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JESSIE GRAY.

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

CHAPTER II.

Ten years of happiness—one long, cloudless day—a summer sea, with not a storm, followed the marriage of Judge Perry and Carrie Howard. It is not given to many in this world to live such a life, and the Judge himself often said, "Carrie, God is very good to us." Her eyes would fill with tears, and once she said, "Guardian, my cup is full; so full that, as some quaint old writer says, 'I must carry it very tenderly.'"

But where there is such a perfect union as in this marriage, God sends happiness. Even Christ uses this as the most beautiful illustration of his love to his church. How slow the world is in receiving the doctrine; and marriage, like the church, has long since become heretical, and follows its Divine Founder "a far off."

Two children had been born to this couple—Nettie, a little girl of eight years, and Willie, a boy of four, healthy, happy children, reared in the brightest moral sunshine.

The Burrell place, now called "Woodside," had become a little Eden. The Judge's dream had become a reality, and from amid the flowers a graceful form often met him when he returned from the business and strife of the outer world, while the presence of the children only made it more an Eden, with angels dwelling there.

John Selden completed his law studies and was at home when Squire Bolton, a lawyer in extensive practice in Dalton and the vicinity, died, and John decided to take his office, and enter at once upon his profession. He seldom visited Woodside, took the opposite side in politics from the Judge, was never seen in church, and though no one said aught against his moral character, yet he was far from fastidious in his selection of friends. John had an object in view; his cautiousness and dogged perseverance was sure to win. He had no intimate friends, save his old classmate, Barton, now Professor of Chemistry in a Medical College. The two had passed some time together in Paris, and usually spent the summer vacations either at Dalton or in fishing and hunting, evidently caring for no other society. Barton was poor, and John, though not generous in his disposition, was always ready to lend to this friend, who was all the time engaged in chemical experiments, and on the eve of making valuable discoveries which would bring him a fortune. He had initiated Selden into many of the apparent mysteries of the science, till he, too, was almost as sanguine as his friend.

Barton had come to spend a few days at Dalton, and was in his friend's office when an invitation was brought in to an evening party at Woodside. John thrust it quickly one side, with an exclamation by no means flattering to the Judge. Barton took it up, read it, and said:

"Why, this is for me, as well as yourself. You should at least let a fellow have the chance of refusing."

"I beg your pardon. I merely treated it as I do all invitations from there; and when I saw 'Woodside,' I said No. Go, if you wish, but excuse me."

"Selden," said his friend, "I have never intruded into your affairs, or asked the cause of your hostility to Judge Perry. I'm not the man to pry into what does not concern me; but if you choose, answer me this one question: He was your guardian; had you any trouble in money matters?"

"None at all; he was the very soul of honor. The secret of my hatred to him I have revealed to no one; but, Barton, I do hate him with my whole soul. Nothing would rejoice me more than to place my foot upon his grave!"

There was such an expression of malignity upon his face that Barton involuntarily started.

"Why, John, I didn't know you could look like that! Stop; I am afraid of you."

"Then never rouse the sleeping demon again." And John turned sullenly to his paper.

"Well, I tell you what, old fellow; I want to give you a bit of advice. You and he are candidates for Congress on opposite tickets. I think you will win—you have the masses on your side; but it doesn't look quite the thing for you to show any personal ill will toward your opponent. Don't act as if you feared he would beat you; and above all, don't let the world get hold of any old grudge between you. In that case you would be the sufferer; for the Judge is universally beloved here. If I were you, I would go to this party, and bear an outward show of friendliness, at least. You can't dislike the wife. In my opinion she is an angel, without the wings; or better still, the nearest to a perfect woman of all that have crossed my path."

"Better keep away then," said John sullenly, "if you have such an admiration for a married woman."

Barton did not speak, but looked at John closely, as if a new thought concerning him had entered his mind.

"Come, John, shake off this fit of the blues, and come with me to the party to-night. Don't you know it is given to a fair Eastern beauty that has lately made her advent into Dalton?"

"You know I care no more for the fair sex than for those 'infinitesimal particles' that are forever leading you astray. Go to the party yourself, and you and my mother can discuss the beauty at the breakfast table. She seasoned my coffee and rolls this morning with a description of said lady."

"John," said she, "I have never seen any one before that I thought I could love as a daughter."

"A strong hint."

But lost on me."

"Will you never marry?"

"You are not yourself this morning, Barton. I never knew you to ask troublesome questions before."

"I ask your pardon, old friend. The truth is, I have been looking over your political prospects. I mean you shall succeed, and I have a wish that you should go to that reception this evening. They are invited without distinction of party. As for me, you know well I cannot marry till I have completed this grand discovery; and then, if I can find some one who will share my destiny, with love and faith, I shall live a bachelor no longer."

"Barton, I will go to this party," said John, as if he had just been roused from thought. "I believe you are right. I am determined to win my election if it costs me my fortune."

"Come on, old fellow, that's right. I am determined you shall win. I have no business for two weeks, excepting that analysis of White, of Cincinnati, who was poisoned a while since. If I trace the arsenic, as I surely shall if it is there, then you'll have a 'case in court.' It is strange how clumsy these poisoners are! Why, John, I could poison an enemy so surely, so safely, that nineteen-tenths of all the doctors would never suspect."

"How so? I always fancied that it was more easy to detect that crime than almost any other."

"Well, listen, then," and Barton, with great minuteness, explained how it could be done, and mentioned some of the "remarkable cases," known only by confession, in Italy and France. "Why, here is a book in your own library that gives instances of trials where it was ascertained that a bouquet or a bottle of perfume had sealed the doom of many a poor victim of hatred or love; and he took down a book, the leaves still uncut, a record of facts more startling than fiction ever dreamed."

John glanced at the contents.

"This was thrown in by my bookseller when I bought my law-library. If you are right, you chemists must be dangerous fellows."

"So far from it, that you seldom find, excepting in the days of religious superstition or political persecution, that men of science were ever guilty of such perversion of their knowledge. No; it seems to me that Nature reveals her secrets to those who are worthy to receive them, and I value my knowledge as one means of detecting crime. If that man White was vilely murdered, I shall be the means of convicting the criminal, and I will not spare the mean soul that would strike his enemy under the pretence of taking a social cup of wine."

John looked at his watch.

"I have business in court to-day which will keep me busy until tea time. I shall not be at home to dinner; please be so agreeable that my mother will forget my absence. I will be there to tea, and we will accompany her to Woodside. The dear old lady will wonder how you induced me to go, but she will be delighted that you have done so."

"She is worthy of some sacrifice on your part." "I should be a devil, I believe, if it were not for my mother," said Selden, as he took the reins from the boy who had been waiting with the buggy for an hour or more at his office door.

"Strange!" murmured Barton to himself, as he turned his steps toward Mrs. Selden's, and then walked slowly, as if in deep thought. It is often the case in friendship, that we find traits of character developed, after long years of intimacy, which we had not even suspected. Alas! we know ourselves only when tried by fierce temptation, and then we sometimes shrink at the revelation of our hearts to our consciousness.

The party at Woodside was delightful, as all such gatherings were made by the hospitality of the host and attractions of the place. The trees were bright with hanging lights; a large dancing-floor was laid in the lawn, and lighted by these hanging lamps, musio, flowers, fruit, all added to the entertainment, and the whole was like a fairy scene.

Mrs. Selden had gone over very early, "thinking Carrie might need her to entertain the late ladies;" and when John entered, she was leaning on the arm of a young lady, a June in form, and beautiful in features.

She was the guest of Mrs. Perry—Miss Anna Homer, a niece of the Judge, who had come to pass the summer in Dalton.

Now we, my dear reader, who understand more about John Selden than his most intimate friend, know that he went to this party, armed, as he thought, *cap à-piè*, against all feminine attractions. But I am sorry to say that Anna Homer had also made up her mind that she would marry John Selden—and here was dogged obstinacy, which in nine cases out of ten wins against beauty and feminine tactics. She was something of a politician, and John was rather relieved when, instead of talking the senseless nothings which constitute the staple of party-talk, she dashed boldly into a defence of her own party, which was that of the Judge. But her voice was gentle, her lips full and red, and there was not a particle of bitterness in her words. John defended his own side with skill and warmth. Ayl sir, when you began that defence, you opened a breach to the enemy. And you quietly waived discussion, you would have been safe; but that was what she intended. She was to become your convert gradually, and you were to see the effect of your reasoning upon the beauty.

It was well, also, that Mrs. Perry made no effort for this match. She desired to see John married; she felt that he would be far happier; the gloom and reticence of his character had troubled her much, but match-making was abhorrent to her heart, and she would have nothing to do with it. Mrs. Selden, on the other hand, formed a sudden friendship with Anna, and the young lady reciprocated it with interest, but she was so unassuming and gentle in her manners, that no one divined any other motive than respect and interest for Mrs. Selden, whom everybody loved. The Judge

was pleased that John should marry, and though he had been exceedingly disappointed in him, he had no feelings of ill-will or resentment toward him. I said disappointed—I am not quite right. The Judge had fears of Selden, and was, I should say, more grieved than disappointed. He was a close observer, and understood Anna's character; he loved her, but she chose her own path, and the Judge did not remonstrate. To the astonishment of his most intimate friend, even more than to the people of Dalton, John Selden was married to Miss Anna Homer soon after the election, which resulted in his success, and when he went to Washington a bride accompanied him.

John Selden's wife was, as I have said, gentle in her manners, soft in speech, and the casual observer would have supposed that she was one of those women who yield obedience and wifely duty, without one doubt of her lord's right to demand it. Not so. She married from ambition, was self-indulgent and exacting, and John, who had judged women by his mother and Carrie—the one living only for others, and happy in self-sacrifice; the other impulsive, spirited, but generous and loving—found a new character, and one which puzzled him exceedingly. Outwardly gentle, her obstinacy surpassed his; the tones of her voice were not loud, but her words were sarcastic and cutting as sharp swords. She seldom, however, allowed Mrs. Selden to see her in these moods. This lady was so yielding, so willing that John's wife should take her place at the head of the table, demanding nothing for herself, that Anna Selden could find no cause for complaint. John had settled some matters on his marriage, about which there should be no dispute. His mother was to retain her place as head of the family while she lived, and John and wife were to be as children. Thus the care and responsibility came upon Mrs. Selden, which was very agreeable to the indolent temperament of Anna. For two years they moved on quietly, no one save Mrs. Perry suspecting that the marriage was not harmonious. Now and then came a little confidential revelation, which made Carrie fear for the future.

"You must study your husband's disposition; yield in minor matters for the sake of peace. John is peculiar, but he has his bright side. His dark moods I acknowledge are dark enough; but I have always thought that whoever loved him could lead him by a silken string."

"Lead him! Sweep back the ocean; remove the Alleghenies; turn the sun from its course; anything, but never expect to move John Selden, when he has decided to do or not to do something! Now, I am wishing to take a journey this week, but John says his mother's health is not good, and we must not go. I know she has very strange turns often, but it does not follow she is going to die."

"John is right, Anna. I am watching dear Auntie with the greatest anxiety. I fear each one of these attacks as her last. Yes, John is right; you should yield here."

"I do not agree with you; and my mother has written to me to come home. All my brothers and sisters are to be there. I shall be the only one absent, and they will not hear of my refusal; I must go. I have no fears that Mrs. Selden will die in my absence. Has John a right to forbid me?"

"I think he has; and let me beg of you, as your best friend, not to rouse your husband's displeasure by going. Your peace for life may turn upon this one act."

"Nonsense, Carrie; you have high notions of a wife's obedience. You must remember that I didn't marry my guardian, whom I was bound to obey—an old man demanding reverence. One would think, to see you and the Judge together, that you thought there was no other man quite his equal."

"Indeed, I do think so. Positively, Anna, I have yet to find one fault in my husband."

"Not even his age?" said Anna, in a mocking tone.

"His age is no fault. I am sorry he is not younger, because death, in the natural course of things, must come, and that would—but I cannot think of such a separation."

"Of course it would be no sacrifice for you to yield to your husband's requests; and he is not as exacting as John. I see no harm in obeying my mother's wishes."

"A husband should come before a mother after marriage."

Anna rose, evidently much disturbed.

"I do not agree with you. You would take away all a wife's independence, and fetter soul and body. I'll subscribe to no such doctrine;" and she walked home through the orchard in a somewhat sullen mood, for she had hoped Carrie would uphold her in her determination to go home. She sat down in her own room, where her trunks were already half-packed. Mrs. Selden had known her wish, but she did not know how earnestly John had remonstrated against it.

"Do not remain on my account, Anna. I hope never to have any of those turns again. Dr. Ward thinks he can ward them off. I should be sorry to deprive you of one hour's pleasure."

"But John objects," said Anna.

"Oh well, my dear, you must settle with yourself how far, as a wife, you can go contrary to his wishes. I would not interfere there, but I make no objection, and do not wish you to stay on my account."

Anna was left alone; she was, to be sure, a little homesick. Her home, hundreds of miles away, rose before her, bright with the presence of the whole household; brothers returned from a distance with their wives and children; neighbors coming in with their congratulations; the mother, so happy to gather her loved ones about her, after many years of separation, and she the only absent one, she, the petted sister, absent because her husband would not give his consent to her absence. Mrs. Selden was apparently well; it was nothing but just John's obstinacy and selfishness. He wasn't willing to go himself, nor to let her

enjoy it. Thus she mused, and the more she thought, the more determined she became to have her own way. Her husband was attending court in a town twenty miles from Dalton. She would get away before his return, for there was no use in trying to move him. She quietly made all her arrangements, nor did her mother-in-law know of her plan, until the morning of her departure. This good lady looked a little troubled.

"Hadn't you better wait, my dear, till John's return? He will surely go with you or find company for you."

"Oh, no, ma'am; Mr. Barton was here this morning, and will go as far as New York, so that I will have no trouble. My brother will be there."

"That will do very well. I am glad you are not alone. I do not like to see ladies travelling alone. I never tried it myself, and feel as if it was not quite right."

"I am not at all afraid to do so. Please tell John that I shall stay but three weeks."

"That will seem a long time to him. Have you a warm shawl? The evenings are so cold now! and do take that new travelling bag that Carrie brought from New York; it is more convenient than yours. There is a nice little pocket for your rubbers; never travel without them. Give a great deal of love to your mother, and ask her to come and see us; it would give me great pleasure. There, good-bye, my dear. Take care of yourself, and return as soon as you can. I shall miss your bright face, but I can easily understand how your mother longs to see it."

Judge Perry and wife did not know of Anna's absence until informed of it by Mrs. Selden. Knowing John's disposition so well, they augured only trouble, and looked forward to his return with some anxiety. But, strange to say, he never mentioned the subject to them, and when his mother told him of her journey and message, he made no reply. "Another cup of coffee, if you please," he said; and, having drunk it, he then asked his mother if she would n't like to spend a week at Woodside, as he must be absent. Now Carrie was never happier than when she had her aunt with her. "Husband and auntie and children," she would say, "gathered about my fireside! what more can I ask?" But John was so reluctant to go there himself that Mrs. Selden seldom left her own home, and she was a little surprised at the proposal.

"Why, yes, John, I think I will. Hannah wishes to clean house, and I am hardly strong enough to bear the bustle and confusion. I believe I will."

