrovertible evidence which demonstrates a mathematical certainty that this transitory existence is not the end of being; that life is continuous, and that endless progress, instead of endless punishment, is the inheritance of every human soul.

In the few remarks I propose making, I am aware that I shall conflict with the opinions of many of my friends. But, as Spiritualists claim that their faith is based upon reason and evidence, they can with but little consistency, deny the right of any and all to question their opinions, and to examine, by reason, logic and investigation, the assumptions upon which they determine acknowledgment and endorse the so-called spiritual manifestations of the dark circle order, to be of spiritual or superhuman origin. For my own part, I believe no spiritual manifestation that can be authenticated and proven to be such, is superhuman, but that the tricks and impostures that are palmed off as spiritual manifestations, are not only superhuman but are above the limitations of God himself. I have said I was glad to meet with these patriots, who were not ashamed to stand up for the glorious flag of Spiritualism. I am glad, but I must be allowed to qualify the expression, which I propose to do before I close the few remarks I am now making. I have been and am still denounced by many who call themselves Spiritualists, as an unbeliever and an opposer of Spiritualism, because I do not believe in, and have sought for an opportunity to give my reasons for not believing in those absurdities which do not appeal to our senses or reason, performed as they are under the cover of darkness, and scrupulously guarded against the most carefully cognized, detection or investigation by which we are enabled to determine the truth or falsity of what is presented for our acceptance. No evidence can be advanced that appeals to my reason or senses, that those so-called spiritual manifestations have any other origin than mundane trickery. And before going any further, permit me to say, that if the transparent, loved ones in the spirit world, the Davenport, the Edgars, the Perriss, the Chas. Smith, the W. W. and a host of other dark circle impostors, are palming off upon the credulous their vile deceptions as the manifestations of disembodied spirits, are the basis upon which Spiritualism rests; if it has no facts recognizable by the human senses, such as do not shun the light of day, the test of reason and common sense, then I am tightly judged, and am no Spiritualist—and may the God of the universe and his ministering spirits, those loved ones in the spirit world, save me from such Spiritualism. I am aware that I am committing myself open to the charge of unstrained denunciation. To that charge I reply, that this is neither the time nor place to investigate that matter, neither would I be allowed time or opportunity to produce the proofs, were this an appropriate occasion.

My object in bringing this matter before this Convention, is to show the necessity of the Spiritualists having at least one free Press in which their Editors shall not be permitted to assume and arrogate to themselves, the right to judge and decide upon the infallibility of any and all of those who differ in opinion with them, in question, discuss, reason upon and investigate both sides of any question that has a bearing, or influence upon Spiritualism or human reform. The columns of our papers afford abundant proof that there is nothing too absurd to be admitted into them, provided it be attributed to spirits; and partakes of the quality of marvellousness sufficient to make it unreasonable, whilst they will not admit an article or line in their paper that need not be doubted to be an absurdity. These papers are based upon a foundation that obliges them to exclude everything that dares to question their infallible judgment upon those exceedingly marvellous subjects or statements, it is time we have one established upon a better foundation. Volumes of the most wonderful and incredible assertions are constantly being published, bolstering up and indorsing the most impossible stories as spiritual manifestations, making Spiritualism ridiculous in the eyes of men of common sense, whilst at the same time they are committing themselves to publish a line questioning its verity; hence it is no wonder that the freemen and minds in the nation and world, tens of thousands of whom are Spiritualists, are ashamed to own it publicly, because everything that is wonderful and marvellous enough to lack the endorsement of reason and common sense is fostered and fostered by the leaders of our spiritual journals. Spiritualists charge the Orthodox press with papers opposed to Spiritualism, with refusal to meet them in a fair debate or investigation of the subject, whilst there is not a sectarian journal in the country that is not as free as our own. Why this is so, you are as capable of judging as I am.

I say these things in no spirit of condemnation or unkindness; for there are those connected with both of our spiritual papers whom I esteem highly; and value their friendship as much as any friends I have; and I would also add, that they have been exceedingly liberal in granting me the use of the columns in all of my protestations for the benefit of the Spiritual movement, which I have taken an active part; and in behalf of that institution, I tender them the thanks of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, with which I am connected. But at the same time, I cannot help feeling that they have not done justice to the cause of Spiritualism, by refusing to lay before the readers of their papers both sides of a question, when which there is so vital and so important to the interests and cause of Spiritualism as the one about which I am speaking. I am fully aware of the position which I am placing myself in, making these denunciations. Those opposed to my views, have free use of or control the spiritual press; can say what they please; whilst I shall probably be excluded, as I have been before from replying through the same channel.

Are these dark circle performances spirit manifestations, as alleged? or are they the work of mundane origin? are they a deception? I have for years endeavored in vain to bring before the Spiritualists of this country, through their papers, for reasonable investigation. It is a question, upon which I believe there are as many who do not believe them to be manifestations of disembodied spirits; as there are those who do; and so far, my observations extend, I believe the majority of Spiritualists regard them as deceptions, and not as the spiritual manifestations, and will not permit any one to give a reason adverse to their claim, in their papers, the whole body of Spiritualists must be satisfied with what is the majority of thinking, reasoning Spiritualists, and if any, investigating minds, who would otherwise be Spiritualists, the greatest absurdity of the most consummate nonsense. Being one of the

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many happy faces before him. We are here for a great work in behalf of ourselves, and the and suffering, sorrowing, laboring millions of our kindred. The masses of the people are bearing burdens of which we but little realize. We are looking for a better era for the redemption of the race from various forms of evil. Physical, mental and spiritual revolutions succeed each other in human history; we are now coming into a great spiritual revolution destined to overthrow all forms of religion which oppress and enlighten the mind. The bondage of fear is broken. The light of science is dispelling all superstition. A light undertone to frighten Cuvier by dressing himself up with hoofs and horns in imitation of some pictures of the devil. But Cuvier quizzed the fellow of shorn hoofs and horns, and put him to flight. So with the masses of the people to-day. You are not to be scared by representations of devil, hob, or threats of damnation. Over all the fearful legends of the past, Spiritualism is spreading its benign radiance, in prospect of the better time coming.

After the singing of a doxology, the immense congregation adjourned in perfect order, till the evening session.

Friday Evening Session.—Additional lights having been put up in the grove, the camp ground presented a cheerful and brilliant appearance as twilight faded, and the great temple of Nature sparkled in every leaf. The scene was one of indescribable interest as the immense throng of people poured in from every direction, till more than three thousand were gathered around the speakers stand.

Dr. U. Clark presiding, announced "Cambridge," as the opening hymn of the evening, and the audience joined with the choir in making the sound-land echo with the sound of thousands of voices.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, of New Orleans, a delegate to the Southern Loyalists Convention, and known as one of the most brilliant orators, graduating from a law school in New York, in 1852, was introduced as the opening speaker. His theme was Spiritualism. Though one of the earliest investigators and mediums, after all he had learned and experienced, seen, heard, felt, said and written, the speaker confessed that he knew but little of this greatest of all things. There was a time when he thought he knew all about it—spirits, angels, archangels and God. But now after having begun to realize the vastness of man, Deity and universe, and the eternity of being, all his knowledge vanished into insignificance before the immeasurable unknown. God is infinite, and baffles our finite capacity to comprehend his entire being. Man, made in the image of God, is likewise infinite; and there are thoughts, emotions, aspirations and capabilities wrapped up within him, which lift him up, and out, and on, till he is lost in the immeasurable vastness of the universe. Let our faith and fancy soar off until we seem to take in one solar system after another, till we attain to the highest standard of angels, archangels, yea, of the mightiest gods reigning enthroned in the heavens, and after all, we have attained nothing compared with what is before us on the highway of endless progress. There are immortals walking upon the pinnacles of celestial glory, compared with whom the wisest mortals are mere idiots. In the meanest, lowest, blackest being bearing the image of God, there is a royal soul destined to take in the loftiest places of which our imaginations can conceive. Every step of our history, from childhood to the last stage of this mortal life, gives indications prophetic of eternal progress. This view of our nature and destiny imposes on us perpetual duties which tax every power of our being. There is no room for idleness. We have too much to do and learn. Our way must be worked all through this world, and we shall have something to do in the next world, too. Let us, then, play on harps, and sit on high benches through all eternity. All that is false must be unlearned; all that has been wrong, must be atoned for. The employments in the spirit-world will be infinitely more various than they are in this. And there we shall be free; free from all evil, sickness, sorrow, suffering, death, hell, and free from all slavery. (Dr. Randolph's allusion to the slavery of one of the races to which he belongs, elicited great sensation and applause. Then followed a graphic description of the spirit-world, which no reporter could well re-produce on paper.) There no limits will bound our pursuit of knowledge, or our pursuit of aught which our immortal natures demand. But before we take our place on the highway of this glorious and eternal destiny, we must become entirely disincarnated of everything pertaining to the selfish, sensual, sensual. We must, in every way, make atonement for every thought, word and deed, which has wounded, wronged, or injured a friend or fellow-being. Peace of conscience and hope of happiness can be purchased only by a self-consecration like that of Jesus. [The speaker concluded by alluding to his mission among the colored population of the South, and made a powerful and successful appeal to the sympathies of the audience.]

Mrs. Clara Dearborn, of Worcester, Mass., a lady endowed with fine abilities and excellent address, though lacking the public experience sufficient to develop power enough to hold the large assembly, after offering a few remarks on the happy and auspicious occasion of the evening, made some good remarks on charity, and gave an exhortation as to the need of constant effort in behalf of everything pure and ennobling.