John looked at his mother closely; there was a paleness about her mouth and a weariness in the expression of the eyes that troubled him. He walked over with her to Woodside, and left her in the porch, where Carrie had come with her warm greeting. Then John rode away to get the assistance of another lawyer in a long and difficult case which he had intended to carry on himself, but which would take him a long time from home. Now he could sleep at home every night. Dr. Ward had told him of his mother's danger, and that, while he hoped to ward off these attacks, he had his fears. Another one might prove fatal. Carrie understood the danger, and John well knew how tenderly and lovingly she would watch the invalid.

When Anna arrived at her own home, she forgot that her husband might feel any displeasure at her absence in the merry meeting at home, and wrote him, telling of her pleasant journey, safe arrival, and her intention not to stay a day longer than the time mentioned. John threw the letter into the fire and made no reply. The next day, as he sat writing in his office, the following note came from Carrie:

"DEAR JOHN—Your mother does not seem as well to-day; there are some premonitory symptoms of an attack. I hope I may be mistaken, but I know you will wish to be here. Come at once, but do not let her see that you are alarmed."

CARRIE.

Selden threw aside his papers and rode to Woodside with the messenger. Carrie was right, but as yet the mother was conscious and recognized them. Then came hours of intense suffering, followed by a passive, unconscious state, which gave the anxious watchers hope. She had begged to be carried home, that she might die in the same room and on the same bed where her husband breathed his last. This wish was gratified. John carried her in his arms up the garden path and through the orchard, and laid her where, many years before, she had watched the last moments of one to whom she had been faithful even unto death.

"She can live but a few days," said Dr. Ward, and, during those days, John and Carrie never left her. It was too solemn a time for other thoughts to intrude often, but there were moments during that sad period when John, watching Carrie's gentle ministrations and seeing the exceeding love she bore to his mother, had a feeling like the bitterness of death came to his soul. The presence and even the thought of Judge Perry was hateful to him. This hatred was intense, and now his terrible disappointment in marriage and the coming death of his mother made him both bitter and wretched.

"Have you telegraphed to Anna?" said Carrie to him one day as Mrs. Selden slept.

"No, it is not necessary," he answered.

Carrie did not reply, but caused it to be done that day.

Like a child going to sleep Mrs. Selden passed away. She could not speak, but she recognized the three familiar faces about her couch and was happy. She turned her eyes from them upward, and a sweet smile lighted up her features. "She sees some angel," said Carrie, and the meek, loving spirit passed into that world where all is love, and with her, John Selden's good angel passed away also.

The mourners had assembled at the house; the last rites were about to be performed, de-

ferred only by the silent tread of the few late comers, who were being seated by the master of ceremonies, when a carriage was driven hastily to the door, and John Selden's wife alighted, travel-stained and dusty. There was a pause, and all eyes were turned toward her, as she entered the room where the corpse lay, surrounded by weeping friends in the garments of woe. The husband made no movement of recognition, silent and rigid he sat, unmoved as a statue. Judge Perry rose and led the wife to a vacant seat near the coffin. One glance at the calm, still features of the dead, and then her head was bowed, nor was it raised again till there was a movement, and she perceived that those around her were passing to the carriages at the door; still no recognition from her husband. The dead had been borne out, and the son had followed mechanically, as in a dream; again Judge Perry came to her aid, and placed her in the carriage beside her husband. Still not one word nor sign from him, and a glance at his countenance led her to shrink back and fear the future. She stood by his side at the open grave, and her tears fell, tears of sincere sorrow, for the dead had always been gentle and kind to her. When all was over, and the sexton was left alone with his task, John Selden stood a moment that his wife might enter the carriage, but passive, neither aiding nor hindering her movements. Wearied and sad she retired to her room, and in solitude gave vent to her feelings. Carrie came to her with a cup of tea; she said a few soothing words, bathed the aching head, and when Anna, with a burst of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Carrie! I am so sorry—you know I would n't have gone if I had thought this was to happen? What shall I do? Is my husband offended beyond reconciliation?"

"I trust not—I believe not. We all do wrong and need forgiveness. Tell him your error, and he will forgive you. But he has his dark moods, as I once told you, and, Anna, let this be a lesson for the future."

"It will. I shall never thwart him again. How silent and stern he is!"

"Yes, I never saw John so moved before. We have not given him credit for much warmth of nature; nor was he demonstrative, even toward his mother; but when such persons love or hate, there is a strength in their passion unknown to more shallow natures."

"Strong in love and strong in hate; and if he hates me for my sin what will become of me?"

There was one long, low wail of anguish.

"Hush, Anna! give time for John to mourn his dead; be patient till the first keen sorrow is past. There, lie still; I must go down; I am needed more for your absence."

The three who had so often sat at the same table with the departed one, now gathered in the old, familiar room. It was just such an evening as that of Carrie's betrothal—the same early twilight, and as Carrie seated herself to make tea, she remembered the kind greeting, and the blessing that seemed to have followed her ever since the gentle hand was laid upon her head.

John was reserved and gloomy, scarcely speaking, and Carrie was much surprised when he asked her after tea to play and sing that favorite tune of his mother's:

"I would not live away."

She did so; nor stopped with that, but sang and played the same airs that in days long ago she had so often sung to her adopted mother. She played in her heart that the evil spirit of rebellious grief might be chased away. Hoping that she had in some measure succeeded, she said, as the evening wore away, "John, I must go home to my little ones now. Your wife is alone in her chamber, weeping; go to her and forgive her error. She is truly sorry for the past." As she spoke, she laid one hand upon his shoulder, and with the other parted the hair that lay, moist with the agony of a great sorrow, upon his brow. Oh! how John Selden had longed, in years past, for one such touch from that hand, and now that his mother was gone, how could this heart supply the place left so vacant!

Carrie little understood the emotion, nor could she comprehend the strong restraint of the stern, reticent man, who remained passive, and gave no answering touch or word, as she stood thus for some minutes. How deeply would she have been pained, had she known the strength of his passion for her; a passion which had only grown stronger by its suppression, or rather because his will had been thwarted; for with his strong will, he had a strong patience; if only he could see the end. But Carrie was lost to him utterly, doubly so, by her marriage and his own. "There now," she said, "do go to her John; she waits for you."

"Never," was his reply, as he rose and opened the door for Carrie to pass out, for while speaking, she had put on her shawl and bonnet. It was chilly and dark, and he said, "Wait a moment, Carrie, till I fetch my hat; I'll go home with you;" but at this moment the Judge appeared at the door, and husband and wife went out together, leaving two desolate hearts behind. Anna waited long in her own room, listening for the sound of her husband's step upon the stairs. It came at last—now she would humble herself to him, and begin life anew. But the step passed on, her door was not opened, and her ear caught the sounds of another door opened—it was his mother's—it closed.

The servant brought lights, and asked if she needed anything. Then came the stillness of midnight. The poor wife watched and waited, and in those long hours of suspense, she remembered Carrie's words: "Your peace for life may depend upon this one act." She passed a sleepless night, longing, and yet dreading the dawn. It came at last. She dressed herself in a plain, black silk, the only approach to mourning which her toilet contained, and descended to the breakfast room.

A brief "good morning," from her husband, and a moment's pause till she was seated at the table. Anna longed to say more. She had been

vain and ambitious, but she was a woman still, and not wholly insensible to her duties as a wife; but the stern reticence of John Selden was a gulf which few wives would venture to pass, certainly not one who knew the fault was upon her side. Anna bore this for some days, and then went to Carrie for advice.

"Patience a little longer," said Carrie. "Take this as the just punishment for your offence. John was formerly quick to resent any injury. I can hardly understand this strange reserve. He does not reproach you?"

"Not at all; it is utter indifference; an indifference that chills far more than violent anger. If he would only reproach me, or show passion, I could bear it; I could then open my heart to him. He now speaks only when necessary, never enters my own room, but has taken possession of his mother's chamber, where he spends most of the time when in the house."

"It will all be over by-and-by, Anna. Do not let this wear upon you; when he takes into his arms a child of his own, his better nature will be aroused, and in becoming a father, he will also be a husband again."

Anna tried to comfort herself with this thought, but she was too impatient to follow the advice, and one rainy day, when more than usually sad and lonely, she wrote the following note:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I cannot bear this estrangement longer; had you spoken one word of welcome to me, I should have confessed my error. I was wrong in going away in your absence, and contrary to your wishes. I would not have gone, had I supposed your mother so ill. But we all do wrong, John, and need forgiveness of each other; be merciful to me, as you wish for mercy from Heaven yourself. I cannot bear this reserve and coldness longer."

She laid this upon his dressing table, and the next day received the following:

"MADAM—I have long since become convinced that your marriage was one of ambition and convenience, not of love. You have once made this acknowledgment since our union. I am content. It will be better for us both that matters remain as at present; you shall have all that you married for—my name, my house, and such luxuries as my means will command. I have purchased a horse and carriage for your sole use. Peter is at your service whenever you desire to ride; he is a faithful servant, and will do your bidding. I would gladly avoid all scandal, therefore, if you have no objection, we will remain legally husband and wife, but I can never feel again the respect and affection which I bore toward you before my mother's death. JOHN SELDEN."

[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 your hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we meet
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LITTLE HELEN.]

RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VI.

Genie's disappearance from her former home was cause for real anxiety among her new friends. They did not give up their search for her, and thus they were daily becoming acquainted with many wretched families, and learning more of the sufferings and needs of the poor than they would have learned in a whole life time, without something to call them into the midst of those whose spirits are starving as well as their bodies.

Jeanette, while going the rounds with Ruthie, laid better plans for her new society than she would have known how to have done had she remained at home.

"I see," said she, to Ruthie, "that I made a great mistake in my calculations. I was going to make beggars of these people, by helping them. But now I see that all they want is to know how to help themselves. Did you see that woman this morning with the sickly face, and the little girl clinging to her knees? You were talking with some one else, and I led her out to say that all she wants is work. She can embroider beautifully, having learned of the Sisters in Ireland, and she can do all kinds of nice needle-work, and yet she has nothing to do, and so she starves and pines. Instead of our having a sewing society to work for her, she needs to work for us; and all we have to do is to pay her for her labor."

"And that woman with the big boy," said Ruthie; "she wants a good place for him. He has a good, honest face, and needs some one to care for him."

"I declare," said Jeanette, "I thought it was enough to give the poor some clothes and something to eat; now I see that is but a little, and the poorest thing we can do. But we must talk with Uncle John, and we'll establish a—"

"An Industrial School," suggested Ruthie.

"But where shall it meet?" asked Jeanette.

"Oh dear! there are so many things to be done in this world! I feel as if I wanted to say to my father, 'Mr. Lord, I would like five thousand dollars, to establish a home for poor women.'"

"Why don't you?"

"Because I should hear: Jeanette, my dear daughter, I am glad to see you interested in all good works, but I pay to Mr. Frill's benevolent fund all my charities. Do you wish to go to Newport this summer?"

"Well," said Ruthie, "we must work with small means."

The result of the talk with Uncle John, in which Jim took a prominent part, was the hiring of a fine new hall, that they could control during the week as well as Sundays, and the establishment of a school and society, where all that wished could be taught all kinds of useful work, and have it provided for them.

Jeanette was only seventeen years old, and Ruthie fifteen, and it was just the time that they were expected to appear at parties, and to put on the manners of fashionable young ladies. But this new labor of theirs suited them better than anything they had found, and they succeeded in making it agreeable to their friends. The children that they rescued from the streets, and the women that came to them from dreary homes, soon interested them more than the morning calls they used to make, and they found that they had besides sufficient time for all the pleasures they needed. Their Sunday school was perhaps the most agreeable of their labors. Miss Marvel declared it was strange that people would leave the morning prayer-meeting and go to the new hall; but not so thought the people. And no wonder the children liked the cheerful tones that Jeanette played better than the solemn tones that were considered safe for the children that gathered in the vestry.

"There's one thing I don't like," said Jim, one day, "and I may as well speak of it first as last. We've followed the old-fashioned way of giving

lessons, and having classes, and it's a bore, and I'm going to bolt."

"Oh!" sighed Ruthie.

"Whose plan was it?" asked Jim.

"I guess it was Miss Marvel's," said Uncle John, looking at Ruthie.

"You mean," said Jim, "that Ruthie, having the terror of Miss Marvel before her eyes, thought she must cut her new cloth to the old pattern, or else have that woman's holy horror descending on her devoted head?"

"Well," said Ruthie, "I was afraid I should not get any religion into our school at all if we did not try the question books; but the children don't like them, and sigh the minute I take them out, so that I have to parade a great pile of reward cards to keep their attention at all. But what plan shall we follow?"

"Why, do what the children want to do; find out what that is."

"Capital!" said Uncle John; "they're wiser than we think. If you offer a child a pear or a piece of cake, it will take the pear; it is better for the child, and that is the reason it loves it best."

"But the children do not know how to tell what they want," said Ruthie.

"They don't know how to tell to me," said Uncle John, "but if you only would, Ruthie, just stand up and talk to them, they would speak, I'll venture."

"If Genie was only among them to begin," said Jim. "I have lost a deal of heart since she disappeared."

"Genie's loss has been our great gain," said Ruthie; "just think what we have learned in trying to find her!"

Just then Jeanette came in.

"Just think," said she, "I believe I've got track of Genie. If I have, I shall think there is a real Providence in it. You know Uncle John's sermon was a prayer, last Sunday. Now I never did believe it was of much use to pray until he told us what true prayer was, and how it could be answered; so I just said to myself, now is the time to try the truth of what he says; so I did really pray, asking the Lord's angels to find Genie and bring her to me. But why could not they have done it before?"

"Did you need any experience?" asked Uncle John.

"I suppose it is all right," continued Jeanette; "but let me tell you, a little girl like Genie came to our door and asked for the lady that helped John find places, and our stupid people sent her away; but as she was going, she turned around, and said, 'Tell her I live in Davis Court,' and I am going there. Will you go?"

It was truly Genie that they had found, who had been serving at a place in the country. She looked so pale and thin that they hardly knew her. Their questions drew from her the fact that she had been working like a slave for a cruel woman, until she could bear the burdens put upon her no longer. Jim's face grew crimson with anger as he heard her uncomplaining words, and looked into her sad face.

"Dear child," said Ruthie, kissing her; "we will take care of you," and they all went together from the dreary room.

When they were in the sunshine, Genie said: "Somebody told me that there was a place where I could perhaps find a situation, and so I went out and walked straight to your door. Father would have said the voice led me. I don't know."

When Genie knew that her father was well cared for by her new friends, and that she had no longer to struggle unaided for her life, she assumed its old look, and her appearance at the New Hall gave new life to all; and Uncle John took occasion to talk to the children about the good we could all do in the world.

"We all depend," he said, "one on the other. It is true that the influence of one on another, and on all, is very great. If you go out some summer's morning and pass by a Heliotrope in bloom, its fragrance gives you delight, and that delight does you good. If you pass by anything impure you are disturbed, and you perhaps have taken poison into your system, that will make you very ill. It is just so when we approach a good, pure child, or man or woman: their very atmosphere is fragrance to the spirit and refreshes it. And if we approach a bad girl or boy, or man or woman, our spirits, breathing in a little of their impure atmosphere, are disturbed and made very uncomfortable, and thus we are harmed. I know you all wish to be like the Lilies, the Roses, the Heliotropes, and not like fetid mushrooms or impure matter. Then make your lives sweet and pure, by driving out all unholy passions; by living loving lives; by keeping yourselves from all wrong. I will tell you a legend of the beloved Jesus, whose life on earth was like sunshine to the flowers; like sweet fragrance from a garden of Roses; like gentle rain on a flourishing field; like all that we love and cherish."

There was a land so dreary, that few chose it for a home; yet there were found men that lived there, but they lived so wretched a life, that it seemed strange that they did not choose some other place of abode. The soil was so barren, that it was with difficulty that anything could be made to grow. The grass was coarse, so that the ill-fed cattle were lean and pitiable objects. The fruits were so crabbed, that no one could enjoy eating them; and the inhabitants had no beauty or comeliness, owing to the wretched lives they were obliged to live.

There was a little child dwelt there, who wondered at all this poverty and misery, and desired a better condition; and every night when he went to bed, he wished in his heart that some one would come and help him. He looked up at the stars, and prayed some one to descend from their brightness. He looked at the moon, and asked if no one dwelt there that would come to his help.

One day when he was sitting in his father's doorway, a poorly clad traveler came near. His garments were no better than those of the boy, and no one would suppose that he belonged to any other than that land of poverty. But there was a bright light in his eyes that the boy noticed, and a sweet smile on his face that gave him joy. The boy asked the stranger in, and went to the cupboard and put before him the best fare that was to be found. There was one pot of delicious jelly, made from the wild honey and apples, that the mother had preserved with great care, as the only delicacy that they should have for the whole year. To reach this, the boy climbed to the top-most shelf, and with much trouble bore it from there to his guest. When his father and mother returned, they were exceedingly angry.

"All this for a stranger," said they, "and one no better than thyself. Thou shalt be severely punished."

"That may be," said the boy, "but the punishment will be sweet. And I will give to him my best harp, made from the reeds; and he shall have my bed."

"What a boy," said the mother; "there is no use punishing thee. Have thy own way; only if thou hast not taken my pot of jelly!"

"Never mind, mother," said the boy, "we will have many pots by-and-by, and plenty of milk

and honey, and sweet grapes and fair apples. The light is coming from the east."

And so the stranger abode in the boy's home, and slept in his bed, and ate of his food—the best of which was always given him. And soon the sun began to shine with an unusual warmth. There was a glow on the mountains, never noticed there before. The streams began to flow with more lavish currents, and fountains and springs appeared in waste places. The grass grew fresh and tender, and the cattle, fed in green pastures, soon grew fat and sleek. Lambs frisked on the hillsides; flowers bloomed in the meadows, and the bees filled their cells with honey.

No one would have known the lovely country, so luxuriant and full of beauty, for the sterile land despoiled by all. Men grew happy, and their faces shortened, and their steps were light. Women laughed and frolicked with their babes, and children gathered garlands and decorated their houses, so that there seemed to be a perpetual feast day, where was once only gloom and despondency.

The stranger had walked quietly all these days among the people, and no one looked to him as their deliverer, except the boy, who in his heart remembered his prayer and its answer. But one day as they were walking together on the hillside, they looked back, and beholding all the richness and luxuriance of the country, the stranger said:

"Is it not lovely?"

"Yes," said the boy, "it is."

"Now thou knowest," said the stranger, "I must leave thee. But never forget that the presence of the pure is the life of God."

And while speaking, he disappeared from the boy's gaze, and his poor humble garments shone like gold, and his face was like crystal, and on his head was a crown, and in his hand a sceptre, from which proceeded a light that was brighter than the day. The boy returned to tell the people of all he had seen, and they said with one voice, "The Lord has been with us."

"Now my children," continued Uncle John, "we live a similar experience almost every day. How bright and beautiful does everything appear in the presence of some fair child, whose life is like the kingdom of heaven. Did you never know a man who brought so much gladness in a glance of his eye, that you were sure that the world was a great deal better than ever before? Did you never see a woman whose look of love changed all trouble to joy, and made the sunshine of God dawn on your life? Oh little children, it is for you to beautify the waste places; to make desert places blossom as the rose, for to you has God given the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

[To be continued.]

Word-Puzzle.

My 1 is in left, but not in right.
My 2 is in lay, but not in night.
My 3 is in youth, but not in age.
My 4 is in calm, but not in rage.
My 5 is in wheat, but not in corn.
My 6 is in night, but not in morn.
My 7 is in mirth, but not in gloom.
My 8 is in coffee, but not in tea.
My 9 is in ocean, but not in sea.
My whole is what all should possess.

Transposition.

Esakp nyetgi tsi etstr afr,
Ot lute yb vole laut reaf;
Saepk tyngle etl on ahshr rowd arm,
Het oglio ew amy od rehe.

Spiritualism in Vermont.

I have just enjoyed a pleasant and interesting treat with a portion of the Spiritualists of Vermont, in their Thirteenth Annual State Convention, held this year in the Unitarian Church of Montpelier. These Annual and other Conventions of our friends in Vermont have proved highly interesting and profitable, and had a good effect in spreading and establishing Spiritualism in that State. The good feelings engendered there have often lasted from one session to another, and encouraged the friends to continue them, but they are not yet ready to take any practical steps toward doing anything more than having good meetings, good speakers, good circles and good times generally. They have not yet taken steps toward effecting any permanent organization to secure property which is already awaiting investment in our cause. There are many honest and earnest Spiritualists who, for various reasons, oppose every step toward an efficient organization beyond a mass convention. They undoubtedly have, to themselves, satisfactory reasons and fears of some evils, real or imaginary; but the time must soon come for efficient action, in Vermont as well as elsewhere. Our friends there have not a college, academy or school-house of any kind, but let the churches control the entire system of education.

I believe there is not a Progressive Lyceum yet in the State; or, if there is one or two, they are new and small and weak yet. Churches control the Sunday training of the children, as well as the week day education. I believe we have not a church or hall in the State, except one or two private ones owned by individuals, and several old deserted or abandoned churches, which we accept, as the freedmen do our old clothes, with thanks. Our conventions are held in groves or halls or churches, kindly loaned to us by societies who are not half as able to own them as the Spiritualists are, provided they would organize and cooperate and concentrate their means. Circles, meetings, mass meetings and conventions are all good and useful, and should be kept up; but if we go no further, we do no more than we have done and are doing, and it does seem to me that there are numbers enough, means enough and intelligence enough among Spiritualists to begin to do something more than to merely have occasional good times. I have waited, watched and expected our friends in Vermont to begin some substantial work, to show that there is practical utility in our religion. I am sure they will, but when I cannot tell, but suppose when the practical overcome the impractical Spiritualists.

Bethel, Vt., Sept. 11, 1866. WARREN CHASE.

Mr. Spurgeon has just notified a member of his flock that he discourages as much as possible the practice of returning thanks to God after childbirth by any of his congregation, since in most cases it is merely an absurd, superstitious practice.

"We have a span of horses," said the economic, "on our farm, that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, one is a saw-horse and the other a clothes-horse."

An artist invited a gentleman to criticize a portrait he had painted of Mr. Smith, who was given to drink. Putting his hand toward it, the artist exclaimed, "Do not touch it; it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it cannot be like my friend Smith."

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own weakness at heart.

THE FIRST GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING. AT PIERPONT GROVE, BETWEEN MALDEN AND MELROSE, MASS. Aug. 30th and 31st, and Sept. 1st and 2d, 1866.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[Continued.]

Mr. Crosby, of Roxbury, Mass., made some appropriate remarks in favor of inaugurating spiritual camp meetings.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard, of Malden, Mass., was introduced by Vice President Dr. P. Clark, and, under inspirational influence, narrated her singular experience as an invalid and a medium: "This morning as I sat listening to the sad, sweet tones of the dear, blind boy speaking on this stand, I was carried back through my own experiences, to which I have been requested to refer. I was born in 1840, in the city of Portsmouth, N. H., the present home of my parents. Almost from infancy I was an invalid till nearly three years ago. At the age of fourteen, while I was supposed to be on a dying bed, I was confirmed and taken into the Episcopal Church by Bishop Chase, and the sacrament was administered to me preparatory to my departure from this sphere of existence. Physicians had done their utmost in my behalf, and friends gathered around my bedside to give their parting adieu. But I was strangely revived, and I know not how long a time elapsed before hopes of my recovery began to be entertained. A great excitement was raging among the Second Adventists. In the absence of some of my friends, others deeming themselves acting a friendly part, urged me to be emerged, with the assurance that an emersion would restore me to health. I was too weak in body and mind to resist. I was bundled into a carriage, plunged into the river, taken home, and my parents, and for days, lay in a dangerous rage. I was visited by a lady medium who said my diseases were owing to spirit-influences; that spirits were endeavoring to develop me, but were resisted, and the resistance caused my sickness. Another medium told me the same story; but my prejudices were so strong against Spiritualism, I made sport of what was said. Time passed; my health slightly improved; Spiritualists gave the spirits credit, and said it was because I was a good girl, and I know not how long a time elapsed before I began to feel that I was being influenced, and I arose and spoke for nearly an hour, giving some striking tests which riveted conviction in the minds of all who were present. From this time my spiritual career began. I received promises of health and a career of usefulness as a medium. I would only have been an angel voice. But conditions were unfavorable, and too often I shrunk from the position assumed. My health declined, my eyes grew nearly blind, and I suffered from a variety of difficulties. I was sent to my sister's in Boston to be treated, and remained under the care of the best physicians more than a year, but without benefit. My spirit-guides came and renewed their promises, and reminded me of my broken promise. I told my spirit-guides if they would go to my home in Providence, and make my friends send for me, I would renew my promise to exercise my gifts and do their bidding in behalf of the mission they had marked out. I was sent for in a few days, and told to come in haste. On my arrival home, I was informed that all sorts of phenomena had been taking place, and my presence was needed to stop them. Passing through experiences in which I suffered, Heaven only knows how much, sometimes yielding to spiritual influences, and then finding them sometimes trying to work in fact, I was sometimes in a state of intense mental and physical suffering, and sometimes in a state of intense joy and peace. I have traveled thousands of miles through heat and cold, sunshine and storm, speaking frequently under the most unfavorable circumstances, and I have been sustained from all harm. A few weeks ago I met with an injury which induced a dangerous bleeding of the lungs; within a few hours I bled more than a quart, all other efforts failed, and the services of Dr. Frisvold were called for, and in a few days I was out of the house, and apparently as well as ever. As I stand before you to-day, you see I am in form but a frail and feeble child, yet you hear my voice ringing out with a power all beyond my own. I give all due credit to the Doctor for the wonderful works done in my behalf, and many others coming under his care, though he may not thank me for so doing, and he requested me not to mention his name, as he feared it would do harm to his unseen messengers, who have called me forth to the mission of humanity. This camp meeting is a new era in the cause of Spiritualism. You come here to receive a fresh baptism from the higher life, in order that you may go back to your homes and the world and begin anew. To me this meeting has already been a blessing beyond comparison. I draw new inspirations from all these earnest souls around me as well as from the descending hosts above. For the first time before a large assembly, I stand forth as an inspired and a speaker conscious of what I am saying, and I know the angel voices are giving me aids and inspirations. I see in all your faces the love-lighting smile of heaven, while your hearts are beating with new hopes and nobler purposes. Let us remember the grand aim of all these meetings is to impel us to begin living wiser and better lives. The more we commune with holy ones coming from angel-life, the holier will be our own lives. Above all things do I pray for the pure and unselfish heart needed to attract pure, heavenly influences. If I know myself, purity is the highest object of my being. Oh how beautiful, when with clear and radiant souls we can see beyond all those clouds which lower along our pathway, and behold the white angel throngs beckoning us onward and upward. [Miss Hubbard closed with a practical appeal to the young and the old, and sat down amid the long and loud applause of the audience. Her address was the most effective and impressive of the fact that though she seemed the most delicate person on the speakers' stand, yet she commanded a volume of voice loud and clear enough to render every syllable distinctly heard on the very outskirts of the camp ground.]

Saturday Evening Session.—Between two and three thousand people were in the grove at the ringing of the bell. The choir sang, "Father of spirits take, oh take."

Jonathan Pierce, Esq., of Boston, was introduced and made some preliminary remarks on the recent decease of the Rev. John Pierpont, saying that in his last public address, the venerable brother vindicated the truth of Spiritualism against the attacks of the religious as well as the treacherous portion of the community, in saying that "I know spirits did communicate, and that it gave him no concern when others said who had not received the same light, called him infidel, for all were infidel to some established form of religion; he was but an advocate for the truth as made manifest to him. Bro. Pierce concluded by offering the following resolution, which was unanimously passed by the audience:

Resolved, That in memory of our late Bro. Rev. John Pierpont, who died Sept. 1st, 1866, at Pierpont Grove, we hereby name this beautiful grove where we occupy Pierpont Grove.

J. N. Hodges spoke of the theoretical and the practical of Spiritualism. Our theories, scientific, philosophical and theological had their uses, but they must come to the practical test. They are useless to the people unless we can make them work in all the relations of life. In the parable of the sheep and the goats, nothing is asked con-

cerning theories or beliefs: "And the king shall say unto them, 'Ye have said, I know you, ye have done it unto me.' We are not required to make loud professions or confessions with reference to idolizing, flattering or appealing to dread, august king or unknown God; but the highest service we can render to God, is to render service to the least and lowliest of his children, our needy brothers and sisters."

Dr. B. M. Lawrence, spoke in a similar practical strain, earnestly urging Spiritualists to make their religion felt in all the reforms of the age. He referred to a circle in which, for a time, none but Catholics spirits communicated; at last the spirits said they first communicated as Catholics in order that they might the better enlist the sympathies of Catholics, and harness them into the work of Catholic reform; they sought to use the church as an instrument to smite down bigotry. Just so it should be with us. This camp meeting will prove a mighty agent for the overthrow of bigotry and intolerance. The church is represented here in all its phases; our speakers range through every field of thought, and gather up the good and true wherever found. If we speak against the church, it is not of the true church. So of Christianity. True Christianity is an entire harmony with pure Christianity. [The Doctor gave a very lucid exposition of this position, holding the fixed attention of the audience, and closed amid applause, with one of his reform poems.]

Mrs. Fitch, under influence, spoke of the labors and ordeals of this life, and of having their divine appointments, and of sometimes failing to realize their growth and love and over our loved ones are reminded by the loved spirits of the beloved land. Becoming clairvoyant, Mrs. F. then spoke of spirits present whom she identified. She exhorted those who would know in regard to these things, to go home and form their own circles, test their own mediumship, and having found mediums of their own, sustain and encourage them.

R. Thayer, of Boston, with his usual modesty, took the stand, and spoke of his visit to the late Methodist camp meeting, at Marlborough, in the year 1864, among other things, that he could not leave that out of the fifteen or twenty thousand present during the week, a single soul was converted. On one occasion, when a call was made for sinners to arise for prayers, not a single soul arose; and Bro. Thayer said it was intimated that his presence, standing up near the stand, exerted such a countervailing influence, sinners were overawed and divine grace frustrated.

After a metrical benediction had been pronounced by Miss Hubbard, the thousands departed in peace.

[To be continued.]

Unitarian Sunday Schools.