Mrs. Fannie Allen, still persisting, as she means to, in her neat, sunny, tidy, well-becoming, Diocesan dress, half-Turkish attire, was again called to the stand and welcomed by an applauding multitude. She was favored with the happiest inspirations flowing from the sea of faces around her and the unseen throng above. In fine poetic measure she made a most practical and appropriate allusion to everything and every body connected with the camp-meeting—the scene before her, the lighted grove, the glimmering stars, the tinted foliage, the speakers, mediums, the angel couriers of the air, the thousands of sparkling eyes and beating hearts, the earthly home and the home beyond, the great spiritual cause, the BANNER OF LIGHT and, in short, everything which was calculated to arouse the best thoughts and feelings of the assembly and send them home happy, harmonious and blest; and, as she closed, there was a loud and long clapping of thousands of hands. The beauty, genius, originality and appropriateness of her remarks, ready utterance of this poetic effusion, left no doubt of the inspiration of the young speaker. The substance of the closing stanzas was nearly as follows:

Ye have gathered in God's temple, with immortals very near,
Whispering words of holy comfort, of loving, hopeful cheer,
Lifting up your aspirations to the angel's Summer-land,
While they pour, in showers upon you, inspiration from their band.
Listen, then, oh, kindly, to the soothing music notes,
Coming from the higher love-realms which surround you ever floats,
Till it wakes the God within you with its harmony profound,
As ye gather here in peace to-night on this camp-meeting ground.

Ye have listened, men and women, ye have heard,
Oh, sire and youth,
The inspiration flowing from the brilliant fount of truth!

Ye have caught the gleams of knowledge, and your souls these thoughts can view,
Test your theories by practice; yours it is this work to do.

Spirits, with their love returning, with their words of truth and right,
Use that noble, grand, old standard, the BANNER OF (true) LIGHT,
Will you rally round its glowing folds, in this army grand be found,
Thus blessing with your words and deeds our own camp-meeting ground?

For its editor, brave and fearless, advocates the truth to-day,
Adding, oh, ye men and women, sustain him in his way,
These are hosts of others working 'neath this BANNER OF (true) LIGHT,
Side by side, and ever onward, with our own unsullied white.

Join this army, marching upward, and let kind thoughts be your creed,
Your sermons be your nobles' thoughts, your invocations be your deeds,
Resolute to-night, to do, and dare to be with actions crowned.

Ye'll always thank him back, with joy to this camp-meeting ground.

And Western hands have reared a shrine; go on—want to its aid.
Philosophical religion can never die or fade,
While little gems are sparkling with a light ye may behold.
Shining down within the children's hearts that blossoms may unfold.
Men of wealth and souls of talent, work, and let your watchword be,
"Light is our us, and religion brings eternal liberty."
Faithful do your duty ever, bear the cross and wear the crown,
While the angels flood with glory this grand camp-meeting ground.
The meeting then adjourned to the next morning.

[To be continued.]

Addendum.

In the editorial "summary of the action of the Convention," which appeared in the BANNER of Sept. 8, no mention is made of the passage of the following:

Whereas, The present Alphabetic and Orthographic Systems of the world—by reason of their artificialness, unfitness, individual incompleteness, inconsistencies and absurdities—are a serious barrier to Education, and a potent means of preventing Universal Intelligence and International Harmony; therefore,

Resolved, That a Universal Philosophical Alphabet of Nature, based strictly upon the law of correspondence between sound and sign, and an Orthography permitting no silent letters, and no changeableness in the sound of any given letter, are imperatively demanded.

Resolved, That it is eminently fitting that Spiritualism—recognizing as it does the universal brotherhood of Man and the essential oneness of human interests—should be the channel for the transmission to the world of such an Alphabet and Orthography, and, eminently fitting that Spiritualists, as lovers of the race, should countenance, encourage, and endeavor to establish so beneficent a system.

The above was presented by the writer in Committee, and accepted; but when brought before the Convention (in the early part of the afternoon session of Saturday) was, by some strange misapprehension, at first, indefinitely postponed. An hour or two later, however, when the stress of business had subsided, I called attention anew to the matter—regretting the very hasty manner in which it had been disposed of—setting forth some of the principles of the Panophonic Reform, and showing the necessity for such a movement, and the legitimacy of its connection with Spiritualism. Alluded to the fact, that the Panophonic System is a bequest to us from the angel-life, offered as the foundational element in the coming reconstruction of every department of scholastic education, and remarked, that if now ignored, the subject would recur again and again at future Conventions, until its importance should be acknowledged—that the movement is inevitable, and might as well be inaugurated at once, as to be longer deferred—and that no doubt every member of the Convention present, was in reality in sympathy with so self-evidently proper and needful a reform. Some of the absurdities of the present English Orthography, were also shown.

At the conclusion, the former vote was rescinded, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted. I do not know why you should have omitted all mention of the matter, (as it is by no means an unimportant or insignificant fact, that Universal Alphabetic Reform received the unanimous sympathy and endorsement of the Third National Spiritual Convention,) unless because of the fact that your reporter was not present at the time. It is, however, a sufficiently serious omission to justify me in making the respectful request that you will either publish this, or an editorial equivalent, in order that "the truth, and the whole truth" may be presented in the editorial "summary."

J. MADISON ALLYN.

Foxboro, Mass.

Once more in my wandering ways, I have visited this beautiful little village of Massachusetts, which ever reminds me of the industry of New England women. It is one of the neatest and most tasteful, if not the first one of the many elegant villages of Massachusetts. But what is most interesting to me, is the argument it furnishes for woman, in advocacy of her practical talent in using the property to secure the greatest amount of comfort in life. The straw works of this village, have for a long time furnished labor and pay to a large portion of the females in the place and vicinity, and they have expended much of their earnings in public and private improvements, which have made the place a most desirable one for a quiet country residence. The streets, cottages, gardens, town hall, churches, and the internal and external furniture and arrangements of the houses, all show a superior taste to most other villages. The society is also of a superior order, and in accordance with the outward display. Not haughty, proud, vain, selfish; but intelligent, frank, generous and genial, partaking largely of the elements of our religion and philosophy.

I cite this with other arguments, in favor of what I have long claimed for woman: the equal right to own and control the property of this world, of which she is an equal heir of God or nature, with man, to all lands, animal, vegetable, universal wealth, and in all products and improvements; has certainly earned one half or more, and she is therefore entitled to one half the property in the country, and owns and holds less than one-eighth of it. I also claim for her an equal right to make and administer the laws; at least all which she is governed by and has to support—and especially the laws of marriage and parentage, if we have laws on that subject. I feel sure we should have better homes, better husbands, better wives, better children, better villages, better cities, better laws and a better nation, if woman had her share of the property and control of society. Every step in that direction shows it, as does the little town of Foxboro.

I had two most excellent meetings there, September 2, and met many old familiar faces and many new ones, full of earnest and honest inquiry after the truths of our Philosophy and of life after death, which they cannot find in the Churches or the religion of sectarian Christianity. A blessing on Foxboro, and many thanks for the evidence it furnishes of the enterprise and intelligence of woman.

WARREN CHASE.

The Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists

will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Lawrence, City Hall, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 10th, 11th and 12th of October. The object of the Convention being to fill vacancies, and devise some means by which the glorious principles of Spiritualism may be more fully disseminated throughout the State. And it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the cause will see that every section of the State be represented, and that delegates be sent from every city, town and hamlet. The Haverhill and Lowell choirs are expected to be present at the Convention. As the friends of Lawrence intend to entertain as many as possible free, it is desirable that all who expect to attend the Convention, should send in their names as early as possible, in order that better arrangements may be made. For this purpose all are requested to address Mrs. Susan A. Willis, box 473, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, Vice President.
Mrs. MAYO, Secretaries.
L. B. RICHARDS, Secretary.
Boston, September 19, 1866.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and intercourse. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, well-being and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes the character of man as immortal and divine, though a creature of matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Labor: Its Worth and Its Wages.

The National Convention of Spiritualists, assembled recently at Providence, did not omit to pay due consideration to the great question of the rights and rewards of Human Labor—a question whose adjustment is going to task the best thoughts of the men of the present generation. With the other resolutions passed by them before their adjournment, was the following:

Resolved, That the hand of honest labor alone holds the sovereign sceptre of civilization; that its rights are commensurate with its character; that it is the duty of all to be so fully and completely compensated as to furnish to the toiling millions ample means, times and opportunities for education, culture, refinement and pleasure; and that equal labor, whether performed by men or women, should receive equal compensation.

That we agree with wholly and unreservedly; and so will all reformers, philanthropists, people of progress, and lovers of right and justice. If sentiment be allowed to control in the work of philanthropy, here is the field for its operation; and a wide and noble field it is, including all men and women who labor with their hands, which is the very large majority of the people of the country, for we are no idlers here; we all work, some at one thing and some at another.

It is true in all respects that "the hand of honest labor alone holds the sovereign sceptre of civilization." This great continent has so far become a conquest to civilization only through the steady service of organized labor; and it is that alone to which it will be indebted for the fullest disclosure of the real grandeur of its wealth and the perfect development of its resources. Labor, as ever before in the world, conquers all things. In the historic ages it won battles for Greek and Roman, and carried the name of a conquering State to the heart of the furthest country, bringing back captive kings and princes in return; in this era it is at work on the side of progress and civilization, harnessed to the car of advancement, and yet working not as a beast of burden but with the inspiration of intelligence, foresight, and comprehensive calculation.

Ought not such an agent, so powerful and universal, to be at least recognized by its beneficiaries for what it is indeed worth? If this shall not receive and enjoy its full reward, pray what and who shall? Where does just recompense belong if not to intelligent and honest labor, holding fast to its tasks till they are finished? If there is to be an aristocratic order established at all on our soil, who should belong to it, forming its head and body, but those who have done and are still doing the work by which as a people we have come to be what we are? It argues no really forward state of our civilization that the case has to be presented at the bar of public opinion for an impartial opinion. It is proof of anything but genuine progress, that we are obliged to plead for the cause of the producer against that of the mere holder. It ought not to be so. Something must clearly be wrong when the true order of things is so fatally inverted.