A late number of the New York Christian Inquirer (Unitarian) calls attention to the mode of teaching the young idea, how to shoot in the Unitarian Sunday Schools. It appears that the books used in some of the schools are of the old orthodox stamp, thus presenting a rather questionable shape for the fashioning of plastic natures in the liberal Church—the hymns being of that character which would do no discredit to the Right Reverend and Very Venerable Mother Goose herself, when she sang of the Hebrew children, who, in Adam's fall were sinners all.

Some ten years ago, we spoke to a brace of Unitarian clergymen upon this inconsistency of thus having school and pulpit in opposition to each other, a mode of teaching so liberal, that what the Sunday school book contained was soundly belabored from the pulpit; thus balancing each other with Orthodox goats and Unitarian sheep, leaving the lambs to skip from one to the other to find pasturage as they might choose. This was certainly very liberal, though the children might not so easily distinguish which was the true manna from heaven as stamped with the sign of the genuine, original Jacob. One of the clergymen thought that the fossil books of the Orthodox Tract Society, teaching hell-fire and damnation forever in the brimstone or asphaltum lake, or in the devildom where God is angry every day, ought to be dumped into the brook Kidron. The other clergyman thought it was but of little account of what was the plaster put upon the children, as but little of it would stick—thus making no account of the labor and waste of time of the builders who thus daubed with untempered mortar.

A short time since we looked into a Sunday school book of a later and better cast by the liberal Church. With a glimpse here and there, we saw some good things and some not quite so good. Of the latter was the setting forth of David as a good man. Though David was "a man after God's own heart," it would be rather difficult to constitute him a saint according to the modern heretical standard of judging humanity. Granting him that it was "good" to repent till he was weary with repenting, for no one more sadly needed it; granted that he repented of his untruths—of putting men, women and children to death, till none were left to breathe—of harrowing and axing his prisoners, and of baking them in brick-kilns; granted that he repented of giving seven of Saul's sons to be hung up unto the Lord as human sacrifices in the blood theology; that he repented of his fierce wars and free love raids; of forcibly abducting Phalt's wife, her husband weeping and pleading in vain, to say nothing of the only one sin of his life with Bathsheba, how could he repent on this side Jordan of the two murders he bequeathed while dying, adding perjury to the same?

Let any one, without educational warping, read the life of David, as a real or fabulous personage, and show, if he can, why this marauding filibuster over seven degrees of latitude and seven degrees of longitude should be set up as a saint in Unitarian Sunday Schools. True, there are aspects in modern Christian civilization not much in progress from the status of old Jewry; and our two hundred years of American slavery may have witnessed barbarisms as black as any in the "man after God's own heart;" and our Northern clergymen and politicians have given Scripture for the same; to say nothing of the short conings of injustice to woman and labor in Northern civilization. When the Southern clergy made up their record to send to England for Christian sympathy and assistance, though admitting much drunkenness, profanity and other vices in the Confederate army, the case was made good, in that the same army were believers in the creeds and not infidel; that is, they were very pious in calling upon the name of the Lord, though their tender mercies were cruelities—as if the God of Israel winked at the infernal inhumanities of our Southern slaveholding brethren in the Lord, as well as at those of David. Swedenborg found David in hell. This would seem to justify the hell forever in the Sunday schools, for if David was there even unto Swedenborg's day, may he not continue there till the crack of doom, even though the "man after God's own heart" and the "Holy One" whose soul should not be left in hell? Well, the Unitarian Sunday school may save him by teaching the young idea how to shoot with the arrow of the Lord's deliverance. Easy for one to place a mere effort on the ground, and to find no place of repentance, though it might be found, with tears. Jesus is reported in a goodly sorrow not to be repented of, and Peter denied his Lord and cried the cock crowing testimony to the same; while David, the darling of the songs of Israel, for his "thousand slain," forgets his penitential psalms and breathes out murder to the last.

This is the holy one of the Unitarian Sunday schools. Behold the man! Let us see if, among the saints who are in God, he comes out, if his grave had been dug into the holy city, thus proving that it was not quite forever that among the wicked he had been turned into hell.

C. B. F.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by Wm. A. Miller & Co., in the Clerk's 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. YERRINGTON.

FIFTH DAY—AUGUST 25.—CONTINUED.

On motion of Mr. Conley, the unfinished business of yesterday was taken up, being the consideration of the resolution in regard to war.

On motion of Dr. H. B. Storer, of New York, the resolution was laid on the table.

The next resolution of the series reported by the Committee on Resolutions was then taken up, as follows:

Resolved, That as Spiritualists accept it as a self-evident truth that all men are created equal, and that in regard to suffrage and all other rights, we recognize the equality of all before God and the law, without regard to sex or color.

Mr. Conley offered the following as a substitute:

Resolved, That in accepting the democratic idea of manhood, we recognize the equality of all men in the rights of intelligence and loyalty and inherent human rights should be the test entitling a citizen of the United States to the exercise of the elective franchise, or the performance of any governmental function.

Mr. Wadsworth said that before any action was taken upon the substitute, he wished to make a further report from the Committee on Resolutions, in order that the business, as far as projected, might be before the Convention. He read the following series:

1. *Resolved*, That as science, reason and experience have proved that alcoholic and intoxicating drinks are destructive to the health of individuals and the peace and happiness of society, therefore, as reformers, we should abstain from and discourage the use of intoxicating drinks, and assist and encourage all efforts at temperance reforms.

2. *Resolved*, That as science, reason and experience have proved that tobacco is injurious to the health of individuals and expensive article in the family and the social circle, and a nuisance in refined society, therefore, as reformers, we should abstain from and discourage the use of tobacco, and assist and encourage all efforts to exterminate it from the use, commerce and productions of our country.

3. *Resolved*, That the time has fully come when Spiritualists are imperatively required to place before the world a statement of the basic principles of their philosophy, and especially that men or those who profess to be Spiritualists, should be required to take common sense, virtue, and all the great interests of civilization, demand the extension of the elective franchise to the colored American citizen.

4. *Resolved*, That since it is the central idea of our American civilization that "all men are free and equal," that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and that "the Constitution itself demands the extension of the elective franchise to our colored American citizens."

5. *Resolved*, That the idea of human equality, whether the subjects be black or white, and fully endorses the efforts now being made by P. B. Randolph, of New York, and the National Normal Institute for the education of colored teachers.

6. *Resolved*, That the delegates of this Convention are earnestly requested to assist in the efforts to circulate subscription lists in their various localities, and thus join with Gen. Grant and other noble men in the West, in paying over many hundred thousand dollars to the Freedmen's Bureau, of the United States, and thus assist in the efforts to keep the subscription lists before their readers.

7. *Resolved*, That all persons need more or less of the productions of human labor for their support, and that it is the duty of all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

8. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

9. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

10. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

11. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

12. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

13. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

14. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

15. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

16. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

17. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

18. *Resolved*, That it is an imperative duty for all to give a full and just equivalent for all they may consume.

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their freedom to-day, if they stood like the late slaves, without the right to vote, between their late masters on the one hand and their hounds, the poor whites, on the other? When the musket was placed in the hands of the black man, the nation was bound to give him all that pertained to manhood, and all that pertained to freedom; and in a democratic form of government, the ballot-box was the individual's ark of safety.

He found among some Spiritualists a very great dislike to have anything like politics enter into their religion. He could not understand this, especially where a political question was raised, a moral question. The time had been when moral questions had but little to do with politics, but moral questions would have more and more to do with politics. The Republican party was the first party organized upon a moral principle, and it was just as impossible for religion men then to separate their religion from their politics as it was to separate the heart from the body and live. He would like to ask his friend who was so afraid of politics if he would say that they must elect no one on the question of temperance, or the abolition of capital punishment, or any other question calculated to lift humanity out of the depths of degradation, if that question was carried into politics? He wished the Convention to express itself in a voice that should be heard. Four millions of slaves had been set free in the South; they were out there, tried friends in the hour of peril and difficulty; and if this nation was now so ungrateful as to pass them over to the tender mercies of their enemies, the nation deserved the curse of Almighty God, and he believed would receive it. (Applause.)

A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire, thought there had been no moment so critical in the history of the country as the present. The question was raised over the advantages obtained upon the battlefield were to be barred away. Some said that this question did not belong to a Spiritual Convention. That was just what the church used to say in regard to slavery. He did not wish to introduce party politics upon that platform. He was neither Democrat nor Republican, but a man who loved justice and right for his fellow-man as well as for himself; and when the Democratic party put themselves between him and justice, he would go through their very hearts, and if the powers of earth and hell put themselves in the way of justice, then he would battle all those powers.

Mr. Foss maintained the capacity of the black man to exercise the franchise, and concluded by expressing the hope that the Convention would give an unequivocal expression of their opinion on this matter. If, he asked, Spiritualists are divided on this question of right and wrong, is that any reason why we should not speak? That is the very reason why we should speak, if there are any Spiritualists in the land who stand in that guilty position. (Applause.)

Mr. Sprague moved to amend the resolution by striking out the words, "and the Constitution itself."

Mr. Finney supported the resolution, affirming that the country's democracy by history, and even by the decisions of the courts, was a citizen of the United States, by the terms of the preamble to the Constitution. He asserted that the Constitution demanded the extension of the elective franchise to colored American citizens. The proof he found in the decisions of the Supreme Court of North Carolina and New York; in the fact that in five States, when the members of the Convention were elected by the assistance of ballots cast by the hands of black men. The "people of the United States," were the men who cast the ballots for those who declared, "We, the people of the United States." Irishmen, Englishmen, native white Americans, and black men cast those ballots; black men, therefore, as a race, come under that preamble to the Constitution. "We, the people of the United States." By that preamble, the country was pledged to give the franchise to black men; and when he remembered what they did in the Revolution and in the last war, when he remembered that two hundred thousand bared their bosoms to the shafts of treason, it seemed to him that they would be derelict to their duty, to the great central principles of American civilization, and to that honor and integrity which belong to a people, if they failed to do this act of justice to the African race.

The question was then put, the amendment laid on the table, and the resolution adopted, with only two dissenting votes.

On motion of Mr. Joslin, the resolution in regard to war was taken from the table, and considered.

Dr. H. T. Child offered the following as a substitute for the resolution presented by the committee:

Resolved, That we believe that all preparations for war belong to the animal and intellectual planes of man's nature, and that those who have risen to the truly spiritual plane cannot and will not resort to such preparations.

Mr. Peabody said he was in favor of the resolution, because in his heart of hearts he was opposed to war, and the terribly demoralizing effects that flow from all war. He admitted that while the earth was in the process of unfolding, there would be war, as there would be earthquakes, volcanoes, and tornadoes; but every geologist knew that each year there were less volcanoes and whirlwinds and earthquakes, because the earth was becoming more mature, more ripe, so as man grew from the hands of the brain toward the top brain, war would become less and less frequent. He strenuously insisted that all war, and the taking of human life, was wrong. It would be said that God came out of war—that war conquered and subdued; but war never subdued any people. Napoleon Bonaparte conquered Europe, but he never subdued a European nation. England conquered Ireland, but England never subdued an Irish heart. He believed that any war that we had "subdued the South." Beautiful subjugation! With all our armies and navies, we had never subdued one single soul there. There were just as much rebellion and hatred there now as there ever were. The only subduing power on earth or in heaven was reason, love, sympathy and kindness. Disguise it as they might, the taking of human life was murder, and he would sooner die than go into a war, and take with murder on his hands. He would sooner suffer than cause suffering to another; he would sooner be killed than kill a brother man.

Adjourned to 3 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention met at 3 o'clock, and the session was opened with a chant by the Chicago club.

The question on the resolution in reference to war, under discussion at the close of the previous session, was then taken, and it was adopted.

The resolutions numbered 4, 6, 7 and 14, were read and adopted without debate.

The resolutions in regard to labor (numbers 8, 9 and 10), were then taken up. On motion of Wm. Foster, Jr., of R. I., the resolutions were referred to a committee of five, to be appointed by the Chair, to consider the whole subject and report at the next Convention.

Resolutions numbers 11 and 12, in reference to a reformed alphabet and orthography, were laid on the table.

The resolution in reference to the use of tobacco (number 2) was then read.

Dr. Gardner said that he used tobacco, and the resolution called on him to do all he could to put it down. He should do no such thing. He hoped the resolution would be postponed, as others had been, until they had time to debate it.

Mr. Townsend said he hoped the women would be called upon to vote on this resolution. (Applause.)

The question against the use of intoxicating liquors (number 1) was then adopted.

Dr. Gardner: I am glad the Temperance Society has received so many additions. All who were present for that resolution are temperance folks. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Pierpont's song in praise of water was then, as an appropriate time, sung in admirable style by a portion of the Providence choir, the air by V. E. Marston, of Nashua, N. H. Every verse of the song was received with enthusiastic applause.

The Committee on Resolutions presented the following, which was adopted without debate:

Resolved, That we have much confidence in the definitely elected Spiritualists of a free people, than we have in the sayings and doings of one man, accidentally elevated to power.

An address was then delivered by Leo Miller, of New York.

S. J. Finney, from the Committee on Education, presented the following report, which was adopted:

We recommend the establishing a college, based upon the central idea of the Harmonical Philosophy, and have appointed a sub-committee to draft a plan of the idea, and general method of education, and to devise the best method of raising the necessary funds.

The following were the names of the Executive Committee: Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt., Ex-officio Chairman of the Committee; Dr. George Dutton, Rutland, Vt., Secretary; S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor, Mich.; A. B. Plympton, Lowell, Mass.; F. L. Wadsworth, Chicago, Ill.; Amos Atwood, Troy, N. Y.; T. J. Whitehead, South Paris, Me.

We recommend that our public speakers agitate the subject of the college throughout the country. On motion, the vote indefinitely postponing the resolutions on a universal alphabet was reconsidered, and the resolutions taken from the table and passed.

The following resolutions of thanks were then adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the members of the Chicago Quartette Club for the great favor they have shown us by furnishing most excellent music for several of our sessions.

Resolved, That we thank the members of the Providence choir for their music, and efforts to contribute to the harmony and interest of the Convention.

Resolved, That we heartily thank the President of this Convention for an address so courteous and so well delivered, and he has provided over its deliberations.

Resolved, That we thank the Secretaries of this Convention for their most faithful and efficient services.

The scientific resolutions presented by Mr. Tooley, at a previous session, were then taken up and passed, after which the Convention adjourned, to meet again at 8 o'clock.

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EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order by F. L. Wadsworth, one of the Vice-Presidents.

S. J. Loveland, of Connecticut, delivered an address on "The Basis or Standard of Morals," at the conclusion of which a vote of thanks was passed to the speaker for his able and profoundly philosophical essay, and he was requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication in the BANNER OF LIGHT AND RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. [This address was printed in the BANNER OF SEPT. 8.]

After another song, Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Vermont, delivered an address upon the general subject of Spiritualism, its teachings, purposes and effects. Adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock P. M., on Sunday.

SIXTH AND LAST DAY—AUG. 26.

The Convention was called to order at 3 o'clock P. M., by Leo Miller, one of the Vice-Presidents.

Mr. Finney, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, said that the resolutions on the labor question having been passed over to a committee, to be reported upon at the next Convention, it was thought best, inasmuch as the question was a large one, involving interests of great magnitude, to have a discussion of the question of the Convention. The Committee therefore reported the following:

Resolved, That the hand of honest labor alone holds the sovereign scepter of civilization; that its rights are common to all, and its wrongs are common to all; and that it should be so fully and completely recognized as to furnish the tolling 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.