They keep telling us that there is no inconsistency in the relations of capital to labor; that the interests of both are similar; that the well-being of one is bound up in the other. So we would very much like to believe. But when we see workmen in foundries and factories receiving, per diem, one thousandth, or even one hundredth part of the profits for the year, when upon their faithful and intelligent industry depended the question of any profits at all, we cannot subscribe to any such doctrine as is so plausibly set forth by the paid advocates of capital. And when we see makers of clothing, who have taken large contracts at great prices, snip off sixpence and a shilling from what they will receive for each garment, to pay the portentious sewing-girl—with themselves taking the lion's share and building up showy fortunes in a few months—we indignantly refuse to accept any such statement as that the interests of capital and labor are as yet identical, and repeat our belief with still louder and more protesting emphasis that something must be done without delay to lift the laboring class out of this condition of practical servitude.

The laborer is still worthy of his hire. This is professedly a Christian nation; yet so simple and manifest a truth as that is not yet suffered free operation in our midst. Whatever the laborer may be worth, let him get what he can, is rather the spirit of the present time. It is not necessary to say that this is not right in any sense, or to add the prophesy that it will surely lead to serious, and possibly permanent trouble in our social arrangement. To obviate this, a very different course of conduct is demanded. And that course is as plainly marked out in the other part of the Convention's resolution.

First, pay labor fair and just wages. Thus industry is better informed with intelligence, and the results of labor are far better in themselves, and every way of more value. With better wages comes a higher social condition. Then follows a higher standard of self-respect, the aspiration for culture and improvement, the painstaking measures for acquiring knowledge, securing culture, and developing the instincts of refinement. If the working class are, as some allege, deficient as a class in education and general culture, then there ought to be no objection to their being put in possession of every convenient means for securing both. Certainly it is no argument to say that they lack qualities which would bring higher rates of wages to them, and still deny them the opportunities and means for putting themselves in possession of those qualities.

The whole subject, ramifying as it does through the entire structure of our modern life, is receiving more attention than ever before. It is a great and fundamental matter. The many questions springing from it are not to be pushed or waved aside, as if some other time would be fully as convenient for their adjustment. They press for immediate attention. If it be necessary, as all agree, to educate those who are to bear each his part in the support of free government and free institutions—why does not the same doctrine apply to and include educational opportunities for labor, which are secured only by fair wages and hours; especially in a country where the laboring class counts up to within a very small fraction of the entire population?

A New Era.

While we each and all continue at our work, let us not forget that we are breathing the atmosphere of a new era. The old things are passed away, and all things are become new. Our present effort is therefore made under more favorable auspices than ever before. There is such a life welling up and rapidly swelling all around us, as supplies one with new and higher sources of inspiration. If there is much more to do now, we are given more power for the work to be done. Then the law of sympathy and love is getting better understood, and, when obeyed, its operations are of the most effective character.

Material improvements all about us are but the sure heralds of spiritual advancement. That has been the order of march in all history. The telegraph, the ocean cable, the railway soon to span a continent and bind ocean to ocean, the rapid organizations for furthering benevolent, moral and social projects—these are indications of a greater facility which the world has acquired in the art of advancement which will bring more rapid development to all those great projects which have for their aim the highest possible elevation of the human race. We ought to testify our gratitude for being permitted to live in such an era of opportunities, by laboring all the more earnestly according to the light we enjoy. This is a practical admission that we know, that we duly appreciate, and that we are inspired by the real object of our faith.

Timely Philanthropy.

A Home has just been opened for occupancy and use in this city, styled the Boston Station Home, whose object it is to rescue from the degradation which accompanies a criminal appearance before our Municipal Court such first offenders against the law as really do not merit the severe and stigmatizing punishment which the law must impartially measure out, and by kind treatment and screening them from public disgrace save their self-respect, appeal successfully to their better nature, and stimulate them to fresh efforts to avoid temptation and establish characters for uprightness and purity in the future. It is a truly benevolent enterprise, deserving the countenance and support of all good men and women.

Two houses have been hired in Sudbury street, the city assisting to pay the rent, one of which is for males and the other for females. There are some forty-four sleeping apartments in all, properly furnished, besides the necessary offices below, dining-room, &c. The plan has been tried for a year past on a smaller scale, and with good effect. The Mayor is the President of the Institution, and there are officers of other grades to carry out the intent of its original projectors. No doubt numbers can be saved from final ruin if they are met in this way by thoughtful kindness and affectionate care. These are the very institutions which the Age demands and inspires.

NEARER TO THEE.

An inspirational poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture on "The present condition of Theodore Parker in spirit-life," in Chelsea, Sunday evening, September 16, 1866.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

(Reported for the Banner of Light, by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Yes, I am nearer Thee! for flesh and sense
Have been exchanged for an eternal youth;
My spirit hath been born anew, and hence
I worship Thee "in spirit and in truth."

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Though still unseen,
Thy presence fills my life's diviner part.
Now that no earthly shadows intervene,
I feel a deeper sense of what Thou art.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Thy boundless love
Fills all my being with a rich increase,
And soft descending, like a heavenly dove,
I feel the benediction of Thy peace.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! All that I sought
Of Truth, or Wisdom, or Eternal Right,
Is clearly present to my inmost thought,
Like the uprising of a glorious light.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Oh calm and still,
And beautiful and blest beyond degree,
Is this surrender of my finite will—
Is this absorption of my soul in Thee.

"Oh Thou! whom men call God and know no more!"
When they shall leave the worship of the Past,
And learn to love Thee rather than adore,
All souls shall draw thus nearer Thee at last.

*The favorite hymn of Theodore Parker.

This and That.

A correspondent of the Vermont Record, writing about the town of Jamaica, in that State, after speaking of the flourishing condition of the village, says of the Congregational Church: that it gives him pain to see the building so sadly neglected by the believers; all else looks prosperous and smiling, but this building suffers from neglect. "It is too bad"—in his exact language—"to see such evidences of disregard for houses of worship." In the very next paragraph he says—"the Spiritualists have been holding meetings here for some weeks, and the result of their labors so far has been to drive one man a raving maniac. When will such delusions cease?" We can answer the correspondent of the Record perhaps, in our plain way: So long as persons like himself consider it a "delusion" to have his eyes opened that they may behold the truth, it is not very likely there will be much cessation of the work of "delusion" either in this generation or the next. He will see an evidence of this style of "delusion" in the neglect of the Orthodox church edifice that he complains of. People right around him have got their eyes open to the needlessness of keeping a building in repair, in which the old damnable theories are valuing to be proclaimed and defended. On his ground, every one who declines to help about repairing the church deserves to be called a "raving maniac."

Jersey City.

Our venerable friend, Joseph Dixon of Jersey City, is renewing his efforts for the "promulgation of the true spiritual ideas," and the "elevation of humanity generally." For these purposes, he offers the free use of his fine hall to spiritual lecturers and reformers. The Spiritualists there have organized into a society, and hold meetings in Dixon's Hall, 244 York street. On Sunday, September 16th, F. L. Wadsworth lectured before the society, and in the afternoon proceeded to organize a Children's Lyceum, which will eventually, we trust, prove a complete success. Mr. Wadsworth in his discourse, dwelt upon the importance of properly and carefully instilling into young minds, correct religious ideas in regard to the future life, instead of the erroneous dogmas and superstitions, taught them by old theology. Young minds are very impressionable, and much care should be exercised in their early training.

Chicago.

Twenty-five years ago—only a quarter of a century—a little trading post, garrisoned by two companies of United States soldiers, and numbering four thousand people, was known to exist on the western shore of Lake Michigan. Few persons suspected that this insignificant settlement contained the germ of one of the mightiest and most populous cities on the American continent, and that but a few short years would roll around, ere the name of the wonderful city of Chicago would become famous and world wide.

The Chicago River, which now floats upon its waters the largest inland commerce in the world, and discharges to the sea the food of half the continent, was a mere slough, running to Lake Michigan between banks covered only with rushes and wild rice, and affording food and shelter to the game and wild fowl which flocked to its friendly waters. Within a stone's throw of this river—the banks whereof are now covered with the enormous elevators, graineries and warehouses—land by the thousands acres could have been purchased at the Government price, and settlers and immigrants would have been welcomed with open arms, to take it at that. Some of the Western Indian tribes annually gathered here, to receive the usual stipend paid by the great White Father at Washington. This was all that Chicago amounted to, as late as 1840. Behold to-day an amazing city of a quarter of a million of people; industrious, enterprising and thriving. With an energy that has no parallel in history, they have built up the grand metropolis of the West; they have laid their iron fingers on every nook and corner of the fertile prairie lands and plains of the great Northwest. They bring in the grain and produce, the cattle and the pork from this vast garden. Fifteen Railroads pour into Chicago the wealth of the valley of the Mississippi. Two hundred and fifty trains per day arrive at and leave her depots; a fact of which no other city on the continent can boast. She handles more grain than any other city in the world; indeed, there is but one worthy of being named in the same list with herself, and that is Odessa—and Odessa is a child, compared to Chicago.

It is the largest lumber market in the world, by many millions of feet. The pine forests of Michigan and Wisconsin contribute to Chicago the material which nature has not given to her fertile plains. Eleven hundred thousand hogs are annually slaughtered in Chicago; and she is also the largest market for beef and beef cattle. Her graineries—some of which hold thirteen hundred thousand bushels—are unrivaled. There are now in process of erection, four thousand houses, besides stores and warehouses. There are seventy-four thousand names in the Chicago Directory, and the population is increasing with a rapidly never before known. Chicago is certainly on her grand march to take her position as the second city on the continent. Who knows but that she may be the first, and then boast of New York and Boston as her seaports?

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

During the month, Dr. Willis has addressed the Spiritualists of Haverhill each Sunday. His words of wisdom, as he unfolds the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, sink deep into the hearts of his hearers. He particularly enforces the great moral truths and the true religious element which Spiritualism inculcates. His discourses all have an elevating influence, and leave a lasting impression for good. The Haverhill Publisher, in alluding to the course of lectures by Dr. Willis, closes with the following paragraph: "During his collegiate term at Harvard, some years ago, he was arraigned before the bigoted and narrow-minded Faculty of that institution, on a charge of producing strange and unaccountable phenomena, and subjected to a sort of 'star-chamber' trial, his accusers refusing him the privilege of having any friend or counselor present as witness, or to aid in his defence. While admitting the fact of the strange occurrences which had been witnessed in his presence, the Doctor utterly repudiated the charge of voluntarily producing them, or of possessing the slightest knowledge of the manner in which they were produced. But this availed nothing, and after going through a sort of mock trial, his accusers finally suspended him for a considerable time from the institution. Dr. W. is a practicing physician in Boston, and possessing much ability as a writer and speaker, his lectures elicit the closest attention from his audiences."

Thanks from the Convention.

All the delegates to the late National Convention of Spiritualists speak in warm terms of the generous hospitality which was tendered them by the citizens of Providence, while tarrying in that city. Although the number of delegates to be provided for was unprecedentedly large, and the capacity for entertainment on the part of friends and citizens was put to its severest strain, the accommodations proved to be in every respect ample, and what is better, they were offered in a spirit of cordiality which enhanced their value beyond measure. We have seen no individual who has returned from the sittings of the Convention, who did not express himself in the sincerest manner respecting the genuine kindness and open-handed friendliness of the good people of Providence. This is, we learn, their native character, and we hope it may never come short of a profound appreciation, like that which is returned for its manifestations by those who attended in such numbers on the recent successful Convention.

Meetings in New York.

The Spiritual meetings have been resumed again in New York City, after a short summer vacation, and quite an interest is awakened in regard to the important subject of Spiritualism. Doddworth's Hall, where the First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings, is filled, Sunday mornings and evenings, to hear Mrs. Emma Hardinge's discourses. Her numerous friends were glad to welcome her back from old England. Ebbitt Hall is also well filled each Sunday with the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy. Henry C. Wright is speaking there for the present. The Children's Lyceum is in successful operation, and promises large additions to its ranks this fall.

New Music.

We have received from O. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, New York, (successor to Horace Waters in the music publishing business), a beautiful ballad, glowing with the spiritual idea of guardianship by our loved ones in the spirit land, entitled, "Beautiful Form of my Dreams." This work is by W. C. Baker, music by H. P. Danks, quite a popular composer. The title page is embellished with the life-like portrait of a little girl of less than a dozen years, with a sweetly expressive and intelligent face. From the same publisher, we are also in receipt of two other fine productions, "Bells in Distant Lands," music by Henry Tucker, and the "Banjo Giddy," by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, both of which are beautiful pieces of music, which have all been published, and become public favorites.

The Closing Picnic of the Season.

The picnic at Island Grove, Abington, took place on Friday, September 14th, in accordance with previous arrangements of Dr. Gardner. Quite a large party was present. The morning opened bright; but rain began to pour before noon, and the picnic was abandoned. The grove was so few that the pleasure of the visitors was not disturbed. The usual variety of recreations were enjoyed to the fullest extent. The speaking was very good and well appreciated. A. E. Giles, Esq., presided over the meeting as chairman, and spoke briefly several times.

Mr. A. James, of Chicago, gave an interesting treatise on mediumship, closing with his experiences, and the discovery of the Artesian Well through his mediumship.

Dr. U. Clark gave an account of the late successful Spiritual Camp Meeting in Malden, giving the angelic world credit for its success. He narrated several instances of the good results growing out of it.

Mr. Gurney read an appropriate poem from manuscript, and then spoke at length on the power of will and self-control, contending that what is generally attributed to special providence, is more the result of human action.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen made two fine speeches, in which she urged the importance of putting forth more vigorous effort, for the relief of the down-trodden, and the more general promulgation of the glorious truths of Spiritualism among the people, closing each address with poetic appeals.

Mrs. Albertson spoke with her usual vigor. In the course of her remarks she alluded to the Spiritual literature—especially naming the BANNER—as something that should receive more general attention and patronage from Spiritualists. Without patronage it was discouraging to print good books or newspapers.

Warren Chase spoke of the important era in which we are now living; of the great reforms and changes which are now taking place both in the religious and spiritual world, all growing out of the Spiritual movement. Spiritualism will be the salvation of the world in all future time. Under its fostering care all reforms which tend to better all classes, without distinction of color or race, will progress, and the yoke of religious bigotry will be thrown off from all necks; under the broad and liberal folds of the banner of Spiritualism our own nation would yet move on more prosperously and harmoniously than ever.

Dr. Morrill, entranced, made an energetic speech in regard to the political movements of the day.

Miss Lizzie Doten touched the hearts of all who are in any way susceptible to spiritual influences, in her remarks upon mediumship, and the influence exerted upon mediums by the invisible. She gave a very interesting narrative of her own personal experiences in this particular phase of our philosophy. She was listened to with the closest attention.

Judge Ladd's philosophical speech was highly relished.

The party then repaired to the cars and safely returned to the city, feeling much better in mind and body for having enjoyed so pleasant a day in the country.

New Publications.

TAKEN UPON TRUST. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is the reprint in handsome form, of an English story, by the author of "Recommended to Mercy," and enjoys a high reputation abroad. It is a novel of social science, and contains many thoughts and suggestions that will greatly interest those who are giving their attention to the elucidation of social problems. The world's treatment of women of misfortune is hardly to be gauged by example which the authoress has depicted in this novel, yet there are many reflections in the course of her heroine's experiences which will apply to the condition of the sex under trying circumstances. We pronounce it one of the most earnest, thoughtful and effective tales of the time.

HELEN COURTESY'S PROMISE. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

A previous romance—Vernon Grove—by the same authoress—who is Mrs. Caroline A. Glover, of South Carolina—was received with much cordiality by an appreciative public, which fact will naturally bespeak a favorable reception for this second essay. The tone of Mrs. Glover's mind is elevated, and more or less spiritual, as the choice of her language alone implies. She crowds incidents into her book in sufficient number to illustrate and develop her characters as well as to give action and excitement to her story; yet there is only a pure and somewhat contemplative enjoyment in it, instead of a sensational and fleeting one. She is a close observer, and in the description of natural scenes shows points of positive excellence. It is a moving, elegant, and well written story, and will furnish a great deal of pleasure to appreciative and cultured readers.

MOUNT CALVARY: WITH MEDITATIONS IN SACRED PLACES. By Matthew Hale Smith. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

From being a theological and controversial writer on creeds, Mr. Smith has passed over to the "evangelical," so called; and we think he works his talents to much better advantage. He has chosen a group of topics, all related to a single locality, in perfect obedience to his tastes and capacity as a writer. His style of treatment is racy and running, superficial rather than thoughtful, with more rather than less color, and after a method calculated to win popularity. The reader will not find many novel thoughts in this book, the subject itself being one over which a goodly array of fine minds have traveled before; yet the sketches are smooth and readable, and excite the imagination. One thinks, while running over its pages, of Heady and the "Sacred Mountains," but we prefer, on the whole, the style and treatment of Mr. Smith to that of Mr. Heady. We do not doubt that the work will meet with a wide and ready sale.

Bela Marsh, of this city, has just published the third edition of S. J. Finney's compact and well-reasoned little treatise, entitled "The Bible; or, It is of Divine Origin, Authority, and Influence." This steady success of a sterling work proves that it is fully appreciated by an inquiring public, and that it is doing active good on minds that are receptive to its candid statements, its clear reasonings, and its healthy teachings. Those who would really apprehend and appreciate the Bible better than ever before, will go to the right quarter to get assistance if they have recourse to this little treatise.

From the same press—that of Bela Marsh—proceeds the third edition of Andrew Jackson Davis's examination of "The History and Philosophy of Evil; with suggestions for more ennobling institutions, and Philosophical Systems of Education."

This ample title conveys to the reader who has not yet perused this thoughtful production of Mr. Davis, a better idea of the real purpose of his effort than we could presume to do in our own way. Related to this free discussion of Evil are a multitude of questions, chiefly in detail, in which all men and women are personally interested and more and more inquisitive. All those who are given to reflection on spiritual topics and truths will thank us for again suggesting for their perusal this work of Mr. Davis.

T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, send us a paper-covered tale entitled "Moreton Hall, or the Spirits in a Haunted House." It is styled "a true tale in real life." The "ghosts" are more imaginary than real, however, and are evidently conjured up in the author's imagination rather than sketched from any tangible acquaintance with them. Still, in the parlance of romance writers, it would be styled a "thrilling" tale. For sale by Williams & Co., Boston.

The Children's Picnic.

The Children's Lyceum, of the Independent Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, are to have a picnic excursion to Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, Sept. 28th. A special train will leave the Fitchburg Depot, in this city, at quarter before nine o'clock, stopping at Charlestown, Prospect-Street Station, Somerville, Porter's and Waltham. Another train leaves at eleven, stopping at the usual places. If the weather is stormy on Wednesday the excursion will take place the following day, if pleasant; otherwise it will be postponed until further notice.

The Sick are Healed.

The afflicted in Troy, N. Y., and vicinity will be glad to learn that Dr. R. Young, a successful healing medium, has located in Lansingburgh, three miles from Troy, for the purpose of exercising his gift of healing on those who are suffering. His card in another column will give further particulars.

Troy Children's Lyceum.

We learn that the Lyceum in Troy, N. Y., is progressing finely, and bids fair to outnumber many longer established schools. Its officers are devoted to the work, especially Mrs. Louisa Keath, the amiable and accomplished Guardian of Groups. Such earnest souls would make any good undertaking a success.