The resolution was adopted.

H. B. Storer, Leo Miller, and N. Frank White were added to the Committee on Essays.

The Chicago quartette sang a beautiful song, after which Mrs. M. S. Townsend addressed the Convention on the general question of Spiritualism, illustrating the subject by a somewhat detailed account of her personal experience.

After another song—"There are no tears in heaven"—the Convention was addressed by S. J. Finney, who reviewed and summed up the proceedings of the Convention in the following statements:

1. We have revised the Constitution, enlarging very greatly the scope of its purposes.

2. We have affirmed that every human interest is included in the scope and genius of the spiritual movement. No other people in the world's history have done this.

3. We have not established a creed.

4. But we have constructed a platform, on the principles of eternal growth and progress—one which combines the science and religion.

5. We have provided for the next Convention, in the appointment of committees to report on the various subjects assigned.

The Finance Committee recommended that a collection be taken to secure as nearly as possible the two hundred dollars needed for publication purposes, and that the same be paid into the treasury of the Convention; and also, that the different sections of the country be invited to contribute to this fund.

A vote of thanks to L. K. Joslin, I. Searle, and others, was moved by Mrs. M. S. Townsend, and carried, and the Convention adjourned to the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Leo Miller, Vice-President, in the chair.

Dr. P. B. Randolph spoke of the state of the South, and the necessity for an earnest and speedy concentration of public opinion, to check the tendency of the times, and secure the full fruition of the sacrifices made in the late war. He hoped to see the country rally around the Convention of loyal men of the South soon to assemble in Philadelphia. By this means, the nation could be saved, and by no other.

H. B. Storer offered the following preamble and resolution, which were adopted:

Whereas, A National Convention of loyal men has been called to meet at Philadelphia, on the 24th of September, for the purpose of considering the state of the country, and devising means to secure justice and protection to the colored people of the South; and

Whereas, This Convention of Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers is in sympathy with the objects of said Convention; therefore,

Resolved, That Dr. P. B. Randolph be delegated to attend and represent this body at the said assembly.

H. B. Storer was the first regular speaker of the evening, and addressed the Convention upon the methods of life and progress revealed to us by the spirit-world. The points most dwelt upon were, first, the conditions of receptivity to inspiration and spirit-tutelage; and, second, consecration to the moral life.

J. B. Harrison, of Indiana, also addressed the assembly. He dwelt strongly upon the necessity of faith and enthusiasm in order to accomplish any great and good purpose.

At the conclusion of Mr. Harrison's remarks, Leo Miller, acting President, made the closing address, reviewing the action of the Convention, and considering the possibilities of the future. J. M. Peabody pronounced the benediction, and the Convention adjourned, to meet at the call of the Executive Committee.

THE MAGIC WORD.

BY SYLVESTER POTTS—TRANSLATED BY ALFRED VON ROCHOW FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Deep 'neath the Rhine's green billow
A golden statue stood,
Knew it the spell of magic,
"I would at thy voice arise;
That magic word which holdeth,
With but a single sound,
The mighty torrent's surges,
As if in fetters bound.

Deep in the valley buried,
A word all-conquering lies;
And he who can possess it,
Against the world may rise.
One word must first be spoken,
The earth then opens, and lo!
From out her rocky chambers
The steel will brightly glow.

And then on yonder mountain,
Deep in the shaft profound,
By dwarfs and gnomes well guarded,
There may a key be found.
It opens every portal;
Forever 'tis thine own;
Know'st thou, though words unnumbered,
That one right word alone.

Now have I mused already,
In vain, as long, as long,
Till, word by word commencing,
I ended in a song;
But still I yearn to hidden
That treasure, key and sword;
And what I sang so often
Was never the right word.

What pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling it.

Letter from Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

8 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
September 25, 1866.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT:

Dear Friend—As I have seen but little of Spiritualists or Spiritualism since my return amongst you, excepting only our meetings at Dodworth's Hall, and lest you should suppose I have been immersed in the same Rip Van Winkle sleep that seems to me to have fallen on the social life, if not the mercantile being of the New York Spiritualists (at least, as far as my observation carries me), permit me to assure you that I have not only returned to the scene of my former labors, but that I have returned with all the spirit and purpose of labor upon me, and that I at least am wide awake, and eagerly looking round upon the profound stillness of this great Spiritual Sleepy Hollow, to see what may be done, or whether the thoroughly well-filled benches of Dodworth's Hall, crowded, I acknowledge, on each of the four occasions of my lecturing here, even to excess, are all phantoms, and melt out with the close of the meetings into the aerial realms of that transcendentalism for which the New York Herald says we, the Spiritualists, are so very remarkable.

True it is, I have seen and been most cordially greeted by those ever faithful and indefatigable workers in New York Spiritualism, Messrs. Partridge and Albert Day. I have seen the copy of a charter obtained for the purpose of organizing our scattered ranks into something like order, and heard of divers committees, who are to do divers things; but of the committee men and women themselves, or their sayings and doings, when I ask, "Where and what?" echo answers, "Where and what?" and so the matter ends till next Sunday, when overflowing meetings gather together, and I lecture, and the meetings disperse, and so the matter ends again, until (I fear me) next Sunday, and the next again. Meantime, I receive abundance of letters from all parts of the country, kindly welcoming me back to America, but otherwise pretty much duplicates of those I received ten years ago, namely, that my services are especially needed for the sake of taking up the spiritual Rip Van Winkles of other districts besides New York.

I have read with much interest the proceedings of the Providence Convention, but it needed not the report of the many admirable speeches that were made on that occasion to convince me that our American Spiritualists are excellently good talkers at all times, and yet my friends will forgive me if I echo some of the queries that from time to time broke the monotony of the otherwise eloquent definitions of "principles," of which those proceedings seemed chiefly to consist—"What are you going to do?" "Have your investigations revealed any fresh phenomena, or cast any light upon the old?" "Are you holding any séances for investigation?" "Have you any fresh halls, libraries, reading-rooms, circle-rooms, &c., &c., built?" and have you arranged to maintain Sunday meetings for the exposition of principles, without the perpetual beggary of insufficient contributions, or obnoxious entrance fees?"

Dear friends, have you done any of these things as preliminary steps to doing still more? Are any arrangements organized for visiting the sick; and affording your speakers, when they come strangers into a place, opportunities for seeing and counseling with those who seek them; visiting prisons; or being of any sort of use beyond that of Sunday essays? I ask these questions, first, because I am willing myself to help you respond to them, by my own practice, if you will aid me with the opportunity; next, because I have come from a country where I have most painfully realized the waste of power that takes place where organization is wanting, and concentration action fails. I think that the amount of phenomenal Spiritualism existing in Europe, exceeds that of America. In some respects, too, the character of the phenomena is more satisfactory than that of America, as the mediums are (with very rare exceptions) highly educated persons, refined, intelligent and earnest, and being of a class and rank in life wholly above the reach of suspicion, and beyond any possible temptation to imposture, which may be thought to have influence upon the professional medium. So such mediumship is of a highly convincing character; being also very abundant, Spiritualism actually exists, as a far greater power, amongst the higher classes of European society, in point of more phenomena, than it does in America. The great drawback, however, to its wide-spread influence and popularity, is the total lack of unitary action that prevails amongst its believers, and the consequent failures of individual effort to achieve a wide-spread influence, which can only grow out of associative action.

Now it has been proved that the spread of a belief in spiritualistic phenomena, by their public representation, neither impresses the masses with a recognition of the spiritual agency of the facts, nor exalts their idea of Spiritualism. Excellent as were the manifestations of the Messrs. Davenport in these respects, their labors were unavailing with a great majority, at least, of their audiences; in fact, a widespread belief in Spiritualism in Europe must be either a matter of very slow growth, or be carried on through the rostrum—a form of Spiritualism which has never yet been favorably received in Europe, and never can be successfully practiced until associative cooperation can be rendered to those who are qualified to present the Spiritual Philosophy to the masses. The growth of the phenomena in Europe is rapid enough, but to me it is still an unsolved problem as to any mode in which European Spiritualists could combine to organize public meetings. The law of caste completely separates classes; and the complexity of classes in organization is not only necessary for business purposes, but, as we believe, (on this side of the Atlantic), an essential feature in the doctrine of Spiritualism. "Ay," but the European Spiritualist replies, "that same point of doctrine is just the very thing we don't want, and don't intend to have." And it is for this very reason that European Spiritualists make no effort at organization, and in many instances exert their influence to avoid the natural and inevitable drift of the movement in that direction.

In a word, the great majority of European Spiritualists are firm, consistent and zealous advocates of its phenomenal truths. Though for many reasons violently opposed to professional mediumship, they are generous, and would nobly sustain non-professional movements for the growth and promotion of phenomena, but in many instances English Spiritualists cling with tenacity to their religious creeds, especially of the highest Orthodox character, and Spiritualism seems to exalt their religious fervor, but always in the direction of their own peculiar form of belief, and it is, as I think, the fear lest the revelations of spirits should effect or tamper with these that so little effort is made at public propaganda through the rostrum. What is the result? The press, who know but little of the exclusive life of those high circles where spiritual phenomena most abound, run wild till against their best supporters, and insult

their most powerful patrons in their utter ignorance of what Spiritualism really is, or with whom it most abundantly finds favor. As to the middle and lower classes, except in a few rare instances, they know nothing at all about it. The manifestations of the Messrs. Davenport, (a phase of the subject peculiarly repulsive to many of the English people), the misrepresentations and falsehoods of the press and the caricatures of Punch being the chief sources of information to which they have had access.

upon the European Spiritualist has been to engender a very great and sovereign fear of our doctrine, and a marvellously shrewd guess that our large liberty is a little too much like license. Spiritualism is wonderfully allied to materialism, and our materialism not far removed from sensualism. Perhaps it matters not to you what the European Spiritualist thinks, but it matters to all of us that we should not mislead one another. And I insist upon it that those portions of our belief that I have heard expounded by the late noble John Pierpont, Thomas Gales Forster, Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Townsend, Finney, Dyott, Fannie Davis, Emma Jay Bullene, and many others, whose utterances as itinerant speakers can neither be correctly reported nor systematized into a philosophy, contain just the very elements of truth, beauty, consolation and pure religion, that would command the admiration of every candid mind of any country; and if distributed to the starving masses of the overpopulated cities of Europe, would be in truth the very bread of life to them, and I am confident would find a warm acceptance and hearty endorsement from many a noble man and mighty instrument of reform, both in England, France, and every part of Europe.

The English Spiritualist has not slept at his post, nor been unmindful of the demand for the ministrations of spiritual bread, which the poorer classes of his fellow countrymen make on the wretched. The most noble family of the Howitts have endured years of living martyrdom for their public advocacy of Spiritualism.

The able and learned conductors of the London Spiritual Magazine have silently but steadily spent a large annual income upon the maintenance of this valuable journal; and the brave and generous proprietor of the "Spiritual Times" has given time and money and labor enough to ensure success in any other cause. These, and numerous other instances of personal self-sacrifice, generous devotion and fearless heroism, should challenge our warmest sympathy and admiration for the action of English Spiritualists. But from the fact that these efforts are mostly made single-handed, the power which would be irresistible in combination, falls at last; whilst the gross ignorance of the press and the lack of comprehension on the part of the people of the true genius of English Spiritualism, arrays a host of un-called for antagonists against its brave but unsupported advocates, against the tide, of which no other power can stem but that of our large and impassive public forms of teaching.

It may be asked how it is that I, who profess to represent the law and order of Spiritualism, did not aim to put my misguided countrymen right on their one-sided views of American Spiritualism; why I, who plead for the rostrum and its uses as the only means by which the people at large can ever apprehend the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, should not have devoted myself to its exercise in a country where it is so deficient; and why I, who believe there is a religion in Spiritualism (though not an Orthodox or sectarian one), should not have stayed in the very place of all others where it needs propagating. To these very just queries I answer in brief, that whilst every attempt I did make in the above direction was generously supported, most candidly listened to, and received with warm appreciation, yet my efforts and success, for any permanent or useful kind, were paralyzed for want of associative action and associative cooperation; and that without an amount of personal labor and personal expenditure which neither my health nor means would permit, I could not have succeeded in establishing any rostrum where the people could hear the Spiritual Philosophy as I understand it.

But as my paper has already exceeded the limits which your courtesy assigns to our lucubrations, I shall reserve some further comments which I have to offer upon the growth of our cause in Europe and America, to another issue, and conclude this with a cordial greeting to the many friends with whom, in years past, I have been privileged to labor in the cause of Spiritualism, and a warm feeling of self-gratulation that circumstances once more enable me to return to a temporary field of labor amongst them.

EMMA HARDINGE.

Missionary Effort of Spiritualism.

I feel compelled to write a word on the great subject of our caption. Why is not our whole country taken by Spiritualism? Why is not every corner of the land radiant with its light? Why is not the nation redeemed from the withering curse of dead theology? These are serious questions. They deserve a careful answer. Is it because there are no means to accomplish these great ends? Is it because Spiritualists do not outnumber any three denominations of professed Christians? Is it because Spiritualists are poor and have no pecuniary ability to accomplish this? Is it because there are no inspired agents to proclaim its glorious and heaven-inspiring truths? Is it because the fields are not white and ready for the harvest? Most clearly neither nor all of these. Why, then, is it not done?

It is true the spread of the glorious truths of the New Dispensation thus far has been unparalleled. Many are the reasons for it. Its truths are not repellent to the head or heart of humanity. They meet the wants of the soul. They are most inviting to contemplate. They are most beautiful and harmonizing in their influence; and they are most glorious in the prospect. These are reasons why they have spread. But should they not have spread much more universally? And if so, why have they not? Is it not for want of a missionary spirit? There are nearly one hundred and fifty speakers advertising to speak; thirty-three places where meetings are advertised as being held.

Now what more preposterous than to suppose that five millions of believers congregate at thirty-three places of worship? or that three thousand mediums meet those thirty-three societies? Cannot something, then, be done to bring the whole forces of Spiritualism to bear upon the enlightenment of the world? Speakers are abundant, at least for present supply. Who will send them? Most of our speakers are poor; many have families to provide for; and I scarce know of one able to devote his whole time without compensation. If they go at all, they must be sent. Who will send them? There are seven hundred counties in the States to be supplied. These counties average about fourteen towns each, making nearly ten thousand towns. Half of these, at least, should be supplied—part of the time at least—at once. Three thousand mediums can do it. Let each town organize as a mission field, or as a missionary organization—those who need labor, or those who can send laborers. Where there are two or more individuals whose hearts are touched with heaven-consuming love, and whose life is fired for its utterances, let them hold themselves the specially appointed delegates of heaven to enlighten and leave no place where they live.

Where there is an organization, let it hold itself responsible for the entire cultivation of the adjoining and surrounding country. To this end let some of the ablest members be selected to visit

certain localities, at stated times, to hold circles and speak or read some of our best literature, and encourage all to become interested in a world's salvation. Let each State Association supervise the whole. Obtain the knowledge needful of the destitute places; then appoint one or more State agents to go where judged best, to lecture, form organizations, distribute publications, hold discussions, if need be, and circulate through a given territory in a given time. Let the best talent be secured for this work; then let those places which are able to support service part of the time signify how much they will be responsible for, and name some responsible one to be there. Let a committee of supervision have the arrangement of both the place and supply. A judicious committee that is not interested save in the welfare of the cause, could be trusted to assign the laborers to their work.