Mrs. Smith ready for work again.

Permit me to answer through the columns of the BANNER, the frequent inquiry made, "whether or no I have left the lecture field?" I have been rusting in the State of Vermont during the summer months; shall return the first of October, to my home in Milford, Mass. Those in the New England States, who are desirous of engaging my services during the fall and winter months, can address me at that place.

FANNIE DAVIS SMITH.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In another column will be found the call for another meeting of the Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October. The object of this Convention, is to disseminate the principles of Spiritualism more generally throughout the State, by appointing competent speakers to visit places where there are no regular meetings now held. It is an important movement, and we trust our friends will take hold of the matter in earnest. Send representatives to the Convention from all parts of the State.

We can supply orders for the third edition of "The Bible: or, It is of divine origin, authority and influence" by J. S. Finney. Also A. J. Davis's "History and Philosophy of Evil; with suggestions for more ennobling institutions and philosophical systems of education." This work has reached its third edition.

Mrs. M. A. Pearson, the well known test medium, has returned to this city after a few weeks' sojourn in Connecticut.

We call attention to the notice in another column, of "a new movement" at Winslow, N. J., signed by Milo A. Townsend and four others.

J. S. LOVELAND will be in Oswego, N. Y., during October. Address accordingly.

Dr. Chapin's new church on Fifth Avenue and Forty-third street, New York, is approaching completion. It is of brown stone, and will be one of the most elegant in the city.

An English letter-writer says "Gerald Massey is passionately immersed in Spiritualism, and is indeed himself a medium. He confides to his friends that every idea in his new book on Shakespeare's sonnets was obtained directly from the ghost of Shakespeare himself. He says he went over the sonnets line by line, with the spirit, and had the author's interpretation of each. He did not state this in his book, for fear of exciting the prejudices of the public against it."

A young lady now employed as a compositor on the Montgomery Advertiser, had three hundred bales of cotton burned during the war. Instead of repining over her misfortune, she now goes to work at a business most congenial to her intellectual taste. Her heroic self-reliance is truly commendable.

It is the opinion of Secretary McCulloch that by October 1, the Treasury will hold seventy-five millions in gold, exclusive of the gold certificates. Our receipts in gold from San Francisco this year have been over twenty-nine millions against some twelve millions for the same time last year.

A bridge is to be built at once over the Mississippi River, at Quincy, Ill., by the three railroads that converge at that point.

Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's of New York, return of over four millions of dollars, is probably the largest annual business income in the world. If the Rothschilds, whose wealth is more that of a family than of individuals, are excepted, no uncrowned person has an income approaching Mr. Stewart's.

The manufacture of silk is carried on quite extensively in California.

"If you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to a customer, "you could now ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

The Chicago Common Council, on Monday, passed a resolution, that after January 1, eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all men in the employ of the city.

He who laughs when he is alone, will make sport to his company.

That was an affectionate daughter, who, when purchasing some mourning goods, was asked if there had been a death in the family, replied, "No, not exactly, but I expect the old lady will go under in about a week, and I thought I would have my mourning ready."

A Massachusetts paper states that an inhabitant of that city has discovered a new motive power, much more advantageous than steam, and quite free from any danger of explosion.

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a barber of one who was undergoing the operation of shaving. "Yes," was the reply, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

Emerson says that when a public man claims more consideration than his faculties entitle him to, he is a politician.

The Chicago papers tell of a dog that was taken from that vicinity across the plains to California, but didn't like the country and footed it back to his old home.

The ostrich recently sent by Prof. Agassiz from Brazil to the city of Boston, and which has been penned up in one corner of the Deer park on the Common for several weeks past, died last week. Close confinement and city life didn't agree with it.

Mrs. M. E. CATES, No. 21 Charter street, who has long been developed as a writing, developing and healing medium, and used her gifts among personal friends with good success, now offers her services to the public. She is a sister of the late Mrs. Lizzie Clough, well known in this city as a lecturer and test medium. Mrs. Cates is a worthy lady and reliable medium.

The prizes at the Paris Exposition will amount to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

The population of London is over three million. In this vast population there are more dress-makers and milliners than bakers, grocers, tailors or bootmakers.

He who has good health is a rich man, and rarely knows it.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 p. m., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 2. Evening meetings, at 7 p. m., in the same hall.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charlestown hold regular sessions at Washington Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 p. m. and 7 p. m. The Independent Society of Spiritualists, at Charlestown, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 p. m., in the same hall.

CHILMARK.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chilmark hold regular meetings at Library Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 and 9 p. m. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 p. m., in the same hall.

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Acknowledgment.

Permit me to acknowledge in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the receipt, as Treasurer of the Spiritualist Society of Portland, of seventy-five dollars from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, contributed by the Spiritualists of that city, for the relief of suffering Spiritualists here, made so by the late fair. There is no excuse to offer for this tardy acknowledgment, the money having been received long weeks ago, except that it was not lack of gratitude.

Very respectfully yours,
Portland, Me., Sept. 17, 1886. WM. WILLIAMS.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have often spoken of this great medicine in terms of very high praise, and we have as often felt that all we could say in its favor would not do it full justice. It is one of those medicines of which we can speak—and speak decisively—from experience; for we have repeatedly taken it, and invariably with the best results and the greatest satisfaction. We always keep it on hand, ready for an emergency, and we regard it not only as one of the very best and most reliable medicines in use for various ills, but also one of the cheapest, also. Its cost, by the way—that is the cost of all the ingredients of which it is composed—has been considerably increased, but the price of the medicine has been but very little advanced. It is not likely that the popularity of Davis' Pain Killer will in any measure decrease, or that the demand for it will in the slightest degree decline, until some other specific for allaying pain and curing the various complaints for which it is so generally used, shall be discovered, of equal potency with it—of which there seems to be little probability. As a remedy for stomach complaints, such as dyspepsia, flatulency, &c., the Pain Killer is without doubt unsurpassed, and everywhere most deservedly in demand. One, two, or three doses, of a teaspoonful each, in a wine glass of milk and water, with a little sugar, have repeatedly, within our knowledge, effectually cured serious trouble of this kind. Judgment should undoubtedly be used in not checking certain stages of diarrhoea, cholera, &c., but taken at the proper time the Pain Killer will act like a charm, and frequently cure when nothing else will.—*Providence Advertiser.*

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
Letter with money for subscription received from Cordville, Mass. No name attached.
A. F. B. TROY CENTER, Wis.—\$1.50 received.

Donations to Benevolent Fund to send the Banner Free to the Poor.
Previous acknowledgments: \$109.00
Jno. Cogrove, Washington, D. C. 2.00

Business Matters.

FIRST SUNDAY EVENING SACRED CONCERT AND LECTURE IN HOWARD ATHENAEUM, BOSTON.—The first of the People's Sunday Evening Lectures and Sacred Concerts will open in Howard Athenaeum, on Sunday evening next, Sept. 30th. The exercises will consist of music by Alonzo Bond's Band, with over twenty instruments; choruses by a large choir of juveniles from the Sunday Lyceum; choruses by a select choir of adult vocalists; hymn and doxology by the band, choir, and the whole audience; and a lecture on "Sunday and its Uses," by Prof. John H. W. Tooly, the eminent Irish-American orator. Doors open at 6:30; exercises to commence at 7:30. Family circle and upper tier, embracing the better parts of the house for hearing and seeing, 15 cents. First floor or parquette, 25 cents. Reserved orchestra chairs, 50 cents. There are only half the ordinary prices of the house. The usual prices in Boston for Sunday evening sacred concerts, without any other attractions, are fifty cents and one dollar. The regular door-keeper, ticket-sellers and police of the Athenaeum will officiate on Sunday evening, though the management has no connection with the dramatic business of the house, and the entire proceeds are appropriated toward the expenses of the Sunday evening exercises.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURE AND CONCERT.—A village and settlement of progressive minds, are now forming upon a choice tract of four thousand acres of land, in Camden County, New Jersey, twenty-two miles from Philadelphia, where an industrial school for boys and girls, a United Home, a Hygienic Institute, are among the objects sought, and where land for fruit farms and gardens, and for the establishment of the various forms of Mechanical, Artistic, and Manufacturing Industry, can be purchased at moderate prices. Persons desiring to learn further particulars, are cordially invited to visit the place, by procuring tickets to Spring Garden, at foot of Vine street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, Oct. 1st, at 10 a. m. The individuals in the group, at Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J.

GEORGE HASKELL, THOS. W. TAYLOR, J. W. SPAULDING, MILO A. TOWNSEND.

GAITE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, 102 West street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

September 10, 1886.
GAITE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

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Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to subscribers and sold by Peddler Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDEN, N. J.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE TEST MEDIUM, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

P. T. BABBITT, 64, 66, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—ly

LITCHFIELD'S DITHERIA VANQUISHER.
(Used with Litchfield's External Application.)
WARRANTED TO CURE
DITHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES.
Litchfield's External Application,
Warranted to cure RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

Price of each of the two bottles, \$1.00.
G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchester, Mass.
JOHN A. GOSWELL & CO., M. S. BURN & CO., Boston.
G. F. HENRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.
Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

More Trouble. Thousands of our people are weekly dying from the ravages of indigestion, dyspepsia, and various diseases of the stomach and bowels. The value of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure should be known to the world. It has saved thousands from an early grave.

ASIATIC CHOLERA IN CHINA.

ALMOST EVERY CASE CURED WITH

PAIN KILLER.

From Rev. R. Telford, Missionary in China, now visiting his home in Pennsylvania:

WASHINGTON, PA., June 25, 1886.
Messrs. PERRY DAVIS & SONS, Providence, R. I.—Dear Sirs: Having resided of some ten years, as a missionary, in Siam and China, I found your Vegetable Pain Killer a most valuable remedy for that fearful scourge, the cholera. In administering the medicine, I found it most effectual to give a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a glass of hot water, sweetened with sugar; then, after about fifteen minutes, begin to give a table-spoonful of the same mixture every minute until relief was obtained. Apply hot applications to the extremities. Bathe the stomach with the Pain-Killer clear, and rub the limbs briskly. Of those who had the cholera, and took the medicine faithfully in the way wanted above, eight out of ten recovered. Truly yours, R. TELFORD.
I attacked with Diarrhoea, Dysentery, or Cramp Colic, don't delay the use of the PAIN-KILLER.

BEWARE OF ALL IMITATIONS.

The Pain-Killer is sold by all respectable Druggists through out the United States and foreign countries.
Prices—25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle. 2w—Sept. 22.

That Phosphoric Little Bristome Demon, THE COMMON LUMBER MATCH, has had its day of devastation, thanks to the inventor of the UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCH.

Cheapest as well as best. 3 cents per box—50 cts. per dozen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

JUST PUBLISHED.

A NEW SCIENTIFIC WORK.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,

AS DISCOVERED IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE UNIVERSE:
THE SOLAR SYSTEM,
Laws and Methods of Its Development;
EARTH;
History of Its Development;

Being a concise exposition of the laws of universal development, of origin of systems, suns, planets, the laws governing their motions, forces, etc. Also a history of the development of earth from the period of its first formation until the present time, also, an

EXPOSITION OF THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE,
Given inspirationally by Mrs. MARIA J. KING.

This work is one of the most important contributions to the spiritual and physical science that has yet been made by any modern seer or seeress. All sincere Spiritualists should have a copy of the work, and give it a careful study. It will bear a heavy reading, like a sensation novel. The book contains 322 neatly-printed pages.

For sale this Office, Price \$2.00; postage 24 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. New York, Sept. 29.

DR. E. M. HOWARD.

NATURAL PHYSICIAN.
Treats All Diseases at a distance, either with or without medicines. Examines and cures all Organic Diseases at actual distance.

Office, 71 Harrison Ave., Boston, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Wednesdays and Saturdays from 6 to 8 P. M. 1w—Sept. 29.

DR. R. YOUNG.

Will heal the Sick without medicine or causing pain, at 302 STATE STREET, LANSINGBURGH, N. Y. Patients given up by other physicians, in many cases cured instantly.

N. B.—The poor treated gratis between the hours of 8 and 9 A. M. 1w—Sept. 29.

MRS. MARY A. HOWARD.

CLAIRVOYANT AND ELEGANT PHYSICIAN.
1w—71 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. Sept. 29.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Probably the last communication for the press from this distinguished man was written for the *Banner of Light* for August, 1886, relating entirely to his habits of life. It is a most instructive letter. Price 25 cents. MILLER, WOOD & CO., No. 15 South Street, New York, or at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. 2w—Sept. 29.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR.

Business and Test Medium, 34 North Street, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. 1w—Sept. 29.

MRS. M. SMITH.

Healing and Developing Medium, giving great satisfaction at No. 172 North Street, PHILADELPHIA. 2w—Sept. 29.

A REMARKABLE Natural Clairvoyant and

Friends, etc. Includes 200 photographs of business, sickness, and other subjects. Address, 144 Broadway, New York. An unusual opportunity; satisfaction or money returned. 2w—Sept. 29.

DR. GEO. B. FERGUSON.

Has received his diploma from the University of No. 1 WINTER PLACE. 1w—Sept. 29.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Safe Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a treatise on Foreign and Native Remedies, published by the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. New York, Sept. 29.

FITS—A Safe Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a treatise on Foreign and Native Remedies, published by the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. New York, Sept. 29.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All private questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the Invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, our Father and our Mother, too, through nature's tears, as through her smiles, we behold thee and understand thy presence, for we know that wherever thy creations are, there are thy temples, and from thence thou art manifesting to all life. Oh Spirit of this day and generation, we thank thee that thou hast so abundantly blessed thy children here—in America. We thank thee that the clarion voice of freedom is sounded above the crack of the whip, and the tocsin that calls the slave to labor. We thank thee that above and beyond all oppression, the cry of liberty and eternal justice has been heard. We thank thee that from the fair banner that waves as our emblem on this republic's shores, a great and holy influence has gone forth. Though it has been cleansed with blood, though the soil has been drenched with the blood of America's fairest and best, yet great good has resulted therefrom, and the voice of freedom resounds clear and shrill above the din of war. Oh our Father and our Mother, we thank thee that we see this glorious day. We thank thee that our ears are open; that even in our spirit homes, we can hear the voice of freedom sounding North and South, East and West. Though mourning is mingled with rejoicing, though the graves are yet green and are counted by millions, yet we praise thee, Oh Spirit of Eternal Justice, for this last and greatest exhibition of thy love toward thy children. And now that they are standing upon the threshold of a better existence, now that another angel is calling to the people, grant, Oh Spirit, that their ears may be quickened that they can hear, that their eyes may see the sunlight of thy truth that is flooding the horizon, telling thy children that the morning is nigh. Grant that that portion of thy people now striving to free themselves from bondage and oppression of all kinds throughout the world—grant, Oh Spirit of Justice, that they, too, may be successful. Grant that they may learn that the Great Father of Eternal Justice is with them, not with their enemies. Oh let them see that thy hand has ever dealt wisely with them. Though they have passed through much suffering, yet out of the furnace fire of affliction they will come forth freed and purified. And unto thy name, thou Spirit of all Time and Eternity, we will ever sing praises, ever chant glad hosannas, for all thou hast given us in the past, art giving us in the present, and all that we, as intelligent subjects, have reason to hope for in the future. Amen. June 7.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer.

Ques.—By M. H. P.: What ought to be the conditions around the death-bed for the spirit to pass quietly into the body?

Ans.—Certainly not that of mourning. If you would have your friends pass through the change peacefully and happily, let the mental atmosphere surrounding them be peaceful. Since you know that the separation is only in the external, since you know that the change will be their gain—if you lose to yourselves—strive to be joyous. Point them beyond their sufferings; assure them that they soon are to be free; that soon the veil is to be lifted, and they are to be welcomed, not by the dead, but by the living. Let your death chambers be called chambers wherein the soul is born into a new and brighter sphere. Instead of shrouding them with darkness and gloom, put fair flowers there. Sing songs and rejoice with the departing spirit, as it wings its way to a better sphere of action.

Q.—By A. J. P., of Plainfield: What is the cause of the defect of vision known as diltionism, or color blindness, and how may it best be remedied?

A.—Whatever will tend to produce an absolute equilibrium throughout the nervous forces, will do away with this difficulty; or, in other words, will produce an equilibrium between the sun's rays and the optical nerve.

Q.—By the same: Why do spirits, in predicting future events, use language calculated to deceive the reader, as in the case of the comet that was to appear in 1863?

A.—We are not aware that they do use language calculated to deceive their hearers. Sometimes your ears are not so thoroughly attuned to the music of the spirit-world as to enable you to hear it distinctly. It is not the intention of those who visit you, to mislead you or to mystify you. Sometimes they do not so clearly express themselves as they do at other times, but that is not because they intend to mislead you. Often the trouble is with yourselves.

Q.—Is the theory put forth by the physicists, Dr. Mayer, Professor Liebig, Humboldt, Faraday and others, viz: That light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., are only modes of motion and "affections of matter," correct? or are they separate and distinct entities or substances, and what rank do they hold in the world of nature?

A.—They are all chariots, through which life in its various forms is passed on, changed from one point of being to another. Magnetism is but a name for God; so is electricity; so is the rock, the rill, the ocean, the mountain and valley. All these various substances, whether seen or unseen, that you in your consciousness have named, are to our consciousness parts and portions of Deity. Motion is as constant as rest, and motion is ever motion and ever must be. And yet motion is but life; life is but motion. These inanimate substances that you say are motionless, are not so in reality. Could you see the working of their internal lives, the constant working that is

going on within and without every single substance that goes to make up all atoms, you would not say that these objects are inanimate and motionless. We believe that these persons who are theorizing and speculating in these things, are, in the main, correct; or at all events, have struck out from the right track.

Q.—Is matter, so-called, anything more than a form of force, rendered tangible and concrete by the operations of its inherent laws?

A.—Matter is an agent of force, rendered tangible and concrete by its own inherent cause surely.

Q.—How does the sun operate to produce heat at our distance from it? What sustains the operation through so many long ages? Is it a separate independent substance, or a vibration of the ethereal fluid that pervades space?

A.—It may be called a vibration of the fluid that pervades space, so-called. The earth contains as much heat and luminosity as the sun. Therefore, you have this so-called complete power; or the sun has this so-called complete power over the earth. There is always an equilibrium, so far as heat and magnetic life are concerned, between the sun and earth. Now understand us to say, that the earth is as luminous to the sun, as the sun is to the earth; else the sun would not be the sun to you.

Q.—Are light and heat capable of entering into chemical combinations with the substances of plants?

A.—All chemical combinations possess light and heat. They are never absent. Light and heat exist wherever life exists. There is no absolute darkness. June 7.

Edward Barrows.

It is two years yesterday since I died, at the Jackson Hospital, in Richmond, where I had been taken after I was wounded. I have tried a great many times to get back to say something to my mother about the way I went, but never could.

I did not die right away after they took off my arm, but I lived two or three weeks, and I tried all the time to send word to my mother; but I rather reckon I failed, for there was a great many patients there, and there was not half enough to do anything for 'em, so they could not get much attention. But I got better care than the most of the Yankees that were there, because one of the women that was in there as a nurse came in once a day, had formerly lived at the North, and her sympathies were with Northern soldiers. I did not know her, but when I told her who I was, she said she knew my mother; used to be a school-mate of hers, and she'd do everything to save me that she could. But she was going to write and send to my mother, but the orders were issued that day she was going to send that no effort in that direction should be made, anyway; because, although all such letters and messages were subject to the criticism of the officers, it was after that order considered as contraband to do it, and they were not allowed to do it. I thought, though, it was done until after I died.