Then let our moneyed men aid by liberal contributions, and all give what they can to forward this great work. I will agree to speak seven times per week under such an arrangement, if I can get enough for the support of my family. They must be supported. I cannot give myself to the work without. What say five millions? If a better can be obtained, take them. But, let not the good work fail! Is there anything improper in what I have here written? Is there anything impracticable? If not, why not at once engage in the work—all engage? The doctrines of damnation are sending hundreds to despair and the insane asylum. The world is agonizing for help; sorrow and lamentation fill the land. Ye men of humanity, help, help while you can. Let all cry, "Help!" Look at a redeemed world waiting in the other sphere to welcome you, when you approach your angel-home, with gladness for what you have done for their development! Think of an immortality of bliss, the result of your labor! In the name of God and angels I cry, "Help!"

Yours forever, E. SPRAGUE.
Schenectady, N. Y.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

It may be of interest to the many readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to know something of the truthfulness of the articles appearing from week to week, under the head of communications from the spirit-home. When I have read them from time to time I have often desired to learn from the persons thus addressed, as to the correctness of the circumstances stated to them by the departed. In accordance with this desire on my part, I feel under obligations to give my statement touching the communication addressed to me by my dear friend, Miss Susie Hyde, June 7th, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Sept. 29th. The statements therein made by her, as to my conversations with her, ARE ENTIRELY CORRECT. I found her in the state of mind represented, and, after my conversation with her, she expressed the same satisfaction she stated in her communication. I visited her often during her sickness, and did what I could to lift her thoughts upward, and thus bring to her soul the peace it was mine to enjoy. At each visit, when she desired it, we joined in prayer to the good Father of our spirits, asking for light to guide us. After this exercise it was my custom to inquire of her if she had any questions to ask me, and her reply would frequently be, "I did have, but your prayer has answered them fully, and I have none now." I knew not what they were, but our Father knew, and, through the voice of invocation, had spoken words of peace and satisfaction to her soul.

I requested her, a few days before her departure, to come back if she could and tell me of her reception in the spirit-land, and whether the lessons I had given her, as to my conceptions of that blessed home, were correct, that I might continue to let the light God had given me shine upon the pathway of those going home, to cheer their hearts and give them peace in their passing away. She promised me she would come if possible and answer my request. Your readers can judge as well as I can how truthfully she has fulfilled that promise.

As for myself, I THANK HER! and she knows how earnestly, for her eye can read my thoughts. And you, dear BANNER, I sincerely thank, also, for bearing to me the good words from her happy spirit to cheer me onward in my mission to spirits who are now shrouded in the dark clouds of error, bigotry and superstition; and may I strive more earnestly than ever to break the cords that bind them, and loose them and let them go to the fountain of life and peace, where joys celestial await their coming, and spirits immortal will welcome them to their companionship, and life unending will crown them with rejoicings evermore.

And when this light their path shall brighten,
And their spirits feel its power,
May their lives its glory heighten
By living 'neath its angelic now.
And when they leave us for the home-life,
May their light shine back to earth;
Speaking, like the voice of SEERS,
Of their joys through heavenly birth.

B. H. DAVIS.

Western New York.

I have just completed a service of three Sundays in Laoni, speaking also in Dunkirk and Castledale.

I am happy to report a promising interest in these places, and an effort is being made to secure regular meetings through the lecture season. The people here have made few promises, but have proved themselves eminently practical, so far as my brief acquaintance with them extends. They own a good church building, and while they open wide the doors and invite all to their communion table, the well-filled seats and earnest countenances attest the sincerity and satisfaction with which the laborer is rewarded. Much as we need the almighty dollar, every laborer knows that sympathy and true practical zeal for the cause are mightier. And one thing which I cannot forbear announcing in my report, is the pleasing fact, that in my three weeks' sojourn in this quiet village, I did not once meet Madame Grundy, but the atmosphere in which I moved, seemed entirely free from the pestilential influence that follow in her track. Dr. J. E. Carter, whose devotion to the healing art seems unsurpassed, is in company with his no less devoted wife, reported as performing remarkable cures, and thus converting many to the faith.

A new interest is springing up in Western New York, which augurs well for the winter campaign. I spoke in Westfield on Sunday last—the most conservative society I have met in this locality. Go to Harbor Creek to speak next Sunday, and then I go to Geneva, Ohio, and may be addressed during October, in care of W. H. Crowell, of that city. Fraternally, M. J. WILCOXSON.
Westfield, New York, Sept. 26, 1886.

Hear Her.

Mrs. Lois Walbrook has recently delivered a series of lectures to the Spiritualists of Piscataquis County, Maine. Mrs. W. is an inspired speaker. Her lectures elicited much earnest inquiry and candid conviction to many minds. Old Theology quaked and tottered by the bombs she threw into its camp, by critical, earnest examination of the Biblical truths of Spiritualism contrasted with the teachings of Orthodoxy, its fruits and influence in the world. She is logical in her lectures, reasoning from cause to effect. We commend her wherever she may go—to Spiritualists as a bold, fearless advocate of the truths of the New Philosophy, hoping that societies in need of a profitable speaker will see that she is constantly employed. A. K. P. G.
Dover, Me., Sept. 30, 1886.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1886.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor, or Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

Is Beauty Better Than Ashes?

Some remarks which we made the other day on "Belief and Unbelief" seem to have given umbrage to the "Investigator," the organ of the non-believers in a future state of existence. The editor and his correspondent, T. G., have each a word of reproof for us. The editor charges us with "Pharisaism" and with "whining." In making the former accusation he adduces no show of proof; so we shall pass it by with the simple observation that we don't see it. Our "whining," it seems, is to be found in our stigmatizing non-belief in a future life as a "dismal and arid doctrine;" and we are reproached with not offering "a word of argument" in support of this assertion.

But obviously the assertion is one that does not come within the sphere of argument. It is a pure matter of feeling, whether we regard the doctrine of unbelief as dismal or cheerful, arid or refreshing. To us it seems very dismal, and very arid, while the opposite doctrine seems to us the reverse. But we cannot argue the point. As well might you call upon us to argue that the rainbow is a beautiful object. As well might you ask us to prove why you ought to be delighted on hearing Daum play some exquisite melody by Schubert or Mozart. As well might you ask two lovers to prove why they ought to love.

If any man believes that death is better than life, the charnel-house better than air and sunshine, annihilation better than a conscious existence, it would be as idle to argue with such a man as it would be to try to prove to a color-blind individual that Claude Lorraine is a superb colorist. If any man thinks it an exhilarating doctrine to believe that when we close the eyes of the beloved one in death, it is the everlasting sundering of all ties—the last that yearning hearts shall ever know of each other—it would be as much folly to argue with that man as it would be to undertake to prove by argument that symmetry is better than deformity—beauty better than ashes.

If a man has reduced himself to such a state of mental and moral apathy as to maintain that it is quite a comfortable notion to him to believe that his intellectual delights (if he has any) will end with this life—that his love must end with the grave—that his knowledge of God's immeasurable universe, with its worlds upon worlds and systems upon systems, is to be confined to a mere fraction of this little ball the Earth—we appeal to any candid mind, if it would not be vain to attempt to supply the void in the nature of such a person by any amount of mere argument?

If, in one who feels as sure of his continuous existence as he is of any physiological fact, it is to "whine" to denounce that as an "arid and dismal doctrine" which would plunge "this intellectual being, these thoughts that wander through eternity," these affections that crave an everlasting satisfaction, into the abyss of nothingness, after the end of this little span of mortal life, then we shall continue to "whine" as long as we have the power. "Oh, friends, if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of a possible happiness! We have, as it were, from some cold and dark edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again."

Let the following important consideration be always borne in mind by inquirers after the truth on this subject: THE DENIAL OF THE CONTINUOUS LIFE OF MAN AFTER THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MATERIAL BODY, IS A NEGATION THAT NEVER ARISES FROM KNOWLEDGE! It is not the exposition of any positive knowledge, but the mere dogmatic assertion that beyond the line of such knowledge there lies nothing more. This is why we regard as unphilosophical and irrational the position of those who teach dogmatically that the phenomenon called death is the end of the conscious individuality of man. Such teaching is quite as arrogant and presumptuous as the confidence of that tropical monarch who declared that such a thing as solidified water could not be.

Spiritualists, on the contrary, basing their belief on a KNOWLEDGE of facts and well-tested phenomena, are as little moved by the negations and sneers of unbelievers as the Arctic traveler was at the incredulity of the potentate who would not believe in such a thing as ice. And this is why Spiritualists can afford to be the most liberal and tolerant of thinkers; for, as Professor Nichol well observes, in proportion to the depth of one's faith is the absence of uneasiness because of difference of opinion.

"T. G." asserts that "the acknowledged scholars and scientists of the day do not accept the Spiritual doctrine." Would this, if true, give Spiritualists the slightest uneasiness? Would it shake their faith one jot in the truth of the phenomena to which their senses and their reason have borne testimony? The man who has repeatedly witnessed or experienced, under all varieties of condition, the physical and psychical phenomena of Spiritualism—if he has a sound mind in a sound body—could not be laughed or reasoned out of his convictions, even if there were not another human being to keep him in countenance. His belief is derived, not from what this or that great man says or believes—not from what synods or majorities may resolve to be truth—but from his own experiences and the irresistible affirmation of his own senses.

But what T. G. asserts in regard to the rejection of Spiritualism by scholars and scientists is not true. Has he forgotten the names of Professor Hare, Archbishop Whately, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Senior (the eminent writer on political economy), Professor De Morgan, Lord Lytton, John Ruskin, Dr. Gregory, William and Mary Howitt, Wm. Mountford, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. John F. Gray, Judge Tallmadge, Senator Simmons, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Shorter, Judge Edmonds, John Wesley, and many other eminent persons, scholars and men of science? Has he forgotten that the late Mr. Davis, of Boston, the intelligent manufacturer of electrical machines, &c., offered a thousand dollars to any one who would simulate certain

phenomena produced through mediums? We have yet to learn that the offer was ever accepted. "Witchcraft formerly existed here," says T. G.; "where is it now?" Just where it always was; only now intelligent men and women put a rational construction on the phenomena, instead of wanting to see somebody hung or drowned for them. Within the last two months, the Salem mysteries have been re-enacted in a neighboring town. Who can read the chapters on Witchcraft in Lecky's History of Rationalism without being fully persuaded that no facts of the age were more thoroughly substantiated than the leading phenomena of witchcraft? The error of our fathers was, not in believing the facts, but in putting the wrong construction upon them, and making innocent old women responsible for their occurrence.

In our remarks the other day we said, the Spiritualist's consciousness that thousands of spiritual eyes, and above all a Supreme eye, may be scanning his every motive and act, is a strong incentive to morality. This is so obviously consistent with all the analogies of human nature that it is superfluous for us to stop to defend it. But T. G. takes exception to our statement, and says: "Give me the man who will do his duty when he believes no eyes are watching him."

This is what Sir Peter Teazle would call "a noble sentiment." It has a grand sound; and it would seem, as if the man who could utter it and act up to it, is worthy of immediate translation to some angelic society. He has already got beyond the discipline of this rudimentary sphere; and it is high time for him to be promoted.

But let us consider the matter a moment: A son is profoundly attached to a mother who shows the utmost anxiety for his moral welfare, and cautions him against many vices and indulgences to which the young are liable. Is that son never withheld from wrong doing through a disinclination to grieve his mother? Do not his affections often keep him right when his inclinations would lead him to do wrong? Shall we sneer at him for this? We think there must be few of our readers who cannot testify to the potency of love in exercising a restraining effect over their conduct.

The mother dies. The son believes she still has power to scrutinize his acts, and to be made unhappy by his errors. His undying affection for that mother still keeps him in the right path, until at last, under that gracious, God-implanted provision of our nature, through which the affections are made to play their part in building up the moral character, "by acting as we ought to think, we end by thinking as we ought to act." Probably T. G. is one of those happily constituted beings who do right from an innate preference for right; but let him consider that the number of such beings in this mortal world is very limited. The most of us need all the helps and appliances of rudimentary life. Wordsworth, in his celebrated Ode to Duty, refers, in the following stanza, to those who, like T. G., can dispense with these helps:

"There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misting is, rely
Upon the gentle sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last!

But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast."

Once let men thoroughly believe that "secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction"—once let men thoroughly believe this, and what is there but a mere constitutional or inherited exemption from bad passions, to keep them true to the golden rule—just, magnanimous, tender and noble?

T. G. is of opinion that Spiritualists "have not always set examples in social and domestic life that would be desirable to follow." We do not claim that Spiritualists are born into the world with any better proclivities than other human beings. Spiritualism may be very differently accepted by different minds. There are all grades of intelligence and of sympathy. Some may be so perverse or so weak as to have more affinity with bad spirits than with good. Some, believing in spirits, may not believe in the One supremely great and good spirit. The same plant (the cassava, for instance), may be made to yield wholesome food, or deadly poison. If Spiritualists are dishonest or immoral, it is because they are unworthy recipients of truth, and not because the truth itself has not the elements of health and healing.

"Give me the man who will do his duty," says T. G. But what is duty, if you take away our ideas of absolute goodness and absolute truth? Take away from a man the ideas of God, immortality, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite, and the idea of duty becomes as fluctuating as a wave of the sea; of no more authority than a charlatan's puff. Whatever makes the future world recede into the thick darkness of unbelief—whatever contracts the limits of existence within the present life—must diminish a man's feeling of responsibility; must cheapen mind and virtue in his eyes. "Speak for yourself, sir, if you please; you may be a stock or a stone for all that I know or care," said old Northcote, the painter, to a gentleman who was complacently expressing his unbelief in a future life—"but as for myself, I know that I am immortal, and that the death of this body is not my death."

T. G. cannot conceive of anything more "dismal, foolish, and false than the idea of disembodied spirits tipping up tables," &c. Let us consider this: a wife quits this world, leaving behind her a husband whom she dearly loves; she finds that the laws regulating intercourse between the spheres she has entered on and that she has just left, will not permit her to manifest herself directly and in person. She finds, however, that she has a certain power over material objects; and if, by tipping a table or touching a guitar, she can arrest the attention of the loved one left behind, why, in the name of affection and common sense, should she not do it? We see nothing "dismal" in the act. No act can be "false, foolish or dismal" if it come as an earnest of love or remembrance to some loving heart.

But there is often much that is offensive to good taste in these developments, you say. There are coarse, vulgar, and profane communications and manifestations. On this point Professor De Morgan remarks: "If these things be spirits, they show that pretenders, coxcombs, and liars are to be found on the other side of the grave as well as on this. And what for no? As Megs Dods said."

T. G. says that "Spiritualism is not twenty years old." If he had given a day's study to the subject, he would know that it is older than the pyramids; that our mediums have had their prototypes, evolving similar phenomena, throughout the ages. Yes; Spiritualism is as old as humanity itself; and as imperishable as the soul of man. Whatever his outside, speculative faculty may say to the contrary, deep down in his inmost nature he knows that he shall continue to live;—knows it even as the worm knows it shall become a chrysalis. We take leave of the Investigator with all

friendliness, and with no disposition to "play the Pharisee, the saint, or the churl, in spite of its intimations to the contrary. We are well satisfied that every sincere and loyal searcher after truth will come out right in the end, however far he may be drifted into wrong latitudes by the winds and currents of circumstance and opinion.