My mother said she felt as though I should never come back, if I enlisted. I was not quite seventeen years old, and I never had any experience in a soldier's life; but I wanted to go, and I did go. I'm not sorry I went, only want to go to my mother, if I can. Mrs. Sarah Barrows, her name, and I am Edward.

I don't know much about this way of coming back, but I was determined to come. I want her to know that this spirit-life is not at all like what I expected it would be. It's only a tossing your body that folks here can see—you do not lose your real one. If you only know how to make use of these bodies, of these mediums, you can get a message over the wires very readily.

I'm glad I went, mother, I'm glad I went—would not had it otherwise, even if I'd known what was to have happened. I'm back on the anniversary of my death, and I hope long before the next anniversary to be talking to you just when I want to.

I'm suffering considerably in coming here today, as I did when last here, because I can't help thinking of it. They say I shan't next time I come round, so I'll stand it now—won't care for it. I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll pass my message through as you do others. [Where does your mother reside?] In Springfield, Massachusetts, sir. I'll be greatly obliged to you. When you get into a tight place, I'll help you through, if I can. June 7.

Susie Hyde.

I have come back, or rather, I should say, I make the effort to manifest myself as a presence and an intelligence here, because I wish to thank my dear, good minister, who told me such beautiful truths before I changed worlds. He said to me, "Susie, you've nothing to fear, and if you are satisfied to go, your peace is already made with God and with all the world. Susie, we have only to be at peace with ourselves, to be at peace with our God. And the only preparation we need on entering that beautiful spirit-home, where our friends are waiting with open arms to receive us, is a willingness to leave what we have enjoyed here."

The reason why he said this to me was because I had been so sorely distressed, because I could not experience that change of heart that all my friends, with the exception of himself, believed it necessary to experience to enter heaven, in order to be happy after death. But I shall never forget the day he came to see me, and talked so soothingly to me. I shall never forget how soon the cloud was lifted, how happy I was. I had no fear to die after that, for I felt in my soul he had told me the truth. It seemed as though he had talked with God and his angels, and had been sent a special ambassador from the Great Father to me to take away my fear.

My dear friends, who could not understand his beautiful teachings, are still in doubt with regard to my happiness now. They still fear that I am not in the enjoyment of those glories that are set apart, as they suppose, for God's chosen people.

I had no idea that I could return, until I was ushered into that beautiful spirit-home that is so much more beautiful than mortals have any conception of. I was met at my entrance there by aunt Susan, Harriet, Mary, and a host of friends, who were all so ready to welcome me; and all said that my dear minister had told me the truth; that he had correct ideas of the hereafter, or, at least, as nearly so as mortals are apt to have, and I should learn as quick as I could how to come here, that I might thank him, and tell him to go, whenever it was possible for him to do so, every passing thought, change, to give them, every child of his Father, God, all the instruction with regard to the spirit-land that he had received himself; and to feel that whenever he was engaged in any such work, he was receiving the blessing of the angels, and laying up treasures in that heaven where thieves never enter, where rust doth not corrupt, but where our treasures are enduring; where they minister to the soul's progression; where they are not mere baubles that please our fancy only, but are joys that gladden in our crown in the spirit-world.

I was present when he uttered such kind, cheering, comforting words, while friends were gathered to pay the last tribute, as they said, to one they loved. And I wondered why those words of his that were so full of life to me, could fall like dead letters at the feet of many of my friends. I wondered why they could not understand, as he did, that the spirit-world was not separated from us, but all around us, and that our spirit-friends were ever nigh, to guide us, to bless us, and to be of our household just the same.

All these things and much more he told them, and some there were who drank them in like living waters, but to others they were meaningless. And I thought, perhaps, when I shall find a way to return, I may open the door, so that the sun from this glorious spirit-world may shine in upon their souls, that the flowers of hope and trust may grow, and that the dark flowers of doubt and despair may be withered forever.

Please say that this is from Susie Hyde to the friends she has left, but particularly in thanks to her minister, Reverend Benjamin Davis, of Medford, Massachusetts. Farewell. June 7.

Philip Stedman.

This world is full of changes; and, if I'm not mistaken, all worlds are. Change seems to be the order of the day everywhere. If any one had told me that I should be able to return after death and manifest in this way, I should have said, "That's a humbug. But here I am, nevertheless. I am, what there is left of me, Philip Stedman."

And now, according to the ideas of some of our good folks, I should be enjoying quarters below.

But as I have no relish for such warm lodgings, particularly in summer time, I'd rather be here than there.

There is no reason why they should consign me to any such locality, except that I was not inclined to favor any sort of religion. If I had any at all, it was a religion of my own. If I wanted to shake props on a Sabbath, I'd be pretty likely to do it, notwithstanding the person said you must not. I merely make this statement, sir, to let you know just where I stood when I was here.

I've taken this early occasion to come back, asking if those good folks will have the kindness to tell me whereabouts the devil has his—I do not know whether you call it a hospital for patients like myself to get cured, or a kitchen from which folks are to come out well done—I want them to inform me where it is. I've come back to know where it is, for I tried as hard as I could, God knows, after I found myself dead, to find out if there was such a person as old Cloven Foot; if there was, I wanted to be introduced to him, I wanted to make his acquaintance once; never was for procrastinating—it was not my style. I find myself just as I was before I shook off the cumbersome body of the flesh, which I did in New Orleans so short a time since; so very short that I can't realize it is a truth yet. But I suppose it is.

Now I have no sort of hard feeling against anybody that supposes I'm in hell; but, as I do not happen to be there, suppose that they come and have a talk with me. Perhaps they can point it out. Perhaps they can draw a plan of the little accidents and incidents that I shall encounter, so I'll know whether I'm on the right road. They had better come and talk with me—find out whether I can come back or not. They need not have the slightest fear to meet me, for I shan't hurt them—won't take a single dollar out of their pockets; won't put one in, either. Now they may reckon on that just as sure as they can that the sun will show his pretty, smiling face to-morrow; just reckon on that; shan't do it. I know that some of them would soon say, "Phil, what did you do with the money you had?" I should answer, "None of your business what I did with it. I disposed of it before I died, and I'm very well satisfied with the disposition I made of it. You must not call on me to line your pockets with greenbacks. But I won't take any out unless I think you've got so much that it will drag you down. Then I may do it."

To my friends in Cleveland I have only this much to say: If I've any accounts to settle with you, or you with me, let me talk with you just as I do here. To my friends in Chicago I'd say the same. To those in New Orleans: I believe we're all square. There's nothing between us that needs settling, anyway. And if there are any scattered about the country that would not mind talking to a dead body resurrected, I'd be happy to talk with them. And to those who are pious among the crowd: I'll meet them inside the Church altar, if they want me to, with a stack of Bibles around me that will reach up to the skies. I'll be sure to tell them the truth, because, backed up by so much truth, I can't do otherwise.

Now, sir, just say that Phil Stedman came back, and he's happy, quite as happy as he deserves to be, and is just the same as he was before he shook off his cumbersome body. Good-day. When you get short, I'll help you if I can. You are all playing a wondrous smart game in life, and every now and then you'll need some friend to put down for you, because you'll get short, you know. Good-bye. June 7.

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, too, we behold thee smiling upon us through the beautiful face of Nature, and we hear the song of praise that goeth out unto thee from every atom thou hast created. The mountains and the valleys, the oceans and the dry lands, birds, beasts and human souls, all join in a grand psalm of praise to thee. Thou art all holy, all perfect, and the Divine Author of all things; therefore all things are holy. We lift our souls in thanksgiving to our Father and our Mother, too, Oh, thou Spirit of Infinite Love, upon whose bosom we have lain in the past, and upon whose bosom we rest in the present, we can trust thee in that vast future that lies beyond us. We know thou art mighty, art good, art wise; therefore we are safe with thee. Though men talk to us of hell, though they tell us the time will come when some souls shall find they have no Saviour, yet still we will trust thee, still we will worship thee in spirit and in truth, still sing on the song of rejoicing, knowing that thy children, who fear and doubt thee, do not understand thee. So we will pity them; will love them; we will take them gently by the hand and lead them over the rough ways of life, so that, they, too, shall understand thou art a God of Justice, of Mercy, of Infinite Love. Father, upon the altar of to-day we lay our offerings, withered though they may be, yet we know thou wilt receive them. Every thought is precious unto thee and belongs to thee. And so unto thee, Author of life and being, we dedicate the utterances of this hour. June 11.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the controlling intelligence inform us by what means the spirit or soul is attached to the physical body?

Ans.—That question is very hard to answer. The same power that binds all souls together and

inseparably unites mind and matter, binds the soul to the body. What it is we cannot tell. It is the power of the Infinite. It is the same power that holds the worlds in their proper places; that gives you springtime, summer, autumn and winter; that orders all things with perfectness and wisdom. It may be called the law of attraction, or invisible force, that unites the visible and invisible, holding all bodies in their proper relation to each other.

Q.—I noticed, in a late "BANNER," a communication from "Martha Percival," in which she states, that to embalm the body retards the progress of the spirit. Will the intelligence tell us what is the best way to dispose of the body, and give the greatest liberty to the spirit?

A.—Consign them to the bosom of Mother Earth. There are many who believe that the process of embalming retards the spirit in its progress outward. That it does temporarily interfere with the progress of the spirit, we can but admit. But it is no permanent interference with the onward course of the spirit. It is only like a cloud passing over the sun; only like a sorrow that draws the spirit to earth for a time. But who shall say that even this dark picture shall not be a propelling force to urge the spirit onward all the faster when it is absolutely free from the things in mortal.