(Original.)

A WHISPER FROM AFAR.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

I laid me down on emerald bank,
Where rippling stream flowed by,
And o'er my brain a vision beamed
Of life beyond the sky;
Methought I heard sweet minstrelsy,
Attuned to joys divine,
While voices rare of spirit-birth,
Caught up the wondrous chime!

Oh sweetly soft the potent spell,
Which bound my heart with love,
And on through mystic realms of space,
My thoughts flew like a dove.
At last a voice of sweetest tone,
Breathed softly in mine ear,
Endearing words of heaven-born hope,
By angels echoed here.

Ah! can it be a spirit mate,
In that bright land afar,
Hath sought to win my heart from earth,
And be its guiding star?
Oh, might it be! for Heaven knows
How great my need of love!
As on I pass through trying scenes,
To cloudless skies above.

New York, Sept. 1886.

The Suppression of the Italian Convents.

The law passed at the opening of the war, last spring, between Italy and Austria, for the suppression and sale of the immense convent establishments that have been an incubus upon the prosperity of that country for centuries, is about to go into effect. An effort is being made to exempt some of the convents from the effect of the law, on the plea that they have great historical value, but the government will not take the responsibility of evading the decision of Parliament, and they will all be sold. Some of the principal convents, however, will be bought, in by the monks and their friends, and they will thus be enabled to partially retain their present positions. But the convents thus inhabited will be private and not public property, and it will be no small achievement of progress for the Italian Government to become freed from a long alliance with Church establishments. Experience everywhere demonstrates that Church and State should be kept distinct from each other; and it is a most encouraging augury for Italy's future, that she has at last heeded and accepted a lesson which ought to have been acted upon centuries ago.

Arraigned.

Rev. Mr. Lindsay, the alleged child-murderer, was, as we learn from the Buffalo Express, arraigned before the Supreme Court, at Albion, on the 27th ult., on a charge of manslaughter, and pleaded not guilty. Lindsay is the person who was arrested for whipping his own child, a boy about three years of age, to death, for not saying his prayers, the details of which occurrence we have already published. He was released on \$12,000 bail, given by his father and brothers, and his case referred to the present term of the Court. At the request of the District Attorney the case was put over to the January term. Lindsay is described as a man rather below the medium size, about thirty-five years of age, and with a very determined look. He fully justifies himself, and declares he was only in the way of duty. In it, then, indeed the duty of the credulous to whip their children to death! "Good Lord deliver us" from such infernal teachings!

Who will go to the Rescue?

The World's Crisis, the Second Advent organ, publishes the following wall from one of its correspondents. If his story is correct, it seems that the good people of Essex, instead of making arrangements to "go up" soon, are going over to Spiritualism—a true and much more reasonable philosophy.

Bro. J. Andrews, Essex, Mass., writes: "There was once an Advent church in this place, but there is scarcely one interested in the coming of Jesus. There is only one regular meeting in the town—Congregationalist. I was converted in 1869. I believe by the testimony of God's word, and by the signs of the times, that we are near the end of all things. It is lamentable to view the opposition and indifference there is manifested when Christ's second coming is alluded to. The greater part of the Church in this place is turned aside into that terrible delusion, Spiritualism. We have not had a traveling preacher in the town for a long time. The meeting-house is open for Spiritualists, concerts, etc. I hope and pray that some one who loves the Lord and his appearing will feel it a duty to come this way and warn the people of their danger."

"Christ and the People"—New Edition.

We have issued the second edition of this extraordinary work, with a new and able introduction by Miss Helen S. Ingraham, embracing quotations from critical reviews by J. S. Loveland, H. S. Chapman and Judge Carter; with also an addition of eight pages, quoted from the observations of the press and people upon its merits, and the character and tendencies of the new and bold doctrines it puts forth.

In the new introduction, Miss Ingraham evinces a clear and comprehensive view of the broad and liberal platform this book presents; doubting not that its utterances will meet with both warm reception and warm opposition; believing that its positions are well grounded, and that its doctrines must be triumphant.

A Mighty Truth.

Eternal Wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever reflecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. With this momentous truth before us, we should strive to be just in all our dealings, man with man, nation with nation, thus gathering unto ourselves as much of the love-principle as is compatible with our condition in life, that the spirits of our departed friends may approach near unto us, through this channel, in the hour of sorrow, and rejoice with us in our hours of gladness.

Dr. J. B. Newton.

We learn that Dr. Newton will close his office in New York by the first of November, previous to going West. Invaluable in that vicinity should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing him before that time.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT 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 proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Lead us, oh Holy Spirit, into a more perfect comprehension of thy laws, so that we may no longer murmur against thy decrees; so that our petitions may be changed to songs of joy; so that our hearts may be transformed into heavens; so that our lives may grow great and strong and perfect in thee. Oh, Spirit, holy and divine, whose life, like an ever-present intelligence, upholds us, defends us, shields us from harm, let our faith be no longer a garment worn on certain occasions, but may it be to the soul sure and abiding as eternal life. May we trust thee, fearing thee no longer; laying aside all the darkness of our mortal lives, and stepping out into the sunlight of Eternal Truth. And when it is decreed that our mission to mortals is ended, may we go hence with the satisfying assurance that we have not come in vain; that there are many souls who have by our teachings been benefited; many whose hopes have been raised high in the heavens of rejoicing; yea, who understand that life is constant, and the Great Author of Life is constant, also. Our Father, unto thy keeping we commend ourselves and the souls unto whom we are to speak. Thy blessing we know rests with us. Oh, grant that we may be fully conscious that thou art with us. Grant that every soul may feel that angels not only walk the earth, but do indeed commune with mortals. Then shall they feel that earth's cares have been lightened; that earth's cares may flee away; that the gates of heaven are being indeed opened, and that thy truths, ever simple and pure, are being showered down upon them this day. And unto thee be all honor, all praise, and the deepest reverence of our soul-lives forever. Amen. July 3.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—In accordance with your custom, we are now ready to consider whatever questions you may have to propound.

Ques.—By Dr. Rutledge: The "Record" by Peter, tells us who bore our sins in his own body. Does it mean healing mediums taking on a condition of suffering humanity? or of Jesus bearing in his own body the physical sufferings of those he healed?

Ans.—Well, it means both, to our understanding; for both seem to be one and the same thing. Whoever is capable of coming into perfect rapport with human life, is capable of hearing the infirmities of human life, not particularly of the individual, but those that belong to all with whom you may chance to come into rapport. Life may be compared to a chain of many links. There is no link wanting. Every one is perfect in its place; every one answering to every other one, and inseparably connected. Worlds are held in their proper position by the laws of attraction and repulsion. And so are souls held in their proper position by the same law. And it should be understood that mind and matter are at all times dependent upon each other. Mind would be void without matter, and matter without mind. Both are necessary to each other, therefore are ever in rapport with each other. All the disturbances of your outer life, and the disturbances of your inner life, are transmitted to one another, because you are inseparably connected. But there are certain persons—sensitives, so-called—who are able to come into direct rapport with the human family; who are able to take on not only the joys of heaven, but the miseries of hell. Jesus understood this, and endeavored to transmit his understanding to his hearers.

Q.—By S. Covert, of Pontiac, Mich.: Do the eyes suffer when suddenly exposed to an increased light, as that of the lightning? If so, in what way are they affected?

A.—The sudden introduction of that positive element, a superabundance of that positive element called light, must of necessity produce more or less disturbance upon the optical nerves. In this way, perhaps, more than in any other, the eyes suffer from the sudden introduction of light.

Q.—By D. Cargo, of Bowling Green, Ohio: For the past several years, I have been troubled a good deal on the subject of the existence of God. I have always had a dread or dislike of being called an atheist, and would much rather believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, but I must have some evidence or I can't believe. And I must confess that I have (as I think,) better reasons for disbelieving in the existence of an individualized, thinking, Infinite Being, than I have for believing. The common Orthodox idea of God I discard as worse than ridiculous. Instead of man being created in the image of God, I perceive that God is made in the image of man. The Orthodox God of parts and organs, of form and shape, occupying a particular, definite location, is too contracted and belittled, to suit my ideas of Infinitude. It is generally admitted that the work of creation had a beginning. Now if this be true, then there must have been a long eternity previous to that beginning, in which God was idle. This I can't comprehend. Now I would ask, if God is a thinking being?

A.—From the fact that your correspondent is a thinking being, there is proof that God is also a thinking being.

Q.—By the same: Had the visible creation a beginning?

A.—By no means. According to our understanding, that which had a beginning, must of necessity have an ending, also; and we contend that life is unending; never having had a beginning, it is indestructible and immortal. There are some persons who are constitutionally unbelievers, who cannot believe that which is so readily believed by others. But when these persons are once convinced, they are as stable as the everlasting hills. So you should not complain because

of the existence of such in your midst, for they are of very great use. These persons that cannot be made to believe in an hour, a day, a year, or a century, they are the foundation of the temple of wisdom. We do not wonder that so many who have come out from the established Churches in the land, ignore altogether the existence of God. Inasmuch as they have been taught wrong ideas concerning that God, they are now running very fast into the other extreme. Since their God, or the God of their childhood, is not to be found in their manhood, they are inclined to determine that there is no God whatsoever. But when they go out into the vast fields of nature, and begin to reason concerning God, they naturally begin to think of him as the highest good that is found anywhere and everywhere. Then it is that they begin to lay hold of something that is tangible; that appeals not only to their external lives, but to their internal. For they begin to perceive that every form has a life; begin to question what that life is, and finally determine that it must be God. God, to our comprehension, is an all perfect, living Principle, filling all forms, permeating all space, and manifesting through all mind. Never having had a beginning, therefore it can never have an ending. And you are all parts of this being; necessary parts. And so when we pray to the Great Supreme part of Life, we only pray to those intelligences that are above us, that are wiser than ourselves; to those intelligences that can lead us into higher life. In truth, God is everywhere, and everywhere very good. July 3.

Edwin Coles.

It is just three years to-day since I bade farewell to the earth-life and entered the spirit-world. I had been wounded in battle, and died of my wounds, and when I was quite sure I should "go in," as the boys called it, I began to feel very strange sensations about the hereafter.

I had been taught by my parents that there was a terrible hell for sinners; that whoever died outside the church would be consigned to that hell. I had not any fixed faith in anything. I began to think likely enough they might have right ideas, and if they had, why perhaps I was going to get the worst of it when I got through with this side. My parents could never succeed in converting me to any sort of religion. I was hardened, so they said, and all their prayers were not sufficient to soften me.

My father, who was a very rigid religious man, died about nine years ago—nine years in September. He said to me, "My son, I beseech of you to get religion, that you meet me in heaven." Where to turn to get religion, I did not know. I went to their meetings and tried to be serious; but confound me if I could. I was always on the wrong side. When they asked to pray for me, I always said yes, but I never took any interest in it, and I could not. I was no coward. I did not fear to die, but I did not like the idea of being roasted forever.

And so I went across rather shaky, on the whole. But the very first one I met was my father, and I could not help wondering how it was he'd come out of heaven to meet his miserable sinner son. But I very soon learned that the spirit's heaven consists in making ourselves and others happy. Whatever makes you happy, places you in heaven; so my father would find more happiness in coming to meet his son than in any other way. Therefore, he was not out of heaven at all. Well, after awhile I questioned my father about coming back. Said he, "My son, I believe that it is possible, although I've never tried it." "Well," said I, "if it is possible, I'm going back to see the folks I left in hell, but very comfortably situated."

Still I could see that my father had certain expectations that were not realized. He was in waiting for some revelations. But when he saw me just the same as I was on the earth, saw that I had the same facilities for improvement that he or anybody else had, he began to think that there were no true religions except such as come naturally as you go along the way of life. He's rather inclined to think I won't be able to reach our folks, because he says, "My son, you know that we did not believe in such things." Said I, "Father, you know I'm an outlaw, anyway; and, as I am an outlaw, I'm going back; and I'm going to tell the folks I went across rather shaky, but if I was to try it over again I should not have the slightest fear. I should go ahead, feeling sure I was going to a better place, anyway." And now my dear old mother, left on earth, my brother and my sisters, I've just got this much to say to you:

I am Edwin Coles, just the same as ever. And now, to prove that I am, let me just repeat my last words to you on earth: "I can't help what you believe; I think it's my duty to go and defend the old flag I live under. My duty lays there more than anywhere else; so I'm going. You'll hear from me soon." I wrote to them several times, but those were the last words I spoke to them.

Now, since I have, to the best of my ability, defended the old flag and fought for the Union—done what I thought was my duty, have died and have come back through a soldier's resurrection, I hope you'll furnish me with a trumpet at home, and not compel me to give so long and far-off a blast as I've given here to-day. Let me go to you, and if I don't prove myself, then it's my fault, not yours.

If it has pleased an All-Wise Providence to permit me to return, speaking to you, why, don't interfere with him. If you do, dear old mother, I'll say, as you used to say to me, "My son, don't try to take the reins out of God's hands." Now I say to you that God holds the reins to the team we come back in, and, inasmuch as he's drove it along this way, why jump in, dear old lady, and take a ride. Now don't look upon me as irreverent, will you? I revere an All-Wise, Supreme Intelligence, but that Intelligence don't manifest through churches and Bibles, but in these flowers, in these beauty and truth in that little flower, it will make me better to see it. If it is capable of elevating me, inspiring one pure and holy thought, then it is a wise God, a good God, and I've a right to worship it.

Now my dear old lady, before you come to me, I'll tell you that the spirit-world is not a land flowing with milk and honey, but with good, kindly feeling, flowing from soul to soul, that always says to those who need aid, "I'm ready to help you." The land flows with such goodness as is seen in human hearts here on the earth, only it is a little in the advance.

Well, I would like that my harangue should reach my dear old mother, Mary Coles. I want it to reach her first of all, because when I received the last intelligence from my friends, it contained these words, "Send to mother next, for she's a little sensitive, and thinks you don't write to her as often as you ought to." So this is the very next chance I've had. So here it is. I want mother to get my letter from the spirit-world. She'll be pretty sure to get it, pretty sure to get it, although she's some distance off. [We can send your letter to her.] If you should send your paper to her, sir, without any prelim-

inaries, do you think she'd be caught reading it? Oh no, sir; to her it's worse than Tom Paine's works. No, indeed; the way has got to be prepared, and it's got to come to her by slow degrees. [You can open the way for your letter.] Yes, I suppose so. It's sometimes very hard, you know, getting into these religious citadels. They have a good many spring locks. If you don't understand how to unlock them, you can't get in.

Well, I'm glad I'm not on the earth; that is to say, permanently. I'm glad I'm free; want then to know that I'm as big a sinner as I was. I'm comfortably off in the spirit-world, I assure you. [You'd better name your regiment.] Oh, yes, from the 2d Indiana Cavalry, sir. I'd forgotten that, in my religious disquisition, I ever belonged to anything earthly. [What town were you from?] Princeton, sir. Do not understand me to say that is my native place. I claim old Massachusetts as my native State. Oh yes, sir. Well, fare you well. July 3.

Arabella Burnet.

I'm very glad to come here to-day, because I have hoped to reach my people by coming here.