Q.—By S. C. Simonds, of Blanchester, Ohio: In the BANNER I see advertised a remedy that takes away all desire for strong drink. Now I wish to ask the spirit-friends to give, through Mrs. Conant, a remedy for tobacco users, both chippers and smokers. Thousands of sensitive women suffer very much from being compelled to inhale the fumes of that accursed weed, and more especially from the irritability of those who use it. Many become almost insane from its use, and I have a friend who has something akin to delirium tremens, as I believe, by smoking. He has never used intoxicating liquors, and but very little tea or coffee.

A.—The same remedy that is pronounced by many so efficacious in destroying the desire for ardent spirits, can also be used, we believe, with good results, to destroy the desire to use tobacco. There are a vast variety of differences of opinion existing concerning the use of tobacco. Many very intelligent minds declare it is not injurious, either to the mind or body. Many other intelligent minds declare it is very injurious to both. Your speaker is very much inclined to take sides with the latter, feeling assured that whatever raises the nervous forces above a normal standard, tends to harm the individual. For when, perchance, they are let down, then they fall just so far below. Prostration follows, and the spirit, for the time being at all events, is absolutely unable to control its instrument, the body. Tobacco, we believe, with some persons has a tendency to alter them entirely, disturbing the natural functions of the physical body—the natural functions, mark us—and instead, to substitute an unnatural condition. And still further: when some persons who are addicted to the use of tobacco fall under the hand of disease, it is very difficult, for the medical practitioner to be able to treat the patient successfully, because the system is entirely saturated with that virulent poison, and will resist the action of remedial agents. They are inert there; may as well not be taken. Therefore, he who uses tobacco; if disease falls upon him; the usual remedies that would restore others may not be counted upon with certainty in his case. Oh, you tobacco users, if you will hug the serpent to your bosom, if by-and-by it turns and stings you, who is to blame? Your own ignorance, perhaps. We should hope so. At all events, we should hope, if you were enlightened upon the subject, you would bring your will to bear upon your enemy, and thus conquer him. June 11.

Sophie A. Thompson.

I told my mother if spirits could return I would come back. She said she would give the world to believe that they could, but she did not understand that it was so taught in the Bible. But I used to tell her I thought so.

I was a medium for moving things, and for getting sounds myself. At first, my mother thought I did it for sport. But when I told her solemnly that I did not have anything to do with it—for often these manifestations came to me when I was not thinking of them at all—so then she got to believe it was something very strange, and wondered what it could be.

Although I never got very striking manifestations, yet chairs would be moved around the room, and sounds would come answering questions. But occasionally my mother would be led to doubt, because I was always disposed to laugh when they were occurring. I don't know why, except it be, as I've learned since I've died, that the spirit who says he produced them, is a very jolly body, and always laughing; and he says he would always laugh in trying to attract our attention, or in making a sound, because we were so startled, and soon as he began to laugh, I'd begin to laugh, too. And when my mother would say, "Sophie, is n't it you making it?" I sometimes for the life of me could not stop laughing, and so we would keep up the laughing immoderately.

But once, when I solemnly declared to my mother that I really had nothing to do with it, did not know nothing about it, she believed me. So when I was taken sick enough to die, I told her spirits did return, as we'd seen them move things; make sounds to answer questions, and I'd certainly come back; and I'd come back through that paper spirits are said to have their messages printed in.

I'm very glad to come, very glad indeed. But I'm sorry that I can't go direct to my mother, because she is poor and sick, and not able to go out and search for these things, and not able to pay, and so it's rather hard.

My father lost his life early in the war, and after that we were very poor, our circumstances were very hard indeed. Sometimes we took in sewing, sometimes did one thing, sometimes another, did whatever we could. I used to wish my mother would let me exhibit myself, and see if the power would not grow stronger. I thought, you know, I might earn money in that way. But she always said, "Sophie, I would rather bury you than have you do that." But I have been sorry since that I had not, because I see now how unhappy she is, how much she suffers.

But it will soon be all right with her. She'll soon come to me. Then I shan't have anybody to worry about here.

I suppose I had the lung fever. I don't know, but I think it was that. I know I was very sick, and they said it was inflammation of the lungs. But I suppose I had the lung fever, as near as I can come to it.

I was fourteen years old. My birthday was while I was sick. I believe I was n't sick not quite three weeks, somewhere very near it. I mean to say from the time I was very sick until I died.

I had not the advantages some have when here; so I can't do here as well as others might. But I've succeeded in telling my story. It is very true.

all of it, and my mother can't fail to recognize it. She lives now, on Anderson street, in the third story. My mother's name, Elizabeth Thompson; mine, Sophie A. Thompson. I was named for my father's youngest sister.

I'm very happy, tell mother, very happy. I never was so happy in all my life; and although my mother has felt bad at times, because, well, I—I do not know that I made any profession of religion. My mother was—well, she was a Baptist, I suppose, and she believed without baptism no one could enter heaven. I would tell her, that heaven doesn't depend upon ceremony, only depends upon yourself. You do not have to depend upon baptism, or churches, or anything like it. You only depend upon yourself, to enter heaven. I'm very happy, and if I am happy, I must enter heaven. So as heaven is happiness, I believe I'm in heaven. And so my mother need not worry any more about me, for I'm satisfied with my home.

And as for father he's getting along fine. He is n't so satisfied as I am, because he looks back and sees many times when he did wrong. But he's not so very unhappy, and he's getting along finely. And he says there's nothing in the world that would induce him to come back here and dwell in a body, if such a thing could be possible; and for his part he does n't want to come back, even to talk.

I'm so much obliged to you that if I can do anything to pay you I will. Oh, I forgot to say I have been here since December. June 11.

Charles Malone.

When I went away I had no idea about this coming back in this way; but after I got on the other side, and found we could come, I wasn't at all ill I was here. Now I find myself here, the thing is to go ahead still, and make myself so plain as to be understood by my friends.

I came to this country nine years ago—nine years ago I came to this country, and I get along very well. I have as much as I can do of my trade—for I was a jour. tailor. I can make you as good a suit of clothes as any one else.

Well, you see, I was very well off, working as a jour. tailor, you understand, making very good pay and doing very well. But I got so—well, I don't know, I got so excited over your rebellion, that I was n't any on the board at all, not the least; I'd as quick put the face of a goose on a coat, taking it right out, having it too hot, as anything else. My mind was n't on my work; and so my boss, seeing how I was, said to me one day, "Charles, the best thing for you to do is to lay down the goose and shoulder the musket." I took his advice, shouldered the musket, lost my body, and here I am now, not a tailor, not a soldier, not a woman—no, sir, only got on woman's clothes—but Charles Malone, just what I was; and I am so anxious to let my folks know how I am getting along, and what is before 'em. I thought I would come, anyway, whether I could go to them or not. I do not know much about this Spiritualism. I had heard very good stories about it, very good; sometimes they be very big. You know it's like the Irishman who was told that he could pick up money in the streets in America—I believe it was in New Orleans, on the Levee. He looks down and sees a half dollar. Ah! he's not going to pick that up, when there's so much larger pieces of money to be found. So I was in doubt. But I'm come, anyway; have a very good offer. If they do n't like it, I can come some other time, or I'll stick it out now. That's the way for an Irishman to do.

I have a cousin James, and one Philip. They know very well that there's hard times going to be going on, and our folks will be right in the heat of the fuss. They know that. What I want of them is to go at once to the folks in Ireland—want Philip to go and advise them, just as I would, go there himself. I would suggest that he take them to this country till Ireland is free, for she's going to be free some day. I would like for him, to either one or both of them, to go to their old home, and make the thing aisy with them. [Are your cousins in this city?] They are out, yes, sir. [In New York?] One is, and one is with the Fenians, just where he should be. Now I don't know, but I have some sort of a faith they will get what I've said here. I should like a talk with them, like a real good talk with them; and if they'll give me the chance, I'll tell them many things, too, what's to come for old Ireland, and to them personally. So it would be something to their advantage to have a talk with me.

My cousin Philip will remember when he first came to this country; he was trying to find a friend of his what he had befriended. Phil was kind of hard up, a little hard to do; did n't know where he should turn to find him. One day, afterwards—Irishmen sometimes can read, you know—he was looking over the papers, looking for a job, I believe, and what should he see but an advertisement like this: "If Philip Malone, supposed to be in this country, will come to such a place, he'll meet his friend, and learn something to his advantage."

I'll say the same to him. Philip was looking for something in the way of his business, to get something to do, when he learned something to his advantage—that is, the whereabouts of the friend.

Now I know he'd like to know my whereabouts, where my whereabouts be, and I can give him just as much good advice—it's not to the disadvantage of any one; no, sir; good advice is always a good thing.

I beg your pardon for intruding upon your charity. All I ask in going is, if I get hard pushed, will I try your charity again? [Certainly.] Well, sir, then I'll do the best I can for somebody else what be in want. June 11.

Harriet Carter.

I was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., in the year 1832. I died at Charleston, S. C., in the year 1862. And as my friends at the North were not able to receive any intelligence from me during my sickness, as after my death even they were not able to receive any intelligence from my friends I had left at the South, and as I have brothers and a sister who I know, could they understand this thing, would be glad to hear from me this way, I have come here to-day. I wish to assure them that I died peaceful and happy in the thought that I should see them some time.

My family, at the South was divided. Some members of our household were Unionists, and some took the opposite course. Those who took the opposite course, went into the army. It was useless for me to live over again, even in thought, the many dark hours I passed through during those months of rebellion that preceded my death. Suffice it to say, my changed circumstances and the troubles I was subjected to, made me an easy prey to disease, and so I did not stay long here to suffer from the scenes of war.

I have been especially troubled with this thought that has reached me, in my spirit-home, that my brothers and sisters have been informed—by what source I know not—that I was imbued with violent, secret proclivities; that it was I who