I can't understand what is meant by what is on my gravestone. Well, it's—it is an extract from Christ's sermon on the Mount, I believe. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I suppose it means that they think that I have seen God. But I haven't, any more than I had here; and I have to say so, because I should tell a story if I did not.

And I kept thinking all the time of what was on my gravestone. Our teachers in the spirit-land teach us to believe that God is in everything; that there will never be a time when we shall see him any more than we do now, or did on the earth.

I lived here eleven years, eleven years and five months, and it seems a long time. And I've been away about two years, dead, you say.

My name is Burnet. They called me Belle, but my name was Arabella Burnet. And my father's name was George, George Burnet. Before the war, or when I died, we lived in Montgomery. [Alabama?] Yes, sir; but now—I do not know why—my father has come to New Orleans. [Is he poor now?] Yes, poor, I suppose, lost his property, I suppose. [Is your mother with him?] Yes. At all events, I know they're unhappy, and I've got permission to come here, because I hoped I might go to them. I can't tell them how to get back that they have lost—I suppose they've lost it—but I can tell them where I am, how I am, and that, I know, they'll be glad to know. [Have you any brothers and sisters?] Yes, sir; I have a little brother, and an older sister than me.

I keep a thinking about what my father said when the war broke out. Mr. Jeffreys said to him, "Mr. Burnet, I believe that this war is waged on account of the black people." My father said, "If I thought it was, I should wish every nigger was in hell." But they aren't there, for I've got a heap of them here in the spirit-land with me, and I ain't in hell, never have been. And it was wrong for him to say so, awful wrong, because they wasn't to blame. And I wish he'd take it back, because they don't feel right about it.

Oh I can tell him a heap of things about folks in the spirit-land, if he'll let me come to him. Oh, can't you ask him, so I can go to him next? [You want him to get you a medium?] Yes, yes. My mother would be afraid, I know. [Her love will overcome her fear.] Well, I'll come to her, anyway, if she'll give me the medium. [There are a number in New Orleans.] Oh yes, there's a heap of them. I've seen some of 'em. [Can you speak of any one you can control?] I don't know as I could any. I've seen them; been there; never tried, because what's the use when you don't get anything sent to your people? Well, if I get the chance to go to my father, I shan't wait to come here again. And if I don't, can I come again? [If you wish.] July 3.

Patrick Reagan.

I'm in a very queer position, sir. I've come here for a certain purpose, and now I'm here I don't like to do it at all. I come here to do something, but sort of a soft feeling has come over me, and I don't like to do what I was going to. But after all, I suppose I ought to, though I'm not so mad about it as I was. But I suppose I ought to do it, for the good of those I've left, only in a soft and more decent kind of a way than I thought of doing when I first came here. Oh, I was going to turn things upside down and inside out. Since I got here, I kind of feel so soft about it I do not like to do it.

Well, sir, it is this: When I went to war, I entrusted my brother—who was not himself able to enter the service—with the collecting of my money for my wife and my two children, and I do not know at all what the devil possessed him to do what he did. But somehow or other—well, he's kept more than half of it. That's the truth. Yes, sir. And he says it's not been coming; that I spent it myself; that I got a furlough, and got a little set up on the way, and did not come home; that I spent it myself; anyway, that it never came to him. If I had come here, sir, with all the mad on me that I had before I came, well, I'm pretty sure I'd said many hard things, anyway; yes, I would. But I got so soft when I got here, I could not. That's all there is about it.

Well, there's this much I've got to say, anyhow. If James Reagan—that's my brother—if he expects to find happiness when he comes to the spirit-world, he'd better make all things straight here. I'll say that in faith, that's the truth for him. That I know about it, is true all over, because I come here and tell him all about it.

I never knew him to take a cent that did not belong to him in my life before, and what the devil possessed him to do it, I can't tell. He has the way of getting money himself. Maybe he thinks it's best to do so, sir; but if he thinks so, him and I don't think alike.

Well, I have come back, and I am dissatisfied, and I was as mad as ever an Irishman could be, before I came here, but I don't feel so hard toward him now. I only want him to do justice to himself; and if he thinks it's just to come into this world with this sin upon him, then I've not another word to say that he's taken money that belongs to my family. My wife and children can do without it better than he can go along with it. That's the truth of it. I'll be glad to see him, very glad, when he comes to the spirit-world, but I shall be much gladder to see him if he clears that all up. And if he can't pay her the money back, go to my wife and tell her the truth of it. That's all I ask; go to her and tell her just how it was.

[Did you reside in Boston?] Yes, sir; went out in the 35th Massachusetts.

Aw, well, I suppose this is one of the crosses, and if we don't take 'em up as we go along, we can't wear the crown. Ah, the Catholic religion isn't worth much with us. It's exploded. It is not worth a play upon, if it don't teach a man to keep his word better than that.

Well, I came here. I said what I was going to say here, only in a little softer way. [Your name?]

Patrick; yes, sir, to James; that is it. And I am no ghost, nor anything of the sort. I think about things that's not right, as I did when here. And I've got the same fight in me, or had when I came here, that I always had, but somehow it's all took out of me. I think I would n't fight, anyway, if I had the chance. Well, sir, good-by to you. July 3.

Circle opened by Alexander Campbell; closed by Elias Smith.

Invocation.

Oh boundless Wisdom, perfect Life, Remove our thoughts from earthly strife; Let Wisdom, Justice, Truth and Love, Descend from out thy Courts above.

Here may our differences end, Since all the selfsame cause defend; The cause of Truth, whose radiant light Shall free the earth from sorrow's night.

And unto thee, oh wondrous Power, We dedicate our words this hour, Believing in thy power and love, To guide our souls to heaven above.

Father, Spirit, let thy life fall upon us like gentle evening dew—let thy Spirit fold us closely in the embrace of eternal love, so that we shall doubt no longer, fear no longer; so that our spirits shall rise on the wings of the morning, and declare that thou art our Father and our Mother forever. Amen. July 5.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—By J. A. Tyler, of Grass Valley, Cal.: Why, in early life, are reason and reflection have gained any strength to combat and subdue the passions, are they more impulsive than at any other time of life, and more in need of, and have less assistance than ever after? So, also, in the vegetable kingdom. The tree puts forth thousands of tender blossoms, are there is a leaf or scarcely any sign of foliage to protect them from the bitter frost.

Ans.—We do not believe it is so. Therefore there is no possible ground for an argument. The same eccentricities exist all through mature life that exist in childhood. They are changed in their manifestations, but they exist nevertheless; and they are no more difficult to govern or lead in a more proper direction in childhood, than at mature age. Your correspondent does not seem to take a right view of this matter. It would be well if he would consider nature little more closely in all its aspects; not only as it exists in childhood and mature age, but examine all the steps that intervene between, and see if this selfsame power that exists in childhood, the same manifestations that exist in childhood, do not exist throughout entire life, being only changed in manifestation.

Q.—By J. V. Dunbar, of West Virginia: Were there not just as many spirits when Adam and Eve were created as there are now, or ever will be?

A.—That we do not know. It would be an absolute impossibility to answer that question properly.

Q.—By the same: Is not this earth or world we now inhabit, a living, thinking, intelligent being, and from this fact chooses its orbit round the sun?

A.—No, we do not believe that this earth, as an earth, is a living, thinking, intelligent being. We believe it is governed by absolute and perfect law; and because it is, it follows out the purposes of law. It is not obliged to think to do so, any more than the tree is obliged to think when the spring time comes and calls, that it put on its foliage.

Q.—By the same: As man dies and takes on a spirit body, will not this earth or world die and take on a spirit body, and hence be the home of all its former inhabitants and children?

A.—The earth, like man, is dying perpetually. The earth, like man, passes through many marked changes, and many that are not very marked. But there is no special death for man or earth. This earth is to-day as much the habitation of unclothed spirits, as ever it will be. Your homes are the homes of those who are unseen by you. Do not believe that there is any special locality assigned for the unclothed spirit, for we assure you there is not.

CHAIRMAN.—The London Spiritual Times contains this paragraph, which purports to have emanated from the spirit-world:

"Evil changed the face of the earth, by bringing into its atmosphere the poisonous exhalations which arise in the form of evil things, poisonous adders, serpents, insects, plants, stinging things, &c. Such things are the result of evil, and therefore belong exclusively to earth and the darker regions, from which they originally sprang."

Please explain how the evil spoken of changed the face of the earth, thereby causing the formation of poisonous reptiles, &c.

A.—Evil is but a lesser degree of good, and these manifestations, which in a certain sense are really the result of evil or the lesser good, will pass away as the greater good predominates. When this earth as an earth, and intelligence as intelligence, have no longer need of these lower orders of life, then they will cease to exist, and not until then; for all that is necessary to the unfoldment of intelligence or life in any sense, has an existence. We do not believe that there is a second power, called evil, governing in life. We believe only in one Supreme, Everlasting Good, that is possessed of an infinite number of degrees, from the lowest orders of life to the highest in the Courts of Wisdom. July 5.

Charles Horton.

I have to ask that you will do me the favor to say to those friends I have left on the earth, that I, Charles Horton, of the 25th Massachusetts, Company B, find myself in a condition to manifest after the usual manner in which spirits manifest, who have laid off their own bodies. Although mine—or what there is left of it—I suppose rests at Point of Rocks, Virginia, yet the me, the I, the thinking part, is here. I'm unable to say how exactly I came here, am unable to define the entire process. At all events, it is a very natural one. We never work outside of natural law, from the fact that we do not live outside of it; consequently don't work outside of it. And whatever is according to Nature I suppose is according to God, and, therefore, right. So the friends I left will understand that it is about right that I come back here, because it is a God-appointed thing. They say he governs all things, and I suppose, if he does, we have no right to consider this an exception. So they need n't fear. I don't know much about this talking, this communicating in this way at all, but I shall be very glad to meet any of the folks where I am speaking. I'll very soon satisfy them that there ain't much death after all. If you'd like to satisfy yourself of my personality, identity, I presume you can, do so by going up to the State House. I believe they keep a register there. July 5.

Ben White.

I made a sort of a promise if these things were true I'd come back. I have been back; but

it seems I have n't been as successful as I hoped to be. So I've come this way. I can't have much to say about the land I hail from just now, because I'm not good at describing places and scenes; but I think if I was with some of the folks that knew me, I'd do a little better than among strangers here, for I scarcely know what to say.

I am a soldier, sir, from the 11th Massachusetts Battery. I had a body once, and it's left in the field, off to the right of the depot, pretty near where the chap's laid that's just left. [At Point of Rocks?] Yes; but that's no use to me now, so I borrowed one for the occasion. I have only to say it's true that we can come. That's proved by my coming, of course. I should be glad to meet any of the boys—be glad to meet anybody who would be glad to meet me. I know how folks feel about ghosts, so I'm a little cautious about taking the front ranks in this matter. Well, if they don't want to hear from me—don't want to come into communication with me, just let me know it, and I won't find any fault. But I want to find out for a certainty. Your name is White, is it? So is mine—Ben White, of this city; reckon I hail from here. Any relation of yours? [We can't say.] Well, perhaps you wouldn't want to own me. [Have you friends in this city?] Yes. July 5.

Mary N. King.

I have no wish to change the course I took when on earth, so far as what I left of worldly goods goes. I am satisfied, and I wish those who are most interested here to be satisfied, too. They think I was not sound in mind when I dictated that will. But I was, and I would n't change it if I had the power.

I had come from California, where I had been living some ten years, and I got into Virginia just as the civil contest commenced. I had thought it would amount to nothing more than hard words and hard thoughts. But, it seems, it was destined to be otherwise.

I see it is a source of trouble and dissatisfaction to the friends I left, because I gave many things as I did. But if they could see as I do, they would not wonder that I did what I did with what was left me by my husband. I again repeat, I have no wish to change it, and they will see, if they look into the matter seriously, that I did right. They have no right to expect any more than they have received. There are poor ones who belong to God, and those of his children who are blessed with worldly wealth, should give of their wealth to the poor. I had but little, to be sure; but what little I had I believed it was my duty to give where it was most needed, regardless of relations, regardless of acquaintance, regardless of anything save duty to God and his poor.

I am Mary N. King, who died at Norfolk in July, 1862. I know not why I am so distressed in coming here. [You were so before you died, probably.] I was, but I thought that belonged to my body. Well, say to them I am satisfied with what I did; think I did right, and pray that they will think less of the things of this world, and more of the things of the other world. [Do you wish this message sent to any one?] It will go—it will reach, probably, James Lefaur—I think he spells it—of Norfolk. Good-by. July 5.

Oren Thompson.

I'm Oren Thompson, sir, once an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I am indeed not looking much like an engineer just now.

I met with an accident eleven years ago, which caused a divorce between the outer and inner man. A very good thing, after you get used to it, but it's rather tough getting used to it, particularly if you're strapped pretty hard to get you used to it.

I was not killed outright; think it was three or four days I lived. Did I say lived? Lived! well, it was three or four days before I got my discharge, before the divorce was completed.

You see, well, I'm a little strange in my way. [I see you are.] Well, about two months before I—before I got shoved over to the spirit-world, divorced I call it, I applied for a divorce from my old woman. She won, and I lost the divorce. I was thinking about it a good part of the time, wondering what had become of her, and whether she'd ever care to see me again when I was going out, dying.

Well, there are many strange things in this world, many we can't understand. But I suppose, if we are to believe anything in what those people tell us who seem to understand all matters of importance, that we return here whether we understand it or no, makes no difference to the head engineer. He puts the train over the road without regard to way stations. He's on the lead, you know, and we minor chaps have to follow in his wake, whether we care to or not. But this Head Engineer God, I'm round on the lookout for. I want to turn in my waybill. [Haven't you found him?] Haven't I found him? Indeed I haven't, stranger; don't know where to look for him, that's the worst of it. I've asked a good many folks where God is, but you see it's like this. They all say that he's there, and everywhere, which to my mind is no place at all. Now, you know, I want something I can take hold of to worship. As a Supreme Intelligence governing the universe, I should say, "Here, Mr. God, I'm ready to bow down and worship you." But, you see, I can't find any such person. I believe he always keeps just so far ahead of all of us.

But I'd like to get some word through to the little gal—that's what I come for—not the old woman, the she devil. I don't care a bit about her. She's smart enough to take care of herself; was when I was here.

Now, you see, if there's any possible way for me to let her know I'm in a way to look out for her, show her something about this coming back, you know, I just want to do it. I've a notion, stranger, that she's somehow got hold of this ghostly business, knows about it. [Have you been near her? and do you know?] No, I don't know if for a fact, for I've not been to her. I don't know how to get to her, how to reach her. I was told months ago to come to this station and you'd send a dispatch to her for me. [You'd better give her name, and ask some of your friends in Baltimore to aid you in the matter.]

Well, about this little gal of mine. She's now about fourteen, fifteen, let me see, sixteen, yes, she's seventeen years old. Well, I don't know of any better way than to announce myself through your paper as an inward bound train. I'll meet her at any station, no matter whether it's below or above, or around here.

If any of my old acquaintances in Missouri would like to hear from me, I'd like to have a little chat with them. I'm from Missouri, sir, myself, sometime ago. I don't want you to think because I'm here by accident, that it was through any fault of mine. By some confounded mistake on the part of the Superintendent of the road, some excursion was sent out, and I was, although informed of the regular train, thus, although there was no mishap, my engine was thrown from the track, and I was so much injured.

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